



A Deep South Con One-Shot

East Ridge, Tennessee

July 26, 2003

Minimally edited by Tom Feller

Tom Feller—

Although we are staying at the Howard Johnson's, which Anita has nicknamed the rat hole, we are enjoying the convention. I just did a panel in which the panelists outnumbered the audience until S.M. Sterling showed up for the panel following us.

Gary Robe—

The Robe Experience is also staying at the HoJo which is a real trial of patience. The hotel is "just across the street" from the <INSERT NAME OF THE WEEK> Hotel where the convention is. The main problem is that the street that separates the hotels is very busy and impossible to go straight across in daylight hours. In order to make The Crossing you have to first turn right, drive across I-75, make a U-turn at the southbound on-ramp, back across the Interstate and then finally turn right into the HoJo drive. Last night Corlis and the boys left the convention at about 11 p.m. and I had to walk back. At the time the rest of the family left I had consumed only two beers and was disgustingly sober. Sometime after midnight I came to the Cirque du Lune party and Bill Zielke filled my cup with straight Long Island Tea without so much as ice to dilute it. The stuff hit me like a

bomb and by the time the party closed down I was in no shape to cross the street. I finally sobered up enough at five a.m. to make the trek to the HoJo. This morning we have already made to run to pick up the Rubble Award elements so we are set to relax at the convention this evening.

Sheila Strickland---

It's a long, long way to Chattanooga when you leave from Baker. I am profoundly grateful I didn't try to drive the whole way in one day. Instead I stopped in the exciting metropolis of Tuscaloosa. I've never seen a DSC with two overflow hotels, but this one seems to be going well enough. The only programming I wonder about is that scheduled outside on the patio---out on the hot, in the sun, end of July sun. No thanks, I'll stay inside in the nice air conditioning.

Speaking of cons, being off from school is dangerous. I've begun to have musings of how nice it would be to have a con in Baton Rouge. (I need to get back to classes and eliminate that free time for thought!)

Guy Lillian ---

Damn, it's dark in here. We're in Randy Cleary's room haggling over the future of the apa and trying to create this one-shot.

We have six SFPAnS present and several formers – including two Hanks, a Faruk and a Ruth. Hoist Fifi! It has been a hearty, quick day and a half in ‘Nooga, and I have both scored in Hearts and been smashed flatter than a coin. The victory was in topping the immortal – extra letter in there someplace – Reinhardt in the first round of the tourney, when an inspired run (not every player can shoot the moon when dealt with the ace, queen, jack and ten in hearts and spades) catapulted me to a brilliant second place finish to La Ruth. The defeat came today in the second round, an abomination ... Anyway, aside from that, a very fun event. Neat to see Hank Davis again, Barb Mott again, Jerry Page again, Rose-Marie Lillian again – uhh, not that I don’t begin every day with her. Anyway, the great OEship question has been discussed and more or less decided, and so now we face the evening: who will win the Rubble? (And the Rebel, but that’s much less important in this crowd.) Hey, here’s Barb, der party fuhrer. Barb! We attend!

Barbara Mott

Achtung! (Guy thrust me into this page.) Just a quickie here. Off to write cheers for Ruth, queen of the tourney! (What happened, guys?) Fantastic time here for me, seeing old friends Toni, Hank,

Ruth, Guy, Jerry, and everybody else! What a great con! O.K. all together now, “Stand up, Sit Down, Go Ruth Go!”

Randy Cleary here! Gosh, I’m going to the banquet so I don’t have much time left to write or even read the previous. I did a lame illo on the new O.E. topic though. I hope everyone had a good DSC. It’s been okay so far. Tonight should be the most fun. There are lots of people here in my room and chatting away. More of them need to join SFPA (new or again). We had a great “Circle du Lune” party in the room last night. Julie Wall, Linda and Bill Zielke, and Toni Reinhardt helped put it on. It had awesome decorations, drinks, food, beads, and music. And we had to kick lots of people out at 3:00 A.M. So if you missed it, weep for the lost experience. Take care and see y’all at the next one-shot! ☺

Shame on you Randy for that “lame” pun.... In our usual chaotic fashion SFPA conducted its business, Saturday afternoon in the Circ de la Lune suite in scenic East Ridge, TKFW Reinhardt, your faithful reporter. We miss Ned & JoAnn, though for different reasons. Ned should be aware that if he misses one more DSC he is in danger of being selected OE....I don’t have to worry about him

reading this, though, since he doesn't read oneshots.... It's been my task to console my Wolflord about his ignominious showing in the Hearts Tournament. But I love him anyway. Did I mention he brought many swords for a cutting demo on Sunday? Still, I float on beams of the moon, as my music for the party last night was pronounced acceptable by the natural moon queen, Barbara. Princess Moonbeams, over & out.

David Coe here – writing for free, which my agent told me never to do. But after a day and half of LibertyCon/DSC festivities, I'm ready to blow off a little steam. This has been a terrific con, made all the more enjoyable by my unexpected success in the Hearts Tournament. The finals will be played later this evening, and I feel very confident that I'll be in the top four.... Okay, so that's not tremendous confidence. But it sure has been fun. I'm new to these postings so I won't take up too much cyber-space. Thanks for making me feel welcome. Looking forward to doing this again soon.

Yet another DSC, and it's another fine gathering of the Usual Suspects here in the SFPA suite. Naomi Fisher typing – I'm not actually a SFPAn, but I've been threatened with recruitment by

Toni and Co., yet again. Hah! I can still run faster than most of you! Though folks like Randy obviously move even faster (no smartass comments from the peanut gallery, please!), as witnessed by the fact that HE actually got a ticket to the completely sold-out banquet.. Whine, whine, grump, grump. The theme for this year is "Gods and Goddesses", and I'M going to miss seeing fans dressed in their divine finery. Ah well – I'll still get to see the Rubble presented, to a highly deserving person, indeed. Hope he likes demon monkeys...

Hi, y'all. This is Ruth Judkowitz. Conversation overheard (and repeated many times to me in order for me to get it typed correctly): "It takes four wenches to satisfy arcane lusts of the wolf lord." The copy editor part of my brain is telling me, Should I capitalize wolf lord? The fannish part of my brain is trying the listen to the swirling puns and fabulous tales of wonder of DSCs past. It is great to be at a fan gathering. JoAnn, you are greatly missed by all. You better show yourself at the next fanfest I'm at. Okay, now I must prepare for battle later tonight on my quest to become the Hearts Champion of the Known Universe! Hopefully, I'll be able to return to this one-shot with news of my rout and slaughter of those

who previously thought they could best me at the royal game of Hearts, of which I . . . Am . . . the . . . QUEEN.

Hahahahahahahahahahahahahah  
aha

(Ruth again:\--- Hank Rhinehart just said to George Wells: “Has anyone ever told you you were sick?” George’s reply: “Well, there was a doctor . . .” badda boom badda bing.)

GEORGE WELLS here. In the past couple of months I have gotten an email from Stven Carlberg, talked on the phone about movies with George Inzer who lives in Alabama with his father G F Inzer. I talked on the phone last Sunday with Ned Brooks. I tried to get NED BROOKS to attend Deep South Con here in East Ridge TN but he said he’d like to see me but he had to do his laundry.

In the news today was the tragic death, last night, on stage, on show business performer Carrot Top. A kitchen utensil salesman in the audience jumped up on stage and attacked the comedian and the latter was julienne’d to death. The funeral will be tomorrow: either an open casket or a salad bar.

I saw THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMAN the other week. I think it shows Sean Connery at his

best RIGHT NOW and will serve as the epitome to represent his cinematic work of the early 21<sup>st</sup> century. I just noticed that when I typed 21 and then st , that it appeared as 21<sup>st---</sup>! Let’s see--- 11<sup>th</sup>, 11st, 5<sup>th</sup>, 5st, ---this machine knows TOO

MUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
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. . . . . It may be time, again, to mention King Clave, the great Argentinean singer that I met in Los Angeles, but I’ve told that before.

Everybody should watch THE DEAD ZONE --- the best current TV show. It’s as good as or better than the movie of the same name starring Christopher Walken, who recently credited his success in show business to tap dancing and his life-long practice of the Methodist religion.

Hank Davis hyar, and my brain hurts, also my feet. (There’s never anywhere to sit down at a room party, unless of course you’re doing a one-shot.

Actually, George, it’s the software (Word, in this case, so it’s all Bill Gates’ fault.) Word has a number of annoying things, such as “correcting” miscapitalizations, even if you did them on purpose. It has a lot of other clunky things— it’s kind of like on-screen programming for VCRs, done so that even idiots can set a timer.

Except they apparently still can't. (Who was it who said, "Just when you've made something foolproof, the fools figure out a way around it?" I have the feeling that the original was phrased more adroitly. )

George, you oughta check out the comic book version of *The League of X-Rated Gentlemen* (pardon me—that's the porn version). It's far more clever than the movie version. It did give me yet another reason to regard Joel Siegel (movie reviewer for WABC in NY and whatever the ABC imitation of the *Today* show is) as an idiot. In his review, he complained about there being an automobile in the movie before autos were invented. Didn't he notice that the auto in the flick was made by Capt. Nemo. How is Nemo inventing the motorcar early more troubling than Nemo perfecting the submarine early? And a few months back, Siegel reviewed the remake of *Solaris* and commented that "this film isn't really science fiction." Gaaaah!

Anyway, the moom pitcher version lacks Cavorite and the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, makes the Invisible Man not really *the* Invisible Man, and makes him and Mr. Hyde nicer guys. I'm surprised that they kept one of the secret villains in the yarn. And it doesn't segue into *The War of the Worlds*

at the end. Oh, well . . . Enough of that.

Hello! I did a one shot last year and the pressure is on.

"Chat"anoogua is the ticket for out venture. Justin and I went to the antique shops and bought stuff. We talked about melting chocolate in our shirt pockets. I noticed many of the people who were at the con also wandering around the antique malls. The difference between the antique shops here in Chattanooga and New Orleans seems to be that the here the prices are a bit lower and when they have a fake they usually say in one way or another that it is in fact a fake. Quite a shock to find honest antique dealers. It's a good thing they're all not like that. It would shake one's faith in the consistency of human nature.—  
Annie Justin



Photo of Gary and Hank giving Rubble Award to Jerry Page.