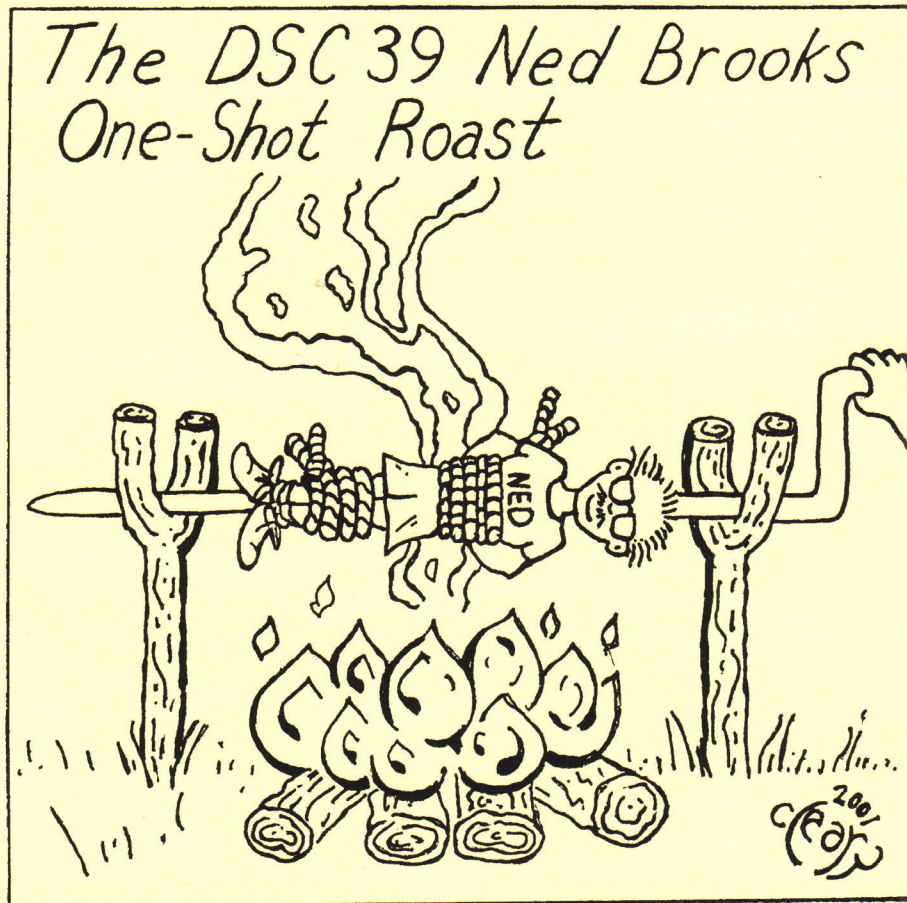


# LIFE IS A ONESHOT



A oneshot done at the DSC 39 "See how a one-issue publication is done" panel

**LIFE IS A ONESHOT: The One-Shot Done At DSC 39**

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Hello! I am the colophon for **LIFE IS A ONSHOT: The One-Shot Done at DSC 39**, Cinco de Mayo, in Beauteous Bummingham, Alabanana, USA. The moderator/referee is T.K.F. Weisskopf, come home from Athens “Benighted”, Georgia. Assorted ruffians will introduce themselves below.

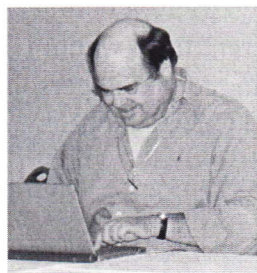


**Steve Hughes** - Hey this is the 5<sup>th</sup> year that we’ve done the one shot panel. Which begs the question “Is a zine done on a regular schedule over a 5 year period actually a one shot?” Probably a moot point since most Fans don’t think all that logically in the first place. The last issue was done on the beach and we ended up with sand in the floppies. Tony wants us to shut up and type so I suppose I’ll have to.

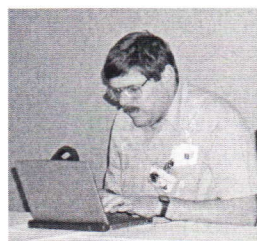
So far this con has gone very well with a great meal last night at the Hot and Hot Fish Club followed by the divine Naomi’s desert party. The bourbon pecan pie had enough alcohol to have been served flambé! Tonight we’re going to a French restaurant that is supposed to have “great” French fries. We’ll see!



Yo! **T.K.F. “Toni” Weisskopf**: it’s early. We have already decided that Life is Like a Oneshot. If it’s like a Hindu scheme, death does not release you, either. Your fannish karma will determine how you come back—if bad, you come back as a media fan, or gamer. If good, as a Southern fan. If really, really, bad, as a SFOF. Of course, participating in a oneshot, such as this, can only be good for your karma. No doubt we will all achieve nirvana. Possibly at this very convention. Ned has entered the room, and the talk has become literary—we are discussing James Branch Cabell. We all hate Barry now, who has revealed he got a first edition JURGEN for \$2. \* sigh \* Why do things like this never happen to me? Probably because I was a SMOF in a former life. I must away, and let one of the really interesting people here—like Mib, or Bear Bear—have their turn.

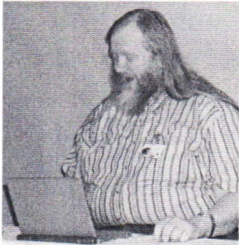


**GHLIII** enters, green ... and *with* Green ... Rose-Marie. She has wandered out of the room, bored with our nonsense. The first “green” in this sentence refers to the stained Polo shirt that I pulled on this morning. I could discuss the progress of this nifty little DSC in here, but I see that Steve and Toni have established a theme: if life is like a oneshot, is Hank Reinhardt the corflu? (Remember corflu? Remember Reinhardt?) Truly life is a oneshot in that it most likely cannot be repeated, but does life publish 25 copies of itself to meet the SFPA copy requirement? Will Ned Brooks throw your life off the contents page if he doesn’t think it legible? (Oops – Sheila just tripped over the other machine’s power cord! Welcome to SFPA oneshots!)

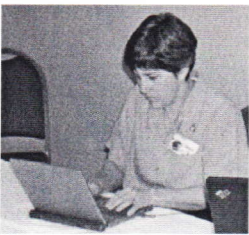


And now for something completely **Gary Robe**. Last night was mostly spent waiting for the Southern Deserter party to start. Once it did, I did my best to decrease the surplus Key Lime Pie population. Nick and Isaac managed to stay up until near midnight, Corlis lasted until about one, and for me the night ended with my doing a Taekwondo demonstration on the patio beside the pool. I then helped to disassemble the Boston in ’04 party decorations and help Sue Francis prepare for her Derby Party this afternoon. The morning was mostly taken up

by folding, taping and mutilating SFC Bulletins. I set the kids to folding and taping. One of the great benefits of parenthood is having slave labor to direct at jobs. This afternoon bodes evil. I have two bottles of Brazilian "aguardiente" that's "water with teeth". I'll have room party this afternoon to introduce friends to Brazilian caipirinhas. After that is Sue Francis' Kentucky Derby Party complete with mint juleps. The drive home tomorrow may be unpleasant.



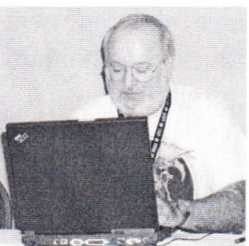
And **Mike Kennedy** enters the fray. They've stuck me on a Vaio with a keyboard barely fit for a munchkin – and this with far too little sleep – so my typo rate is about 80%. So far my con has mostly consisted of getting ready for and helping run the Con\*Stellation party Friday night. Unfortunately that kept me from joining Gary and a host of others in assaulting Naomi's goodies at her party last night, but we had fun keeping Sam out of his room until all hours. And apparently pouring a lot of drinks down people. Considering that we've already run over time I'm gonna cut it short and go see some of the con.



**Suzanne Hughes** here! In looking at the program book, and seeing the locations and winners of the Rubble award, I realized that this is my 5<sup>th</sup> DSC that I have attended. The first was the one in Jackson. Like that one, this hotel has good hang around location centrally located by all the convention rooms. This morning was a collating party to help get the SFC bulletin together. We only have two notebooks going, so as usual, we are running out of time for typing things. Earlier we were talking about voice recognition software. That would allow us to really capture the essence of the one-shot panel on the one-shot!



**Rich Dengrove** here, I'm getting to finally see what SFPAns look like here. I thought some of you had horns and breathed fire. But I am glad to find that that isn't true. Don't believe Randy when he says he's fat. It's obviously his inferiority complex talking. Also, Steve looks a great deal healthier and happier than the impression we get from his APA. Rose Marie, however, looks exactly how I pictured her. Has she changed one iota since 1976, Guy? Here, I don't even look so bad looking. I at first thought George was someone completely different from whom I knew from SFPA but I find out that he's the same person. Just that when he is talking to you in person he makes more sense. He wants to make more sense. So that's it for my take on DSC 39. I'll check back in another century and see what you guys.



### **Barry Hunter**

I'm having a wonderful time at Tenacity 1, talking about ezines and publishing on the web. I'm also renewing a lot of old friendships with folks from other DSCs of years past. The con committee has done a wonderful job of setting up a wonderful setting and group of guests. It's been a long time since I've been in one of these and it's a strange feeling to be doing something other than reviews

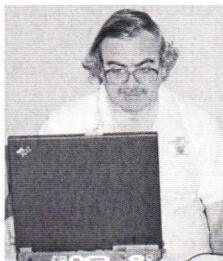
Sharon Green and Catherine Assaro have been a lot of fun to hang around with and discuss fun publishing stories and memories of some of the dearly departed friends. Best wishes to everyone and be sure to check out the web site.



**Sheila** here, enjoying my first SFC one-shot, though it's not my first one-shot. My first one-shot was long ago enough that I typed onto a stencil. Now I get to try out a laptop---and it's fun! Now to get one of my own so I can work on Revenant while I'm sitting on the porch at home, watching the birds.

I suppose I should say something about the con. It's been great putting faces to SFPA names. I introduced myself to Guy last night; I've officially met several others here at the one-shot. Nice dealer's room with lots of books; nice (if small) art show; nice hotel.

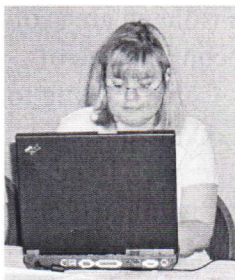
The audience keeps repeating "Shut up, and type!" But it's their own fault for coming up with too many distractions. Bear-Bear and Mib were sitting on the first table watching us, but they got bored and went to talk to Ned. That must mean it's time for someone else.



**Tom Feller:** My wife Anita and I got here about 6 PM yesterday. We got a late start out of Nashville and then were delayed by an accident south of Franklin, TN. Then Anita had a craving for ice cream so we stopped at a Dairy Queen about halfway here.

Registration was smooth, and I bought a pre-supporting membership for the UK in 2005 Worldcon bid. Besides opening ceremonies, we spent the evening at the con suite and in parties visiting with people. I've had some nice conversation with George Wells and Ned Brooks so far. Dean Sweatman is trying to talk me into a DSC bid, hoax or real. However, Anita would kill me before the vote would take place.

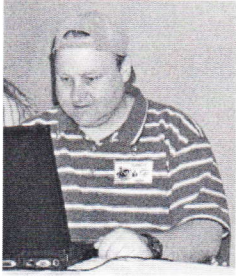
I got away with three Sam Adams beers at the Boston in 2004 party last night. I didn't eat anything sweet, however, so my blood sugar was in the normal range this morning. Anita had a sore back, however. She thinks the bed mattresses in the hotel room are too hard. Fortunately, there is a coffee maker in the room, so I didn't have to make an emergency run to the con suite.



This is **Julie Wall**...I'm happy because I brought the Bulletin to be folded, taped, labeled and bundled, and - thanks to Gary, Isaac and Nick Robe, Gary Rowan, Randy Cleary, Toni, and Steve & Suzanne Hughes - it was done in less than two hours! Surely a record!

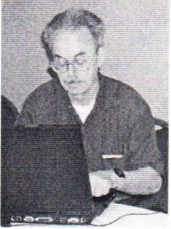
I was impressed with the bagpipe and drum band and the ballet dancers at opening ceremonies. And little Cary Guffey, who looks just like he did in Close Encounters except all grown up. Everyone else had read in the paper about how he called up and asked to come to the con, but I "never read my paper," as Charlotte says.

Had a nice outing to the fancy and yummy Hot & Hot Fish Club last night, and then enjoyed the Huntsville and Boston parties. Not enough sleep last night, though...Soon we have to go do a panel with/about/for Fan GoH Ned Brooks. Nobody knows what we are going to do...and there will probably be more people on the panel than in the audience, but that is not unusual on panels in which I participate.



Hi! **Randy Cleary** here. Julie just fled so I can talk about her. She picks great restaurants. I had the best Asparagus last night, and Shrimp with grits. Grits for dinner! Yummy. I had Naomi Fisher's Boston Cream Pie afterwards. Very good. Thanks to Toni Weisskopf for the illio idea of Ned Brooks on a spit. (I would never do anything so cruel to such a nice gentleman). We're over time now so I'll try to keep typing until someone else is ready to end this or I get too rambling.

Ut oh, too late. DSC gets more fun each year as I get to seem more friends. Toni is chasing me off. Bye!



**Ned Brooks** here - for some reason I get a tiny font I can barely see. I have a sort of fannish allergy to one-shots, mainly because my mind doesn't work well that way - most of my composition of text is in response to a fanzine or a letter or a book. But Toni say she will tickle me to death if I don't.... Reminds me of the old postcard - "I had nothing to do so I've written - I have nothing to say, so I'll close.



**Bear Bear** - As usual I'm ending up ending this one shot. It's been a pretty good Con so far and I've enjoyed meeting the bear, Mib, who looks out after Guy. Taking care of humans is a full time job and it's nice to get a chance to talk to someone else who does it. Mind you he does look like he's had a pretty tough life!

Well I guess I'll see everybody next year when we do the oneshot at DSC 40.

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### **GARY TESSER's speech on Ned Brooks at Deep South Con 39**

Cuyler Ned Brooks was born Lucrecio Decrescencio Indefatigabulo Schwartzberg, in Owensboro, Kentucky, and spent his formative years in the most prestigious Tibetan monastery in Pittsburgh. In the late 1980's, he read in "Time" that occasionally Japanese soldiers were found in isolated areas of islands in the Pacific Ocean, still believing that they were holding out for relief and continuance of World War II. Idealistically, the young Schwartzberg joined the United States Army Corps, hoping to root them out. The new soldier was crushed to discover the Army's official position on the question too soft; he dismissed their excuse that the "Time" article had been in a thirty-year-old back issue found in a barber shop. The then-Lance Corporal Schwartzberg, W.A.C., set off west by himself on his lone mission, but gave up when the bottom of his canoe wore out in Nebraska. The frustrated adventurer completed his tour of duty with the Army in its special Helsinki training facility for tropical jungle warfare. Following his discharge with honors, he put his training to practice, spending the next thirty-five years on Hudsons Bay, as a French-Canadian fur trapper and part-time film critic. In the late 1980's, he returned to New York to become an Australian, which 1/3-current success we are here to celebrate today.

**Note:** This speech was read at the DSC panel honoring Ned Brooks, who was the Fan Guest of Honor at DSC 39.