

# Janice and Tucker .. Their Wild Night of Passion in St Louis



A One Shot Done for and at DSC 36  
June 13, 1998



Hello everyone from Janet (Davis) ((Lyons)) Larson, here from Aiken, S.C. or Augusta, GA, depending on your point of view. It's interesting to see how many people remember/recognize me, seeing as the last DSC I attended was in 1981, coincidentally here in Birmingham. It's great seeing all the fellow SFPAnS, and I hope many new warm bodies, arr, happy members will be joining. So, Hank, Jerry, Guy, Liz, Jeff, Toni, Gary, Gary, Wade, and many others, thanks for the memories. They're telling me to quit now..... (

Hi! ... Bye! — Sam!

This is Suzanne. I'm the obnoxious one with the camera - gotta go take more pictures!

Cheryl A Smyth

DSC 1998

Graveyards

They come in all shapes and sizes. Graveyards. And most of the damned things don't have headstones to warn the innocent of their boundaries. And they pop up in the damndest places. Like DSC. And every other SF convention in North America.

Graveyards aren't just for bodies.

They are for dreams.

And we all have dreams. I brought mine, weak and old, to drag through the mass of their ilk. They hang in the air, expectant, as I search faces grown old with the weight of the REAL WORLD. That place where dreams suffer beyond any torment Hell might cough up. Over the freebie table, my Gang, I have a LOT of dreams, mind you, smiled as I snatched up buttons with all the fervor of the teenaged slaves of Bab 5 and Highlander.

So why are we here?

Graveyards are for the living. The last place we go when we need to appreciate the simple act of breathing. To revel in consciousness. To wonder what IT will feel like. That last time we close our eyes and just don't wake up. We go, to find hope and turn it into new leases on life for our dreams.

I can feel the dreams tugging at their leashes. Anxious to see old friends, swap stories of surviving the daily grind that kills so many of their kind. I let 'em go. This is first outing in years and they need it, the beggars. Chained day and night to a molecular geneticist turned transplant immunologist. Christ, what a REALITY to have to survive in.

Saturday is their day. No leashes. No worries. No time like the present to mend some of those tatters and get some life back in those pale cheeks.

And me? I let them park me in the 11 o'clock panel for the One Shot, find myself at a stranger's laptop and then do what they need most. Write. Anything. Doesn't matter what. They have business of their own: watching an alien hybrid

clean up at the Hearts Tournament.

I'd go myself, but their little plan worked. I've blown some dust off my imagination and taken the chains and gag off my poor imprisoned Muse.

Gotta go. Dig out that pile of manuscripts and DO something.

That muse of mine. She's a bitch on her best days.

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Elliott Egyptoid

Twenty years later and it's still funny. R2 & 3PO crash on Tattooine, start fussing as they cross the desert.

We've seen it a hundred times and we still giggle at them. There's your topic for "Religion in Sci-Fi"

Did Lucas craft a near-perfect mythology in Star Wars?

Only time will tell.

TKF WEISSKOPF back, or winded around or whatever geographical metaphor applies to oneshots. So, to further drag Janice's name through the mud... I was sitting there in the airport, waiting waiting to pick up Tucker who was flying in from Bloomington. Little did I know that he had a date with destiny....

NAOMI FISHER here - I've really been enjoying this convention so far. Admittedly, I slept through the Friday evening parties (having just finished driving in from Portland, OR) but tonight's crop looks like a fine, fannish evening of hospitality, mysterious drinks and friends I see far too seldom. It's kinda odd - the Birmingham DSCs have all the traditional components of a normal, serious SF convention (programming, huxter room, etc), but they always end up feeling like relaxacons, or family reunions. Really nice - I can count on being greeted by name by at least a half dozen people within a minute of entering the hotel. And, this year, a loud and cheerful cry of "Granddaughter!" - good to see you too, Tucker!

Hi, I'm Pat Gibbs and I am not playing in the Hearts Tournament 2nd Round, but Bill Zielke is and thus the honor of veteran Southern Hearts players is being upheld. However we do know that history will not repeat itself. Janice Gelb is back, all the way from Palo Alto, California. Twenty years ago she was attending her first DSC (in Atlanta) and playing in the finals of the Hearts Tournament. Hank Reinhardt and Guy Lillian were playing. I don't recall who was the fourth (I was there watching). Janice was playing with virtually no sleep and let Guy Lillian slip a trick by her that she needed to take to prevent his shooting the moon. Guy did and he won. Hank has never forgiven her. We know that because Hank is here and when he arrived last night and ran into Janice, the first thing he mentioned was that game. They concluded that Hank would have it written on Janice's tombstone, She let Guy Lillian shoot - in Hebrew.

Janice and Guy are playing at the same table in the 2nd Round, if Stven Carlberg ever gets back from breakfast, with Bill Zielke being the fourth at the table. My money is on Bill and Janice.

The book tip of the convention is a 800+ page book that I just purchased from Amazon.com: The Mysterious William Shakespeare by Charles Ogburn (and I hope I am not misremembering his first name). This is the definitive work to date on the

Shakespeare-Oxford controversy. In a very systematic fashion the author reviews all of the evidence which leads to the logical conclusion that the man who was christened in Stratford in 1564 as William Shakespere did not write the sonnets and plays that are attributed to William Shakespeare. The more likely author is Edward DeVere, the 17th Earl of Oxford, who was a high ranking noble and intimate of Queen Elizabeth. Joseph Sobran s recent book, Alias Shakespeare, recapitulates many of the arguments in a much thinner book. You can get Ogburn s book for \$31.95 including shipping.

Steve Hughes

Well now it's my turn and my main job is going to be putting this zine together from the three notebooks it was composed, using the work loosely, on into a single file and getting it printed. I'm going to give into Tony's threats and leave this just the way it was typed instead of putting it in PageMaker and doing some real layout. It seems certain people in fandom just do not appreciate modern technology!!

I mean were not even going to use any color, I might as well be chiseling it into clay tablets.

Anyway onto the printers.

