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# **SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION HANDBOOK**

# 1997 SFC HANDBOOK & HISTORY

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All work is copyright by the individual authors. Any unsigned work is probably by T.K.F. Weisskopf, comments in brackets [*thus*] definitely are. Portions of this zine have been previously published in fanzines or program booklets. In some cases the material has been substantially revised (either by T.K.F. Weisskopf or the author).

Art: Following long SFC tradition of reusing artwork forever, note that the front cover art by D. Birdsong was first used in 1977. Cover altered and pasted up by the nimble fingers of Hank "Always There When I Need Him at the Last Minute" Davis. Much of the rest of the art I shoe-horned in is from convention badges & flyers. If I know or can give a good guess at the artist, I've done so on at the end of the zine; if not, not.

In 1988 Atlanta Worldcon Inc. gave a grant to the Service Mark Protection Committee of the WSFS—they earned their keep. Hence the following Service Mark Notice: "World Science Fiction Society," "WSFS," "World Science Fiction Convention," "Worldcon," "NASFiC" and "Hugo Award" are registered service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

To join the SFC send \$10 to Treasurer Judy Bemis at 1405 Waterwinds Ct., Wake Forest, NC, 27587. Club or convention membership is \$50 annually. All checks should be payable to the Southern Fandom Confederation.

Letters of comment can be sent to the editor,  
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## WHAT IS THIS BIG OL' ZINE AND WHY DID WEISSKOPF PUT IT TOGETHER?

Southern fandom is something special. Of course, just plain old science fiction fandom is an incredibly neat thing, a cultural phenomenon unique to the twentieth century, an amorphous bundle of splendid contradictions. But Southern fandom is a particularly nice part of that amorphous bundle. This zine is an attempt to show why, and in so doing keep it flourishing.

As I write this, in mid-1997, there are SF conventions held almost every weekend in the South, attended by thousands of people. There's a list in this zine, but it will be out of date quickly. For new listings check out *Science Fiction Chronicle* or *Locus*, or subscribe to *Con-Temporal* (Pegasus Publishing, 2501 W. Sublett, #890, Arlington, TX 76017) or just read Mad Dog Madden's list of Southern cons published in the SFC Bulletins. But despite this plethora of entertainments available, the question has arisen, is fandom dying? Specifically, has Southern fandom faded like yesterday's magnolia blossom and been taken over by kudzu?

One of the things that made modern Southern fandom as cohesive as it is—not very, but more so than other regions—was the Southern Fandom Confederation. Some history of the organization is contained below, but for many years the SFC was Meade Frierson's baby. He ran listings of conventions, updates on clubs, fanzines, media events, pros living in the South—contained in his Bulletins was everything that might possibly be of interest to the widely scattered Southern fans of the '70s who became the peripetetic fan organizers of the '80s.

And it was the SFC Bulletin that got me into fandom. So when there was some talk of possibly disbanding the SFC because Southern fandom didn't really seem to require it any more, I reacted viscerally. *Aieee*, thought I. As there was a surplus in the budget, it seemed to me a distinct possibility that the SFC might go out with a bang—a party at a DeepSouthCon, for instance. Fun, true, but if the SFC was going to die, I wanted to see a more tangible tribute. Out-going SFC president Sue Francis had asked in the SFC Bulletin and at the business meeting in Nashville, “Whither SFC?” Well, I thought it would be hard to say where the SFC should go without knowing where it, and Southern fandom, have been. Hence my proposed project: a summing up of the history of the SFC, DSCs & Southern fandom in general. After making my proposal at the “sex & donuts” meeting at the crack of dawn on a wet Sunday morning in Lebanon, Tennessee, I was overwhelmed by a wonderful surge of volunteers from all over the South.

Since, happily, it looks like the SFC will keep on truckin' under the leadership of Tom Feller, this history will of necessity be incomplete. As for the handbook part of it, I think I've covered most of the larger organizations devoted to SF alive in the South today. But I'm sure that this listing is not comprehensive. I've undoubtedly missed some, and confused the information for others. That's why we need an SFC and regular Bulletins: for updates and further information, join the SFC and be fulfilled.

Taking my cue from the organization of the Atlanta Worldcon in 1986, I've tried to use the talents of as many people as possible. Previous SFC handbooks have been the work of one hand—that this one isn't means that the level of coverage of the topics is not necessarily even. I hope my readers will find a chunky-style soup as interesting in its own way as a more elegant puree.

Also, some bias of my own has undoubtedly crept in. My base of knowledge is centered on convention activity in the early 1980s in Huntsville, Chattanooga, Louisville, Nashville, Atlanta & Birmingham, and zine activity in SFPA in the 1990s. If I've missed anyone or omitted something important, it was inadvertent, not deliberate. I hope that even as we have recounted our history, and made mention of the inevitable feuds that are part of it, we have sparked no new ones. Note that the text of this zine will be available online, thanks to the efforts of Sam Smith. I welcome those who uncover errors of fact or omission to send me corrections via the SFC. And, of course, I also welcome LOCs.

So, the answer to what this zine is, hopefully, is a tribute to the past as well as a beacon for the future. As to why it was me who put it together? Well, I opened my big mouth and volunteered, didn't I?

—T.K.F. Weisskopf, Bronx, NY, May, 1997

# What Is The Southern Fandom Confederation: How & Why You Should Join

Meade Frierson III

[Originally published in the 1980 Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook; modified and updated by T.K.F. Welsskopf in 1997.]

The SFC was organized to improve communications between science fiction and fantasy (sf&f) fans here in this region. It is of course non-profit and depends upon fans who believe in its benefits for financing.

Accordingly, dues of Ten Dollars (\$10.00) are solicited for membership for each fiscal year, which runs from August to August (roughly DeepSouth-Con to DeepSouthCon). Members receive, in addition to this Handbook, a Roster of names and addresses of sf&f fans in the area and the period Bulletins. The Roster is kept updated for changes of address, additions and deletions. The Bulletins provide news, reports of activities such as conventions and publications, and so forth. Quite frankly you do not get ten bucks worth of stuff for the simple reason that those who pay dues are subsidizing those who do not...the mailing of material to (1) known, confirmed fans less fortunate (or less considerate) than the paying supporters and (2) to the ever-increasing numbers of new people who come to our attention through clubs, ads, lettercolumns, personal referrals, and conventions. People who do not have to pay dues (although many do, anyway) are club presidents, con chairs, professionals, apa editors and fanzine publishers—this being on the theory that their activities in aid of the cause of Southern Fandom are payment enough.

Our goal (as yet not fully realized) is to provide clearing house for the matching of interests and needs. If you draw or write, there may be publications here which need your art or writings (fiction, reviews, articles, news, chatty letters, whatever).

The Roster [used to] make note of *some* primary areas of interest but it needs to be improved and kept current. We need to hear from YOU and to learn what you like in sf&f and in fandom. We need a copy of whatever you may publish so we can review it in the pages of the Bulletins and let others know it exists. (Price and quantity available, size and content should *always* be communicated to us even if you do not send a copy.) If you are a collector and have a trading list, let us know how it can be obtained. If you want to hold a convention,

start a local club, or something else, let us know so that we can pass the word along.

Sometimes it gets to be a long time between Bulletins, but this does not mean that we are not trying to help folks learn about stuff through letters in between the Bulletins.

The past and present secretaries of the SFC and the area clubs have been *most* helpful in obtaining address lists from cons, club meetings and the like (most notably still over the years, officer or not, has been Irvin Koch). Volunteers send news. This support is certainly invaluable to the continued operations and functions of the SFC.

The basic information in this Handbook was assembled over the course of two years (June 1995-June 1997) and may be outdated by the time you get it—if fandom is one thing, that is changeable. Send \$10 today to Judy Bemis, address in the front of this zine. More is welcome.

Also, you will help us if, after reading this and finding it *not* to be of interest to you, you would pass it along to someone you know who might be interested.

## Where Is "The South"?

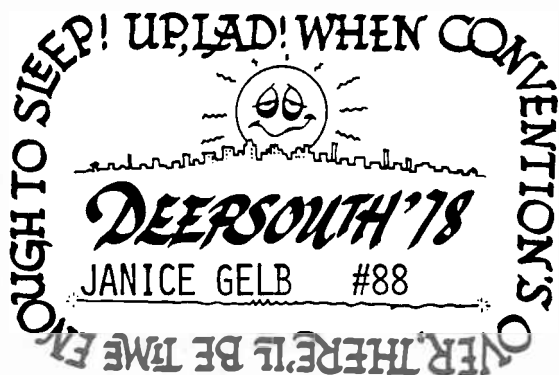
P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery

[From "An Introduction to the Southern Fandom Confederation" first published in Bulletin #6, January 1990.]

The states first served by the SFC when it was created in 1970 include: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Texas, & Virginia. But... The South is not so much a geographical location as it is a state of mind. Like-minded individuals are always welcome, no matter *what* their location.

These states were chosen more as a limiting factor than as a statement of agreement with the historical Confederacy. The SFC abhors many of the tenets of the Confederacy, but feels there's much of value to be redeemed from the concept, such as its sense of regional cohesiveness & the now-legendary Southern Hospitality. [...]

As the South is a "state-of-mind," we welcome *all* like-minded thinkers, no matter what their geographical location. To paraphrase Maurine Dorris: "We're like one big city here in the South, it's just that some of our suburbs are a bit farther out." We encourage you to join our happy family.



## Required Reading If You Do Not Know What "Fandom" Means

Meade Frierson III

[Originally published in the 1980 Southern Fandom Conderation Handbook, and modified and updated by T.K.F. Welsskopf in 1997.]

A person who reads science fiction and/or fantasy (sf&f) is known as a *fan*, the plural is *fen* or *fans*—and the group name for all such people is *fandom* (like king/kingdom).

If you merely read the stuff and are considered strange by your friends, you are a *fringe fan*—if you share your interests with others of like disposition, you are on your way to becoming a fan. If you begin to write letters of comment to the editors of the professional magazines (*prozines*) of sf&f or to the little publications (in the past mimeographed or dittoed usually, now mostly photocopied or distributed electronically), which some fans produce, called *fanzines*, or if you write or draw or publish a *zine* yourself or join an *apa* (amateur press association) or go to local club meetings, SCA revels, or gatherings known as conventions or conclaves (*cons* for short)—then you are a fan but perhaps only a *neofan* since all of this is new to you and you have not been doing it for long. If you keep at it—write, publish, draw, attend cons, make friends, become known, you become an *actifan* (now an archaic usage) or *trufan*. If you are good at these pursuits (or fool people into thinking that you are), you might become a *BNF*, big name fan. Get whatever you do published by the paying sf&f markets and you become a *pro* (also "*filthy pro*") and can join Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of American, SFWA (the extra "F" is ignored for historical reasons), and be invited free to cons, sometimes as a guest to participate in panels along with the

BNFs and other pros. Even if you do not lose your amateur standing through professional sales, you can achieve glory as a fan through such devices as having your fanzine nominated for a *Hugo*, the annual World SF Society award, or your writings in someone else's zine can win you the fan writer awards.

Few of us get this highest kind of recognition or boost to the ego, known to fans as *egoboo* but there is plenty of deserving egoboo to go around for all kinds of endeavors—club activities, helping out with a convention, hosting parties at cons, filksinging, appearing in costumes at masquerades, winning the trivia contest at a con or club meeting, drawing, writing, etc.

Fandom has its cliques and subdivisions. Some are closed-in—merely friends getting together, with in-jokes, memories of good times past, &c; they could be doing things which are of little interest to you—drinking and playing tapes, playing Hearts (a card game), staying in the video or film room the entire time at a con, wearing funny clothes (pre-1950 AD). Others may spend their time worrying about where they can get a good buy on missing issues of comics, pulps, other collectibles, bidding ridiculous prices (from your viewpoint) for some mouldy pages called *Le Zombie* or a painting or drawing you could do without. Don't worry about all of this: there are others of the same interests who are open and willing to meet new people who share at least *some* of the same interests.

Within sf&f fandom, there is an interest (or lack of it) in *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, other media (*Dr. Who*, *Space 1999*, &c). In 1980 people with this interest were the largest, newest element of fandom. In 1997, that distinction goes, I think, to gaming fans. Some of the media fans and gamers don't like Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke, Anderson or other established sf writers, and some do. Within fantasy fandom, there is a division into anachronists (those belonging to the Society For Creative Anachronism, of which more below), comics fandom, sword & sorcery fandom, and horror fandom. There are some aspects and activities of these subgroups which do not have anything to do with other aspects of sf&f fandom and some which do.

With these generalizations as to the subjects of interest in fandom, we are going to take, in these pages, an overview of the activities of fandom—some of these activities will resemble things that happened or will happen in other areas of the country as well as the South—there are clubs everywhere, cons, fanzines and other publications—

and we will probably miss capturing the flavor or these events which are distinctive to Southern Fandom by our reporting of the facts—the names of guests, the dates and places, the names of people in charge...none of these are the essence of Southern Fandom, the family spirit of the core group, the oneupspersonship over the *mundanes* (every-one who is not a fan), the remarkable, intelligent, zany, charming, talented, etc. etc. *people* of Southern Fandom. But we've tried! If you can get to know *them* by or through any activities described in these pages, your life may well be more enjoyable, pleasant, richer, fun &c. (mainly fun).

## The Birth Of The Southern Fandom Confederation

*Meade Frierson III*

I was volunteered to write about the birth because people [*i.e.* Toni] seem to forget that I was no midwife to the SFC. That honor belongs to Janie Lamb [*about whom more in the Tennessee, Knoxville section*], Irvin Koch [*see Rebel Winners section*], Joe Celko, Rick Norwood and others in attendance at the Knoxville DeepSouthCon in 1969 [*see Meade quote Rick on that DSC in "An Historical Perspective on Southern Fandom" in Part I below*]. Something procedurally ridiculous and now lost in the mists of time brought on a vote on an incomplete SFC constitution and by-laws at the Atlanta DSC, which a broad spectrum of southern fandom attended in lieu of the Heidelberg Worldcon in 1970. A virtual unknown, I was nominated as a compromise between two who desired the office.

I wrote the balance of the partial constitution and by-laws for ratification in New Orleans in 1971. The end product made it so difficult to qualify for office that I succeeded myself by default until my resignation in 1983.

There was usually an active race for the second slot (Secretary), but I enjoyed all the functions so much that I usurped them—typing, reproducing, addressing, stamping and mailing the newsletters (called Bulletins), rosters (called Rosters), and even preparing (at my own expense since they were not mandated) larger introductions to the SFC called Handbooks.

The mailing list grew as conventions in the South proliferated throughout the 1970s. It was Janie and Irvin's vision to generate interest in a Worldcon in a region neglected by "national fandom" since the 1951 New Orleans Worldcon,

largely due to the cessation by the late 1960s of the activities of fanzine editors living in the South who had been widely known in the 1950s. [See "Notes Towards a History of Early Southern Fandom" below.]

SFC managed to publicize regional conventions and local clubs, which led to more names on the Roster and, despite the defeat of the bid for a New Orleans Worldcon in 1976—which still polled better than Columbus—Midwestern fans and apafans from all over helped to recognize and promote the Southern cons and ultimately the ConFederation in Atlanta in 1986, [*and Nolacon II in New Orleans in 1988, and Magicon in Orlando in 1992*]!

Binker Hughes of Atlanta designed the emblem of the SFC about 1973. It is reproduced below:



## The SFC Bulletins, Post Meade *T.K.F. Weisskopf*

In the long evening of the SFC, Post Meade (PM), the SFC Bulletins, and the needs of Southern fandom, changed. Meade had for twelve and half years and 28 issues produced an invaluable reference source jam-packed with information, complete with educated opinions and an indefatigable attention to detail. During that time he also produced two incredibly useful Handbooks, in 1977 and 1980, and humongous lists of Southern fans in the Rosters. His last Bulletin appeared in April 1983.

Guy Lillian's reign as President/Editor began with a 1-page info zine that came out in the second half of 1983. He started numbering a new volume and, for some reason—possibly just to get Charlie Williams of Knoxville to do the great cartoon logo—he subtitled his Bulletins "Rebel Yells." Issue #2 continued the tradition of short listings and pithy comments on everything under the sun established by Meade. Issue #4 in the first half of 1985 was short, but mimeoed, and carried enthusiastic endorsements of the two Southern worldcon bids extant, those for Atlanta in '86 and New Orleans in '88.

There's not much to be said about Cliff Amos' presidency, so I'll just skip right ahead to Volume 4, when P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery takes the helm in January 1988. P.L. continued the SFC tradition of little-bitty type, but under her hand the Bulletin took on some of the trappings of a traditional genzine, including articles by other folks and a lively letter column. Issue #3 in September 1988 featured a lovely wraparound cover by Teddy Harvia, "Putting Southern Fandom on the Map." This art later appeared on T-shirts as well. P.L.'s Bulletins were the first to publish J.R. Madden's con listings.

Sue Francis' Volume 5 begins in January 1993. Her zines were notable for their clean, clear layout, Sue's own entertaining con reports and J.R.'s continuing column. Sue put out 7 issues, the last in May 1995.

Tom Feller's first Bulletin appeared in August 1995. Volume 6 features Tom's own matter-of-fact reports on his travels and con-going under the title "The Carpetbagger," more con reports by others, and regular columns on SF on the Internet, Southern apas, and J.R.'s everlasting convention listing. By issue 4, a loc column was well established, too. And Tom has been managing to produce three solid issues a year to date, which has been much appreciated by the SFC members.

## OFFICERS OF THE SFC

### President

1970-1983 Meade Frierson III  
1983-1986 Guy H. Lillian III  
1986-1987 Cliff Amos  
1987-1992 P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery  
1992-1995 Sue Francis  
1995-date Thomas R. "Tom" Feller

### Secretary & Secretary/Treasurer

1970-1972 Janie Lamb  
1972-1973 Irvin Koch  
1973-1975 Barbara Greenfield  
1975-1978 Binker Hughes  
1978-1981 Susan Biggers  
1981-1983 Tim Gatewood  
1983-1987 Deb Hammer-Johnson  
1987-1993 J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden  
1993-1996 Susan Stockell  
1996-date Judy Bemis

### Vice President

1979-1980 P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery  
(pro tem)  
1980-1984 P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery  
1983-1984 Charlotte Proctor  
1985-1986 Vern Clark  
1986-1987 P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery  
1987-1995 Patrick Molloy  
1995-date Bill Francis

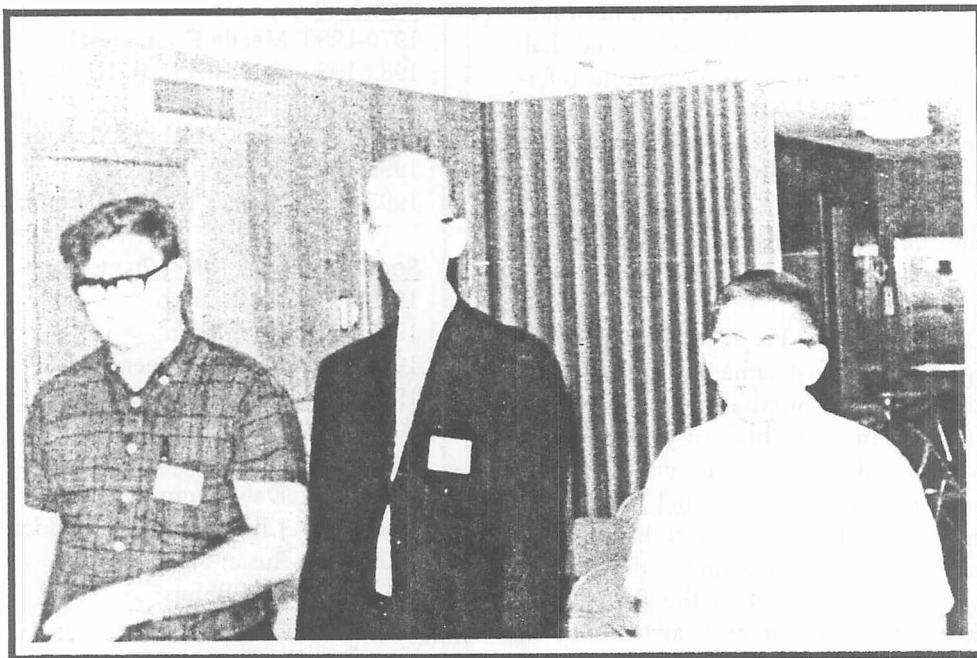
### Other Officers

Official Photographers  
Frank Love  
Gary Steele  
Official Mixologist & Recruiter  
P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery  
Ass't. Recruiter  
M. Wayne Parker  
Sgt.-at-Arms & Executioner  
Hank Reinhardt  
Official Recruiter  
Sue Francis  
Naomi Fisher  
Official Avian  
Kubla Khandor  
Official Punster  
Robert Teague

Lon Atkins

Al Andrews

Len Bailes



Larry Montgomery

Jerry Page

Al Andrews



DeepSouthCon III, 1965

# PART I:

## Early Southern Fandom

### An Historical Perspective on Southern Fandom

*Meade Frierson III*

[Adapted by TKFW from the 1980 SFC Handbook.]

Although your writer is an 8<sup>th</sup> generation Southerner, this organization is just as interested in, and open to, any fan who happens to be in the region, however temporarily and from whatever origin. Nevertheless since this region is basically the Occupied C.S.A., one cannot resist the trappings of the past in our identifying symbols (and jokes about the yamdankees).

Back in the days when the sf magazines reviewed *fan mags* (as fanzines were usually called back then) and carried longer letter columns than at present, one found a goodly number of southern addresses but little indication that the southern sf&f fans ever got together to do anything (like clubs and cons) prior to the 1950s.

In 1948-49 in Ripley TN one Lionel Inman, assisted by a Van Splawn and Wallis Knighton, brought forth a fan mag called Southern Fandom. One of its *raison d'être* was promotion of New Orleans as the site of the world science fiction convention in 1950.

The *worldcon*, as this large annual event is called, *was* held in New Orleans in 1951 with Fritz Leiber as Guest of Honor. About 325 people attended. Harry B. Moore was chairman, but from accounts of eager young fan historians we understand that he has no interest in the field anymore.

The Atlanta Science Fiction Organization (ASFO I) was organized sometime in the late forties but of the originals only Jerry Page, Hank Reinhardt and Jerry Burge remain in Atlanta. The group was hyperactive during the first few years of the 1950s and put out a fanzine called COSMAC. There was a later pub called ASFO. (We wonder where are Carson Jacks, Ian Macauley, and Peter Ridley these days.) The most striking project was a hardcover book on fandom by Sam Moskowitz, fan historian, called *The Immortal Storm* (reprinted in the late 1970s). This first ASFO group seems to have peaked out with a convention in April 1955 and little is known after then. [See Page article in this section for more details.—TKFW]

In the early fifties Robert Madle (now in Maryland and operating a mail order SF book business) lived in several areas in the South or its borderlands and there were fan clubs, meetings and fan activity blossoming forth wherever he went. In the pre-Sputnik era people were not all that convinced that rocketry was the government monopoly we soon learned it had to be, and Bob tells some amazing stories of the good press his club received with respect to space exploration.

Doubtless, the people who published the zines in various southern locations had friends who got together, but we have lost contact with such folks as J.T. Oliver of Columbus, GA (1951), Shelby Vick in FL (1952) [*ah, but see below, "Notes Towards a History of Early Southern Fans"—TKFW*], and Al Alexander, Randy Warman, George L. Cole and Robert Shrader of Charlotte NC (1956). We do know that Wally Weber is now *gafia* in Seattle [*I think he's back.—TKFW*]; Lee Hoffman is no longer producing Quandry in Savannah, GA but is living in FL; and Lynn Hickman of Orangeburg SC lived in Ohio, a stalwart of Midwestern fandom (and a member of KAPA) for many years before his death a few months ago in 1997.

Madle and his Charlotte NC group were responsible for SECON in 1956, the first recorded regional con in the area, so Southern Fandom approached the 1960s with several talented enthusiasts scattered about but few opportunities to get together and do anything organized.

### A Few More Yesterdays: The Columbia Camp *Harry Warner, Jr.*

[Reprinted from: . . . Another Fan's Poison #1, January 1986, Curt Phillips, Editor.]

Much has been made in recent years of the fact that fandom contained few women and no blacks among its members during its first decade or two of chronicled existence. But those situations don't seem mysterious, in the light of social circumstances and ways of thinking that predominated during the 1930s and early 1940s. Less publicized and decidedly more difficult to explain away is the fact that so few fans resided during that era in the South of the United States.

While first the Depression, then World War Two kept fandom small in numbers and limited in ways of expressing itself, the biggest concentrations of fans lived in metropolitan areas like New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. There were smaller clumps of them in a few large cities in the Northeast, Midwest, and Pacific Coast. Individual fans could be found scattered in rural areas or tiny towns, but most of these lonely fans resided north of the Mason-Dixon line or west of the Rockies. The huge geographical area generally reckoned as the South had few fans, fewer fanzines, and next to no local fan clubs.

I don't have any guaranteed-accurate explanation for this almost forgotten aspect of early fandom. All I can do is suggest possible causes, one or several of which might provide at least a partial reason why the South was so poorly provided with fans and fanac. Average income was much lower in the South than in most other parts of the nation during those years, so fewer young people might have been able to afford to buy prozines, the accepted first step for getting into fandom at the time. Fundamentalist religions still held a comprehensive grip on most of the South early in the century, which may have prejudiced many persons against the implications of most science fiction stories. The South didn't have as high a percentage of its total population residing in sizable cities as other parts of the nation, making it harder to reach newsstands where prozines were sold.

Today, of course, the situation in fandom is sharply different. Fandom in the South began to become more prominent as soon as fandom in general began expanding through such influences as the boom in the paperback science fiction market, postwar economic conditions which meant more money for many young persons, the coming of regular conventions in every part of the nation, and the change in public attitude to science fiction created by the first sputniks and satellites. It could be argued that the South today has the most flourishing fandom of any section of the United States. It's indisputable that the South has the only United States fandom which thinks of itself as a geographical entity.

At last I have arrived at my main point. All the generalizations above are valid, but there were occasional inexplicable exceptions to the basic fact that fandom was slow to develop in the South. The most improbable refusal of the South to behave as described came during the war, when an astonished fandom suddenly found itself bombarded by fat fanzines, letters, articles, and other forms of fanac from the comparatively small city of Colum-

bia, SC. Almost simultaneously, four Columbia fans came into prominence, Joe Gilbert, Harry Jenkins, Lee B. Eastman, and W.B. McQueen. I don't think you could find four active fans in any of the much larger cities in the South at that time. What's more the group that called themselves the Columbia Camp launched efforts to promote fandom all over the South in ways that weren't much different from the far more successful promotion of Southern fandom during the 1960s and 1970s.

The Columbia Camp members had several things in common besides their chronological and geographical positions in fandom. All four of them were quite literate, capable of writing for fanzines in a style that was better than the average fanzine prose of the era but not highfaluting enough to make them sound like scholars slumming. They seem to have had the ability to get along with one another and with the rest of fandom, a knack that wasn't at all common in the feud-plagued fandom of those years. And when they gaffed a few years later they did such a thorough job of it that I can't remember encountering any evidence that any of them made even the mildest of returns to activities in later years. Perhaps someone has encountered one or more of them at a convention in the South without recognizing the significance of the name, in recent years; that's how complete their disappearance from fandom turned out to be, and how forgotten they are today by the superactive fans in the South.

The most lasting evidence left behind by the Columbia Camp was The Southern Star, which published five thick issues in the early 1940s. Other Southerners like Art Sehnert of Memphis were editorial assistants and the emphasis was on Southerners for contributions of material. There's no need to smile indulgently while re-reading its issues today; many of the articles are still useful for the information they convey or entertaining for the high humor with which they're written. Joe Gilbert probably did more than anyone in Columbia to create this fanzine. Harry Jenkins published a couple issues of Fanart, which must have been either the first or one of the first of the good-sized fanzines devoted to drawing for fanzines. Two or three of the Columbia gans became active as FAPA publishers for a while. They contributed much material to fanzines published elsewhere in the nation. Moreover, the Columbia Camp was the moving force behind creation of the Dixie Fantasy Federation. This was an organization with aims similar to today's Southern Fandom Confederation, although it included a slightly larger area in its definition of the South. The Columbia gans even

tracked down that rarity, a female fan who lived near Columbia.

In a sense, I suppose, the Columbia Camp were like the pre-Columbian explorers of North America. They're virtually forgotten because they didn't represent an influence which connected directly to later propagandists for fandom in the South. I doubt if any of them was still active by the time Lionel Inman began publishing Southern Fandom in 1948. By the arrival of the 1950s and the coming of Quandry, an entirely new generation of active fans was bobbing up in the South.

I can think of only one other example of lots of fans suddenly appearing and gaffiating together in an unlikely place in early fandom. That was the Decker Dillies, a half-dozen or so men and women in Decker, IN, a small village. But their emergence wasn't quite the same thing as the Columbia Camp, because they had already been close friends in a mundane local club and happened to discover fandom together.

I'm sure there must be active fans living in the vicinity of Columbia today. If they could track down any members of the old Columbia Camp who happen to continue residing in the South Carolina city and arrange for them to be honored at a regional con, it would be a nice gesture, proof that fandom eventually remembers its good people, even if it forgets them for a while.

## Notes Towards a History of Early Southern Fans

*T.K.F. Weisskopf & Curt Phillips*

[Toni talked to Ned Brooks, Irvin Koch, Dick Lynch, Harry Warner, Jr. & Bob Madle for this bit and random facts in Part III, the regional survey. Curt consulted *The Immortal Storm* by Sam Moskowitz and *All Our Yesterdays* by Harry Warner, Jr.]

—Branches of the Scienceers (the first organized fan group) were formed in Clearwater, FL and Temple, TX in the early 1930s.

—In the early 1930s, Clay Ferguson of Roanoke, VA had several illustrations in Fantasy Magazine (Julius Schwartz, ed.) and also had a few illos in *Astounding Stories*. Ferguson still lives in Roanoke, and has appeared at recent local cons there.

—In 1935, D.R. Welch of Austin, TX was a fanzine collector and dealer. He compiled the Science Fiction Bibliography (published by William L. Craw-

ford), the first list of "amateur periodicals of fandom." It's still a pricey collectors item today.

—R.M. Holland of Owensboro, KY published in 1935 several issues of his zine, The Science-Fiction Review. This may be the Ralph Holland who was later an important figure in the early National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF).

—D.B. Thompson (of Louisiana) joined FAPA in 1941 and was a loccer to Wilson Tucker's Le Zombie.

—According to *All Our Yesterdays* by Harry Warner, there was fandom in the 1940s in Tennessee, although it was short-lived and ended after an imbroglio over a fanzine. Participants included Art Sehnert, Joe Gilbert and Bill Dubrucq.

—Raymond Washington, Jr. of Live Oak, FL published—as "official head" of Claude Degler's *Cosmic Circle*—some *Cosmic Circle* fanzines in 1944 and 1945.

—[From Norm Metcalf] "Travelling fan Billy Joe Plott] visited Panama City, FL, where he met with Shelby & Susan Vick, rich brown, and myself." In Mimosa 19, published in November 1996 by Nicki & Richard Lynch, Shelby Vick has an article about the first convention in Lynn Haven, FL, in 1948. The "Florida Flames," consisting of Vick, Charles Heisner and Sandy Land (and perhaps others—Vick's memory was hazy on the point), were joined by out-of-towners Joe Green, Joe Christoff, Lin Carter, and some ladies from a local writers club. Christoff procured a copy of the movie *The Shape of Things to Come* and the writer's club ladies provided covered dishes. There was also a costume party. Vick reports that he went on to sell a few paperbacks (not SF), put out a fanzine or six, formed the Willis Fan Fund in 1952, and is now returned to active fandom (and living in Springfield, FL). [For Vick's exploits at the 1951 world-con, *Nolacon*, see Part IV, *Miscellaneous Silly Stuff*.]

—Charles Wells of Savannah, GA, guest-edited the last issue of Lee Hoffman's Quandry (#30) for her, when she got a full-time job and fell in love with horses. Wells was in SFPA for a while, then went off to college in Ohio [*my alma mater, Oberlin, as a matter of utter irrelevancy—TKFW*], did graduate work at Duke and was involved in fandom in NC, and must, at some point, have gaffiated. For more on Wells, see Part III, Atlanta, below.

## The Cosmic Legion

### Jerry Page

[Originally published in the DeepSouthCon 26/Phoenixcon 3 Program Book. Revised by TKFW per Hank Reinhardt.]

The formation of organized science fiction fandom in Atlanta began with Jerry Burge's decision, in 1950, to drop any connection with the field.

In 1949, Ray Palmer, the controversial editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures* left those magazines to start his own publishing company, to produce a new science fiction magazine, *Other Worlds Science Stories*. Palmer decided that his magazine would carry classified ads. But these ads would be available only to the readers and he would charge them nothing. So Jerry Burge, deciding he wasn't getting that much out of SF any more, took out an ad to sell his collection, at that time probably the most extensive in the city.

When the ad appeared, Jerry was astonished to learn that there were other fans in the city of Atlanta. The ad was answered by Hank Reinhardt (astonishing enough in himself) and then Reinhardt contacted Dewey Scarborough and Henry Burwell. Reinhardt met Ian Macauley through a mutual friend at Grady High School. As a result, the first Atlanta science fiction club was formed.

And Jerry Burge still hasn't sold his collection.

The club called itself the Cosmic Legion and decided to published a fanzine called Cosmag. [...] Henry Burwell [produced] Science Fiction Digest, a highly regarded publication, [that] reprinted the best work from other fan sources. (Burwell's fanzine is not be confused with the digest sized prozine of the same title that appeared a couple of years later.) After some scruffy early issues, Cosmag evolved into a pretty good fannish genzine, edited by Macauley, and combined with SF Digest. They maintained separate identity through the trick of publishing issues back to back in the manner that a few months later would be used by the Ace Science Fiction Double paperbacks.

The group quickly realized that Cosmic Legion was not a serious name. They rechristened themselves the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization. The main members were Hank Reinhardt, Henry Burwell, Jerry Burge, Ian Macauley, Carson Jacks, Walt Guthrie and Dewey Scarborough. Macauley was the organizational brain of the group. But Henry Burwell was something of a go-getter himself.

[In 1950 Arthur C. Clarke came over for the first of two visits to Ian Macauley who had become a correspondent of his.]

A. Langley Searles' great fanzine Fantasy Commentator had, for some years, been serializing Sam Moskowitz's history of fandom, *The Immortal Storm*. Burwell arranged to reprint it and, in 1952, issued a mimeographed edition which he sold for \$2.00. Shortly thereafter, personal problems forced Burwell to withdraw from fandom, but by that time plans were already underway to publish a hard-bound edition of the book, considerably expanded by the author. It was one of the most important projects undertaken by a fan group up to then. Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks quietly assumed the responsibility for the book's publication.

Most of the money was provided by Carson. He was older than most of the other ASFO members and a successful businessman. To produce the book it was necessary to acquire a typewriter with a clean typeface and manually type the pages which would be photographed for the actual printing. To do this you simply typed the book through, marking the unfilled spaces of the lines thusly:////. Then you counted the spaces left over for each line, take a pencil, indicate where you really want them to be (inside the lines, preferably after punctuation so they don't annoy the eye) and type the book a second time, putting the spaces in so each line comes out the same length. And you do this without making any mistakes.

Jerry got halfway through the book before being informed he was typing it in the wrong size. So he typed it over the correct size, then typed it yet again to produce the final camera-ready copy and lo and behold, ASFO Press was ready to go with its first book. Moskowitz was working as managing editor of Hugo Gernsback's *Science Fiction Plus* at the time and arranged for the legendary Frank R. Paul to do the dust wrapper. Paul had not only done the cover on the first science fiction magazine ever produced, *Amazing Stories*, April 1926, but of the first 66 covers produced for SF magazines (those produced during the '20s), only 8 are not by him. His last cover appeared in the '60s.

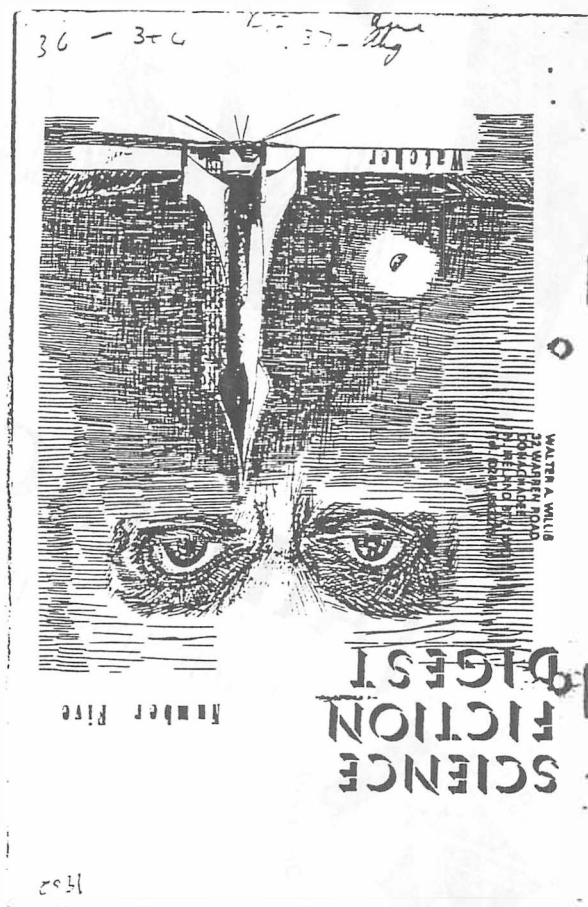
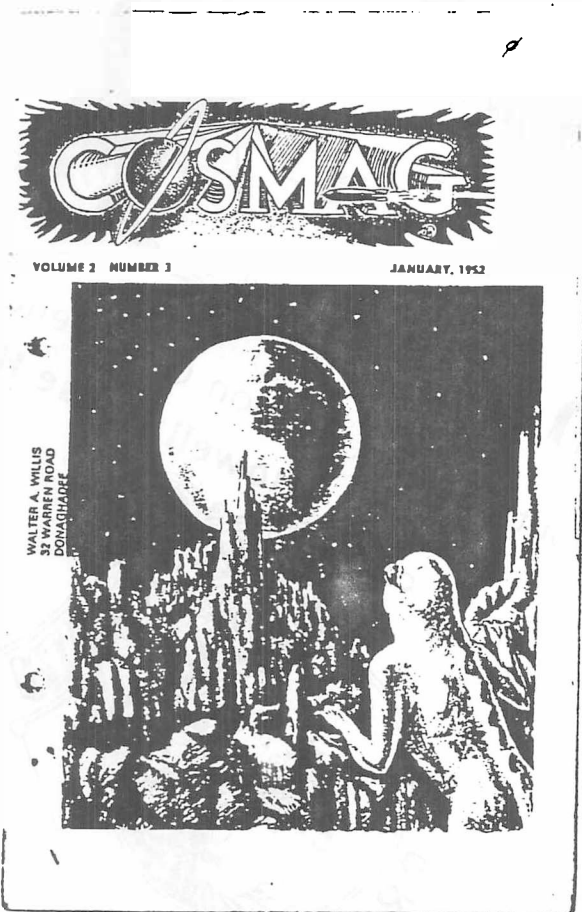
*The Immortal Storm* appeared in 1954. The group was growing. In 1953, Arthur C. Clarke visited Atlanta, staying with Ian while he was here. Together they edited an issue of the group's fanzine, ASFO, the first fanzine Clarke had done in the ten years since his own zine, Novae Terrae folded. Some new members came into the group including three teenagers, Jim Benford, Greg Benford, and myself. In 1956, the first regional science fiction convention ever held in the southeast was held at the old Dinkler Plaza hotel in Atlanta. It was called Agacon and boasted 56 at-

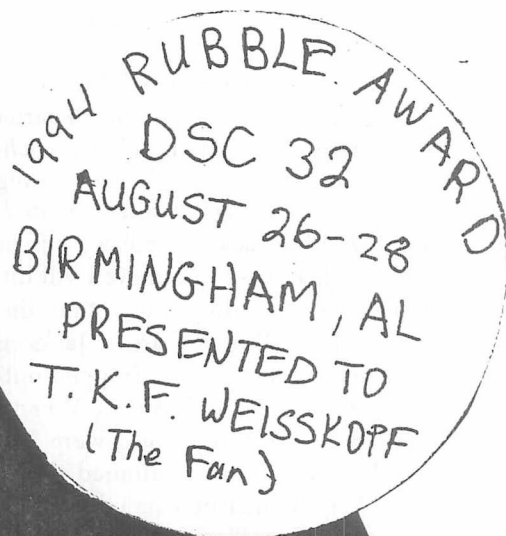
tendees. The guest of honor was SF writer Theodore Cogswell.

Agacon was the last real effort of ASFO as a group. Several of the major fans departed later that year or early the next. Reinhardt, *[who had embarked on a life of crime, didn't get caught but did drift away from things, and was invited to join the Army in 1956.]* Macauley took a job in another city, Scarborough and Guthrie moved. All three of them dropped out of fandom. For a time the only ones left were Jerry Burge, Carson Jacks and myself. Then I moved and Carson dropped out of fandom because of the press of business. When I returned, a year later, Jerry Burge and I were fandom in Atlanta. That condition continued for almost five years. Then Reinhardt came back, I finally met him, and other fans began rearing up in other parts of the south. It was from this group that what we today know as southern fandom grew.



"I'll see your  
two 33' THRILLING  
WONDERs with four  
of my 43' STARTLINGs, and  
raise you a coverless Harold O.  
Bronkowitz's SUPER GOSH-WOW  
FAANISH THRILL BOOK #2."





# AtlantisCon

Tenth Annual Deep South Science Fiction Conference  
Howell House Hotel



# PART II:

## DSCs, Rebels, Rubbles & Phoenixes

### DSCs

#### DeepSouthCon: How It Began

Larry J. Montgomery

[First published in the 1987 DSC program book.]  
Welcome all to the 25th anniversary of my inability to go to Hulan's house for a weekend of fannish conviviality. Sociologists write that older you get, the faster time "seems" to pass. That's very true in my case. The past quarter of a century seems to have zipped by all too quickly!

The words *DeepSouthCon* have a special meaning for me and a lot of other southern fans. Organized Southern Fandom as we know it begins with the formation of the Southern Fandom Group in 1960, a N3F clone which lasted only a couple of years. Before it gave up the ghost, it spawned a premier Southern APA: The Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA), now well into its 26th year. It was the rallying point for the emerging Southern Fan; SFPA members visited each other frequently. And it was in SFPA's first year that charter member Dave Hulan urged the formation of an annual Southern Science Fiction convention.

It seems like only yesterday Dick Ambrose sat down beside me in our high school and asked if I was going to be able to make Dave Hulan's fan gathering in Huntsville that weekend. I wanted to say YES! But my reply was an unfortunate no. My 1951 Chevy was nonfunctional just then, as usual, and my father refused to lend his automobile for "such a silly trip." Bus fare to the Huntsville gathering was unavailable that spring of my senior year at Anniston High School. So I missed the first of what we call Deep South Cons.

Dave Hulan could shed more light on that weekend, but since I've been asked to reminisce about the early Deep South Cons, I *do* recall what a fine and gracious man he was. He and then-wife Katya made Bill Plott, Rick Norwood, William Gibson (yes, the pro), and Dick Ambrose feel at home with style that weekend. Lots of fannish talk ensued. SFPA was discussed and Dave's *Unknown* collection was appreciated in its garage storage place. The attendees crashed on the sofa and, from what I could tell, a fine time was had by all. If I

had been able to make that small gathering, we might be attending "Mid" South Con 25.

Let's flash to the summer of 1964. Dave Hulan had moved to California. I was between my freshman and sophomore years at Jacksonville State University. I was as active as one could be for a fan of that time and place. I was corresponding with 30 or so fans from all across the U.S. I was in three apas, I was visiting everyone I knew who lived close by. But I had never been to a science fiction convention and wanted to attend one in the worst way! Working my way through college precluded the financial means to travel to regional cons outside the South. That summer I hit on the idea of bringing a con to me. I would host my *own* convention, a Southern fannish convention. As SFPA was my main fannish focus, I invited them. I checked with the late Janie Lamb in Tennessee to invite the N3F membership and sent out invites to as many Southern fans as I was aware. I pondered a name for my con: AlaCon? DixieCon? But certainly *not* MidSouthCon. Dave Hulan might have considered Huntsville as "midsouth" the spring before, but I didn't. Alabama, the Heart of Dixie, was nothing if not *deep* South. Deep South Con it would be.

The South needed an annual fan gathering. I figured anyone who showed up would make it a fun weekend and that I could keep such an annual gathering going for the foreseeable future. I thought back and unofficially made Dave's fan gathering the "First" and *my* DSC was numbered "Two."

In spite of my feeble efforts at organization, 10 fans from 5 states enjoyed the hospitality of 2 rooms of the Vann Thomas Motel (still in business, too) in Anniston in August of 1964.

It would be unfair to compare the DSCs of the '70s and '80s with those first few DSCs. It would be like comparing apples and potato chips. The attendees were few in number but the enjoyment factor was high!

But I digress. There was no beer because Calhoun County was "dry" at that time...we drank Cokes. I delighted in my first "con," urging the creation of a one-shot called *Conglomeration* which ran in the September SFPA mailing, snapping a few photos, rapping comics with Rick Norwood, trading a scarce hardbound *Lord of the Rings* vol-

ume for a silver dagger from the brilliant teenager from Virginia, William (we called him Bill) Gibson, and barely realizing just how special was the warmth of wit of the late Lee Jacobs.

Lee J. was a West Coast BNF and never let on that "real" cons had beer instead of Cokes. Dick Ambrose and high school friends Terri Ange and John Hall were in and out. But most of all, the con was special because of Al Andrews.

My DSC 2 began with driving to Birmingham and transporting Al to Anniston. Lee J. should have blamed Al for the Cokes. Cramped in the front seat of my black VW bug, he never uttered a word of discomfort, but I knew he was in constant pain.

That weekend, so long ago and just yesterday, is a blur of taking turns at my typer, working on an atrocious round-robin fan fic. Strangely, William Gibson didn't help with the writing, but did contribute hilarious cartoons to illustrate it!

The weekend was over all too quickly. On the way back to Birmingham as I drove him home, Al smiled that wonderful smile of his and joked that he could die happy now...he had finally been to a science fiction convention. As we drove, I told Al that with better planning and a year to work on it, Anniston could have a bigger and better DSC the next summer. While I was planning DSC 3 aloud, Al convinced me that Birmingham and a real hotel, like the Downtowner, would attract more attention and attendance. While we had a good time, national fandom, he felt, would laugh at 10 or so fans gathering in one place for a weekend and calling itself a convention. The South deserved better for an annual event.

Nearly a year later, several weeks before the first DSC which would *really* classify as a convention as we now know them, I thought about my good friend Al Andrews, a friend who was wasting away from muscular dystrophy, slowly but surely dying. Al was very ill in the months preceding the third DSC, held in Birmingham. With that in mind, I made a few phone calls, wrote a few letter and received nothing but positive feedback for an annual Southern Fan Award with Al as its first recipient. His peer group agreed that Alfred McCoy Andrews was a truly special man and had done as much as anyone in binding together the few and scattered Southern fans. Thus the Rebel Award was born.

In spite of a year's planning, my scheme for having SF movies to show fell through. The first night of DSC 3 was a bit disorganized. Twenty or so fans showed up that weekend. We had a panel or two Saturday night, highlighted by the presentation of Al's Rebel. Lots of fannish goodwill was shared and the seeds which would result in DSC lasting 25 years were sown.

Lon Atkins' group from Chapel Hill, North Carolina won the vote to hold the next DSC. He would move to Huntsville soon after and DSC 4 passed into his capable hands, returning the con to the Rocket City once again. Lon put on an even more organized and better attended con. Hearts were played for the first time—tradition in the making—and Dave Hulan received the well-deserved 2nd presentation of the Rebel.

The winds of change which blew like a tornado through the decade of the '60s carried me away to a draft-motivated enlistment with the U.S. Air Force in 1967. I maintained my membership in SFPA until 1970, but I slowly lost contact with Southern fandom and then GAFIated.

Fans who attended those first four DSCs carried on the tradition. The convention moved from city to city around the South binding Southern fandom together, at least on an annual basis. The Phoenix award for professional achievement joined the Rebel and Meade Frierson III founded the Southern Fandom Confederation as the decade of the '70s dawned. Myriad was created by Stven Carlberg as a second successful Southern apa. Fan clubs sprang up in major cities. Southern fandom was alive and well and thriving in early 1981.

1981...the 100th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance was approaching. (Then) Editor Guy H. Lillian III was attempting to contact some of the early members of that apa for the event. He phoned me one Sunday afternoon in Colorado Springs while I was at my radio job. Eleven years had elapsed. SFPA still lived! Deep South Cons were still being held and Southern fandom was alive and remembered its past. I was delighted and made plans for a vacation the summer of 1981 to attend DSC 19 in Birmingham. I checked into the DSC hotel late Thursday night. Next morning, I checked at the front desk: oldtime friend Lon Atkins was indeed registered. I called his room and we agreed to meet in the lobby. We hugged each other after all the years, and then he introduced me to the lovely red-haired lady beside him. Her name was P.L. Caruthers. The three of us adjourned to the bar for a drink and for Lon and me to get reacquainted. Four months later, P.L. became my wife.

P.L. and I flew back from Colorado Springs for the next several DSCs and then moved back to Alabama six months before DSC 23. It was with much pride that I accepted a Rebel here in Huntsville at DSC two years ago. P.L. also received a Rebel here in Huntsville at DSC two years ago for her own separate and distinct contributions to Southern Fandom. As you can see, DeepSouthCon is *very* special to me for very many reasons.

I expect to be nodding off in the consuite when I reach the ripe old age of 90, regaling neos with the tale of the first Hank Reinhardt Awakening Ceremony and the story of how Jerry Page picked up the reins after Lon and I moved away and held DSC 5 in Atlanta.

And so it goes. Tradition. That's what DSCs are all about, handing down the history, beliefs, legends and customs from generation to generation of fans through word-of-mouth and practice so long as fandom shall continue in the South. Deep South Con—long may it reign!

## Southern Fandom Group and DeepSouthCons

### *Meade Frierson III*

[Adapted from the 1980 SFC Handbook.]

In 1960 the Southern Fandom Group was started and they communicated through their own amateur press association (*apa*), SFPA [see Part IV]. Their annual gatherings were known as DeepSouthCons, or DSCs, and our favorite introduction to this field for over 6 years has been, to quote a New Orleans fan, Rick Norwood, from *Nolazine* 12, the literary magazine of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (edited by Pat Adkins in 1971):

"I wonder if anyone remembers that the first DSC was officially called MidSouth-Con, changing to the present name with DSC II...was the total attendance of the first DSC really five? Did we really spend the entire convention looking at Dave Hulan's two complete sets of *Unknown*? Probably not. (The con was in Huntspatch, AL.)

"At the second DSC, the membership had increased enormously; six fans in an Anniston, AL motel room. It was most memorable for the fabulous fannish one-shot session...Larry Montgomery, who organized the convention, was editor; Bill Gibson drew the cover; Al Andrews did the cartoons; Larry, Dick Ambrose and I wrote a round-robin story; Lee Jacobs did the lead article and photos for the back cover. (The title of this legendary zine is *Conglomeration*—and any with a copy consider it a prize.) [And anybody who wants to sell one to Toni, just write!—TKFW]

"DSC III was the first with a real program...I missed out on the fun but got to read all about it in *Conglomeration II*."

(Interrupting Rick at this point, here is how *Science Fiction Times* #431 (September 1965) reported on that DSC in the words of Jerry Page:

"The 3rd annual Deep South Conference was held in the Downtowner Motel in Birmingham, Alabama over the weekend of August 6-8, 1965. Chairmen of the convention were Larry Montgomery and Alfred McCoy Andrews. Although a small gathering of some 19 people, and necessarily informal, the convention could not have been considered more successful. Highlights of the program consisted of a panel of Lon Atkins, Larry Montgomery and Jerry Page who discussed 2 questions tossed at them by moderator Andrews: (1) Is there some factor which effectively distinguishes Science Fiction from Fantasy, Adventure or Other Forms of Literature? and (2) Could Fandom Survive Without SF?

"Al Andrews, long considered one of the real leaders of Southern Fandom, was presented with the First Annual Rebel Award...the real highlight of the convention was when the entire membership converged upon Reinhardt's room at 12:00 to awaken him after he had found his way to bed at 5:00 AM following a wild card-playing party wherein he won \$2.00. But even the fun and games there was threatened for top honors by the sight of Reinhardt and Bounds firing pennies from miniature catapults at toy soldiers across the room (Hank won \$0.03)."

Back to Norwood:

"DSC IV was the other DSC I missed, and of it I find very little record. Chapel Hill, NC (Lon Atkins) won the bid but the convention somehow wound up back in Huntsville this time with Atkins in charge. It was apparently well attended. The main events on the program seem to have been a bouree game between Hank Reinhardt and Lon Atkins and taking off Len Bailes' shoes to see if his feet were really furry. (Dave Hulan was awarded the Rebel).

"Atlanta marked a big change for the DSC. Up until then, the con had been a get-together for SFPA members and a few others. DSC V was a real convention. Jerry Page was the chairman. The attendees could be numbered in the dozens (Page claims no more than 25). There was a business meeting, a panel discussion and a speech by Hank Reinhardt. There was a hucksters table. Actually it was just a table in the hall but when someone spread their EC comics

collection out on it, it became a hucksters table. As a climax, the entire con piled into a truck and drove off to tour the bookstores. The people of Atlanta are the friendliest I have ever known, and DSC V was a big success.

"In New Orleans in 1968 we were determined to put on an even better show than Atlanta. We had the DSC's first guest of honor: Daniel F. Galouye. The program filled 3 days, including the institution of what has become a DSC tradition, the trivia contest. There were *two* panel discussions, movies and a banquet. We had 72 members, many of whom actually attended! I was chairman and for me the weekend remains a blur, but I do remember having fun.

"Janie Lamb had to make her bid to hold DSC VII in Knoxville, TN via a tape recording, but she won easily. Guest of Honor was a lady named Rachel Maddux, who had written one fantasy novel, *The Green Kingdom*. She had no prior contact with fans or other fantasy writers, but gave an interesting talk about inventing your own universe and seemed to enjoy herself. Ned Brooks and Ron Bounds dressed up in their worldcon costumes and Ron as a Viking chased a waitress up the stairs. The Southern Fandom Confederation was organized and afterwards we all went out to dinner at Minnie Pearl's Fried Chicken.

"In 1970 the worldcon was held in Heidelberg, Germany so Glen Brock decided to make DSC VIII a kind of alternative to worldcon. An extensive advertising campaign resulted in an attendance of over 100, by far the largest DSC to date. SaM Moskowitz was GOH and Richard C. Meredith was Master of Ceremonies. [...] There was a crowded artshow/huckster room, lots of movies, and a three day program. Joe Green spoke on the future Apollo missions and there was an interesting panel of young writers who told about their experiences. But most impressive was Hank Reinhardt's display of swordsmanship in a room fully the size of a ping pong court jam-packed with 50-60 people...."

[Back to Meade.]

Agacon '70 (DSC VIII) did set the tone of the future DSCs and their highlights were carried in SFC Bulletins and recorded in mercifully abbreviated fashion below:

Pelicon (DSC IX) was co-hosted by Rick Norwood and John Guidry [...] at the Hotel Montele-

one in the French Quarter of New Orleans. GoH was Poul Anderson, who attended with his wife Karen and daughter Astrid. Fan GoH was Fred Patten who flew in from California and spoke on the international aspects of fandom. 105 was the reported attendance. Local author Dan Galouye participated, there was a banquet, good art show, and anachronist display (notably a bout between local Craig Shukas and Hank Reinhardt as Ulric of Wolfhaven). The Rebel Award was presented to Janie Lamb in absentia and the Phoenix (beautifully wrought by Dany Frolich) was given to R.A. Lafferty [for "*Continued on Next Rock*"—so says Guy Lillian.].

After a hoax bid that turned into reality (see *Atarantes 26* for the real history [someone send me a copy!—TKFW]), Steve & Binker Hughes and Joe Celko were awarded the honor of hosting DSC X, called Atlantiscon '72 at the Howell House in Atlanta (the site of the 1970 event because Glen Brock knew someone on the staff) on August 25-27. Among the 162 were 14 of the 20 members of SFPA and 9 of the 23 on the waitinglist. [Per Guy Lillian: *SFPAns consider this magic conglomeration to be the dawn of modern SFPA: the paper apa became a people apa at DSC X.*] Anachronists and a large group of fanzine fans from both within and without the South completed the very agreeable picture. [...] Jack Chalker attended his first DSC as a huckster. Although there was no banquet or awards, other good things, like panels, artshow, anachronism, Hearts tournament, and movies, were there.

Back in the Monteleone in New Orleans, Aug. 24-26, 1973 was DSC XI under the direction of Don Markstein and John Guidry. [...] The films were especially picked to be different from standard convention fare and the parties were good. Clarence Laughlin delivered a talk on fantastic art. There was a banquet at which the Rebel and Phoenix awards were presented. About 175 attended including truesoutherners like Lon Atkins from Southern California, adopted Southerners like George Wells from NY, and deepsouth-erners like Eric Lindsay from Australia. It was by all accounts a grand con from the Sons of the Sands, a then non-NOSFA coterie of New Orleans fans about which more lies appear later on. [See Part III, *New Orleans section*.]

August 23-25, 1974 was the time, and the basement of the Sheraton Biltmore in Atlanta was the place, of the controversial experiment launched by Glen Brock but carried out by Sam Gastfriend and Joe Celko with help from Allen & Barbara Greenfield. DSC XII was billed as Agacon '74, a science fiction Mardi Gras. Emphasis was on costume and

a large fantasy world environment but not all plans worked out the way they were supposed to, I think, because of the hotel's uncooperative attitude and general fan apathy to the concept. Instead of a GoH there were VIP members such as Poul Anderson, Joe Green, and T.B. Swann. *Weird Tales* author Mary Elizabeth Counselman made it to her first con, too. Events were supposed to just happen and room parties (and separateness) were discouraged. [...] There were good movies and about 178 attended. (See *Atarantes 28* for the real history.)

After a hotly contested race for DSC XIII between Louisville, West Palm Beach and Knoxville, the winner was FOSFA, the Louisville club headed by Cliff Amos which was going to hold a RiverCon on July 25-27 anyway and made it a combination of the traditional DSC, comics fans attracted by artist guests Bruce Jones and Dave Cockrum, and a con close to the con-active Midwest. A record 545 turned out for GoH Phillip Jose Farmer, Fan GoHs Buck & Juanita Coulson, and emcee Andrew J. Offutt. Other guests were Poul & Karen Anderson, T.B. Swann, Keith Laumer and Kelly & Polly Freas. A banquet, midnight masquerade, and Sunday riverboat ride were out-of-the-ordinary events which were added to usual DSC trappings. [...] The tradition of a regular mid-summer con in Louisville was off to an auspicious start. [Per Guy Lillian: *At the time the '75 DSC was considered the best ever. We took a riverboat ride, Cliff showed us Cocteau's Beauty and the Beast and no less a personage than Muhammed Ali made an appearance at the hotel. Also, to thunderous approbation, Meade won his Rebel there.*]

Bidding against calling the early spring convention in Nashville (an UpperSouthClave), Binker Hughes of Atlanta was named to hold DSC XIV at the Admiral Benbow Inn in Doraville, GA. She, Steve Hughes and Joe Celko got L. Sprague de Camp as GoH and had lined up Manly Wade Wellman as emcee but an accident prevented his attendance, so that mainstay of cons (particularly in the south), Kelly Freas, pitched in. About 175 attended a lightly-programmed no-banquet affair over Aug. 27-29. [...]

Birmingham, represented by Penny Frierson, Wade Gilbreath, and Frank Love, won handily over Winchester, VA and B'hamacon became the XVth DSC on Aug. 26-28 at the virtually bankrupt and uncooperative Parliament House Motel. Attendance was about 340. [...] Aside from the Guests of Honor attending pros included Jerry Page, Grant Carrington, Karl Edward Wagner, Jack Dann, David Gerrold, Charles L. Grant, R.A. Lafferty, George RR Martin, Gene Wolfe and Andrew J. Offutt. Programming was light (whether or not

intended), there were several British fans on their way to Suncon in Miami [...] Joe Moudry prepared a special chapbook of [GoH Michael] Bishop's poetry which were free to the first 100 registrants and pro guests. The featured film was my favorite, *Dark Star*.

June 2-4, 1978 were the dates of the sprawling, biggest DSC of the '70s, chaired by Rich Garrison and Ginger Kaderabek in Atlanta after a bitter battle. Registration was 720! Jack Williamson subbed for Clifford Simak as GoH; Joe Haldeman subbed for Robert Heinlein at the blood drive; to blood donors Kelly Freas donated his famous caricatures. The pros in attendance included John Brunner, R.A. Lafferty, Joe Haldeman, Charles Grant, Karl Edward Wagner, Gerald Page, Joe Green, Andrew Offutt, Michael Bishop, Peg Campbell, Sharon Jarvis, Andy Porter (of the other SFC, *Science Fiction Chronicle*), George Scithers, and artists Michael Whelan, Bernie Wrightson, Jeff Jones, Vincent DiFate, Kelly Freas, Ron Miller, Roger Dean and Michael Goodwin. The artshow included 11 Chesley Bonestells, 24 Freases and much more. The banquet was attended by 265 [...] Numerous art awards were given at the banquet as well as the Rebel and Phoenix awards. Guy Lillian won the Hearts championship. Kudos were given to Hank Reinhardt and George Wells for their duel of the worst sf novels ever. Virginia Aalko made the distinctive awards.

DeepSouthCon '79 (DSC XVIII) was sponsored by the Sons of the Sand, Ltd. in New Orleans at the LePavillon Hotel, July 20-22. [...] Guy Lillian created a special chapbook to honor GoH R.A. Lafferty. Janet Lyons claims to be Hearts Champion of the Universe (and has a Frazetta jigsaw puzzle to prove it). Other guests included George Alec Effinger, Joe Green, Roger Lovin, Hank Stine and Karl Edward Wagner. P.L. Caruthers ran the SFC business meeting in my absence.



## DSC Since 1979

### Guy H. Lillian III

I plan my entire year around the DeepSouthCon. It's the one fannish event I *never* miss, come job, Worldcon, Bar exam, heart attack, or whatever. Propped up with a hatrack and propelled on roller skates, I plan on attending at least two or three DSCs after my demise, but I'm not dead yet, so if you see me coming at a DSC in the near future, don't be afraid to say hello.

1979 was the last time (so far) that DSC has come to my adopted home of New Orleans, so I've had to travel to the 18 that have occurred since then. (Come to think of it, I was living in North Carolina at the time, so I had to travel to that one, too. Oh well.) Let's follow Meade's format of discussing each in its own separate paragraph.

**1980 - Atlanta.** I am mercifully devoid of any memory of the GoH at this convention, who has in years repaid Southern fandom's generosity by lambasting us in print as "second-raters." (You tell me what a second-rate science fiction fan is; I don't believe there's any such thing, myself.) My major memory of the event was Mike Weber's superb presentation of the Rebel Award to Jerry Page, who, as I say later, expressed his gratitude through a *magic show*. What else happened? I have to guess. George Wells and Hank Reinhardt debated which was the world's worst SF novel, *The Clones* by P.T. O'Leary or *Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* by Arthur N. Scarm. There was a Hearts Championship which I did not win. And a merry time was had by all. These are the usual state of affairs at every DSC, and since Cliff Biggers always ran an efficient ship, undoubtedly 't was so in 1980.

**1981 - B'ham.** I remember *many* details about the fabulous '81 DSC, which featured the sublime (and much lamented) Bob Shaw as GoH and the non-sublime Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt as MC and Fan GoH, respectively. Southern fandom will long remember the unfortunate congruence at the banquet of Lon Atkins, Barb Wagner, and a pie. (Those seeking details are referred to Page's article on the incident in a future issue of my genzine, *Challenger* [and also in this zine, Part IV, *Silly Stuff*—TKFW].) The spirit of Southern fandom was peaking in 1981; the whole region was gearing up for the worldcon binge we'd enjoy at the end of the decade. 1981, please come again.

**1982 - Atlanta.** Back to Atlanta for ASFICon II. (ASFIC was the club responsible for the con.) Mike Weber was con chair and Lon Atkins was both Fan GoH and Rebel Award winner. In fact, a fun memory of the event was Lon and MC Kelly Freas presenting awards to one another! Sten Carlberg's Southpaw

Awards were presented for the *second* time at this convention; the same people won as the year before—but in different categories! The grumbling was good-natured.

**1983 - Knoxville.** Toni gives 804 as the number of attendees at this event, but no—it had to be more. *Stephen King*, after all, was the Pro Guest of Honor, and I was Fan GoH, and the crowds as a result were stupendous. King was a gracious guest, manfully enduring miles of autograph lines. He was courteous to all. Lots and lots of other horror writers graced Vern Clark's eh-pic event: Peter Straub, Whitley Streiber (who was *not* abducted by aliens during the con), Alan White, and my beloved fannish mother, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. My Fan GoH speech to the multitudes was of course the highlight of the convention. I am sure that those who promise to shoot me on the spot should I ever approach another DSC dais are moved by envy alone.

**1984 - Chattanooga.** Here I must admit that the entire convention is encapsulated in one moment for me: in the mirrored, flocked ballroom of 'Nogga's rattletrap Read House, I won my own Rebel Award. That fine gent Dave Drake won the Phoenix, and best of all, *Theodore Sturgeon* was present; if it wasn't his last convention, it was surely his last *Southern* con. I'm told that for everyone else the highlight of the convention was chairman Irvin Koch's choice of banquet entree: all pasta.

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**1985 - Huntsville.** The bid for the 1988 worldcon was in high gear in 1985; not only New Orleans but Cincinnati was represented. I presented joyous Rebels to Larry and P.L. Montgomery—whom I effectively introduced! *[The film program was notable for the music video of "Fish Heads" and Rickey Sheppard's legendary Wigwam Village DSC bid presentation at the site-selection meeting on Sunday morning proved that it's always a good idea to drag yourself out of bed at the crack of dawn for those things. (For more Wigwam details, see Part III, Kentucky section).—TKFW]* I wish convention co-chair Mary Axford would resurface in Southern fandom; she was a really sweet lady.

**1986 - Louisville.** I missed the con! It followed Atlanta's Confederation by but three weeks and I was absolutely broke and exhausted and as a result, the only thing I know about the event was that John Hollis won his Rebel there. What a year was '86 for the South. Atlanta wowed the fannish world with a *terrific* worldcon and New Orleans won the right to host the event in '88. *[For more on this convention, see Rubble Winner section above.—TKFW]*

**1987 - Huntsville.** For me the convention peaked even before I walked into the hotel; through the glass front door of the convention hotel, *Andre Norton* was seen. She hobnobbed with GoH Bob Bloch and charmed everyone there—including members of the photographers' convention which followed us into the hotel, several of whom remembered her books! Another highlight—sort of—was a past-midnight fire alarm which emptied the hotel, the attendance of the great pulpster Hugh B. Cave, and the first appearance at DSC of Ricia Mainhardt, the world's greatest.

**1988 - Atlanta.** Now called Phoenixcon, the DSC returned to Atlanta for a rousing event in the same summer as the New Orleans worldcon. Julius Schwartz was for me chief among the convention's delights; he is mentor, inspiration, and friend. Preparations for the Nolacon were at a fever pitch, but other fun at DSC included the Rebel and Phoenix presentations (by myself and Jerry Page) and Page himself becoming the only person to win both Rebel and Phoenix, the latter of which was given there. You should have seen his face....

**1989 - Memphis.** *Ummm!* I can still taste the barbecue Peggy Ranson and I scarfed during the 1989 DSC in Memphis—a great town that should host another DSC some year soon! J.R. Madden was showing his slide collection of DeepSouthCons past at most DSCs in that era; always great fun to see the second law of thermodynamics in action, as fans could see how much weight they'd gained. A very pretty girl, whose name I forget, presented the Rebels; alas, Maurine Dorris wasn't there to receive hers and had to be alerted by phone.

**1990 - Chattanooga.** Back to Tennessee to begin a new decade of conventions. Bob Shaw, bless him, was a mordantly hilarious GoH, and Forry Ackerman was a funny Guest of Honor. Charlotte Proctor's Rebel—a locket—was the zenith of the convention, but Bryan Webb's Fan GoH speech was spellbinding. The list of great guests included Darrell Sweet as artist GoH.

**1991 - Knoxville.** The gals of K'ville put on a righteous DeepSouthCon, complete with a fabulous ice cream bar—one of the trademarks of their ongoing ConCat conventions. A pretty lady sold psychic photographs in the lobby (purported to show one's "aura") for \$20. Samanda Jude won a richly deserved Rebel and Khen Moore was denounced with a *Rubble* Award for having the ugliest knees in fandom. (Sometimes the Rubble is presented with a stretch.) Andy Offutt was as ever an inspired toastmaster; nobody does it better.

**1992 - Suwannee.** Actually, this DSC was held just north of Atlanta at the training camp for the Atlanta Falcons. Many hours were spent gazing on the practice field(s), so beautifully manicured they resembled mile-wide putting greens. Inspired Phoenixes were given to Atlanta's two Brads, Linaweaver and Strickland, who put on an impromptu Siskel & Ebert routine in thanks, and there was a great tribute to Robert A. Heinlein.

**1993 - Louisville.** Conjurage was chaired by Jack Heazlitt and Jennifer Wilson, but the image the convention will always bear is Jennifer's beautiful blonde face. (I may be able to lay it on thicker; try me sometime.) Emma Bull and Will Shetterly were able GoHs, and Andy Offutt did the toastmasterly thing with consummate skill. I won my second Hearts championship of the universe. At the banquet, Pat Molloy joined his favorite writer, Terry Bisson, as a winner of DSC's traditional honors, receiving a railroad lantern as part of his trophy!



## B'HAMACON 3 DeepSouthCon 32

**Toni Weisskopf**

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August 26-28, 1994  
Birmingham, Alabama

**1994 - Birmingham.** B'hamacon III was one of the great fannish events of all time, but that's a subjective judgment. But all the signature qualities of DSC were there. Great numbers of great friends who had known each other for decades; involving and interesting panel discussions (my favorite: "Political correctness—threat or menace?"); a rock'em sock'em (I nearly *did* sock him) Hearts championship; splendid guests (Bob Shaw, Mike Resnick, and the shy, gently beautiful Lois McMaster Bujold \*sigh\*); a *raucous* contest to decide the world's worst SF novel, featuring the same eternal contenders; worthy Rebel winners in Shaw and Cook; a surprised Toni Weisskopf given the Phoenix and, bare minutes later, proked with the Rubble Award (so she wouldn't get a swelled head from winning the Phoenix, see). Almost all of DSCs are successful. But B'hamacon III stands with the '72 Atlantiscon, RiverCon I in '75 and its '77 predecessor, and '83's Satyricon II at the apex of DSC splendor. [Yep.—TKFW]

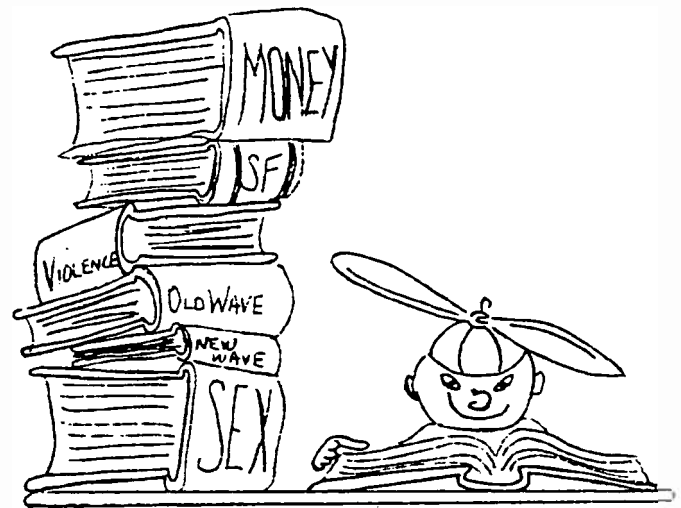
**1995 - Nashville.** For years Khen Moore had been trying to link DSC with his ongoing Kubla Khan, and in '95, he got his chance. Just in time to have the greedy slime of Nashville's Gaylord Enterprises pull his hotel out from under him, at the last minute. Heroic—and wonderful—Susan Stockell called fifty local hotels in the space of two days to find a substitute, and if DSC '95 was by necessity cramped—the banquet had to be held in a restaurant adjacent to the hotel—it was a triumph that it came off at all. Elsie Wollheim was a gracious presence as GoH; what a sweet lady.

**1996 - Jekyll Island.** And so we reach last year's DeepSouthCon, held on the resort island *not* named for Mr. Hyde's alter ego, famous for its abandoned "cottages" of the turn-of-the-last-century rich (mansions for anyone else). Never before had DeepSouthCon attendees been able to stroll down an oceanfront beach between panels, watching porpoises at play. There were more porpoises than panels; a sand sculpture contest was held (won by Naomi Fisher), but the convention was light on programming. *Good* Some other highlights: Harry Turtledove's class act GoH. Jack Haldeman opening the envelope with the Phoenix winner inside and discovering...himself. And Corlis Robe, accepting her half of the Rebel Experience by fluttering her lips, *bubbuhduh-bubbuhduh-bubbuhduh-bubbuhduh*. So say we all!

So them's the DeepSouthCons to date. A lot of memory over a lot of years. Southern fandom's pre-eminent convention has never fielded a huge mass of attendees—nothing to match Westercon or even Disclave—but it has more than made up for that...lack(?)...in spirit. DSC is a personal convention, a convention of traditions and personalities rich and

crazy and warm and accessible and open. It is by far the best convention going. A word to the weary: form *your* year around DeepSouthCon. Wherever and whenever it's held, *be there*. You'll be going home.

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# A Tabular History of DeepSouthCons

	Year	Title	Location	#	Con Chair	Rebel Winner	Phoenix Winner	Guests
DSC 1	1963	MidSouthCon	Huntsville, AL	5	David Hulan			
DSC 2	1964		Anniston, AL	6	Larry Montgomery			
DSC 3	1965		Birmingham, AL	19	Al Andrews & Larry Montgomery	Al Andrews		
DSC 4	1966		Huntsville, AL	20	Lon Atkins			
DSC 5	1967		Atlanta, GA	25	Jerry Page			
DSC 6	1968		New Orleans, LA	72	Don Markstein & Rick Norwood			Daniel Galouye (GoH)
DSC 7	1969		Knoxville, TN	35	Janie Lamb			Rachel Maddux (GoH)
DSC 8	1970	Agacon '70	Atlanta, GA	130	Glen Brock	Irvin Koch	Richard C. Meredith	Sam Moskowitz (GoH) Richard C. Meredith (MC)
DSC 9	1971	Pelicon	New Orleans, LA	105	John Guidry & Rick Norwood	Janie Lamb	R.A. Lafferty	Poul Anderson (GoH) Fred Patten (FGoH)
DSC 10	1972	Atlantiscon	Atlanta, GA	162	Joe Celko			Hal Clement (GoH) Kelly Freas (MC)
DSC 11	1973		New Orleans, LA	175	John Guidry & Don Markstein	Hank Reinhardt	Thomas Burnett Swann	Joseph L. Green (GoH) Joe Celko (FGoH)
DSC 12	1974	AgaCon '74	Atlanta, GA	178	Joe Celko & Sam Gastfriend	Ken Moore	George Alec Effinger	
DSC 13	1975	RiverCon I	Louisville, KY	545	Cliff Amos	Meade Frierson III	Andre Norton	Phillip Jose Famer (GoH) Andrew J. Offutt (MC)
DSC 14	1976		Atlanta, GA	162	Binker Hughes	Ned Brooks	Manly Wade Wellman & Gahan Wilson	L. Sprague de Camp (GoH) Kelly Freas (MC)
DSC 15	1977	B'hamacon	Birmingham, AL	340	Penny Frierson	Cliff Biggers & Susan Biggers	Michael Bishop	Michael Bishop (GoH) Hank Reinhardt (MC) Charles & Dena Brown (FGoHs)
DSC 16	1978		Atlanta, GA	731	Richard Garrison	Don Markstein	Karl Edward Wagner	Jack Williamson (GoH) Kelly Freas (MC)
DSC 17	1979	GumboCon	New Orleans, LA	420	Justin Winston	Cliff Amos	Jo Clayton	R.A. Lafferty (GoH)
DSC 18	1980	ASFIcon	Atlanta, GA	514	Cliff Biggers	Jerry Page	Piers Anthony	Ted White (GoH) Michael Bishop (MC) Mike Glyer (FGoH)
DSC 19	1981	B'hamacon II	Birmingham, AL	342	Jim Gilpatrick	Dick Lynch & Nicki Lynch	Mary Elizabeth Counselman	Bob Shaw (GoH) Jerry Page (MC) Hank Reinhardt (FGoH)

# A Tabular History of DeepSouthCons, con't

	Year	Title	Location	#	Con Chair	Rebel Winner	Phoenix Winner	Guests
DSC 20	1982	ASFIcon II	Atlanta, GA	323	mike weber	Lon Atkins	Kelly Freas	Karl Edward Wagner (GoH) Kelly Freas (MC) Lon Atkins (FGoH)
DSC 21	1983	Satyricon II	Knoxville, TN	804	Vernon Clark	John Guidry & Lynn Hickman	Doug Chaffee & Joe Haldeman	Stephen King (GoH) Barbara Wagner (MC) Guy H. Lillian, III (FGoH)
DSC 22	1984	Chattanooga DSC	Chattanooga, TN	742	Irvin Koch	Guy H. Lillian III	David Drake	Joan D. Vinge (GoH) Karl Edward Wagner (MC) Jerry Page (FGoH)
DSC 23	1985		Huntsville, AL	822	Mary Axford & Richard Gilliam	Larry Montgomery & P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery	Sharon Webb	Marion Zimmer Bradley (GoH) Algis Budrys (MC) Barclay Shaw (AGoH) Bob Sampson (FGoH)
DSC 24	1986	L&N DSC	Louisville, KY	570	Sue Francis & Ken Moore	John A.R. Hollis	Andrew J. Offutt	David Hartwell (GoH) Somtow Suchartikul (MC) Ann Layman Chancellor (FGoH) Alex Schomburg (AGoH)
DSC 25	1987		Huntsville, AL	729	Richard Gilliam & Patrick Molloy	Lee Hoffman & Penny Frierson	Orson Scott Card & Hugh B. Cave	Robert Bloch (GoH) Hugh B. Cave (Special Guest) Ramsey Campbell (MC) Phil Foglio (Artist GoH)
DSC 26	1988	Phoenixcon III	Atlanta, GA	648	Bill Sutton	Sue Phillips & mike weber	Gerald W. Page	Gregory Benford (GoH) Kelly Freas (AGoH) Joe Haldeman (TM) The Cosmic Legion (FGoH)
DSC 27	1989		Memphis, TN	533	Richard Moore	Stven Carlberg & Maurine Dorris	Robert Adams	Orson Scott Card (GoH) C.J. Cherryh (TM) G. Patrick Molloy (FGoH) Mary Hanson Roberts (AGoH) Bill Sutton (Filk Guest)
DSC 28	1990		Chattanooga, TN		Ken Cobb	Charlotte Proctor	Wilson Tucker	Bob Shaw (GoH) Forrest J. Ackerman (TM) Bryan Webb (FGoH) Darrell K. Sweet (AGoH) Raymond Feist (Special Guest)
DSC 29	1991	ConCat III	Knoxville, TN		Chloie Airoidi & Julie M. Blanchard	Samanda b Jeude	Charles Grant	Charles Grant (GoH) Doug Chaffee (AGoH) Andrew J. Offutt (TM) Ken Moore (FGoH) Mercedes Lackey (Special Guest) Larry Dixon (Special Guest)

## A Tabular History of DeepSouthCons, con't.

	Year	Title	Location	#	Con Chair	Rebel Winner	Phoenix Winner	Guests
DSC 30	1992	Phoenixcon DSC	Suwanee, GA		Mike Reasor	Steve & Sue Francis	Brad Lineweaver & Brad Strickland	Joe Lansdale (GoH) Alan Clark (AGoH) Charles Grant (TM) Marilyn Teague (FGoH)
DSC 31	1993	Conjuration	Louisville, KY	361	Jack Heazlitt & Jennifer Wilson	G. Patrick Molloy	Terry Bisson	Emma Bull (GoH) Will Shetterly (GoH) Dawn Wilson (AGoH) Genny Dazzo (FGoH) Andrew J. Offutt (TM)
DSC 32	1994	B'hamacon III	Birmingham, AL	425	Julie Wall	Don Cook & Bob Shaw	Toni Weisskopf	Lois McMaster Bujold (GoH) Mike Resnick (TM) Bob Shaw (FGoH) Debbie Hughes & Mark Maxwell (AGoHs)
DSC 33	1995	Kubla Khan 23/Parthekhan	Nashville, TN	261	Ken Moore	J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden	Darrell Richardson	Elsie Wollheim (GoH) Larry Elmore (AGoH) Steve & Sue Francis (FGoHs) Andrew J. Offutt (TM)
DSC 34	1996	Beachcon	Jekyll Island, GA	237	Bill Francis	Gary & Corlis Robe	Jack C. Haldeman II	Harry Turtledove (GoH) Peggy Ranson (AGoH) Joe Siclari & Edie Stern (FGoHs) Jack C. Haldeman (TM) Barbara Delaplace (Spousal Guest)
DSC 35	1997	ChimneyCon 3	Jackson, MS		Tom Feller			J.R. Madden (FGoH) Michael Scott (TM) Hanter (AGoH) James P. Hogan (Special Guest)
DSC 36	1998	B'hamacon IV	Birmingham, AL		Julie Wall & Gary Rowan			Michael Bishop (GoH) David & Lori Dietrick (AGoHs) Buck & Juanita Coulson (FGoHs) Wilson "Bob" Tucker (TM)



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# REBEL WINNERS

## Rebel Mettle:

### The DSC's Rebel Award

Guy H. Lillian III

[Expanded from an article first published in the 1985 DSC program book.]

Two of the best moments science fiction fandom has held for me involved the DeepSouthCon's **Rebel Award**. One came in 1983, when I presented the honor to **John Guidry**, my friend of almost 20 years' standing. The other occurred a year later, when **Hank Reinhardt**, himself a winner ten years before, gave the traditional award for distinguished service to Southern fandom to "a rank neo": **me**. I guess I enjoyed '83 best, since then, I got to give a speech. In '84, I was utterly speechless.

And why not? The Rebel Award meant a lot to me. It means a lot to a lot of Southern fans.

For the inevitable newcomers scanning this article, an explanation. The Rebel Award is given annually at the DeepSouthCon to that Southern s.f. fan who merits special recognition for Contributions to Regional Fandom. It was created by **Larry Montgomery** at DSC III, about 30 years ago, to honor the late **Al Andrews**. Founder and President of the first significant regional fan organization, the Southern Fandom Group, and one of the earliest movers and shakers behind the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, and a kind, generous, patient presence around whom young fans could orbit, Al was admired not merely for his accomplishments but for his personal courage. He had muscular dystrophy. Even typing was a painful trial. But his personal suffering didn't stop him from inspiring a generation of Southern fans. There wouldn't be a Southern fandom without one man, Al Andrews, and there wouldn't be a Rebel without two, Larry Montgomery, who created the award, and Al, whom he created it for.

(Undoubtedly this latter fact was on the DSC committee's mind when, in 1985, Larry was given his own Rebel—simultaneously with one to his wife, **P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery**. What goes around *does* come around.)

DSC IV saw **Lon Atkins** present the second Rebel, to **Dave Hulan**, founder of the DeepSouthCon, second Official editor of SFPA and one of the most important members of our proto-fandom. But four years would pass after Lon's gesture until the award was revived. Since then, however, only one year has gone by since when a Southern fan—or two—has not been hailed by the DSC concom as worthy of rebel fandom's special gratitude. Of all the DSC

traditions—the Hearts tournament, the Phoenix Award to professionals, the SFC meeting where future convention sites are selected—the Rebel stands at the apex; its presentation almost always climaxes the DeepSouthCon.

So who's won the Rebel, and why did they win it? What sort of contributions to this crazy game called fanac must a person make to take home Southern fandom's greatest honor?

Basically, fanac in the South can be broken down into con-giving, club-building, fanzine-producing (apas & genzines) and...miscellaneous: the intangible; the unclassifiable. Rebel winners are often involved in conventioneering, often involved in publishing fanzines, often involved in clubs. But almost always there is...the *intangible* involved, some arcane contribution of personality, leadership, dedication. Rebel winners believe in Southern fandom.

Let's tour this Hall of Heroes. The third Rebel winner was **Irvin Koch**, hustlin' bustlin' dynamo behind the rebirth of Tennessee fandom in the early 1970's. No fan in his right mind would ever honor Irvin's fanzines, but his efforts for Gnomoclave, Chattacon and UpperSouthClave were unmatched, and more importantly, Irv lured a slew of newcomers into active fandom. New people were the whole point behind the National Fantasy Fan Federation, which **Janie Lamb**, winner in 1971, served for 30 years. Janie also acted as secretary for the Southern fandom Confederation and chaired the '68 DSC in Knoxville. (All together now: *red dye?*) Like Al Andrews, she is gone from us now, but a great number of the longtermers in our number owe their membership in this madness to her.

**Hank Reinhardt**, who won the '73 Rebel at a New Orleans DSC, claims that s.f.ers in the South owe him a lot, too, but that's a matter of opinion: *his* opinion. "They owe me in that I have chosen not to *slay* them all," says Hank, one of the founders of the Society for Creative Anachronism in the South and present president of the world's foremost producer of antique weapons reproductions. In his heyday, the wolflord, as he deigns to be called, incurred over three million dollars in debt due to losses in the DSC Hearts tournament, reason enough to thank him for his generosity.

Hank shares a number of accomplishments in fandom with **Jerry Page**, his friend of 40 years and his partner in many fannish and professional endeavors. [For the Real Truth to this relationship, see Part IV below, *Miscellaneous Silly Stuff*.—TKFW] Jerry, who was given the Rebel in 1980, has won great esteem for his writing and editing skills as Gerald W. Page—under which name he won the *Phoenix* Award several years later. Jerry also chaired the fifth DSC back in the golden sixties, and served as Fan GoH at

one convention, proffering a magic show instead of a speech. Some say he deserved a Rebel just for that.

Conventioners have received their just due in the Rebel sweeps. Neither **Ken Moore**, who took home the trophy in 1974, nor **Cliff Amos**, who won the Rebel five years later, ever set fire to the fanzine world—in fact, I can't think of a single zine Khen (as he's known) ever did. But few in Southern fandom, or fandom anywhere, can match the accomplishments on which they hang their fame: Kubla Khan, in Khen's khase, and Rivercon, which Cliff founded on the banks of the Ohio River in Louisville. Also involved in the birth of Kentucky fandom was **John Collier**, Rebel winner in 1976. Not only are these gents *tall*, they're also *leaders of men*. Ask them.

Regional conventions are all well and good, but the 1980's saw *worldcons* begin to spring up in the South. Numerous are the accomplishments of **Steve & Sue Francis**, Rebel winners in the early '90s; their efforts on the Louisville worldcon bid were at least partially responsible for their victory. Several times Atlanta sought fandom's ultimate prize, and **Don Cook**, Rebel winner in 1994, was honored for his efforts on that city's behalf. In 1986, of course, the worldcon actually made it to Georgia: **Penny Frierson** chaired Confederation, both the bid and the actual worldcon, and was duly recognized for it. As you'll see later, her Rebel was remarkable in more ways than one....

Fanzine creators have also been honored with Rebels. Though **Cliff and Susan Biggers** were remarkable active in apas (OEing Myriad for years) and conging (chairing one DSC and several ASFiCons), it was their genzine, Future Retrospective, which won them the '77 Rebel. **Dick and Nicki Lynch** have made a terrific impression in fanzines—winning three consecutive *Hugos* for Mimosa—but their newszine Chat scored the Rebel for them—not to mention the raft of superb new fans they drew into the Southern orbit in the late '70s, fans like Rusty Burke, Charlie Williams, and Vern Clark.

Apas have been of seminal importance to Southern fandom. I refer the interested to my short squib about SFPA elsewhere in this handbook. Five of SFPA's Official Editors have won Rebels, and their—“ahem”—*our*—activities there were undoubtedly what led to the triumph. **Don Markstein** was intimately involved in two DeepSouthCons, but his OEShip of SFPA is credited with leading the upswing in regional fanac in the 1970s; that's what led to his selection in 1978. **Lon Atkins'** 1982 Rebel was regarded as the most-overdue ever when he was finally acclaimed; in addition to chairing DSC IV back in the Pleistocene, he had edited SFPA for four years and provided a standard of apazine excellence that is still regarded as the *ne plus ultra* in the genre. **Stven Carlberg** was not only a five-term SFPA OE, but founded the South's other

senior apa, Myriad, which has been booming along nicely for more than 20 years. And I credit *my* Rebel to the four years I'd spent OEing SFPA (including the awesome celebration surrounding our epic 100th mailing), my tour as SFC President, and the years of whining and bleating I'd leveled at DSC concons that “sniff” I hadn't won it yet....

The SFC, or Southern Fandom Confederation, has been lucky for Rebel winners. **Meade Frierson** founded the great Southern fan organization and was its president for many productive years. Onetime SAPS OE, founder of Apa-VCR, publisher of HPL, collector of s.f. radio shows and probably *the* great Southern fan, Meade's 1975 Rebel was applauded as no other. Here's another reason why Penny Frierson's Rebel was so remarkable: while other married couples had won Rebels, Meade and Penny are the first co-nuptials to do so...in different years!

The SFC has also brought Rebel recognition to **J.R. Madden**, its longtime Secretary-Treasurer, whose convention listings in The SFC Bulletin helped draw the increasingly busy region together. **Pat Molloy**, many-termed vice president of the SFC, won a well-applauded Rebel; his other accomplishments include DSCs chaired and OEShip of the fine apa, KAPA.

Fannish excellence has been gauged in many ways in the South, but sometimes *intangible* qualities have won Rebels.

**Ned Brooks** won his Rebel in 1976, while he was publishing a hilarious account of his faanish correspondence called It Comes in the Mail and keeping up a now-unparalleled string of publications in SFPA. He had attended every DSC since the third, a matchless record. Yet it was for *being Ned Brooks* that he won his award, as Southern fandom values Brooks as Brooks, and the Rebel was our way of saying so. Ditto **John Guidry**, although John's accomplishments are many. In 1983, when he won his award, John was noted for bringing worldcon fever to the South through several New Orleans bids and for chairing three DSCs. His Ignite fanzines were the terror of the South for years. But it was to honor John for *being John* that he was presented his Rebel. **mike weber**—lack of caps intentional; mike thinks he's e.e. cummings—and **Sue Phillips** were hailed for their years of outstanding friendship and enthusiasm for Atlanta and Southern fandom, which included tours as Myriad OEs, hard fighting for Southern worldcon bids, and chairing at least one DSC.

And then there are people who are simply *essential*. **Charlotte Proctor** was an indispensable worker in bringing the South its first modern worldcon, Confederation, won a Hugo nomination for her fanzine, Anvil, and has been the unofficial den mother of Birmingham club fandom for two decades—so how

can anyone single out a single achievement among all of those? She won her Rebel in gratitude for her mere existence. **Maurine Dorris**, costumer, trouble-shooter, and healer of bashed souls, won well-deserved acclaim after decades of keeping Nashville fandom on the straight and narrow. As Birmingham says about Charlotte, Nashville says about Maurine: but for her the city would have sunk into the earth years ago.

The late **Lynn Hickman's** name is legendary among Southerners for his efforts to bind the early South with a regional fan organization, to bring the word of unified fandom to youngsters of the '50s who could barely believe others shared their love for "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff." The first convention Lynn ever organized had *three* attendees—even smaller than the first DSC, which had five. (The DSC where Lynn was hailed as a Rebel winner was the largest ever, at over 900.)

Lynn was the first honoree to receive just due for efforts in fannish prehistory: **Lee Hoffman** also won a Rebel for her extraordinary fannishness back in the forties and fifties...when lady fans were much more rare than they are today. Her fanzines are still held up as models of the genre, and the story of how she fooled Bob Tucker into thinking she was a man is one of *the* great anecdotes to come out of science fiction fandom. [See below, Part IV, for her account of this legendary meeting.—TKFW] Her name honors our award.

The same can certainly be said for **Samanda Jude**, whose Electrical Eggs organization has championed easy convention access for the impaired. Our pride in this redheaded Southern belle was echoed by national fandom, when she won the Orlando worldcon's Big Heart Award. And perhaps Rebel's most delightful, not to say *cosmopolitan* moment came in 1994, when **Bob Shaw** was honored. It's one thing to win the Rebel and live outside the South. Hickman and Atkins both reside far from the Mason-Dixon. But Shaw—acclaimed for his years of support and friendship to Birmingham fandom—took things a bit farther: he lived in *England*.

Since each DSC committee has the right to choose the Rebel winner, it also may create its own Rebel trophy. Ergo, the Rebel Award has taken many forms. Don Markstein's was an engraved lucite block. Don Cook won a ruby pyramid. Cliff Amos was given a meerschaum pipe. I have a nice plaque, a nifty button, and a Confederate cap that doesn't fit. Railroad nuts Steve & Sue Francis took home a model locomotive, Pat Molloy a conductor's lantern. But the many media carry a common message: the gratitude and appreciation of all Southern fans. The Rebel has served as thanks, but also as a goad, leading its

recipients towards greater accomplishments yet. Dick & Nicki Lynch created **Mimosa** and won three Hugos after winning their Rebel. P.L. Caruthers became SFC President and served with distinction for several years. Guidry founded ERB-Apa and chaired the 1988 worldcon. I've heard it said by Rebel winners that after you have the trophy, then it's time to *really* earn it.

But that's not the Rebel winners' call. They've already done what it takes. Out there, right now, others are earning their Rebels, and it's only a matter of time until they're called to the stage, given their award, and forced to endure the congratulations of earlier honorees, all saying, *Welcome to the club, whoever you are. If you find the company heady... as I sure did, and do... don't worry... you deserve to be here.*

## RUBBLE WINNERS

### If Life Hands You Sour Grapes—Try Making Whine: A Brief History of the Rubble Award

*Gary Robe*

If revenge is a dish best served cold, then the Rubble Award certainly fits the description. The embodiment of the award is a Krystal (or White Castle—depending on the location of the DSC) Kids Meal purchased several hours before the bestowing of the award, and a medalion made from a tinfoil ashtray taken from one of the aforementioned restaurants inscribed with the target's name. That's about as cold a dish as I can imagine.

The idea for the Rubble Award sprang from the 1986 Louisville DSC. This was a very memorable DSC (which will hopefully be described elsewhere) for many reasons, but several of the best known southern fans shunned the convention because of its northern location and non-traditional timing. One especially irritating remark came from Guy H. Lillian III who said that he wasn't attending the Louisville DSC because he was waiting for the real DSC the next year. It was remarks like these led us to the idea that Something Should Be Done to people like this. [Guy says: "*I can't believe I'd say anything so stupid.*"—We do, Guy!—"I did miss the '86 DSC in Louisville, but only because it followed hard upon the Atlanta worldcon and

*I was broke, exhausted, and out of vacation days.*" Yeah, yeah, excuses, excuses—you missed a good one.—TKFW)

The next spring at the Concave site selection and business meeting, the idea of serving a little abuse back was seized upon. Since the DSC fannish service award is the Rebel, naming the anti-award the Rubble was a natural decision. It was also decided that an anti-Phoenix award, the Sherman, would be overkill. We decided to swipe Mike Glycer's Hugu© Award idea and have a voting party at the nearest Krystal and to allow the "nominees" a chance to sway the result by buying votes.

The next DSC was in Atlanta, and the nominating party was held in my room on Saturday afternoon. Once we had a choice list of nominees, we informed all those in the running of what we intended to do and headed off to the MARTA train for the nearest Krystal. At the voting party, the slate came down to two serious contenders, Gary Tesser, and (you guessed it!) Guy H. Lillian III. The bargaining was intense, and when the wheeling-and-dealing was done, the vote was tied. The decision was finally made when Guy placed the final vote—for himself—using a penny he borrowed from Tesser.

The award itself was made during the intermission of the masquerade, and seemed to be a hit with the audience. In future years, the voting process has changed often, depending on the whims of myself and my backup presenter, GHLLIII. In some years there has been open voting, in others the award has been a surprise to the target. One year we were all so drunk from Sue Francis' Kentucky Derby mint julep party that we almost didn't have the wherewithal to give the award. (But we didn't forget you, Ned.) There have been some great presentations and some that I might wish to take back, but the Rubble Award seems to have become A Tradition.

Some of the most memorable presentations were the ones to Ken Moore, Ben Yalow, and T. K. F. (Not Toni) Weisskopf. The presentation to Ken was memorable because this was when I realized the Rubble had become A Tradition. I could not attend the Knoxville DSC, but the Rubble went on without me under the care of Guy. The Award to Ben was just a good presentation. Ben was actually a little flattered, I think, as the only yankee so far to get this southern award. The strangest one, however, was the one for T. K. F. Weisskopf. In the pages of SFPA, Toni had made an offhand statement in a mailing comment that she preferred to use

T. K. F. Weisskopf as her professional writing name, but she was still Toni to her friends. The SFPAN's at the DSC that year thought that Toni needed taking down a notch, so they overwhelmingly voted to give the Rubble to her. Toni never showed up at the party to contest the award (and I, the stinker, didn't tell her about it). The real fun began when the DSC Committee awarded Toni the Phoenix Award not five minutes before I was to go on to hand out the Rubble Award. To make matters worse, the Phoenix Award that year was a heavy acrylic pyramid that would have made a nasty dent in my head that I avoided only because part of the award that year was a Barney Rubble Pez dispenser and several refills.

The targets for the Rubble Award to date have been:

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GUY H. LILLIAN III 1987 Atlanta, GA  
The only target to choose himself.

RICHARD GILLIAM 1988 Huntsville, AL  
Richly deserved.

JOHN GUIDRY 1989 Memphis, TN  
Too obvious. Kicked a man already down.

IRVIN KOCH 1990 Chattanooga, TN  
Actually ate the Krystal meal.

KEN MOORE 1991 Knoxville, TN  
Need I say Moore?

NED BROOKS 1992 Atlanta, GA  
Why? Because he was there.

BEN YALOW 1993 Louisville, KY  
Damnyankee. Best Presentation.

T. K. F. WEISSKOPF 1994 Birmingham, AL  
Thank Ghu for the Pez dispenser.

GAYLORD ENTERPRISES  
1995 Nashville, TN  
A corporation at war with fandom.

NAOMI FISHER 1996 Jekyll Island, SC  
For crimes against the waistlines of fandom.

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All-in-all a pretty defensible list. My biggest surprise is that I have never been nominated myself. The only question remaining is who is next?

# THE PHOENIX AWARD

The Phoenix Award was first given out in 1970. The committee-chosen award is given to a pro who has done a great deal for Southern Fandom. Some committees have asked previous winners of the award for suggestions, but this is not mandatory. The form the award takes (as with the Rebel) varies according to committee whim. Since it's been almost thirty years since the first of these was given, I thought it would be nice to include short biographies of the winners here, and ask the committee chair (or someone else who might know), just why it is that they chose the people they chose. If I didn't track down the con chair, I consulted Irv Koch's profiles in the DSC 22 program book and swiped them. Vital statistics and other information were also gleaned from the Nicholls' *SF Encyclopedia*, both editions.

## Richard Meredith (1937-1979)

1970, DSC 8, AgaCon, Atlanta, GA, Glen Brock, Chair.

[From a conversation with Binker Hughes.] "At that time *We All Died at Breakaway Station* was blowing people's minds." Author of six novels, he wrote mostly alternate history and space opera. "RCM's sense of history was acute and atmospheric, and his alternate worlds tales are, as a consequence, hauntingly suggestive."—*SF Encyclopedia*. Titles include: *The Sky is Filled with Ships* and the 3 novels of the *Timeliner* series.

## R.A. Lafferty (1914-)

1971, DSC 9, PeliCon, New Orleans, John Guidry & Rick Norwood, Co-chairs.

[From a conversation with Don Markstein.] As Don Markstein puts it: "I was seriously impressed by his writing, the first time I read it and have never stopped being impressed." A resident of Oklahoma, when he attended conventions, Lafferty astounded by the sheer level of inebriation he managed to keep up, while being completely genial (if not particularly verbal). "Nevertheless, when he was GOH at the DSC [*maybe in New Orleans in 1968?*—TKFW], he gave a great speech (so far as I know unrecorded & never printed). Finally, Lafferty knows the secret of the universe." [See "*The Nine Hundred Grandmothers*."] Other works include over 200 short stories and the novels *Past Master*, the novels of *The Argos Mythos*.

## Thomas Burnett Swann (1928-1976)

1973, DSC 11, New Orleans, John Guidry & Don Markstein, Chairs.

According to Don Markstein, Swann was the Phoenix winner this year: "Because Lafferty got it when Guidry was Chairman [*for the first time, in 1971*]. He came to a couple of DSCs, seemed to enjoy himself. He wrote real, real well. A Southerner....Everybody liked him, everybody liked his writing, so the committee decided it to give it him." A Florida native, he taught English at Florida At-

lantic University. His novels were mostly historical fantasies about mythological creatures and ordinary people interacting. He published 13 books (novels & collections) starting in 1966 with *Day of the Minotaur*. He was not yet fifty when he died of cancer.

## George Alec Effinger (1947-)

1974, DSC 12, AgaCon '74, Atlanta, GA, Joe Celko & Sam Gastfriend, Co-chairs.

His first novel, *What Entropy Means to Me* (1972) was nominated for a Nebula. Recent novels are *When Gravity Fails*, *A Fire in the Sun* and *The Exile Kiss*, all starring Marid Audran. Effinger lived in New Orleans until this year.

## Andre Norton (1912-)

1975, DSC 13 RiverCon I, Louisville, KY, Cliff Amos, Chair.

Norton's first work appeared in the 1930s and she has been continually published since then. One of the greatest and most consistent writers of SF adventure, her novels include the "Witch World" series, *Star Man's Son*, and several newer collaborations with Mercedes Lackey. In the recent years she has been active in supporting the works of new writers, establishing an award for an unpublished fantasy novel written by a woman, and organizing a permanent facility for an SF writer's retreat in the South. She has lived in Florida for many years.

## Manly Wade Wellman (1903-1986)

### Gahan Wilson

1976, DSC 14, Atlanta, Binker Hughes, Chair.

[From a conversation with Binker Hughes.] "Both of 'em were Southerners that had done major things but had not been recognized for them by fandom. Wilson's cartoons not only included fantasy and SF but had gained great visibility beyond fandom. So when we decided to give an art Phoenix as well as a writing Phoenix, it was natural to include one whose impact was so broad. It seemed a great crime that Wellman's contributions had not

been recognized for so long, and that we could rectify."

First published in 1927 in *Weird Tales*, Wellman's first novel, *The Invading Asteroid*, was science fiction. Other works include *Twice in Time* and short stories about the occult detectives Judge Pursivant and John Thunstone first published in *Weird Tales*. He was a prolific writer for the pulps in all genres, but perhaps his best-known and best-loved series were the regional fantasies featuring Silver John the Balladeer set in the hills of North Carolina, where Wellman lived for many years. He was a friend and mentor to authors in the area, including David Drake and Karl Edward Wagner.

Wilson is a cartoonist and writer, best known for his excellent and extremely weird cartoons published in *Playboy*, *The New Yorker*, and, for many years, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. He had a story in Harlan Ellison's *Again, Dangerous Visions*. He is currently a reviewer for *Realms of Fantasy* magazine.

### Michael Bishop (1945-)

1977, DSC 15, *B'hamacon*, Birmingham, AL, Penny Frierson, Chair.

A Georgia resident, Bishop started publishing his literary SF in the 1970s. At least one novel and a series of stories are set in a future Atlanta. A frequent award nominee, his novels include *Unicorn Mountain*, *Who Made Stevie Crye*, *No Enemy But Time* (a Nebula winner), and *Count Geiger's Blues*. Bishop is also a widely published poet and literary critic.

### Karl Edward Wagner (1945-1995)

1978, DSC 16, Atlanta, GA, Richard Garrison, Chair.

Heavily influenced by Robert E. Howard, Wagner's best known novel-length work was the series featuring the warrior Kane. The Tennessee native was the editor of *Year's Best Horror* for DAW for several years, and wrote horror short fiction himself. His small press, Carcosa, published volumes by Phoenix winners Manly Wade Wellman, Hugh B. Cave and others. A North Carolina resident, the burly, bearded redhead partied at Southern conventions on a regular basis until his death.

### Jo Clayton (1939-)

1979, DSC 17, GumboCon, New Orleans, LA, Justin Winston, Chair.

[From the DSC 22 program book by Chris Mills & Irv Koch.] Jo Clayton had her first novel, *Diadem*

from *the Stars* published in 1977. She has written half a dozen SF adventure books since then, most of which were published by DAW Books. They include *Ghost Hunt*, *Moonscatter* and *Lamachas*.

### Piers Anthony (1934-)

1980, DSC 18, ASFICon, Atlanta, GA, Cliff Biggers, Chair.

[From the DSC 22 program book by Chris Mills & Irv Koch.] Born in England and educated in America, Piers Anthony now lives in Florida, producing 3 or 4 books a year. Rumor has it that he wrote 14 novels before his first, *Chthon*, was published in 1967. He tends to write in series, with his best work being the the fantasy series about Xanth (which is probably the best known sword and sorcery set in Florida), and the Phaze trilogy, set in the far future on a worn-out planet and its parallel world. Throughout his fantasy, Anthony has added his won brand of "humor" (\*awful\* puns).

### Mary Elizabeth Counselman (1912-)

1981, DSC 19, B'hamacon II, Birmingham, AL, Jim Gilpatrick, Chair.

[From the DSC 22 program book by Chris Mills & Irv Koch.] Mary Counselman began her writing career in the late 1920s as a contributor to *Weird Tales* during its golden age. Her stories were reprinted in 1978 in the Arkham House collection *Half in Shadow*. Her stories have a strong Southern atmosphere about them.

### Frank Kelly Freas (1922-)

1982, DSC 20, ASFICon II, Atlanta, GA, mike weber, Chair.

Freas started doing SF illustrations in the Fifties, and has done covers for *Astounding*, *Ace*, *Daw*, *Lancer*, and almost everybody else. Also *Mad* magazine. He and his first wife Polly lived in Virginia and were active convention goers and art show organizers. Iconic SF images of his include the green Martian grinning through a keyhole for Fredric Brown's *Martians*, *Go Home* (my personal favorite). He has won the Hugo Award for Best Artist 11 times. For a better picture of Kelly Freas, see mike weber's memoir of DSC 20 below, "Catching Kelly Offguard."

### Doug Chaffee

1983, DSC 21, Satyricon II, Knoxville, TN, Vernon Clark, Chair.

[Adapted from the DSC 22 program book by Sharon Webb.] A South Carolina resident, Doug

Chaffee's illustrations have been featured in such national magazines as *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and *National Geographic*, to name a few. His artwork has appeared on the covers of numerous SF books and magazines including DAW, Baen, TSR, *Amazing*, and *Analog*. He painted the 1982 World's Fair poster, and the cover of the 1986 Worldcon program. His work has been featured in the Smithsonian and at NASA headquarters. He won the "Best of Show" award at the National Assoc. of Industrial Artists 4th Annual Exhibit. And he's also a really nice guy.

### Joe Haldeman (1943-)

1983, DSC 21, *Satyricon II*, Knoxville, TN, Vernon Clark, Chair.

[Adapted from the DSC 22 program book by Chris Mills & Irv Koch.] With his brother an ancient convention organizer (early '70s DC area), Haldeman has long since entered the Hugo arena but will still tell war stories (Viet Nam) or sing dirty filk songs if properly potted. He lives in Florida with his charming wife, Gay.

### David Drake (1945-)

1984, DSC 22, *Chattanooga DSC*, Chattanooga, TN, Irvin Koch, chair.

A long-time North Carolina resident, Drake is best known for his military SF series about "Hammer's Slammers." First published in *Galaxy* in the 1970s, he has written almost every kind of SF and fantasy, including stories set in North Carolina about "Old Nathan" (inspired by Manly Wade Wellman's "Silver John" series). He was a silent partner in Carcosa House (run by Karl Edward Wagner). One of the original movers behind the World Fantasy Convention, he is nevertheless not a big convention goer. To those who have had a chance to meet him, Dave Drake is known as a sweetie-pie.

### Sharon Webb (1936-)

1985, DSC 23, Huntsville, AL, Mary Axford & Richard Gilliam, co-chairs.

[Adapted from the Chattanooga 7 program book profile, probably written by con chair Nancy Tabor.] While living in Miami, FL, Webb, a registered nurse, began writing. She wrote articles, features, and mystery stories; she enjoys good ghost stories. She moved to Blairsville, GA in 1973. It's a good thing she came to Georgia because she hates heat. "I would rather die than sweat." Since 1979 Webb has been a full time writer. Her humorous nurse in space stories were first published

in Asimov's magazine and later collected as *The Adventures of Terra Tarkington*. Other titles include the "Earth Song" trilogy and several medical horror thrillers.

### Andrew J. Offutt (1937-)

1986, DSC 24, L&N DSC, Louisville, KY, Sue Francis & Ken Moore.

[From the Rivercon 1984 program book profile by Steve and Sue Francis.] Ten years ago (how time flies) when we were planning the first Rivercon, only one person was ever considered for the position of toastmaster. We wanted someone who was well known and liked in fandom, who spoke well in front of crowds, and whose presence somehow would set the tone for the type of convention we wanted. That person was Andrew J. Offutt, and not to keep those of you who were not at RiverCon I in suspense, Andy did all of the above and much more besides.

Andy continued to contribute to Rivercon every year—appearing on panels, doing readings, giving speeches, *being there*—to the extent that we have felt for several years that further recognition was necessary. However, we had a self-imposed rule that no individual should appear more than once as a RiverCon Guest.

Well, we made the rule, and so, for perhaps the first and last time, we're breaking it in order to have Andrew J. Offutt as RiverCon's official Guest of Honor.

Coincidentally, this year also marks another significant anniversary in Andy's career. It was in 1954 that he won a story contest in *Worlds of If*, and his first SF story, "...And gone Tomorrow," was published in the December issue. Andy was then a student at the University of Louisville (becoming one of U of L's youngest graduates).

In the thirty years between then and now, a lot has happened. Andy met a pretty Irish lass named Jodie and married her. (Jodie was RiverCon's Fan Guest of Honor in 1976.) They have four Offutt-spring named Chris, Jeff, Missy and Scotty, now all grown up. Andy became an independent insurance agent for a time ("the most independent insurance man you've ever seen," he once described himself). He wrote dozens of pseudonymous novels, but very little SF or fantasy until *Evil is Live Spelled Backwards* in 1970. This was followed by the semi-autobiographical *The Castle Keeps* in 1972, which many still consider their favorite of Andy's science fiction work. From the mid-seventies, Andy has devoted most of his writing time to SF and fantasy. He expanded and developed stories and novels

from Robert E. Howard characters, and he edited a series of five volumes of heroic fantasy called *Swords Against Darkness*, discovering or encouraging several authors who later became well known. His novels *My Lord Barbarian*, *Ardor on Aros*, *Chieftain of Andor*, and *King Dragon* acknowledge Andy's love affair with Howardian and *Argosy*-type adventure fiction. During this period Andy also served as Secretary and later President of the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA).

For nearly the past three years Andy has been producing, under his old John Cleve byline, the *Spaceways* series ("High Adventure for Adults!"), with the 19th (and final—for now) volume to appear this fall.

If you've never met Andrew Offutt, an almost inconceivable concept at an SF convention, don't be shy about speaking to him or asking him to sign a book, for Andy is a most accessible person. This is one of the qualities that makes it a joy to welcome (finally) him as RiverCon's Guest of Honor.

### Orson Scott Card (1951-)

1987, DSC 25, Huntsville, AL, Patrick Molloy & Richard Gilliam.

[Freely adapted from the Con\*Stellation 5 (1986) program book profile by Richard Gilliam.] Card's first sale was in 1977, a novelette to Ben Bova at *Analog* titled "Ender's Game." The novel version of that story, and its sequel, *Speaker for the Dead*, both won the Hugo Award. Scott also wrote a fiction review column in *Science Fiction Review* and, for a short time, published a fanzine called *Short Forms*. A North Carolina resident, Scott established himself as one of the most sought after convention guests of the 1980s. Even before his impressive Nebula and Hugo wins, word was passing between fans that the Secular Humanist Revival was not to be missed. And he's always interesting on panels, no matter what the topic.

### Hugh B. Cave

1987, DSC 25, Huntsville, AL, Patrick Molloy & Richard Gilliam.

[Adapted from "A Man Called Cave" by Audrey Parente from the 1987 DSC program book.] Crawling forth, emerging as a phantom, from the depths of darkest known and unknown continents, came a man called Cave....

Hugh Barnett Cave began his career writing fantasy literature in the pulps. Nineteen years after his birth, he gripped the pages of many thrilling publications and spicy issues of the cheap paper magazines which filled the corner stands. This man

romanced his words, dragged his characters through adventures, mysteries, horrors, and left his readers hanging in suspense through many a four-part tale. The English-born lad contributed to the pages of *Astounding*, *Black Mask*, *Weird Tales* and *Detective Fiction Weekly* and more than ninety other pulps. More than eight hundred stories, crossing almost every genre in the old pulps with the possible exception of SF, belong to Hugh B. Cave, under his own or a handful of pen names.

The Eel, one of the popular private eye series characters of the pulp era, who appeared in *Spicy Detective*, *Spicy Mystery* and *Spicy Adventure Stories*, came from the pen of "Justin Case," a pseudonym used by Cave alone. "Red River Roundup," "Lost Lode," "Ghosttown Gamble," and "Trouble Tamin' Tumbleweed," are among Cave's many alliterative western story titles.

Over the years, more than 350 of his works have been published in such magazines as *Redbook*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Womans Day* and *Family Circle*. Cave had been a war correspondent, which took him, among other places, to a Borneo he had only imagined in his jungle adventure and weird tale pulp stories. The maturity travel and experience brought to his writing helped his work become published in hardcover during the war years. One of his most renowned novels, *Long Were the Nights*, is the story of the first PT boats at Guadalcanal.

When the war was over, Cave lived in Haiti for five years. He was invited to participate in voodoo rituals to which no other white man had been a part. In Jamaica, Cave built a coffee plantation from 541 acres of mountain wilderness. Cave used these experiences with the island natives and their religion in Cave in his fiction and in a work of non-fiction, *Haiti: High Road to Adventure*, which was critically acclaimed as the "best report on voodoo in English."

Cave's most popular short story is "The Mission," first published in the *Saturday Evening Post* in the early 1950s. It was released as a hardcover by Doubleday, and been reprinted in many textbooks and translated into many languages. Fan mail generated by "The Mission" still continues: the latest letter appears in the February 1987 issue of the *Post*! In 1977 he won a World Fantasy award for "Murgunstrumm," which was republished in a Karl Edward Wagner Carcosa collection, along with 25 other of Cave's stories from the pulps.

Cave (a naturalized American citizen now living in Florida) has continued writing on into the 1980s. Four successful fantasy novels were published in

that decade: *The Dead*, *The Nebulon Horror*, *The Evil* and *Shades of Evil*. Cave often promotes the small press industry, and has contributed new stories to *Crypt of Cthulhu*, *Fantasy Tales*, *Whispers* and others. He will be a guest of honor at the 1997 World Fantasy Con in London.

### Gerald W. Page (1940-)

1988, DSC 26, *Phoenixcon III*, Atlanta, GA, Bill Sutton, Chair.

You'll see testament to Jerry's long and valiant fan-nish career throughout this fanzine. And that's why he won a Rebel Award. But Jerry's a pro, too. And that's why he won the Phoenix. [The following is adapted from the DSC 22 program book profile by Sharon Webb. Of course for the Real Truth about Page, see Part IV below, "Miscellaneous Silly Stuff."] Following a precedent set by even older stalwarts of fandom like Bob Tucker, Robert Silverberg and Marion Zimmer Bradley, Page began publishing in various prozines in the early Sixties. The March 1963 issue of *Analog* contains his first pro sale, "The Happy Man." Other short fiction has appeared in *F&SF*, *Weird Tales*, *Weirdbook*, *Magazine of Horror*, *Startling Mystery*, *Whispers*, and many anthologies. Jerry contributed a number of entries to the academic work *Twentieth Century Science Fiction Writers*. His editing ability has been employed in *Amazing & Fantastic*, *Witchcraft & Sorcery*, the Arkham anthology *Nameless Places*, several volumes of DAW's *Year's Best Horror Stories* and with Hank Reinhardt for the DAW anthology *Heroic Fantasy*, his favorite book "despite the cover."

### Robert Adams (1932-1990)

1989, DSC 27, *Memphis, TN*, Richard Moore, Chair.

[From a letter from Greg Bridges.] "Robert Adams had a clear, almost unanimous, choice from our letters to previous Phoenix winners. [...] In our process of polling the previous Phoenix winners, it was brought to our attention by several people that a previous winner had never actually gotten his award, as it seemed to have been lost in the mail. That previous winner was Piers Anthony! We figured, we're giving two Rebel Awards [*Maurine Dorris & Stven Carlborg had tied in the poll of previous Rebel winners.*], might as well give two Phoenix awards to rectify the matter. We got a very nice letter from Mr. Anthony thanking us, too. The award had arrived on his 33rd wedding anniversary!"

A Virginia native, Adams served in the Korean War and during the Berlin Crisis. He began writing full time in 1969. The first of the post-holocaust Horseclans novel appeared in 1975. Eighteen novels and two volumes of Horseclans stories by other writers were published by the time of his death. Adams was a regular convention attendee and active in the SCA.

### Wilson Bob Tucker (1914-)

1990, DSC 28, *Chattanooga, TN*, Ken Cobb, Chair.

Author of more than twenty novels (about half SF, half adventure/mysteries), Tucker won the first John W. Campbell Memorial Award for *The Year of the Quiet Sun*. For many years he has been a favorite convention guest, serving as Kubla's perennial toastmaster, as well as returning many times to Rivercon, Con°Stellation, the various Chattanooga conventions and many others across the South. Invariably gracious and always fun, Tucker has acted as a much-frequented bridge between Mid-western fandom and younger Southern fandom. And we're not even going to mention the jacuzzi.

### Charles Grant (1942-)

1991, DSC 29, *ConCat III*, Knoxville, TN, Chloe Airolti, Chair.

A New Jersey native, Grant prefers to do his convention going in the South. Besides publishing numerous novels of horror, fantasy and SF (some under pseudonyms), Grant has also been active in organizing the World Fantasy and World Horror Conventions. His talents as a suave and witty toastmaster and masquerade emcee have been employed at innumerable cons across the South.

### Brad Lineweaver (1952-)

#### Brad Strickland (1947-)

1992, DSC 30, *Phoenixcon DSC*, Suwanee, GA, Mike Reasor, Chair.

[Profiles by Sue Phillips.]

"Are you a good Brad, or a bad Brad?"

Brad Strickland, Southern writer and all-around nice guy. The "good" Brad.

Brad Lineweaver, Southern writer and right-wing Harlan Ellison. The "bad" Brad.

Brad Strickland, author of *Moon Dreams* and *Shadowshow*.

Brad Lineweaver, author of *Moon of Ice* and co-author of the *Doom* books.

Brad Lineaweaver and Brad Strickland were awarded the Phoenix Award for services above and beyond the call of duty to Southern Fandom.

I'm not actually sure that's correct, since we can say that is true of every one of the pros who have won this award. The year they won, 1992, had been a year of great activity for a group called MRAP (who have since become somewhat of an institution in Atlanta fandom...and beyond). They wisely, or unwisely, contributed their talents as writers and actors in a spoof of Siskel and Ebert entitled "Brad and Brad at the Video Room."

But there is more.

Both have been known to give of their advice, both professional and personal, to friends just for the asking. Both have been there for Southern fandom when needed. They were such a part of the Southern fannish gestalt for a number of years that it was simply a matter of time before they were awarded the Phoenix.

### Terry Bisson (1942-)

1993, DSC 31, *Conjuration*, Louisville, KY, Jennifer Wilson & Jack Heazlitt, Chairs.

[Profile by Naomi Fisher & Patrick Molloy.] At first glance, you might wonder why author Terry Bisson, firmly entrenched in New York, has the quintessentially southern Phoenix Award sitting on his shelf. That is, unless you've read his stories. Bisson grew up in Owensboro, Kentucky, and spent a number of years in other parts of the state before moving to New York to pursue his writing and editing career. Even now, years later, he often uses the South as a recognizable backdrop for his stories, even when he doesn't explicitly locate the action. In his classic novel *Talking Man* (a World Fantasy Award nominee), for example, a road trip to the North Pole with a modern-day wizard starts from a junkyard on the KY-TN state line. The median of I-65 in central KY was the setting of "Bears Discover Fire," his Hugo and Nebula Award-winning story. *Fire on the Mountain*, perhaps his most ambitious work to date, gives us a tantalizing look at what the South, and the rest of the nation, might have been had John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry succeeded. His view of worlds that never were is often moving, occasionally disturbing, frequently hilarious, and always astonishing. If you put Faulkner in a really fast car, gave him a wild sense of humor, and armed him with a remote control to change reality at whim, you might roughly approximate Terry Bisson's writing. How fortunate that it's not necessary—we have the original. [And "he's made out of meat."—TKFW]

### Toni Weiskopf (1965-)

1994, DSC 32, *B'hamacon III*, Birmingham, AL, Julie Wall, Chair.

[Hey, that's me! But maybe I should shut up and let Julie talk—TKFW.] We first knew Toni as a young femmefan and party animal from Huntsville, AL. We felt it a credit to Southern Fandom that one of our own became a big-time pro editor at Baen, a well-known publishing house. We also liked the idea that Toni did not forget her roots, she still comes to see us and throws great parties. She remains active in Southern Fandom, as witness this publication. Her work professionally and fan-nishly has advanced the cause. Local girl makes good! [\*blush\*]

### Darrell C. Richardson

1995, DSC 33, *Parthekhan*, Nashville (more or less), TN, Ken Moore, Chair.

[Adapted from a profile by Greg Bridges.] A short review of Dr. Richardson's career is illuminating: An ordained Baptist minister, a former pastor, a former Army chaplain, an active leader of the Boy Scout movement, a nationally known Western Americana collector, writer, noted genre art collector, blurb writer, crime crusader against syndicates in northern Kentucky in the early '50s, world renowned collector of genre publications, archologist, author of 44 books, and devoted father and husband. His best known books is *Max Brand: The Man and His Work*. He also wrote and edited three volumes of *The Edgar Rice Burroughs Library of Illustration*. He had been a very active fan writer, appearing over the years in almost all of the Burroughs fanzines as well as such zines as *Microcosmos* and *Otherworlds*. After moving to the Memphis, TN area in the mid '60s, Dr. Richardson set up the first organizational meeting at his house of the SF club for all the local people interested in SF and fantasy—what is now the Memphis Science Fiction Association (which celebrated its 25th anniversary in 1995!). Besides the Phoenix, Dr. Richardson has been awarded the E.E. Evans Big Heart Award (1982), The Lamont Award from the National Pulp Magazine convention (1986), and several others in and out of fandom. Dr. Richardson always has fascinating tales to tell of his life (only slightly exaggerated at times). He has always said one of the greatest role models in his life has been Tarzan. I believe he chose well and has lived so.

Jack C. Haldeman, II (1941-)

1996, DSC 34, Beachcon, Jekyll Island, SC, Bill Francis, Chair.

Per Bill Francis: [Since Jay had long before been scheduled as the con's Toastmaster and later unanimously chosen by the committee to be the Phoenix winner,] I had the mischievous idea of having Jay present his Phoenix award ("May I have the envelope, please?") to *himself*. This prank, which went over rather well, however, was just icing on the cake. Jay was very deserving of the award and we felt that he had been overlooked for too long."

Jay Haldeman was active in organizing early Disclaves in Washington, DC, back when they were fun. His first short story was published in 1971 and he's had more than 50 published since then, many with sporting themes. Novel length works include *Vector Analysis*, *There is No Darkness* (a collaboration with his brother Joe), and a *Spaceways* novel written in collaboration with Andy Offutt. He is a long-time Florida resident. Also, he likes artichokes.

## Catching Kelly Offguard

mike weber

In 1981, the group i called the Tuesday Night Clique (from our/their habit of meeting at The Hungry Fisherman every Tuesday for all-you-can-eat seafood) had successfully put on one DSC (ASFiCon I, 1980) and one successful non-DSC regional (the imaginatively-named ASFiCon II). As constituted in its by-laws, ASFiCon was run by a sort of troika, consisting of Cliff Biggers (de facto Chair of the first DSC ASFiCon), Rich Howell ("Let's make Rich do it this time"—ASFiCon II) and Me ("What'a'ya mean—that means i have to chair the next DSC bid?!?")

The committee (me, Cliff & Susan Biggers, Susan Phillips, Rich & Angela, Deb Johnson, Janice Gelb and the Other Usual Suspects) fairly quickly decided on Lon Atkins as Fan Guest of Honour, Karl Edward Wagner as Pro GoH...and decided we wanted to ask Frank Kelly Freas to be our Master of Ceremonies.

I thought this was great, until i was asked to approach Kelly about this idea. I had spoken to Kelly a few times, but had no reason to believe he would remember my name particularly...and i wondered at what form of address i ought to take with him—"Mr Freas"? "Kelly"? In the event, i placed a person-to-person call, letting the operator ask for "Mr

Frank Kelly Freas"...when he said "Speaking" in that inimitable slightly lisping voice, i plunged ahead "My name is mike weber, i'm chairing an Atlanta DSC bid, and we'd like to invite you to be our MC and..." Kelly politely said "Just a moment, please..." then turned away from the phone and hollered "Polly!" and i negotiated their attendance (assuming we won) with his wife, Polly, who took care of all of his business matters.

It has been suggested that i ought to profile Kelly for this piece. Aside from the fact that i really don't have the necessary facts at my fingertips, i feel that that would be basically a bootless errand, anyway. For the only proper profile of his career, pick up his two collections of his works. Buy some of his prints. Look at old *Astounding* covers...and *Mad Magazine* covers, too. (For many of us, Kelly's year or two as *Mad's* main cover artist still furnishes the definitive portraits of Alfred E. Neuman—not to mention the infamous poster caricature of "Rusty" Calley over the caption "What? My Lai?")

For a proper profile of the man, you really have to hear most of it live—preferably from his own lips (like the infamous John W. Campbell/grass episode—Kelly had delivered a highly symbolic cover showing a grey infinite plain, on which, due to perspective and distance all of the important influences in a man's life—from a child's block in the foreground to a spaceship about to blast off, way in the distance—were the same size. Campbell looked, said "Needs grass." Kelly tried to explain his concept. Campbell said "Fine, Kelly. Still needs grass." Kelly took the painting home. Said "You want grass? I'll give you grass!" Painted grass. Green grass, yellow grass. Bluegrass, crabgrass. Tall grass, short grass. Whole blades, broken, cut or cropped blades. Finished. Stepped back "...and I looked at it and the son-of-a-bitch was right!" Or the Flying Scot—cover for Heinlein's *Double Star*, again for Campbell. Kelly wanted to paint a model of the famous locomotive, which was referenced in the story. Found a local hobbyshop that had a brass model in HO—they wanted like a hundred dollars for it (this was the early-to-mid Fifties, recall). Kelly goes "Eek. Can I just rent it for a few days?" and did so. Today that exact model—extremely limited production and high craftsmanship—is one of the most sought-after collectibles in the model railroading hobby, worth thousands'n'thousands of dollars...

Or his stint as Chaplain to the Klingon Diplomatic Corps...

Anyway. After we won the bid, we decided that the Rebel, for fanac, would go to Lon Atkins. And

we decided that we would give the Phoenix (for Southern Professional) to Kelly. Nowhere did it say we couldn't give the Phoenix to an artist—it had just, pretty much, always been given to writers...

I was delegated to get the awards made (there being {to this day, for that matter} no standardised form). I chose walnut plaques with engraved metal plates. Jerry Collins did a very nice little "alien Rebel" character sketch, which we used on Lon's Rebel, and for the Phoenix, we got permission from Bob Maurus to use a very pretty little phoenix he'd done years before for some con bulletin or other.

And then i got the Evil Idea. Obviously Kelly couldn't be asked to present his own Phoenix. So, while mapping out the award ceremonies with him, i casually said, "By the way, Kelly—you'll be presenting the Rebel to Lon Atkins, and he doesn't know he's getting it—but, for personal reasons, we're going to let Lon present the Phoenix, okay?"

And so it went. Lon, apparently feeling his long-term California expatriate status made him ineligible for the Rebel was so jolted that all he could do was to stammer out was a couple of sentences of gratitude and then head back toward his seat

through the cheering crowd. "Lon," i said, "haven't you forgotten something?"

Kelly, seeing Lon coming back to present the Phoenix, stepped back and began, i'm sure, running over the closing remarks he would make...and his jaw dropped like a Tex Avery wolf's when Lon announced his name. It was pretty much the only time i ever have seen Kelly at a loss for words—and, as the crowd surged forward to congratulate both winners, Polly Freas in the forefront, Kelly caught my sleeve and asked, "Did Polly Know about this?" "No, she didn't," i said. "Good," he said, "that means I don't have to kill her."

Later, helping Kelly load out for his trip back to the airport and home, i said, "Kelly—you've got what—ten Hugos already? I can hardly believe that a little award from a three-hundred person regional con where the winners aren't even chosen by the members is so much of a jolt in comparison." He looked me straight in the eye (as straight as he could, given our disparity in heights, anyway) and said slowly and distinctly, "Don't you believe a damn word of that."

## AtlantisCon Con Report One:

KELLY FREAS, Master of Ceremonies  
for DSC-72



Atlanta, GA

25-27 Aug 72

## PART III: REGIONAL SURVEY

This section is the result of two years of random scrounging for information on my part, buttressed by Tom Feller's column listing Southern clubs and J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden's con listings in the SFC Bulletin. If the "now" of these articles varies, that's why. Note also that interpretations of "500-1000 words"—which is what I generally requested when I was soliciting material—varied greatly.... Tom says he is "deeply indebted to the *Fandom Directory* for much of this information (<http://members.aol.com/fandata>). Mad Dog gets his material "from various sources such as *Locus*, *Science Fiction Chronicle*, *Starlog*, and, very rarely, from the convention committees themselves who send the information out in good time. Please remember: a lot of lead time should be allowed for publication in this listing. If any of our readers know of other cons which might be of interest to Southern fans, PLEASE forward the information to me at 7515 Sheringham Avenue, Baton Rouge, LA 70808-5762. E-mail: JRMadDog@aol.com. NOTE: In all cases, when writing to a convention for information, be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) with your request in order to speed the reply." Note that I've listed conventions already past to give a rough picture of the range of activities and in case someone wants to get a hold of the group that put it on. Note also that I've placed Georgia before Florida not because I can't alphabetize (I can't, but that's not why I did it), but because I thought things flowed better that way.



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## ALABAMA

### A Short History of Birmingham Fandom

*Charlotte Proctor*

[Charlotte & I were lucky enough to have One Who Was There reviewing our humble efforts at fan history. Hank Reinhardt informs me that it was he who brought the Light of Fandom to Benighted Birmingham (caps his) in 1966 when he moved there from Atlanta. Attempts at forming a club based at Gene Crutcher's bookstore came to nothing much, Reinhardt's introduction of the SCA to the South into something very much indeed. Reinhardt also admits to introducing Meade Frierson III to fandom.

Nevertheless, there was some fanac from out of B'ham in the late '60s. (For this next bit I am indebted to Richard Lynch's outline of fan history in the 1960s, where I lifted it.) In 1969 Reinhardt organized the Al Andrews Typewriter Fund, raising money through the mail and at the '69 DSC and Worldcon to buy Andrews an electrical typewriter, as his muscular dystrophy had progressed to the point that he was no longer able to use his manual typewriter. The fund succeeded in its goal, and Andrews returned to SFPA in November of 1969, only to die a few months later in early 1970. Reinhardt moved back to Atlanta in 1976.—TKFW]

Birmingham fandom coalesced in the 1970s when Meade and Penny Frierson began to notice other Birminghamians (Wade Gilbreath, Frank Love, Adrian Washburn and Charlotte Proctor) at regional conventions. At Meade's behest, Penny, Wade and Frank bid for the 1977 DeepSouthCon. Their guests were Michael Bishop and Charles Brown. Shortly thereafter, Meade said, "Why don't you guys form a club?" So we did. The first meetings of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club were at the Homewood Public Library, which was subsequently sold—but we don't think BSFC meeting there had anything to do with it.

Wade, as first club President, thought the Club should, "Do" something. So, in 1978 Wade began to publish BSFC's clubzine, *Anvil*. The next year, Jim Gilpatrick took over both jobs. Other club presidents have been Jim Cobb, Debbie Rowan and Julie Wall.

In 1981, Jim chaired BSFC's next DSC, with Bob Shaw, Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt as guests. This was the first of Bob Shaw's many Southern fannish appearances. In 1982, Charlotte

graduated from Chief Typoist to Editor in Chief of *Anvil*, a position she held until burnout in 1993. Julie Wall, back from her exile in Virginia, co-edited the last few issues.

In the mid 1980s, in response to membership problems and the Homewood Library shutting down, the club met in private for several years. This was a hotly debated move, with Adrian championing the rights of the individual and Charlotte the rights of the group. By the 1990s, meetings moved to the Southside Public Library, which was subsequently torn down, but we don't think BSFC meeting there had anything to do with it.

Since BSFC doesn't have the energy to throw the type of annual convention as its brethren in Huntsville and Chattanooga do, we began having annual summer parties at small hotels. Relaxacons, if you will. The hotel we liked best, not a chain, doesn't understand Science Fiction, fandom, nor conventions. They do, however, understand and host a lot of Family Reunions. Linda Riley exclaimed, "Jophan Family Reunion!" A quick note to BoSh gained us permission to use the Jophan name. The hotel doesn't have a clue and when we check in they say, "Your family is in the upper courtyard." Our guest "Relative of Honor" is always a fan—Joe Celko, Ken Moore and Greg Turkich, to name a few.

In 1994, Julie Wall chaired BSFC's latest DSC with guests Lois McMaster Bujold, Mike Resnick and Bob Shaw. There is talk of bidding for future DSCs.

As of March 1996, the Southside Public Library is BSFC's new home—on the corner of 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue South and 19<sup>th</sup> Street in Birmingham's historic Southside neighborhood. Visitors welcome. Current officers: President Merlin Odom, Treasurer Debbie Rowan. Annual dues are \$15 per person, or \$20 per family. One must attend at least three meetings before joining. Mailing address: P.O. Box 94151, Birmingham, AL 35220-4151. Website: <http://www.bham.net/bisfic>.

Note: Birmingham was awarded the 1998 DSC, to be held June 12-14, 1998, at the Parliament House Hotel. Guests will included Michael Bishop, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, and David & Lori Deitrick. Membership: \$20 to 6/8/97, \$25 to 5/15/98, then \$35. Info: B'hamacon 4, P.O. Box 94151, Birmingham, AL 35220-4151. <http://members.aol.com/xwing63/dscflyer.htm>.

# B'hamacon III

## A Personal and Far-Too-Short History of Huntsville Fandom

Mike Kennedy

I was tempted to call this article "The Three Ages of (Huntsville) Fandom" but when I considered the analogy between the three ages of man and the fact that Huntsville is now in its "third age," I thought better of the idea. Nevertheless, it's true that fandom in Huntsville, Alabama has come in three waves. Since I am personally acquainted with only the "modern" era the bulk of my ramblings will be on that, but the earlier ages certainly deserve mention so here goes.

The earliest fandom in Huntsville was circa the early-to-mid '60s. The most often noted aspect of this is DeepSouthCon 1 (or MidSouthCon as it was actually known at the time), which graced David Hulan's house in Huntsville in 1963, but this was actually an outgrowth of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, which in turn was an outgrowth of the Southern Fandom Group. (You can read more about SFPA—which is still going strong—and about DeepSouthCon history elsewhere in this handbook.)

DeepSouthCon 4 (1966) was also in Huntsville (and by this time it was actually called DeepSouthCon—that happened at DSC 2), having come here because the chair, Lon Atkins, moved to Huntsville after winning the vote at DSC 3. After this the recorded sources available to me peter out of information about earliest Huntsville fandom.

For the next era of Huntsville fandom, I have even less information. When Nelda and I moved to Huntsville in January of 1978, there were indications that some activity had been occurring—rumors of a recently-defunct *Star Trek*-oriented organization for instance—but nothing was happening that we could find. So all I really know is that there was some fannish activity going on in the '70s, but that's about it.

The modern era (if you will) of Huntsville fandom started in 1980 at yet another con called MidSouthCon. Andy Purcell, a dealer living in south Tennessee, wanted to run a con and Huntsville was the closest sizable town so he located it here—at the now-defunct Sheraton Inn on University Drive. Nelda and I had been to a few cons but were quite surprised to find out about a convention in our still-new home town. Needless to say, we attended. Some years before this, our earliest introduction to anything approaching fandom had been through Nelda's son, Alan, who was very into gaming and comic books. The comics aspect was thoroughly covered in MidSouthCon's dealers room but we

knew that gaming was an up-and-coming interest among young con-goers and sponsored a very informal game room at that con. Nelda and I had been wondering for some time how to get some organized fandom started in Huntsville and she came up with the bright idea of posting a sign-up sheet in the con suite to get a list of names of others so inclined.

So not long after that NASFA, the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, had its first organizational meetings and by late 1980 or early 1981 club members were already talking about starting our own annual convention. Many of us boned up on details by working at other area cons, and in December 1981 ZerCon (short for Zero Con) was held at what was then the Kings Inn. I'm convinced that this one-day party-cum-con still holds the all-time record for the coldest video room. The one person at the hotel who knew how to turn on the heat in the unused hotel bar, where they were letting us use their large-screen TV, was out of town that weekend and the sub-freezing temperatures outside easily made their way inside.

Even while planning and executing ZerCon, the first Con\*Stellation was being plotted. The club had struggled to find a permanent name for our con (going so far as looking through a list of many hundreds of words with the letters "con" in them supplied from an early electronic dictionary by Mark Paulk) and was not particularly happy when Baltimore, after winning the bid for the 1983 Worldcon, announced their con would be called Constellation. Nonetheless, NASFA decided to retain the name since Con\*Stellation would be an annual event while Constellation was a one-shot deal (albeit a big one-shot deal).

Through those first few years of Con\*Stellation we also struggled to find a permanent time of year for the convention. The first one was a summer con (16-18 July 1982), while the second one was a spring con (25-27 March 1983). It wasn't until plans for Con\*Stellation III were being laid that we settled on a fall date (then October, now early November). Because of the year-and-a-half long gap between Con\*Stellation II and Con\*Stellation III, we conceived another December two-day mini-con as an interim measure and held Con\*Stellation II.V on 10-11 December 1983. For this con we probably hold the record for the coldest "dealers room." We had no actual dealers room, but one dealer showed up to sell out of his room while another—the cold one—sold stuff out of the back of his van just outside the con suite.

Two other Huntsville cons from around this same time certainly deserve mention. NASFA hosted both DeepSouthCon 23 and DeepSouth-

Con 25 (in the summers of 1985 and 1987 respectively). DSC 23 attracted over 800 fans and DSC 25 neared 1000, making them the most successful DSCs to that date (measured by the admittedly limited yardstick of attendance). [See Part II for more detail.—TKFW]

Coming to our collective senses after hosting so many cons in the early- and mid-80s, NASFA has restricted its con-running activities to our annual Con\*Stellation. As I write this in late November 1995, we have just hosted Con\*Stellation XIV and are deep into the planning for Con\*Stellation XV. It looks like we could go on forever (he says with an air of resignation). I'll spare you the blow-by-blow description of all the Con\*Stellations, but you can check out the attached table for some of the key info.

Of course NASFA fannish activities are not limited to Con\*Stellation, and Huntsville fannish activities are not limited to NASFA.

NASFA is still active more than 15 years into its existence. We have monthly club meetings (normally the third Saturday if anyone out there is interested in dropping in) where we conduct business, have a (usually sf-related) program and generally socialize (most often including an after-the-meeting meeting at someone's home). Other get-togethers include group movie-going, picnics, holiday parties, and more. There's also The NASFA Shuttle, the club newsletter. Each monthly issue usually carries, besides club news, convention reviews, a letter column, mini-reviews of fanzines received, and general news of the sf/fantasy/fandom world. For many people, the annual Worldcon issue of the Shuttle is their first detailed news of that event. [Regular loccers include Buck Coulson, Harry Warner, Jr. and Mike Glicksohn, all first-class dudes.—TKFW]

There are other sf/fandom related groups active in the Huntsville area, too. Gaming groups may predominate numerically (the group names and the people have changed over the years), but there's also an SCA shire, an active sf writers group (informally known as the Huntsville Science Fiction Writers Group and Cake Appreciation Society), and Star Trek fandom. All these groups have been helpful time and again in helping at Con\*Stellation, plus the gaming and ST folks have sponsored their own conventions.

Huntsvillians, and folks we claim as honorary Huntsvillians, have also been active in wider fandom. P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery—who fits in the latter category as a past editor of the Shuttle even though she never lived in Huntsville—was loaned the use of our bulk-mail permit and our assistance to put out several issues of the Southern Fandom

Confederation Bulletin. G. Patrick Molloy, a Huntsville resident since the early '80s, is also a long-time officer of the SFC. Many other NASFAns and other Huntsvillians have been and remain active as committee members and volunteers at many cons throughout the Southeast. The largest single group effort in this regard was at the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta, when NASFAns formed the core group running registration at the convention. NASFA's involvement in SFC is threatening to expand, as we are in the process of contacting Tom Feller (SFC president) to volunteer Sam Smith's efforts as web-master for SFC.

Well, I've barely scratched the surface of the "modern era" of Huntsville fandom, and have done even less for earlier eras, but since I was asked for "500 words or so" and have written nearly three times that many, I guess I'll stop.

Acknowledgements: Two articles were invaluable preparing this treatise, both in the DSC 25 Program Book. I refer to G. Patrick Molloy's "A History of Conventions in Huntsville" and Larry J. Montgomery's "DeepSouthCon: How it Began." [Reprinted above in Part II—TKFW] Many thanks to those two gents and to all the people who have helped me form good memories of Huntsville fandom.

North Alabama Science Fiction Association (NASFA), P.O. Box 4857, Huntsville, AL 35815-4857. Monthly meetings on the third Saturday at Teledyne Brown Engineering-Building 1. Business portion at 6 PM, program at 7 PM, followed by an "after-the-meeting" meeting for socializing. Dues: \$15 annually. Subscription to NASFA Shuttle: \$10 annually. Officers: President Rhett Mitchell, Vice President and Newsletter editor Mike Kennedy, Secretary Sam Smith, Treasurer Ray Pietruszka, Program Director Mike Ray, Publicity Director Ron Lajoie.



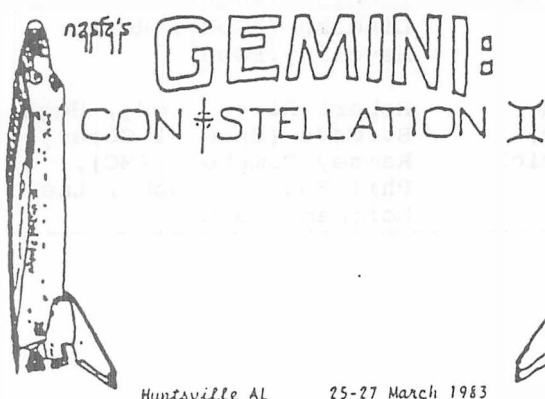
## CON\*STELLATION V Andromeda

HUNTSVILLE ALABAMA 24-26 OCTOBER 1986

## A Tabular History of Huntsville Cons

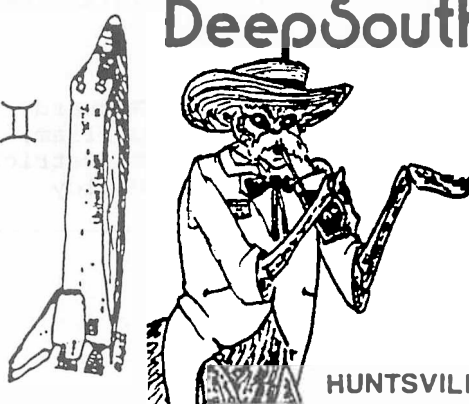
<u>Name</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Facility</u>	<u>Con Chair</u>	<u>Guests</u>
DeepSouthCon 1 (MidSouthCon)	1963		David Hulan	NA
DeepSouthCon 4	1966		Lon Atkins	NA
MidSouthCon	20-22 June 1980	Sheraton	Andy Purcell	Fred Pohl (GoH), Frank Kelly Freas (MC), Wilson "Bob" Tucker (FGoH)
ZerCon	21 Nov. 1981	Kings Inn	Rhett Mitchell	NA
Con*Stellation I (The Pleiades)	16-18 July 1982	Sheraton	Mike Kennedy, Mark Paulk	Phyllis Eisenstein GoH), Andrew J. Offutt (MC), Ken Moore (FGoH), Lou Moore (FGoH)
Con*Stellation II (Gemini)	25-27 March 1983	Sheraton	Sunn Hayward, Mike Kennedy	Joe Haldeman (GoH), Jack C. Haldeman III (GoH), Frank Kelly Freas (MC), Kevin Ward (AGoH), Charlie Williams (FGoH)
Con*Stellation II.V (Ursa Minor)	10-11 Dec. 1983	Sheraton	Mike Kennedy, Nelda Kennedy	NA
Con*Stellation III (Ursa Major)	19-21 Oct. 1984	Sheraton	Nelda Kennedy, Mark Paulk	Gordon R. Dickson (GoH), Frank Kelly Freas (MC), Mark Maxwell (AGoH), Maurine Dorris (FGoH), "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo (FGoH)
DeepSouthCon 23	21-23 June 1985	Carriage Inn	Mary Axford, Richard Gilliam	Marion Zimmer Bradley (GoH), Algis Budrys (MC), Barclay Shaw (AGoH), Bob Sampson (FGoH)
Con*Stellation IV (Aquarius)	11-13 Oct. 1985	Sheraton	Howard Camp, G. Patrick Molloy	Wilson "Bob" Tucker (Special Guest)
Con*Stellation V (Andromeda)	24-26 Oct. 1986	Hilton	Rich Garber, Glenn Valentine	Orson Scott Card (GoH), Marta Randall (MC), Ron Lindhahn (AGoH), Val Lakey Lindhahn (AGoH), Rusty Hevelin (FGoH)
DeepSouthCon 25	11-14 June 1987	Marriott	Richard Gilliam, G. Patrick Molloy	Robert Bloch (GoH), Hugh B. Cave (Special Guest), Ramsey Campbell (MC), Phil Foglio (AGoH), Lee Hoffman (FGoH)

Con*Stellation VI (Lyra)	9-11 Oct. 1987	Holiday Inn	Sunn Hayward, Mike Stone	Julius Schwartz (GoH)
Con*Stellation VII (Centaurus)	21-23 Oct. 1988	Hilton	G. Patrick Molloy, Mike Kennedy	John Varley (GoH), Algis Budrys (MC), Todd Cameron Hamilton (AGoH), Ricia Mainhardt (FGoH)
Con*Stellation VIII (Cetus)	13-15 Oct. 1989	Sheraton	Karl Sackett, Nelda Kennedy	Gary K. Wolf (GoH), George Alec Effinger (MC), Debbie Hughes (AGoH), Mark Paulk (FGoH)
Con*Stellation IX (Sagittarius)	19-21 Oct. 1990	Univer- sity Inn	Mike Kennedy, Elaine Hinman	Lois McMaster Bujold (GoH), C. J. Cherryh (MC), Tom Kidd (AGoH), Susan Honeck (FGoH)
Con*Stellation X (Draco)	8-10 Nov. 1991	Hilton	Sam Smith, Nelda Kennedy	Algis Budrys (GoH), Toni Weisskopf (MC), Bob Giadrosich (AGoH), Buck Coulson (FGoH), Juanita Coulson (FGoH)
Con*Stellation XI (Scorpio)	6-8 Nov. 1992	Hilton	Jay Johns, Mike Kennedy	Kristine Kathryn Rusch (GoH), Dean Wesley Smith (GoH), Michael Flynn (MC), Stephen Hickman (AGoH), Mike Glicksohn (FGoH)
Con*Stellation XII (Orion)	12-14 Nov. 1993	Hilton	Sam Smith, Robin Ray	Jim Baen (GoH), Julius Schwartz ("Super" GoH), James P. Hogan (MC), David O. Miller (AGoH), Marcia McCoy (FGoH)
Con*Stellation XIII (Musca)	4-6 Nov. 1994	Tom Bevill Center	Robin Ray, Rhett Mitchell	Spider Robinson (GoH), Timothy Zahn (MC), Alan M. Clark (AGoH), Sue Thorn (FGoH)
Con*Stellation XIV (Monoceros)	3-5 Nov. 1995	Tom Bevill Center	Sam Smith, Randy Cleary	Rick Shelley (GoH), Roland Castle (MC), Ruth Thompson (AGoH), Adrian Washburn (FGoH)
Con*Stellation XV (Aquila)	8-10 Nov. 1996	Tom Bevill Center	Mike Kennedy	Stanley Schmidt (GoH) Rick Cook (MC) Chloie Airolidi (FGoH)



Huntsville AL

25-27 March 1983



DeepSouthCon  
23

HUNTSVILLE, AL JUNE 21-23, 1985

## TUSCALOOSA

Well, there was a fandom in Tuscaloosa, and may be again for all I know. Back in the early '80s there was fairly peripetetic group called SAM: The Tuscaloosa Science Fiction and Fantasy Club. Active members included Jerry McNight, Debbie Burden, Ward Smith, John Hedstrom, Chanda Fehler, Richard Powell, and Sandra Paris. Other names I see mentioned in their rather amusing clubzine include Mike & Nelda Kennedy, Sue Thorn, and Alan Clark. They produced a mimeo'd (ah, true fans!) newsletter called Asi Achih ("and so it went" in a language found only in Jack Vance's work) and at least 4 issues of a genzine titled The Illustrated Fan. They visited the Birmingham folks, attended conventions, went to movies, ate pizza, and I have no idea what happened to the club after 1981. Probably what usually befalls clubs in college towns: everybody graduated and dispersed. In 1994 I ran into Thom Brannon who had organized some sort of gaming convention down there and wanted to do more, but after joining the SFPA waitlist he wasn't heard from since. *Asi achih*.

### More AL clubs and conventions:

Mobicon (May 30 - June 1 '97), Ramada Inn on the Bay, Mobile, AL. Guests: Steven Butler, Jean Corbin, Margali, Linda Baker, Jan Zimlich. Membership: \$30. Info: P.O. Box 161257, Mobile, AL 36616.

Website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~daffyduck>.

## ARKANSAS

I admit it. I goofed. I forgot all about Arkansas. I've never read a genzine or clubzine that came from there, never been to a con there, though I've heard good things about 'em. The only fan I ever knew from Arkansas was the late Dave Ryan, and where he is I can't call him up for a quick consult. Hope this section can be updated later. Neither Guy's Bulletins or Meade's 1980 Handbook are much help, although I note that the contact for the Little Rock club in 1980, Margaret Middleton, is in 1997 a guest of honor at Roc\*Kon, suggesting a good deal of continuity there.

Little Rock: Klingon Military Academy, PO Box 94823, North Little Rock, AR 72190. Contact: William DeJesus.

Little Rock: Roc\*Kon 21 (May 23-25 '97), Little Rock Hilton Inn, AR. Guests: David Weber, David Means, Margaret Middleton, Libby Singleton.

Membership: ? Info: P.O. Box 24285, Little Rock, AR 72221. 501-224-8771.

E-mail: [morris\\_middleton@aol.com](mailto:morris_middleton@aol.com)

## GEORGIA

### A Sketch-Map of Fandom in Atlanta

*Binker Hughes*

#### Beginnings

Atlanta fandom begins with books and bookstores. The first organized group of Atlanta fans, the Cosmic Legion (later renamed the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization, or ASFO) got its start when a long-time fan, Jerry Burge, advertised his collection for sale. When he found there were other fans in town, he kept his collection and an organization was formed. Members of that early group included Jerry Burge, Henry Burwell, Walt Guthrie, Carson Jacks, Ian Macauley, Jerry Page, Hank Reinhardt, Dewey Scarborough, and, later, Greg Benford. From its founding in 1950 until the members were scattered by relocation and the like almost ten years later, ASFO put out fanzines, gave and attended conventions, and founded and participated in apas—but, much more importantly, the members formed a nucleus of people who engaged in most or all of the activities we think of as "fannish." Only the members of that first group could tell us if they were emulating things they'd heard about or making it up as they went along, but just consider...

Publications: The group published Cosmag, ASFO, and combined issues of Cosmag and Henry Burwell's excellent Science Fiction Digest that used the upside-down-and-backwards trick for the two distinct zines that was later used in Ace Double paperbacks. One issue of ASFO in 1953 was co-edited by Arthur C. Clarke, while passing through (staying with Ian Macauley). Jerry Page published a highly respected genzine called Lore that was a touchstone among those founding later ASFOs. As a group project, ASFO published a hardcover edition of Sam Moskowitz's history of fandom, *The Immortal Storm*. On the professional side, Jerry Page achieved every fan's dream of selling a story to John W. Campbell at *Analog*. Jerry Burge was a successful professional artist and Gregory Benford later became an sf writer. In addition, ASFO members were active in starting the Southern Fandom Group and were early members of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA).

Conventions: In 1956, ASFO gave a regional sf convention named Agacon (Guest of Honor: Theodore Cogswell) that attracted 56 attendees. In addition, they travelled to the other conventions that were beginning to be held. An important "spin-off" activity is that legend-in-his-own-time Reinhardt founded the South's first chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism.

Conventions, even then, seemed to represent a pinnacle of fannish exertion, achievement, and burn-out; so it wasn't long after Agacon that ASFO dwindled to nothing, sped by members being relocated for jobs. Page, Burge, and a few others kept up limited fannish activity, but it was the 1960s before Atlanta fandom began to grow again.

### ASFO 2

The phoenix of Atlanta fandom rose from the ashes thanks to bookstores—especially Jim Battle's Peachtree Book Shop, where many of the members met each other; and Cantrell's, where one of the founders, Glen Brock, worked. Both stores carried Jerry Page's zine, Lore, but Battle's store, where hard-to-find sf was readily available, was a mecca for sf fans. Through Jim Battle, the new group learned of the original ASFO and gained many members, such as Steve Hughes who, from North Georgia, dealt in posters from "golden age" sf and monster movies. Glen Brock, Joe Celko, and Steve Hughes were early participants in ASFO 2, which was founded soon after the original *Star Trek* premiered.

As the group grew, it also became active (abetted by Ned Brooks, when in town). Brock published a genzine called Neutron and soon, members started travelling to conventions. Many tales can be told of their trips to the Nebula Awards banquet in New Orleans, to Janie Lamb's 1969 DeepSouthCon 9 in Knoxville, and so on. By the '69 DSC, ASFO 2 would win the 1970 DeepSouthCon bid. Agacon '70, named after its 1956 predecessor, was chaired by Glen Brock with Joe Celko and Steve Hughes as chief henchmen. It had a movie program, extensive dealer space, an art show, and most of the amenities we have come to take for granted at DSCs. Sam Moskowitz was GoH, Richard Meredith was MC, and attendance topped 100, including a few legends of Atlanta fandom, such as Hank Reinhardt and Jerry Page.

### ASFO 3

Post-congiving gafiation took its toll, but Atlanta fen continued fairly active. A very trying joint trip to the Boston WorldCon(?), however, frayed nerves enough that soon much of Atlanta's fannish activity was in apas, or in friendships among for-

mer members. Atlanta fans travelled to conventions—such as Irvin Koch's 1971 GnomoClave, where we all met Kelly Freas and Andy Offutt—but ASFO 3, chaired by Steve Reed, was short-lived. Members of ASFOs of the time included Lamar Blaylock, Janet Davis, Avery Davis, Ruth Early, Pat Morrell, Marilyn Ogletree, George Orientlicher, Richard Garrison, Allen and Barbara Greenfield, John Ulrich, Allen White, and lots of others, as well as Joe Celko, Steve Hughes, and Steve's lately-acquired wife, Binker, who was briefly Secretary of the SFC in the mid-seventies and designed the SFC patch.

### AtlantisCon and its Successors

The 1971 DeepSouthCon was enlivened by a fake bid for Atlanta in '72, cooked up by the Hugheses and Joe Celko the night before driving to New Orleans. Like all fake bids, it won—15 to 13, with at least 20 abstentions. Held at the same site as Agacon '70, AtlantisCon featured Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs) as GoH, Kelly Freas as MC, a George Pal film festival, and the first official Southern Fandom Hearts Tournament (won by an unknown, never seen since).

At this time, Atlanta fandom was still all-encompassing, including fans of hard sf, sword-and-sorcery, comics, fantasy, Burroughs, monster movies, *Star Trek*, and lots else. The sub-groups sniped at one another in a good-natured way, but true rifts came from personalities, not interests within fandom. Glen Brock reappeared and won the bid for the 1974 DSC, intending to make it a wide-open sf carnival. Unfortunately, he was out of town or otherwise unable to pursue it, so it fell to Joe Celko to pick up the pieces a short time before the Con. The result was controversial, but gave us all a chance to meet Thomas Burnett Swann.

Atlanta gave another DeepSouthCon (XIV, in 1976), chaired by the Hugheses and Celko again, but this time with Binker as the official "chairman" instead of Steve. Rebel and Phoenix awards were given (as they had not been in 1972 due to receiving no nominations), with the Rebel going to Ned Brooks and separate Phoenix awards for writing (Manley Wade Wellman) and art (Gahan Wilson). The GoH was L. Sprague de Camp and the MC was Kelly Freas. Surprisingly, such records as exist indicate that DSC XIV had exactly the same attendance as AtlantisCon: 162.

### Apas, Etc.

Meanwhile, Atlanta fans became increasingly active in apas. Several were in SFPA and, from nearby Rome, Georgia, Cliff and Susan Biggers were Official Editors of *Myriad*. This drew to-

gether fans from the Atlanta/Rome/Athens area, including the Biggerses, Celko, the Hugheses, George Inzer (then in Athens), Sue Phillips, Gary Steele, Mike Weber, and (when they were in town) Ned Brooks and Steven Carlberg. Occasionally, Reinhardt or Page could be talked into a contribution or a brief membership.

At this time, Rome and Atlanta fandom briefly merged, and the resulting group began to become an organization again. After inventing a fictitious group (the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Atlanta, or FSFSA, with such officers as The Nameless One, and The Nameless Other), a group took shape without much of a formal name, composed of apa-friends and a lot of others. Ward Batty, Ginger Kaderabek, Rich and Angela Howell, and several others formed the backbone of this Rome-Atlanta organization. The remainder of the 1970s saw low-key fanac in Atlanta. The club continued to meet, including forming a short-lived writers' group; members continued active in apas and con-going; but the balance was shifting to fans who hadn't been burned out by con-giving. So let's briefly summarize and pass the flaming phoenix to someone active in the 1980s and thereafter.

**Publications:** Apa activity dominated publications by Atlanta fans after Brock's *Neutron* ceased publication, [but Cliff Biggers's clubzine for ASFiC during this era, *Atarantes*, was "truly wonderful."] Also, Richard Garrison's Heritage Press brought out some beautifully illustrated and printed hardcovers of hard-to-find books by Hal Clement, Thomas Burnett Swann, and others, plus a paperback collection of sf cartoons.

**Conventions:** This was the age of Atlanta con-giving, hosting DSC in the even-numbered years 1970-76. Held at the "traditional" (weekend before WorldCon) time and (with the exception of the '74 "sf carnival") emphasizing such now-familiar activities as panels, a film program, a hearts tourney, art and dealer rooms, etc., these DSCs—with their odd-numbered-year New Orleans counterparts—established many of the patterns we take for granted in DSCs. Also in this time, the HalfaCon held in Rome by the Biggerses and Gary Steele introduced area fans to relaxacons.

**Professionals:** B.B. Sams (whose art adorned '72 and '76 Atlanta DSCs), Bob Maurus (whose work was first seen by fans in the '74 DSC art show), and others gave Atlanta a presence in professional art. Jerry Page continued to publish professionally, including anthologies and, in the '70s, a magazine: *Witchcraft and Sorcery*. Cliff Biggers became the

proprietor of Dr. No's, a comic shop and bookstore (which has expanded to several locations) and, with Ward Batty, began publishing *Comic Shop News*. Steve and Binker Hughes and Joe Celko sold non-sf writings (mostly computer articles), starting Celko's successful career in computer writing (and, when he heard the rates, leading Jerry Pournelle to do a column for *Byte*). Glen Brock has published mystery novels.

The phoenix of Atlanta fandom never really seems to die. It may dwindle, but soon grows again, with a few fans from former years still present at conventions, in apas, or just in sf-related conversations at bookstores. Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt, from the earliest Atlanta fan group, are still active in various ways; Steve and Binker Hughes (now divorced) and Joe Celko are in apas and attend cons; and Cliff and Susan Biggers, Ward Batty, and Sue Phillips, are still found at cons, in apas, etc. So even if Atlanta fandom looks inactive, don't believe it: in the ashes lie the seeds of the next Atlanta fandom, in friendships and memories from the past.

## The 1986 Atlanta Worldcon: Confederation

[In my quest for journalistic completeness I have to admit that what I sought for coverage of this was a behind-the-scenes look at how the Atlanta worldcon came to be. What I have instead is a memoir by one person. Meade's worldcon was very different from mine. My highlights included listening to the smuffing in the 24-hour New Orleans bid party suite while eating Dennis Dolbear's jambalaya, the floor of the sci-fi Marriott that *was* the con suite, and plates of hors d'oeuvres being brought out constantly, Bob Shaw's star turn as Toastmaster, drinking gin at the Holland in '90 party, registering my idol Ian Ballantine as a walk-in when I was working registration one morning, running up and down 26 flights of stairs one night when the elevators went out and I had a date to keep, and by lucky happenstance dragging Rusty Hevelin to the Hugo ceremony and sitting next to him as he learned he won the Big Heart award. But you know, idiosyncratic as it is, I think Meade's essay reflects the spirit of the Atlanta worldcon experience—for the attendees, if not the committee—far better than the expose I thought I was seeking. Like Bradbury's GoH speech, it reminded me what all of this craziness is about. Thanks to Charlotte Proctor for bringing it to my attention.—TKFW]

## "The Most Wonderful Day of My Life...."

Meade Frierson III

[First published in *Anvil* 41, October 1986, Charlotte Proctor, publisher.]

...is how I described August 30, 1986 to my wife, Penny, and later to editor Charlotte Proctor. To put this remark in context, I must tell you that day was amid ConFederation, the 44<sup>th</sup> world science fiction convention in Atlanta. ConFederation truly represented what I had always imagined my first southern worldcon would mean: 1) the presence of southern fans from my early fannish days who may or may not attend regional cons any longer, and 2) the "crazy" worldcon experience only savored five times before.

However grand those elements were (and they were!!), there was one feature of this con which makes it an impossible act for any other con to follow. I refer, of course, to the fact that ConFederation was the first worldcon honoring the writer who has most influenced my life, Ray Bradbury.

Ray Bradbury wrote the stories which were broadcast into my mind indelibly on the radio program *Dimension X* (at age 10 before I read much), spread on the silver screen when I was 13, and translated into my favorite E.C. comics. Thus hooked, I read everything he wrote.

So Ray Bradbury came to ConFederation. On Friday he gave the most rip-roarin', inspiring Guest of Honor speech in the history of conventions. Decked out in his wonderful ice-cream suit, he told us about himself and about us, about the ideas we love and expressing that love. On the way out I met him briefly and he was photographed with Penny.

On Saturday morning, these themes were further explored and elucidated by the question-and-answer session. His answers were prompt and fascinating, and he explained that a prompt response insured an honest answer (from the heart, before the mind could play games with the truth).

I have been a corporate lawyer, and apparently a good one, but for less than half my life. Whether he knew it or not, what Bradbury was telling me, reminding me, by his revelation, his presence, his example, was that I am much more. I am, as he is, the books, comics, radio shows and movies that I loved: I am the poems I have written and will write again. I am the enthusiasms which should not be stifled, the emotions which should be touched. Bradbury speaks, without guile, of grown men weeping with the excess of emotion provoked by one person or event or another. A writer such as he

is not much entrained with society's conventions and his weeping would seem proper. It is not an admission which a scientist, politician, businessperson or lawyer should readily admit. But I will not be the same after ConFederation.

So, Saturday afternoon was my time to escort Ray Bradbury to bookshops outside the hotel. Atlanta's finest stretch-limo had been provided and we were joined by Tom Teepen, an intelligent columnist for the *Atlanta Constitution*. The throngs at the bookshop (Border's) were astounding—and a bit astounded as he jogged to the signing dais attired for the tennis courts. As if to emphasize that my disbelief had to be suspended, I encountered, as assistant manager there, a fan from Birmingham I had not seen for 15 years. The time there, with each of Bradbury's admirers telling him little stories and of their special loves among his works, and his stories and responses, was yet another treasured event for me.

Lest I be tempted to deify this wonderful man, that day I was reminded of the fans of another man-in-white, Lawrence of Arabia. Like the character played by Anthony Quinn, I have to admit "he is not perfect." At age 66 Bradbury had forgotten my 1973 contract to produce a comic in which Steve Fabian was to have illustrated "Leviathan '99" (a then unpublished BBC radio drama by Bradbury based on the Moby Dick theme) and a tale of Spender from *The Martian Chronicles*. He also did not recall the piece for TV in which he, his wife and daughters portrayed a family in a house in the future. He is not perfect...but God doesn't often make 'em any better.

After the book signing he autographed a small selection I had brought from my extensive collection—a copy of *Dark Carnival* (previously autographed in 1948), a Bill Nolan fanzine of tribute in 1952, a first edition paperback *Martian Chronicles*, his marvelous portrait executed by Wade Gilbreath for the program book, and his most recent novel, a mystery.

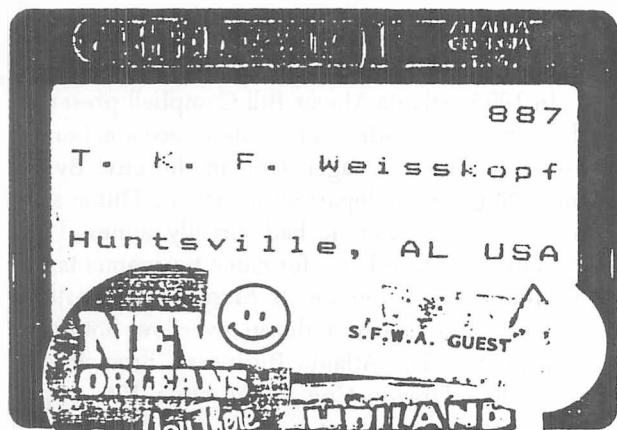
After that, because of some slipped plans (not the convention's fault), a second autographing session was not necessary so I suggested some drinks and Tom Teepen suggested his home. There, Sara and Tom Teepen, Ray Bradbury and I lounged comfortably, had some beers and talked about all manner of interesting things. It was not strictly an interview and I don't know yet whether Teepen wrote anything as a consequence. But it was more opportunity to hear this man talk, for me to learn, to continue the cherished experience of understanding how to read the deceptive course between emotions and the excesses branded as "maudlin" or "sentimentality." (Those words were never ex-

pressed—the concepts discussed as such at no time.)

Those four hours away from the hotel (with its sfnal vistas and neat “crazy” people) are never going to escape me. I cannot truly share them with you, as I have discovered in writing this, because it was a personal experience and, for me, those seem to suffer when written in detail...the characterization chosen gains reality and the memory becomes restricted to the written version. Thus, the experience’s nuances and continued percolating effect might be thwarted and I cannot risk that even for the kind ladies who made this experience possible for me—Penny for forging ahead with a con which would honor Bradbury (and seat me within 20 feet of his grand speech) and Charlotte for placing me in close proximity to him outside the hotel.

In summation, your honors, I wish to plead guilty to the charge of adoration. Even from his writings, I did not fully appreciate all the themes and messages until I had this personal contact and now it all makes sense, now I know what writers since Homer have been trying to do—Ray Bradbury is a living, radiating example of the art of writing and that most noble of the arts, that of being a human being.

Ray Bradbury gave us the vistas of a colonized Mars and the rain-forest of Venus. No matter that now we know these places cannot exist in this solar system: it is of no more importance than that Camelot or Moby Dick are not “real.” He showed us the dark side (and power) of “innocent” children and yet behind the chills lay truth—always a pro-human, upbeat message. For every grand future, love can make it happen; for every dark alternative, love can keep us from this. For these and all his other gifts, let us be truly thankful.



## Atlanta Worldcon: What Have You Done for Us Lately?

[From a press release published in P.L.'s SFC Bulletin Vol. 4, No. 4, Jan. 1989 and a later update in Sept. 1989.]

WorldCon Atlanta, Inc. has approved grants for over \$45,000 from the operating surplus remaining after Confederation, the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention.

In a steady process since the Fall of 1987, the Board of Directors of WorldCon Atlanta, Inc. has approved grants and donation for the benefit of the science fiction community and to advance SF and fantasy literature. The recipients have included small press publishers, a program for handicapped fans, and the World SF Society.

Electrical Eggs, a nonprofit corporation dedicated to the increase of handicapped access to Sf conventions, received a grant in 1987 for \$2,430 for its organizational costs and its work, which included publication of a manual for convention committees.

Unnameable Press, a small press publisher located in Atlanta, received a \$5,000 grant to support the 1989 publication of *Where the Black Lotus Blooms*, an anthology of dark fantasy. Centauri Express, a SF radio drama on tape, was given a grant of \$5,000 to subsidize the cost of its initial release.

The World Science Fiction Society Mark Registration and Protection Committee was given \$1,000 to support its activities.

The fan funds to support travel for fans to and from Australia and Europe were each given grants: DUFF (\$1,000), TAFF (\$1,000) and GUFF (\$750).

The Eastern Connecticut Library Association was given \$5,000 to support a program to promote SF literature in the public schools. The Orlando Science Center received a grant of \$1,000 for its show of SF art and artifacts called "Outer Limits."

Neil Barron, the editor/publisher of The Critical Guide to Fantasy and Horror Literature, was given \$5,000 to support its publication. Ed Meskys, the publisher of the fanzine Niekas, was given a grant that permitted the publication of a fanzine for the visually impaired in time for Nolacon II [the worldcon in 1988].

The publication of two issues of the Bulletin of the Southern Fandom Confederation was subsidized by grants and other assistance totally about \$4,500. [...]

[The Science Fiction Research Association got for \$3250 for publication of *The Pilgrim Award*, an anthology of award-winning literary criticism of science fiction, The SF Oral History Association

got \$2,000 and Horror House, a small press dramatized audio-tape magazine, similar to (and co-operative with) Centauri Express, got \$5,000 to subsidize cost of their initial releases.]

## Dragon Con: 11 Years in Southern Fandom *Ed Kramer*

Dragon Con was launched in 1987 as an outgrowth/evolution of a local SF and Gaming group, The Dragon Alliance of Gamers and Role-Players (DAGR). The name "Dragon" in both the club and convention was derived from the Dragon Computer (a European version of radio Shack's Color Computer), which hosted a local Bulletin Board System ("The Dragon") that initially served as a central hub for both organizations. The convention, as well as the group and BBS, was founded by Ed Kramer, who still serves as Convention chairman. The original board of directors also included John Bunnell, David Cody, Robert Dennis, and Pat Henry, and all remain as an integral part of Dragon Con to this day. In fact, nearly 50 "ten-year" staff and guests were honored as part of Dragon Con '96!

The inaugural Dragon Con flyers debuted at the 1986 Atlanta Worldcon. However, by the following year Dragon Con had been selected to be the host of the 1990 Origins convention, and so had penned a seven-year contract with the Atlanta Hilton (for 1990 through 1996)—all prior to the start of its first even! Dragon Con '87 featured Guest of Honor Michael Moorcock (his first convention appearance in twelve years), Robert Asprin and Lynn Abbey, the late Robert Adams, Richard "Lord British" Garriott (who will make his 11th Dragon Con appearance in 1997), Gary Gygax and Toastmaster Brad Strickland; just over 1,400 fans joined in on the fun! Mirimar recording artist Jon Serrie delivered his keyboard arrangements from within a real NASA flightsuit (with helmet), while Moorcock and Blue Oyster Cult vocalist/guitarist Eric Bloom jammed on-stage, performing "Veteran of the Psychic Wars" and "Black Blade"—thus launching live concerts as a Dragon Con annual tradition. Thomas E. Fuller and the Atlanta Radio Theatre, who've become another annual tradition, performed H.P. Lovecraft's "Call of Cthulhu." Even Ms. Marvel got her first stage appearance in 1987; her debut CD release party will be held at this year's convention!

Dragon Con's 1987 and 1988 conventions were held at the Pierremont Plaza Hotel. However, with Anne McCaffrey as Guest of Honor in 1989,

Dragon Con relocated to the Omni Hotel and Convention Center to accommodate the 3,500 fans that attended! As host of Origins '90, Dragon Con more than doubled in size with Guest of Honor Tom Clancy, providing the Game Manufacturers Association (GAMA) with one of its largest and most successful conventions to date. Dragon Con '90 also marked the inclusion of an entirely new facet of the convention, the Atlanta Comics Expo, which was held simultaneously with Dragon Con at an adjacent hotel.

Later that year, Dragon Con featured Michael Moorcock and Harlan Ellison at the Georgia Fantasy Convention, a smaller literary event which set the groundwork for the 1992 World Fantasy Convention (held in Georgia's Calloway Gardens resort). Also in 1992, Dragon Con and Atlanta's Dark River Writers assisted in the presentation of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA) annual Nebula Awards Banquet Weekend. (held at the Sheraton Colony Square Hotel). At the 1992 worldcon in Orlando, FL, Dragon Con won its bid to host the 1995 North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC). Later that year, Dragon Con also received the bid to host the International Starfleet Conference as part of its 1995 convention. The combined event set a Dragon Con attendance record with over 14,000 fans participating in the event. The program book, edited by staff writer and editor Paul Cashman, won the Georgia Printers' Association Award of General Excellence for the year. Also in 1995, Dragon Con staff assisted in the presentation of the World Horror Convention, held at the Sheraton Colony Square Hotel.

The 1994 worldcon in Winnipeg, Canada marked a surprise bid for Dragon Con to host the 1998 worldcon (after finding out that it would have to shift dates in 1998 to Labor Day weekend). There was relief when Baltimore received the 1998 bid, [themselves] having abandoned the traditional Labor Day weekend dates.

In 1996, Atlanta Mayor Bill Campbell presented the convention with a certificate of acclamation for hosting its tenth Dragon Con in the city. By the time Dragon Con departed the Atlanta Hilton as its host hotel in 1996, it had already annexed the Westin Peachtree Plaza for game tournaments, the Atlanta Civic Center for its Masquerade Costume Contest, and nearly a dozen overflow hotels for fans to stay. The Atlanta Business Chronicle currently lists Dragon Con as the city's 12th largest annual convention.

A new chapter begins in 1997 for Dragon Con, as it starts out anew in a modern convention facility called the Atlanta Market Center, ranked as fourth

largest producer of conventions in the United States. Dragon Con has signed a new nine-year contract with its hotels and facilities, to help propel North America's largest multi-genre convention into the next millennium!



Dragon-Con '97 (June 26-29 '97), Atlanta Market Center, Westin Peachtree Plaza Hotel, Atlanta Hyatt Hotel, Atlanta, GA. Guests: Clive Barker, C. J. Cherryh, Robert Jordan, Mercedes Lackey, and many others. Membership: \$25 to 5/31/96, \$30 to 10/15/96, \$35 to 12/15/96, \$40 to 3/15/97, \$50 to 5/15/97, \$60 at the door. Info: P.O. Box 47696, Atlanta, GA 30362-0626. 404-925-0115. E-mail: dragoncon@dragoncon.org; <http://www.dragoncon.org>.

More Atlanta area clubs and conventions:

Atlanta: Antares 1996 (November 8-10 '96), Harvey Hotel Powers Ferry, Atlanta, GA. Guests: Harry Turtledove, Robert & Marilyn Teague, Joseph Dickerson, Gregory Nicoll, Wendy Webb, Greg Theakston, Phillip Nutman, Anya Martin, Tom Deitz, Brad Strickland, Ed Kramer, Gerald Page, Bill & Brenda Sutton, Atlanta Radio Theatre. Membership: \$20 to 5/1/96, \$25 to 9/1/96, then \$30. Info: Antares, P. O. Box 1273, Lilburn, GA 30226. E-mail: Belwit@aol.com.

Atlanta: Atlantis (November 14 - 16 '97), Castle-gate (Midtown) Howard Johnson, Atlanta, GA. Guests: Jane Yolen, Brad Strickland, Rob Stone, Ed Dramer, Bill Holbrook. Membership: \$20 to 9/29/97, \$30 to 10/29/97, then \$35. Info: The Science Fiction & Mystery Book Shop, Ltd, 2000-F Cheshire Bridge Road NE, Atlanta, GA 30324. E-mail: 629!irv.koch@river.chattanooga.net.

Lebanon: Electrical Eggs Ltd., P.O. Box 308, Lebanon, GA 30146. This organization works with conventions to provide handicapped access. Contact: Samanda b Jeude .

Norcross: IKV K'Tang, 1850-31 Jerry Way, Norcross, GA 30093. Star Trek, especially Klingons. Contact: Steve Morozowsky.

## FLORIDA

### FT. LAUDERDALE

### A Short History of the South Florida Science Fiction Society

*Judy Bemis*

The South Florida Science Fiction Society (SFSFS) (pronounced Sissyphus), a non-profit organization established for literary and educational purposes, was founded in 1985 by Joe Siclari and Nancy Atherton to foster the appreciation of science fiction in literature. It was the outgrowth of a previous group (which in turn was an outgrowth of SunCon in 1977) that met in the members living rooms, almost none of which were still large enough to hold a group that wanted "new blood." In order to qualify for free library meeting space, we needed to be an organized group.

As first Chairman, Joe had to head the IRS application for non-profit status—a significant advantage to Tropicon, a local con run by the same people in its fourth year. That turned into a several year project due to a larger than average amount of bureaucracy, and a recent ruling from the Atlanta IRS office, where our filing was also to be processed.

When the filing was finally approved in 1987, most of the shareholders of Tropicon agreed to turn the con over to SFSFS.

The first newsletter (immediately titled the SFSFS Shuttle) was one page, and in those days we had one meeting a month, many of which talked about special interest groups in the SF community. As the club got older, smaller meetings were started for special interests, three of the earliest of which were a creative writing group, a book discussion group, and a filking group. Somewhere in there, the club started "inheriting" books, and arranged to rent a storage locker to store a growing library and the Tropicon paraphernalia, especially the art show panels.

In the middle years, much of the club members' time was taken up by bidding, planning, and running MagiCon, but the club continued holding monthly meetings, publishing monthly newsletters, and running Tropicon.

In the past few years, the newsletter has transformed into a bi-monthly or quarterly fanzine that the club tried to keep to 24 pages, and the May/June 1995 issue (#119) (allowed over 40 pages) had a six-and-a-half-page tenth anniversary

section with pieces by "founding" members and many newer ones. It also had two pages of a proposal to establish a building fund to eventually buy a clubhouse. (Don't many clubs eventually get to this stage?)

The club still has regular monthly meetings, and smaller groups meet now for book discussions, media, filking, writers workshops, and Tropicon. There is an active Book Division, where members can buy virtually any book at a substantial discount. There is a library of thousands of books and magazines available for lending to local members. Thousands of dollars have been raised at Tropicon for charities, and hundreds of pints of blood have been donated to local blood services.

Annual general membership or subscribing membership is \$12, and after attending three meetings a member can upgrade to regular (voting) membership for an additional \$5. The club mailing address is P.O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143.



Tropicon XVI (November 7-9, 1997), Doubletree Guest Suites, Cypress Creek, Fort Lauderdale, FL. Guests: Esther Friesner, Josepha Sherman. Membership \$21 until 5/5, \$24 from 5/16 to 10/16, \$28 thereafter. Info: Tropicon, c/o SFSFS, PO Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143. E-mail: [jb42@aol.com](mailto:jb42@aol.com).

Web site: <http://scifi.squawk.com/tropicon.html>.

## ORLANDO

### OASFiS

*Becky Thomson*

Orlando science fiction fandom, in its current incarnation, began coalescing in late 1986. John and Becky Thomson had moved to Orlando and were interested both in organizing a local club and in mounting a Worldcon bid. (That bid was successful, culminating in MagiCon in 1992.) They contacted fans they met at a Necronomicon in Tampa, posted flyers in Orlando bookstores, placed an ad

in the IguanaCon Program Book, and began organizing gatherings in the clubhouse at Excalibur Apartments.

The Orlando Area Science Fiction Society (OASFiS) held its first official meeting on April 5, 1987, with 23 members and \$165 in the treasury. The first officers were John Thomson (President), Andrea Rosenberg (Vice President), Lynn Murphy (Treasurer), Susan Cole (Corresponding Secretary), Melanie Herz (Recording Secretary), and Ray Herz (Newsletter). Other people who were active in the club from the beginning include Steve Cole, Dave Rattl, Jerry Masters, Mary Hanson-Roberts, Frank Dowler, Louise Kleba and Gary Fehrman.

Ray produced the first OASFiS Newsletter in May 1987. It contained seven pages and included the first "The Suspended Believer," a book and movie review column by Kimlye Tipton that continued to be a regular and popular feature of the newsletter for several years. An informal poll of members' interests also appeared, indicating that the most popular club activities were the newsletter, parties, discussion groups, and planning local conventions.

By the end of 1987, the club had adopted its by-laws, filed as a not-for-profit Florida corporation, and set membership dues of \$12 per year (which was increased to \$15 five years later). In May of 1988, the newsletter had been christened The Event Horizon and adopted the same logo that is used today. Ray remained editor through 1991; by that time the average issue was 16 pages.

The first OASIS, the local convention sponsored by OASFiS, was chaired by Ray Herz. It was held on May 21-22, 1988 with guests Andre Norton, Joseph Haldeman and Mary Hanson-Roberts. With a total attendance of 22, 11 dealer's tables and 42 art show panels, the convention made a modest surplus.

From 1989 through 1992, club meetings were held at Enterprise 1701, the sf/game/comics store managed by Frank Dowler. A policy of holding regular meetings on the second Sunday of each month was adopted and remains in force today. OASIS 2, with Mike Resnick as GoH, drew and attendance of 350, and the club itself surpassed 100 members. In 1991, the Andrew Norton Honorary Scholarship was established, funded primarily by charity auctions held at OASIS.

At the beginning of 1992 the pressure of the impending Worldcon forced several of the club's original officers to decline re-election. The "new guard," who continue to be most active includes Mike Mize, John and Beverly Ferguson, Lloyd McDaniel, Jim Rogers and Curt Harmon.

November 1995 saw the 100th issue of The Event Horizon. The convention has continued every year. OASFiS meetings continue to be held monthly, currently at the Orlando Public Library.

For more information: South Florida Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33307-0143. Dues: \$15 annually. Subscription to SFSFS Shuttle: \$12 annually. Officers: Chair Shirlene Ananayo, Vice Chairman Pete Rawlink, Secretary Mal Barker, Treasurer Bob Ewart <http://scifi.maid.com/sfsfs.html>

Orlando: OASIS 10 (May 16 - 17 '97), Harley Hotel, Orlando, FL. Guests: Stanley Schmidt, Ron Walotsky, Ray Herz, Ben Bova, Mike Resnick. Membership: \$22 to 3/15/97, \$25 at the door. Info: OASFS, P. O. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32792-0992. 407-263-5822.



## A Short History of MagiCon

*Judy Bemis*

The bid for what became the 1992 Orlando Worldcon was officially started by Becky Thomson with a quarter page advertisement in the 1986 Atlanta Worldcon program book. Becky had recently moved to Orlando and, having been involved in a previous Worldcon bid for Seattle, WA, looked at Orlando in that light, and found what she thought were several possible venues in the area. Central Florida had no organized literary SF clubs or regular literary SF convention at the time, so she saw the "expression of interest" ad as a way to find out if there were enough people willing to do the work of organizing and working a bid. She had previously written to Joe Siclari, a well known convention and fanhistorically oriented fan who lived in southeast Florida, but had not reached agreement on getting his help at that time.

Several "organizational" meetings were held that fall and winter, at a local con in Tampa (Necronomicon), and at the clubhouse in Becky's

apartment complex. At one of the first meetings at the clubhouse, the attendees were invited based on interest in either forming a local club or a Worldcon bid, and split out to two groups on that basis. One of our earliest active supporters was author Andre Norton.

After some negotiation, Joe agreed to become part of the bid, in the position of the third co-chair (with Becky and Tom Veal), and the bid started actively partying, just in time to start before Washington, DC.

With them as competitors, we knew we had our work cut out for us. Several committee members called on several friends from other areas of the country, and got them interested in also being on the committee, giving us visible added experience. Becky, Edie Stern and others came up with innovative bid gimmicks, like the midnight raffle for presupporters and the "Magic Potions."

Shortly after Easter, 1989, DC announced that they had lost their first option contract on the Sheraton Washington, and were going to have to fold their bid, which resulted in MagiCon winning the site selection vote (although DC still received votes in the count).

Having won, we now had to plan and run the con. During bidding, we received several of the sorts of "if you win, we'll help then" sort of messages from people, and we started to take them up on it. We continued the bid theme of "Where Magic Meets Technology." We planned (with the help of many of our Boston area friends) our "Concourse" and the putt-putt golf course to make the best use of our facilities. We arranged a special "Art Retrospective" exhibit, and a luncheon with former Astronaut John Glenn. Having chosen Walter Willis as Fan GOH, we placed a heavy emphasis on fan history, the fan lounge, and helped arrange a "Minneapolis in '73 suite," which I heard was the talk of the fanzine fans attending the con.

## TAMPA BAY

**All You Ever Wanted To Know  
About The Stone Hill Science  
Fiction Association And Ob-  
viously Were Not Afraid To Ask  
(or you wouldn't be getting this)**

*Ann Morris*

The Stone Hill Science Fiction Association has been here in Tampa Bay (well, not exactly in the bay but on the land near the bay, you literal minded people) since January 18th, 1979. The club

meets the second Sunday of each month with some rare exceptions when an SF convention falls on the meeting or a tidal wave washes away the meeting place. The meetings are held at the homes of members brave or foolish enough to volunteer to have them at their dwellings. Beginning time is from 1:00 to 2:00 p.m. and ending time is whenever we all have realized that we have homes and ought to go to them. Unless, specifically stated as otherwise, all events run on this sort of Stone Hill Time.

In the months of February, April, June, August, October, and December, they are located at Chez Benet (actually the home of Linda and David Bennett) at 12215 Spottswood Dr., Riverview, FL. These meetings are always host to the bloodmobile from Florida Blood services. Members are encouraged to donate blood as a service to their fellow humans. (Well known and loved SF writer Robert A. Heinlein was a strong advocate of blood donation and at his urging, it became a "cause" for fans all around the nation.)

Most of the meetings in the remaining months are held at the Lovers Lane house (sometimes known as "Maison Maurice" when the Morris who are some of the members of that household are having dinner guests) at 12524 Lovers Lane, Riverview.

All you have to do to become a member of this famous, or is that supposed to be infamous, club is to come to meetings and bring food and soft drinks. Meetings are rather more in the vein of a First Church of Science Fiction pot luck social than the formal sort of meetings you will find at the clubs of the Elks, Moose, Lions and Loyal Order of Water Buffaloes. We have no officers, no dues and only a couple of unwritten rules. The rules are that you don't propose work to be done unless you are willing to do it yourself and... Uh, well, I forgot the other rule. It must not be very important.

At our meetings, we do sometimes have a short business meeting to discuss issues of importance to the club members, such as our yearly convention Necronomicon, helping out some with some charity, or planning a group outing, but if you wish not to participate in those meetings, you don't have to. It's okay. We started this club so we could have fun and we figure it ought to stay that way, so if you don't think something is fun, we don't make you do it.

If you would like to be one of us, you are most welcome to be. You can call the Lovers Lane house for specific meeting information at (813) 677-6347.

We do have a monthly club newsletter that you can request to receive by mail if you cannot attend meetings. It's as informal as everything else we do.

If you want the newsletter sent to you, let us know by writing to us at P.O. Box 2076, Riverview, FL 33569, E-mail us at CompuServe 74273,1607, or call the Lovers Lane phone number and ask for me—Ann.

Necronomicon is the Tampa Bay area's only annual science fiction, fantasy and horror convention. It is held each October in Tampa, Florida. The convention features authors and artists and others who work in fields related to science fiction, fantasy and horror as guests of honor and program participants.

Convention members will be able to visit author and artist panel discussions, workshops, art show, dealers room, Friday and Saturday night dances, continuously open hospitality suite, role playing and card game room, masquerade, Official Creatures of the Night Pageant, and a charity auction to benefit Wildlife Rescue, Inc, where they will be able to see and pet a live Florida panther.

Membership costs \$25 for all three days or \$10 for one.

#### More FL clubs and conventions:

Clearwater: American Tolkien Society, Box 901 Clearwater, FL 34617. Newsletter: Minas Tirith Evening-Star. Contact: Paul S. Ritz.

DeLeon Springs: HMS Solar Queen II, PO Box 836, DeLeon Springs, FL 32130. Semi-monthly meetings. Contact: Gary Gordon.

Ft. Lauderdale: Hurricon Clive (February 2-4 '96), Holiday Inn Beach Resort, Ft. Walton, FL. Guests: Clive Barker, Philip Jose Farmer, Peter S. Beagle, Brian LeBlanc, Walt Baric, Shaun Carnes, Margaret Weis. Membership: \$20 to 10/15/95, \$25 to 11/15/95, \$30 to 1/1/96, then \$35. Info: HurriCon Clive, 328 N. Eglin Pkwy., Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32547. 904-863-8810.

Ft. Lauderdale: 17th Annual Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts (March 20-24 '96), Ft. Lauderdale, FL. Academic conference. Guests: Greg Bear, Brian Aldiss, Tom Shippey. Membership: to be announced. Info: International Association on the Fantastic in the Arts (IAFA), College of Humanities, 500 NW 20th HU-50 B-9, Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, FL 33431 (717)-532-1495.

Green Cove Springs: LORE (Legends of Reality Enacted), PO Box 717, Green Cove Springs, FL 32043. Live-action role-playing. Monthly meetings and Newsletter: Fairy Rad. Contact: Cindy Sudano.

Kissimmee: Alliance of Gaming Enthusiasts and Rogue Society, c/o GOTH, 105 Honeywood CT, Kissimmee, FL 34743. Monthly meetings and newsletters: Rogue Society and AGE Tome.

Lake Mary: The Guardians of Gallifrey, 170 Broadmoor Ave, Lake Mary, FL 32746. Dr. Who and British SF. Monthly meetings and newsletter: The Gallifrey Guardian. Contact Julia Langston.

Lantana: Order of Star Knights, 513 Greynolds Circle, Lantana, FL 33462. Contact: B.F. Scalley.

Maitland: Orlando Area Science Fiction Association, P.O. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32794-0992.

Miami: Black Point Naval Yards, 17842 SW 77 CT, Miami, FL 33157. Modeling and rocketry, weekly meetings, and newsletter: The Blue Ghost. Contact: George Dorris.

Miami: Sea-Con (May 2 - 5 '97), cruise out of Miami, FL. Guests: to be announced. Info: Sea-Con, c/o Uniglobe Gem Travel, 633 South Main Street, Milpitas, CA 95035, Attn: SAM Conaty. 800-980-9192 ext. 1701.

Orlando: 16th Annual International Space Development Conference (22 - 26 May '97), Orlando, FL. Info: Barbara Harris—407-296-5251, fax 407-5261. E-mail: 74010.3165@compuserve.com.

Panama City: Panhandle Science Fiction Society, 3911 Ereno Ct., Panama City, FL 32405

Pine Hills: The Omega Society, 3415 Silverwood Dr., Pine Hills, FL 32808-2847. Dr. Who and other media, monthly meetings. Newsletter: Omegazine. Membership: individual \$15 annually, family \$20, Newsletter: subscription \$9. Contact: John Martello.

Tallahassee: North Florida Gaming Association, 931 Kendall Dr, Tallahassee, FL 32301. RPG, card, board, and miniature gaming. Weekly meetings and newsletter Legends and Legions. Contact: David Glenn.

Windermere: Bajoran Alliance, Box 653 Windermere, FL 34786. Newsletter: The Wormhole. Contact: Ann Gabele.

## KENTUCKY

### Fan Times at WKU: A History of Bowling Green Fandom

*Patrick Molloy*

Bowling Green fandom owes its origins primarily to two individuals: Rickey Sheppard and Ben Bova. Back in 1977, Rickey Sheppard, then a student at Western Kentucky University, served on the University lecture series board. Being an avid science fiction reader, he used his influence to bring one of his favorite authors, Ben Bova, to WKU for a talk. After the lecture, Rickey and some of his friends took Mr. Bova out for dinner, during which they discussed science fiction in general, and science fiction fandom in particular. Ben Bova suggested that they should start a club, and being young and full of enthusiasm, Rickey and his friends did so.

The Western Kentucky University Speculative Fiction Society was thus born the next semester, in the spring of 1978, with Rickey serving as the first "chairbeing." The club held weekly meetings, hosted a successful series of film programs, sponsored a summer field trip to the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, and even published a short-lived computer-generated fanzine called The Speculator. Some of the members, myself included, also started attending conventions. Our first convention as a group was Rivercon IV in the summer of '78. Although we thoroughly enjoyed the con and made fools of ourselves in the finest neofan tradition, we also felt a bit overwhelmed by it all. We quickly got over that, however, and started hosting parties at many of the cons we attended.

By 1980, we found ourselves hosting our own convention, UpperSouthClave 10/Concave 1. This was entirely unintentional and unplanned—the con sort of followed us home. Long story. Suffice it to say that Concave proved very successful, and has grown to be a late winter relaxacon tradition for many fans, filling every room in the Park Mammoth Resort and spilling out to several overflow hotels. Although the convention was never officially a function of the WKUSFS, it has always been run largely by its present and former members. The current chairman and registrar, Gary & Corlis Robe, now live in Kingsport, Tennessee, but are still able to put together a fun convention each year with the help of many local and not-so-local fans.

One of the problems with a University-based club is that people graduate and move on. After

serving as the club's second chair being and chairing the first few Concaves, I graduated and moved to Huntsville. The club also went through several faculty sponsors, as their careers took them to other places. The club has gone through several peaks and valleys in its membership and activities, and has lately had something of a resurgence. Additionally, there is a loosely-knit group of former WKUSFS members who gather together on a regular basis. The club has survived all these years in large part thanks to the tireless efforts of Annette Carrico, who serves as librarian of the club's 300-book collection, and who hosts club parties on a regular basis, which serve as meeting points for past and present WKUSFS members. She also does a fantastic job running the con suite at Concave each year.

For further information about the WKUSFS, contact Annette Carrico, c/o Chemistry Department, Western Kentucky University, #1 Big Red Way, Bowling Green, KY 42101.

## Louisville

### A Brief History of RiverCon

*Bob Roehm*

Legend has it that the idea of RiverCon was born on top of a Dempsey Dumpster at the 1974 Kentucky Derby. In any case, Cliff Amos, who had founded a Louisville science fiction club some five years earlier (FOSFA, *q.v.*), broached the idea to the rest of the club and, to extend the racing metaphor, they were off and running.

The seventies were the dawn of the SF convention age, which eventually led to today's con-on-every-weekend calendar, but in the early years of the decade conventions, especially in the South, were few and far between. Kubla Khan had its first outing in only 1973, and though the DeepSouthCon had been around for a dozen years, its structure of moving from city to city left the rest of the region virtually con-less the rest of the year. RiverCon was conceived in this light as being a cross between the more relaxed style of a DSC or a Midwestcon and the heavily programmed worldcon or big regionals such as Westercon and Disclave. The RiverCon committee wanted panels, art shows, huckster rooms, and masquerades, but they also wanted parties, con suites, and general fannish socializing. Partly to encourage the latter and perhaps partly to ease neophyte jitters, the RiverCon committee decided to also bid RiverCon 75 (as it was called at first) as the site of DeepSouthCon XIII, which they won. The dayglo orange flyer with Cliff's stick-figure

riverboat was fandom's introduction to RiverCon.

The name RiverCon (the idea came from Steve Francis during a committee brainstorming meeting) was intended to reflect the city's riverport heritage. The choice of Philip Jose Farmer, well-known at the time for his Riverworld novels, as guest of honor naturally followed. Kentucky's favorite author, Andrew J. Offutt, was asked to be the first toastmaster, and long-time Indiana fans Buck and Juanita Coulson were chosen as fan guests. That first RiverCon guest list also included Kelly Freas, comics artists Dave Cockrum and Mike Kaluta, and one of only two convention appearances by the late fantasy novelist Thomas Burnett Swann. (The inclusion of Cockrum and Kaluta was another nod to increase potential attendance. The comics angle did not work out and committee member Don Rosa left after the first year.) A surprise appearance by Poul and Karen Anderson also enlivened the con. Attendance was 545, allaying fears and guaranteeing that there would be a RiverCon II. Cliff Amos remained as RiverCon's chair for the first seven years, plus the 1979 NorthAmeriCon (*q.v.*), and then Steve and Sue Francis took over the pilot wheel to the present day.

RiverCon guests of honor over the years are a virtual who's who of SF, including (in order) Farmer, Anderson, Larry Niven, Robert Bloch, Roger Zelazny, Jack Williamson, Gordon Dickson, L. Sprague and Catherine de Camp, Andrew J. Offutt, George R.R. Martin, C.J. Cherryh, Bob Shaw, Kelly Freas, Jack Chalker, Mike Resnick, Lois McMaster Bujold, Mercedes Lackey, Joe Haldeman, and Forrest J. Ackerman.

Fan guests who followed the Coulsons were: Jodie Offutt, Sandra Miesel, Ned Brooks, Lou Tabakow, Mike and Carol Resnick, Dave Kyle, Rusty Hevelin, Don and Jill Eastlake, John Millard, Dick and Nicki Lynch, Ken Moore, Samantha Jeude, Dick Spelman, George "Lan" Laskowski, Leslie Turek, Laurie Mann, Jane and Scott Dennis, and Verna Smith Trestrail.

Following Andrew Offutt at the toastmaster's podium were Kelly Freas, Joe L. Hensley, Bob Tucker, Vincent Di Fate, Frank Robinson, Jan Howard Finder, Bob Tucker (again), Charles L. Grant, Mike Glicksohn, Sharon Webb, Michael Banks, Somtow Sucharitkul, Arlan Andrews, George Alec Effinger, Emma Bull, Bruce Pelz, Bob Tucker (yet again!), and Julius Schwartz.

In 1995, RiverCon celebrated its twentieth anniversary by inviting back its original guest list and holding a special reception in honor of the members who had attended every RiverCon.

Highlights over the years have included an

original musical production (RiverCon III's *Stringworld*, written by Shelby Bush and B.J. Willinger) and a world-premiere movie (*Vampire Hookers*, starring the late John Carradine, at RiverCon IV). The Ming Award was conceived for the first RiverCon for masquerade winners, and the figurine is now crafted in hand-blown glass by Steve Scherer. Scherer also creates the glass Pegasus each year for RiverCon guests. Full-color program book covers by top-name artists were introduced in the mid-eighties, always with a riverboat prominently featured, an unvarying RiverCon trademark since the beginning.

RiverCon, in its twenty years, has been held in only a few hotels, the first three in Stouffers Louisville Inn, and then moving to the Executive West for 1974. It returned to downtown Louisville following the 1979 NASFiC to stay at the Galt House for the next eight years. In 1988 the con tried returning to its first hotel, now the Holiday Inn Downtown, but after two years it proved to be too small for the size RiverCon had become. Three years at the Hyatt Regency and one at the Hurstbourne Hotel led back to the Executive

West, where RiverCon now has a long-term commitment for the future. The regular excursions on the Belle of Louisville, an authentic, old-time steam riverboat, have regrettably been discontinued with the move away from the downtown riverfront. Attendance since RiverCon I has ranged from a drop to 374 the second year to numbers averaging 800-1000 in recent years. The committee has no plans to make the convention significantly larger, feeling that a higher attendance would affect RiverCon's friendly and fannish atmosphere.

RiverCon XXII (July 18-20 '97), Executive Inn, Louisville, KY. Guests: Terry Bisson, Larry Elmore, David Hartwell, Mike Resnick, Glen Cook, and others. Membership: \$25 until 7/5/97, \$35 at the door. Info: P. O. Box 58009, Louisville, KY 40268-0009. 502-448-6562. E-mail: RiverConSF@aol.com. Website: <http://members.aol.com/reichle/rivercon.html>.

## NorthAmeriCon '79

### Steve & Sue Francis

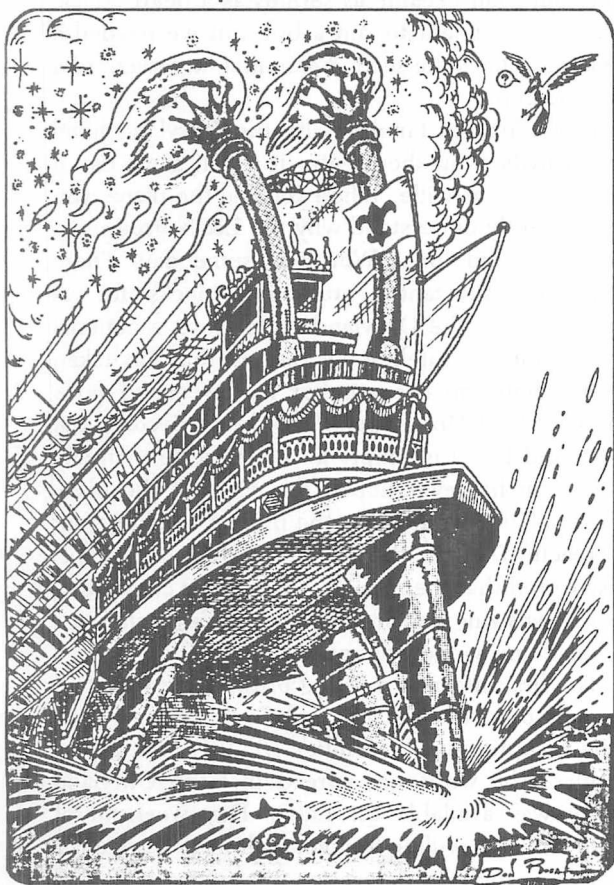
NorthAmeriCon '79 was the second NASFiC to be held when the Worldcon was held out of North America. The convention was held over the Labor Day weekend in 1979 in Louisville, KY. It started as a "Nashville is Neat in 100 Degree Heat" ad in a 1975 MidAmeriCon progress report. This ad was a big joke pulled on Khen Moore by Ken Keller, who was MidAmeriCon's chairman. It started to take off as a Worldcon bid for Nashville when Khen got a bad case of Worldcon fever. As it became more and more obvious that Nashville did not have the needed hotel space (this was before the Opryland Hotel was a factor) the bid somehow migrated north to Louisville as a NASFiC bid. The hotel selected was the 714-room Galt House (still known to be decorated in Early American Bordello).

The bid culminated at Suncon, the 1977 Worldcon held in Miami Beach, FL. There was a tremendous mint julep bid party thrown by John Shake of the Galt House sales staff in a beautiful, huge suite in the old Fountainebleau Hotel. This party was talked about for years afterward. When all of the dust settled, Louisville had won the site selection with almost no opposition from the folks in New Orleans who had just lost the Worldcon bid for 1979 to Brighton, England. This is another story.

The committee worked for the next two years putting the convention together, lining up guests and setting a contract with the hotel. The concomm consisted of Cliff Amos, Chairman; Bob Roehm,

## RIVERCON '75

DeepSouthCon XIII



Vice-chairman, publications; Steve Francis, Registrar; Ken Amos, Operations; Shelby Bush and Irvin Koch, Special Events; Ken & Lou Moore, Art Show; and Mike Hutto and Mike Jenevice, Film Program.

The convention was held in lieu of the 1979 RiverCon which resumed in 1980 with RiverCon V. The convention went very well with the exception of a few things which caused some hassles for the committee. Some of these problems were the somewhat overcrowded Hucksters Room, poor lighting in the Art Show, and those infamous cantankerous 35mm movie projectors. One other problem that arose was overselling tickets for the Belle of Louisville steamboat Cruise and Filksing. By means of much scrambling around we managed to buy back enough tickets from gracious fans who were willing to forego the Belle cruise.

Two of the most noted highlights of NorthAmeriCon were the Ethnic Food Fair held on the Belvedere Plaza, adjacent to the Galt House, and the spectacular fireworks display on the last day of the convention. Many people asked us how we managed to arrange the fireworks. For a while, we took credit for them but finally 'fessed up that it was done by the city for the Ethnic Food Fair as part of the Labor Day celebration. All in all, the convention was a huge success and is well remembered by most of the 2000 people who attended. [And probably some mundanes. Per Janice Gelb: Remember "the skinny-dip pool party inadvertently witnessed by hotel bar patrons due to portholes in the pool....?"]

We still have a limited number of copies of the NorthAmeriCon Program and Memory Books available. If you are interested, please write to us at the RiverCon post office box (RiverCon, PO Box 58009, Louisville, KY 40268-0009). There will be a nominal \$5 charge to cover the cost of mailing both books.

The 1979 North American Science Fiction Convention  
**NORTHAMERICON**  
August 30 - September 3, 1979      Louisville, Ky

0504

JANICE GELB  
ATLANTA, GA

## I Hear That Train A'Comin': A History of the L&N Bid for the 1994 Worldcon

*Gary R. Robe & Steve Francis*

[Blessings upon blessings to Sue Francis who re-typed this for me at the last minute when I couldn't find the original!]

The first ingredient for a Worldcon bid is people, and that is where the story should begin. Since 1980 there had been a loose group of convention committees and fans stretching from Louisville through Nashville that called itself either I-65 Fandom or L&N Fandom. This group included Worldcon pros such as Steve and Sue Francis, Jane & Scott Dennis, Ken Moore, Gary Robe, Pat Molloy, Dick Spelman, and others. In 1987, the roof of Bowling Green fan Rickey Sheppard's house trailer partially collapsed, and Gary Robe and Steve Francis built him a false roof over the trailer and shored up the trailer's roof. While doing the job, we never drew blueprints, or really planned much, we just both had a picture of what we were doing in mind, and built the thing. While laying the shingles, Steve remarked to Gary, "If we could do this job without plans or killing each other, then we could run a Worldcon bid." It was a joke at the time but soon became as serious as a heart attack. We had the talent to run a bid, but we needed a location. That's the second essential ingredient of a Worldcon bid.

If you are not familiar with the Opryland hotel in Nashville, you should give it a visit some day if you are in Nashville. When you see the place, you will instantly understand why the L&N group was itching to bid for a Worldcon some day. There were two substantial stumbling blocks for us though. First, the Opryland Hotel hosts a national convention for satellite TV dealers that has taken up the hotel on every Labor Day weekend since the Opryland Hotel opened its doors. Second, the Opryland Hotel is simply farther upscale than any Worldcon has ever hoped for. Even if the place was available, we felt that the pricing would be out of reach. Then in the fall of 1988, Scott Dennis discovered that the satellite TV dealer's convention was downsizing and moving to Las Vegas in 1994. We had our window of opportunity.

The first informal meeting of the bid committee actually occurred at Gary and Corlis' Robe's wedding reception on December 18, 1988. At the reception, the word was spread that the Opryland Hotel was available on Labor Day weekend of 1990, and was willing to meet with us to work out a deal. A negotiation delegation was appointed, and a

meeting with the Opryland Hotel Sales Manager was arranged quickly. The announcement of the launch of the bid was made at Xanadu in 1988. The first official bid party was thrown at Chattacon in January of 1989.

The initial bid committee structure was Sue Francis and Ken Moore as co-chairs with Steve Francis, Gary Robe, Jane and Scott Dennis, and Dick Spelman as members. In May of 1990 Pat and Roger Sims moved to Cincinnati and joined the effort that summer. We decided to use the L&N Railroad as the theme for the bid, even though the L&N Corporation no longer existed, and neither Louisville and Nashville had passenger rail service any more. We began to have bid parties at the large regional conventions and, of course, planned promotions at the Worldcons in Boston, The Hague, and finally for the site selection vote in Chicago in 1991.

One of the first bid parties established one of the traditions of the bid. At Boskone in 1989, the official convention rule was no alcohol at parties. Gary Robe, Sue Francis and Dick Spelman were throwing a party, and Gary just happened to have a bottle of Jack Daniel's in his suitcase "for medicinal purposes only." It was at that party that the first batches of "L&N Lemonade" were concocted, which along with Ken Moore's Secret Nashville Swill, became the trademark drinks of the bid. The major push that year, however, was at the Boston Worldcon, and that presented some major problems for running bid parties.

Due to the touchy relations with the Boston Sheraton, no room parties were supposed to be allowed. Riight. The convention gave the bids rooms in the convention center, and a "generous" allowance for purchasing food through the convention center that would last for about 5 minutes for a real bid party. The room we got was way in the bowels of the Hynes Convention Center, and was guaranteed not to draw much attention. Gary Robe arranged to have some industrial sized boxes delivered to Boston, and we built a mock locomotive behind the bidders table area. Gary also happened to be working for a company that makes duct tape, so strips of tape were used to lay "tracks" leading people into the remote function room. Despite all of these efforts, there was almost no traffic in the room, and we soon decided to bend the rules and run a room party anyhow. We managed to get a suite on the 20th floor of the Sheraton for the doin's.

In order to pass party supplies into the Sheraton, we took large rolling suitcases to the grocery and liquor stores and loaded up the supplies inside and rolled the goods right passed the hotel security

guards. In the room we set up a model train, and Gary dressed in engineer's overalls. The party was a great success even though it was not strictly by the rules, and most of the other bids had thumbed their noses at the Sheraton's no party rules anyway.

In the spring of 1990, the worst nightmare of a Worldcon bid came to pass. The Opryland Hotel downgraded our tentative agreement to a second option. This placed us in the position of having to make the choice between folding the bid or moving it to another site. We could have firmly secured the property by giving the hotel a \$25,000 deposit. This would have been absolutely insane since we had not won the bid and we were facing a well organized bid from Winnipeg. We all checked our wallets and-dagnab it-none of us had the \$25,000. in pocket change to secure our hold on the hotel and convention facilities. We had in effect just lost the Opryland Hotel two years before the vote.

We had three options at this point. We could fold the bid, move it to downtown Nashville or move the bid to another city. Downtown Nashville was quickly eliminated due to the lack of sleeping rooms in the city center to hold the convention. Louisville, however, had enough sleeping rooms within walking distance of the convention. Also, The convention center was available for the Labor Day weekend in 1994.

Furthermore, the anchor hotel, the Hyatt Regency was very anxious for the business. There was also the goodwill of the Louisville Convention Bureau which stemmed from NorthAmeriCon in 1979. With the support of the hotels, the Convention Bureau, and the city of Louisville, we had a much more congenial location for the bid in Louisville than the Opryland Hotel (whose attitude was "take the money and run"). The L&N bid then became the first Worldcon bid to change locations during the run. A letter was sent out to all of the presupporting members announcing the change. This letter actually reached everyone before anyone heard about it on the grapevine. The letter offered to refund their money if they could not continue to support the bid in the new location. Only one person requested a refund. We then headed off for the 1990 Worldcon in the Hague with a new location (complete with a full set of agreements with the hotels and the Louisville Convention Center), but with the same people behind the scenes.

Steve and Sue Francis, Pat and Roger Sims, Gary and Corlis Robe and Dick Spelman all made the trip to The Netherlands to host the bid party. ConFiction was a whole different ballpark as far as running a bid party. On open bid parties were allowed in the hotels with no way around this rule.

The convention provided a room in the convention center for one night for each of the bidders. The concept of open bid parties is weakly developed in Europe at best. The liaison between the bidders and the convention center was a very nice and helpful Dutch fan names Jannelies Smit who was in charge of arranging party supplies for the convention center. When Steve Francis told her that we needed approximately 500 kg of ice for the party, her mouth dropped open. After she recovered, she jokingly explained that this was more than the entire ice production for the whole country of Holland. At least, unlike US convention centers, they did not charge an outrageously high price for sodas and other supplies, so we ended up buying most of the heavy supplies from the convention center. We found a nearby street with many stores and shops located along it. This street was called FreidreichHeinreichlaan, or Freddy-Henry Lane as we dubbed it.

Having no cars available to us, we had to hand carry all of the supplies and decorations back to the convention center. That "short distance" turned out to be a lot further than we had first thought.

It was not easy to creatively decorate a plain rectangular convention center meeting room, but we did come up with a couple of good ideas. One wall was covered with a large roll of shelp paper, on which we drew a locomotive and tracks running the length of the paper. We invited partygoers to draw more cars on the train and whatever other graffiti they wanted as a sort of do-it-yourself decoration. After the party, we carefully rolled up the paper and took it to San Diego for the party at the infamous ConDigeo NASFiC the following week. When we removed the paper from the wall, much to our horror, we found that the markers had bled through the double layer of paper and on to the wall. One of the conditions for using the room was to return it to the center its original condition. Visualizing a several thousand guilder damage bill being submitted to on Fiction, we desperately searched for a way to clean off the marks before leaving the room. Soap and water, L&N lemonade, lighter fluid and shaving lotion did not work, but someone noticed that spit was a good cleaning fluid. It was a bit crude watching all of those people spitting on the wall, but it worked. Our thanks go out to all of the people who stayed and contributed their elbow grease and spit to clean up the mess.

Presupporting memberships sales came very close to paying for all of the party supplies including the quantity of Jack Daniels brought over to make sure that people had their usual choice of "leaded or unleaded" L&N Lemonade.

Prior to ConFiction our group had attended more than 30 conventions all around the country to promote the bid. Between Con Fiction and Chicon V we went to 23 more convention including the WesterCon held at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. This was an unusual convention in that it was help at the University making use of dorm rooms, called "quads." This room arrangement provided 6 tiny single bedrooms along with a foyer and kitchenette.

The layout worked surprisingly well for throwing a bid party. The culmination of the "Run for the Roses" was at Chicon V held in the Hyatt Regency Hotel in downtown Chicago. All of our bidding committee was there except Gary and Corlis Robe. They had a fair to middling reason for not attending Chicon; Corlis delivered a son during the convention. We had a beautiful two bedroom suite with a large parlor on the 25th floor of the East tower. This suite of rooms, coincidentally was the site of the "Southern Hospitality Suite" at which the bid was launched for Atlanta in 1986. Both the L&N bid and the group from Winnipeg through multi-day bid parties much to the joy of many fans at Chicon. It was one HELL of a lot of work but we had a lot of fun doing it. Saturday night has been called the "ballot count from hell" as it took 7 of us, 3 from each bid and a moderator, FOURTEEN hours to complete the task. The actual ballot count only took 2-1/2 hours to complete. We were absolutely "Zombified" by the time we were finished. The joke that came from the counting session was "How many ballot counters does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: "None, we just waited for the sun to come up!" The final count was 1012 votes for Winnipeg, 957 Votes for Louisville and 96 no preference votes. It just goes to show you that your vote DOES count when the no preference vote is greater than the winning margin. Mike Resnick edited a book called *Alternate Worldcons* in which the last story was set in the year 2107. This was the exact total number of ballots cast in the site selection for the 199r Worldcon. A coincidence? Not bloody likely! One thing that we realized after the fact was that we really had 1012 friends out there in addition to the 957 that voted for us. One last, but important note, the group that put on ConAdian in Winnipeg did a fine job and a good time was had by all. We attended the convention and enjoyed it very much.

We have been frequently asked if we will ever bid again, and our answer has always been, "NO DAMN WAY—WE ARE GETTING TO OLD FOR THIS SH\_T"

## Park City

### A History of Concave

Gary R. Robe

In late February for the last 15 years, something strange has happened in the sleepy little country town of Park City, Kentucky. On one particular weekend, every hotel room in the town has been full, and cars from as far away as Texas have lined the parking lots. This is not unusual in the summer when the Park Mammoth Resort is the closest hotel to the Mammoth Cave National Park Visitor Center. In the waning weeks of winter, however, it can only mean one thing. It's Concave weekend.

The history of Concave is closely connected with that of the early days of the Western Kentucky University Speculative Fiction Society. In 1978 as the WKUSFS was getting organized, Rickey Shepard got a copy of one of Meade Frieron's last SFC Bulletins, and in it was a listing for the Falls of the Ohio SF Association in Louisville, and giving Cliff Amos' number as the contact. Rickey called Cliff to introduce himself and to inform him that a fan group was forming in Bowling Green. Cliff was unimpressed, and told Rickey at that time, "that's OK, come to Rivercon, and don't start a convention of your own for at least five years." That was good advice, but later events sort of changed things.

In early 1979, Cliff Amos and Shelby Bush were returning to Louisville from a Chattacon committee meeting, when Cliff's car broke down at Exit 22 near Bowling Green. As he waited for his car to be repaired, Cliff noticed a sign—CONVENTION SPACE AVAILABLE—at the nearby Executive Inn. That's a sign that no SF convention organizer could resist, and Cliff decided to check it out. The hotel was an excellent site for a small SF con since it was halfway between Louisville and Nashville, and it was available. Cliff decided to resurrect an old idea of Irv Koch's, the southern regional relaxacon, UpperSouthClave. Irv had started the idea eight years earlier with two USC's in East Tennessee, and then Ken Moore bid for USC #3 for Nashville. Ken dropped the idea of the USC as a moving convention, and simply renamed it Kubla Khan. Cliff hadn't forgotten Ken's corruption of Irv's idea, so on the Sunday afternoon of Kubla Kahn 7, Cliff and Shelby convened a business meeting in an empty program room without telling anyone else, and voted unanimously to have UpperSouthClave 9 in Bowling Green in March of 1980.

We were somewhat taken aback in Bowling Green when we saw fliers announcing the conven-

tion as a done deal without our even having been asked about it. Shelby was listed as the contact person, and we dutifully sent in our registration money and a letter asking if we could work on the convention. Shelby wrote back a rather huffy letter telling us that USC 9 was his show, we were not on the committee in any way, but we could volunteer as gophers. A little later, Cliff found out about this letter, and called us to try and smooth relations a little. Pat Molloy and I went to Midwestcon to meet Cliff face-to-face and discuss plans for USC 9. Even then, because we had no experience working on conventions, Cliff was not going to let any of the Bowling Green fans on the committee. He suggested that if we all came to NorthAmeriCon, worked our butts off, and didn't embarrass anyone, he would consider giving us staff positions. This we did; however, the situation didn't change much until Chambanacon.

Four fans from Bowling Green had made the drive all the way to Champaign, IL on Thanksgiving weekend of 1979, our farthest road trip to date. At the convention, Ken Moore pulled us aside and gave us some news. Cliff and Shelby had fallen on hard times. Both had lost jobs, and neither had a working car. They were not going to be able to run USC 9 in March. Regardless, the convention had been publicized, and they had taken memberships and had arranged for guests. We were now supposed to take over and run the convention on three months notice! We proceeded to get spectacularly drunk that weekend.

We arranged for a secret meeting with Cliff the next weekend. Cliff didn't want Shelby to know that he was handing off the convention to us. Actually, Cliff was covering for some indiscretions. It seemed that the money that had been collected had disappeared. (The fans from Bowling Green were about the only ones who had sent in money before then.) Furthermore, Cliff had talked to the hotel nine months earlier, had found open dates, but had never executed a contract with the hotel! Cliff gave us a short course in convention running over lunch at a Denny's that afternoon, and sent us on the way. In retrospect, we probably should have thrown our hands in the air and walked away at this point. Instead, we chose Pat Molloy as our chairman (since he had attended one more convention than the rest of us at that point), and began to plan the convention. We sent out fliers, bought bus tickets for the guests, and crossed our fingers.

The convention was billed as UpperSouthClave 9, subtitled Concave. At the time we merely wanted to get through the one convention, and had no pretensions of having a Concave 2. Pat Molloy and I had enjoyed Midwestcon and Chambanacon

greatly, and decided to use them as the model for our style of convention. We drew 86 fans to that first Concave, ended up only about \$50 in the red, and most importantly we were all still on speaking terms by the end of the convention. We convened a site selection meeting on Sunday afternoon to see if anyone else wanted to carry on the Upper-SouthClave semi-tradition. Nobody else bid for the USC, so we decided to do it again. The site selection meetings have been a part of the Concave tradition ever since; to date, no other bid, either joke or serious, has edged out the Bowling Green group, and Concave still retains the USC as a subtitle.

At this point, there was a very important committee meeting at which we decided on the direction for the convention. We could see that the very successful conventions were the ones with professional guests of honor and programming. We, however, more enjoyed the simpler relaxacon format. There was some discussion about going for the big time, but after much discussion we realized that we didn't have the money to bring in pro guests, we didn't have a big enough group to staff a more complex convention, and we enjoyed relaxacons more than the big ones anyhow. We decided to stay small and invite Ken and Lou Moore as our second guests of honor.

Concave 2 drew over 100 members, and actually ended up in the black. Concave 3, however, posed a problem. A dispute had erupted with the Executive Inn hotel, and we were most definitely not welcome back there. There were other hotels in Bowling Green, but the one that attracted our attention most was the Park Mammoth Resort located about 20 miles out of town. The PMR had great facilities for a meeting of our size, but was in a dry county. We really didn't know if we could handle the logistics of setting up so far away, and didn't know how the hotel would react to our group. We decided to test the waters with an Octacon-like mini-relaxacon in December of 1981. We called it Concave 2.5, and had only a consuite. We drew about as many members to Concave 2.5 as we did to Concave 2. The logistics didn't seem to be too bad either, so we booked ourselves into the PMR for Concave 3 in March of 1982. Concave is still being held there, with bookings already in place to take us through 1998.

The Park Mammoth Resort is an exceptional location for a convention. It is remote, located on over 1,000 acres of central Kentucky hill country. It's a small hotel with 93 sleeping rooms and three function rooms. The room we use for the consuite has a panoramic view of the countryside below. There are several caves on the property, as well as

golf courses, a miniature train, playgrounds, miniature golf course, tennis courts, and a sauna. Although the hotel is located in a dry county, they allow wet private parties. After 15 years of dealing with each other, Concave and the hotel staff know each other well. One year, the kitchen staff noticed Ken Moore pigging out on the Friday night buffet of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, peas, and pork chops. Without anyone reminding them, the same menu appeared the next year, and has become the standard Friday night buffet. Most of the staff knows our regulars by name, and when Corlis and I got married in 1988, I noticed our wedding announcement posted on the office bulletin board the next February.

The core group of the committee has remained through the years. As mentioned before, Pat Molloy was the first committee chairman, and he did the job through Concave 5. Once Pat started working for NASA in Huntsville, AL, he felt he couldn't continue to run Concave by long-distance, so Rickey Sheppard stepped into the leadership position. Rickey stayed in charge for three years, but financial and personal problems forced him to essentially gaffate, so I took over the chairman's position from Concave 9 to the present. The situation changed again in 1992 when I accepted a job in Kingsport, Tennessee almost 300 miles away. Instead of handing Concave over to someone else (since nobody was anxious to take the job anyhow), I decided to do the planning from Kingsport. It really wasn't that difficult. After 12 years of running the convention, we had it down to an art, and the pre-convention planning turned out to be almost as easily done from east Tennessee as Bowling Green.

Besides the chairmen, one other committee member deserves special mention. Annette Carrico has run the consuite almost from the beginning. Annette's contribution cannot be understated. Since the success of a relaxacon revolves around the quality of the consuite, Annette's tireless shopping, hauling, and food preparation has been central to the Concave's deserved reputation as having one of the greatest consuites in all convention fandom. This would not have been possible without Annette.

Other long-time workers who deserve mention are Steve and Sue Francis, who have respectively run the huxter room and backed up Annette in the consuite for many years. Pat Molloy has continued his involvement, and today runs the art show along with Naomi Fisher. John Hans and Patty Teague have run the gaming program for the last six years. Others who have come and gone include D.P. Shaw, who created the look of Concave's artwork

and ran the art show during the first years. David Shockley ran the art show for five years after D.P.'s departure. Randy Fox ran the game program and created the publications during the middle years. Debra Hussey handled the registration desk for the first half of Concave's history. Jim Woosley ran security and took the night shift for at least half of Concave's run. And last-but-not-least, my wife Corlis has handled registration and hundreds of other little details for most of my tenure as chairman.

One of the principles we have tried to maintain with Concave is to let the convention be a salute to SF fandom, and to choose fannish guests who have labored for years with little recognition as guests of other conventions. Our guest list has been: P. L. Caruthers, Ken and Lou Moore, Cliff Amos, Dalvin Coger, Irv Koch, Doc Barrett, John Hollis, Mike Lalor, Nancy Tucker, Pat Molloy, Lynn Hickman, Jane and Scott Dennis, Howard DeVore, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Ben Jason, Judy Bemis and Tony Parker, Bob Roehm and Toni Weisskopf. All of these people have made contributions to fandom that have been significant, and scarcely recognized outside of their local area.

One other notable aspect of Concave has been steady growth of the convention over the last ten years. In the early years, as always, there was some tension between fans and mundanes in the hotel. In the late eighties the convention grew to the point where it was possible to block the hotel. For several years there were some unclaimed room-nights Concave had to pay for. About four years ago, the hotel sold out two weeks before Concave. The sell-out date kept moving back for several years until Concave 16. At check-out time on Sunday afternoon of Concave 16, I began to take reservations for Concave 17. By 2:00 p.m. I had reservations for all 88 available rooms and had to start a waiting list before the dead dog party got started. For Concave 18, the only way to handle the demand for rooms has been to take names and award rooms in a lottery.

In 1980 we decided to keep Concave a small, fannish convention. We have tried to maintain a connection between fandom's roots in First and Second fandom while reaching out to young neofans through gaming and video programs. We have apparently succeeded. Concave 17 in 1996 drew 315 members, the Park Mammoth Resort was full, and a small roadside motel with 23 rooms about two miles away. There are no plans to move to a different location. This may be heresy, but Concave has a certain style, and only so many volunteers to run it. I feel that I speak for the Concave committee when I say that we would rather serve a

small group well and with style than a large group with mediocrity.

Does anybody out there want to take a chance in the room lottery?

Info: Concave, c/o Gary Robe, P. O. Box 3221, Kingsport, TN 37664. 615-239-3106.

## The Legend of Wigwam Village

*Patrick Molloy*

One of the strangest and most retold tales to come out of Kentucky Fandom is the Wigwam Village in '86 DeepSouthCon bid. The whole thing was the brainchild of Rickey Sheppard, but as he's largely gafiated, I will do my best to reconstruct those events of ten years ago.

As Huntsville, AL was preparing to host DeepSouthCon 23 in June of 1985, we had heard of only one announced bid for the next year's DSC. Rickey felt that it just wouldn't be right to let the DSC be awarded without some sort of contest, so he dreamed up the Wigwam Village bid. Wigwam Village is an actual roadside motel located in Cave City, KY, near Mammoth Cave National Park, and just down the road from the Park Mammoth Resort, longtime home of Concave. The motel is made up of about 12 concrete cabins shaped like teepees, with a larger central teepee serving as the motel office. The office includes a gift shop and an "Indian Museum." In addition, there is a picnic area and children's playground, all situated on a one-and-one-half acre lot along U.S. Highway 31W. This motel was built before the Interstates, when family car trips via the U.S. highway system were common, and hotels were looking for gimmicks to attract in customers. It was one of a series of Wigwam Village motels built throughout the country, most of which have since been demolished. There are only two other survivors that I know of, one in Holbrook, Arizona (that I've actually stayed in), and one somewhere in California.

Getting back to the bid, however, Rickey and his co-conspirators printed up bid flyers, and had everything ready for the presentation on Sunday. Things then got stranger. A group of Kentucky fans from Lexington, Louisville, and Bowling Green, including Rickey, decided that Memphis TN, the only other announced bid, needed some *real* competition, and so put together a serious last minute bid for Louisville. Therefore, Rickey found himself as chairman of the Wigwam Village bid, and a committee member of the Louisville bid, and thus in competition with himself.

At the business meeting, each bid was given

# WIGWAM VILLAGE for DSC in 1986

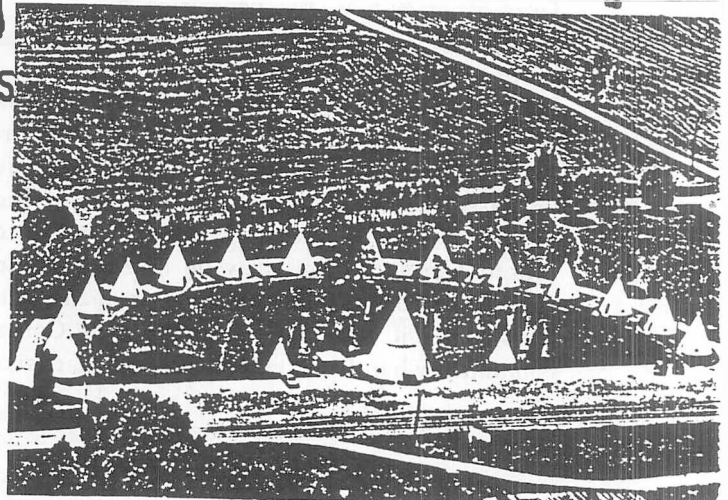
"Circle Your Wagons at Wigwam  
Village in '86!"

August 22-24, 1986 - Bringing  
the DSC back to its traditional time!

Honest folks! It's a real place - we couldn't make this up!

As a DSC site Wigwam Village offers:

- ✓ 15 rooms - er- Wigwams for sleeping comfort.
- ✓ Function Space Galore! Over 2.5 acres of usable space.
- ✓ Smoffing Zones - The large central wigwam (see picture) is reserved for Wimpy Zone smoffing. Any east or west zone smofs who condescend to attend may use the smaller wigwam.
- ✓ Cheap Rates: \$10 - one double bed  
\$15 - two double beds
- ✓ Easy Access: Located 3 mi. north of Cave City, KY on US Highway 31-W. Just off I-65.



Bidcom: The Rail Barons of the L&N

time to present their site, and then questions were taken from the audience. Rickey presented his bid absolutely deadpan, but the audience was laughing to the point of pain. He laid out the facilities, the number of rooms, and the location just as they are. When the bids were asked, for example, how large their function space was, Rickey would answer "We have an acre and a half." At the end of the presentations, when each bid gave a closing statement, Rickey left them with the warning: "If you vote for us, you'll get exactly what we presented." Wigwam Village did not win, of course; that honor went to Louisville. But the Wigwam Village bid has lived on. A DSC business meeting rarely takes place without at least one write-in vote for Wigwam, and at one recent DSC, two-fifths of the votes cast were for the concrete teepees. Years later, Jane & Scott Dennis even printed bid T-shirts, which can still be seen on occasion.

One thing fans should know is that the management of the Wigwam Village Motel knows absolutely nothing about any of this. If you were to ask them if that is the site of the famous Wigwam Village bid, you would probably be greeted with a puzzled look. However, if you are ever driving along I-65 or 31W through central Kentucky, it might be worth your time to stop off at Wigwam Village, browse the gift shop, buy a souvenir, and think about what might have been. Just don't tell them why you're there.

#### More KY clubs and conventions:

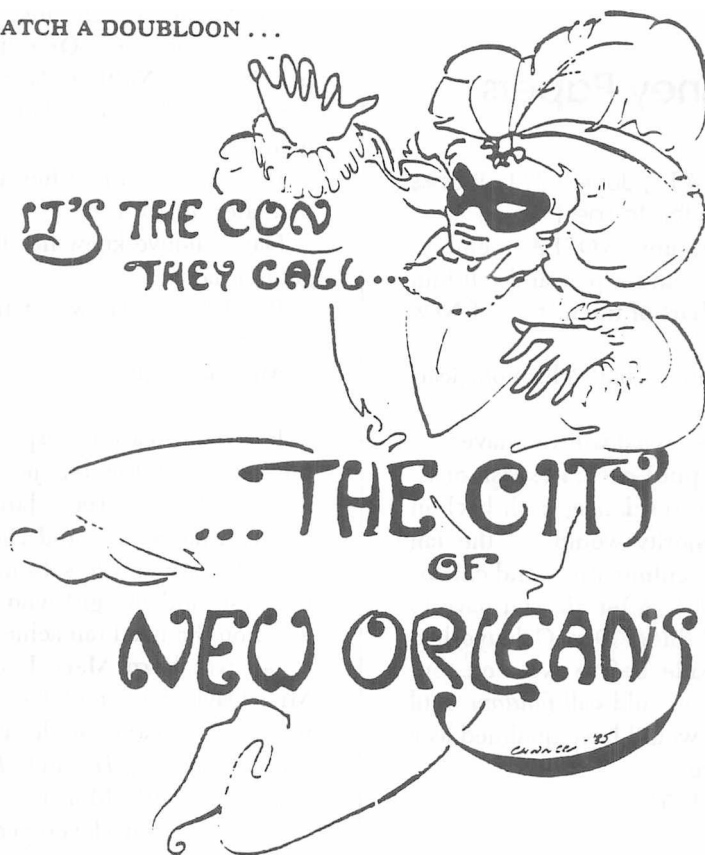
Bowling Green: Fal'Con '97 (October 17-19 '97), Ramada Inn, Bowling Green, KY. Guests; Larry Elmore, Gary Robe. Membership: \$10 until 9/15, \$15 at the door. Info: United Gamer's Association, P.O. Box 767, Bowling Green, KY 42102-0767.

Florence: Old Time Radio Club of Cincinnati, 10280 Gunpowder RD, Florence, KY 41042. Monthly meetings and Newsletter: Old Time Radio Digest. Contact: Bob Burchett.

Louisville: Falls of Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (FOSFA), P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281. Monthly meetings. Dues: \$18 annually. Subscription to Fosfax \$12 annually. Officers: President Elizabeth Garriott, Vice President Lisa Thomas, Secretary Joseph Major, Treasurer Timothy Lane. [For more information, see Part IV, Fosfax.]

Louisville: Burroughs Bibliophiles, University of Louisville Library, Louisville, KY 40292. Edgar Rice, not William S., Burroughs. Newsletters Burroughs Bulletin and The Gridley Wave. Contact: George T. McWhorter.

CATCH A DOUBLOON ...



# LOUISIANA

## New Orleans

There's lots of fanac happening in the Big Easy and there has been since the beginning of fandom. Lester Boutillier published a fanzine several years ago that went over most of the history, but I can't lay my hands on the thing. For some basic background, I've reprinted a few selections from SFC Bulletins. Lee Hoffman graciously gave permission to reprint some of her recollections (and Tucker's) on the Nolacon in 1951—look for this in Part IV, Misc. Silly Stuff. "The Sadler-Penney Papers" by Don Walsh gets us up to 1971. Post-Worldcon burnout led the old guard after 1988 to rein in their hyperactivity. Guy H. Lillian III earned his law degree and most of his fanac has been confined (!) to producing the excellent genzine Challenger [see Part IV], and his hyperactive apac, including a two-year stint as SFPA OE. The magnificent Dennis Dolbear has been involved to a greater or lesser degree in everything going in NOLA, and is known for his hospitality to visiting fen. John Guidry pops up at the occasional convention, and Justin Winston and Annie Hebert continue to throw excellent parties every now and then. Convention activity in the late 1980s and 1990s has centered around Tom Hanlon and the large, multi-focus convention NOSFFF (he also chaired a World Fantasy Convention).

## The Sadler-Penney Papers

*Don Walsh, Jr.*

[First printed in Nolazine #11, June 1971. Thanks to Tom Feller for sending this to me.]

Pick a NOSFA member, any NOSFA member. Give him a piece of paper and a pen and tell him to draw a chronological chart of the history of New Orleans fandom.

Okay, so *explain* to him what "chronological" means.

Now, when he's finished, what will you have?

The more astute might put Lovecraft's visit or E. Hoffman Price's period of residence, both back in the thirties. The vast majority would list the fan career of Harry B. Moore, culminating (and climaxing) at the Nolacon in 1951. After all, you have to start with some *recorded* thing. Dan Galouye had been fan for over a decade before Nolacon, but wasn't part of what anyone could call *fandom* until then. And by the time he would have qualified as a Faan, he was already a Pro.

So, a big juicy entry in 1951.

What's next?

Uh, let's see...welll.....

Something like 1964 or '65?

That's what most NOSFans would have to put, for sheer ignorance of anything occurring in the interim.

At least, it was that way till I discovered the Sadler-Penney Papers.

No, I'm not Richard Shaver.

Jan Penney, nee Sadler, was from 1956 to 1961 the most active fan in Louisiana. She edited four issues of a successful fnz called SLANder which made top national trading lists, was the nucleus of a small but active fan group at Tulane University, was a friend of both Rosel G. Brown and Daniel F. Galouye, the two writers occupying the city at the time, and was in touch with all the very diverse and disassociated Louisiana fans of the day—Emile Greenleaf, now in Denver; Charles Bush, now in Japan; Harry Moore now in hiding in Argentina; and the nameless remnants of Moore's group which dated from Nolacon. She was a friend of Harlan Ellison and Ron Ellik, and correspondent of Bob Tucker, Dick Plotz and Larry Shaw.

She had attended two regional conventions, Agacon '55 and Metrocon '56, before Pat Adkins had read *Tarzan of the Apes*.

So why had 99% of NOSFA never heard of her?

Let's answer that indirectly, by listing the ones who had heard of her.

Pat Adkins was the instrument of my introduction to her in 1968. Or rather, my introduction to Jan *Samuels*. Neither Pat nor I knew anything of her fan background then, and we wouldn't for months.

Rick Norwood met her at Consolacon (more on that later) in 1961.

Dan Galouye knew her from the fifties, but forgot her name.

Rosel Brown knew her from the fifties, but forgot her name.

And that is all.

For some reason, despite the presence of all of the pieces of the big jigsaw, no one assembled them till I did in 1969. Jan Samuels was Jan Penney, and Jan Sadler, and Dan's nameless femmefan from the past and Rosel's nameless femmefan from the past, and the girl who once patted Rick Norwood on the head (an achievement).

Jan was born Mary Janice Sadler to Mr. and Mrs. David Sadler of Jackson, MS. Her entrance into fandom came at the age of eleven when she started reading *IF* and *Thrilling Wonder*, and joined the Little Monsters of America. As all parents know, what eleven-year-old girl wouldn't feel

at home in the Little Monsters of America as nowhere else?

LMA sent her fanzines, which she perused in astonishment/bewilderment/confusion. Then one day, a copy of Tucker's *SF Newsletter* with a full con report on Nolacon.

She was hooked.

In the next few years Jan developed into a slightly myopic but nevertheless attractive femme-fan. By the time 1955 rolled around she was twelve months into a correspondence with 21-year-old Harlan Ellison, and also swapping letters with Ron Ellik (as aforementioned), and Nebraska fan Tom Perry, and others. Through Ellik she was put in touch with Wayne Strickland, a former LASFS [*Los Angeles SF Society*] type whose family had moved to an air base near N.O., which is reasonably close to Jackson. In April 1955, she, Strickland, and her father David Sadler attended what was her first SF convention, the first annual Southeastern Science Fiction Conference, Agacon, at the Dinkler-Plaza, Atlanta, GA. David Sadler was to be guest of honor, it turned out, being pressed into service on the event of Doc Ford's falling off a pogo stick and breaking a leg. Chairman of the Agacon was ASFO President Ian T. Macauley, and Jerry Burge was art director. Leading fans present included Frank Dietz, now of LUNA, who was chasing an imported Birmingham actress named Vieve Masterson; Charles Wells; Bob Madle, who successfully bid on the next convention site for Charlotte, NC; and Russell Watkins. Harlan the E., who was supposed to descend on the Agacon with a horde of bloodthirsty Clevelanders, failed to show. Attendance was low, despite a precon registration of 200.

(As an aside, what ever happened to the Southeasterncons? Was there one in Charlotte in '56?....)

...and why does ASFO2 seem to be ignorant of Atlanta's fanhistory? Jerry Burge, for one, was present at the '55 Agacon: so why wasn't the DSC VIII called Agacon II? Glenn Brock, you're so Brock.)

In December 1955 Jan married David E. Penney, a fan and grad student at Tulane in mathematics. The newlyweds moved to N.O. Jan had already published the first issue of SLANder under her maiden name; SLANder II wasn't forthcoming until a year later. It carried an Ellison article (*by* HE, not *about* HE, as contemporary fans would naturally assume), as well as a postcard from Robert Bloch proposing a Nolacon II...this in 1957. The third issue appeared in 1958 and the fourth in 1960.

It was during her years as a Tulane faculty wife that Jan encountered Rosel Brown...still a fan when they first met. Rosel's first sales, to H.L.

Gold and to *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, came soon after. Besides the Penney's circle of fan-friends at Tulane, eventually Jan met Greenleaf, Dan Gailouye and Charles Bush. In 1961 Jan Penney and Emile Greenleaf hosted the Consolacon, a LASFS-style consolation convention for those too impoverished to make the Worldcon. GoH was Dan Gailouye, who was up for the Hugo that year for *Dark Universe*. And among the attendees was Rick Norwood, now president of NOSFA.

Jan was doomed to gaffiate not long after the Consolacon, and so remained until partially revived by Pat Adkins and myself in '68. She is presently in exile in California[....]

[Reprinted from the 1980 SFC Bulletin]

The New Orleans SF Association has a long and interesting history. Don Markstein, noted ex-N.O. fan, supplied some historical info: He notes that there was interest in another N.O. worldcon [*after the 1951 Nolacon*] as early as 1962. Fans had been forming their own circle of friends "but it was John Guidry who had the idea that we should all form a club and actively pursue the goal of a worldcon, which we did. On June 25, 1967 NOSFA met for the first time in Guidry's house." Charter members were Guidry, Doug Wirth, Don Walsh, Justin Winston, Rick Norwood and Markstein. The first person to join NOSFA was Bill Bruce who missed the first meeting but was at the second. Because of his job Pat Adkins did not make a meeting until the club had been going 6 months.

"The first person actually recruited into fandom (if recruited is the right word for someone who was a fan already but didn't know it until he entered the club) was Craig Shukas who in turn brought in Pete Bezbak and Joel Penton.

"In August 1967 Guidry, Norwood, Bruce and I put out the first issue of Nolazine [*about which see below*—TKFW]—which was several firsts: my own first zine, the first pub of NOSFA and the first publication of the fact that New Orleans was bidding for the 1973 worldcon. That bid was pursued until 1970 when it was learned that the Shriners had booked every hotel in town for their won convention on Labor Day weekend 1973.

"I put out the first issue of Nosfan in April of 1969 and remained editor for several issues... A list of NOSFA presidents may be useful. For the whole first year of its organization NOSFA got along without any officers, rules, dues or business meetings. Issues of Nolazine were paid for by passing

the hat (the first five were published this way). At the July 1968 meeting we decided that we needed officers for reasons I somehow fail to recall. We asked around to see if anybody would volunteer to be president and nobody did until Walsh spoke up. Since then presidents have been Dany Frolich ('69-'70), Rick Norwood ('70-'71), Mary Frolich ('71-'72), Lynne Norwood ('72-'73), Jim Mule (part of '73), and myself (10/'73-7/'74)." Subsequently Jim Mule, Dean Sweatman, Ron Juge, Richard Majeste and Wally Wallesverd have been in office.

Nosfan, the monthly newsletter, has had a succession of editors but has become reasonably stable during the last couple of year under Marilyn Alm. [...] The club fanzine, Nolazine, is much more erratic and is reportedly editorless. Meetings are usually held in the homes of various members.

During the days when ST fans seemed to be dominating the club, the charter members congregated at the home of one Faruk von Turk and taking the desert motif as symbol called themselves the Sons of the Sand.... The following account is proffered by Dennis Dolbear: "The Sons of the Sand (and the affiliated Daughters of the Desert) is actually the parent group for a number of affiliated organizations such as the Cubist Poetry Society, the Damon Runyon Society of N.O., the Uptown Meerscham Collectors, and the N.O. Double Contra Basso Jug Band, to name but a few. The only requirement for joining either the parent or subsidiary societies is that the applicant be of gentle (i.e. noble) birth. Validity of pedigree will be decided by the Admissions Committee. (Note: ersatz SCA titles are, of course, not acceptable.) The Caliph (or leader) of the organization is the member with the most distinguished ancestry. This post is presently held by Faruk von Turk, who has authenticated his lineage to Charlemagne and Charles Martel. The post is also claimed by Donald Walsh, Jr., who has adduced some evidence that he is descended from the Roman emperor Caligula. The Committee has not fully accepted his claim, although if validated it would of course pre-empt von Turk's. Inquiries may be directed to Dennis Dolbear." Their motto is supposedly *Cum Grano Salis*: it really is *Printed in Carrollton, seen throughout the world*.



## Nolazine: A Retrospective

Tom Feller

[Reprinted from SFC Bulletin Vol 6, #1.]

When I was at the New Orleans Science Fiction and Fantasy Festival, Dean Sweatman gave me some fanzines that he found during his cleaning out after the recent flooding. The most interesting ones dated from 1970-71. They were issues 10-12 of Nolazine. This was a publication of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association. Rick Norwood edited issues 10 and 11, Patrick Adkins 12.

Norwood's editorial in #10 concerned the aborted New Orleans in 1973 Worldcon bid. Shortly after St. Louiscon in 1969, they lost their convention hotel, the Roosevelt. Then the Shriners chose New Orleans for their annual convention on Labor Day weekend in 1973 and booked up the entire city. Norwood also describes the bad blood between the NO bid and the Dallas bid, accusing the Dallas bid of insinuating that a New Orleans Worldcon would discriminate against Blacks. Among Norwood statements, he says, "The Worldcon is a dinosaur; to survive it must evolve to meet new conditions." Something like this has been said many times in the last 25 years.

A consistent theme in the 3 zines is support for the space program. #10 has an article entitled "Memoirs of an Armchair Astronaut (active)" by Donald Markstein. Markstein describes his fascination with the old Captain Video TV program, then goes to the early space launches, including Sputnik. He concludes with predictions about the future of the space program.

"A dozen years from now [1970], there must be permanent Earth-orbiting space stations, permanent Moon-orbiting stations, and permanent bases on the Moon. These are coming. By the end of this decade, NASA envisions over 300 launches a year—almost one a day. ... Twenty-five years from now...there will be commercial flights to the Moon."

Norwood's editorial in #11 mentions attending the Apollo 14 liftoff. #12 includes a Poul Anderson article on the space program in which he equates the future of the program with the fate of Western Civilization.

Fiction formed a large part of the zines. #10 featured "So! You Want to be a SF Artist!" by Jack Gaughan and "The Return of the Pooh" by Norwood. In Norwood's story, Christopher Robbins and his friends decide to hold a convention. #11 included "Once Upon a Time" by Dany Frolich, an anti-war fantasy. Pat Adkins published portions of *The Night Falls*, described as a "realistic novel of witchcraft in feudal England," in issues 10 and 11.

There was also some sercon, mostly by Guy Lilian. #10 included his article on the 1968 Hugo Award winners. He contrasts the novel and short story winners, *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner and "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World" by Harlan Ellison, respectively, with "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg and "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson, the novella and novelette winners. #11 has Guy's article on Harlan Ellison's non-fiction in which he contrasts *Memos from Purgatory* and *The Glass Teat*. #12 features an account of his visit to the home of Poul Anderson in Orinda, California, and Anderson's bringing Guy to a meeting of Little Men. There were also some short book reviews in 10 and 11.

Fan history is not neglected. #11 had an article by Don Walsh on Jan Penney, nee Jan Sadler, a NO (and Jackson, MS!) fan active from about 1956 to 1961. She edited a zine called *SLANder* and co-hosted Consolacon in 1961. #12 included a short history by Norwood of the first eight DeepSouth-Cons. He traces it from its humble beginning at Al Andrews' house in Huntsville to #8, when the convention's attendance exceeded 100 for the first time.

The letter columns contained a mixture of pros and BNFs. Loccers included Poul Anderson, Ned Brooks, R.A. Lafferty, Robert Bloch, Harry Warner (of course), L. Sprague de Camp, and Justin Winston. Harry discourses on the problems of Worldcons. "The worldcon and hotels will not be compatible much longer," he writes. Again, something that has been said many times in the last 25 years.

#### More LA clubs and conventions:

Baton Rouge: Star One Delta, P.O. Box 45577, Baton Rouge, LA 70895. Meets the third Sunday of every month at the Mr. Gatti's Pizza on the corner of Essen and Perkins. Dues: \$15 annually, \$7.50 per additional member in the same household. Star Trek and other media. Newsletter. Officers: President Karen D. Morton, Vice President Jeff Tircuit, Treasurer Johnnie Johnston, Secretary Sue Smith, Newsletter: Editor Michael Scott.

Metairie: Crescent City Con XII (August 1-3 '97), Best Western Landmark Hotel, Metairie, LA. Guests: P.N. Elrod, Nigel Bennett, Dean Sweatman, George Alec Effinger, Barbara Hambly. Membership: TBA. Info: P.O. Box 52622, New Orleans, LA 70150-2622. 504-888-9500. E-mail: cccno@aol.com. <http://www.fatsnake.com/ccs>.

New Orleans: Babylon 504 3608 Victoria Street, New Orleans, LA 70126. Meetings on the 1st

Tuesday of each month at the home of Gus and Monica Mickel. Contact: Rebecca Smith-Correll.

New Orleans: Ista Wehr 2911 Eton Street, New Orleans, LA 70131. Anne McCaffrey fandom with emphasis on Pern.

New Orleans: Krewe of the Enterprise (KOTE), 4101 Norman Mayer Ave. #75, New Orleans, LA 70122. Star Trek. Newsletter: From the Krewe's Quarters. Contact: Keith L. Rombach.

## MISSISSIPPI

### BILOXI

### Coastcon: The Brief History

*Robert Neagle*

[Reprinted from the 1997 Coastcon program book. Thanks to Tom Feller for bringing it to my attention.]

Begun in 1977 as a project for the Gulf Coast Science Fiction Association, CoastCon became the first major [local] convention. The convention was not the norm for fan run conventions. It had an elected Board of Directors and had no real "emphasis." Instead of all gaming, all media, or all writers, CoastCon attempted to embrace all of those aspects of fandom. Also, by having an "all elected" Board, CoastCon was able to grow and change as fannish interests changed. Early convention presidents such as William Murphy, Michael Scott, Niels Erickson, and Michael Bledsoe worked very hard to bring a Fannish type convention to the Coast. The late seventies were a great time for CoastCon. Such guests as Jo Clayton, C.J. Cherryh, Richard and Wendy Pini, Joe Haldeman, and George Effinger proved that CoastCon was the best way to spend three days.

The eighties brought great change and growth to CoastCon. First, CoastCon moved to the Royal D'Iberville Hotel. This provided more space and a new set of problems. Despite growing pains during those years, convention leaders [were] Michael Scott, Jerry Patton, Dick Fickes, and William Johnson [...]. During this time, CoastCon saw guests such as the Pinis, Robert Adams, Alan Dean Foster and Steve Jackson. With people like this, CoastCon was growing in leaps and bounds, but by the mid-eighties CoastCon had already outgrown the Royal D', the then-largest convention hotel in the region. The time had come for another growth decision.

With loud drums and whistles, convention Chairperson Diane Johnson led CoastCon into

what was to become its current home, the Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum and Convention Center. The move was considered very controversial at the time, but proved to allow CoastCon growth patterns that hallmark its first ten years. Subsequent convention chairpersons such as Curtis Scott, a.j. Brockway, Clayton Bain and Frank Schiavo continued the traditions of growth and excellence. Guests from this time period include Orson Scott Card, L. Sprague de Camp, Janny Wurts, Don Maitz, Nancy Collins, Walter and Louise Simonson, Terry Brooks, Ben Bova, and R.A. Salvatore.

CoastCon was doing more than that during all that time, however. CoastCon is a literary society after all, and part of a community of caring individuals. CoastCon was doing its best to make the future brighter through its charity and nonprofit work. Local charities such as the Battered Women's Shelter, Special Olympics, Shriner's Burn Hospital, United Way, and the South Mississippi AIDS Task Force, all were helped by CoastCon. [...]

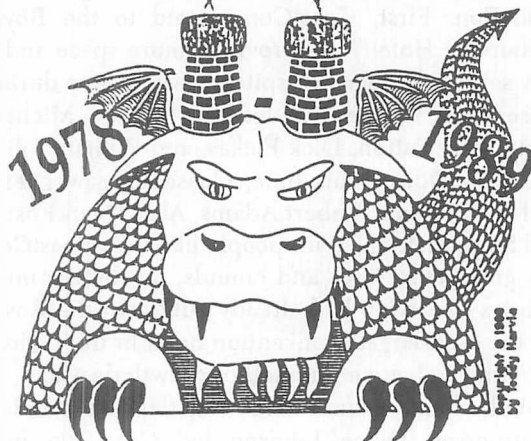
What about today? CoastCon's current chairman, Robert Neagle, is leading that way as well, bringing in some of the best in guests, the best staff, and the first genie, seen-him-on-TV star in CoastCon history, as well as a whooping FOUR-day Twentieth celebration to the Coast. With traditions like these still going on, and even more space in the Coliseum to behold, the growing for the next twenty years is assured....

Info: CoastCon 19, Box 1423, Biloxi, MS 39522-1423. 601-347-0001.

JACKSON

Chimneyville

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY



## The Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society

*Ruth Shields and Tom Feller*

In 1978, Faith Vedder arrived in Jackson, MS. She began a nearly fruitless search for people who shared her interest in science fiction and fantasy. Faith searched for clubs or literary societies and concluded that if there was to be organized SF fandom in Jackson, she would have to start it. She called radio stations and put up posters. On August 12, eighteen interested people met in Faith's apartment near the Millsaps campus and the Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society (CFSFS) was born. Faith chose the name, based on the post-Civil War nickname for the city that had suffered repeated burnings by Union troops.

The second meeting was held at the clubhouse in Livingston Park next to the Jackson zoo, and 24 people attended. In 1979, we continued to meet monthly, most often at the Livingston Park clubhouse but also at members' homes. Unfortunately, the park charged a fee for use of the space, so we eventually stopped using the convenient facilities.

In 1980, we began 13 years of twice-monthly meetings. For the first several years, meetings were held almost alternately at the South Hills Library or in homes. In later years, most meetings were at residences, with occasional semi-public functions held in apartment clubhouses (such as Somerset Apartments). Meetings were varied. There were parties (especially Halloween), gaming sessions, book discussions, movie viewings, and other functions. A spaghetti or chili cook-off was held annually in January.

For most of its existence, CFSFS had 10-15 active members. In 1980, Faith left CFSFS to become active in the newborn local SCA shire, but the club was on its feet by then and survived the loss of its founder.

In early 1979, many of the members attended the second CoastCon. CFSFS sponsored the CoastCon Masquerade Party that year and the next. In 1981, we shared a cabin at Percy Quin State Park with members of the Baton Rouge Science Fiction League and later in the year attended their Halloween party. Several members regularly attended conventions in the South. With our distinctive club T-shirts, we became somewhat notorious among Southern Fandom.

One regular activity through the years was publishing Smart-Ash. The club put out 55 issues over 15 years plus a one-shot called Hippogriff. In the mid-Eighties, the club incorporated as a non-profit organization and put on three conventions in three

years: two one-day ChimneyCons and a two-day gaming convention. The guest of honor at both ChimneyCons was George Alec Effinger. In 1990, the club sponsored a day of public appearances in Jackson for George.

Attrition lowered the active club membership to precarious levels until 1993, when a divorce split the membership. Then, the remaining members decided to stop collecting dues and cease publishing *Smart-Ash*. However, we still meet regularly to socialize. In 1995, Tom Feller reactivated the CFSFS corporation to hold a DeepSouthCon, to be called ChimneyCon 3. It remains to be seen whether this revives organized Jackson fandom.

The Chimneyville Fantasy and Science Fiction Society, Box 13626, Jackson, MS 39236. Irregular meetings and no dues. Officers: President William Pigott, Recording Secretary Ruth Shields, Corresponding Secretary Tom Feller, Treasurer Rickey Shields.



#### More MS club and convention listings:

Biloxi: IC-Con '97 (October 4 '97), Treasure Bay Casino Hotel, Biloxi, MS. Guests: Mitch Byrd, Steve Scott, Thomas Florimonte, Barry Gregory, Jennifer Gregory. Membership: \$10 to ?, \$15 at the door. Info: SotMESC, Box 573, Long Beach, MS 39560. E-mail: [ic-con@sotmesc.org](mailto:ic-con@sotmesc.org). Website: <http://www.sotmesc.org/ic-con>.

Jackson: The Neutral Zone Bar & Grill, 1518 Dianne Drive, Jackson, MS 39204-5115. Star Trek club. Occasional parties. Officer: Chief Bouncer Carole Miles.

## NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina is another of those states whose fandom I know nothing about. From Curt Phillips I know that Lynn Hickman moved to Statesville, NC from the Midwest in the early 1950s and started an important early club—The Little Monsters of America. TMLA published an important zine of the period including early Nolacon accounts, and discovered Wilkie Conner to fandom.

Curt also tells me that last year there was to be a Pulpcon in Asheville, NC. "Pulpcon is like the worldcon of pulp fiction. Thousands and thousands of pulps being traded and sold, old time pulp writers in attendance (guests in NC were Nelson Bond, mystery writer Talmadge Powell and western writer Hascal Giles), old time auctions of rare old books and pulps, and a recreation of an old-time radio broadcast with the convention guests and attendees as actors."

Guy Lillian, in his SFC Bulletin of June 1984, lists activity in Charlotte with a club producing a "beautiful genzine" called *Overwhelm*, another club in Asheville, a club at UNC-Chapel Hill that put on Stellarcon—which still seems to be going, although not in Chapel Hill anymore, see below—and mentions Edwin L. Murray, of the Carolina Fan Federation, who "once ran a series of superb mini-cons from his home" in Durham, but who seems to have gafiated. Meade's 1980 Handbook doesn't have much to say either, just mentions of clubs in Charlotte (Starcore), Greensboro (a college club), and a defunct club in Raleigh (The Nameless Order of R'lyeh).

Fanzine fans Arthur Hlavaty and Bernadette Bosky used to live in the Chapel Hill area of NC, but moved to New York in the early '90s. To find fan activity in the Chapel Hill area, I would check out the SF bookstore Second Foundation.

High Point: StellarCon 20 (March 22-24 '96), Holiday Inn-Market Square, High Point, NC. Membership: \$15 to ?? Info: StellarCon 20, Box 4 EUC-UNCG, Greensboro, NC 27412.

Charlotte: Magnum Opus Con 10A (15-18 February '96), Adam's Mark Hotel, Charlotte, NC. Free to MOC members; \$50 otherwise. Info: MOC-10A, P. O. Box 6585, Athens, GA 30604. E-mail: [moc@ix.netcom.com](mailto:moc@ix.netcom.com).

Charlotte: WAR 96 (15-18 February '96), Adam's Mark Hotel, Charlotte, NC. Info: Nat'l Association for Pro Gamers, Box 6586, Athens, GA 30604. E-mail: [moc@Ix.netcom.com](mailto:moc@Ix.netcom.com).

Charlotte: Roc of Ages '96 (May 10-12 '96), Sheraton Airport Plaza, Charlotte, NC. Guests: James Doohan, Gunnar Hansen, Doug Bradley, Barbra Leigh, Allan Handelman, Neil St. Crosse, Steve Jackson, Christian, Inge Heyer. Membership: \$15 to 3/1/96, then \$25. Info: ROC of AGE's, c/o Goth, 105 Honeywood Ct., Kissimmee, FL 34743. 407-344-3010.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### Magnum Opus Con

*Sharon Rice*

In 1989, Greenville, South Carolina, suffered a shock to the system when Magnum Opus Convention Four moved across the state line from Georgia, exposing this medium-sized southern city to the likes of Marion Zimmer Bradley, Roger Zelazny, Brion James, and George Takei. Located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains (and the buckle of the Bible Belt), Greenville wasn't quite certain what to make of the...peculiar individuals who had arrived on its doorstep. Bemused mundanes could be seen craning their necks outside the Regency Hyatt as barbarian berserkers, Klingons, faerie princesses, and God-knows-what meandered down the sidewalks of Main Street while real, honest-to-God picketers turned up outside the front door.

Over the next five years, Greenville learned to cope with, and actually look forward to, the annual invasion of those "strange people." People like Lois Bujold, Robert Jordan, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Nichelle Nichols, Bruce Campbell, David Weber, C. J. Cherryh, Melanie Rawn, Ben Bova, Holly Lisle, Jane Lindskold, Rowena, Steven Brust, Timothy Zahn, S. N. Lewitt, Lawrence Watt-Evans, and Gunnar Hansen became both accepted and welcome visitors.

From the perspective of southeastern fandom, MOC, as the only South Carolina con, became a single oasis of light, glowing against the state's unrelieved darkness. Filking, dealers' rooms, (a few) art shows, gaming, writers panels, staged combat demonstrations, masquerades, japanimation, live action role-playing, dances, "bimbo contests" (non-sexist; you could be a male bimbo, too) . . . Where else was a poor Southern fan to find such essentials of modern civilization? Where else to participate in deep and meaningful debates on fission versus fusion power in interstellar vessels or "How Many Ways *Can* a Klingon Style His Hair?" What other organization could bring the Mighty Rassilon Players to Greenville?

Which is not to say that MOC was *perfect*, of course. Like many cons, MOC's personality has evolved over the years, and, to some of its earlier supporters, it seemed to lose its way to some extent during its latter years in Greenville. After about 1992, the con began developing a reputation as a "party hard" con (with emphasis on the "party"), but in 1995, with its return to Georgia (at Calloway Gardens), its organizers made a deliberate effort to reclaim its earlier primary focus on its guests and fan interests.

MOC 10, which was dedicated to the memory of Roger Zelazny (a two-time MOC guest who had been scheduled as writer guest of honor for this con), was a considerably more "laid back" experience. The guest list included old friends like Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Yvonne Craig, and Gunnar Hansen alongside such new faces as Sharon Green, Chris Potter, and Bruce Boxleitner. While the country resort atmosphere of Calloway Gardens was quite a change, those in attendance quickly adapted and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

MOC's departure has returned Greenville to the dimly lit fringes of fandom, but having been once exposed, local fans are not totally distraught. With Charlotte, North Carolina, to the north, Chattanooga to the west, and Atlanta to the south, they can usually find sufficient cons to satisfy their addictive cravings. And for those who prefer to deal with old, established firms, MOC is still in action...and still evolving. One of the highlights of MOC 10 really *was* the softball game between the celebrities and the fans (even if the umpiring was the teeny-tiniest little bit prejudiced in the former's favor).

## FanFaire

*Ray Foldhazi*

Fanfaire is [*was*] going to be a multi-media fandom convention, dedicated to bringing together all aspects and elements of fans of the fantastic, be they Trekkers, role-players, wargamers, SCAdians (medieval re-creationists), collectors of memorabilia, movie buffs, avid readers, filkers (aficionados of original fannish music), model builders, investigators of the unknown, science nerds—the list goes on and on. Our convention, Fanfaire, is intended to be a general forum for these people to come together and share their interests and activities, to interact with others of like mind, and to learn from those whose interests are different from but parallel to their own. [...]

Fanfaire got its start when we learned that the only other convention in Greenville was leaving town. Fairfaire 1994 was a small event which, while

not financially successful, was at least well-received by our 250 some-odd members. That event left a sizable financial burden, however, which cast some doubt on whether or not there would be a Fanfaire in 1995. Fortunately, we were able to turn around the debt in short order, but emphasis on fund-raising left us less time than we ought to have had to promote Fanfaire 1995. That, in turn, led to lower than expected attendance figures, which, coupled with the increased expenses of a bigger site, left us with an even bigger debt. This time, though, we are going ahead with Fanfaire despite the current debt, instead planning our budget more prudently.

Fanfaire is being run as a not-for-profit event, with any net revenues (we should hope!) to be rolled over into the next event. The organizers are doing this as a labor of love, not to line our pockets. [...] For more information, please write to: Fanfaire Productions, PO Box 1801, Greenville, SC, 29602-1801. Fanfaire: Fare for the fans that's fair to the fans!

#### Other SC clubs and conventions:

Columbia: Starzone, PO Box 2672 W, Columbia, SC 29171. Star Trek, Dr. Who, gaming and filking. Monthly meetings and newsletter, Starzone. Contact: Geoff Wingard.

## TENNESSEE

### CHATTANOOGA

#### "Papa" Irvin Helps Chattacon Baby Walk Nancy Tabor

[Excerpted from the Chattacon 7 program book, 1982.]

In January 1976 Irvin Koch gave birth to his infant, Chattacon. (Tola Varnell began referring to Chattacon as Irvin's baby.) In 1971 Irvin ran a convention in Knoxville called Gnomoclave while he was attending UTK. He hoped to create a rotating event similar to DeepSouthCon. The Upper-SouthClave lasted three years, but the third con grew into Kubla Khan, an annual Nashville organized con. [See also *Concave*.]

Pleased with his success in running Gnomoclave and beginning Kubla Khan, Irvin decided to begin a con in Chattanooga, his hometown. Irvin ran the first Chattacon while living in Owensboro, KY. This commuting between his job and Chattanooga started a precedent. Chattacon is in its seventh

consecutive year, and for the seventh consecutive year Irvin has lived in another city.

Irvin assured, "There are no problems running a con out of town. I made arrangements through the mail and on weekends."

Chattacon I was what Irvin described as a relaxacon. With his black eyebrows Irvin underlined his words. "There was no programming. No nothing, just a bathtub, huckster room, art show, and films. The con suite was the 'big thing.'" The only real programming was the banquet in a roped-off section of the East Ridge Sheraton dining room. The fan guest of honor was Cliff Amos, a southern SF pusher. Irvin said, "Cliff said a couple of mumbley words for the banquet speech and that was that."

Chattacon I drew 81 guests and Irvin lost \$365.00. "That's good because I had planned to lose \$500.00. Losing money was all right because if it was a continuing thing, I would get it back."

Chattacon I had humble beginnings, but Chattacon II was a little inauspicious, too. "We had a problem getting a hotel, we were either too big or too small. We finally got the Admiral Benbow Inn. It was perfect except we had to go outside to go from room to room. We had 113 guests, more than we had planned. Because of a developing blizzard, we had few out-of-town guests. There were Trekkies running all over."

There were weather and hotel problems but Irvin grinned. "I made back \$260.00. And I had a lot of fun."

In 1978 Chattacon had grown from a relaxacon to a big convention with an embryo of the concom [*Per Irv, from the embryo of an unsuccessful DSC bid headed by the Lynchi—TKFW*]. He said, "We were big enough to use the Sheraton Downtown. Our guest-of-honor was A.E. van Vogt, author of *Slan*. We thought II would double in size but it tripled in size." Irvin smiled so broadly that his black eyes narrowed to slits. "I made my original \$365.00 back. With the rest I printed a fanzine, threw a con party, and turned back in \$119.00 to the future Chattacon IV."

Before Chattacon III, Irvin's job had taken him to Atlanta. The time for single-handedly running a three-day con through the mail and commuting on weekends came to an end. Irvin shrugged. "It used to be fun. Still is, but I get hassled, too." On the last day of Chattacon III, Irvin called a meeting for anyone already working on the con and all those interested in continuing the work. From the nucleus of workers on Chattacon III, Irvin created The Chattacon Convention Committee for posterity. The 16 board members form the Chattanooga Science Fiction Convention Trust, Ltd. [*The structure has since changed; see below.—TKFW*]

## A Tabular History of Chaffacon

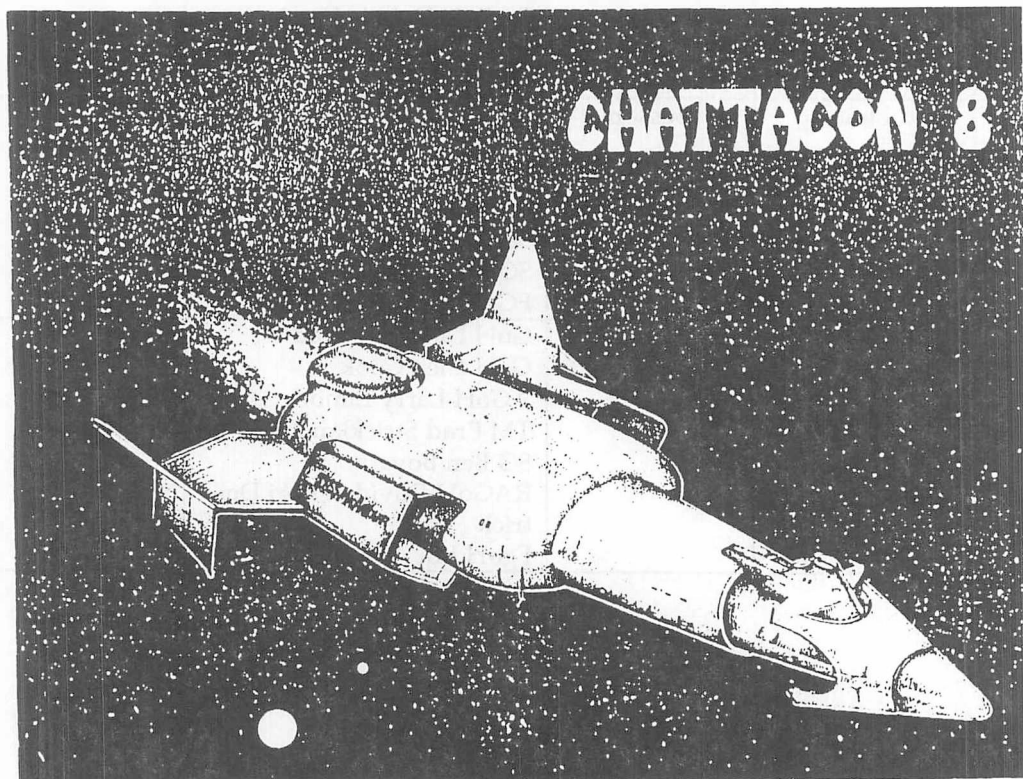
Number & Year	Location	Chairman	Guests	Attendance
I – 1976	Sheraton – East Ridge	Irv Koch	FGoH Cliff Amos TM Meade Frierson III	80
II – 1977	Admiral Benbow Inn	Irv Koch	"Everyone is FGoH"	113
III – 1978	Sheraton – Downtown	Irv Koch	TM Perry Chapdelaine GoH A.E. van Vogt	300
IV – 1979	Sheraton – Downtown	Irv Koch	GoH Alan Dean Foster MC Cliff Amos TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG Jack Chalker	438
V – 1980	Sheraton – Downtown	Dick Lynch	GoH Joan Vinge MC Wilson "Bob" Tucker	472
VI – 1981	Sheraton – Downtown	David Tabor	GoH Jack Chalker MC Forrest J Ackerman	500
VII – 1982	Read House	Tim Bolgeo	GoH Larry Niven TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG Sharon Webb SG Robert Adams	620
VIII – 1983	Read House	Tim Bolgeo	GoH Jerry Pournelle AGoH Doug Chaffee TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG John Steakley FGoH Jerry Page	700
IX – 1984	Read House	Tim Bolgeo	GoH Robert Adams AGoH Linda Leach TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG Bob Asprin FGoH Jerry Page	814
X – 1985	Read House	Tim Bolgeo	GoH C.J. Cherryh AGoH David Cherry TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG Timothy Zahn FGoH Irvin Koch GoHE Robert Adams	937
XI – 1986	Read House	Tim Bolgeo	GoH James P. Hogan AGoH Michael Whelan TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG John Maddox Roberts FAGoH Danny Gill	977
XII – 1987	Holiday Inn/Trade Center	Robert Zielke	GoH Larry Niven GoH Christopher Stasheff AGoH David Cherry TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG Timothy Zahn FA GoH Beth Willinger FGoH Walt Baric	1027

## A Tabular History of Chattacon, con't.

Number & Year	Location	Chairman	Guests	Attendance
XIII— 1988	Holiday Inn/Trade Center	Robert Zielke	GoH Ron Goulart GoH Jack Chalker AGoH Frank Kelly Freas TM Charles L. Grant SG John Steakley FAGoH Kevin Ward FgoH Maurine Dorris	1087
XIV— 1989	Marriott/Trade Center	Leon Hendee	GoH Stephen Donaldson GoH Spider Robinson AGoH Real Musgrave TM Charles L. Grant FAGoH Bob Maurus FGoH Charlotte Proctor	1142
XV— 1990	Chattanooga Choo-Choo	Leon Hendee	GoH Robert Vardeman GoH Michale P. Kube- McDowell AGoH Danny Gill TM Wilson "Bob" Tucker SG David Cherry FAGoH Stan Bruns FGoH Dick & Nicki Lynch	1192
XVI— 1991	Read House	Robert Zielke	GoH Harry Harrison AGoH Don Maitz TM Charles Sheffield SG The Webb Clan FAGoH Mark Maxwell FAGoH Debbie Hughes FGoH Khen Moore FgoH Saddam Hussein	1207
XVII— 1992	Read House	Lee Sessoms	GoH Leo Frankowski GoH Craig Shaw Gardner AGoH Barclay Shaw TM C.J. Cherryh SG Lawrence Watt-Evans SG Mercedes Lackey FGoH Samanda b Jeude	1192
XVIII— 1993	Read House	Lee Sessoms	GoH David Gerrold GoH Glen Cook AGoH Larry Elmore TM Brad Strickland SG Ben Bova RAGoH David & Lori Dei- trick FgoH Jim Arnold	1218

## A Tabular History of Chattacon, con't.

Number & Year	Location	Chairman	Guests	Attendance
XIX — 1994	Read House	Charlie Williams	GoH Terry Pratchett GoH Dean Ing AGoH Darrell K. Sweet TM Wendy Webb SG S.N. Lewitt RAGoH Timothy Wilson FgoH Jennifer Pieve	1292
XX — 1995	Read House	Charlie Williams	GoH Kim Stanley Robinson GoH Jane Yolen AGoH Jim Burns TM Charles L. Grant SG Matthew Costello RAGoH Alan Clark	1999
XXI — 1996	Read House		GoH Walter Jon Williams GoH Charles DeLint AGoH Keith Parkinson TM Charles L. Grant SG Steven Brust RAGoH Mark Poole	
XXII — 1997	Clarion Hotel		GoH Harry Turtledove AGoH Tom Kidd TM Charles L. Grant SG Esther Friesner FAGoH FgoH	



## Chattacon: A Brief But Irreverent History

Judy Thomas

Condensed by TKFW

In the beginning, there was Irv...

1976-1979 Irv Koch was chairman. Mike Rogers was treasurer at least part of the time. Irv, of course, controlled most everything and notes from these Dark Ages are blurry at best and non-existent at worst. [*But see above for a few more details, and anyway Irvin still has all the notes, he sent them to me....*—TKFW] During this period, other trustees of Chattacon probably included: Ronnie Shelton, Dick & Nicki Lynch (2-time Hugo Award winners and Rebel Award winners), Bill Hedrick, Rich Morehouse, David Tabor, Nancy Tabor, Julia Morgan Wilhoit, Janet Caruth, Tola Varnell, Tim Bolgeo, Norm Michal, Andre Barker-Bridget, and Ken Scott.

1981 Jack Chalker, the GoH at VI, found the banquet food so horrible that he feasted in the bus station instead. New trustees probably included Bill Zielke, Ken Cobb, Andy Purcell, Rich Morehouse, and Linda Bolgeo.

1982 Tim Bolgeo became chairman, a position he ably held for five years. Ken Cobb resigned and Andy Purcell, who had run the huxter room, also resigned. Elected to the board of trustees during the year were Stuart Lamb, David Martin, Bob Faircloth, and Bill Bridget.

1983 New faces on the board included Bob Barger, Mike Hoyes, Sandy Paris-Barger, Robert Zielke, John Trieber and Lee Miller.

1984 The Bridgets resigned this year, and Sandy (Parris) Barger resigned in December. Elected to the board were Robin Cuzzort, Ron Hogue, Jim Shepherd, Kirk Thompson and Becky Zielke. In December Eric Strotheide and James Tollett joined the organization. Tim, Robin, Jim and Kirk went everywhere promoting Chattacon and attendance jumped to 814.

1985 With Tim still at the helm, the board prepared to hold the most successful Chattacon ever. C.J. Cherryh was GoH and much discussion ensued whether the board should accede to her request for funds to bring her brother along. This was how we met David Cherry. Tracy Kelly joined Linda at registration and later became a Zielke.

1986 In the last year at the Read House for a while (they needed to renovate), Chattacon continued creeping towards 1000 attendees. The weapons policy was put in place in October 1985,

and has undergone few changes since. In March, the number of trustees went up to 17, the number still in effect today. Lesley Hugens (Gill, Moore) joined the board as head of program book in February and Leon Hendee came on board as well. In April Ann Robards was elected to help Eric in the art show and Zanny Leach was elected as treasurer. Both have held these positions ever since. Ken Cobb, a former trustee and traveling man, was elected in August. Ken would later chair Chattacon's disastrous DeepSouthCon, which was probably the reason he left fandom.

1987 Most of the year was spent bickering about this and that. In April, the Read House floored Chattacon by shutting us out of our contract. Everybody had an opinion about the direction Chattacon was going. Many trips were made to various hotels and convention facilities. Atlanta was gearing up for their Worldcon. Finally, the board decided on the Holiday Inn/Trade Center, where it was felt Chattacon had room to grow. True enough! Over 1000 fans attended that year, Larry Niven put a camcorder to sleep during his GoH speech, and security apprehended many young fans for spitting off the elevators. Tim carried the chairmanship through the Atlanta Worldcon, resigning in October. Previous to this year, when one was elected to the board, it was for life. Among the many stressful things that Chattacon did was bring its constitution in line with Tennessee law. This meant term limits of three years for every director. As the dust settled on that hot, fractious summer, Stuart Lamb, who had joined the Navy yet still retained his directorship, was allowed to resign. This left open positions on the board with only a few months until the convention. In October, Bill Zielke was elected to the board along with Mike Dillson, Helen Pieve, and Judy Bishop (Thomas). Kirk Thompson handled programming duties in a short amount of time and Chattacon adjusted to the new facilities along with the sticker shock on the prices charged by the government-owned Trade Center.

1988 In his second year as chairman, Robert Zielke steered Chattacon towards calmer waters. Having survived 1000 attendees with minimal breakdown, Chattacon prepared to forge on towards even more success. So delighted with Jack Chalker's temper at the Chattacon VI banquet, we invited him back to be GoH. He proceeded to delight us once more. Dick and Nicki Lynch ran a live fanzine of their Hugo Award-winning *Mimosa*, as they ably helped Bill Zielke with programming. In June of 1987, Darrell Zielke was elected to run gaming, bringing the number of Zielkes on the board of directors to 4 actual

Zielkes, 13 Zielke associates, and Becky. The convention attracted nearly 1300 people. Security successfully decided to augment their staff with people who had been security problems in the past, and Kelly Freas drew everybody's picture at the dead dog party.

1989 The unfinished business of an open position was taken care of by the election of Charlie Williams [aka "The Third Charlie Williams"] to the board. New directors Danny Gill and Courtland Smythe joined the board and Leon Hendee was elected chairman. Consuite was divided into three separate departments—first, second and third shifts—a short-lived arrangement.

1990 A big year. The Choo-Choo wooed Chattacon with big promises. One promise that didn't work was lovely weather. As chilly January winds whipped through the courtyard, people amused themselves by burning patterns in the carpeting of the hotel with cigarettes. Fan vandalism reached its peak this year, as all the money saved in function space went to offset the damages to the hotel. But, Chattacon would survive. After all, we had a DeepSouthCon coming up later in the year. Needless to say, after all the damage to the Choo-Choo (they also did not look too kindly on the skinny-dipping drunks in the outdoor Jacuzzis and fountains), Chattacon was, once again, without facilities. Surely something would turn up. With Lee Sessoms fielding hotel negotiations, Chattacon made contact with many hotels. But, there's no place like home, to use an oft-quoted Kansan expression, so Chattacon decided to return to the Read House.

1991 Robert was not only reelected to the board, he was also elected chairman. Filling Bill Zielke's vacated position, Dee Holtsclaw was elected to the board. One of our long-time directors, Bill Hedrick, was late to the election meeting and was not able to run because of constitutional rules. Also elected were Andrew Denson, a fixture of Chattacon for many years, and Danny Shannon, one of our former troublemakers, who became head of security. And Chattacon *dared* anyone to stand up to Danny. People evidently approved of the return to the Read House because over 1200 people packed into the hotel. Mark Maxwell boldly kept the bombs at bay on CNN by refusing to go to the bathroom. Khen Moore started the convention on Thursday night by passing out on the bed in operations, waking from the dead only to speak to Harry Harrison. Saddam Hussein was straw-poll voted unofficial FGoH as anxious eyes watched TV screens all weekend.

1992 Lee Sessoms was reelected and became chairman. Ambitiously, Chattacon invited

Mercedes Lackey and Leo Frankowski and scheduled their autograph sessions concurrently. The rest of the convention seemed deserted as thousands waited in line for signatures. Rabid fans! Leo Frankowski graciously offered his suite as crash space for anyone and Mercedes Lackey mentioned that Chattacon would make great fodder for MST3K (is this a compliment?). Craig Shaw Gardner delighted everyone, while Barclay Shaw made huge sales outside the art show. Once again, the Read House was packed to the brim.

1993 Another ambitious lineup of guests and the unveiling of the first Surprised FGoH awaited Chattacon this year. Glen Cook was a GoH and a dealer and has returned every year since. There was no war this year, but a near disaster occurred just prior to the convention when toastmaster Bard Strickland had a car wreck. Brad Linaweaver graciously offered to step in and was given co-toastmaster duties when Brad Strickland was able to make the convention after all. Larry Elmore was such a popular AGoH that he was not able to go out to dinner with Ann. David Gerrold was this year's rabid fan guest and everyone demanded the sequel. No one was more surprised than Chattacon at opening ceremonies with the Surprised FGoH not there. Jim Arnold was tracked down at his home where he was asleep about 10:30 PM, Friday night. When told of the honor bestowed upon him, he stated that he had to work and wasn't sure that he would even make it until Saturday evening. When told that he must give a speech and do other stuff, he said he would be there as soon as possible, but would we please give his room to a needy fan. What a guy! Jim Arnold performed his duties admirably and the Surprised FGoH was declared a resounding success. Lori and David Deitrick were pleasantly surprised to find cases of left-over Little Debbies™ at convention end and took several off our hands. Chattacon also tipped hotel staff members with cases of Little Debbies™ Christmas Wreaths and rumor has it that there are several cases still downstairs holding up a cabinet in the employee service area.

1994 Chattacon came of age as the first woman became chairman. Charlie Williams handled the job masterfully as Chattacon packed the Read House yet again. Eric Love took over as head of security. Oh my God, we've done it again! Rabid fan alert, Terry Pratchett is GoH. Dean Ing and family moved into the Read House indefinitely prior to the convention. S.N. Lewitt was totally blown away by everything, and Chattacon was blown away by her belly dancing. Wendy Webb had a hard time juggling all the toast orders she received. Jennifer Pieve was yet another wonderful

Surprised FGoH. But, of course, the real excitement started Sunday morning as temperatures plummeted and the water pipes burst. The third floor flooded and in the art show, the remaining art was taken down and moved as water seeped through the ceiling. No problem, a fan was prepared as he navigated in the halls in scuba gear (don't ask why he brought scuba gear to an inland hotel in January, we don't know). While most of the fans took off before the snow (snow? snow? in the balmy southeast? Naaaww) hit, the weather was not kind to Chattacon's guests who usually stay over until Monday. But this year... First off, everyone made a fool of themselves at the dead dog party, where directors, guests, and staff wiped out the entire convention's liquor supply, and one director floated down the hallway. Someone nobody knew flashed the entire party and, not getting an adequate response, proceeded to throw up on as many people as possible before retiring to the couch. Terry Pratchett sang all the Jim Steinmann songs there are while at the same time playing DOOM™ on the operations computer. He wondered, in vain, when the convention would be over, because he desired to "get off." Ah, Terry, worse things await. Most of the guests awoke to a world of whiteness outside Monday morning and decided to settle in since the highways and airports were closed. But Terry had to go home now or else he might not get another flight to Europe for days. After several aborted attempts at sending off via Chattanooga, the intrepid and hung-over Andy Hendee volunteered to take Terry to Atlanta, cross-country if need be, to get him to his connecting flight on Monday. Ask Andy! The burst pipes, meanwhile, had caused a lake to form outside the consuite which froze as it went down the ramp to the street. Of course the beer truck was stuck there until spring thaw. And the hotel *still* loves us.

Which brings us full circle as we honor our founder, Irv Koch, without whom none of this would be possible. Thanks for the memories, Irv....

## The Avocado Incident

*Julie Wall*

[David Hartwell, in his book *Age of Wonders*, discusses the close connection between SF and religion. Amazing how quickly these little rituals will spring to life.]

The Avocado Incident is shrouded in the mists of time by now, but I'll do my best to tell the tale. As Linda Zielke says, it just happened. It was Chattacon a couple of years ago, and being the middle of January, it was my birthday. I believe I was rooming with Penny Frierson and we decided to

have a birthday party. I had actually planned this in advance and gone to the grocery store on Tuesday, because I wanted to make some guacamole. As you may or may not know, it's very difficult to find ripe avocados in the grocery store at any time—much less the middle of winter—at least in Alabama. You usually have to buy them under ripe, and rock solid, then let them sit for a few days to soften up. So, I bought two large, hard green specimens early in the week and put them in a paper bag, as I had read somewhere that this helps them ripen.

Come Friday night of the con, I was preparing for the party. I opened the paper bag. One of the avocados was nice and soft. The other was still very hard. So I made guacamole out of the one and put the other on the night stand as a decoration. Soon there were throngs of semi-intoxicated fans streaming through the room. Linda and Bill and Becky Zielke [*themselves responsible, with Holly Hina, and the rest of Zielke & Assoc., for black olive daiquiris...—TKFW*] were sitting on the bed at one point and noticed the bedside table decor. It was commented upon, rather lewdly, as I recall. I had to explain, and soon the whole room was agog at the big green thing that would not get soft. As the night wore on, in our rapidly advancing drunkenness, the Avocado somehow became an object of reverence.

I think it was Penny who discovered that a honeymooning couple a few doors down had discarded a beautiful basket, that had no doubt held champagne and other delicacies. It was festooned with ribbons and filled with silver Easter grass. She brought it back to the room and the Avocado was soon nestled in the center.

Eventually, the booze ran out, and those of us remaining (I'm sorry, I can't remember them all, but I know Toni was there) decided to go in search of other parties. But we couldn't leave the Avocado. Thus the Avocado Processional was born. The Avocado, in its basket, was held aloft at the front of the line. I believe Toni took up one of the metal serving trays and a wooden spoon and brought up the rear. Ten or twelve of us, with more joining as we progressed, marched through the Read House, chanting:

A-VA-CA-DO (Bong), A-VA-CA-DO (bong)  
A-VA-CA-DO (Bong),

The Avocado never did get soft. I took it home with me, and weeks later threw it away, because it smelled bad—but it was still hard.

## The Night Before Chattacon

### *The Cleveland Contingent*

[Reprinted from Chattacon's 1997 program book.]

'Twas the night before Chattacon  
When all through the hotel  
Every director was screaming,  
"It's all gone to hell."  
David and K.C. held their mugs with care  
In hopes that Carter Bheer soon would be there.  
Yeager was nestled all snug in his bed  
While vision of dealers danced in his head.  
And Zanny in her office and Lani in her wake,  
Had just settled down for a long coffee break.  
When over in consuite there arose such a clatter,  
Staff sprang to their feet to see  
    what was the matter.  
Away to the door they flew in a flash,  
Tore down the ramps and out in a dash.  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Gave a luster of midday to trucks down below,  
When what to our wondering eyes should appear,  
But a refrigerated truck with eighty kegs of bheer,  
With an armload of taps, so quick and handy,  
We knew in a moment it must be our Andy.  
More rapid than dragons the directors they came.  
And he whistled, and shouted,  
    and called them by name:  
"Now, Mark! Now, Jeff! Now Leon and Lee!  
On, Ann! On, Wayne! On David and K.C.!  
To the top of the ramp, to the end of the hall!  
Now, drink away! Drink away! Drink away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane soar,  
When they meet with an obstacle, fall to the floor,  
So up to the bar the staff they flew,  
With arms full of mugs, and pitchers, too.  
And then in a twinkling, I heard over a headset  
"Operations wants to know  
    if pizza's been ordered yet."  
As pegboard went up with a grunt and a groan,  
Charles connected cables and lights came on.  
Down from Operations Ann came with a bound,  
She surveyed their progress  
    without uttering a sound.  
When the last screws were in  
    and the bulbs were lit,  
She grabbed a radio and OK'ed the pizza trip.  
Dealers chased after Bryan who running in fear  
Said over his shoulder, "It's not me this year!"  
Cindy assigned radios for each  
    team member to use,  
"Now cut the chatter—remember the rules."  
Charlie showed up with badges for some,  
Guests, directors and staff without one.

Security teams planned how to comb the college,  
Hotel stairs, hallways, and especially room parties.  
Program Book done and now "at large,"  
Dee hid in the fear of Cindy in charge.  
The hub connected and power applied,  
Mike's laptops were up but the server had died.  
He cussed it and kicked it and dropped it too,  
But it really worked—he had pulled the cord  
    with his shoe.

Holly introduced the guests that arrived,  
Harry and Esther and Charlie who sighed.  
Frozen drinks were passed out quick,  
In fear the machine would make it too thick.  
Robert sat quietly with a knowing grin,  
Watching other directors nervous and grim.  
Once the pizza was gone and the machine was dry,  
They left Operations for beds on the fly.  
As one mass, they staggered out in the hall,  
Towards their rooms bouncing wall to wall,  
But they exclaimed before the elevator closed,  
"We're ready, we think—  
    let them come on in droves."

## Weaponscon

### *Irvin Koch*

[From the Weaponscon I program book, 1987.]  
*The program book department head insisted I, as Chair, do one of these "welcome bits." Finally I decided I could tell my standard weapons' story at this point.*

Two Novembers ago I was wandering around Xanadu with nothing to do but talk about neat ideas for SF cons. I had about five, but the one that people actually wanted to do was reactionary. Other cons' committees started behaving like the dullest of mundanes; they'd taken to banning this and stopping that and generally forgetting what fandom was. Banning was and is merely the focal point of such.

Obviously we HAD to do a con where everyone "must wear a weapon at all times." (And I checked, there were negligible facilities in Kennesaw, GA.) The set-up was made and then people started telling what *their* weapon would be if they came.

Rolled up newspapers or boots dangling from belts. Ninja toes. Numerous hands were claimed as deadly karate weapons. Innumerable mouths (which may outnumber the paper daggers dispensed by the con and are certainly more deadly). Entire brigades of fen claimed their pens, mightier than the sword, would be weapons. A few *proved* their journalistic typing fingers were weapons—I hope they stay on our side.

And of course there were various cutlery fen

who understood the peacebonding rule before I explained it. There was interest in everything from ancient oriental blades to futuristic Special Forces guns. Likewise the real firearms fen strongly agreed with the "no real class three" rule (paperwork not worth it except for a specialized show) and had real permits to go with what needed them.

One of my apt. mates on the other hand saturates me with an uzi watergun one night as I walked in. Thus the common gun-show rule, "no ammo on the body at the same time as a projectile weapon," was changed to include liquid, gas, and energy ammo. This indirectly saved having several other rules. The only other argument—fen are MADE to argue—I got on that was one guy thought plasma was a separate case from energy and should be listed too.

One svelte lady dangled her body in front of me and asked if I would consider it a weapon; I wasn't going to argue.

Finally one lady suggested something I could not accept as a weapon!!

Yes, I said, the four-year-old child who has been going to cons since she was two weeks old gets a free membership for being under six, and can claim herself as a weapon. But, *you* can't claim her as *your* weapon. You can't wear a four-year-old child at all times....

At that point I thought the story was ended and the point made: don't worry about what's a weapon, just enjoy the con—be it somewhat specialized, just as there are specialized filk, fanzine, costume, and other specialized but surely SF FANDOM cons.

WRONG. Robert Silverberg had an editorial in the issue of *Amazing* which was on the stands a little over a month before this con (he was wrong about when people would see the editorial, too). He was talking about another reactionary specialized new con, Sercon, and why he liked it, even if in some ways it seemed sterile. And then he went on to explain why he wouldn't be at WeaponsCon as it wasn't his sort of thing.

He also mentioned a lot about "fandom cons" as they were when he was younger and both were just starting. That's when I decided we'd better find someone to "adopt" any fen under 18 who showed up at the door with no one to sign the agreement we have here for them. *Please!*

Those fen and the children of the four year old will *be* "Science Fiction Fandom" when Silverberg is dead and not even a memory in the minds of attendees, not members, of things *called* cons run by those who may well be mundanes, just to see how large numbers they can draw. And the smaller

cons like and unlike those of his earlier days will likely die with those fen now over 35.

They can have cons for adults only. They can't perpetuate themselves and must leave the name of fandom to "events" or "shows" like any mass advertised money and prestige generating mundane affair. Those kids, if we take them in, will be what we call fandom.

And enjoy the con.

#### More Chattanooga conventions:

Magic Carpet Con V (May 2-4 '97), Radisson Read House, Chattanooga, TN. Guests: Jerry & Sharon Ahern, Sharon Green, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Brad Strickland, David Weber. Membership: \$30. Info: 211 Highland Avenue, Smyrna, TN 37167.

LibertyCon 11 (July 25-27 '97), Read House, Chattanooga, TN. Guests: Fred Saberhagen, Vincent DiFate, David Weber, Charles Fontenay, James Hogan. Membership \$25 until 6/15/97, \$35 at the door. Info: P.O. Box 695, Hixson, TN 37343-0695. E-mail: libcon@cdc.net.

Web: <http://www.cdc.net/~libcon>.



## KNOXVILLE

[From Irv Koch] "Before there was anything else there was Janie Lamb, R.I.P. I did a con called Janiecon at her house and then went into the Army. When I came out, Jim Corrick III and I started a club...which turned into something else and eventually died. [...The present] godmother [of Knoxville fandom] is Chloie Airolti. Vern Clark was a previous godfather." [*Vern put on the highly successful Satyricon 2, DSC 21 in 1983.—TKFW*]  
[From Curt Phillips] "Knoxville has had at least 5 separate fan groups that I know of and I've been told there were several others. Chloie's is the only one that's lasted any length of time. [...] Janie Lamb was a tremendously important fan in the '50s and early '60s who is nearly forgotten today, probably because she devoted most of her fanac to the NFFF. I know that Janie gafiated after a house fire destroyed her huge fanzine collection (and nearly killed her) and she died in the early '70s."  
[From Ned Brooks] "I was at the Janiecon that Irv mentions—somewhere there is a flyer or ad for it where she promises to serve attendees skunk fried in possum grease, or perhaps the other way around. I also knew Janie Lamb as the benevolent dictator of the NFFF. She lived in a house full of books and guns back behind Knoxville—her husband collected Lugers and she collected SF and Marie Corelli, a curious occult novelist of the early 1900s. Wally Weber (who was living in Huntsville then) was at that con, too, and we sat up all night watching his 8mm worldcon movies."

ConCat 9 (November 28-30 '97) Radisson Summitt Hill, Knoxville, TN. Guests: Barbara Hambly, George Alec Effinger, David & Lori Deitrick, Patricia Kennealy Morrison. Membership: \$20 to 6/10/97, \$25 to 11/10/97, \$35 at door. Info: 316 E. Scott Ave., Knoxville, TN 37917. (423) 637-6564 or (423) 523-6986 (Chloie@ Mr. Sandman); e-mail:ChloieA@aol.com.  
Website: <http://members.aol.com/knoxsf/cradle>

## MEMPHIS

For more on the beginnings of Memphis fandom, see the profile by Greg Bridges in Part II above on Phoenix winner Darrell C. Richardson. Greg also sent me an index to his fanzine he did in the early '70s. "The first ish of the fanzine diversity (in 1970) was mostly the work of members of the Mid-South Fantasy Assoc., being edited by Tom Foster. The second ish was still largely MSFA members. [...] Editors were Jim Harris and Greg Bridges. The

third ish was in 1973, being much more of a genzine than the previous issues. [...] Greg Bridges paid for #3 (wonder of wonders he had a job, finally!) but with the beginnings of the MSFA slantplex the summer of '73, future ishes could never be afforded[...]"

## History of Memphis SF Conventions

[From the 1989 DSC program book. Thanks to Ned Brooks for sending this to me.]

STVEN & DON'S HALFACON

Dec. 2-4 1977

Holiday Inn at Overton Square. 75 people attended—no guests, just a pleasant relaxacon put on by P.L. Caruthers with Stven Carlberg and Don Markstein.

JUST IMAGICON

May 25-27, 1979

Holiday Inn Rivermont. Attendance: 375.

Pro GoHs: L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp

Fan GoH: Lon Atkins

Artist GoH: Kelly Freas

TM: Gerald W. Page

Special Guests: Peter Pautz, Robert Asprin, Sharon Webb, Grant Carrington, Theodore Sturgeon

Con Chairs: Louis Armour & Thomas A. Johnson

IMAGINITZACON

Sept. 26-28, 1980

Holiday Inn Overton Square

Pro GoH: Robert Asprin

Fan GoH: Stven Carlberg

Con Chairs: Nancy Collins & Michael Brown

IMAGINICON

Sept. 25-27, 1981

Holiday Inn Overton Square

Pro GoH: Andrew J. Offutt

Fan & Artist GoH: Charlie Williams

Special Rock-Band-in Parking-Garage-Guests: Panther Burns

Con Chair: Nancy Collins

MIDSOUTHCON II

Aug. 20-22, 1982

(The first Midsouthcon was really the first Deep-SouthCon in Huntsville, AL in 1963. [...] Our numbering starts with the Midsouthcon held in Huntsville [...]. When chairman Andy Purcell gafi-ated, we asked if we might use Midsouthcon for our convention name, and, with his permission, we have done so since then.)

Quality Inn Riverview

Pro GoH: Wilson (Bob) Tucker  
Fan GoH: Arthur Hlavaty  
TM: Charlie Williams  
Con Chairs: Frank Jordan

#### MIDSOUTHCON III

March 16-18, 1984  
Quality Inn Riverview  
Pro GoH: C.J. Cherryh  
Fan GoH: Margaret Middleton  
Artist GoH: Steven Dodd  
TM: Dal Cogger  
Special Guest: Suzette Haden Elgin  
Con Chairs: Frank Jordan & Richard Moore

#### MIDSOUTHCON IV

March 22-24, 1985  
Quality Inn Airport  
Pro GoH: Frederik Pohl  
Fan GoH: Ken Moore  
Artist GoH: Keith Berdak  
TM: John Steakley  
Filk GoH: Suzette Haden Elgin  
Special Guests: Robert Jordan, Sharon Webb  
Con Chairs: Jackie Watkins & Micheal Taviss

#### MIDSOUTHCON V

June 6, 1986  
Ramada Inn Southwest/Airport  
Pro GoH: Joe Haldeman  
Fan GoH: Jodie Offutt  
Artist GoH: David Cherry  
TM: Andrew J. Offutt  
Con Chairs: Richard Moore & Jackie Watkins

#### MIDSOUTHCON VI

March 27-29, 1987  
Wilson World Hotel  
Pro GoH: Hal Clement  
Fan GoH: Rickey Sheppard  
Artist GoH: Lucy A. Synk  
TM: Wilson (Bob) Tucker  
Con Chair: Richard Moore

#### MIDSOUTHCON VII

March 18-20, 1988  
Memphis Marriott  
Pro GoHs: Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle  
Fan GoH: Dr. Darrell C. Richardson  
Artist GoH: Mitch Foust  
Filk GoH: Margaret Middleton  
TM: Julius Schwartz  
Special Media Guest: Michael Keating  
Con Chair: Richard Moore

#### OTHER MEMPHIS CONVENTIONS:

##### DEEPSOUTHCON 27

June 9-11, 1989 - Memphis Marriott  
[See DSC Tabular History for basic data.]

##### FANTASY CON

July 29-31 - Ramada Convention Center  
Kerry O'Quinn and Darrell Richardson, guests.

##### SON OF CON

Oct. 26-28, 1984 - Ramada Inn Southeast  
Guest: Andrew Offutt.

##### FANTASY CON III

July 25-27, 1986 - Mud Island Park  
Guests: John Agar, Darrell Richardson and Alan Clark.

##### FANTASY CON IV

July 24-26, 1987 - Mud Island Park  
Guests: Marion Zimmer Bradley & John Norman.

Memphis: Memphis Science Fiction Association (MSFA), P.O. Box 12534, Memphis, TN 38182. Two meetings monthly: (1) the second Monday at 7 PM at the Main Public Library followed by dinner at a local restaurant, (2) the fourth Sunday at a member's house. Monthly Newsletter: Memphen. Dues: \$10 annually. Officers: Chairbeing Angela Bridges, Vice-Chairbeing Claude Saxon, Treasurer: Greg Bridges, Secretary J. Michael Harper, Memphen co-editors Tim and Barbara Gatewood.

Memphis: MidSouthCon 15 (March 22-24 '96), The Brownstone Hotel, Memphis, TN. Guests: Barry Longyear, Frank Kelly Freas, Laura Brodian Freas, Cullen Johnson, Paul Darrow, Larry Niven, Glen Cook. Membership: \$15 to 3/24/95, \$20 to 11/30/95, \$25 to 3/1/96, then \$30. Info: MidSouth-Con 15, P. O. Box 22749, Memphis, TN 38122. 901-274-7355.

Memphis: Allies for Star Trek, 2195 Madison Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104. Two meetings monthly: (1) the 4th Saturday of each month at 3 PM at the Main Public Library followed by dinner at a local restaurant, (2) one social gathering at a member's home. Monthly Newsletter: Communications Console. Dues: \$12 US, \$17 elsewhere annually. Officers: President and newsletter editor James T. Kacarides, Vice President Harold Feldman, Secretary Margaret Joyce, Treasurer Janice Joyce. Web site: <http://www.people.memphis.edu/~startrek/allies.htm>.

## A Short History of Nashville Fandom

*Verbage by Dan Caldwell  
with help from Khen Moore,  
John Hollis, Mike Griffin, Susan  
Stockell, Debra Hussey, and  
Courtenay Fran Bray*

### *Errors by Murphy*

*[Believe it or not, this actually has been pared down a bit, by TKFW.]*

#### NASHVILLE FANDOM PRE-HISTORY

1950s - Ken Moore, Ray Jones, and John Hollis meet at the Nashville Model Airplane Assoc.

1961 - Ken visits a friend at work and meets Dan Caldwell. Dan tells him about something called a worldcon. Ken immediately remarks "wouldn't it be nice to have one here in Nashville."

1962 - Dan drags Ken to Chicon III via an overnight bus ride to Chicago. Both have a great time. Ken swears off ever riding on a bus again.

1963-70 - In various combinations John, Ken & Dan go to worldcons in DC (1963), Cleveland (1966), St. Louis (1969), New York (1970) and Boston (1971). The trio start going to MidwestCon every year and to the Atlanta DSCs.

#### THE NASHVILLE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB

1971 - In the spring, John receives a flyer from Meade Frierson promoting the newly founded (by Meade) SFC. It contains a list of all known fans in the south. This inspires John to start a local S.F. club with a mass mailing based on Meade's list. The club meets in an upstairs storeroom of the Green Hills Theatre, which is managed by Richard Cornwall, a friend of Ken's. The meeting room boasts 2 metal chairs, a broken couch, a large pile of bags of pre-popped popcorn and one bare light bulb dangling on a frayed cord from the ceiling.

In May Dan returns from graduate school for the 2nd meeting of the club, at which John is elected President, Dan is elected Secretary/Treasurer. Eric Jamborsky, who is also a movie buff, provided occasional programming by showing 8mm movies in his collection on a borrowed projector. Other members from this period include Alan Luck and Brandy Brandon.

After-the-meeting meetings immediately start at Joe's Village Inn located 2 blocks away.

Dan & John go to their 2nd MidwestCon. Each thinks the other brought the flyer with the map. Arriving in Cincinnati, Dan immediately takes the wrong interstate. "This does not look at all like the road we used last year," he says. Now it is discovered there is no flyer (or map). Dan gets a wild idea, rolls down the car window and sticks his head outside. "Con, Bheer, con suite," he mutters, as he sniffs the air. The sniffing is entirely symbolic, as Dan has no sense of smell at all. Dan then navigates entirely by instinct and soon arrives at the con motel. Later, looking at a map, it is discovered that he took the most direct possible route to the motel. This ceremony is used again several times over the years, always with the same positive results.

Ken and John go to the first ChambanaCon. Dan will go next year. This becomes an annual pilgrimage, like MidwestCon.

1972 - The club attendance stabilizes at around 12 people per meeting, but the mailing list grows to 120 people. The club gets stuck with the next Upper South Clave (Kubla Khan I). Irvin Koch becomes a regular attendee, along with his infamous "Black Box," a small trunk filled with those fanzines he wants to get rid of. Irv usually sells about half of them at every meeting. Irv, unlike most fans, is NOT infected with pack-rat syndrome.

Sometime that year, Dan, who is writing the monthly flyer (on a post card to save postage—remember the 120-person mailing list) decides the club would retain more members if we moved to a better location. More than one light bulb would help. The first Club Palace Coup is organized and Dan becomes club president. It is unclear who became Secretary-Treasurer.

The club starts meeting at Ken's house, with bheer available in the fridge. Club attendance quickly grows to around 25-35.

1973 - The club grows due to an influx of fans, such as Dick & Carol Stafford, from the first Kubla Khan in May. By the fall, the club and Kubla are being "run" by a fairly tight, self-appointed oligarchy of Ken Moore, John Hollis, Dan Caldwell, Eric Jamborsky, Dick & Carol Stafford, and Brandy Brandon. They irreverently refer to themselves as "The SMOF," because they aren't secret and can't manage anything. Sometime in the fall, The Smof begin a winter of non-stop partying. They meet at someone's house during weeknights and on weekends hold 48 hour non-stop sessions at Dan's place—actually it belongs to his mother and Dan is basically housesitting—the rent is cheap. It is a largish 2 story, full attic, full basement, 4 bedroom monster with 3 double beds, 2 single beds, and 2 couches.

Everyone has at least part of a mattress to sleep on. Several of these follow NSFC meetings, with out-of-town fans, and resemble small relaxacons.

NSFC meetings will no longer fit into Ken's house, so sometime during the year, Ken finds us another meeting place in the club room of the Melrose First American Bank. Bheer & ice procurement, (and keeper of the Bheer monies) becomes an important official position. Allen Steele, age 15 (now world famous S.F. writer) is appointed Official Juvenile Delinquent. Attendance swells to 35-45 fans per meeting. Eric Jamborsky shows films almost every month, as this is the most popular programming item, and keeps the maximum number of members (mostly) quiet during the meeting. About 1/2 to 1/3 of the attendees congregate in the parking lot to discuss other things.

The club has active members in Louisville, Milan TN & Chattanooga. Fans from Knoxville, Memphis, Atlanta and Huntsville occasionally visit. Meeting attendance peaks at 55, with fans present from all the above locations except Atlanta. The mailing list keeps trying to top 200, and is kept in check only by culling every 3 months or so. Irvin announces that the Nashville club has the largest *active* membership of any SF club between the east and west coasts. Eventually, many of these out-of-town members will start clubs and/or conventions in their hometowns and stop coming to NSFC meetings.

Sometime in 1973 Dan meets Fran Bray while collecting dues at a club meeting. Dan has been sending flyers to both her mother, Mary Bray (who can get to meetings only occasionally) and to a Courtenay Bray. Dan looks at Fran and says "Why you must be Courtenay's sister." Wrong!! Fran is Courtenay. One thing leads to another and, in the fall of 1975, Dan and Fran Bray take up residence together. This will last through various moves until 1982. In 1994, fate arranges for Fran to become Dan's landlady.

1974-9 In Nov. 1973, Dan resigns as club president because of job schedule conflicts. Eric Jamborsky

takes over in 2nd Club Palace Coup. Eric resigns in summer 1974. Ken becomes Club President-for-life, or at least until 1990 or so.

The club grows again due to a large influx of fans from Kubla II. At some point the Melrose Bank closes its meeting room. The club moves to a similar meeting room at the Fidelity Federal bank on Nolensville Road.

At some point, Ken becomes Khen, a spelling based on the tendency of the club flyer and Kubla Khan program book editors (usually the same people) of putting extra h's into everything.

Sometime in 1974 or 75, Khen married Lou Hangel, which lasted until sometime in 1982.

Khen proposes that we have a chili bash at one of the winter club meetings. This activity becomes one of the club's most popular events (feed the starving fan and they will crawl out of the woodwork). It is usually the largest meeting of the year. In Feb. 1977, attendance reaches an all time high, when 60+ fans attend the club chili bash that month.

The last meeting at the Fidelity Federal is in August because the bank wants its meeting room back. In September the club meets at Ken's house. In October the club moves to the Cumberland Science Museum, where it still meets today (1996).

1985

About 1985, the NSFC Christmas and Chili bash parties were so large that we could not fit them into the regular meeting space or a members house. So they were moved to the former Days Inn motel on Murfreesboro Road. The motel is known to fans as the "Blue Bag Inn" because the new owners dealt with the old Days Inn sign by simply putting a large blue "bag" over it.

The motel had a large number of small suites with a sitting room, sleeping room and a small kitchen. It was a great place for parties that lasted all night, as many fans could sleep over. And no one had a house to clean the next day. The NSFC had its Chili Bash and Christmas Party there for several years.

Kubla Khan Presents

KUBLA  
KHAN  
CENSUS



1986

In 1986, 80+ fans attend the NSFC club Christmas party at the Blue Bag Inn. Rickey Sheppard brings a seafood gumbo concoction named Khen's Horror because it consists of seafood, rice, toadies (mushrooms) and cottage cheese, all of which Khen loathes.

### AULD BLADDERBURST

Strange things used to happen at Joe's. Both Kubla I and a bheer were planned there. One night several fans were sitting in a booth and John was staring at a sign of a pleasant wilderness scene with a waterfall. John suddenly realized that it would look great as a label for a bottle of bheer. The other fans started thinking up advertising slogans, and even a name for the brew. Thus was born AULD BLADDERBURST, "The Father of Waters," "the Bheer that made Milwaukee run."

John decided that a bottle with such a fine label really deserved some contents worthy of the name. Eric Jamborsky had given John a beer-making kit, which John had already successfully used, so opening a micro-brewery was mostly a matter of expanding existing production.

A few months later John took a sample of the new product to a club meeting. Reaction was...mixed. There were these strange brown bottles, each with a handmade Bladderburst label, containing a strange tasting, thick brown liquid. It was not a "clear" bheer, John explained, because he had to use the natural carbonation process, by adding more yeast just before he bottled it. The yeast produced CO<sub>2</sub> and died off, leaving a thick sludge in the bottom of the bottle. On the other hand, the stuff was as high a proof as a bheer could get without freezing it.

On the other other hand, this meant that the bheer was under considerable pressure. Unfortunately, John's capping machine was barely adequate and tops were prone to burst off at odd and unpredictable moments. Like the time John was taking a new batch to Eric Jamborsky. The jostling of the car only increased the pressure, tops flew, and bheer spewed over the car interior and John. John arrived at his destination, wet, but grateful for not having come to the attention of the fuzz and trying to explain that he had not had a drink...honest.

John made a batch every so often with varied results. Some batches were almost undrinkable and others very good indeed. The problem was that John did not have the equipment to maintain the yeast strains and had to start with a new packet of yeast each time.

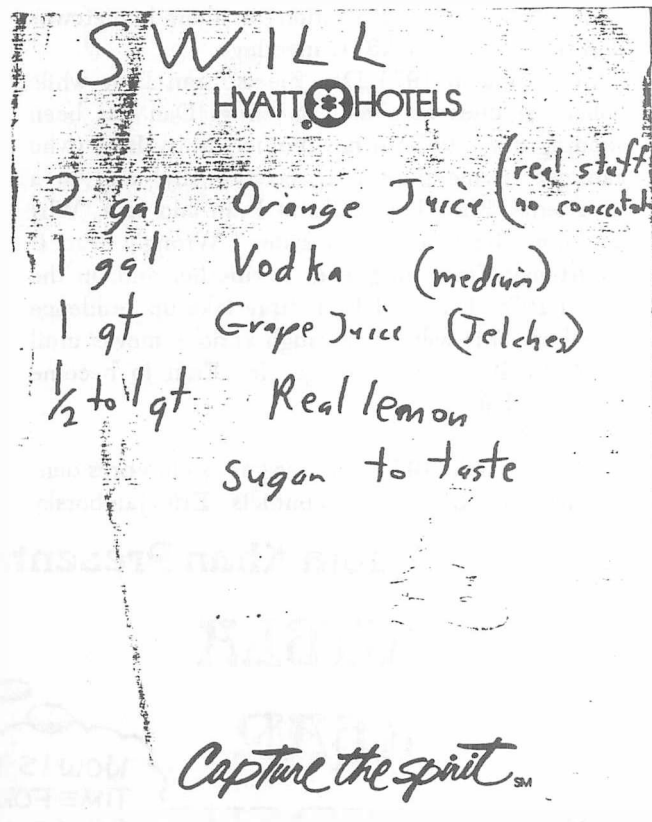
Of course, Auld Bladderburst was in the Kubla bathtub that year. Some fans drank several bottles of it, others took one sip, looked at the contents, put

the bottle down and walked quietly away. Still other were inspired to concoct new slogans for the Bladderburst advertising campaign and tape them to the bathtub wall. Like "At last a bheer you can chew on," and "Not a bheer to be drunk early in the evening."

John's enthusiasm waned as the problem of flavor quality remained unsolved. Eventually, the giant crock in which Bladderburst was brewed was broken and never replaced. Auld Bladderburst is now but a fannish memory. Besides, now we have Swill.

### THE INVENTION OF SWILL

About 1983, maybe earlier, a new drink is invented at a NSFC party. It consists of vodka, with orange and grape juice which supply vitamins that the alcohol kills off in the body. It is actually *good* for you...well, less bad for you than straight booze. A contest develops for a name for this concoction. Dan suggests Nashville Kikapoo Joy Juice—but no one recognizes the reference. Dan then suggests SWILL, a name which seems to describe the product, especially as *real* swill is always made in trash cans (for the flavor). The drink has been prominently featured at Nashville room parties ever since. "The roar of the blender, the smell of the Swill."



## SERCON

In 1979, an alternate club Sercon was formed. As the name suggests it was to be devoted to "serious" discussions of almost anything. The members were all drawn from the NSFC. Meetings were held at various members' houses, including Barbara Harmon's and Dan & Fran's. Meetings lasted about 6 months, but the club never caught on and eventually died.

## BEMS

In 1980, Dan and Fran returned from their short stay in Louisville and Ft. Wayne. Dan felt that club programming got in the way of what everyone really wanted to do—talk non-stop. During a club meeting everyone would be happily chatting away when they had to be stopped (sometimes forcibly) for announcements and what programming was scheduled for that evening. So in Oct. 1980 Dan started BEMS, a separate club, which met in the duplex apartment on Caylor Drive that he and Fran shared.

BEMS was composed mostly of fans from the NSFC, with a few others who had dropped out of the club. Attendance averaged between 20-30 fans. Late in 1982, when Dan & Fran split up, BEMS moved to Castle Chaos on Compton Ave. inhabited by Fran Bray, Maurice Lewis, Melissa Walker and Sharon Roberson. Dan still ran the club until the fall, when he moved to Atlanta for 7 years. Fran then took over as the head of BEMS. In Feb. 1984, Fran moved out of Castle Chaos and BEMS met in various houses for the rest of the year.

In 1985, BEMS moved to the "Blue Bag Inn" on Murfreesboro Road. The site was chosen because the NSFC had just had a great Christmas party there.

In 1986, we used the same suite for BEMS on Friday night and a NSFC club party on Saturday night. Several people including Steve and Sue Francis came in from out of town. A lot of people slept over both nights. On Saturday night, around 4 am, a very brazen and quiet burglar came in through an unlocked sliding door into a suite where at least a dozen people were sleeping (ok, some were passed out). Dan woke up when he heard the door slide shut. Eventually, everyone was awake and checking his/her belongings. A few had purses rifled or wallets lifted, but Rocky Halleron had lost his pants.

For some reason, no one wanted to go back to that motel, so in 1987, BEMS and various NSFC parties moved to another motel further down Murfreesboro Road. It sported a variety of names, over the years and was last known as Travel Lodge South. This motel was even better, because it had a pool we could use during the summer months.

In 1992, Fran went into gafia and gave up control

of BEMS. It met for a while at Rick Dunnings' apartment and then quietly died. There was a hiatus of several months until Dan moved back from Atlanta and revived BEMS, again at Travel Lodge South. In 1994 we started having trouble with our reservations there and moved everything to the houses of individual fans. BEMS currently rotates between the homes of Dan Caldwell (summer only), James Fulkerson, Tom & Lee Billings and occasionally others.

## MTSFA

While BEMS was started by those who felt the NSFC had too much programming others felt that the NSFC was not serious enough, and had too little programming. In July 1986 a group led by Nancy Holland, Barbara Harmon and Beth Gwinn split off from the NSFC to start MTSFA (The Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Association). MTSFA also took up residence at the Cumberland Science Museum, meeting on a different night from the NSFC. Although there is a considerable overlap in membership, about half of the MTSFA members dropped out of the NSFC meetings.

## NASHVILLE CLUBS THROUGH THE '80S & '90S

All 3 clubs had a large overlap in membership. Both BEMS and MTSFAs had memberships almost as large as NSFC for many years. But in the '90s they all dwindled considerably. Many of the younger members went off to college, to new jobs or just drifted away. Although individual members of the various clubs tried to recruit new members, the intake of new fans was never able to keep up with membership losses.

## THE NEW YEAR'S PARTIES AT KEN'S PLACE

In 1973 Ken threw a New Year's party. A lot of people came, some from out-of-town. The next year even more people came. Things went on like this for several years. It mostly resembled a room party totally out of control or a small relaxacon. Eventually, several people began to set up huckster tables and any difference from a con vanished.

Usually most of the attendees slept in the living room and den, completely covering the floor (thin rug, no pad) in the best sardine-can style. One year, Koch even brought a small portable bed, which many people were deeply envious of.

In 1982, Ken and Lou split up. The New Year's party moved to Charlie & Anita Williams apartment. But it was never the same, perhaps because the apartment was smaller and had less crash space.

## THE NSFC SUMMER BHEER BUST AND BASH

Shortly after the NSFC was founded, Ken decided that a summer party around the 4th of July would be a good idea, especially if we held it at the lake where we could go swimming. Ken said he had a great spot in mind and would draw a map for the flyer. About half the attendees got lost, because Ken had left an important left turn off the map. When his error was pointed out, Ken justified his map by claiming that "everybody knows you are supposed to turn left there." The club unanimously voted to remove Ken from map duties forever. Several people came from out of town, including Andy Offutt, and all had a good time.

Thereafter, the summer Bheer bash was held at Khen's place and someone else drew the maps. In the early 1990s we had the bash at the Travel Lodge South for a couple of years, where we had air conditioning and a pool. In 1994 the bash was held at Dan's house (see below) and, in 1995, at the Kubla motel, so we could use its swimming pool.

## EXCESS FIREWOOD REMOVAL PARTIES AT DAN'S COZY COTTAGE IN THE URBAN BOONIES

In 1993 Dan rented a small house from Fran. Although only 5 miles from downtown Nashville, it sat on several acres of fields and woods. The house was over 100 yards back from the street, where it seemed like you were 50 miles out in the country. In 1993, the NSFC summer Bheer Bash and Bust was held there. At dusk we saw 2 deer on the opposite side of the field. The party started on Sat. afternoon, lasted all night and most of the fans came back on Sunday to do it again.

It was so popular that in the fall Dan held 2 more "Dheer Watchings," both of which lasted all weekend. By then it was cool enough to have a bonfire at night. Mostly everyone sat around outdoors by the fires and talked all night.

That was the winter of the Great Ice Storm, during which nine, repeat 9, trees came down in Dan's yard. So in the spring of 1994 Dan held the 1st Excess Fire Wood Removal Party, for the purpose of using up as many tree parts as possible. The all-weekend parties were so popular that they took place almost every dry weekend in the spring and fall of that year and again in 1995.

## TALES FROM THE SARDINE CAN

Nashville fandom did a lot of things as a group. We ran a club, put on a con, went to other cons, and partied together between cons. The Nashville style of con-going mostly resembled a portable slan shack. We were all low on funds, so we shared a single

room to save money. Before Kubla I, it involved only a few people and easily fit into a single room.

Then there was Torcon, the Toronto worldcon (still one of the best ever). Ken reserved a single room. In the south this meant a regular room with two beds and only one registered occupant (and only one key). But in Toronto, this meant a small room with a couch that folded out into a bed. As Ken was on his way to the room, he met friends looking for crash space, and he told them they could stay in "his" room. We ended up with 13 male fans, 1 fem-fan, no privacy, and a permanent line into the facility. At night, the floor resembled a sardine can, hence the name.

Unfortunately, as Nashville fandom grew, we kept going to cons as a group. It was common to have 10 or 12 people in the room. Then it grew to 2 rooms, with one for the Kubla party, the other for those who went to bed early (like 3 am). Still 10-12 fans per room. On the other hand, we were never robbed, because the room(s) were never empty. We also had an official guard dog. Mel Clark & Dave Roble had a German shepherd named Bojay. They would get him a con badge, and he would stay in the room throughout the con (except for facility breaks). Bojay knew all the Nashville fans and growled loudly when strangers (especially hotel security) appeared in the door.

Then there was the Nashville "hot bunk" system. Some fans went to bed early, others not until dawn, and a lot of the group took naps at various times. Since beds were prime sleeping spots, they were rarely empty. You could go to sleep next to a good-looking person of the opposite sex, and wake up to find someone/thing totally different in that spot.

This led to creative solutions to finding a space of your own. It was desirable to find a spot out of the traffic pattern so you did not get stepped on in the dark. Joe Celko liked the closet floor, others tried sleeping under the table (and cursed when they forgot and sat...well tried to sit up, in the morning). Allen Steele even tried the bathtub once. Maybe it was the only horizontal space left. Then Khen came in at dawn, and without looking (nobody sleeps in bathtubs...right) reached in through the bath curtains and turned on the shower. Of course the water started out ice cold, and the resulting yell woke the entire sardine can. Needless to say, the bathtub remained unpopulated thereafter as crash space.

All too often, Ken would arise early (circa 7-8 AM) and want company for breakfast, while some of us had just gotten in at 6 AM. Ken would throw back the curtains and yell "SQUEET" (let's go eat). Many people had the urge to kill, but no one had the energy.

Khen and John are still noted for the fact that

once asleep they might as well be in a coma. Only mother nature can rouse them from their slumbers. A group of Nashville fen were at Rok-Kon I in Little Rock. It was near dawn and all the sardines were asleep or some facsimile thereof. The spring night was *warm* and the room window was wide open as a thunderstorm erupted over the hotel. This bothered no one at all until a lightening bolt struck a power transformer on a pole about ten feet from the window. The *blast* was as much felt as heard, and the light made people think of H-bombs at ground zero. The Vietnam vets were already under the beds yelling "INCOMING!!!" while others levitated several feet in the air from a horizontal position. Even Khen and John woke up. When we looked out the window to see what had happened, the transformer was smoking and the window panes were still shaking. Khen, like most of us, never did get back to sleep, but John, being made of sterner stuff, went right back to sleep.

Sometimes it was the trip that was memorable. Arthur Townsend's car was so unreliable that he carried a large box of spare parts with him, so the car could be fixed when it broke down. From which come several tales of roadside repairs at odd hours of the night. Or stopping to fix a flat and discovering that a dead skunk lay only a few feet from the car. We set a world's record for the time to unload a station wagon to get *to* the spare tire. Or discovering Khen's car broken down in the middle of nowhere and trying to find a tow truck or garage on Sunday afternoon.

Or the wreck of the Wolf wagon on the way to DISCON II. It was a new VW van that Larry Wolfe had just bought. The 5 AM accident destroyed the motor but Larry did not have the money to replace it, and had to sell the body (still in good shape) for about 1/4 of the van's value. The van's inhabitants had to collect all their schtuff (one was on his way to the Pensic Wars and had all of his SCA gear with him) and wait all day by the side of the road in the nearest (small) town for the ONE bus that made a stop there—at sundown. We called the Nashville sardine can at the con but no one was willing to drive 100 miles to pick us up. We tried to pass the time with an impromptu fighter practice, but had to give this up as it excited the local fuzz way too much (don't you-all know duelin's illegal?).

Eventually, most of us got better jobs and could afford to share a room with less than a small army. Now at cons, Nashville fandom has several rooms, each with only 4 or 5 people in them.

#### KUBLA KHAN

1972 - November - Khen & John go to Irvin Koch's Upper South Clave in Johnson City, TN, way up in

the northeast corner of the state. Irvin (easily) persuades Ken to have the next one in Nashville in 1973. Dan, John and Ken hold a war council at Joë's Village Inn after the club meeting. John and Dan decide that since Ken got us into this, he can get us out. Ken is elected con chairman by a vote of 2 to 1. Dan & John want to hold the con in the fall of 1973 to give us time to get some publicity out. Ken can't wait and insists on having it in May.

ChambanaCon was coming up and it was one of the few places we could put out a flyer in those days. But to have a flyer the con needed a name. After AthenaParthaCon, AutoClave, and Ghengis Khan were rejected, Dan came up with Kubla Khan and wrote a flyer draft based on the Coleridge's poem "Xanadu."

#### KUBLA I - 1973

The program "book" consists of a paper bag containing a small sheet with the 1/2-track of programing. Meade Frierson holds forth in the con suite. Everybody has a good time.

The con is mostly remembered for the infamous "banquet." The motel had lost money on a banquet for another group on Friday night and tried to save money by cutting back on the Kubla banquet. The GoH Fred Pohl, MC Andy Offutt and Ken stayed in the bar too long and got in at the *tail* end of the buffet banquet line. Dan, sensing a problem, was near the head of the line and got a full plate of the banquet menu. But the buffet soon ran dry and the motel kitchen substituted instant mashed potatoes. By the time Ken, Fred and Andy got served that's all there was. At the podium, Andy(?) leaned into the microphone and said "I've never had \$4.95 of mashed potatoes before."

Then the motel food manager (?), dressed in bright red, came in during the middle of the banquet to present the bill. As she left she turned the air conditioning off. Later that evening, Ken took the pros out to a real restaurant for steaks.

The con attracted a lot of local fans who had not heard about the club. Most of them became part of the local fan group centered around the club and Kubla.

#### KUBLA II - 1974

We moved to a Holiday Inn near the airport. Con attendance went up. Everyone had a good time. The banquet had real food and was pronounced a success, as was the entire con. (Can you tell the author does not remember a thing? Did I have a good time ???). This Khan was the source of even more new club members than Kubla I had been.

It was shortly after this Kubla that Carol Stafford wrote the following parody of "The Raven."

### EL KHANDOR PASA

Once upon a morning early  
As I pondered, spent and surly,  
Over many a quaint and curious custom  
Of the Khans before,  
Suddenly there came a pecking,  
As of someone gently yecching,  
Yecching at my chamber door.  
"A Khanmitteeman," I muttered, "pecking  
At my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

Looking slightly stoned and logy,  
'Twas a bird with smoking stogey  
And a lingering little quaver  
Born of booze the night before.  
With his beak just faintly twitching  
As if keeping down the retching,  
Came the Kubla Khandor khvetching,  
Khvetching at my chamber door.  
Quoth the Khandor, "Khenneth Moore—"  
Only this and nothing more.

With his eyes so wild and rheumy,  
Bloodshot eyes, that looked right through me  
In a manner bleak and gloomy,  
Spake the bird two words, no more,  
Croaked he, quavering dissolutely,  
Keeping balance resolutely,  
As I pondered on it futilely,  
Just those words, and nothing more.  
Quoth the Khandor, "Khenneth Moore"....

The poem led to the Khan bird symbol. John remembered a cartoon by a friend of his from college, Jim Jeter. It bore a remarkable resemblance to the description in the poem. It even had a mixed number of toes, four on one foot, five on the other.

John showed it at a club meeting and it immediately appeared on the next Kubla flyer. Soon it was Kubla's official symbol and appeared on a Kubla t-shirt. Later Maurine Dorris made a masquerade costume of it, which she persuaded Ken to wear at a masquerade. And still later, she and others made small Khandor dolls to give as masquerade prizes.

### KUBLA III - 1975

The con needed more space and moved to the Rodeway Inn on Briley Parkway where it stayed for Kubla IV. The art show was already getting serious. We had no trouble selling pieces with a \$150-\$250 minimum bid. Several items went for well over \$500. Local artist Dennis Dotson made a big impression with his color on black velvet space art, particularly "Dotson's Universe" (not the real title, which I forget), a dodecahedron about 2 feet across,

of painted velvet pentagons. (A few years later Dennis moved to Texas, where he suffered a massive epileptic seizure that was not treated properly. This left him a partial invalid and unable to paint.)

### KUBLA V - 1977

The con moved to the downtown Quality Inn, where we had the entire penthouse (rumor had that it had been originally built for Elvis) for a con suite. The con grew again, nearly filling the hotel. Much craziness at the banquet.

One year, Ken Keller was at Kubla promoting his Worldcon in Kansas City, MidAmericaCon, otherwise known as Big Mac. He heard Ken's plaintive mutterings about a worldcon in Nashville and at the banquet came out with revelations about the soon-to-be-launched "Nashville Worldcon Bid," complete with cute vote getting slogans like "Nashville is Neat in 100 degree heat." But Ken underestimated Khen's desire for a worldcon right here in Nashville. Khen took the hoax bid to heart and tried to make it real. (Ghod forbid he ever inherits a cornfield.) Khen know he needed a large hotel and they were just starting work on the Opryland hotel. Somehow Khen got a copy of the floor plans, which showed that a worldcon was indeed possible there. Khen carried these around to various cons for several years trying to generate interest in his plans (both sorts).

"With his blueprints underneath his arm,  
"He can smof for hours."

Finally, his efforts died out, only to be replaced by the better organized L&N Nashville bid, originally scheduled for, you guessed it, the Opryland hotel.

Kubla stayed at the Quality Inn until Kubla IX in '80. Attendance peaked at around 550 in the years when the GoH was Harlan Ellison (1977) and Stephen King, just before he became a national celebrity (1980).

### KUBLA IX - 1979

Maurine Dorris came to the con and got dragged into being a gopher. She ended up running the gopher staff, known as the Space Cadets, for the rest of the decade.

### KUBLA XI - 1981

The Quality Inn rented most of its function space as offices, so Kubla moved to the Holiday Inn on Briley Parkway. We thought the Holidome area would be great feature for the con. But we were the first convention to be held in the new hotel, and between staff inexperience and culture clash it was a disaster. Little seemed wrong until the masquerade on Saturday night. The art show was so big (750 pieces, I

counted them), that we had no space for pre-judging. So the masquerade staff had it in the Holidome area. The masquerade, as usual followed the auction, which, with some 200 pieces up for sale took forever. Soon bored members of the masquerade wandered into the hotel bar to "freak out the mundanes" which they did all too well. The food & beverage manager, trying to get a Country & Western bar started (Opryland was only 4 miles away), was not amused.

Lou Moore came in and told Dan, the auction head, to hurry up as there was a riot going on outside. Dan told the auctioneer, Rusty Hevelin, to auction art as fast as was humanly possible. Art never moved so fast. There was no milking a piece for raises, it was "going once, twice, three times, sold." If you were not quick, you never got to bid at all (although the art show grossed almost \$9,000). Meanwhile, outside the auction things only got worse. Finally Lou came in and summarily stopped the auction, just to get the masquerade people away from the mundanes.

The next morning, the food & beverage manager blatantly took over part of our function space for an unannounced public buffet. And the restaurant staff simply refused to serve anyone wearing a con badge. Despite loud complaints, Khen never did sue the hotel for breach of contract.

#### XANADU

After a disagreement with Kubla in 1975, Dan began plans to start his own convention. This consisted of noting what did and did *not* work at other cons he was going to. The idea for Dark Bheer was stolen from Satyrcon I in Knoxville, when Dan realized that every time he went back for some dark, he had to stand in line, usually a long line, to get any. The name "Xanadu" was chosen mostly because it did NOT have the word "con" anywhere in the name.

In 1983 at a party at Khen's, the subject of Xanadu somehow came up. Anita Williams offered to put up some money to run some parties at cons that summer. Dan took this as a good omen, and decided to run a con that same year. Most of the Kubla staff was willing to work on another con. Jim Woosley was supposed to be the Co-chair but he bowed out before the con and Fran took over the position. The con was planned for November because hotel rates took a significant drop after October. It also gave about 6 months to plan the convention.

#### Xanadu I - 1983

The con drew about 250 fans and was a very successful first convention, except that it lost money. Bill Maraschello was filk guest and Tom Osburn

held the first of a long run of well attended dances. No one went to the two movies it had except Dan and Kelly Freas.

#### Xanadu 1.5 - 1984

This was a was a relaxacon held in the old Quality Inn. About 125 fans showed up, almost twice the expected attendance. The con ran well and made a nice profit. Rocky Halleron showed up at the wrong time and suddenly found himself head of the con suite, a post he was unable to escape for several years.

#### Xanadu II - 1985

Xanadu II was held in the Rodeway Inn Central, two blocks from the Quality Inn. Dan had recently moved to Atlanta which made convention management difficult. Co-Chair Fran Bray became de facto Con Chair.

Xanadu II had about 350 people, and was possibly the best of the Xanadu cons. The hotel had some interesting features, like (small) jacuzzis in some of the rooms. These rooms, and their jacuzzis were VERY popular. The con made a profit and everything worked as planned, except the large indoor pool. It suffered from a bad case of green slime, some of which was displayed in a bottle in the con suite, complete with name badge. The pool was greatly improved by Sunday and a few brave souls actually went swimming in it then.

The bheer consumption on Friday was incredible. The entire stock for the con was gone by 6 AM Saturday morning. Then consumption dropped off to a rather sedate pace. The hotel staff was great, and everybody wanted to come back there again next year.

#### Xanadu III - 1986

We were back at the same hotel, now the Days Inn Central, after a change of management. Xanadu continued its rapid growth reaching about 450 members. The con was notable for the con suite and the rain. The hotel rented out its penthouse bar, which had a great view of downtown Nashville. It was such a great place that all the Saturday night parties moved up to the con suite. It rained hard all weekend. Almost all the rooms on the west side of the hotel leaked badly around the windows. GoH Jack Chalker had to be moved to another room, as his carpet was wet all the way to the door. The hotel also had changed management and maid service and restaurant service varied from very good to horrid. No one wanted to use the hotel again.

#### Xanadu IV - 1987

The con grew again, reaching its peak attendance at

550 members. The con had moved to the Ramada Inn Opryland, which was built around a atrium with a large pool. It looked great, but the ambient noise level made it almost impossible to hear the speech by GoH Poul Anderson. The masquerade, also in the atrium, had less trouble because it had a better PA system.

The con suite was an open area on the roof of the motel bar. It had a great view of the entire atrium, and made party-hopping easy. You could just look out and see which parties were still open. A fan named "Gweedo," from Atlanta joined the con suite crew and awed everyone by carrying a full bheer keg in each hand, up a flight of stairs, from the storage area to the con suite.

#### Xanadu V - 1988

The con staff was expecting another increase in attendance, but the con suffered a small (50 people) drop in attendance. We shared the hotel with members of a bridge tournament being held at Opryand that weekend. Saturday evening Kerry Gilley got on the elevator with several "blue haired" types. They asked if he was "one of those strange people?" Kerry made one of the great comebacks of all time by replying "No ma'am, I have never played bridge in my life." The con chair *almost* gave him a free membership.

#### Xanadu VI - 1989

Fran wanted out of the con business and Dan found it difficult to manage a con long-distance from Atlanta. A group of Atlanta and Chattanooga fans offered to help run the con, then announced that this was the last Xanadu, hence flyers naming it Xanadu Omega. The con suffered another drop in attendance, down to about 350. The con chair remembers very little, except that he spent the entire con running around putting out "fires" (so what else is new?).

#### Xanadu VII ( 1993) the con that wasn't.

Dan thought the closure of Xanadu would be only temporary and tried to revive it in 1992 it after he moved back to Nashville. There was a problem with the hotel contract—Dan thought he had one, but the hotel did not. Xanadu VII had to be canceled only 3 weeks before the con date. There ensued many frantic phone calls to the immediate fan world to inform them that the con was off.

The ex-con ex-chair spent a long Friday night in the motel lobby to "explain" what had happened to any fans who showed up. This experience greatly dampened Dan's enthusiasm for trying to revive Xanadu again.

Although fans still come up asking when Xanadu

will rise again, there are no plans to revive it. But who knows what next year might bring. Can you say "Real Soon Now"?

### KUBLA KHAN

MC - andrew offutt - all years

1973 Kubla Khan Clave - Biltmore Motel

GoH - Frederick Phol

1974 Kubla Khan Too - Holiday Inn

GoH - Gordon Dickson

Artist - Kelly Freas, Ron Miller

Editor - Donald A. Wollheim

1975 Kubla Khan Khubed - Rodeway Inn

GoH - andrew offutt

1976 Kubla Khwandry - Rodeway Inn

GoH - Donald A. Wollheim

Artist - John Schoenherr

1977 Kwintus Kublius - Quality Inn

GoH - Harlan Ellison

Artist - Kelly Freas

Fan - Frank Robinson

1978 Kubla Khan Sex - Quality Inn

GoH - Theodore Sturgeon

Artist - Vincent DiFate

Fan - John Cleve

1979 Kubla Khan Ception - Quality Inn

GoH - Frank M. Robinson

Artist - Michael Whelan

Fan - Wilson 'Bob' Tucker

1980 Kubla Khan Ate - Quality Inn

GoH - Stephen King

Artist - Boris Vallejo

Fan - 4E Ackerman

1981 Kubla's Ninth Khanphony - Holiday Inn

GoH - Charles L. Grant

Artist - Jack Gaughn

1982 Kubla Khan Tenuum - Rodeway Inn

Goh - Frederick Pohl

Artist - Paul Lehr

1983 Kubla Khanvalescence - Executive Inn

GoH - Peter Straub

Artist - Richard Powers

1984 Kubla's Dirty Dozen - Executive Inn

GoH - Vincent DiFate

Artist - Alex Schomburg

1985 Kubla The 13th - Downtown Sheridan

GoH - Carol Emshwiller

Artist - Ed Emsh

1986 Kubla Silicon - Downtown Sheridan

GoH - Timothy Zahn

Artist - Victoria Poyser

1987 Kubla Quinze - Downtown Sheridan

GoH - Martin Caidin

Artist - Ron Walotsky

- 1988 Kubla Khansequences - Rodeway Inn  
 GoH - Karl Edward Wagner  
 Artist - Ron Miller  
 Fan - Bruce & Elayne Pelz
- 1989 3 Days of the Khandor - Sheridan Inn South  
 Goh - Wilson (Bob) Tucker  
 Artist - Ron & Val Lindahn  
 Fan - Ray Beam
- 1990 Kubla Khan Census - Sheridan / Ramada Inn South  
 GoH - Michael Bishop  
 Artist - Darrell Sweet  
 Fan - Charlotte Proctor
- 1991 Kubla 1991 Albuk - Ramada Inn South  
 GoH - Gerald W. Page  
 Artist - David Cherry  
 Fan - Roger Sims
- 1992 Kubla Khanterfeit - Ramada Inn South  
 GoH - Frederick Pohl  
 Artist - Doug Chaffee  
 Fan - Jim & Doreen Webbert
- 1993 - Khumming of Age - Ramada Inn South  
 GoH - Allen Steele  
 Artists - Alan Clark, Kevin Ward  
 Fan - Dan Caldwell, John Hollis  
 Special guest - Charles Fontenay
- 1994 Kubla Khatch 22 - Executive Inn  
 GoH - Algis Budrys  
 Artist - Tim Wilson  
 Fan - Roy Lavender
- 1995 PartheKhan/DSC - Lebanon TN  
 GoH - Elsie Wollheim  
 Artist - Larry Elmore  
 Fan - Steve & Sue Francis
- 1996 - 24 and Moore - Airport Days Inn  
 GoH - Charles L. Fontenay  
 Artist - Darryl Elliott  
 Fan - Howard Devore

Nashville: Kubla-Khan XXV (May 16-18 '97), Days Inn Airport, Nashville, TN. Guests: Allen Steele, Frank Olynky, Andrew Offutt. Membership: \$25 until 4/15, \$30 thereafter. Info: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Drive, Nashville, TN 37220. 615-832-8402.

## World Fantasy Convention— Nashville, TN, 1987

*Maurine Dorris &  
Susan Stockell*

The South is known for its good conventions and fun times. Because of the ease with which we run conventions in the South, the rest of the world tends to think we are not organized. In 1985 a group in

Nashville decided it was time to hold a World Fantasy Convention, and show them what organization really is! We called and wrote a number of our favorite writers and artists who knew us and knew that we would put on a good convention. We asked for and received letters of recommendation. A booklet was made up with our plans for programming, art show, and other activities. Also each department head had a page describing prior experience and plans for that department. These were sent to each member of the Board of World Fantasy. We were fortunate to be selected at the 1985 convention in Phoenix as the 1987 site.

The ConCom consisted of Maruine Dorris, Beth Gwinn, Tim Bolgeo, Annette Carrio, Carol Donaldson, Harold Donaldson, Barbara Harmon, Rusty Hevelin, Ray Jones, G. Patrick Molloy, Dave Shockley, Janet & Kevin Ward, and Jean Yarsawich. The staff consisted of close to a hundred competent fans from the South. Many letters were received after the convention praising the organization, the friendliness, the helpfulness of all members of the staff.

Our guests were Piers Anthony (WGoH), Frank Kelly Freas (AGoH), Charles Grant (MC), Karl Edward Wagner (Special WGoH), and Ron and Val Lakey-Lindahn (Special AGoHs), with extra special Attending Guest Andre Norton. Many writers, artists and publishers attended. We enjoyed putting on this convention, and have enjoyed hearing praises about it—even years afterwards!

## The First World Horror Conventions—Nashville, TN 1991 & 1992

*Maurine Dorris*

The World Horror Convention was begun in Nashville in 1990 by Maurine Dorris, Beth Gwinn, Janet Ward, Barbara Harmon, Joann Parsons and Dave Shockley. The convention was started because of a lack of horror programming at most science fiction conventions. It was geared towards the people who are serious about their horror. The name "World Horror Convention" was selected because no other title fit! Suspense is part of horror. Mystery is part of horror. Fear is part of horror. And as I have always said, horror is anything that scares you.

Guests for the first WHC (1991) were Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (WGoH), John Skipp (MC), Craig Spector (MC), David Schow (MC), Jill Bauman (AGOH), and Robert Bloch as Grand Master. Guests for WHC II were Richard Matheson (WGoH), Richard Christian Matheson (Special WGoH), Harry O. Morris (AGoH), Brian Lumley

(MC), and Stephen King as Grand Master.

The World Horror Convention was set up to move every year. The Board accepts bids from interested parties and decides, usually on Sunday afternoon of the current convention. We have tried keeping it decided two years in advance. Any group that has held conventions and has a good reputation for organization may submit a bid for a future World Horror Convention. This convention is heavily program-oriented, with a large art show and dealers' room. The ratio of pros to fans is high. Writers, artists, publishers, and editors conduct business and are on programming. Friday night there is a mass autograph session that all published writers are requested to attend. Fans are asked to limit themselves to three books per writer, but may come back in line to have three more signed as often as time permits. There is usually an artists' reception on Saturday night. This is a time for artists and their fans to meet and chat. The convention is a serious event. There is no costuming, gaming, filking, or video room. Occasionally a film premiere or classic horror film will be shown. This chairperson would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the hundred people from the Glorious South who volunteered their time and energy to work on these first two conventions and made them such a success. Without their help, the WHC would not be the success it is today.

## The History of Musicon

### *Lee Billings*

Filk has never had the influence in Southern fandom that it has in other parts of the country. There are few performers (and many of those are transplants from other areas), and concons tend to be indifferent, if not downright unfriendly, to filk. Southern fandom is the last bastion of the room-filk (where someone volunteers their hotel room as a venue), the hallway-filk, and the stairwell-filk.

Xanadu tried to remedy this situation by having a Filk GoH and devoting some programming space to filking, but it didn't work out well and the later Xanadus gave up the idea of a filk emphasis. However, filk fandom was slowly penetrating into the South. Some of it came in through Star Trek fandom, since many Star Trek songs have been written (including the quintessential Trek filk, Leslie Fish's "Banned From Argo"); some was the result of filk-fen from other areas moving here and spreading the interest to their friends.

I first broached the concept of an all-filk con for Nashville to some friends in mid-1990. They were enthusiastic, and I decided to give it a try. Some people might have said I was crazy; at this point, I

had never been on a concon, never even volunteered at a con. But I'd been going to cons for some 15 years, and I thought I had a pretty good idea of what worked and what didn't – and a filk-con would be much smaller and easier to manage than a general-interest con. My original core concon were: myself, Tom Billings, James Fulkerson, Andy Bateman, Vanessa Cain, Paul Wilson, Margaret Brown, and David Perry. I guessed that we would draw somewhere between 50 and 100 people, and began making plans accordingly.

My first step was to ask Steve Francis for a copy of the standard RiverCon hotel contract. RiverCon had been around long enough, and been through enough hotel woes, that I thought his contract would cover most of the situations we might encounter. My next step was to recruit Dan Caldwell onto the concon, thinking that his experience with Xanadu would be invaluable to an otherwise inexperienced committee. This turned out to give mixed results; Dan had trouble scaling his ideas down from a 500-person con to the 50-person level, and I kept having to say, "It's a small con, that won't work!" I was also determined not to get into the quagmire of serving alcohol, and Dan insisted that it wasn't a consuite without beer. I won that round by pointing out that it was my con and my money, and my lawsuit if we had alcohol problems! But Dan was also the source of many helpful hints as time went by. Another good source of advice was John Railing, who was at that time the conchair of ConFabulation, a small relaxation-con based in Bloomington, IN. This con actually had a panel entitled "So You Want To Run Your Own Convention" the year before we were targeting our initial con. Needless to say, the panel was well-attended by Musicon committee members!

Our date was chosen by process of elimination. I wanted to stay in the Opryland off-season because we would get better hotel rates that way; I also had to avoid two other major filk-cons in the fall, several Midwest regionals with filk emphasis, and any major Southern cons. It turned out that the only suitable date was the first weekend in January. This meant that we would be risking bad weather every year, but it also gave us a nice niche as the first con of the year.

Musicon 1 was held at the Days Inn Briley Parkway, January 3-5, 1992. The GOH was Naomi Pardue from Bloomington; the TM was Murray Porath from Louisville. We also had Phil Cooper and Margaret Nelson, professional folksingers from Chicago, as special guests. A total of 60 people attended. The hotel was not really large enough; its main attraction had been that it was cheap. There was no space for a huckster room, so we put the hucksters on the 2nd floor. Our one function room was normally the

lounge, which the hotel was kind enough to close for our exclusive use. It was cramped (especially once Joe Ellis showed up with all his synthesizer equipment!) and the temperature control was poor. But everyone said they had a good time, and my experiment had worked. It was time to start looking for a better location.

We added a key player to the concom at this point. Kathy Horning had come down from Chicago and promptly pitched in to fight fires as they occurred. After the con, she said that if she was going to be fighting fires she wanted a shot at fire prevention, too! Kathy is a strong detail person, something that up to that time had been lacking on the committee. Bryan Porter was also shanghaied onto the concom for his ability to get cheap drinks (he works for Beaman Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company). David was no longer with us due to having left for college the year before; Margaret chose to leave due to some committee conflicts. We picked up another friend with organizational skills, Clark Wierda from Little Rock, to try to fill the gap.

Musicon 2 moved to the Shoney's Inn Opryland on January 1-3, 1993. GOH was Renee Alper from Cincinnati; TM was Alisa Cohen from Indianapolis. We also had Dr. Joe Waldbaum, a contemporary folksinger from Columbus, OH, as a special guest. Total attendance was 66. This con went much more smoothly than the first one. We had a small but nice huckster room, and the Saturday night filk split out into a virtual smorgasbord, with regular filk in the program room, traditional folk by the elevator, pop & rock in the smoking consuite, and Jewish camp songs at the end of the hall! Since the Shoney's Inn had no restaurant on site, they didn't mind us bringing in takeout Chinese for a banquet. This con also marked the beginning of the outstanding consuite which has come to be one of Musicon's trademarks, with regular and flavored coffees, regular and herbal teas, a wide variety of unusual soft drinks, and real food ranging from beef sticks, cheese and crackers to fresh fruit, home-baked bread, and pots of chili. Our biggest problem was that with a refrigerator, microwave, crock-pots, and 3 coffee pots in the consuite, we kept blowing the breaker. This was promptly dubbed "the New Romantic Lighting in the consuite"! The hotel provided a long extension cord to move some of the load onto another circuit, but we still had to be careful.

Musicon 3 remained at the Shoney's Inn, on January 7-9, 1994. GoH/TM were Bill & Brenda Sutton, in no particular order (although Bill wound up performing most of the TM's duties). As special guests, we had the Allen Street String Band, Bill Rintz's contra-dance band from Springfield, IL, and Kristoph Klover from Los Angeles was our first In-

terfilk guest. Total attendance was 70, which included enough walk-ins to counter-balance the 15 pre-registrations who were no-shows due to threatening weather. After two years in which the Interfilk benefit auction had been little more than an afterthought, we put some serious effort into acquiring auction items this year and it paid off. The auction set a record, not for total money taken in, but for dollar amount per capita; no Interfilk auction had broken the \$9 per attendee mark before.

We lost the Shoney's Inn for Musicon 4; I thought 14 months in advance was plenty of time to reserve our date, but I was wrong. We were bumped by a Shriners' convention! I chose to keep the date and look for another venue. This decision was helped by the fact that Shoney's was rapidly pricing themselves out of the market; while \$65 room rates are not unusual for a larger hotel, we all felt that price was out of line for this facility. Andy, Vanessa, and Dan also left the concom at this point; we had inaugurated a recognition level called "Friends of Musicon" for people who helped with aspects of preparation but were not on the committee, and they felt more comfortable moving back to this level. We picked up Jan Berndtson from Bloomington, who volunteered to take charge of the consuite if she could be recognized in the program book as "Consuite Ghoddess"!

Musicon 4 was held at the Quality Inn Executive Plaza on January 6-8, 1995. GOH was Margaret Middleton from Little Rock; TM was Michael "Moonwulf" Longcor from West Lafayette, IN. We also had Todd Alan, a pagan folksinger from Columbus, OH, as a special guest. Total attendance was 79. While we would have been very happy to stay with this hotel, we weren't given the option; six weeks before the con, Opryland bought the facility to use for employee dormitories! We were lucky that our contract was honored; Kubla Khan was sent scrambling for a new hotel at 5 months' notice. On the good side, the hotel employees, who were no happier about this turn of affairs than we were, leaned over backwards to give us outstanding service all weekend long. The con was notable for the first appearance of a group called Timelines, who proved to be extremely popular. This was also the first Musicon that didn't lose money; we actually showed about a \$10 profit. Or, as Bryan put it, "We're in the black! Let's order a pizza! Whoops—there goes the profit!"

We added Tamara Roberson to the concom; as a smoker, she felt that the con leaned too far in favor of non-smokers and volunteered to weight the balance on the other side. And we were hotel-shopping again...

Musicon 5 was held at the Ramada Inn Governor's House on January 5-7, 1996. GoH was Mark

Bernstein from Ann Arbor; TM was Tom Smith, also from Ann Arbor. Rennie Levine was our Interfilk guest, and delighted all with several concerts, including a bawdy-theme "Adults Only" set. We invited all previous GOH's, TM's, and special guests back for a joint concert, with about a 50% acceptance rate. Total attendance was 92. This con was noted for turning into Extend-a-Con; we were hit with some 8" of snow on Saturday, and Nashville had its usual bad-weather panic. By Sunday evening our airport was open, but no one who was flying east could leave because the entire east coast was snowed in; the roads were drivable, but no one who had to drive north could leave because Kentucky had closed all interstates. We retitled the dead dog party the "Sled Dog Party," moved the filk to the smoking consuite and a vacated guest room, and kept going! The con was also plagued with hotel troubles—far more than we had expected from a hotel which had hosted several previous Kublas. Fortunately, with one or two glaring exceptions, the problems were mainly confined to the committee and not obvious to the attendees. The eventual outcome, after Murray Porath agreed to sit in on the hotel debrief in a legal capacity, was that we got a substantial reduction on our hotel costs and we started looking again.

As of this writing, the venue for Musicon 6 has not yet been decided. Our GoHs will be the filk-rock group Timelines from South Carolina, and TM will be Juanita Coulson from Hartford City, IN. I believe that the success of Musicon has made other cons in the South sit up and take some notice of filking; Magic Carpet Con routinely has a filk GoH and a filk track, and several other regional cons have begun to provide space for filk in their programming. We are beginning to develop some indigenous Southern filk talent, and while there's a long road still ahead, I think we're on our way.

#### More Nashville clubs and cons:

Nashville: The Nashville Science Fiction Club, aka BEMS, meets on the 1st Tuesday of each month at the Cumberland Science Museum and has other social functions during the month. Contact: Dan Caldwell, 3522 Kings Lane, Nashville, TN 37218. Newsletter editor: Debra Hussey.

Nashville: The Middle Tennessee Speculative Fiction Association meets the 3rd Thursday of every month at 7:30 PM at the Cumberland Science Museum. Address: P.O. Box 68203, Nashville, TN 37206. Officer: President Anita Williams.

## TEXAS

Texas has a long and colorful fannish history, most of which is unknown to me. Nevertheless:

[From Curt Phillips.] In 1938 Dale Hart formed a "tri-cities chapter" of the Science Fiction League in Texas [per Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays, those "cities" were Baytown, Pelley, and Goose Creek.]. It grew into a sizable group and sent big delegations to the early worldcons as well as publishing zines.

[From Richard Lynch's outline of fan history in the 1960s, living, and still growing even though it's over 800K, on the Internet.] In 1960 Lloyd D. Broyles of Waco, TX co-founded with Al Andrews of AL the short-lived Southern Fandom Group. Based on the NFFF it published a dittoed newsletter The Southern Fan until 1963. Though it died of lactivity, it set the stage for SFPA in 1961 and the SFC. However, this organization did not lead to formation of fandom within Texas.

My first contact with Texas fandom was at a Chat-tacon in the early 1980s when I helped Dennis Virzi shop for a bid party (a Worldcon?) he was throwing there. There was a NASFiC in Austin in 1985. I vaguely recall a DSC bid from out of Texas one year (I think they were trying for a Worldcon, a Westerncon and a DSC all around the same time—just to be completists—of course, that's not so bad—there was a Canadian DSC bid for a while...). I've attended a number of the curiously sercon Armadillocons in Austin put on by FACT in the 1980s and seen a number of clubzines come out of Texas in the late '80s and '90s. In 1988 Pat Mueller (now Pat Virzi) won a Hugo for The Texas SF Inquirer. Karen Meshke and her husband Fred Duarte have been active both as dealers and con organizers (Karen is chairing this year's worldcon). Bookstore owner Willie Sirois, Diana Thayer and her husband artist Teddy Harvia are all part of the "usual suspects" of modern Texas fandom. Teresa Patterson in Dallas has also headed up a series of big conventions. Cepheid Variable, a college group in College Station puts on Aggiecon. Alex Slate is publishing a genzine called PhiloSFy from out of San Antonio (for more info write: 8603, Shallow Ridge Dr., San Antonio, TX 78239-4022). I've heard Alabama boy Greg Benford reminisce evilly about his part in early Dallas fandom. And Richard Brandt, fanzine fan and author of the article on El Paso below, wafted through SFPA a few years ago. Yet Texas has seemed less a part of Southern fandom than its own contained thing. For more on early Texas fans, see my notes on early Southern fandom in Part I.

## Fandom West of the Pecos

Richard Brandt

[First published in a Corflu Ocho zine, but I lifted it from his reprint in The Times that Bind #1 in the 2/96 mailing of the Fan History Apa.]

Details of the fannish prehistory of El Paso are sketchy at best. Claude Hall is known to have published a well-known fanzine, Muzzy, from El Paso during the Fifties, and other fans residing in the Sun City during that era included Eva "Wildcat" Kreuger and SSgt. Art Rapp, but the first known attempt at any organized fandom waited until the Seventies.

Zothique was the brainchild of a few young El Pasoans who had met each other over the science fiction racks at a local bookstore. Filing as an official student organization in order to reap the advantages of university affiliation, Zothique included such future stalwarts of Austin fandom as Willie Siros, Robert Taylor, Ed Scarborough, and Christine Pasanen (later Christine Morris). After driving to California for a Westercon, Wille said to himself, "Hey—we could do that," and Solarcon was born.

The first Solarcon met at the Plaza Hotel, where local film buff Jay Duncan was working; Jay also coordinated the film program. Philip Jose Farmer was GoH; this experience led Willie to the practice of inviting novice authors to their first GoHship (a practice he took with him to Austin and Armadillocon). Future Solarcon "discoveries" included George R.R. Martin and Howard Waldrop. Solarcon finally fell victim to staff losses in 1980.

The interim between sfnal conventions was filled by Scott Blacksher, an enthusiastic comics fan who started the El Paso Comic Con (later renamed El Paso Fantasy Festival, after Scott realized mundanes in El Paso inferred a negative connotation to the word "con"). Scott was an inspired promoter—he once delivered press releases to every newsroom in town while wearing a black-and-white costume with "Generic Superhero" emblazoned on the chest—but was hampered by his calculations that every con was bound to break 500 in attendance. Mounting debts killed off the Fantasy Festivals before the end of the Eighties.

Starquest formed as a group of fans, mostly from the west side of town, who coalesced around costumer Michele Ellington. The club began putting on Questicons in 1981, and by 1982 had even invited an author guest, (Bob Vardeman). None of the first three cons had attracted more than 35 attendees, but this did not dissuade the club from flying Andy Offutt in from Kentucky as GoH for a disastrous fourth and final Questicon. The treasurer closed the bank account on the day the convention opened, some punk in an assassin costume banged on the

GoH's door at seven in the morning, friendships were ruptured, marriages dissolved, and a couple of locals were left holding the bag for several hundred dollars they'd advanced the convention. That weekend pretty much put the keboosh on Starquest as well.

Another group coalesced around former Monkey House resident Jane Swatzell and evolved over time into the El Paso Science Fiction and Fantasy Alliance. After a false start at organizing a convention, in which the first choice as Chairperson and two of her officers absconded with two-thirds of the treasury, Amigocon got under way in 1986. Linguistics professor and ardent Dr. Who fan Marianne Phinney took charge of the art show for the second year, and since Amigocon has developed quite a reputation among artists; their guests have included Real Musgrave, Brad Foster, Kelly Freas, and David Cherry, while Mel White and Ingrid Neilson are semi-regular visitors.

Fanzine from El Paso were generated on a reasonably regular basis between 1986 and 1989, but have not been seen outside of apas for a little while now.

[Richard's zine included a request for more information on the following tantalizing topics: (1) *The Science Fiction Syndicate of Austin, TX, publishers of "Science Fiction Bibliography" (1935) which ran a KTF review of Bob Tucker's first fanzine,* (2) *The Dripping Springs, TX, worldcon bid,* (3) *"Astra" Zimmer in Texas,* (4) *Greg Benford's articles in VOID on Texas fandom 1958-1963,* (5) *[Tom Reamy's—TKFW] Big D worldcon bid,* (6) *Friendly Texans. [?]*

For those seeking more information about the rest of Texas fandom, I suggest scanning the 1997 Worldcon progress reports and program book.—TKFW]



More TX clubs and conventions:

Arlington: Texas Sci-Fi/Horror Society, PO Box 202495, Arlington, TX 76006. Quarterly meetings. Contact: Douglas Ivins.

Austin: Fandom Association of Central Texas (FACT), Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766. Website: <http://www.io.com/~shiva/fact/index.html>.

Austin: Non-Aligned Worlds of Austin, PO Box 19532, Austin TX 78760. Meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 1 PM at the Windsor Village Library at 5851 Berkman Drive. Babylon 5. Contact: Jerrie Marchand.

College Station: MSC Nova, Box J1, Memorial Student Center, Texas A&M, College Station, TX 77844. RPG, card, and board gaming. Meetings every two weeks. Contact: Clay Hanna.

College Station: AggieCon XXVII(March 21-24 '96), Memorial Center, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX. Guests & Membership: to be announced. Info: AggieCon XXVI, P. O. Box J-1, College Station, TX 77844 409-845-1515.

Dallas: Stellar Occasion 4 (August 1-2 '97), Harvey Hotel-Addison, Dallas, TX. Guests: Ben Bova, Mira Furlan, Syd Mead, Peter David, Theresa Patterson. Membership: \$30 until ?, \$35 at the door. Info: 3352 Broadway #470, Garland, TX 75043.

Dallas: A-KON 8 (May 30 - June 1 '97), Harvey Hotel-Addison, Dallas, TX. Guests: James Hong, Mitsuhsa Ishikawa, Scott Frazier, Newton Wewill, Steve Bennett. Membership: \$30. Info: 3352 Broadway Blvd., Suite 470, Garland, TX 75043.

El Paso: El Paso Science Fiction and Fantasy Alliance, PO Box 3177, El Paso, TX 79923. Monthly newsletter and meetings. Dues: \$15 annually. Officers: President Anita Ruble, Vice-President Tom Cable, Secretary Muriel van Sweringen, Treasurer Nancy La Rock.

El Paso: ConDiablo / WesterCon 49 (July 4-7 '96), Hotel Camino Real Paso Del Norte and Convention Center, El Paso, TX. Guests: Howard Waldrop, James P. Blaylock, Brad W. Foster, Arnie & Joyce Katz, Pat Cadigan. Membership: \$30 12/31/94, , \$40 to 07/03/95, \$50 to 12/31/95, then higher. Info: ConDiablo, Box 3177, El Paso, TX 79923. 800-585-8754, in El Paso, 542-0443.

El Paso: LoneStarCon2/55th World SF Convention (28 August-1 September, '97), Henry B. Gonzales

Convention Center, Marriott Rivercenter, Marriott Riverhall, San Antonio, Republic of Texas, U.S.A. Guests: Algis Budrys, Michael Moorcock, Don Maitz, Roy Tackett, Neal Barrett, Jr. Membership: attending—\$65 to 12/31/94, \$80 to 8/15/95; \$95 to 7/7/96, \$135 to 7/1/97, \$25 supporting. Info: P. O. Box 27277, Austin, TX 78755-2277. 512-453-7446. E-mail: [lsc2@io.com](mailto:lsc2@io.com).

Houston: Friends of Fandom, P.O. Box 541822, Houston, TX 77254. Contact: Candace Pulleine. Web site: <http://clever.net/cam/sf.html>.

Houston: Con-Troll (April 19-21 '96), Ramada Astrodome, Houston, TX. Guests: Harry Harrison, C. J. Cherryh, Mary Hanson-Roberts, Lynn Abbey, Jane S. Fancher. Membership: \$25 to 3/15/96, \$35 at the door. Info: Con-Troll, P. O. Box 740969-1025, Houston, TX 77274. 713-895-9202.

San Antonio: Ursa Major, PO Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78269-1448. Meetings on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Tuesdays and the 4th Friday of each month. Newsletter: Robots & Roadrunners. Contact: Mary Helm.

## VIRGINIA

*Yes, Virginia, there is fandom. And this is what Curt Phillips, Ned Brooks and I know about its history. More than that, I'm afraid you'll have to get from the individual clubs, 'cause I haven't.*

[From Curt Phillips of Abingdon, VA, personal correspondence. First he reminded me of Bradford Day, author of the Index to Weird & Fantastic Fiction the Magazines, who lives in Hillsville, VA. Then...] "What! Nothing on fandom in Virginia? We've had quite a bit of it, you know. Rovacon, Magicon, Starcall, NoVacon, Technicon, Mysticon, and a dozen others. Clubs in Arlington, Richmond, Blacksburg, Roanoke, Va. Beach, and even Abingdon. The dottering old relics in the Hampton Roads Sci-Fi Association will be SHOCKED, *SHOCKED*, I say, if they're not mentioned. (hhok) Surely you'll at least include the stirring account of Guy Lillian's 1995 visit to Abingdon! Oh, it was big news in these parts, I tell you. Very big news! Someday the true story must be told... [*And if anyone is silly enough to print it, it'll be me—TKFW*]

[From Ned Brooks of Newport News, VA, AKA "dottering old relic" and "Cool Dog"] This area of Virginia is loosely referred to as "Tidewater," and I have been here since 1959. The first fan group I know of was our own *Fellowship of the Purple*

*Tongue*, a very loose informal group (there were no dues or officers, but we alternated meeting at the homes of Norfolk-area members—Phil Harrell, and Phil Walker, who always served grape Kool-Aid, hence the name). Other members of FePuTo, as it was called, were myself, Frank Dauer, visiting military Colin Cameron, Fred Lerner, and Steve Stiles; and a couple of others whose names I have forgotten—I don't think there ever was a membership list. I knew about Jim Avery and Herman Stowell King, but they weren't members. Tag Gibson (who now calls himself Wolf Dancer) was a fringe member, most noted for his cartoon character Madame Frog. Hard to date exactly a group that left so little paper behind, but roughly it was 1964-1969.

The next local fan group I had anything to do with was the *Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association*, HaRoSFA. I made up the name and mentioned the totally mythical group a few times in SFPA and used The HaRoSFA Journal as the title of my Slanapa zine from the beginning of that apa in January 1970. The real organization was founded in 1977 by a small literary group that met in the Grafton branch of the public library. It was a great success and exists to this day, but its main activity is the local SciCon. A preliminary effort called the HarKon was held at the NASA/Langley Activities Building in 1978 (many of the members were NASA employees) and the SciCon convention series started in 1979. There was a short-lived clubzine called The Liberated Quark, but the club [...now only produces the occasional 1-page newsletter] and I have little contact with it. Major factors in the success of the SciCons was the presence of Kelly and Polly Freas in the area and the Norfolk-based SF publishing of Donning Company; also the SF and fantasy music of Norfolk folk musician Bob Zentz.

My own genzines were The New Newport News News (with Red Avery, son of the James Avery who published Spaceways with Harry Warner) in the '60s, followed by It Comes in the Mail in the '70s and '80s and the current It Goes on the Shelf.... I was also a member of NFFF and published ten issues of The Collector's Bulletin for them.

Blacksburg: SF & Fantasy Club of Virginia Tech, PO Box 256, Blacksburg, VA 24063. Weekly meetings.

Blacksburg: VTAS - The Animation Society of Virginia Tech, P.O. Box 11582, Blacksburg, VA 24060. Anime. Weekly meetings. Contact: Rich Parish.

Blacksburg: TechniCon 13 (March 22-24 '96), Best Western Red Lion Inn, Blacksburg, VA. Guests: L. E. Medesitt, Lori & Corey Cole, Ruth Thompson,

Kevin McElvinn. Membership: \$20 to 12/15/95, then more. Info: Technicon 13, c/o VTSFFC, Box 256, Blacksburg, VA 24063-0256. 540-951-7232 E-mail: technicon@Vtcc1.cc.vt.edu.

Burke: The Federation, P.O. Box 10332, Burke, VA 22099. Star Trek. Newsletters The Federation Presents and The Operative. Contact: David J. Moody.

Charlottesville: SheVaCon 4 (February 16-18 '96), Omni, Charlottesville, VA. Guests: Eric Kotani, Lubov, John Maddox Roberts, Rikk Jacobs. Membership: \$15 to 10/31/95, then more. Info: SheVaCon, Box 2672, Staunton, VA 24402-2672. (703)-885-5530.

Fairfax: Science Fiction/Fantasy Club, 4400 University Dr, MS 2D6, Fairfax VA 22030. Newsletter: The Fractal. Contacts: Sean Newborn and David Gardner.

Falls Church: Animation Art Collectors Club of Washington, 2972 Yarling Ct, Falls Church, VA 22042. Two meetings per quarter. Contact: Nancy McClellan.

Harrisonburg: Science Fiction/Fantasy Guild of James Madison University. They appear to put on a Madicon, a convention with a focus on gaming, in its fifth year in 1996. For more information send SASE to: Madicon, JMU, Box 7202, Harrisonburg, VA 22807. Call (540) 568-6000 or e-mail glassbt@jmu.edu.

Lynchburg: Lynchburg SF Assoc., 346 Izaak Walton Rd., Madison Heights, VA 24572. They appear to put on Kaleidoscope, in its fourth year in 1996, a convention.

Newport News: Hampton Roads Science Fiction Association, 414 Winterhaven Drive, Newport News, VA 23606-2518. Meetings on the third Tuesday of each month at the NASA Langley Activities Building in Hampton. Newsletter: The Liberated Quark. Contact Mary Gray.

Reston: Northern Virginia Gamers (NOVAG), PO Box 7148, Reston, VA 22091. Historical and SF miniatures and board gaming. Weekly meetings and Newsletter: NOVAG News.

Roanoke: Rising Star 5 (September 27-29 '96), Roanoke, VA. Guests: Frank Kelly Freas. Membership: to be announced. Info: Rising Star 4, 545 Howard Drive, Salem VA 241531. 703-389-9400.

Winchester: Shenandoah Valley Gamers Guild, PO Box 1448, Winchester, VA 22604. Semi-monthly meetings and newsletter: The Pages of Lore. Contact: John Coulter.

Woodbridge: Cambrion Adventures, 3048 Seminole RD, Woodbridge, VA 22192. Live-action role-playing. Meetings every other Saturday. Contact: Bob McNeal.

## MEDIA, NATIONAL & INTERNATIONAL CLUBS

These are clubs with affiliated clubs and/or members spread through the South. For the chapter nearest you, contact the address listed. Also, a couple of national clubs that happened to be based in the South.

National Fantasy Fan Federation, 1920 Division St., Murphysboro, IL 62966. Newsletters: TNFF and Tightbeam. Contact: William Center.

National Space Society, 922 Pennsylvania Ave SE, Washington, DC 20003. Newsletter: Ad Astra. Contact: David Brandt.

The Libertarian Futurist Society, 602 Purple Sage Dr., Round Rock, TX 78681. Newsletter: Prometheus. Mostly reviews of SF books with libertarian content. Annual award. Membership: \$15. For a subscription: \$10/year (4 issues). Contact editor Anders Monsen. (512) 388-2423.  
E-mail: amonsen@aol.com.

Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games, 1127 Cedar, Bonham, TX 75418. Newsletter: CAR-PGa Newsletter: and other publications. Contact: Paul Cardwell, Jr.  
<http://members.aol.com/waltonwj/carpga.htm>.

International Fantasy Gaming Society, PO Box 3577, Boulder, CO 80307. Live-action fantasy role-playing. Contact: Janice Moore.

International Costumers Guild, PO Box 94538, Pasadena, CA 91109. Newsletter: Costumers Quarterly. Web site: <http://www.costume.org>.

DragonWeb, 4122 Tallah, San Antonio, TX 78218. Pern. Contact: Randall Stukey.

Queen's Own: The Mercedes Lackey Fan Club. P.O. Box 132, Shiloh, NJ 08353. Newsletter. \$8/year

for 9 issues of the newsletter. Contact: Judith Louvis.

The SCA: Founded in California in 1966 by Poul Anderson and other SF fans, the anachronists have as their goal the re-living, in costumes, customs, dancing, singing, the arts and fighting, periods of history between 405 and 1650 AD. It was brought to the South by Hank Reinhardt in the 1967. Most of the South falls in the Kingdom of Meridies, but Texas is in Ansteorra, Atlantia covers the mid-Atlantic states and Trimaris is Florida. The SCA now has over 20,000 members worldwide. For more information call their corporate offices at (800) 789-7486 or write: Member Services, Society for Creative Anachronism, P.O. Box 360789, Milpitas, CA 95036-0789. <http://www.sca.org>.

EDC Animation Society, 3352 Broadway Blvd, \$470, Garland, TX 75043. Japanese Animation. Newsletters: Nova and Whispers of Iscandar. Contact: Meri Wakefield-Hazlewood.

Federation Marine Corps, 2404 Greenwood Dr., Portsmouth, VA 23702. RPG. Newsletter: Attention All Hands. Contact: Robert J. Bell.

International Federation of Trekkers, PO Box 84, Groveport, OH 43125-0084. Newsletter: Voyages Magazine. Contact: Russ Haslage.

Klingon Armada International, P.O. Box 1695, Des Plaines, IL 60017-1695. Newsletter: The Catalyst. Contact: Char Haguewood.

Romulan Star Empire, PO Box 3508, Dayton, OH 45401. Newsletters: Star Path and Warnings from the Edge.

Starfleet, 200 Hiawatha Blvd, Oakland, NJ 07436-3743. Web site: <http://www.sfi.org>

Starfleet Command, PO Box 180637, Casselberry, FL 32718. Newsletter: Starfleet Communications. Contact: Rita Cawthon-Clark.

United Federation of Planets Internationale, 2445 Stonebridge Dr., Orange Park, FL 32065. Newsletter: The Universal Translator. Contact: Kaye Downing.

Roxann Biggs-Dawson Fan Club (she plays engineer B'lanna Torres on *Star Trek Voyager*). "Brains-Brawn-Beauty." Newsletter. 1630 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Suite 143, Clarksville, TN 37042. Telephone & Fax: (615) 647-1172. E-mail: BlilsisM@aol.com

Random Flight, Official Robert Duncan McNeill  
Fan Club, c/o Brenda Antrim, P.O. Box 3583,  
Abilene, TX 79604. E-mail: bantrim@delphi.com.

#### STARFLEET

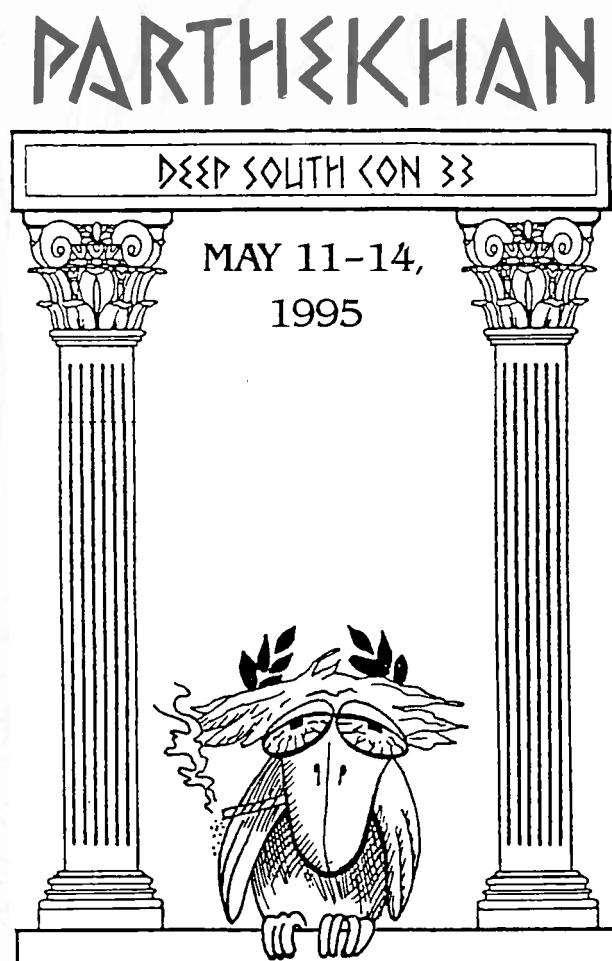
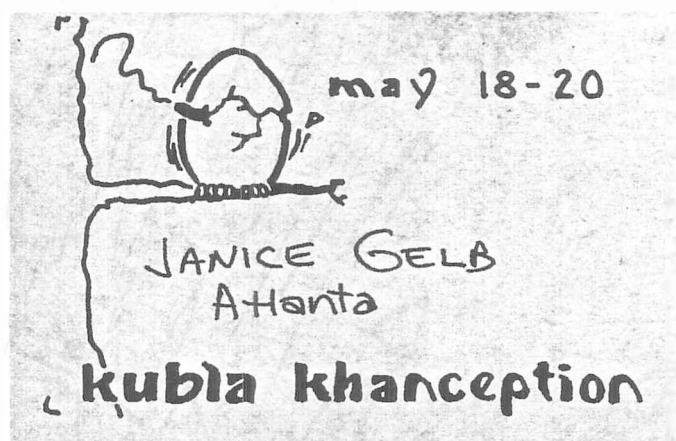
This international Star Trek club has affiliates across the South. For information, write to the regional commanders. Info compiled by Tom Feller based on material supplied by Bethany Theilman.

Region One: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee  
c/o Linda Neighbors, 837 Regal Oaks Way, Amherst, VA 24521-3306.

Region Two: Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama  
c/o Edward W. Danley, 11021 Challeux Drive, South Jacksonville, FL 32225.

Region Three: Texas, Louisiana  
c/o Brad Pense, P.O. Box 1822, Arlington, TX 76004.

Region Twelve: Arkansas  
c/o Comm Coyote, P.O. Box 411793, Kansas City, MO 64141.





## PART IV:

# Fanzines, Legends, & Misc.

### Southern Apas

SFPA:

#### The Briefest of Appreciations

*Guy H. Lillian III*

*"If you seek his monument, look about you."*

That sentiment is inscribed in a plaque set into the floor of a London cathedral, honoring its architect, who is buried there. It could also apply to a gentleman named **Al Andrews**, who, more than 35 years ago, set into motion the social process which brought Southern science fiction fandom, as it presently exists, into being. Without him, we wouldn't be here. Let me explain.

Al was a gentleman in his early forties, wheelchair-bound because of debilitating muscular dystrophy. Jazz buff supreme, he was also a dedicated s.f. fan who believed in passing along his madness to young men of similar interest. These guys would gather at Al's Huntsville, Alabama abode to celebrate s.f. and, as s.f.ers have a wont to do, conspire to expand its holy word. There was a national organization in place to bring along national fans, the National Fantasy Fan Federation, or N3F. It was a fine model for what Andrews had in mind.

With Texan **L.D. Broyles**, through the mail, and acolytes **Dick Ambrose**, **Larry Montgomery** and **Bill Plott** (all of Alabama), in person, Al formed the **Southern Fandom Group**, the first serious attempt to bring Southern fans into mutual contact and, of course, the precursor to the mighty Southern Fandom Confederation of today.

Projects to spur the SFG were sought, and 'twas **Bill Plott** (known fannishly as "Billyjoeplottofelikaalabama") who apparently came up with its most spectacularly successful idea. An *apa*.

That's amateur press association. You see, in the days before the Internet, there was this stuff called *paper*, and instead of sending messages electronically, the way you and I and all other modern boys and girls do, people would write on this *paper* with stuff called *ink* and communicate *that* way. At that time, in the earliest days of the sixties, science fiction fans had been using *paper* to publish things called *fanzines* for just over 30 years. And what are fanzines? Well, this SFC Handbook is a fanzine...an amateur magazine written, edited, and published by, for, and most-of-the-time about s.f. fans. Back in those olden days fans

would laboriously print their fanzines by various archaic means and send them to each other through the mail. And it would take weeks...not the nanoseconds you and I are used to in this, the age of the 'net, when all communication is done via computer, modem, and the expensive information highway.

Anyway, apas were a convenient way of distributing and receiving large numbers of fanzines at once. Basically, an apa is a club. Every member of the club publishes his own fanzine, then sends a number of these fanzines to a central mailer or, as is often the case, an Official Editor. He makes up bundles of these zines (note the accepted abbreviation) and sends them out to the club members. That's an apa.

Bill Plott had heard about apas. The Fantasy Amateur Press Association, or FAPA, had been around since 1937. SAPS, the Spectator Amateur Press Society, had begun some time later. The National Fantasy Fan Federation, or N3F, had an apa for its members, N'APA. So, said Plott, since the SFG was founded along the lines of the N3F, why shouldn't it have an apa of its own?

The idea made sense. As 1961 blossomed, so did the idea of "an SFG apa." Al Andrews began to look around for an able fan to bring the idea to life. Plott was busy graduating (from high school; they built 'em young in those days) and couldn't do so himself. But along came **Bob Jennings**, of Nashville, Tennessee, an experienced editor of his own fanzine who stepped in to do the deed. He printed up a letter—by *hectography*, a process roughly akin to carving cuneiform into soft clay—and distributed it throughout the South, announcing the formation of the SFG apa. Three issues of an organizational fanzine went forth and rules were righteously debated. Through various permutations the group gained a name, and when seven intrepid rebel fan editors sent Jennings enough copies of their fanzines, forth it went: the first mailing of the **Southern Fandom Press Alliance. SFPA.**

That was the beginning.

SFPA came out once every three months. After a year, **Dave Hulan** took over as Official Editor, rewrote the bulky apa constitution, and began attracting more and more Southern fans onto the apa roster. Here is the crux of the matter; here is the importance of SFPA. *SFPA gave Southern fans—scattered, isolated, separated—a place to gather: a common project, a common outlet, a place to be.*

And the next thing you know, it gave us the DSC. I refer you to *that* article.

Hulan was succeeded as SFPA OE by **Joe Staton**, whose name will be familiar to anyone who's seen his later artwork in DC and other comics. Joe's fierce, funny caricatures of Southern fans would unite and delight the apa in coming years. After another Hulan OEsip, **Lon Atkins** ran the apa for four years...and in the last of those years, kept it going practically alone. Lon had moved to Los Angeles from the South while OE, you see, and from that far distance his ability to inspire new fanzine writers in the South was impaired. But in 1970 **Don Markstein** took over the OEsip, and the apa experienced a boom that has never really subsided. Members joined then that are *still* part of the group.

My personal favorite moment in the history of the apa came in the early 1980s, when I was Official Editor. All factors seemed to be coalescing into an immense explosion of enthusiasm for SFPA: there was a tremendous influx of new fans with talent and verve, and "oldtimers" like Atkins and Hulan were catching a second wind which moved them to tremendous heights of fanac. Forget the worst of times; that was the *best* of times. SFPA 100 was collated at Satyricon, held in Knoxville (city of SFPA's birth) in April, 1981. Counting a 200-page Shadow-SFPA (created by SFPA's immense, and immensely talented, waitlist), it topped off at 1,750 pages...believed to be the largest amateur press association mailing of all time. To our knowledge that total has never been surpassed.

Since then we have punched past the 1,000-page mark once (for our 25th anniversary mailing, edited by **Stven Carlberg**) and approached it several times. The history of SFPA has been, of course, one of growth and decline, like any other entity. But mostly there has been growth. To thank for this has been a sterling roster of members, led by our senior participant, **Ned Brooks**, and fostered by a raft of dedicated OEs: **George Inzer**, **JoAnn Montalbano**, **Alan Hutchinson** (of the brilliant cartoons), **Dennis Dolbear**, **Gary Brown** and our current sucker fearless leader, **Liz Copeland**. Most of the time, the apa's disties (a "disty" is a "mailing," or was that self-evident?) fall somewhere between 300-400 pages of material...material that is enthusiastic, often impassioned, and involved in the apa itself.

For if Southern fandom is a world unto itself within the engirdling sphere of national and world s.f. fandom, SFPA is a world within that one, with unique traditions and expectations, awareness and pride in its history. As its mailings approach 200 in number, and well over that number of fanzine editors, Southern and otherwise, have ridden its roster. Some were big

name fans who made the Hugo ballot (and in a couple of cases won). Some were rank neos who've never done a fanzine in their lives. In the vast majority of cases, all were welcome.

There are other fine apas in the south—**Myriad** and **KAPA** for outstanding examples—and many other outlets for fannish communication, and one has to wonder if the apa format will survive in the instantaneous era of the Internet. Nevertheless, SFPA abides. Want to join? If we ask her nicely enough, perhaps Toni will give the address of the current Official Editor, **Liz Copeland** somewhere in this **Handbook**. Feel free.

And when you do—or when you attend DSC or any of the other Southern conventions it inspired—think of Al Andrews, who once had a dream of a Southern fandom rich and various and active. We have exceeded his wildest expectations. He's gone now—muscular dystrophy is a cruel mistress. But if you seek his monument....

[If interested in SFPA, write to OE Liz Copeland at 1085 Albion Way, Boulder, CO 80303. E-mail is: liz@rmii.com. Dues are \$20/year, sample back mailings are available for \$5 each, the roster is stable at 25 and there is currently—for the first time in at least 15 years—no waitlist.]

## Reprise

### Lon Atkins

[Actually, this is a reprise of a "Reprise." First published in Melikaphkaz #33, which appeared in SFPA's Fabulous Fiftieth.]

*The fiftieth mailing of SFPA came out in November of 1972, and the wonderful Joe Staton cover on Mel #33 sported a caption reading "Special Nostalgia Issue." In 1972 I wrote about looking back on a SFPA that had passed. Today, a quarter-century later, that era in the mid-Sixties, when I still lived in the South and apas were powered by mimeographs and ditto machines, seems a special mythic age whose fannish magic (for me) has never been equaled.*

*This article excerpts from MEL #33 musings that strike a particular chord with me today. I began: "If the Deacon Andy Griffith were telling this he'd talk about the weird day when this fellow came up to him with a brown envelope and pulled from it a bunch of motley pages. There was ink on the pages, Ya See, and this pale blue and purple stuff on some that just might be ink with anemia. Anyhow, this fellow said these here pages were 'zeens' and grown men had done 'em. He showed me pictures of nekkid girls in the zeens, so I guess*

these people are a bunch of sex preverts or something. Then this fellow says that if I like science fiction I can join. I tell him I don't read no comic books and I ain't joining no Commie front organization.

"But..., I joined. I signed up for a hitch in the Southern Fandom Press Alliance after seeing exactly one mailing of that august organization. I rushed my own very first publication into the next mailing of SFPA.

"My involvement with SFPA while living in the South spanned an even ten [quarterly] mailings: 14 through 23. Two OElections took place during this period and they were hotly contested. Frequent fan gatherings produced one-shots of varying quality and laid the basis for the Hearts tradition in Southern fandom. The notorious Hank Reinhardt made his debut in SFPA and enriched Southern fanlore with a wealth of hilarious 'Hank' stories. RALLY! was born out of the frenetic activity of SFPA. The DeepSouthCon became an established tradition. The hyperactivity attracted a host of new faces, many of whom are the Southern BNFs and WKF's of today [1972].

*In MEL #33 I retrospectively "reviewed" SFPA mailing 15, the first one in which a zine of mine appeared: "Yep, that was my baby, Clarges #1. That was me number two on the waitlist. I had the second largest zine in the mailing. I was now a part of SFPA, member or not. The mailing was dazzling. Dian Pelz' Kabumpo had a hand-crafted cover. A princess is framed by the moon. Dark blue paper with the moon being a cut-out onto white paper. The line work is superb. That cover set a tone of magic for the entire mailing. Also there was Dave Hulan's 'The Fan of Bronze'—not the first SFPA faaan-fiction serial, but the first good one. It highlighted the emerging in-group. No, I didn't appear."*

*SFPA 15 sharpened my appetite for the microcosm: "I was busy making contact with fans in the area. Len Bailes and I had a correspondence going. In Durham I met my first Elder Ghod. Charles Wells, FAPAn and former co-editor of Quandry, was in grad school at Duke. There were numerous faanish get-togethers at the Wells home of the Chapel Hill-Durham crew. I played my first Diplomacy game there.*

*"The first weekend of August '65, the third DeepSouthCon was held at the Downtowner Motor Inn in Birmingham. The ConCom consisted of Larry Montgomery, Al Andrews and Billy Pettit. I'd already been on the East Coast con circuit and had made a friend, Ron Bounds, who took the bus to*

*Carolina and the Atkinsmobile from there. We picked up Al Scott and Len Bailes in Charlotte and rolled into B'ham filled with faaanish ideas. The principal effect of DSC III on me was that I suddenly found myself chairman of DSC IV. Len and I did some fancy talking to win the honor for Durham, but DSC IV was destined for another site..."*

*Because, by SFPA 18... "I began putting my withdrawal plan from academia to the Real World into effect, searching for a job. This meant travel, and I spent much time with fans in Alabama and Georgia. We talked about the Southern fan resurgence." Larry Montgomery, Dick Ambrose and I visited Al Andrews over the Christmas season. Larry wanted SFPA to have a very active role in Southern fandom, to the extent of narrowing its Yankee contingent. The rest of us agreed on SFPA's leadership role, but opposed the building of higher walls. We felt isolated enough as it was.*

*Driving to Atlanta for a minicon, Larry told me he planned to oppose Dave Hulan for OE again, but was pessimistic about his chances. Then I had an idea. "Timidly, I advanced my name. Larry pounced whole-heartedly. 'My God, you could win!' The idea was well received in Atlanta. Charles Wells, Ned Brooks, Hank Reinhardt, Jerry Page, Jerry Burge, Jeff Jones, Lee Jacobs, Dave Tribble and George Puckett were talking about Southern activism and a bid for an Atlanta Worldcon.*

*"Back in Birmingham, I received Al Andrews' endorsement, which about sewed up the core group. Al and I got to rapping and the idea of a Southern newszine emerged. RALLY! was born that day.... Soon I interviewed for a job in Hunspatch. I stayed at Wally Weber's place and we did a real "faaaanish" one-shot." And I got the job and began a series of trips around the South, including visiting Joe Staton in Milan, Tennessee. These trips were irresistible occasions for one-shots at-the-drop-of-a-hat. (I have since burned all copies.)*

*Then came SFPA 20, when the results of the OElection would become known. "I ripped open the jet-pak and saw my name on the masthead as OElect. Energized, I began plans for a DSC in Huntsville and a super twenty-first mailing ('SFPA comes of age')." Organizational work for the con went quickly. Work on the jiant fanzines I planned for the mailing went more slowly. But Joe Staton did me a terrific cover for SFPA 21, and that inspired me. Then suddenly the con was almost on top of me...*

*"DSC IV was an event to remember for a young Southern fan." Me. "All the people I knew well*

were there, as well as some fine new faces. Party was the keynote, with Hearts games following a close second. The formal program was brief but excellent. Yes, Hank talked about edged weapons and how to use them (Jerry Page narrowly escaped becoming part of a demonstration). A panel rapped about the ultimate destination of Southern fandom. To quote RALLY!: 'The destination was agreed upon unanimously, but there was some dispute over the mode of transportation, some favoring a handbasket and others a bucket.'

"The Rebel Award was presented to Dave Hulan for his dynamic role in sparking Southern fandom of the Sixties. Al Andrews had been the first recipient."

## All the Myriad Days...

*as remembered by*

*mike weber*

Long, long ago, in the dear dead days of 1972, i was attending Georgia Tech. The 1972 Deep-SouthCon was going to be held at the Howell House Hotel, about three blocks from the Tech campus. I had attended two WorldCons and one DeepSouthCon (1970, on my way from Viet Nam to Italy...), so i decided to make the scene, as it were.

Early Friday afternoon i arrived at the hotel, where i made my first real acquaintance in Southern Fandom—there was this weird skinny guy with an almost-invisible crewcut; he was wearing a three-piece suit and an automatic, and folding program books so fresh from the printer that the ink was coming off on his fingers. I helped, and, in the friendship that has ensued, i have come to the conclusion that he is at least as weird as he looks. However, i am not writing this to talk about Joe Celko...

I had, at that time, printed two issues of a fanzine whose title (i believe) was The Muthalode Morning Mishap (\*Named for the place of employment of deuce\$ reporter Philbert Desenex) ({Opposite end of payscale from an ace...}), using the offset press at the Tech News Bureau, where i had a part-time job. I was carrying a box with most of the print run of the second issue around, peddling copies (and tossing George H. Wells double or nothing for the price and winning...).

Then i encountered P.L. Caruthers, who dragged me off to meet Cliff & Susan Biggers, and demanded i give them thirty copies of the zine and a dollar to join something called Myriad.

So i did. From little things large things sometimes grow.

I found myself a member of Myriad (then a hex-aweekly, eight mailings a year apa) with its 33rd mailing—thus my first annish was Myriad's fifth annish, number 40—quite a milestone for an apa originally established, as i was given to understand, by a young Stven Carlberg when he realised just how long it was going to be before he could get into SFPA.

Other members of Myriad at that time were the aforementioned C&S Biggers, also Steve & Binker Hughes and, i believe, Meade & Penny Frierson. Singles on the roster included Gary Steele, John Merkel, Norm Masters (who favoured surreal zine titles like Pornographic Onion or French-Kissing the Girl with the Double Dip of Strawberry Ice Cream in Her Mouth...) {Merk and Norm were from, i believe, Minnesota} and an Oklahoma contingent including Peter Smurl and the Riddles (Prentiss A.S. and another first name i forget...), Cecil Hutto and Aljo Svoboda. Myriad was mailed as a bundle of loose zines in those days, later changing to a mass-stapled format to be absolutely certain of passing Post Office regulations anent Book Rate.

The Biggers regime as OEs ran a total of five years, i believe, then followed by Larry Mason (who joined after i did), myself and then-wife Susan Phillips (who i met through the pages of Myriad), by Rich Howell, by Deb Hammer Johnson, by Iris Brown and ultimately by Daniel Taylor who has been OE foreveranever and shows no signs of being displaced, last i heard.

In those days, Myriad was, very much, a major center of fannish activity in Atlanta and most of the surrounding states. It was members of Myriad who founded The Fannish Inquisition, which became The Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFiC), which, in turn, spawned two DSCs ('80 & '82), two largish regional cons, an Anne McCaffery con, and a nationally-regarded clubzine, Atarantes.

Later members of Myriad included "Ellery Creighton Tul" and "Sam Browne" (two hoax members), Janice Gelb, Ron Zukowski, Ron Butler, Ward O. Batty, Daniel and/or Oreta Taylor, Pat Hoin, Ulrika Anderson, Rick Albertson, J.R. McHone (Tales of the Naked Duck), Lynn Hickman and just whole bunches of other well-regarded and interesting (mostly-)Southern fans. {Before my time was Rob Reiner. No—not that Rob Reiner. His cousin...}

Myriad was the first place (outside of *The Butterfly Kid* and its sequels) that i encountered "shared-universe" stories—not just round-robins, but a series called "Tales of the Mystical Yeomanry" created by Cecil Hutto (about the "Mystical Yeomanry for the Recovery of Individual Arsenals by December," i think...) which any Myriad member was free to contribute to.

In 1975, i joined SFPA, the other pre-eminent apa in the South (to which i still belong) (assuming i get a zine printed and mailed this week, that is). For a long time, my interest in both organisations remained strong, but life changes (including separation and divorce in 1990) and an unstable work situation cut back my apa time considerably and, eventually, i looked at the two apas and discovered that i was looking forward to SFPA mailings but regarding Myriad zines almost as an onerous chore. (I was still quite happy with the people in the apa, i hasten to point out, but the apa wasn't getting it for me...) Also, though the people were fine and i liked to hang out with them, the apa as a whole was displaying a very Limbaughish slant.

And so, having no wish to play token liberal, an onerous role for which i am neither politically nor attitudinally suited, i regretfully said goodbye to the apa that had been more-or-less the focus of much of my fannish (and non-fannish, for that matter) life for just over twenty years.

But i still hang out with Myriad people at Chat-taCons and such, and i still try to attend AtomiCon, the more-or-less annual Myriad Party/con, and i still regard Myriad in a very special way as a major shaper of my fannish life...

If interested in Myriad, contact Dan Taylor at 550 Boulevard SE, Atlanta, GA 30312.

## KAPA: The Kentucky Amateur Press Association

*Patrick Molloy*

KAPA was started by Jane (Boster) Dennis and a handful of others in late 1982, as a way of increasing communication among Kentucky fans. From the start, however, KAPA has been open to members outside the state. Today, there are more contributors living outside of Kentucky than within. Some are former Kentucky residents, but others are just friends of other members. Originally a monthly apa, there are now six mailings per year. Minac (minimum activity) is a zine in four out of the six bimonthly mailings. There is no set format or topic for contributions. Many KAPAns are active in going to or running SF conventions, so that is a

frequently discussed subject. Members also write about such varied topics as vacations, hobbies, work, politics, pulp magazines, movies, and even science fiction!

KAPA has had over 80 mailings, and is still going strong. There is no waitlist, and new members are always welcome. Interested persons may request a sample mailing from the OE (official editor), Patrick Molloy, at P.O. Box 9135, Huntsville, AL, 35812.

## SLAN APA

This apa has a rotating OEsip and with two members residing in North Carolina they figure they're a Southern apa 12% of the time. For more information write: Kevin Welch, P.O. Box 2195, Madison, WI 53701.

## CURRENT SOUTHERN GENZINES

From Joe Gilbert's *Southern Star* in the '40s, to Lee Hoffman's *Quandry* in the '50s, Atkins' various projects in the '60's, through Charlotte Proctor's *Anvil* in the '80s, the South has had a long, proud history of top-notch fanzine activity. Below I've listed some information on the higher profile genzines being published with reasonable regularity these days. For information on clubzines, newsletters, et al., see the Regional Survey, Part III.

## Challenger

*Guy H. Lillian III*

First issue: 1993

To date: 5 issues

Mission: A serious fanzine designed to be of interest to the fannish male. (He knows that's ridiculous, but that's what he wants to do....) Inspired by *Esquire*.

Average page count: Over 100.

Submission info: talk to Guy first. Wants to have stuff live up to the Challenger name.

Subscriber info: PO Box 53092, NOLA, 70153.

Regular features: *Challenger* tribute to a Southern female SF fan of note whose body he craves. Long letter col, lots of fnz reviews, Guy's reflections on life as a green lawyer.

Address: P.O. Box 53092, New Orleans, LA 70153.

# MIMOSA

## Mimosa

### Nicki & Richard Lynch

First issue: 1982. (While living in Chattanooga in the '70s, they published the much-loved Chat.)

To date: 19 issues, 3 Hugo awards.

Focus: Gentle, humorous coverage of "things fans do" with an emphasis on fannish history, world-wide.

Average page count: About 50.

Submission info: Talk to Richard & Nicki first.

Subscription info: The Nov. 1996 issue was available for \$4. Write for back issue prices and availability. Letters and e-mails of comment or a fanzine in trade will get you a copy of the next available issue.

Regular features: "Tales of Adventure and Medical Life" by Sharon Farber—absolutely hysterical, imho. "Through Time and Space with Forry Ackerman"—reminisces. Regular contributors include Dave Kyle, Swede Ahrvid Engholm and Walt Willis. Long letter col. Excellent illos from Southern artists Charlie Williams, Brad Foster, Sheryl Birkhead, Peggy Ranson, Teddy Harvia and others.

Address: P.O. Box 1350, Germantown, MD 20875, USA. E-mail: [lynch@access.digex.net](mailto:lynch@access.digex.net).

Website:

[http://www.fentonnet.com/smithway/m\\_front.html](http://www.fentonnet.com/smithway/m_front.html).

## A Fosfax Retrospective

### Tim Lane

The first editor of FOSFAX, for 32 issues, was Bob Roehm. The first 19 issues were mimeographed, generally one sheet, and came out about two weeks to a month apart, from 18 November 1973 to 3 March 1975. FOSFAX was a newsletter, with meeting announcements and some additional news. There were few reviews, nearly all by Bob himself. Issues 20 through 32 were printed, and usually larger than the first 19. There were many reviews and articles by people other than the editor, usually Phyllis Ann Karr, Joseph Major, or Grant Mc Cormick. But FOSFAX began show-

ing up less often; there were only 5 issues in 1976 and 2 in 1977.

In June 1979, Shelby Bush III took over the editorship, starting with a second issue 32. Mostly these were 2-4 pages, but some were larger. Bob Roehm was the main contributor of both reviews news; Jack Young was also a major contributor, and there were others. Shelby did 20 monthly issues (through issue 51).

The next issue was by Keith Asay in March 1982. Keith did 23 issues, quitting after issue 74 in January 1984. He got plenty of letters and many other contributions as well, the most variety of any editor yet. Most of his issues were digest-sized. He included more artwork than the previous editors (though Bob Roehm occasionally printed photographs).

After Keith Asay departed, Keith Chike took over on a temporary basis, putting out 5 one-sheet issues from March through August 1984. These were just news (not always correct).

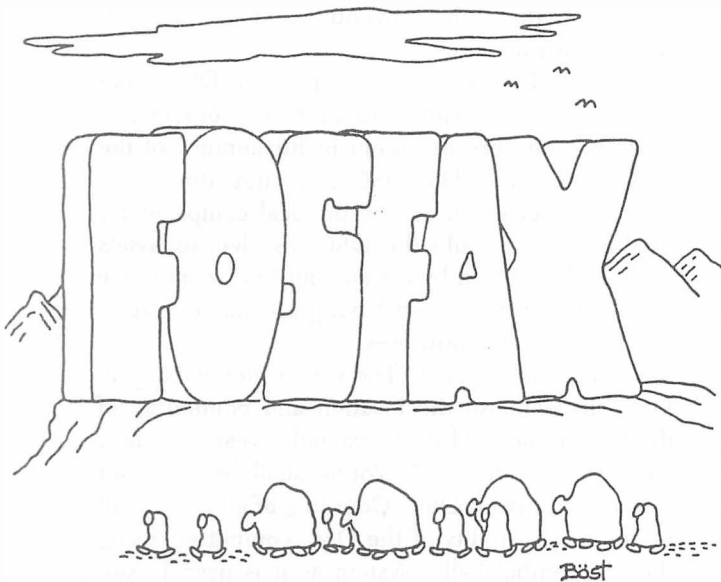
Bruce Gardner took over in time to do a Special Rivercon issue that year; it was small (4 pages), but this gradually increased. In September 1985, we resumed numbering the issues with number 95. His early issues were in very small print, causing complaints from those lacking access to a matter enlarger. (The last was an "April Fools" issue.) This changed with the May 1985 issue, and we began to get a trickle of letters. Bruce did 26 monthly issues, gradually increasing in size.

After Bruce departed, Joseph Major took over as "first among equals" in a "fanzine put out by a committee" for 4 issues. There were no structural changes.

I took over editing FOSFAX with issue 111 in January 1987, and have done it ever since. We quickly went to a two-column format. The type size steadily decreased to the current 9-point type. (We will *not* go any smaller.) FOSFAX was still monthly, but increasing overseas readership, and questions of time and money, eventually led to a decline to bimonthly and (for a while) quarterly, as the size ballooned to 60 pages or more. Joseph Major has been the biggest of a large pool of contributors.

Janice L. Moore became co-editor with the October 1988 issue (#132). In January 1993 (#163), Elizabeth Garrott took over as co-editor after the Moores moved to Boulder, Colorado.

Officially, FOSFAX is the clubzine of FOSFA, the Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association. At first the club paid for all or part of the cost of the zine (I don't know the details). During Bruce's editorship, Grant McCormick took



over the financing (we printed it on his company copier). FOSFAX then was small with few recipients. Grant later lost his job with the convenient copier; he and I now share the expense.

The basic pattern (an editorial, articles and reviews from various people, letters, and some news) was set by Keith Asay. Bruce Gardner added a parody section (we recently did a parody zine, Phosgene). Elizabeth added a co-editorial; there are other regular features as well. The letter column has grown to represent about half of a typical issue at present. FOSFAX still pays as much attention to science fiction and fannish topics as ever, but they tend to get overwhelmed by the rest.

FOSFAX is approximately bimonthly, costs \$3 an issue or \$12 for a subscription, and is available for "the usual." The address is Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281.

## Miscellaneous Serious Stuff

### **SFC By-Laws**

SECTION 1 (a) The Southern Fandom Confederation is a non-profit organization of, by, and for science fiction and fantasy fans residing in the states of the Confederacy (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas,

Virginia), existing for the purpose of promoting fan and professional activity within that area. (b) The President shall have the discretion to name as "Southern Sympathizers" persons or groups outside the South for the purpose of membership and participation in the SFC.

SECTION 2. The SFC shall meet once a year, simultaneously and at the same place as the Deep-SouthCon, hereafter DSC. This meeting shall be open to all dues-paid and dues-exempt SFC members, plus interested parties. Only Dues-paid or -exempt members may speak or vote except through dispensation by the presiding officer. Each meeting shall consist of: (a) a review of the year's activity, (b) election of officers, and (c) suggestions from the membership for activities in the year ahead.

SECTION 3. The officers of the SFC shall consist of (a) President, (b) a Vice President, (c) Secretary-Treasurer, with duties as follows:

(a) The President shall run the annual SFC business meeting, present a summary of the year's activities, set SFC policy on matters of controversy, publish the official SFC bulletin on a quarterly basis, and represent the SFC at all fannish functions.

(b) The Vice President shall serve in the place of the President should the President be absent.

(c) The Secretary-Treasurer shall collect dues for the SFC and maintain an account at a convenient bank on which only the Secretary-Treasurer or the President may draw; the Secretary-Treasurer, in conjunction with other officers, shall maintain a file of all active Southern SF fans, amateur press alliances, fanzines, clubs and conventions. The Secretary-Treasurer is responsible for mailing the official bulletin at the cheapest possible rate. All SFC officers must be resident in the Confederacy. All are elected to one-year terms.

SECTION 4. Dues for the SFC are \$10.00 per year for an individual, with institutional dues being five times that amount, a year being defined as the period between successive DeepSouthCons. The following are dues-exempt: (a) Winners of the Rebel and Phoenix Awards presented at the DSC, (b) Individuals who have performed such service to the organization that the President feels they merit exemption, (c) SFC officers during their term of service.

SECTION 5. The official SFC bulletin shall be published on a quarterly basis, though more often as finances permit. One issue shall appear in the month of January. Each issue shall publish as comprehensive a list as possible of active Southern sf clubs, apas, and fanzines. One issue each year

shall publish a roster of dues-paid and -exempt SFC members. Other contents shall be left to the discretion of the President, but shall revolve around Southern fandom's history, present activity, and future plans.

Editorial policy: (a) The bulletin shall concern itself freely with controversial matters confronting Southern Fandom. All editorial opinions shall be signed by the author and shall not be considered reflective of the opinions of any officer of the SFC itself. (b) The bulletin shall maintain a neutral position between and among competing bids for DSC, or between and among Southern contenders for a Worldcon. (c) A letter column shall be printed in each issue containing a comprehensive spectrum of opinion on any matter before the SFC. (d) The SFC shall promote the candidacy of Southern fans and professionals for national honors such as the Hugo Award.

SECTION 6. This set of by-laws may be amended or replaced by the SFC members in attendance at the DSC meeting. Any amendment proposed in writing and signed by 20 or more SFC members must be brought before this meeting and voted upon. A majority of members at the meeting may cause an amendment to be brought to a vote. A 2/3 majority of members voting shall be sufficient to cause an amendment to pass.

SECTION 7. All previous by-laws, rules and constitutions of the SFC are henceforth null and void. ((As amended at the SFC 1993 meeting. Published for the annual Southern Fandom Confederation Meeting April 28, 1996, DeepSouthCon 34/BeachCon.))

## DSC By-Laws

Section 1. Paragraph 1. The DeepSouthCon is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are to choose the locations and committees of the annual DeepSouth Science Fiction Convention (hereinafter referred to as the DSC); to attend the DSC; and to perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to these purposes.

Section 1. Paragraph 2. The membership of DSC shall consist of (A) anyone paying the membership fee established by the current DSC committee, or (B) anyone upon whom the current DSC committee confers a complimentary membership. Only members attending the DSC will have voting privileges and each person shall have one vote. Absentee and proxy votes are not allowed. An optional class of non-voting supporting membership may be established by the current DSC committee for persons who wish to receive DSC publications

but cannot attend the convention and participate in the business meeting.

Section 1. Paragraph 3. No part of DSC's net earnings shall be paid to its members, officers, or other private persons except in furtherance of the DSC's purposes. The DSC shall not attempt to influence legislation or any political campaign for public office. Should the DSC dissolve, its assets shall be distributed by the current DSC committee or the appropriate court having jurisdiction exclusive for charitable purposes.

Section 2. Paragraph 1. The voting membership of DSC shall choose the location and committee of the DSC to be held in the calendar year two years after the current DSC. Voting shall be by ballot cast at the current DSC. Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the DSC committee, using the preferential ballot system as it is used in site selection voting for the World Science Fiction Convention.

Section 2. Paragraph 2. A committee shall be listed on the ballot if it submits to the current DSC, by 6:00 PM on Friday of the current DSC, the following: a list of committee officers, a contract or letter of agreement with a facility adequate to hold the DSC, and a statement that the committee agrees to abide by these rules. A committee may bid any site in the states of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and all states both south and east of any of these.

Section 3. Paragraph 1. Any proposal to amend this constitution shall require two-thirds vote of all the votes cast on the question at the DSC meeting held at two successive DSCs.

Section 3. Paragraph 2. DSC meetings shall be held at advertised times at each DSC. The current DSC committee shall provide the Presiding officer for each meeting. Meetings shall be conducted in accordance with Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised, and any Standing Rules the meeting shall adopt.

Section 3. Paragraph 3. The DSC constitution shall be published in the program book of each DSC. Any amendments eligible for ratification at the DSC shall also be published in the program book.



## Southern Fandom on the World Wide Web

Tom Feller

[Note: This is an on-going column in the SFC Bulletin.]

If you want to see photographs of prominent Southern fans such as P. L. Caruthers-Montgomery, Larry Montgomery, Guy Lillian, Richard Gilliam, and even your friendly editor, P. L. has created such a web site at: <http://users.quicklink.net/~plcm/fan.html>. (If you don't want your picture plastered all over the Internet, I'm sure P. L. will remove it in exchange for a large gratuity.) I do warn you that that this site is very graphics intensive, even by the web's standards, so don't check this site if you're in a hurry.

Another fan artist who is experimenting with the Web is Teddy Harvia, AKA David Thayer. His site at <http://www.cyberramp.net/~artemis/> includes information about the Wingnut Club, reprints of articles from his *8.5 by 11 zine*, and illustrations from *Opuntia*.

At a recent convention, Tim Bolgeo, AKA Uncle Timmy, admonished me for failing to list LibertyCon among the conventions. I've corrected this oversight and wish to mention that LibertyCon also has a web page at <http://www.cdc.net/~libcon/>. In addition to information about this year's con, there is a detailed report on last year's by Derek Spraker. [...]

If you are interested in the Buccaneer, the 1998 Worldcon in Baltimore, check out their site at <http://www.access.digex.net/~balt98>. There is information on memberships, hotels, local tourist attractions, and other items of interest. There are also links to other Worldcons.

I checked out a publication listing for *The Anvil* from Birmingham, but discovered it had nothing to do with the publication formerly edited by Charlotte Proctor and Julie Wall. Instead, it is the clubzine of Birmingham's Starfleet chapter, the Starship Hephaestus. I was glad I visited the web site at: <http://www.maccconnect.com/~lindsay/ncc2004/ncc2004.html>, because it contained one of the most detailed and entertaining reports I've read on the recent *Star Trek* 30th anniversary celebration in Huntsville.

Speaking of Starfleet, my local Starfleet chapter, the Starship Haise, has its own web page at <http://home.teclink.net/~theilman/haise/>. The club's logo is a picture of the Voyager superimposed on a magnolia blossom. In addition to club

info, there is a map of the Milky Way galaxy showing the borders of the Federation, the Romulan and Klingon empires, and the limits of explored space.

Another *Star Trek* club, the United Federation of Planets International, has an organization similar to Starfleet. It is headquartered in Orange Park, FL, and its web site is located at <http://www.teleport.com/~usfcomm/index.htm>. There are a few authors who have followings comparable to *Star Trek*. One of these is Anne McCaffrey's Pern series. (You may find the listing for Ista Wehr, the international Pern fan club, in the club listing.) The website of a Georgia chapter, Starrise Wehr, is located at [http://members.aol.com/star\\_riseml/index.html](http://members.aol.com/star_riseml/index.html). In addition to an interesting listing of Pern fanzines, it also links to Anne McCaffrey's official home page at <http://members.aol.com/dragonhld/index.html>.

Like conventional addresses, web sites change their locations. Kelly Lockhart's Southern Fandom Resource Guide is now at:

<http://www.concentric.net/~Kelly/cons/>.

CoastCon is now at:

<http://www.datasync.com/~sotmeseccon.html>.

[For more convention and club web sites, check out individual listings in Part III, Regional Survey.]

Finally, I checked out the site for the Middle Tennessee Speculative Fiction Society, because Anita Williams is the president. The page at <http://members.aol.com/mtsfaeweb/index.htm> contains club information plus a link to the web site of the Cumberland Science Museum, where the club holds its meetings.

[I have a few to add to this. First off, *this* fanzine will be available on the web at: <http://iquest.com/~ssmith/sfc/handbook.html>. Thanks to Official Web Head Sam Smith for making this happen. Another site of tremendous interest to fan historians is Rebel-winner Richard Lynch's humongous outline of fan history in the 1960s at: <http://www.fentonnet.com/history/hist.html>.

Another fan historian, Joe Siclari, is soliciting suggestions for his production of the *Fancylopedia III*. E-mail Joe at: [jsiclari@icanect.net](mailto:jsiclari@icanect.net).

Finally, I will mention the Baen Books web site at <http://baen.com>, where you can find bios and news about Phoenix winners David Drake & T.K.F. Weisskopf, to say nothing of Southern authors David Weber (SC), Elizabeth Moon (TX), James P. Hogan (FL), Margaret Ball (TX), Linda Evans (FL), Robert Asprin (LA), and many others. ☺  
— TKFW]

## Southern Library Resources

Texas A&M (Hal Hall) appears on "A List of Known Repositories" compiled by Peggy Rae Pavlat for The Timebinders organization and noted by me in the 2/96 mailing of the Fan History APA. Some of Willy Ley's papers and books are archived in a special room at the University of Alabama in Huntsville library. [Willy Ley was a fan and a rocket scientist and wrote reviews and science articles for *Astounding/Analog*.] And in Tuscaloosa in the library of the main campus of the University of Alabama is the Al Andrews Amateur Journalism Collection (A3JC), which houses all the back issues of SFPA, a long run of *Anvil*, and many other fanzines. For more information on A3JC, including how to donate zines, contact Joe Moudry at P.O. Box 1205, Tuscaloosa, AL 35403. Also in Tuscaloosa are the papers of Phoenix winner Mary Elizabeth Counselman and those of early pulp writer S.P. Meek.

## The Masquerade

*Maurine Dorris*

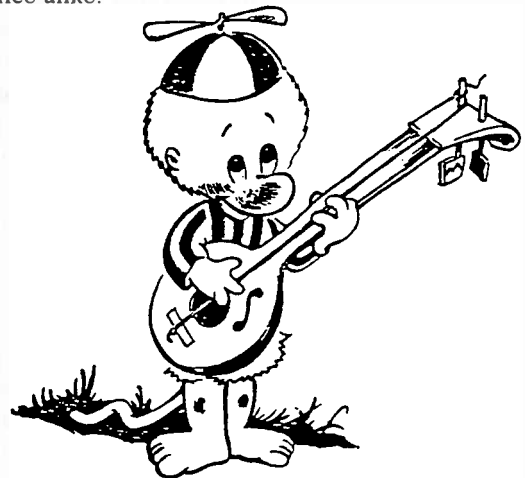
My first con (Kubla in '79) was fun, but the thing that made the biggest impression on me was the costumes. The idea of being able to finally dress as all my favorite SF and fantasy characters was too much to resist. So the next year I entered the Masquerade in my first of many costumes.

After being in a few masquerades I got involved in running them, having found out that there are a lot of things that people in costumes need. For anyone that is thinking of running a masquerade, there are some things you really need to know. Masqueraders (of which I am one) are not smart and they really suffer for their art. They will spend lots of money—from \$50 to \$300 or more for a hall costume and from \$100 to \$5,000 for a Worldcon costume—and take up to 3 years making a costume. They will pack themselves into a costume they can't see or breathe in, that they can't sit or pee in, and that are uncomfortable and hot. And they do it all for their one minute on stage. So as you sit there watching please be kind, if you think you can do better, we would love to see you up there on the stage with the rest of us. We love it.

Southern fandom has always had good costumers; they win awards where ever they go. Sadly, as of late with the economy the way it is, costuming has taken a back seat to things like rent and food. But hopefully as things get better, so will the masquerades.

If you are interested in costuming, please ask any of the many costumers in the South if you need help. They are always happy to give any advice they can. For those of you new to fandom, a hall costume is everyday wear in your alternate universe. It is a costume that you can wear comfortably for hours at a time—can sit, stand and pee just like you do in your everyday clothes. It is usually well made because it will be seen close up. Do not hesitate to ask to take the picture of a hall costumer to get an illustration of how they did some thing. (99% of the time they will tell you all you need to know and more.) A masquerade costume is a costume that is usually only worn for a masquerade. They are hot, bulky, uncomfortable, hard to see out of, etc. After a masquerade the contestants will usually stay around and let people take picture—this is a good time to see who was in the alien. You can ask them to talk to you the next day about costuming, but please don't ask them to talk right then; they are hot and tired and all they want to do is get out of those costumes. Masqueraders are very nice people who happen to be able to take what they see in their minds and fix it so you can see it, too. Please support your local masquerade with your attendance and your help (they always need backstage people), and most important, with your talents.

There are many people in the South who through the years have given of their time and energy in running and supporting masquerading. The masquerade is often the most attended function at a convention and is usually the least funded. The following people have kept costuming alive for all of us to enjoy: Steve & Sue Francis, J.J. & Beth Willinger, Ken Moore, Bill Payne, Sue Thorn, Susan Stringer, Sue Phillips, and Jan Woosley. There are many more who have worked behind the curtains. Thank you from all of us—costumers and audience alike.



## TABLE OF SOUTHERN WORLDCONS

Year	Name	City	Location	Guests	Chair	Attendance
1951	Nolacon I	New Orleans, LA	St. Charles Hotel	Fritz Lieber	Harry B. Moore	190
1977	SunCon	Miami Beach, FL	Hotel Fontainebleau	Jack Williamson (pro) Robert A. Madle (fan)	Don Lundry	2050
1986	Con-Federation	Atlanta, GA	Marriott Marquis & Atlanta Hilton & Towers	Ray Bradbury (pro) Terry Carr (fan)	Penny Frierson Ron Zukowski	5811
1988	Nolacon II	New Orleans, LA	Marriott, Sheraton & International Hotels	Donald A. Wollheim (pro) Roger Sims (fan)	John H. Guidry	5300
1992	MagiCon	Orlando, FL	Orange Co. Convention Center & The Peabody Hotel	Jack Vance (pro) Walter A. Willis (fan)	Joe Siclari	5452
1997	LoneStarCon 2	San Antonio, TX	Henry B. Gonzalez Convention Center, Marriott Rivercenter, Marriott Riverwalk	Algis Budrys (pro) Michael Moorcock (pro) Roy Tackett (fan)	Karen Meschke	tbd

# LoneStarCon 2

August 28th through September 1st, 1997

San Antonio, Republic of Texas

## TABLE OF SOUTHERN WORLD FANTASY CONS

Year	Location	Chair
1978	Ft. Worth, TX	
1987	Nashville, TN	Maurine Dorris & Patrick Molloy
1992	Pine Mountain, GA	Ed Kramer
1994	New Orleans, LA	Tom Hanlon

## Miscellaneous

### Silly Stuff

Lots of neat things happened at the 1951 worldcon in New Orleans. The infamous Room 770 party that Roger Sims was a part of, for instance. And it was Lee Hoffman's first convention....

### **The Bluffer's Guide to Meeting Lee Hoffman**

#### *Lee Hoffman*

[Excerpted from "A Bluffer's Guide to Publishing a Fanzine" from Fanhistorica #1 edited by Joe Siclari, 1976. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

[...] In those dark ages, a major complaint in fandom was the shortage of femfans. There were some, but not enough to go around. Young male fans in search of intellectual companionship often complained that all the active femfans came into fandom on the coattails of male fans (as girl friends and/or wives) and were subsequently unavailable. At the same time that they were voicing these complaints, they seemed to be taking a perverse chauvinistic pride in the predominant maleness of fandom.

Lee is an ambiguous name. Non-committal. Throughout my first year of fan publishing, I made a point of never making a point of being female. This was, indeed, on purpose. It wasn't too difficult. I was in an isolated section of the country, in face-to-face contact with only a couple of other fans. I swore a few close associates, like Shelby Vick, to secrecy. I let the rest of Q[uan]dry's readers draw their own conclusions. In typical male chauvinistic manner, most concluded that the editor of a successful fanzine must be male.

Ah ha!

There it was, the Fall of 1951, and I was off to my first convention—the Nolacon, in New Orleans. Shelby Vick met my train. He and Paul Cox (of Time Stream) and I were all early arrivals. Together, we plotted a climax for my ruse. We would measure the success of the game by its effect on Bob Tucker (He of Many Hoaxes).

I quote from my own conreport in Q #14:

Paul Cox was the one who spotted [Tucker] signing in. Immediately he semaphored the news to Shelby Vick and myself: "Room 858." Immediately we set forth through the mad labyrinth of the St. Charles in search of the eighth floor. And there

it was right on top of the seventh. Down we plunged to the far end of a corridor, to The Room.

Shelby, forearmed, was wearing a T-shirt with the words "Shelby Vick" emblazoned across the front of it, and "You are now behind Shelby Vick" on the back. Cox and I, on the other hand, had removed our identification cards with malice aforethought.

Knock, knock.

Mari Beth opened the door and welcomed us in. Innocently grinning, we entered. Tucker himself, thinking that he had eluded the Youngfan element, had stripped to the waist and was washing up after his drive. Trivial expressions of welcome were tossed about in the customary manner. Then ShelVy spoke: "You know who I am?"

Tucker glanced at the shirt and replied in the affirmative.

"And of course you know Lee Hoffman?" ShelVy continued.

Tucker looked at me. He looked at Paul. Then again at me and said, "Yes." Then he paused, looked again at Paul, and said, "No." With an air of surprise, he raised a hand toward Paul and said, "You're...?"

ShelVy raised a hand toward me and said, "Her!"

Tucker paused and stared at me.

Breathlessly we awaited a witty comment, a morsel of that famed LeZ humor. Then Tuck spoke....

"I'll be damned."

In the next issue, Tucker told his version of this story:

Tired, weary and disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door of my room, flung the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo of dirty books), stripped off my clothes and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede, and a dozing bellboy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by drip, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering hurly-burly New Orleans.

There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up the nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub, I reached for my trousers, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same old bunch—Block, Korshak, Eshback and Evans—wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.

Three strangers trooped in wearing abashed grins, a girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the characters trailing her. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello," one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old wornout greeting.

"We're faaaaans," the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white T-shirt on which had been printed I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked, "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He wagged his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver?" I guessed again. "Claude Degler? Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick," he exclaimed then in clear, ringing tones.

"The hell you say," I shot back, astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at this two conspirators. "You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

"Of course." I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hello, Lee."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him... HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flinging shut the door.

Newcomers might wonder just why it is that the Hearts Championship of the Known Universe is, of all places, played every year at the Deep-SouthCon. Perhaps the excerpts below will shed some light on early Southern fans' attitudes towards Heart\$.

## On Hearts

### Lon Atkins

[From *A Hearts Primer, An elementary text on the noblest of games*, by Lon Atkins. 32 pages with front and back cover illustrated by Alan Hutchinson, published by Lon Atkins' Zugwang Press in 1980.]

#### *From the colophon:*

An earnest and inquiring reader, upon completion of this booklet, is deemed capable of winning money from Hank Reinhardt any old time.

*From the Forewarn, "by a Noble Friend of the Game":*

It is indeed an honor to be begged to write the foreword to such a magnificent work as this. Mr. Atkins' immense store of theoretical knowledge is as well known in the Hearts world as is his pathetic inability to apply it. That so rascally a fellow has undertaken to author an elementary text demonstrates both his love for the game and his desire to see more money games populated by elementary players.

I myself have learned much from reading these pages—for instance, what NOT to do. Be forewarned, fellow Hearts players! Atkins has stopped at nothing to cloud your minds with inconsequential details and muddy principles. His evil plan is nothing less than to subvert the level of Southern Hearts and make it comparable to his own.

Think of it, if all of you played as poorly as he does I'd be rich! That's why I'm forewarning you: don't read this text. Only the innate gentleness and nobility of my soul compel me to issue this warning. I don't really want to profit from Atkins' plot. Ignore what he says. Please ignore his advice. My pocketbook couldn't stand it if you read this booklet.

One final quibble. Mr. Atkins fails to cover elementary Hearts advice in the area of martial arms. Things like how to properly grip the mace-and-chain when a renege is discovered. Or the proper direction to swing in order to avoid bloodying the table. But my forthcoming volume, "Death Dealing Devices Deliver Delight," does correct this oversight. Buy it. (Or else....)

X

Hank Reinhardt  
(his mark)

*From page 12, comments on Lon's famous lecture on general precepts:*

Precepts are marvellous things. They can guide your play without demanding excessive thought, only memory of their meaning and simple mechanics of execution. The grand guidance that general precepts can offer is a boon to the student, but the serious player will find them to be a brick wall to progress. Precepts are aimed at generally understandable truths. In this wise they are valuable only for the average case. As we know, the average case neither pays nor collects. Naturally we strive for more.

In this striving it is important to understand that the normal must be thoroughly understood before proceeding into the supernatural. In the example of Hearts, one must know how the normal distri-

bution of cards and plays will affect fortune before exploring further. A short fable...

It was the First Master who set down general precepts. He kenned well that they were made only to be broken, yet he understood the broad nature of this game and how from it could arise principles that were correct in the general case. Moreover, he understood the nature of the general case. And thus, these principles were his gift to the students of the game.

Eventually came the first Reinhardt. He looked upon the general precepts and found them to be a long list, difficult to remember and to apply at the table. The First Reinhardt was shrewd with a certain low Hankish cunning. He travelled to the abode of the First Master and begged an audience. He inquired: "Oh, Master, I have studied your long list of general precepts. I find them tedious. Do you, O Master, yourself honor and apply these precepts in all of your play?"

The First Master sensed a spirit opposed to his own, yet he replied. "My son," he said, "these are principles of the mean. To remember and apply them to Hearts is to be able to play well enough."

The primordial Reinhardt detected an evasion in this answer. He pressed. "Honored Master, I cannot accept merely play that is 'well enough.' I must excel, and how may I do this by observation of general precepts?"

"Through understanding alone," replied the Master, "for understanding will free you to excel."

"This freedom," replied the first Reinhardt, "must of its own nature mean freedom from precepts. Yet you would have me study precepts. I ask again, do you honor them always in your play?"

The First Master was silent for a short time. "To understand the precepts," he then said, "is to understand their failings. If one truly knows the principles of the mean, he honors their origin, which is the truest face of the game. Thus he cannot err in freeing himself on occasion from slavery to the mean. There can be a deeper observation in the breach."

The first Reinhardt departed and thought upon this speech. He reflected to himself: "The Master may be clever with his words, yet he cannot hide the fact that his secret of success is ignoring the very precepts he espouses."

With this revelation at hand the first Reinhardt called together a big money game. With suitable pomposity he announced to the players: "Behold, I have now become a Master myself, for henceforth I shall do as the First Master himself does and in my play totally ignore and abuse all of the general precepts."

And thus was set a precedent which persists to this very day. That the Reinhardt breaks all principles without regard for understanding and the First Master (whose title of achievement has been passed on to me) plays with an understanding of observation in the breach. It would have been more harmonious (though less profitable for me) if the first Reinhardt had studied well the following examples.... [Etc.]

## Southern Fried Fandom

*JoAnn Montalbano*

Southern Fried Fandom—a cute name for a cute bunch o' fen, and such an apt title. We were Southern, unquestionably, having begun our associations with each other in New Orleans, Birmingham, and Atlanta. Since we'd met either at cons or NOSFA meetings or through John Guidry, there's no doubt we were fans. And we took Great Pains to Fry as often as possible.

We'd come into organized fandom in the late '70s, most of us, a fandom that already had a long & glorious past that Everyone told us about. There were fannish in-jokes and gossip that made Everyone snicker, and though we usually grinned appreciatively, we hadn't Been There all those times when You Just Had to Be There. We also recognized each other: wild hippy party kids who's stumbled onto this thing called "fandom" that looked kind of fun, but didn't have a lot of people like us. This was twenty years ago, before *Star Wars*, before the rampant mediaization of fandom. Let's face it; the hipsters were few and far between at that time. Without any really conscious effort, we were drawn together to make our own myths, rituals, and Ya Hadda Be Theres. Of course, we did a lot of these things at cons, and a lot of you were, technically, there. But unlike our predecessors, our drugs of choice ranged beyond alcohol...it's just this little Chromium Switch...

Flying anti-massacres at Stven & Don's Con, with 40 bazillion editions of *The Daily Quack*. Everyone's middle name was "Toast." Finding The Jewel on the roof at SunCon. Rescue, Run Away, Recharge! Waking up to a line of male teenage fans trooping through the hotel room at CoastCon, with Tom Toast charging them \$1 admission to look at us sleeping.... We bonded the way people in their late teens and early 20s always bond: by partying Very Seriously, making each other laugh, sleeping with each other, talking and talking and reading the same books.

Who was SF<sup>2</sup>? Mitch Thornhill, Delmonte, Linda (then) Karrh, Cousint, Teri, me, Tommy & Dana Longo, George Inzer, Barbara (then) Wag-

ner, and occasional others. It lasted about a year before we all went spinning off into our Own Private Idahos, and it has never ended.

Barbara and I share the archetypal SF<sup>2</sup> experience nearly every time we see each other; she recently commented that we've evolved into SF<sup>3</sup>—Southern Fried Female Fandom, because as in most families, it's the women who keep the hearth warm, the flame alive.

So now, who's got the pipe? Because none of us ever could roll one worth a hoot.

## A Short, Biased History of Southern Fandom Pie Throwing

*Carleton Grindle*

[From the Chattacon IX (Jan. 13-15, 1984) program book.]

The gentle art of pie-throwing was introduced to the stalwarts of Southern Science Fiction Fandom in 1980 at the Atlanta Deep South Science Fiction Convention. It was at this convention that Cliff Biggers produced the Jerry Page Roast. A roast, for those who are fortunate enough to never have witnessed one, is an event where people show their affection for an individual by telling the unvarnished truth about him. Realizing that the tradition on sitting meekly by and taking all this did not fit him, Page set about to do something different. He organized a counter-roast.

Enlisting the aid of a number of highly attractive and intelligent young ladies, Page established a cheerleading squad which would give him support while denouncing the foul truth of such knowledgeable participants in the roast as Michael Bishop, Jack Massa and Hank Reinhardt. Further, Page performed a feat of magic to distract the audience during each Roaster's turn. His assistant in the magic was Wendy Webb who did much more to distract the audience than Page could ever manage.

Page was especially concerned about Hank Reinhardt who knows more Truths about him than any other living being. So during Hank's speech, Page spent much of the time under the table with Wendy Webb. Hank, of course, was never speechless, but the audience's laughter successfully drowned out his version of the Infamous Editor's Daughter Story.

At the end of the roast, Page introduced the women who had helped him and invited them up to the podium. Now versions differ as to what happened. Page claims it was his idea, but if asked, Wendy merely smiles knowingly and goes on to

another subject. But a certain whooshing sound was heard from the Cheerleader's table just before they came up. Half the audience could not see what had happened and believed the air had escaped from a balloon Page had used in an earlier magic trick. The other half, however, knew that a pie tin had been filled with whipped cream from a pressurized container.

Moments later, Sue Copenhaver, a voluptuous redhead, distracted Jerry Page as the pie tin was passed to Wendy Webb. And as Page turned around, Wendy let go with the pie. Thus was born a Southern tradition.

Moments later, Meg Fox invited Hank Reinhardt up on the stage and he was also treated to a pie.

Next year in Birmingham, Page and Reinhardt held what was called "Dueling Egos." This was an event where these "gentlemen" would hold forth in their tiresomely usual manner for a (people hoped) few minutes, after which the winner of the event would receive a pie in the face. Lon Atkins, a person whose reputation in fandom is as questionable as that of Page or Reinhardt, was the gleeful moderator of the event. The audience was asked to applaud to show their favorite—the one to receive the pie—and they clearly chose Reinhardt. Atkins removed an envelope from his pocket and announced that the winner was Page. Sue Phillips delivered the pie. But the audience was rowdy, so Reinhardt got one, too, from Norma s Brooks.

However, the audience was even rowdier than that Atkins hoped. A certain Anonymous Atlanta Fan, Often Seen in Company of Sue Phillips, shouted, "What about Lon?"

Among the celebrities seated at Ringside for this event were the Wagners, Karl and Barbara. Karl, like Hank, is a gentleman of the old school—Genghis Khan's. But Barbara is a lady of the School of the Borgias'. She thought the idea of Lon getting a pie in the face was just about the best idea since publishers began paying writers. She leaped up, grabbed the remnants of pie on the edge of the table and let loose at an unsuspecting Lon Atkins. Page and Reinhardt loved it, Lon displayed the instincts of a gentleman. Imagine everyone's surprise when next year's DSC site, Atlanta, announced Karl Wagner as pro guest and Lon Atkins as fan guest.

Although Lon Atkins was rumoured to have prepared a skit for himself and Barbara Wagner, to be called "Pie Throwers of Gor," pies have not been thrown since he got his. One reason for this may be the reluctance of Page and Reinhardt to go through this sort of thing again, coupled with the fact that Alonzo Atkins stays hidden in California.

However, the proprietors of Chattacon have come up with a new idea that bids fair to revive this tradition. It will involve having convention goers buying chance tickets to throw pies in the face of some of their most dreamed of targets. And the Chattacon people have come up with a way to coerce these targets into participating: the money raised by all this will go to one of the most worthy causes possible, the St. Jude's Children's Hospital. So here's your chance. And it's not just limited to Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt but includes a roster of important people as well.

So save your quarters for this one, gang. Maybe they'll even use frozen pies.

## Behind the Legend

### *Jerry Page*

[First published in *Rebel Yells*, Vol. 2, #2, Guy Lillian's version of the SFC newsletter, 1984.]

Not too long ago, I was visited by a member of the committee of the world's most prestigious literary awards. "It seems," he said, "that you've created one of the most notable fictional works of the century, and we're forced—reluctantly—to consider you for next year's award."

I was frankly puzzled. "If you're referring to my 'Worldsong' cycle," I said, "the first stories have only just been written and my agent has just started submitting them. Isn't it unusual to offer your particular award before the work has been published? I mean, Steinbeck had been—"

"Of course, of course, but that isn't the work we're interested in."

"Then you have to mean my fantasy, my horror fiction. 'Thirst,' I suppose. But that's odd, too, since your award has so scrupulously overlooked the minor genres, whatever the contribution of the writers in—"

"'Thirst!'" he said, managing some revulsion. "A grotesque story. I was repulsed by it. We'd never consider a story about a garage mechanic for our prize, unless he threw molotov cocktails. No—"

"My science fiction? 'The Happy Man'? 'Spacemen Live Forever'?"

The distinguished gentleman blinked. "You know, I did read those stories. I must confess that 'Spacemen Live Forever' rather appealed to me. I recently read another work along those same lines. Have you ever read a book called *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*? I read 'The Happy Man,' too, but I didn't quite understand it. That was all made up, wasn't it?"

"Parts were," I confessed.

"Oh," he said. He blinked again. "Well, no matter. It isn't your science fiction we're interested in anyway. It's this group of fantastic character studies you've written about this altogether brutish chap—"

"Oh," I said. "You mean 'My Friend, Hank Reinhardt.'"

"That was the group of stories that started it. I understand. A remarkable series of works. A profound contribution to imaginative literature and by far your most astounding creation. Just last week, in Stockholm, we were discussing it. I must confess we're impressed. We've not quite made up our minds, but it does seem that if you're available to travel you have the edge over your only competition, a Russian chap who won't be able to attend. That's very important, the delivery of the address and all that, you know. And besides, when compared to his Stalin, your Reinhardt is much more grotesque."

"Yes," I admitted. "That's true." But then I explained to him very carefully why I didn't think I could win an award for my writings on Hank Reinhardt, despite their undeniable contribution to 20<sup>th</sup> Century mythology. Besides, I was rather pulling for the Russian chap who got it instead.

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Yes, Virginia—and you too, Forrest J—I created Hank Reinhardt. There are times when I ask myself why I did that. I look back over my writing career which has included a rather spotty output ranging from things like "Thirst" and "The Happy Man" down to snap-ending fillers in the lesser science fantasy mags. Only recently have I been consistently turning out material I'm really proud of. Even there, on occasion, I find Hank intrudes. I see bits and pieces of the boy in certain of my characters, as I see bits and pieces of many, many people. But the others come and go. Hank stays on. Oh, admittedly the elements I draw from Hank these days are not the same elements I used to draw from him. There is a side of Hank that only two or three of us really know. There is a secret Hank Reinhardt who is not very bloodthirsty, does not consider edged weaponry all that interesting and who does needlepoint. But I don't expect you to believe that. Why should you? What do *you* know? You think I did it all by writing a bunch of anecdotes to fill up the pages of my SFPA fanzine *SFPAGE*. Anecdotes entitled "My Friend Hank Reinhardt" and dealing with the familiar blood and guts fan we all know and revere. HA, fat lot *you* know, buddy.

It began before that.

You see...I really *did* create the Hank Reinhardt legend.

When I first met Hank Reinhardt he was much shorter and only weighed 94 pounds—not even enough to qualify as a 96-pound weakling. This was in the late '50s. Jerry Burge introduced us. Jerry and Hank, along with Walter Guthrie, Henry Burwell, Ian Macauley and Dewey Scarborough had been founds of the old Atlanta Science Fiction Organization back in the early 1950s. It had started when Burge had run an ad in Ray Palmer's *Other Worlds*, the idea being to sell off all his SF magazines. Hank and Ian and the others responded and instead of Jerry selling off his collection, a fan group was born. Ian and Henry were the prime movers. Jerry was the workhorse. Carson Jacks, one of the nicest gentlemen ever to involve himself with fandom, was the brains behind the group. When Burwell dropped out before the completion of the project to form ASFO Press and publish Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm*, Carson and Jerry rescued it.

Hank, meanwhile, dreamed of fame and glory. All this, remember, was before I got into fandom. Hank dropped out of fandom and got married before I finally joined ASFO, which was December, 1954. December 10, almost 30 years ago. It is to shudder.

This is why we didn't meet. Hank was so determined to be thought of as a magnificent heroic specimen that he was going to do something about it. He had worked out with weights and exercises, but with indifferent results. He realized that wasn't the answer and that indeed, the answer did not lie in this country. But the answer might lie in *mass hypnosis*. If Hank could not become the sort of person he wished to become, he might still be able to convince others that he was. If he could leave the country, travel someplace where he might learn the Oriental secret of clouding men's minds (and women's too, let us not forget; hell, especially clouding women's minds...). Well, the thing was to be *known* as a masterful, heroic figure, not to *be* one. So he departed for foreign shores to learn the secret. Unfortunately, he miscalculated. He traveled to Germany.

He spent a number of years in Germany then, disillusioned and distraught, he returned to America and Atlanta. Thus, sometime at the close of the '50s, I finally met Hank Reinhardt...introduced to me by Jerry Burge. It was a staggering event.

Jerry had tried to prepare me for the thing, but words were inadequate for what I actually saw. Imagine a beach. Imagine Truman Capote. Imagine, if you will, Capote strolling across the beach this afternoon, singing "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown." Imagine Capote spotting a man with an attractive

blonde on the beach blanket next to him. Still singing, Capote walks over to the couple. He kicks sand in the man's face and goes off, the blonde eagerly clinging to his arm. The other guy, sputtering and spitting sand—and that's pretty much what Hank was really like in those days.

His glasses were incredibly thick, not just the bottoms of Coke bottles, but *the entire bottle melted down*. His feet dangled over the edge of his chair, not touching the floor. His voice was higher pitched than the Vienna Boys Choir. His hands fidgeted nervously in his lap. I dare not describe how he was dressed. Who'd believe a grown man in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, especially in 1959? (But then, who would believe a grown man in mail in 1984?) I think we probably met in the Atlanta Public Library because I remember walking into the Fine Arts Department and seeing Hank and Jerry arm wrestling at one of the tables. Again and again Jerry won.

Well, even in those days, when I wasn't that much of a winner myself, I had a soft spot in my heart for cases like Hank. He used to come to me with stories and tales of his dreams and woes. It was sad. Here was a wretched, pathetic person who dreamed of being a hero. I remember telling him about Conan, letting him read "Queen of the Black Coast" and "A Witch Shall be Born." I remember Hank's face as he read the latter...he turned pale, and between bites of his nails, said, "Oh merthiful thakes, they're really *cruthifying* him! Oh merthy!"

He read copies of *Planet Stories* I lent him, and *Planet Comics*. Hank was impressed. "Oh thank you," he said, getting my shoes wet in his clumsy attempts to show gratitude. "You've opened up new vithtaths to my eager mind. You've thown me the thort of life I've alwayth athpired to!" Hank had this thpeech problem....

"Oh, how I long to be like Conan the Barbarian and ring forth with a thearing Thimmerian Curth! Or to be Eric John Thtark and roam the lonely wathteth of Marth! Even to be Hunt Bowman defying alien conquerorth! Oh, that ith how to live, to be, the true glory of being *fulfilled*."

I listened sympathetically, grateful that I hadn't introduced him to *Startling Stories*, *Astonishing*, *Super Science*. One day, while listening to Reinhardt's forlorn ramblings, an idea came to me. "Hank," I said, "what you need is some *P.R.*"

This was in the middle '60s. I'd been discharged from the Army and my writing career was off to its somewhat rocky beginning. Hank just stared at me after I'd made the pronouncement, then said, "Huh?"

"Look," I said, "forget all that stuff about Oriental secrets and clouding men's minds. There's a good ol' American secret that clouds 'em better. Just look around you."

He did so. I cuffed his ear.

"I mean figuratively. You really think those singers could make it with their alleged voices? Hell no. They use P.R. Someone writes a story about how great they are. People read the stories and think they really are great. Another story says no girl can resist 'em and next thing you know, no girl *can* resist them. Not if she's read the right story."

"Yeth," he said slowly, "I've theen thuch things. But will it work in fandom. Don't fanth have cothmic minds?"

"They believe they do," I said. "Because they've been *told* they do. That's how it works. You really think Harry Warner's a nice guy? I'll tell you the truth. He beats up on old women. But almost every fanzine says he's a nice guy and now everyone believes it. Look at Isaac Asimov. All the book jackets tell what a great writer he is, how he knows everything. Every month in *F&SF* the editor carefully leads his column off with a blurb about how intelligent he is. But have you ever carefully checked out the facts in any of his articles? Of course you haven't.

"P.R. is great. Fandom and prodom both make extensive use of it. You ever *really* see a copy of FAPA? You probably believe in the oldest fannish apa, but the truth is that for the past 8 years all FAPA has had to do is publish an official organ with a waitlist."

"Thith is tho incredible!"

"You don't know the half of it, kid. Lee Hoffman was really a boy."

Hank's hands flew up in consternation. "But...do you think it could work with me? And who—"

"Listen," I said, eager now that the potential was growing in my mind. "Listen, it's worth a try. It's a chance for both of us. You want to be a legend and I want to see just how good a writer I really am. What I'll do is this. I'll just write up some things—make them up, see. I won't even make a big thing out of them. I'll just use them as filler, in my mailing comments zine in SFPA. I'll make up a title—something slight, like 'My Friend, Hank Reinhardt.'"

"Your *friend*? Oh, thith is thuch an honor!"

"It's a test, Hank. And the real test is the effect this will have on you. I'll do my part, but the real part'll be up to you. You'll have to pretend to be whatever I say you are."

"Pleath! Let me be like Conan and Eric John Thtark!"

"Sure, that's it. You'll collect swords and armor, see. And you'll *know* about them. You'll be an expert. What do you do for a living anyway?"

"I dethign butterflyth for windchimeth."

"Not strong enough, Hank! From now on, you're a skip-tracer!"

"Oh, merthy! I think I may faint—"

"You can't faint, Hank. Not the Hank Reinhardt who picks his teeth with a Randall fighting knife. Not the Reinhardt who knits his own chainmail and hurls javelins and shoots arrow from bows and bolts from crossbows. Not him. *He* can't faint!"

"I don't know if I can—"

"Yes, you can!" I said. "Because you are that Hank Reinhardt! All you have to do is realize it!" We talked into the night. And by God, when I finally left him and rushed home to write the first installment of "My Friend, Hank Reinhardt," he really believed it.

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And that's about it, I guess. Ironical, isn't it?

Financially, my writing career hasn't as yet been very remarkable. I've turned out some short stories I feel really proud of, including a collaboration with my good friend Michael Bishop. A couple of my fantasies ended up collected in *Year's Best Horror Stories*, an anthology I later edited for some years. Along with the subject of this piece, I produced *Heroic Fantasy* for DAW Books. But overall I'm not one of the field's current major stars.

Yet I did turn out one really remarkable body of works. It consisted of two or three short items barely half page long in a fanzine of less than 50 circulation, some brief references in fan fiction and essays, but it really had impact. Sometimes I wonder why.

The answer, of course, lies in the character. Certain characters speak for their times, capture the imagination. People want to believe in them. Once it was Prester John—people believed he really ruled a kingdom in the Middle East. Later on it was Robin Hood. In the Old West days people really swallowed the legend of Buffalo Bill, and a questionable neurotic like Wild Bill Hickock or a murderous gambler like Wyatt Earp was more prone to capture the public eye when portrayed as a heroic lawman. Later there were Sherlock Holmes—Tarzan—Doc Savage—the Shadow. Into recent times with James Bond.

That's the secret. The fictitious Hank Reinhardt touches a chord we all respond to. Sure, he's violent and vicious and nasty and has bad breath. But he's more than that. He's well-rounded, not just a cardboard hero. He has his weaknesses (principally his Hearts-playing skills) and, just the right touch, I

kept those glasses of his—though I made the glass a lot thinner than reality.

Recently Atlanta artist Bob Maurus was describing his initial reaction to meeting Hank and why he liked him. “He just inspires warm feelings,” was all Bob could say. I’m proud of that. You see, the Hank Reinhardt who walks into conventions hasn’t changed that much since I met him. He’s a lot more confident and has his role-playing down pat, but he’s pretty much the same. But do *you* see that?

No, you don’t. You see the legend. The swaggering, weapons-carrying expert on swords and armor that men respect and women swoon over. It’s something else. Even Hank’s impressed by it. And maybe a bit scared.

And how do I feel, knowing that I started it all? I’m just as impressed...and a lot more scared. But I know what I did and how I did it. I can do it again.

That’s right. I can do it again. I’ve been sending out letters to just the right people, explaining the situation, and they’ve been writing back, making offers. I’ve taken one of the offers.

Boy, just wait until you see who the next President’s going to be.

## Truth at Last

### *Hank Reinhardt*

Being the Unvarnished and True Account of the First Meeting of Gerald Page (AKA Jerry Page) and Hank Reinhardt. This First Meeting occurred in the early years of the Second Atlanta Science Fiction Organization, and herein is faithfully retold. This Telling also Contains Certain Truths and Confessions admitted for the First Time. These Confessions are made in the True Spirit of Aging Fellowship.

Recently the lovely Toni Weisskopf, H.D.S.O., brought to my attention an article written by Jerry Page [see above—TKFW]. The article was delightful and rather amusing. Jerry confessed to having “created” the “Hank Reinhardt” of song and story. It was witty, amusing and just fun to read. I will admit that right at first I was a little concerned, as it did contain many strong elements of truth, but truth artfully disguised by Jerry.

Toni asked if I would consider a reply [*actually, I said “rebuttal.”*—TKFW], but I begged off. After all, why should I write something that might harm

a very dear friend? A friend who has given me much. (Not as much as Lon Atkins, Ned Brooks, Stven Carlberg or Don Markstein, but it was still a vast amount.)

But as I was chuckling and declining, a Voice suddenly roared in my head!

“GIVE IT UP!!! TELL THE TRUTH! BE THE MAN YOU ALWAYS CLAIMED AND PRETENDED TO BE...QUIT LIVING A LIE—ADMIT THE TRUTH OF HANK REINHARDT!”

I resisted manfully. I tried to ignore the Voice, but my conscience kept on and on and it roared and roared and roared. At last I gave in.

Fandom has been good to me, and it has given me a lot of Joy and Money. Time for me to pay back the rich life it has furnished me. Alas, I can’t return the money. Not being stupid, I spent all of that on weapons and women. But I can Tell the Truth, and once and for all dispel the myths that have gathered around Hank Reinhardt and Jerry Page.

I do this, of course, with a great deal of trepidation. Confession may be good for the soul, but it is damned dangerous to freedom. It can lead to trials and fines and even nasty objects designed to separate body and soul. But I have checked with my attorneys. And none of what I am about to relate is illegal...only immoral.

God, but it hurts! So much of what Jerry said is True!

In 1959 I was 25 years old, and my wife and I had just returned from two years in Germany. I was eager to get back to the land of the Round Door Knobs. I wanted to read science fiction and fantasy, to get active in Fandom, and to lift weights, practice my hand-to-hand combat techniques, my swordplay and pistol shooting. All of these were very important, as I tried to mold myself into something like my heroes.

Alas, such was not to be! I was of medium height, and somewhat slight of physique. No matter how hard I worked, I simply could not gain any weight or muscle. Yet I was somewhat aggressive in my early years. This was soon beat out of me. By the time I met Jerry, I was easily intimidated.

There were compensations. I was blessed with an extremely high IQ, but better, a rapier-like wit that allowed me to puncture egos with ease. It also got me beat up several times, so I learned to be somewhat circumspect in its use. Of course even at this time I was acknowledged as the True Hearts Champion. (Unfortunately, that meant no one who knew me would play money games with me any more.)

But truthfully, none of this mattered. I wanted to be a hero, like the ones I read about.

I was introduced to Jerry by a scoundrel (to whom I owed \$5.00—but who keeps track?). He knew I would never pay him while I was sober, so in order to get even with me, he introduced me to Jerry Page. He expected Jerry to rip me to shreds after one of my cutting remarks. But Jerry Burge, the scoundrel, was to be very sadly disappointed.

The meeting was electric. I was stunned and totally awed. Here, in the flesh, were all my Heroes come to life. Here was Conan, Tarzan, John Carter and Kull. All combined into one magnificent animal.

Strikingly handsome, with a rugged, rock hard face that spoke of far lands and strange adventures. Dark, thick, wavy hair, brown eyes that could blaze with fury, but were also strangely gentle—and what a physique!

None of your steroid massiveness, but lean and rangy. A body that spoke not only of great strength, but of enduring toughness. And he moved with the easy, feral grace of some great cat!

Watching Jerry play a game was scary. The complete and total concentration. His hand speed was unbelievable. He could catch a fly with either hand. (Of course his popping them right into his mouth made people ignore how quick he was.) The little girls that played Jacks with him never had a chance! He was also very strong, able to tear a telephone book in half with almost no effort. I never had any luck playing cards with him, as he would get angry and tear the deck in half.

All my life I had dreamed of being a dashing and handsome hero, and here, standing before me, was my Ideal. I knew that I could never hope to be like him, but I could be his friend, and I could help him.

You see, there was one small problem.

To say that Jerry was really stupid would be cruel. Highly accurate, but really cruel. In today's soft and PC world, let us say that he was Intellectually Challenged.

Conversations with Jerry were "interesting."

"Gee Hank, that was really sumpin'!" "Golly Hank, how'd you know how to open that door? You just twisted the knob and wow! I wish I could do that!" "Gee Hank, you think you can really teach me to tie my shoes....Golly Hank!"

Jerry had a way with words, and he surely loved to talk. (He still does, alas.) He also didn't know the meaning of the word Fear. He had trouble with walk, run, cat, and dog, too, and polysyllabic words were simply out of the question. But he did enjoy simple wordplay. "Hey, Hank, lookit! God is dog spelled backwards!" "Yeah, Jerry, that's why life's

such a bitch." And several times he would understand my simple puns without me having to explain them.

And so we became, and stayed, fast friends. It was fun teaching Jerry. After several years he learned to tie his shoes, and not long after, I taught him to read, and yes, to write.

Jerry dearly loved science fiction. Particularly Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon. The colors were so bright and happy. He was so grateful when I would read them to him. That was what started me to teach him to read.

He would put his finger on the word, to say it, but then it would be covered up by his finger, so that he would move the finger, but forget which word he was at, and put it on another word. He used this same technique in his early writing, which is why many believe that he is the author of *The Clones*.

Jerry was, at times, "Trying." He would try to make jokes, and try to be clever and try to act normal. Alas, he never quite succeeded. When he failed at this, he would get physical, biting nails in half (not fingernails, ten penny nails), picking up cars, jumping and hiding, and do other silly things, and just play around.

But I really didn't mind. He kept the evildoers away, and no one threatened me with Jerry around. Jerry and I made a great team. I so admired his physical presence, and he was in awe of my vast mental abilities. I did wish that we might be equals, but he had no more chance of being my intellectual equal than I had of equaling his awesome physical abilities.

How dearly Fate loves a Jest. As Puck said, "What fools these mortals be!" For I discovered that I was wrong about all of that.

It was a lovely spring day when Jerry and I went exploring in the North Georgia mountains. The air sparkled and tasted of a rare wine. There was an almost electric feeling in the air, a tingling, as of some great, ~~once in a millennium~~, event was about to occur, like when Georgia Tech would beat up on Georgia, or Auburn would stomp Alabama.

As we wandered the woods, I spied what looked like a cave on the side of a hill. I pushed some bushes aside and Jerry brushed a few boulders away, and by God, it *was* a cave! From the looks of it, no one had been in for many, many years.

I entered the cave, and a great feeling of apprehension came over me. I wasn't afraid—after all, I had Jerry with me—but there was this feeling. Something like meeting a beautiful young girl... You know your life is not going to be the same!

The cave was quite large, and I could see many passages that led off. From one of these side tunnels I could hear, very faint, a low moaning sound. I had Jerry put down his pack and we took out a couple of flashlights. The pack only weighed about 250 pounds, certainly not a lot for him, but I decided that we would leave it, and see how far we could go with just the hand lights.

As we went deeper and deeper, the sound increased. The tunnel was filled with many beautiful rock formations, some pointing upward, and some pointing down (I can't spell stalagmites or stalactites.) [*Actually, he can—it's Capitalizations that're his Problem.—TKFW*] The sound grew louder, and more intense! A low sound, filled with all the pain and agony of the World. I had heard a sound like this only once before, when Georgia Tech had stopped Alabama on the goal line, and won the game, 7-6. (I cackled, I was a Tech fan.) But even I could appreciate the agony, the suffering, that the sound portrayed!

It was at this time that one of Jerry's silly moods stuck. He began to dance and caper, hiding behind some rock formations, leaping out, then making shadows on the wall with the flashlight.

"Jerry, for God's sake, will you be still!"

"Golly, Hank, I'm just trying to have a little fun," he whimpered.

"Okay, Jerry. When we get back you can catch some flies, pull their legs off, and watch them try to land."

"Gee, Hank, wow, that'll be nifty!"

Suddenly we rounded a slight bend, and my flashlight revealed a figure! An old man, chained to a rock. His hair and beard were quite long and unkempt, and he was clad in a long blue robe, with all sorts of strange signs and figures worked in gold.

The chains that bound him to the rock were thick as a man's arm, and glowed with a sickly pale green light. Every few seconds a pulse of light would race along the chain, and the old man would writhe and twist in agony, and a low moan would escape his lips.

As he writhed, he suddenly saw us. His face lit up with joy. "Free at last, praise God, Free at Last. For I sense Great Innocence here!"

He made a slight gesture with his hands, and the cavern was filled with light.

"Who are you, Old Man?" I whispered. For truth be told I was frightened.

"Names do not matter, Little One. Know ye that I have been imprisoned and tortured for a thousand years. The Arch Demon, Lonkins, with the aid of a beautiful nymph, Inot, trapped me here. He tortured me to reveal the Secret of Chess and

the Secret of Hearts. Chess I gave him, for 'tis a silly game, whose end is predestined. But he could not break my will, and I never gave him the Secret of Hearts. So I am cursed to stay here and suffer until someone who is pure of Heart frees me. Even these mighty chains will fall to him that is pure of Heart. Free me. Free me, Little One, and I will give you the Secret of Hearts."

I looked at him with pity. "I have no need of your secret, Old Man. Know that I am The Reinhardt, who was fed the Secret of Hearts with his mother's milk. Only once every two thousand years is a true Hearts Champion born, and I am that one.

"Still, I would free you Old Man, but I am not pure of heart." I blushed, and continued, "I have read Mystery Stories, I have read the pulp *Blue Book*, and I have read mainstream fiction."

The words came hard to me, and my face flamed a deeper crimson as I saw the sneer of disgust flit across his face.

Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, the idea hit me!

"Wait! Old Man, I can free you. What will you give to be free?"

A terrible fire grew behind his eyes, and he spoke, in a voice like thunder. "Your fondest wish will be yours."

I turned to Jerry. Jerry was, after all, just too dumb to be anything but Pure of Heart.

"Jerry, take those chains and tear them like a phone book."

Jerry leaped forward. The muscles of his great shoulders bulged as he gripped the chains, and almost effortlessly he tore them asunder!

The Old Man stood tall and strong, and his eyes continued to blaze. "Now I will see if Arthur still reigns, now I will see if Inot is still as beautiful as she once was. Now let Lonkins shudder, for Justice shall be mine!

"But first, My Children, I will fulfill my promise." He paused, then continued. "But I must also warn you. You are The Reinhardt, and many, many lies will be told about you. But I can calm your greatest fear, for I see the fish will continue to swim to the net, and much loot shall be yours. Now, My Children, I will give you the Word."

And he gave us the Word.

I looked at Jerry with great fondness. Now, at last, we could be Equals, and go through life as Partners, and I was happy.

I stood as tall as my undernourished body would let me, and I shouted the Word and my voice filled the cavern, "SHAZAM!"

Jerry looked at me, and in a great voice shouted, "MAZAHHS!"

The rest is history, and now you know the truth.

I got Jerry's body, and kept my brain and intellect. Jerry, well, he got my body, and kept his own brain and intellect.

Oh yes, I do feel guilty. It is my fault. I knew that Jerry was in one of his playful moods. I should have been prepared for something like this. I goofed and I am deeply sorry.

The truth is bitter on my lips. I haven't always been this handsome, godlike warrior, and Jerry hasn't always been as alluring as Guy Lillian.

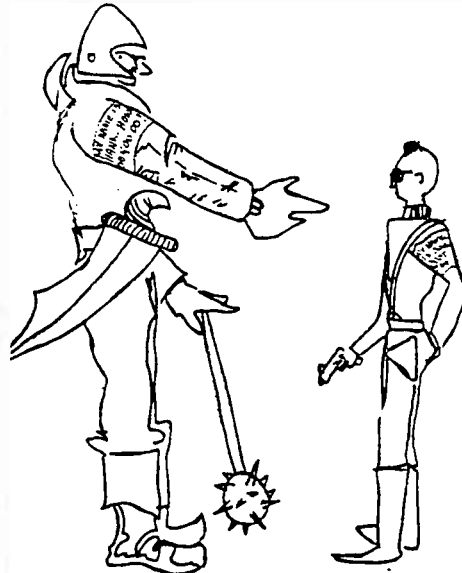
This is the truth, and I am deeply shamed at my failure to protect the innocent Jerry. I comfort myself with the thought that he really doesn't know it. I realize that beneath Jerry's vapid exterior there is a magnificent lack of character, but even deeper, there beats the heart of a true friend.

As for me, the Old Man's prophecies all came true, for many lies have been told about me, but many fish came swimming.

Many feel that they are indebted to me, and they are. Both Lon and Ned, for enormous sums, but who keeps records? (In the last two hundred hearts games, played with Bob Maurus, Pat Gibbs, Rich Howell and Ward Batty, I won 75%, placed second in 19% and third in the remainder. Okay, so I lied, I actually lost two games—but like I said, who keeps track?)

[To Be Continued]

FANS ARE BASICALLY PASSIVE, INTROVERTIVE people



BECAUSE OF THIS WELL KNOWN FACT, S.F. CONs ARE THE MOST MANNERLY IN THE WORLD.

HANK REINHARDT MEETS JOE CELKO

### ART CREDITS

Cover: D. Birdsong. Frame clip art courtesy of Jeanne Caggiano. Page iii: SFC logo.  
 Page 4: SFC patch, designed by Binker Hughes; SFC logo by P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery.  
 Page 6: Photos by Ned Brooks. Page 11: Cover of Cosmag by Jerry Burge; caricature of Al Andrews donated by Ned Brooks, art by Alfred "The Real McCoy" Andrews himself.  
 Page 12: Atlanticon art provided by Steve Hughes; Weisskopf's Rubble award (on a Red Mountain Beer coaster); 1976 DSC logo; badge for Pelee Island, ON DSC bid. Page 17: DSC 17 badge.  
 Page 19: DSC 32 badge, art by Wade Gilbreath. Page 20: Atlanta in '72 flyer donated by Steve Hughes.  
 Page 23: DSC badge; DSC 34 badge. Page 36: SFC logo by D. Birdsong enhanced by P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery. Page 38: B'hamacon 3 logo. Page 40: Con\*Stellation 5 badge  
 Page 42: Con\*Stellation 2 badge; DSC 23 badge. Art on both by Rhett Mitchell. Page 47: Confederation badge.  
 Page 49: Dragoncon logo. Page 50: SFSFS logo. Page 51: Magicon logo.  
 Page 55: The first Rivercon program book cover; art by Don Rosa. Page 60: Northamericon '79 badge.  
 Page 62: Wigwam Village original bid flyer. Page 63: Nolacon '88 bid flyer. Page 66: DSC '79 badge.  
 Page 68: CFSFS logo by Teddy Harvia. Page 69: Smart Ash 48 cover; art by Teddy Harvia.  
 Page 74: Chattacon 8 program book cover. Page 79: Libertycon 3 program book cover; art by Bob Maurus.  
 Page 83: Kubla Khan Census logo by Rick Dunning. Page 84: Swill recipe given at the 1983 DSC.  
 Page 95: Armadillocon badge. Page 99: Swampcon badge; Kubla Khan Ception badge; Parthekhan/DSC 33 program book cover. Page 100: Joe Staton, cover of The Southerner # 21 in SFPA, published by Lon Atkins.  
 Page 106: Mimosa logo by Charlie Williams. Page 107: Fosfax logo. Page 108: SFC logo.  
 Page 110: Pogo from the cover Anvil #41, Special Confederation Issue, edited by Charlotte Proctor.  
 Page 122: Cartoon from a dittoed one-shot produced at the '72 DSC by Steve Hughes et al. I think.

Finally, credit and much thanks goes to Hank Davis, a Kentucky fan and fellow ex-Brooklyn Bum, who pasted everything up, proofread on demand, and was generally an angel about the entire project.



