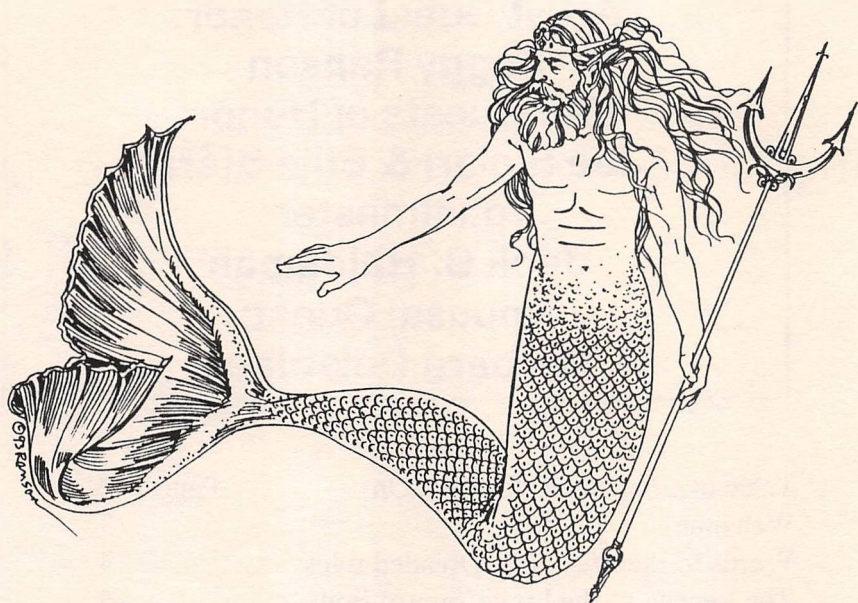






# BeachCon

## DeepSouthCon 34



*April 26-28, 1996*  
*Jekyll Island, Georgia*

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# BeachCon

## DeepSouthCon 34

April 26-28, 1996

Jekyll Island, Georgia

**Guest of Honor:**  
**Harry Turtledove**  
**Artist Guest of Honor:**  
**Peggy Ranson**  
**Fan Guests of Honor:**  
**Joe Siclari & Edie Stern**  
**Toastmaster:**  
**Jack C. Haldeman**  
**Spousal Guest:**  
**Barbara Delaplace**

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# The Tale of the First Time Chair

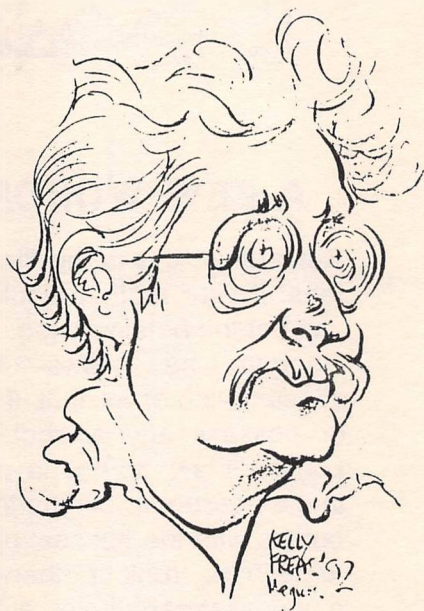
by William C. Francis

Welcome to the Golden Isles of Georgia. As I write this the sky is a clear crystal blue without a cloud in sight. The temperature is in the low 70's. A perfect day. Yesterday, however, was dreary and rainy--just the kind of weather I hope we don't have when you will be holding this in your hands for the first time.

The area you are now in is what used to be the Great Fannish Wasteland of South Georgia. Time was, children, when the nearest con was Atlanta or Orlando. I thought that this would be a wondrous place for a convention. Then I said something. Silence is golden, right? People heard me say something. Some of them thought it was a great place for a con, too. I *still* didn't shut up. I even started talking to hotels. Next thing I knew we had won the bid as DeepSouthCon 34. Well, we *were* unopposed. I was elected *drafted* as Chair because I live here. Oh, no, not *another* learning experience.

So now I'm a piece of furniture with bloodshot eyes and a dazed look, writing an introduction crammed full of clichés. Don't try this at home, we are trained professionals.

We have tried to put together a laid-back relaxicon. I hope that everyone has a fantastic, amazing time and wants to come back. Say in 2001 or so.





## A FEW WORDS TO THE WISE

1. Remember: this is the first time the hotel has ever seen fans. If your mother would object to your behavior, you can bet the hotel will, too.
2. Georgia has laws regarding possession and consumption of alcohol. If you are under 21, do not drink or possess any alcohol. Glynn County has an open container law: do not have any open container of alcohol in the passenger compartment of a vehicle. This includes bottles with the tax seal broken. If it's unsealed, it needs to be in the trunk or otherwise unavailable to the driver or any passengers. If you are having a party (of course you are 21 or over), be sure that you do not serve alcohol to under-age people. Georgia laws prohibit providing alcoholic beverages to minors. The con suite is dry-- however if you come in with a drink and you are legal nothing will be said as long as you are discreet. If you ain't legal, don't do it!
3. The Con committee does not provide bail bonding services. Under any circumstances. If you call us, you will have wasted your call.
4. People are likely to be barefoot. Any beverage containers anywhere outside of your room must be unbreakable. For this reason, please do not take a cooler to the pool area; you will be asked to remove it.
5. Bladed weapons are allowable in the masquerade or with hall costumes during the time of the masquerade



but please make sure they are securely peace bonded. Do not remove a weapon from its sheath except with permission as part of a masquerade presentation. No firearms or anything that appears to be a firearm will be allowed. If in doubt, leave it behind. Accidents don't just happen, they are caused. But *not* on *my* watch!

6. You must have your badge on to get into all con activities. Please remember the badge is not waterproof so don't wear it in the pool or the surf. If a your badge gets lost or destroyed, you have to buy a new one. If you find one, return it to the fan whose name is on it or turn it in to ops or registration.
7. I bet you thought I was going to say there is no rule 6. Well, you're wrong. There *is* a rule 6. Just before this one. So there.
8. Photography is OK anywhere except the Art Show and Masquerade. You will be required to check cameras at the door in the Art show. Flash photography is strictly forbidden during the masquerade. We will ask you to leave if your flash goes off at the masquerade--it is disturbing to everyone and extremely dangerous to the people in the masquerade. Even a second of temporary blindness is too long when you are on stage.
9. In regard to hall costumes--if you are 2 or under and can prove it you can get away with being topless or even naked otherwise a certain degree of modesty is required.
10. If you don't have a hotel room, you need to find someone to crash with. Overnight sleeping in the hotel lobby, con suites, or anywhere on the hotel grounds is not allowed. If found, you will be asked to leave. If you decide to sleep on the beach, do so at your own risk because if the tide -- or a police officer -- comes in you may go out.
11. Just a reminder--if your behavior is so obnoxious that your best friend won't admit to knowing you, the people in the rooms around yours are calling the desk, and the hotel is threatening to call the police, we may just let them.
12. Use your common sense.

# LOW COUNTRY BOIL

**Word of warning:**

***Don't wear your best bib and tucker.***

Actually, a bib might not be a bad idea. To those amongst us who are parents of messy kids, don't let them see you after you've been to the low country boil. Are you getting the idea that this is messy? You'd better believe it. Wear comfortable clothes, bring an appetite and get ready to enjoy the Deep South's answer to the New England clambake. Of course, we have to boil the goodies around here. If you insist on digging a firepit to steam clams, you'd better have a large pump on hand to pump the water out. It tends to rise faster than most of us can dig.

In an attempt to give credit where credit is due, we did try to search out the origins of the low country boil but nobody seemed to know how it came about. One theory put forward was that it was stolen from the Indians by the early settlers. Considering the backgrounds of many of Georgia's early settlers, this is probably close to the truth.

Regardless of its history, the low country boil is a long standing coastal tradition. Anywhere you can find shrimp and crab and a big pot. Throw them in along with seasonings, sausage, potatoes and corn-on-the-cob. You can add whatever else you have hanging around without really leaving the traditional boil, but these are the basics.



If this appeals to you, be sure to sign up early. The Low Country Boil Alternative Banquet is scheduled for 5:00 PM Saturday at poolside (weather permitting, of course) and is limited to 60 people. The cost is \$25 per person or \$45 for two. Get your tickets at Con Registration.



# Do you want to hear a Great Story?



## Story Telling at its Finest!

There was once a time when people would gather around the radio and listen to their favorite heroes battle impossible odds to save the day. These stories would be told with such force and sound that you could close your eyes and see the world that they were in. The **Atlanta Radio Theatre Company** (ARTC) is reviving that type of story telling.

## A World so Real, You're There!

This is a world that you hear. In the **Island of Dr. Moreau** by H. G. Wells, Moreau begins to describe how pain is an irrelevant thing, as you hear the man stab himself in the leg. You can give yourself cold chills in the summer as you listen to the constant scratching of **The Rats in the Wall** or the oozing mass of **The Dunwich Horror** by H. P. Lovecraft. Each tape provides a complete world that you can listen to.

## Tapes you Take Anywhere.

Now you do not have to listen to the radio

play the same three songs for the hundredth time. You can hear the police chase down **The Invisible Man** or the roar of the **The Last Dragon to Avondale** in your car, on the beach, any place that you can bring a cassette player.

## Want to Hear a Sample?

Both Friday and Saturday, ARTC will do a live performance for everyone at BeachCon. You will not believe how real they make it all sound.

## How do I Get these Tapes?

After each performance, ARTC will be selling tapes. This ad only mentions a few of the stories that are available, and more are being added all the time. If you miss the performance, you can call (770) 973-5053 to request a catalog, or write to:

Atlanta Radio Theatre Company  
P.O.Box 1675  
Duluth GA 30136-1880

<http://www.webamerica.com/artc>

**Telling Stories as they did in the days of Radio**

# I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY

---

by Esther M. Friesner

When DeepSouthCon asked me to write a bio of Harry Turtledove, I didn't think I was up to the task. How do you begin to describe him? OK, *tall*.

But seriously (Yeah, right), when lovers of great science fiction and fantasy talk about Harry's stature as a writer, they're not just talking feet and inches, they're talking quality. I agree with them.

They say it's a wise person who knows her own limitations, and since I've often heard folks call me wise (Granted, the complete phrase was *wise guy*) I decided that I'd better bring some expert help in on the job. Not only did I sincerely feel that a proper appreciation of Harry's life and works is beyond my capabilities alone, but I also realized that this way I'd have a scapegoat handy if something went wrong.

So I interviewed Harry's beard. (It's OK; it was late; he wasn't using it at the time.)

Little did I know the startling -- nay, hair-raising revelation that would begin our dialog, viz.:

"Harry didn't write the stuff," the beard said calmly. "I did."

I gasped. "You mean the science fiction, the fantasy, the alternate histories--?"

Insofar as it was physically possible to do so, the beard shrugged. "Start to finish, first to last. Up to and including *Prince of the North*, *The Guns of the South*, *Agent of Byzantium* and the whole *Worldwar* series. I could go on, but I'm a beard not a bibliography."

"But -- what about *The Two Georges*?" I faltered. "He wrote that with Richard Dreyfuss. *The Richard Dreyfuss*! I rather think that a big-time celebrity like that would notice if his collaborator was only a beard."

"The beard bristled. "What's so 'only' about me?" it demanded, displaying its full hirsute magnificence.

"You have a point," I admitted. "Well, it's more like a full, well-rounded fluffiness, but still--"

"Hey, *you're* collaborating with a beard right now and it doesn't seem to bug you. Look, I live by a simple motto: You don't yank me around, I don't yank you. When I say that I do the writing and Harry gets the credit, I'm telling the truth."

I was still reeling from the news. "But how could you? How could you even begin to do the research for--?"

"Computer access. On the Internet, no one knows I'm a beard."

"I can't accept this," I said. "I mean, I ought to know who writes Harry's stuff. I had the good taste to buy some of his stories for *Alien Pregnant By Elvis* and *Chicks In Chainmail!* Critics have the good taste to praise him! Readers have the good taste to give him awards and put his work on the best seller-lists! *He* had the good taste to marry Laura Frankos, and she's no slouch as an author herself, by cracky!" I slumped back drained. "Sorry," I said when I regained some measures of self-possession. "Righteous indignation always makes me slip into Grizzled Old Prospector dialect."

"No sweat, I'm from Southern California, there's a lot of that going around," the beard soothed. "Back when Harry used to teach at UCLA you'd be surprised at how many cases we saw."

I bowed my head. "This just doesn't seem like something he'd do. If he was using his beard like that, he'd face up to it. Harry's no coward."

"You sure sound convinced of that," the beard remarked.

"He's got three darling daughters--Alison, Rachel and Rebecca--who at some terrifying moment in the future *will all be teenagers at the same time*," I countered. "Like I said, he's a brave man."



"Point taken," said the beard.

Now my dander was up. "I don't believe anything you've told me about Harry," I said. "I think you're a bald-face liar."

"Hey, watch your language! You don't want to tangle with me," the beard snarled. "I'm ready to swear on a stack of Miss Clairol boxes that *everything* they claim Harry wrote was actually written by--"

"Vampster," I said softly.

"Hanh?"

"In *The Case Of The Toxic Spell Dump*," I elaborated. "There's a critter called a vampster. A vampire hamster. Are you willing to go on record as the *real* originator of the vampster and all other similar products, punnish and otherwise, purportedly of Harry Turtledove's creation? Out here in public? Where people can see you do it and everything?"

"The vampster," the beard repeated. A shudder ran the length of its curls. I thought I actually saw a strand or two turn gray right before my eyes. "Why did she have to dredge up the vampster?"

It reared up, trembling, and in a rapidfire burst of blame-shifting unseen since the last major Federal elections it rattled off,

"Ididn'tdoitHarrydiditalsorryforallthemisunderstanding'bye."

Then it was gone.

And as I watched it recede into the twilight, my thoughts on Harry's narrowly salvaged reputation, I could not help but remark, "Well, *that* was a close shave."

(Exit, Pursued by a Beard.)



# Southern Lady

by *Laura Resnick*

I met Peggy at Worldcon in New Orleans in 1988. It was her first con and, as we'd all soon learn to routinely expect of Peggy, she was working her butt off for it. According to fannish legend (which means it *must* be true), John Guidrey, Chairman of Nolacon II, had wandered out of the con's HQ in some New Orleans office building one day that spring, looking for someone who could help him with the computer. He found a pretty, tall, redheaded, sf/f-reading, chain-smoking, gullible -- er, I mean, *generous* -- stranger somewhere in the bowels of the building, and lo and behold: Peggy Ranson, hardworking artist and Southern lady, was ReBorn as a Fan.

Peggy not only did the layout, art, and design of that year's Worldcon program book (as she has done for *many* other fannish and pro sf/f publications since then), she also acted as gopher and bodyguard for Nolacon II's toastmaster: my dad. He brought the whole family with him that year, since the committee had allocated him a penthouse suite of rooms which could have comfortably housed Napoleon's army. We all quickly took advantage of the Neofan among us, and Peggy never once complained (within *my* hearing, anyhow) about driving all of the Resnicks anywhere they wanted to go in Louisiana, day or night, for a whole week. In turn, we never complained about a car that clearly only had a few months to live.

Since then, Peggy has been nominated for the Best Fan Artist Hugo more times than I can keep track of, winning it once (so far) in 1993, and having the good taste to routinely bring me to the Hugo ceremonies and parties as her guest. I've roomed with her at conventions, been her guest in New Orleans several times, and toured the Scottish Highlands in a rental car with her (screaming, "Left, damn you, get on the

**LEFT!"** the whole time). -Her- car, by the way, has defied all expectations and still lives even as I write this. I've even bought some of her art, and she has recently done the cover for a re-print of *Birthright* by Mike Resnick (Dad). So you could say that great things -- for the Resnicks, for Peggy, and for fandom -- have all grown out of the day Peggy first heard a fannish committee crying for help back in 1988.





# Haldeman on Haldeman

Jack C. Haldeman

by Joe Haldeman

My brother and I have been writing for about the same length of time, roughly since the Earth cooled, and he actually beat me to an important milestone: The First Rejection Slip. We were roommates at the University of Oklahoma at the time. He sent a story or a poem out to a literary magazine, and they actually sent it back with a note saying that it did not fit their needs at the time. Since it did not say "throw your typewriter out the window and follow it," he kept writing, and eventually started selling.

It hardly seems possible, but he's been selling stories for 25 years now. Unlike me, he's also managed to have a superficially normal life. In addition to writing over a hundred stories and several novels, he's managed to hold down a number of interesting -- sometimes downright disgusting -- jobs, and brought up a wonderful daughter. He recently married fellow writer Barbara Delaplace.

He has boated through the Arctic in search of the wily parasite, run exotic machines that take apart people's blood, and isolated the three areas in Levy County where artichokes can be grown. He also collects facial hair and old sf magazines, though he won't trade one for the other. He's a relief pitcher for the Double-breasted Fedoras, though since that's a virtual team, he can save his right arm for other sports, like billiards and one-handed beer can lifting.

If you've met him before, you know he's a congenial Toastmaster, and if you haven't met him, why, just buy a few dozen copies of his latest book and ask him to sign them.

## **About Barbara Delaplace, Who Lives With This Skinny Hairy Guy**

by Mike Resnick

So Barbara Delaplace approaches me one day back in 1990 and says, "Teach me everything you know." Then she ruins it by adding, "About writing, not sex."

Well, let me tell you, teaching Barbara about writing is a lot like bringing coals to Newcastle, because if there has ever been a writer you could call a natural, it is her.

The first thing she writes is a brilliant story called "The Garden", which ends up in a *Twilight Zone* anthology. Then comes a story about Tom Dewey and the atomic bomb, the first of about 15 appearances for her in Resnick-edited anthologies, and I can tell, even from this story that is written to a rigid structure, that Barbara Delaplace is my kind of writer, because she is far more concerned about the human heart than the technology of the future, and while all of her stories have Ideas in them, the Ideas are secondary to the Characters, which is at it should be.

Over the next two years she produces and sells better than a story a month. Among them are such gems as "Black Ice", which I describe as Heinlein's *Magic, Inc.* brought up to date, and which promptly wins a HOMER Award; and "Farewell, My Buddy", which *should* have won an award; and "Painted Bridges", which is as good an explanation of Hitler's ability to gain followers as you're likely to find; and "The Hidden Dragon", which struck a responsive chord among editors and which she's sold about ten times; and a number of others, each meticulously crafted, each eminently readable, each unique unto itself. Of course she was nominated for the Campbell Award both years she was eligible for it.

And then she married this skinny hairy guy. I always knew I hated and distrusted skinny hairy guys, but until

Barbara married hers, I didn't quite know why. Now I do. *She stopped writing for a whole year!* (Probably he spent all that time teaching her the stuff she didn't want to learn from me.)

I offered to marry her myself. This skinny hairy person she lives with suggested that it would be bigamy. I explained that of course it would be big o' me, paying for an extra woman, but that she was worth it.

Anyway, I miss my monthly Delaplace fix. So I want you all to meet her this weekend: partly because she's a wonderful and charming and witty lady, partly because it's our duty to teach her to speak American rather than Canadian, but mostly because someone's got to pressure her to start producing that monthly Delaplace story again.

Why should *we* suffer just because she's on an extended honeymoon?

(Mike Resnick is the author of *Santiago*, *Ivory*, *Soothsayer*, and the *Kirinyaga* series. He has 3 Hugos, a Nebula, and 2,176 groupies.)





## Phoenix Winners

None	1965-69
Richard Meredith	1970
R A Lafferty	1971
None	1972
Thomas Burne Swann	1973
George Alec Effinger	1974
Andre Norton	1975
Manly Wade Wellman	1976
Gahan Wilson	1976
Michael Bishop	1977
Karl Edward Wagner	1978
Jo Clayton	1979
Piers Anthony	1980
Mary Elizabeth Counselman	1981
Frank Kelly Freas	1982
Doug Chaffee	1983
Joe Haldeman	1983
David Drake	1984
Sharon Webb	1985
Andrew Offutt	1986
Orson Scott Card	1987
Hugh B Cave	1987
Jerry Page	1988
Robert Adams	1989
Wilson "Bob" Tucker	1990
Charles Grant	1991
Brad Linaweaver	1992
Brad Strickland	1992
Terry Bisson	1993
T K F Weiskopf	1994
Darrell Richardson	1995

## Rebel Winners

Al Andrews	1965
David Hulan	1966
None	1967-69
Irvin Koch	1970
Janie Lamb	1971
None	1972
Hank Reinhardt	1973
Khen Moore	1974
Meade Frierson III	1975
Ned Brooks	1976
Cliff Biggers	1977
Susan Biggers	1977
Don Markstein	1978
Cliff Amos	1979
Jerry Page	1980
Dick Lynch	1981
Nicki Lynch	1981
Lon Atkins	1982
John Guidry	1983
Lynn Hickman	1983
Guy Lillian	1984
Larry Montgomery	1985
P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery	1985
John A R Hollis	1986
Penny Frierson	1987
Lee Hoffman	1987
Sue Phillips	1988
mike weber	1988
Stven Carlberg	1989
Maurine Dorris	1989
Charlotte Proctor	1990
Samanda b Jeude	1991
Steve Francis	1992
Sue Francis	1992
G. Patrick Molloy	1993
Donald R. Cook Jr.	1994
Bob Shaw	1994
J.R. Madden	1995

# 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

## 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. 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 Confederation 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 DeepSouthCon, 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 fanish 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. 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.

## Registration and Information

### Mezzanine

Friday 12:00 PM 6:00 PM

Saturday 10:00 AM 6:00 PM

Sunday 10:00 AM 12:00 PM

Outside these hours see Operations near Con Suites

### Hospitality Suites

#### Macy I and II

(North of Clubhouse facing pool)

Thursday 3:00 PM 11:00 PM

Friday 10:00 AM Open

Sunday Closed Quarter 'til dark

### Art Show

#### Morgan Terrace

Friday 12:00 PM 3:00 PM Artist Check-in

3:00 PM 6:00 PM Open

Saturday 11:00 AM 5:00 PM Open

Sunday 10:00 AM 1:00 PM Open

1:00 PM 2:00 PM Pickup Purchased Art

2:00 PM 4:00 PM Artist Check-out

### Dealer's Room

#### Dubignon Salon

Friday 3:00 PM 6:00 PM Open

Saturday 11:00 AM 4:00 PM Open

Sunday 11:00 AM 3:00 PM Open

## Atlanta Radio Theatre Company Performances

### Pulitzer Patio

Friday 8:00 PM:

"Can You Hear me?" by Thomas E. Fuller

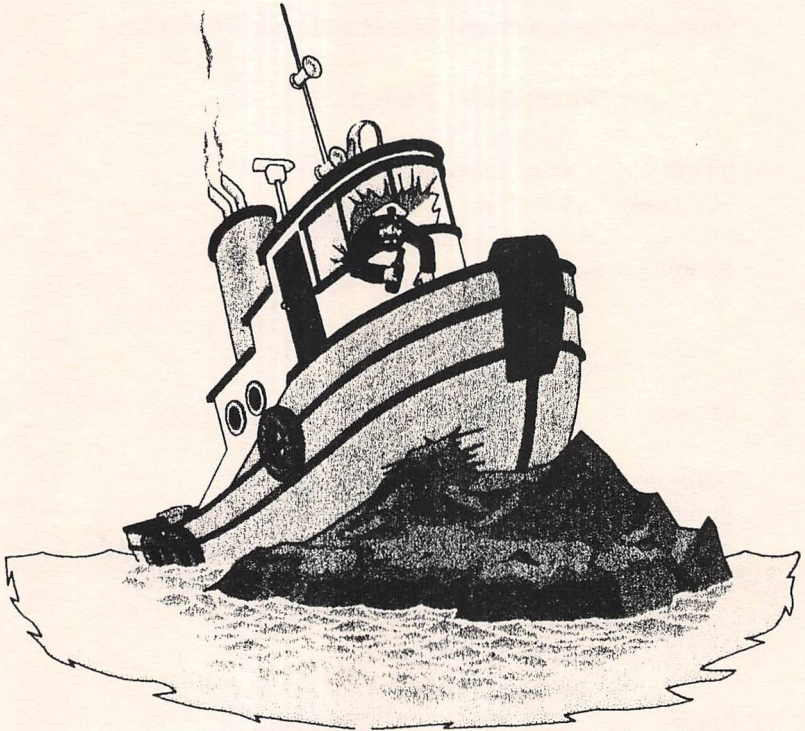
Saturday 9:00 PM

"Chronos Beach" by Thomas E. Fuller

"A Case of Abuse" by Ron Butler

"The Assassin" by Gerald W. Page

# Tide Tables



Day		High Tide				Low Tide	
		AM	Height	PM	Height	AM	PM
25	Thursday	2:22	6.5	3:12	5.8	8:37	9:00
26	Friday	3:14	6.4	3:55	6.0	9:33	10:03
27	Saturday	4:07	6.3	4:48	6.2	10:31	11:03
28	Sunday	5:00	6.4	5:40	6.5	11:25	11:59
29	Monday	5:53	6.6	6:30	7.0	---	12:14



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*Philip Anderson*