

*OK, Maybe just King of the Art Show.

Moodling, Canoodling & Oogling

The Traditional Completely Unplanned SFPA DSC ONESHOT

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Toni - It is June 15, 2002, either early in the evening or late in the afternoon of a conventional Saturday afternoon. The oneshot is commencing on the lap of TKFW Reinhardt in the midst of a flock of SFPAn and a truly, truly hideous pink Fifi, brought from out of the wilds of the west courtesy of Gary Robe, who has much to answer for. Liz, we'll deal with you later. The clear product of a genetic experiment gone wrong, it must be admitted the cross between a cow and a pink plastic poodle does fit in well in this crowd.

We have just retired from hearing the GoH speeches & hearing the awards; Julie Wall won the Rebel and gave a memorable speech, stolen from Allan Steele, who'd given the same one five seconds before when he was awarded the Phoenix, to wit: Hot Shit! (Allan recycled from when he won his Hugo.....) Well done, both.

I'll leave it to Rosy to explain the origin of her well deserved Rubble. Or maybe Guy will. Heck, Guy will. It's hard to stop Guy.

Hank is discussing the world's first documented murder with Justin, which, it must be admitted is an improvement over the discussion of the gustatory pleasures of dog, earlier.... TKFWR, moooving on out.... Hoisthere



Steve - We are busy discussing how an Iron Age man, found preserved in ice, was murdered. Needless to say after 5000 years it's unlikely Guy will need to defend his murderer.

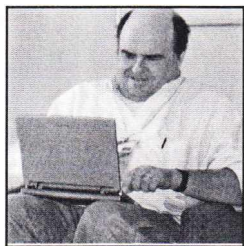
Then in a sudden lull in the conversation we realize that all of us need the basic food groups, sugar, caffeine, cholesterol and anything made by Hostess. Humm.. might be a business there in making fannish food supplements that fans can take between cons. A nice pill with 3000 calories of sugar, 5000 mg of caffeine and

2000mg of assorted unpronounceable chemicals all flavored like a twinkie. We could do a "normal" three pills a day version and then, when the patent is about to expire, come out with a super one pill a day version under a new name.

We have just decided to create a new cable series called "The Reinhardt's". It will be an unreality series based on the exploits of a Planet Space Ranger and his beautiful, if excessively competent and way too well armed to be a real pulp heroine, wife. Our hero, aided by a loyal group of expendable characters, will roam the universe slaying unlikely monsters in search of a really good cheeseburger. Sounds like a natural for UPN.

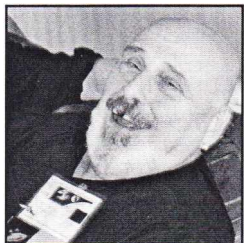
It's really strange to look around and not see Ned Brooks. He's been at every DSC I've attended over the last 30 odd years. Hope this isn't the start of a trend.

Of course I say that knowing that if Memphis gets the DSC42 bid, Suzanne and I won't be attending, their date is our anniversary, and we won't be at DSC41 because it's now scheduled for the same weekend as the National Stereoscopic Association annual convention that we are helping put on. Oh, well.



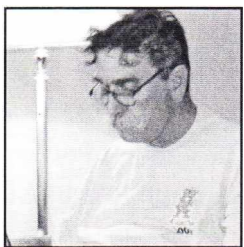
Guy - GHLIII appears with his Rubble-winning beloved in a room full of balloons. I'm handed a laptop weighing as much as a snowflake and compelled to create. We're all worried about the absence of Ned Brooks – this being the first DeepSouthCon he's missed since the second one. That's a mere 38 years. Where is he? What hideous science-fictional calamity has kept him from our company? We exchange theories and we wonder. Myself, I think it's because he finally got to be Fan Guest of Honor last year and that was all he wanted and so, he thinks, to Hell with the DSC!

And may I say how proud I am to be the husband of this year's Rubble Award winner!



Hank Reinhardt - It is now my turn to discourse intelligently.

When in the course of human development it become necessary for the individual to take a stand against tyranny, the truly liberated and developed will stand tall and strong against the forces of evil. So it is that I, Hank Reinhardt must protest the One Shot. I will now pasw it on to some other poor person.



Justin Winston - Okeh. I'll tell you a story. A few weeks ago, I went to have breakfast at Fiorello's with Brooks, not Ned but another one. Brooks is, or was before he retired, a teacher in jail. Let me rephrase that. He's not in jail, he teaches people who are. He just retired like I already told you and they gave him a letter saying he is no longer welcome in prison. Numerous people wish they had such a letter. If at some later time he gets convicted of some reprehensible crime, he can just show that letter saying he is no longer welcome in prison.

What can they do? He has to go free, he's got an official letter.

Well anyway, there I was at Fiorello's with Brooks who wants another cream for his coffee and asks Fat Jack behind the bar to throw him one, which Fat Jack does with great success and skill. I was impressed and I told him so. I said, "Jack, that was a great throw." Jack says, "Uh." "It was such a great throw," says I, "that you might consider a new career." "Yeah, as what?" says Jack. "Well, Jack," says I, "you ought to be a cream pitcher."



Suzanne Hughes - Movies. That's where the discussion has gone to. Band of Brothers, Hannibal, Star Wars, Lord of the Rings etc. Actually, what about all the gore in some of the war films? Private Ryan may have started the realistic war films but there have been several since then. It's easier to read the books; you don't have to visualize all the bloodshed that way. I've been reading the Longest Day and am looking forward to seeing that movie when I'm done the book. Fortunately the movie is an old one before all the gore of war was

brought to the screen.

Speaking of gore, went to a great restaurant last night. We were looking for a place to walk to for an early dinner and Randy and folks in the art show were telling us to walk across the park, bang a right and we'd find a couple of places. Went to the Jazz Factory and had the place to ourselves for most of the meal. It was really good and the bottle of wine woke us right up so we could help Toni get ready for the Bain party. Tonight Julie's set up an outing to Sister Gooch's. It has become sort of a tradition to try to go someplace nice for dinner one night while here. I'm looking forward to it.



Tom - Tom Feller here. We just came from the Guest of Honor speeches and Rebel, Phoenix, and Rubble awards. I voted for the winners: Julie Wall for the Rebel and Allen Steele for the Phoenix. Rosie Lillian got the Rubble.

FanHistoricon programming has gone well. Five panels are finished and there are four to go. All five have been full of funny anecdotes and legitimate fannish history.

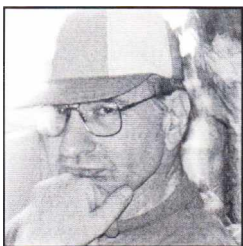


Anne Winston - What have I noticed today? Great amount of food and the Declaration of Independence written in stone in the park. Also, "old" friends and of course, the complete wedding album of Toni and Hank was quite a production of love and energy. I've really liked the color-coded ribbons with the rubble ribbon being aptly black.



Gary - Gary Robe here now. I have just finished making the second batch of Pisco Sour for the assembled faithful of SFPA. This is the national drink of Peru. The liquor is a distillate of wine and is quite strong. The recipe is 3 parts pisco, 2 parts ½ strength sweetened gelatin solution, 1 part limejuice, one egg white and ice. The concoction is mixed in a blender until the ice is crushed and the whole thing is frothy. It is then served with a couple drops of bitters on the top to symbolize the South American sun. The trick, of course, is to come

by a bottle of pisco. I thought that it was not available in the US until Anne Winston saw the bottle and she has some at home. She was delighted to learn what to do with it. So far the convention has been very enjoyable. The whole Rove Experience has looked forward to attending, especially Corlis. She has been showing signs of Kingsport stir craze and was REALLY ready to get out of town. Yesterday we spent the afternoon at the Space and Rocket Center. The boys had a ball with the interactive displays and really were not ready to leave when the place closed at 5 p.m. We have to promise that we will be coming back to Huntsville in the near future to spend the whole day there.



Richard - I have just had a Peruvian drink and I have spoke to Hank about people killed and preserved thousands of years ago in Europe. And the end of the Roman Empire and whether it was caused by crop failure in Gaul or lead. Poisoning of the Emperor and the Aristocrats. Also, George Wells is here so we were talking about the musical version of Buffy. Was Tarzan based on Mowgli or Romulus and Remus. There is also a Tequila chaser in the drink so I'm wondering whether there is sometime Mexican going on in. Earlier on, I went to

the last Arby's in the world, and had a roast beef sandwich. Maybe not the last but may as well be. I also had curly French fries. Does that have anything to do with the Three Stooges? So I have come to the conclusion that this is a plot. Whether it is directed directly by the Zelator of the Illuminati or the Master Witch, I don't know.



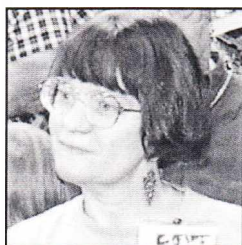
Rosy Lillian - Rosy Lillian reporting in: A Rubble Award, wow! I've been kicking around fandom, on and off, since the 1968 DSC in New Orleans. That's where I met HankReinhardt and Justin Winston (both at this con) among others, for the first time. Like I said at the awards ceremony – a shock, that one – this also marks the first con in which I've actually been given ribbons I can dangle from my nametag. Thanks, ya'll! I'll treasure Betty Rubble and my ashtray

neigh unto the next century. (Notwithstanding, that it *is* a Rubble Award so I must see that all you voters get yours, so to speak, eventually ...).

Beyond my thoughts on me, me, me I must say that this has been a terrific DSC, and it's thanks to you, you, you who have, as usual, done a wonderful job of putting it together. I've heard Connie Willis, Alan Steele and Vincent DiFate; been to dinner with Mary Ann and Fred van Hardtesvelt (I just got this spelling from Guy, so if it's wrong ...); got the chance to talk to Suzanne and Steve Hughes, Corlis and Gary Robe, George Wells, Toni Weisskopf and Hank Reinhardt – and those are just some of those here at the con and in this SFPA party. So far, we've all been wonderfully well behaved. Well, gee, I guess we're older. Oh, wait a minute – they POPPING BALLONS! Run, Guy!



Rickey Sheppard - Rickey Sheppard, after being away for many years (Guy is wearing an Angora Prison cap), here---SF is like a fraternal order. We have special words, we eat at all meetings, and sometimes we wear strange outfits. After many years, away, doing other things, things are the same, and different. Many old friends remembered me which was heartening. It is so good to be able to introduce this to my friend, Betsy Hirst. I may not be able to be as active as I once were, but I do not intend to be gone again.



Sheila - Sheila Strickland here typing away on the one-shot on Sunday morning. Toni asked me after the SFC meeting if I had had a chance to contribute to it; and I was caught! It's hardly felt like a DSC with me barely seeing the other SFPA people. This con has had more programming than what I'm accustomed to with a DSC—it's bizarre to be going from panel to panel just like a WorldCon. I enjoyed hearing Connie Willis, but I missed a few other fannish panels I would have enjoyed. I'm only now finding my way around the

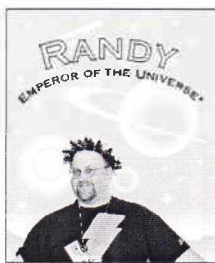
hotel. The walking has been a throw-back to MilPhil. To get to the secondary panel room it was walk down this hall, turn, walk down this way, turn, walk some more, then just before you get to the next state, there it is! Tomorrow I'm off to the Space Center.



Bear Bear - As usual it looks like I'll have to finish this sad attempt at literature. Mib, Guy's keeper, and I have been discussing just what kind of person would manufacture something like the hideous pink cow for mass distribution. Of course, as Mib points out, consider the taste of the average American as shown in the success of movies like *Austin Powers* and it makes more sense. People are pretty bad but a pink cow cut like a poodle and wearing those silly glasses is still a bit much. Is there no limit to bad taste?

Yes, that is a silly question! Well, got to run, I'm working on a script for *Greg the Bunny*. Now there's a TV show about the real world.

See you all next con.



The Cover

It's been a fannish tradition, meaning we did it at least twice, for Randy Cleary to do the cover for the DSC one shot. This year he was too busy running the art show to work on it or even to attend the SFPA party. When Suzanne asked him about doing a cover he suggested, "Use me for the cover." Then he struck a regal pose wearing his "crown" of Jumbo paper clips. He should have known better!

Un-indicted Coconspirators?



The individuals shown in the photos above were not actually involved in the creation of this one shot but authorities believe that they were present at the DSC and are perfectly capable of participating in a one shot at some future time. The public should be on alert.



Hoist Fifi!