

# "IT'S BIGGER IN TEXAS!"

DSC 49 ONE-SHOT





# “IT’S BIGGER IN TEXAS”

*A One-Shot by Various and Sundry Hands and Other Appendages  
DEEPSOUTHCON 49 / FENCON VIII*

*September 24, 2011 • Technically in Addison (but We’ll Call it “Dallas”), Texas  
(Produced on two computers and random sheets of paper.)*

## M. Lee Rogers

The proprietor of this publication is M. Lee Rogers. He has Tom Feller of Nashville to his right and Guy Lillian to Tom’s right. We are trying to come up with amusing natter for this zine. Other people will probably do better than me in that department. For the time being, I will let others try to be funny and interesting.

## Tom Feller

My wife Anita and I flew from Nashville to Dallas yesterday. Our flight actually got in early. Since American Airlines charges for checked bags, we put all our stuff into our carry-ons, which will severely limit what we can buy in the dealer’s room. This did have the advantage of allowing us to skip baggage claim

at the airport and walk directly to the taxi cab area. We arrived at the hotel by 3 PM. After checking into the hotel and registering with the con, we proceeded to the con suite only to find it was closed for a reception with Gail Carriger, the author guest of honor. Eventually, they let us in, although neither of us have read any of her books. We hooked up with a bunch of our friends at the fanzine panel and we to dinner at the Genghis Grill. It was an interesting concept. You select your meats, vegetables, spices, and sauce and then they cook it for you. It was actually good. We returned in time for the opening ceremonies which they did in the format of a television talk show. After attending a concert by the filk guest of honor, we proceeded to the parties.

## Guy H. Lillian III

Good God – Brad Foster and Stephan Martiniere just wandered into the room. And here’s Teddy Harvia. Guy Lillian here, and color me awestruck. I feel lost in a sea of talent.

Toni has named our oneshot: IT’S BIGGER IN TEXAS. She’s *dreaming*. I can believe it – this is the most *fun* convention I’ve attended in many a many, a real relief from the drought of the last year or two. The panels have been enthused, the encounters with old pals have been many, the vibes have been marvelous. Unlike as at my panels, where I have been



**FENCON IX  
AKA “GOGGLES & GEARS” CON  
GA**

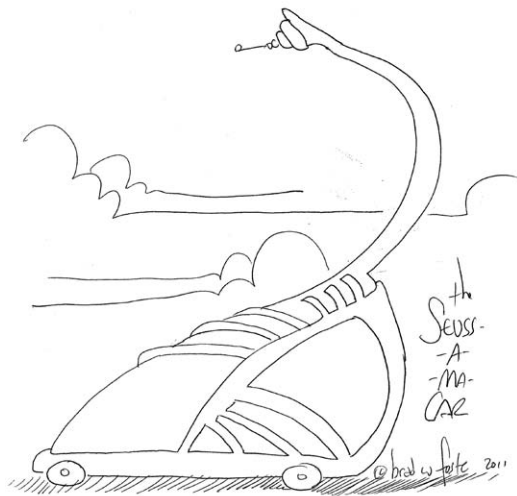
garrulous to the point of sickening, I am here all but speechless.

One thing is grand: this magnificent successor to such DSC oneshots as CONGLOMERATION and FRIED SHOES and ZANIES THROW UP will run in SFPA's 50th anniversary mailing. What an appropriate situs.

There's an idea – take this tiny laptop in to Chris Garcia's interview with Steven Garcia and get both to contribute while they talk.

### Tim Miller

Kathy Mar once said to me "Sleep is for the weak and sickly." She was of course talking about staying up all night filking (and be careful how you say that around non-con-goers). My wife used to be the one that would do that at cons. She would go the the filk circles and I would see her in the morning. Things



have changed in our relationship in the past several years. Since I got involved in con running and later into Worldcon bidding I am the one that is staying up way to late along the convention trail. You kind of expect it when you are one of the main behind the scene organizers at the con you are running. It is Saturday afternoon now, and I probably haven't gotten 9 hours of good sleep since Tuesday night, and this was after a weekend of not much sleep trying to get the program book to the printer (Thanks to Jim, Ed, Mary and Mike on that). What you don't expect is how little sleep you get at any convention you go to when you run cons. If I don't end up helping my fellow con runners help run their cons, you are up all night throwing parties to promote your con, you are helping some friend promote their Worldcon or NASFiC bid or DeepSouthCon bid or what ever they need help



promoting. So here I am on a Saturday afternoon at FenCon VIII/DeepSouthCon 49. I am dead dog tired but it is worth it all to see so many people enjoying themselves at an event I helped put together.

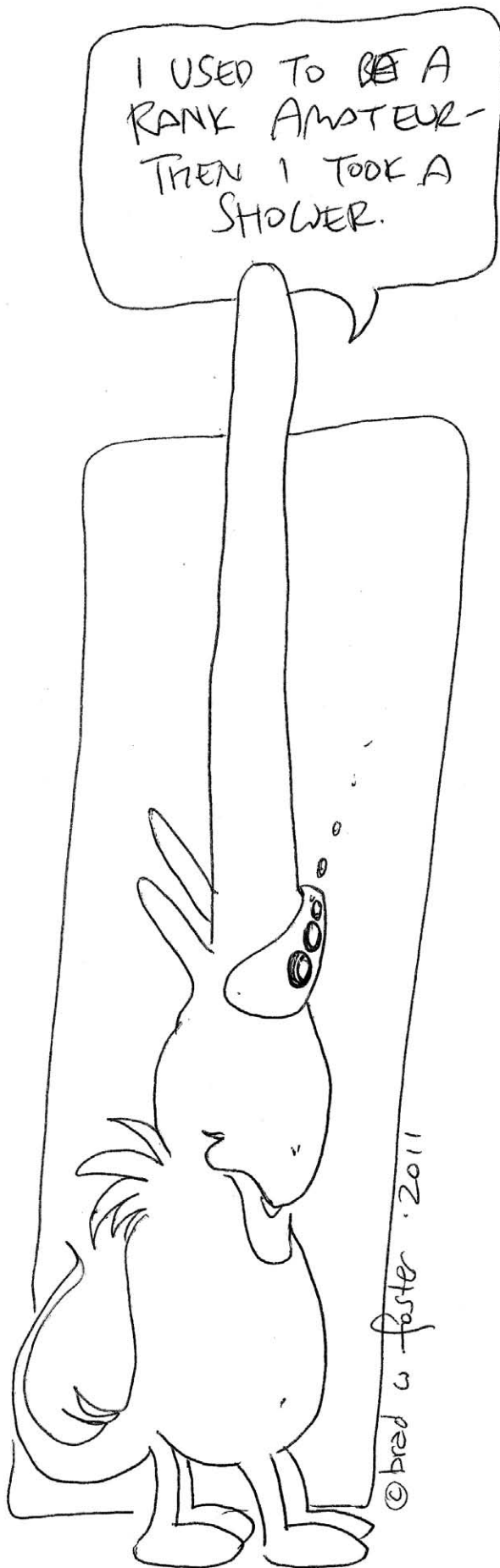
I now truly know what Kathy meant when she said what she did about sleep. It may be hard to take at times, but it is worth it and once FenCon is over I will give up my good night's sleep for another project for a fannish friend, and Guy is still asking me to sell the ads for the ChiCon 7 program book, and I do owe him a solid favor...

### M. Lee Rogers

This is M. Lee Rogers to wrap up this part of the one-shot. Tom mentioned Genghis Grill. It's an impressive place, all right. I wonder about cross-contamination of the food with it all being in a single bowl, but one does not hear about people getting food poisoning, so it should not be a huge problem.

The interesting theme of this convention has been "When Fandoms Collide". Steampunkers meet the





traditional SF fanzine fans meet major costumers meet twenty different types of alternate fandoms. It makes for some mildly amusing culture shocks. People hear about apas and assume we are talking about slash-style fan fiction. It's good for the trad people to be exposed to the other fandoms. It's also good for those folks to realize that we trad folks exist.

One more thing before wrapping up. One of my interests is fan history. I have just agreed to develop a presentation for DeepSouthCon 50 about the history of Southern SF fandom. I have the SFC Handbooks to start the research, but I will need a lot of material from anyone who knows anything about this history. Please contact me at [mleerog@bellsouth.net](mailto:mleerog@bellsouth.net).

M. Lee Rogers is signing out. Be there. Aloha.

**T.K.F. Weisskopf**

Typing now: T.K.F. Weisskopf—The question of the day—why is Guy Lillian turning his dog—Pepper—into a cyborg?

**Mike Kennedy**

... (Huntsville AL) here. Most folks reading this already know that Fencon VIII/DSC 49 is the first DeepSouthCon in Texas. Based on how well this con has gone so far I wonder why it's taken so long. Most cons I've been associated with would kill for the facilities here. Almost everything is on one floor... the panels, the con suite, the parties, the art show, the dealers room, etc. Only gaming is on another floor. I am terribly envious. The word is that they have between 500 and 20,000 in attendance. I believe it, don't you?

**Corlis Robe**

... here. I didn't ask, but Toni probably wouldn't let me crochet a contribution to this one-shot instead of writing one. The crochet project of the moment is, in fact, under way in my purse right now. It is green and, well, lighter green. Two strands of yarn held together. I have to use a larger hook to make it work, but it does. Turns out my crochet causes domestic disturbances in other households. I make one afghan for a cousin last Christmas. Now, he, his wife, and their three-year-old fight over it. Misty has to get her own this Christmas. Little cousin actually has his own crocheted baby blanket, but they won't let him mess it up. A family friend lost their house to a fire right before Christmas. My contribution to their relief was .. a crocheted afghan. Now, visitors to their new abode tussle over who gets to sit under the afghan. ☺

**Gary Robe**

This is Gary Robe typing. This is the first time I've attended a Texas regional convention and so far I've been impressed with the program and the people running the convention. The hotel is well suited since the meeting space is on the same level as the room parties, so except for eating and sleeping the whole convention is on home level. Earlier this week my left ankle spontaneously decided to pop a sprain and this sprawling facility has not been a lot of fun to limp around. Last night after a margarita and beer at dinner I discovered that a combination of naproxen and alcohol pretty much alleviated the pain. I enjoyed party hopping last night to find enough alcohol to maintain my comfortably numb level of anesthesia. There is something comforting about the fact that the fanzine lounge ended up being the best party of the evening. That was mostly because they had a bottle of sipping tequila, spiced rum, and whiskey. The Serious Topic of Discussion at the fanzine lounge after midnight was who to inflict the Rubble Award upon this year. The best suggestion that we could come up with was to give the award to Richard Dengrove's propeller beanie crown. If that ends up being the decision of the jury, then you read it first here. If not, then you should be at the award ceremony to find out.

**Warren Buff**

... checking in here. I'm currently riding a high from finding a windfall of great artists on my trip to the



dealers room for the zine. We got Teddy Harvia and Brad W. Foster, who I'd gone to find, but also Stephan Martinierre, who happened to walk up while I was recruiting Brad, and a fellow named Rodolfo who I'd never met before. This con's been a lot of fun so far, and I'm looking forward to the Hearts Championship of the Known Universe, coming up after this. I get to make another run at playing Guy H. Lillian, III, who I've never beaten before. Almost got him in Nashville a few years ago, but Corlis Robe knocked me out of the running right at the end. We had a fanzine lounge after dark party last night, and many of the fine folks in this zine came by. I'm glad this will be in SFPA's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary mailing. Gary Robe just mentioned a zine title we came up with at my party at Worldcon – Inbound Salami. Someday, that zine may come about. As usual, there are more folks to go after me, and for some reason, we're programmed up against the Fan Guest of Honor item. I'm out of here, now, since I want to support Steven H Silver in that.

**Katherine Sanger**

My turn – Katherine Sanger now – and this con is the end of quite a trip. Friday morning we managed to find ourselves in the Creation Evidence Museum of Texas, learning all about how science has been misinterpreted for years. The proof is in the Alvis Delk



Print – a human footprint intruded upon by a dinosaur print. Proof that humans and dinosaurs coexisted peacefully, or not so peacefully, perhaps. However, I have to posit that perhaps it was not quite that simple. It is not actually a human print. It's Dr. Who., time traveling time lord who just happened to lose his shoe (but not his fezz or his bowtie). You'll know I'm right if we come across fossil evidence of a Dalek invasion in the next find.

**John Purcell**

Yay! Finally the laptop makes its way to John Purcell. Glad to finally make it to Fencon VIII/ DeepSouthCon 49, especially since this con is my wife's second art show this year. Valerie did very well at Aggiecon 42 earlier this year, but this con made her way more nervous. I guess that's because this is more of a larger regional con than Aggiecon, which is decidedly media oriented and student centered. Well, what do you expect from a bunch of college kids? However, I am glad that there is a local convention for me to get to, and in Texas there are lots of fine conventions to get to within a few hours' drive: besides Fencon, there's ConDFW, Armadillocon, Apollocon, All-Con, and others that I can't recall right now. Definitely a good con so far, and looking forward to the rest of the weekend. And it's not even 3 PM on Saturday yet!

**Courtney Martin**

An hour later and I get to type. Mua-ha-ha! Beware the quiet ones like me, Courtney Martin, for we shall take over the world. Okay, maybe not take over the world, but eventually we'll make it fun. I'm in the process of convincing people to come to FenCon in the future. I've been successful in doing so for ren faires. And I'd love to do more filk. Anyone know of any groups in DFW? Anyone want to start a group in the area?

PJ Ballantine visited Texas for the first time. Turns out, her live voice is just as sexy as her "audiobook" voice.

**Christopher Hensley**

This is Christopher Hensley writing. One more con, one more last minute party out of town. Good times. When I got to Dallas I found out we were running the Fanzine Lounge ... After Dark! Simple idea, until you realize that oh-my-god-the-sun-is-out. That's what the con is all about though. Not sleeping. No, that's not right. It's about good friends, good wine and good women. Not always in that order.

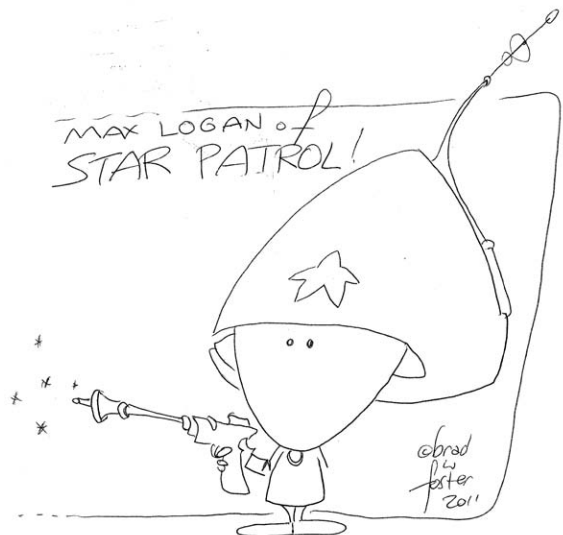
**T.K.F. Weisskopf Reinhardt**

No comment. T.K.F. Weisskopf Reinhardt here, wrapping up "It's Bigger in Texas." Handing off to Chris & Steven...

**Christopher J Garcia**

... takes this opportunity to write about Wrestling being bigger in Texas.

I've been to Texas a few times, almost all of them for wrestling. The biggest time in the history of wrestling was the 1980s and there was a family, the Von Erichs, who were bigger than all of them. The Von Erichs were the biggest thing in wrestling and they





came out of Texas, Denton, Texas to be exact. Every Friday night, the boys would work in the Sportatorium, an ultra-modern dump that you had to see to believe. In person, it was the kind of place where you'd expect dirtbags to hang out. On television though, it was Mecca for my kind, full of dirtbags AND pretty young big-haired teenaged girls who would scream when Kerry Von Erich would walk out to "Tom Sawyer" by RUSH. The pop, the cheer from the teens, was bigger than anything you'd ever hear anywhere. Bigger than Madison Square Garden, bigger than the Greensboro Coliseum, bigger than the Cow Palace. This tiny tin-roofed shed was the home of the biggest thing in wrestling

Years later, after the Von Erichs had fallen due to drugs and suicide and denial, Texas would never be the biggest thing in wrestling again, but the memories I have of those moments loom large in my mind for the rest of my life.

**Steven H Silver**

... notes that this is his second Texas con, after Con-Troll in 1994 or 1995.

A group of tourists were traveling in Hawaii, where one of the tourists was from Texas. As they were going around, he was comparing Hawaii to Texas...They saw Waimea Canyon, and he commented, "We've got drainage ditches bigger'n that in Texas."...They saw Pearl Harbor, and he commented, "We've got puddles bigger'n that in Texas."...Finally, they found themselves watching a volcano erupt on the Big Island and one of the other tourists nudged him and said, "I suppose they have fires bigger than that in Texas." Without missing a beat, the Texan said, "Hell no! Houston Fire Department'd have that sucker out inside five minutes."

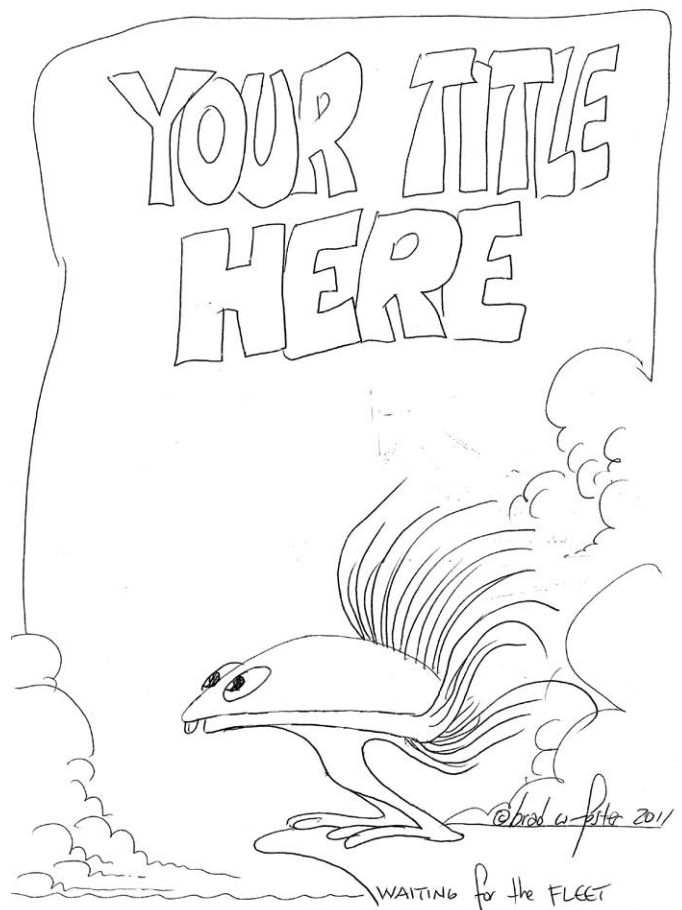
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**T.K.F. Weisskopf**

And TKFWR back again, this time really going to wrap this puppy out. We leaked over into the root beer tasting panel, so had to placate thirsty root beer fans before we decamped (no pun intended) to the well appointed fanzine lounge—thank you, Fencon. John Purcell pubbed his ish, there are still 1997 SFC Handbook and Histories available, and many other zines available for sale and the usual. Nice to see a con that's zine friendly. Also good to spend time with the Garcia Brothers, Steve and Chris. I see the naked dancing boys are preparing to do their thing on the table, so I'm going to go help rescue the zines so the body glitter doesn't damage anything.

I'm pleased this zine will be distributed not only at the DSC, but also in the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary mailing of SFPA, OE Guy H. Lillian III. It warms the cockles of my little fannish heart. I'm hoping that the new folks who contributed will be tickled, too. Many thanks to the awesome artists:

Stephan Martiniere, Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Rodolpho and last but not least—okay, in this company, least—John Purcell. Everybody go read *Askance* right now and make John feel better. TKFWR signing out and handing final tasks to volunteer Pat Virzi.





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D S C 4 9 O N E - S H O T

