

CAPCLAVE 2001



September 28-30, 2001
Sheraton College Park
Maryland

*The members of WSFA wish to dedicate
Capclave 2001
to the men and women who perished
in the terrorist attacks of September 11
and to the many real-life heroes
who risked their lives to try to save others.*

CAPCLAVE 2001

A Science Fiction Convention Celebrating the Short Story

September 28-30, 2001
Sheraton College Park, Maryland

With Guest of Honor, multiple Hugo winner and editor
extraordinaire

Gardner R. Dozois

With us in spirit is our Ghost of Honor, cartoonist, author,
and fan

Joe Mayhew

Featuring a special exhibit of incredible cover art and
illustrations from

Worlds of Wonder

Other Guests:

Roger MacBride
Allen

Catherine Asaro

Robert Chase

Brenda Clough

Brett Davis

Drake Deming

Alexis Gilliland

Jane Jewell

Mindy Klasky

Annette Klause

Yoji Kondo

Nancy Kress

Will Ludwigsen

Will Quale

Darrell Schweitzer

Charles Sheffield

Steve Stiles

Michael Swanwick

Dave Theison

Lawrence Watt-

Evans

Capital Greetings from the Chair

On behalf of the Washington Science Fiction Association, Inc., welcome to the inaugural Capclave, a new convention in a new millennium. The Washington Science Fiction Association is not new to running and to helping run conventions, so some of what you experience here will seem to be old hat. Hopefully, we will be able to provide you with new experiences as well.

The best laid plans of men...

We had planned a great convention with an exciting program, a superb program book, and lots and lots of fun activities and so forth...

But after the events of September 11th, we knew that ain't gonna happen folks! No way!

The Washington Science Fiction Association is made up of fans based in the metro Washington, D.C. region. You know – where the Pentagon is. Our friends from New York understand what I am getting at, but allow me to continue... Most of us work for the federal government, or with associations and companies that work with the federal government.

As I write this, we are still in a state of shock. No active member of WSFA was killed or injured in the attacks. We do not know of any former WSFAns who died or were injured. But do not be deceived. We are all hurting. We are in shock. Hopefully, we will be feeling better by Capclave, but the damage is done.

As Chairman, I declare that there will be no complaints about the convention, programming, or the program book. Instead, take a moment and remember the thousands who are no longer with us, or go and hug a WSFAn – you know, those struggling to run this convention despite everything that happened.

If events don't seem to be going smoothly at Capclave, and I suspect that just might happen, then just stop and give a prayer or observe a moment of silence for what happened to this country on that horrible day. Me, I just give thanks that I didn't lose any of my fellow WSFAns.

Under the circumstances, this is going to be a rather low-key convention. We encourage you to spend time socializing with old friends and maybe even make new ones. We realize that our hotel is somewhat smallish, but this should only make us feel more at home, since we too are smallish in size. So make yourself comfortable, relax, talk, and generally be the good social animal we all

can be. And we apologize that we can't accommodate every branch of fandom, but there just isn't enough space.

And if you like something we've done, feel free to tell the hard-working staff, for without them, I could never have put this convention on. Any complaints, please tell them to me, for as Chair, it's my fault.

Again, welcome. Enjoy. And we hope this begins a long series of Capclaves.

Bob MacIntosh
Chairman, Capclave 2001

Staff List

Chair: Bob MacIntosh.

Program: Michael Nelson
Staff: Mike and Beth Zipser.

Hotel Liaison and Party Tzarina: Elspeth Kovar

Art Exhibit: Sam Pierce

Hospitality: Lee Gilliland
Assistant Hospitality (and cake czarina): Erica Ginter

Dealers' Room: Mike Walsh

Treasurer: Steve Smith

Registrar: Alexis Gilliland
Staff: Lee Strong

Publications/PR: Sam Lubell

Tech Wizard: Kathi Overton

GOH Liaison: Colleen Cahill

Information: Dan Hoey (in abstentia).
Staff: Chris Callahan and Dick Roepke

Volunteers: Peggy Rae Sapienza

NASA Liaison: Dave Taylor

Filking: Steve Brinich.

Webmaster: Keith Lynch



Capclave is pleased to present Gardner R. Dozois, our guest of honor. Mr. Dozois is best known for his work as editor of Asimov's Science Fiction, the Year's Best Science Fiction annual collections, and many anthologies.

Gardner Dozois

By Michael Swanwick



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When Gardner Dozois was four or five years old a hurricane hit the coast of Massachusetts. His mother, who was an imaginative though not educated woman and prone to get things wildly wrong, misheard something on the radio to mean that

the moon was going to crash into the Earth. So she rushed him out in the car to the seaside in the middle of the storm to watch the world come to an end. When he was serving in the Army in Germany, he was sent by *Stars and Stripes* to take a photograph of a downed helicopter. At the airport, the helicopter dispatched to carry him to the site of the accident came in badly and crashed before his eyes. He took a snap of the wreck and returned to base, figuring that one helicopter crash looked much like another. Working as a slush-pile reader, he once slit open an envelope containing a story from a frustrated aspiring writer and discovered it had been elaborately rigged so that when he slid out the manuscript, a cardboard hand popped up and gave him the finger.

It's been a long, strange trip for sure.

The great public mystery of Gardner Dozois is how a man as outgoing and filled with wild whimsy and Rabelaisian mirth as he is can write the grim stories he does. Make no mistake about it, they can be *grim*. "Machines of Loving Grace" features a tormented young woman in a relentlessly ugly, environmentally degraded

future who commits suicide time after time – only to be brought painfully back to a life she doesn't want by an uncaring medical bureaucracy. Gardner will tell you with a straight face that this is an optimistic story – that because the girl doesn't give up, but keeps on trying to kill herself, it's actually an affirmation of the human spirit. Perhaps. But it's not anything I'd advise you to read late at night when you're not feeling good about yourself.

Contrast this with his performances at science fiction conventions. I recall the "Sex in Science Fiction" panel where the raunchily humorous stories (the one about the misplaced yam in particular) got so raucously out of control that two women, editors both, fled blushing from the room. Seeing this, Gardner beamed down from his Olympian seat up on the stage and flung out an arm to draw everybody's attention to them. "Look!" he bellowed. "They liked the panel so much that they're leaving to have SEX RIGHT NOW!!!"

How can such two polar opposites exist in one man?

But if the contrast between the man and the writer is puzzling, the contrast between the writer and the editor is downright baffling. I'm not talking here about the fact that as a writer his primary allegiance is to serious, gorgeously written "high art" literature, and that as an editor his tastes are catholic and inclusive – that he likes adventure and hard science and humor and even fantasy fiction, provided only that it's done well. One's taste in reading is always more generous than one's muse, and all the truly great editors have this same wide capacity for appreciation. No, I'm talking about the fact that a writer as bleak as Gardner is capable of being still manages to retain his zest for editing. By Gardner's own estimate, he has read more bad fiction than anybody else on this planet. But he still attacks his job with gusto. He still lives for the moment when he picks up a story from the slush pile, begins reading, and, forgetting where he is and what he's doing, falls into the story completely.

But maybe the contradictions are only apparent.

When Gardner was in the Army, the rotation levy came through the newspaper office and by random chance sent a buddy to Viet Nam and left him behind. The friend wrote him one long letter, and then fell silent. All subsequent attempts to get in touch failed. Back in his hardscrabble days when Gardner's main source of income came from freelance theme anthologies, a contributor sent

him a blistering letter excoriating him as a money-bloated plutocrat for not paying up promptly. Gardner hadn't been paid himself yet, and was selling books personally inscribed to him by friends in order to buy food. He borrowed money so he could send out the check. Because he couldn't afford health insurance, Gardner came within an ace of dying from undiagnosed diabetes. I vividly remember walking down Twelfth Street with him at a time when he was barely able to shuffle along, while he spoke with a sad fatalism about his growing blindness and how the darkness was closing in around him.

Experiences like those will temper and burnish a man. They will bring out his essential qualities and make them *shine*. And if a man sees all too clearly the harsh absurdity of a life that leaves no one unmarred and from which there is only one exit... well, in some cases this will only make him happier with what he gets. I met Gardner in 1974, and I know for a fact he never expected he'd live to see the new millennium. Nor have the passing decades made him one whit more optimistic about the future. Deep in his heart, he knows that there's an asteroid out there somewhere coming to wipe out all life on Earth, and that it's got his name on it. I doubt he ever thought he'd be as successful as he is now. But he doesn't for an instant believe it's going to last. Ask him about his retirement plans, and the words "steam vent" will inevitably pop out of his mouth.

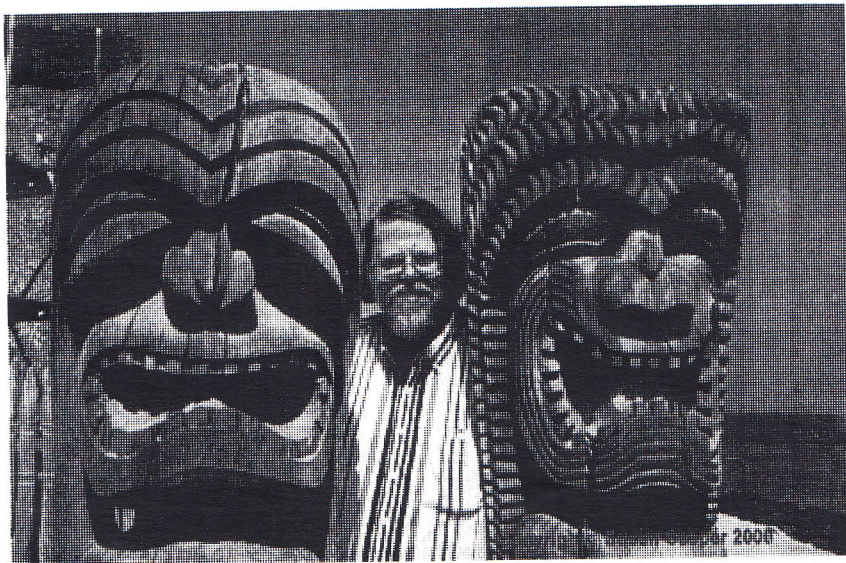
But joy? He's always had that. The end of the world is coming, it's barreling down on us like a locomotive, faster than you can imagine and it's unstoppable. But as long as it hasn't hit us yet, we might as well *laugh*. Sit down, and tell a few stories. Here's something you haven't read yet but should. Here's the word on a hot new writer who's just on the brink of writing something spectacular. Have you checked out the latest *Asimov's*? The new *Best-of-the-Year* has a few surprises in it.

This is obviously not how most people would react to impending doom. But, well... that's Gardner for you.

— Michael Swanwick



Gardner Dozois on Science Fiction and the Short Story



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On Science Fiction: "Science fiction can be serious-minded and substantial and profound; it can be a window on worlds we'd never otherwise see and people and creatures we'd never otherwise know; it can provide us with insights into the inner workings of our society that are difficult to gain in any other way, grant us perspectives into social mores and human nature itself mostly otherwise unreachable; it can be an invaluable tool with which to take preconceived notions and received wisdom to pieces and reassemble them into something new; it can prepare us for the inevitable and sometimes dismaying changes ahead of us, helping to buffer us against the winds of Future Shock – but sometimes it's just fun." – *Good New Stuff*.

On the Field's Center: "I doubt that there ever really *was* a "center" to the field – it has *always* been a matter of what (and who) you choose to look at and what you choose to ignore, of selective viewing of the evidence. To say, for instance, that John Campbell's *As-tounding* was once the center of the field is to ignore all those writers who couldn't really fit *into* it comfortably, such as Frederik Pohl

and C. M. Kornbluth and Damon Knight, who later went on to become the mainstay of *Astounding's* chief rival, *Galaxy*; and even if you then widen the definition of "center" of the field to include both *Astounding* and *Galaxy*, that still ignores those writers such as Ray Bradbury, Jack Vance, Charles Harness, Leigh Brackett, and a number of others, who mostly didn't fit into *either* magazine. And it has *always* been true, and still is, that major works of substance and high literary ambition are published side-by-side with trooping legions of bottom-of-the-barrel, lowest-common-denominator hack books, and that sometimes posterity ends up remembering the "hack" books as major work, and forgets about the supposedly "major" novels altogether! Gene Wolfe and Jerry Pournelle are displayed on the same racks in the same bookstores, and which of them you choose to say represents the "center" of the field is largely a subjective matter, and depends largely on who *you* are in the first place." – *Year's Best SF 11*

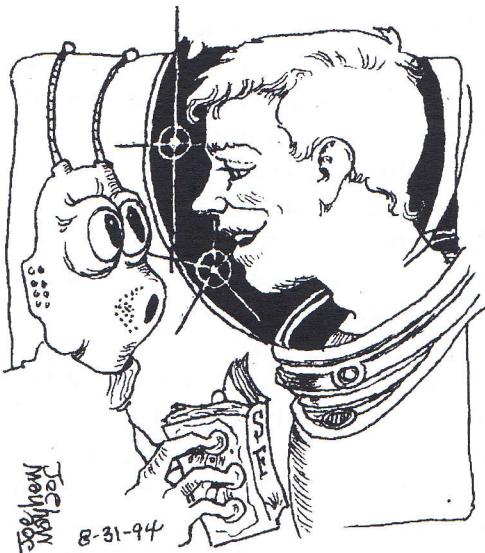
On the Importance of Short Stories: "The traditional digest-sized magazines really are the center of the field in some ways, or come as close to being a coherent center as the field *has* these days, anyway – a place where writers can hammer out a consensus as to what science fiction is like now and where it's going, and know that their work will be seen by the majority of serious core SF readers, as well as being seen by (and *influencing*) their peers. This is why the serious evolution of science fiction writing has always taken place at the short-story level; in a way – and this has been true as long as there has *been* a science fiction genre... most of the *really* evolutionary work is being done by young new writers at the short-story level, usually in the digest magazines. If we should lose most of the SF magazines, *particularly* the traditional digest magazines, it would be a disaster for the field, perhaps even one that would spell the eventual death of the genre *as a genre*, eliminating most of the continuity from one literary generation to another, and making it much more difficult for new writers to get into print and successfully develop their talents. Science fiction novels might continue to appear as usual for years after the magazines disappeared, as if nothing had happened, but, sooner or later, cut off at its roots, the genre would wither, or become so attenuated that it would shred and blow away on the wind in a thousand different directions. Some people tell you that the death of the genre *as a genre* would be a good thing, a liberating thing, but I don't agree with them – science fiction has

built on *otherscience* fiction for decades, and, although that kind of force-breeding has produced weaknesses, it is also the source of science fiction's very special strengths, and some of the blossoms that have bloomed in that hothouse have been rare and wonderful indeed." – *Year's Best SF 12*

On Science Fiction Magazines: "All of these magazines deserve your support, and in fact, in today's troubled magazine market, one of the very best things you can do to ensure that short fiction remains alive and viable in the science fiction/fantasy market (and, by extension, that the genre *itself* remains healthy, since most of the significant evolution of the field goes on at short-story length) is to subscribe to the magazines that you like. In fact, subscribe to as many of them as you can – it'll still turn out to be a better reading bargain, more fiction of reliable quality for less money, than buying the year's hit-or-miss crop of original anthologies could supply." – *Year's Best SF 17*.

On New Writers: "To conclude that SF's best days are behind it is to view the evidence with a very selective eye, and to distort historical perspective by creating a wistfully utopian version of a past that never really existed—and then holding the present up to that imaginary past and judging the present as lacking...science fiction

has *always* depended on the work of the new young writers coming along as much (or more) as it depended on the work of the Big Name Writers at the top, and *that's* the work that often determines the overall quality of a period, not the work of the Famous Authors at the top of the best-seller lists – and this was just as true when the new young writers coming along were Isaac Asimov and Robert Heinlein as it is today. And new young writers of quality have defi-



nately *not* stopped coming into science fiction; if anything, they are coming into the field in *increasing* numbers as the nineties progress.”
 – *Year’s Best SF 11*

“The field seems to be in good shape artistically and creatively, too; yes, the majority of the stuff available on the bookstore shelves at any given time is crap, but this has *always* been true, whatever decade you’re talking about...Look beyond the crap, and you’ll find an enormous and enormously varied number of top authors (from several different generations, stretching all the way from Golden Age giants of the ‘30s and ‘40s to the kid who made his first sale yesterday) producing an amazingly varied spectrum of first-rate work, from High Fantasy to the hardest of Hard Science Fiction – including a lot of material that could not have been published *at all* twenty years ago. There are still people around, some of them quite vocal, who will complain at length about how nobody’s writing anything good anymore in the field, not like they did in the *old* days, but look closely and you’ll find that most of those same people *don’t read any new science fiction*, and haven’t for years. Those of us who *do* read lots of new science fiction know better. When people are looking back nostalgically to the Golden Age twenty years from now, *this*, the present, the period we’re in right *now*, is what they’ll be looking at.” + *Year’s Best SF 16*

On Historical Memory: “A big part of my motivation for putting this anthology together was to battle the loss of historical memory in the genre, which seems to be accelerating all the time, so that now even stuff published as recently as the early ‘80s seems to already be out-of-print and forgotten. The shelf life for books is so short now, and things come back into print so rarely once they go out of it (and back-issue copies of magazines and second-hand copies of old books are so difficult to find, even in SF specialty bookstores and dealer’s rooms at SF conventions) that many younger readers have probably never had a chance to read the stories here, even those stories that were famous in their day, even the Hugo-winners; many younger readers may not have even heard of the *authors* whose work is assembled here, something that I’ve discovered, to my dismay, in talking to bright and literate young readers who consider themselves hardcore SF fans and yet have never heard of Cordwainer Smith or Alfred Bester or Fritz Leiber or Leigh Brackett or James Schmitz or Murray Leinster or A.E. van Vogt (and

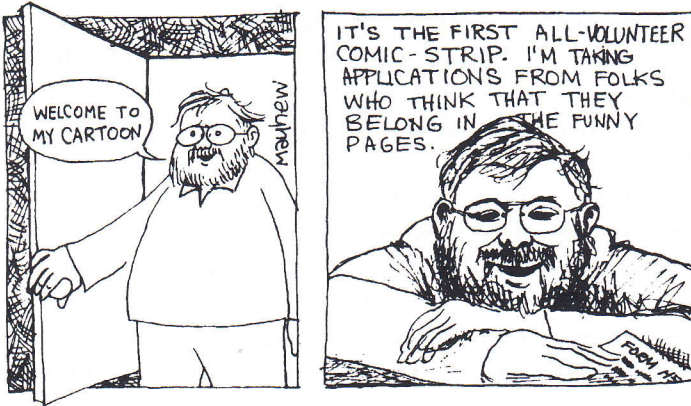
even most young readers who *have* heard of them, have never *read* anything by them)...” – *Good Old Stuff*

On the Novella: “The short novel – or the novella, as it is usually referred to in the science fiction field—is something of a literary Endangered Species, and although it once flourished in the general marketplace, it is a form rarely encountered these days—*except* in science fiction. The novella is alive and well in the science fiction world, and while you can peruse issue after issue of most little literary magazines or those few remaining mainstream magazines that still include fiction in their editorial mix without ever finding a story more than a few pages long, there are still usually a dozen or more novellas published in the science fiction genre every year.

Perhaps this is because, in many ways, the novella is a perfect length for a science fiction story: long enough to enable you to flesh out the details of a strange alien world or a bizarre future society, to give such a setting some depth, complexity, and heft, and yet, still *short* enough for the story to pack a real punch, some power and elegance and bite, unblunted and unobscured by padding. Unlike many of today’s novels, most of which strike me as novellas grossly padded-out to be five hundred pages long, there are rarely any wasted words in a good novella, a quality they share with good short stories. A good novella is no longer than it *needs* to be. It does what it has to do, what it is designed to do, and then it *stops*. That novellas need to be as long as they are is a measure of just how complicated and difficult are the tasks that they are designed to *do*: to create a whole fictional world, a universe that no one has ever explored before, to set that world forth in intricate detail, to people it with living characters, and then to use the tumbling interactions of that world and those people to tell a story that could not be told without *both* those elements being present. This is a formidable task to accomplish even in the space of a five-hundred-page novel – and yet, most of the novellas here are marvels of compression, in spite of the amount of ground they have to cover, and it would be hard to find a page of slack to cut out of any of them, or to end them one page earlier than they do.” – *Modern Classic Short Novels of Science Fiction*

Joe Mayhew August 1942 - June 2000

For many years WSFA was blessed with the presence of Joe Mayhew, a unique personage whose love for science fiction and fandom was evident even when he was at his most cantankerous.



Remembering Joe

by Rich & Nicki Lynch

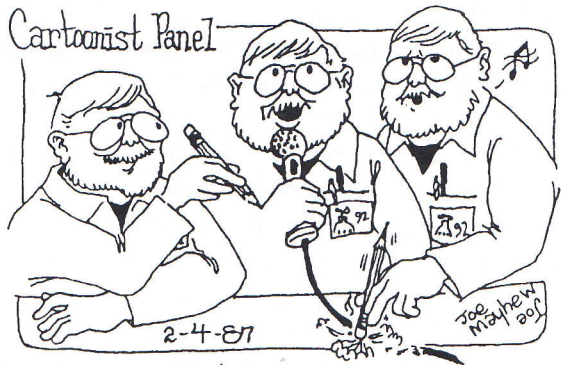
Memories can be wonderful things. They are moments, frozen in time – much better than photographs because they are three-dimensional rather than flat, holding so much more than just isolated bits of scenery; they don't fade with the passing of years, either.

For those of you who didn't know much about him, Joe Mayhew was a member of the local fan club here in the Washington area, the Washington Science Fiction Association, and was a very prolific fan artist – his cartoons were a feature in many fanzines, including the one we publish, *Mimosa*. He had been nominated for the Best Fan Artist Hugo Award four times and had won the award twice, in 1998 at *Bucconeer* and again, posthumously, at *Chicon 2000*. Joe was also a fan historian of sorts – his fan activity dated back to the 1960s, and he was always able and willing to talk in fascinating detail about events long past and people now mostly forgotten. He was one of the rocks of Washington fandom, someone who you

looked forward to seeing at club meetings and conventions.

That short description doesn't at all do him justice, of course; it wouldn't be wrong to say that Joe lived a life of science fiction. Before he retired in the mid-1990s, he worked for the Library of Congress where one of his titles there was Recommending Officer for Science Fiction. He was a prolific reader, and his reviews appeared in many places, including the *Washington Post*, the magazine *Absolute Magnitude*, and the locally produced cable television show about science fiction, *Fast Forward*. He was also a professionally published author and artist, with his stories appearing in *Tomorrow*, *Absolute Magnitude*, and *Aberrations* and his cartoons in *Asimov's* and *Analog*.

Joe was also a very complex, sometimes temperamental person, somebody who could (and did, at various times) either infuriate you or make you fall off the chair laughing –



often both, within minutes of each other. In a remembrance, fellow WSFA member Elspeth Kovar wrote that Joe could be “stubborn, acrimonious, rude and arrogant. At least once I had to consciously and deliberately repress the urge to leap across a table and strangle him; the knowledge that I probably couldn't fit my hands around his neck helped. He had an incredible mind, full of a vast and deep range of knowledge. He was a wonderful talker and storyteller, richly humorous – a warm and generous person.” Another friend, Laurie Mann, wrote that “Joe did have the famous temper that many of us know about, but for the most part he was a smart, surprisingly gentle and perceptive human being. One of his finest talents was a true talent for friendship – Joe always went out of his way to make new people feel welcome. I saw him talking to new fans at almost every convention I ever saw him at. Joe's art, which almost always humorous, had a great range from the obscure historical nitpick to the latest fannish trend. He was also quite prolific – there will probably be new Joe Mayhew art in fanzines for the next two years.

So in at least one way, he really hasn't left us at all." And WSFA member Sam Lubell wrote that, "In a nutshell, Joe cared. He cared about everything and everyone. He was a talented artist, an insightful reviewer, a knowledgeable conversationalist, a gifted linguist, an imaginative author, and a creative humorist. We shall not see his like again."

We lost Joe in June of last year. It was at Balticon, on Easter weekend in 2000, that Joe first showed outward signs of the rare illness that would kill him; soon afterward he was hospitalized and rapidly started to lose higher brain functions. By the end of May he was only able to speak a few words, though he showed some recognition of the all the people who had come to see him. Two days later, he'd lost even that ability, and a few days after that he lapsed into a coma. Joe had plenty of visitors throughout his hospitalization, though at the end it had pretty much turned into a vigil. We'd all realized long before then that Joe wasn't going to get better, even though the doctors hadn't yet found out what the cause of his decline was. When Joe first became ill he had started behaving a bit erratically, so it was assumed that he'd had a stroke. When that was ruled out, the doctors had thought there might be some kind of tumor that was affecting his central nervous system, or perhaps a virus of some kind that was causing a form of encephalitis that was resulting in his dementia. The cause of the illness wasn't determined until a few days before Joe died, after a brain biopsy was done on him – it was Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease, a relatively rare form of spongiform encephalopathy that causes rapid and irreversible deterioration of the brain.

Joe was one of the first fans we met after we moved to Maryland at the end of 1988, and one of the first friends we made here after the move. It wasn't pleasant to see him just before he died, but as another of his friends said then, that wasn't really Joe at all; the real Joe had already left the building by then. Our memories of Joe will be of happier times. One of them is his visit to our house on a Thursday evening in early March 2000, just three months before he died; in response to our request for help he made the long drive from Greenbelt, where he lived, to Gaithersburg, where we live, to do some last-minute illustrations so that we could get the masters for *Mimosa* 25 to the printer on schedule. There was lots of pleasant conversation and a nice dinner expedition.

It's still hard to believe he's gone...

CONFACT STRANGER THAN CONFICITION

by Joe Mayhew (*WSFA Journal* December 1, 1995)

I was a Hugo Nominee! I could hardly believe it, but Rick Katze was on my phone, asking whether I consented to be on the ballot in the Fan Artist category. Up until that very moment I really hadn't planned to attend ConFiction; Holland being thousands of expensive miles away from my humble proletarian rowhouse in Eleanor Roosevelt's Commie Pinko Paradise, Greenbelt, Maryland.

But a little voice (my ego) told me now I really needed to attend. So, the very next day, I asked my supervisors at the Library of Congress for leave so I could attend the Con.

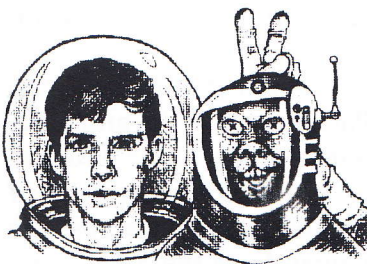
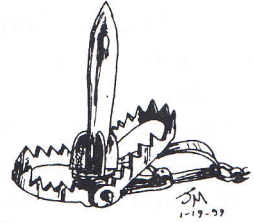
They asked why I wanted to go to Holland and I sez, "Because I'm a finalist nominee for an INTERNATIONAL AWARD." Damn, that sounded impressive. Did I stress that it was for my fan artwork?

Word buzzed around the corridors of power and then my Division Chief asked me whether I would like to be the Library of Congress' Recommending Officer for Science Fiction and to attend ConFiction in duty status as their representative. I was flattered and immediately accepted.

The job as Recommending Officer would not be telling people what's good to read, but rather to develop better understanding of science fiction, its place in American Letters and to get our national library's collection of SF into shape.

As I said, I was all puffed up like Tenniel's toad with the invitation at the honor of becoming LC's first ombudsman for SF. True there would be no additional pay despite the additional duties, and while the Collections Policy folks said I should feel free to

spend all the time I needed to get the SF stuff going, my immediate supervisor had not been consulted in my appointment and resented my spending any time at all away from the duties he supervised (I was at the time Acquisitions Specialist for the Caribbean).



There was just one more loose end: why had the Library of Congress suddenly decided it needed a Recommending Officer for science fiction? Subsequently I found out that my friend and co-worker Eric A. Johnson's memo was to blame.

Eric is a Philip K. Dick fan. He had gone through the LC catalog and collection to find out exactly what of PKD's works were actually available. He found that they had very few of Dick's books indeed. He wrote up a very thorough report and sent it to the Collections Development who routed it to the reference people, who routed it to this one and to that one, but there was no place for the memo to land. No one either had, or wanted responsibility for, "that sci fi trash." The memo wandered like the little rain cloud in Ursula K. LeGuin's *Earthsea* books, driven off from place to place by hostile wizards so it was unable to rain anywhere. So they created a place for Eric's memo to land, and I was it.

Thus it was that I would be attending ConFiction as an official representative of the United States Congress. It was also about this time that the producers of the cable TV show *Fast Forward* asked me to review SF books for them, whereupon I actually had the job of telling people what science fiction books I think they ought to read. By way of escalation, doing book chat for *Fast Forward* helped give me the opportunity to review SF for the *Washington Post's Book World*. All of which seems to have grown out of my Fan Artist Hugo nomination. Gilbert and Sullivan could have done something with that.



The 48th World Science Fiction Convention was held in the Netherlands at Scheveningen, The Hague's port city, in the Congresgebouw, a convention center which looked like a parking garage disguised as a museum built by a committee of hippies and civic boosters.

I arrived at the Congresgebouw in search of glory. After all was I not a Hugo Nominee, Program Participant, Artist and Auctioneer, and yea, moreover, strangely believe it, the Official Representative of the Library of Congress to the World of Science Fiction?

The Dutch, who live next door to the Germans, across the street from the English, and just a hop away from the French, are

used to all sorts of pretentious nonsense and pomposities. So, when I explained who I was to the registration folks, they just smiled good-naturedly and gave me my little Hugo nominee rocket lapel pin and all sorts of ribbons.

And there was an amazing assortment of ribbons. I got one for being an artist, Hugo nominee, and program participant and felt a bit grand until I saw some kid walk by with so many ribbons he looked like a regimental flagstaff. Then I noticed that most of the SMOFs looked like traveling May poles for all the ribbons fluttering from their chests. My three were nothing.

One of my cartoons ConFiction reprinted in the Souvenir booklet showed a highly decorated US Army general glaring enviously at a Noreascon III fan with a wide bevy of ribbons.



I knew that the NESFAns were again the guilty party, as one of them had done the ribbons for ConFiction. Since Noreascon there has been a general ribbon escalation. The next logical step might be merit badges.

Despite my Program Participant ribbon, I was only on the program as auctioneer. That was fine with me as I was primarily interested in meeting the European fans and smofing and schmoozing. However, I did make it to one panel.

I was in the Green Room chatting someone up when Joe Haldeman came over and said, "Hey, Joe, what are you doing right now?"

I said something clever like, "I dunno."

Joe buddy-smiled and said, "Come on, I've got a panel right now." So I got up and followed him. Actually, his wife Gay had me by the elbow. She is probably the most charming person I know. Thus if she had suggested we walk out of the third story window, I probably would have said, "Well, sure, OK."

So we went down the hail to a program room. I started to join Gay in the audience and Joe called me up to the table. It seemed that he had drafted me to join him on a panel. It was "Homo Pacem."

Until we sat down at the speaker's table neither Joe nor I knew what the panel was to be about. It turned out to be about whether man will ever outgrow war. Poor Joe, they always stick him on things like that. It worked, we got the audience involved, and with the Iraq crisis and the British Falklands experience, there was a good buzz. Good panels usually include a lot of audience participation.

C. Howard Wilkins, U.S. Ambassador to The Netherlands, spoke before the Hugos were given out. It turns out he is actually an SF reader and either was carefully briefed or is somewhat a fan. After the ceremony was over, I went over to greet the Ambassador and to tell him that the dear old Library of Congress is also becoming an SF fan, which caused a small security panic among the con security, but not with the embassy staff.

I explained to some officious Brits who tried to hustle me off or chew me out or whatever, that I was also an official representative of the United States, and while the US Legislature was not always fond of the Executive Branch, that neither the Ambassador nor I were likely to engage in fisticuffs.

For years I had heard that the Hugo Loser's party was one of the best events at the con. I had looked forward to attending it, certain that while I had gotten nominated, I really felt reasonably sure one of the better known artists like Teddy Haryvia, Merle Insinga, or Stu Shiffman would win. (And one did: Stu Shiffman after 11 nominations finally got his laurel). The Loser's party was sponsored by the Chicago 49th WorldCon. They gave me an embroidered drink caddy with a Hugo on it as a consolation prize. Had I chosen to cry into my beer, I would not have left a table ring.

The party was rather quiet as most of losers attended the winner's party. Oh, well, sometimes you can't win for losing.

More recently, I have begun to sell my SF writing, and given my extraordinary good fortune in being nominated for a Hugo in the Fan Artist category, perhaps I might get nominated for a Hugo for something I wrote. Considering the results of my previous nomination, perhaps the next time I get nominated for a Hugo, it will set off a chain of events which makes me Pope.

If I got that job, who knows where it would lead?



Tentative Capclave Program Schedule

This schedule is subject to change, see schedule posted outside the Severn/Lochraven room.

Friday, September 28th

7 p.m. – 8 p.m. *Town Meeting* Severn/Lochraven

Our chairman welcomes everyone to Capclave and introduces our Guest of Honor. There will also be a moderated group discussion of the events of September 11th. *Gardner Dozois, Robert MacIntosh*

8 p.m. – 9 p.m. *Chocolate Ecstasy* Patuxent

We adjourn the Town Meeting and share chocolate, cookies, milk, and hugs.

9 p.m. – 10 p.m. *Whose Plot Is It Anyway?* Severn/Lochraven

A “game show” based on “Whose Line Is It Anyway” where members of the audience suggest silly plot devices, unusual characters, or strange settings and the panel members come up with quick story synopses. *Annette Klause, Laurie Mann, Darrell Schweitzer, Lawrence Watt-Evans*

10 p.m. – 11 p.m. *Buffy’s Dead: Get Over It* Severn/Lochraven

The obligatory *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* panel. Why is Buffy so popular and what does the show do right and wrong? What is the irony of having Sarah Michelle Gellar playing Daphne in the upcoming *Scooby Doo* movie (and “who’s hotter, Daphne or Velma?”)?

Jim Mann, Ben Yalow



Don't be ridiculous!
Darwin said you're
a vegetarian.

11 p.m. – Midnight
Severn/Lochraven

I, Disclave

Our Guest of Honor and others relate stories of past Disclaves, the convention that WSFA held before Capclave. *Avedon Carol, Gardner Dozois*

Saturday, September 29th

10 a.m. – 11 a.m. *Short Story Construction* Severn/Lochraven

How should you write a short story? Is it better to start with an idea and develop a main character or begin with a main character and build the idea around them? Choosing the viewpoint character — whose story is this? Determining where the story should begin and end. What drives the story to its ending? *Robert Chase, John Henry, Annette Klause, Nancy Kress*

11 a.m. – Noon *Tools for the New Writer* Severn/Lochraven

Besides having a significant other with a well-paying job and a good dictionary, what are some of the other “tools” someone hoping to be a writer should possess? Career tips, cures for writer’s block and carpal tunnel syndrome, and war stories on dangers that writers may encounter. Stories being pirated on the Internet or overseas, vanity press publishers, plagiarism, and other scams and misdemeanors. *Brenda Clough, Brett Davis, Mindy Klasky, Will Ludwigsen, Darrell Schweitzer*

Noon – 1 p.m. *Developing Story Ideas* Severn/Lochraven

It all starts with an idea. How do you nurse an idea to expand it into an actual story? How do you research backgrounds, historical perspectives, scientific details, or foreign locations? *Roger MacBride Allen, Gardner Dozois, Nancy Kress, Lawrence Watt-Evans*

1 p.m. – 2 p.m. *Captioning Joe Mayhew* Severn/Lochraven

Joe may be gone, but his artwork is still around. Remembering Joe Mayhew through his artwork. *Alexis Gilliland, Steve Stiles*

2 p.m. – 3 p.m. *The Anthologies* Severn/Lochraven

From early works such as Anthony Boucher’s *A Treasury of Great Science Fiction* to Gardner’s *The Year’s Best Science Fiction* series, what are some classic anthologies that a reader should track down? Guests will give recommendations for a short fiction anthology reading list. *Robert Chase, Jim Mann, Mark Olson*

3 p.m. – 4 p.m. *Being Gardner Dozois* Severn/Lochraven

An interview with our Guest of Honor, Gardner Dozois, conducted by Michael Swanwick.

4 p.m. – 5 p.m. *Electronic SF Market Summation* Severn/Lochraven

A look at the current on-line and electronic market for SF short fiction and some speculations on the future of story-telling. *Jane Jewell, Allyssa Lathan, Will Quale*

5 p.m. – 7:30 p.m. Dinner Break

7:30 p.m. – 9:00 p.m. *NASA Presentation* Severn/Lochraven

Slideshow presentation with NASA scientist Drake Deming speaking on "The Current Status of the Search for Extrasolar Planets."

9 p.m. – 10 p.m. *The Borderlands of SF* Severn/Lochraven

Pity the ordinary writer who only has one universe to play with. The science in science fiction — what are the limits, if any? The hard stuff — the stuff that separates cardboard scifi from real science fiction. *Catherine Asaro, Eric Kotani (a.k.a. Yoji Kondo), Charles Sheffield, David Theison*



10 p.m. – 11 p.m. *Cake and Autographs* Severn/Lochraven

Cake and autographing by some of our program participants in the Town Square.

10 p.m. – 11 p.m. *2001: A Space Opera* Severn/Lochraven

Writer and artist Alexis Gilliland gives a dramatic reading of his play,

which has been performed at DisCon II (1974 DC Worldcon) and ConStellation (1983 Baltimore Worldcon). *Alexis Gilliland*

Sunday, September 30th

11 a.m. – Noon *Writers' Groups* Severn/Lochraven

Not the ten-step kind. Can participation in a writer's group help your writing? How do you find or start a writer's group. Does having your work critiqued in writing group workshops help? *Catherine Asaro (M?), Mindy Klasky, Annette Klause*

Noon – 1 p.m. *Small Press Publishing* Severn/Lochraven

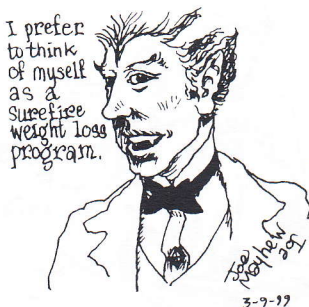
Small press publishers such as NESFA Press or Old Earth Books are putting out high quality short story collections from active writers and past writers of yore. How do these little fish survive among the sharks? Will books printed-on-demand help or hurt these publishers? *Roger MacBride Allen, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Michael Walsh*

1 p.m. – 2 p.m. *Scary Panel* Severn/Lochraven

Ah, a horror writing panel in broad daylight...how enlightened. The horror story sub-genre. What markets are open to short horror fiction? Is horror story writing different from other story forms? *Will Ludwigsen, Darrell Schweitzer, Lawrence Watt-Evans*

2 p.m. – 3 p.m. *Why I Like Short Stories*
Severn/Lochraven

Why write short stories? Why don't professional writers just stick to novels? Nobody gets rich writing short science fiction or fantasy. Is there a challenge that appeals to some writers to crafting a story into a perfect gem? Is it easier to write short fiction? *Gardner Dozois, John Henry*



3 p.m. – 4 p.m. *Mission Debriefing* Severn/Lochraven

Hey, this is DC — we don't do gripe sessions. The end of the very first Capclave. Our chairman offers some parting words and solicits comments from our attendees. *Robert MacIntosh*

Dealer's Room Hours

Friday: 4 – 6

Saturday: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

Sunday: 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Con Suite Hours

Friday: 4 p.m. – midnight

Saturday: noon – 1:30 a.m.

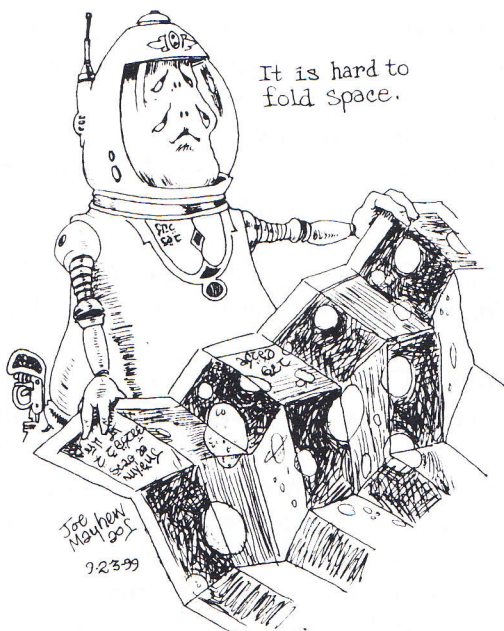
Sunday: noon – close

Video Program:

Friday, 8:00 p.m. EST FOX (Channel 5) The season premiere of *Dark Angel* to be followed by an unmoderated group discussion of *Dark Angel* in the Capclave Town Square (Patuxent)

Saturday 8:00 p.m. EST UPN (Channel 20) A rebroadcast of the special two-hour series premiere of *Enterprise* to be followed by an unmoderated group discussion of the Star Trek universe in the Capclave Town Square (Patuxent)

Saturday 8:30 p.m. EST NBC (Channel 4) The motion picture *Twister* (for out-of-towners who missed Monday's real one) to be followed by an unmoderated group discussion of natural and man-made disasters in the Capclave Town Square (Patuxent)



Program Participants

Roger MacBride Allen – Roger MacBride Allen is the author of eighteen science fiction novels (including three *Star Wars* novels, and three novels set in Isaac Asimov's Robots-Foundation universe), and a modest number of short stories. His most recent book, *The Depths of Time* was just published by Bantam Books . He is also the publisher of FoxAcre Press, a new small press using print on demand technology to reprint science fiction and fantasy paperbacks. It publishes books by Capclave authors Nancy Kress, Lawrence Watt Evans, and (allegedly) Charles Sheffield among others. Allen grew up in nearby Bethesda, MD.

Catherine Asaro – Catherine Asaro was born in Oakland, California and grew up in El Cerrito, just north of Berkeley. She received her Ph.D. in chemical physics and M.A. in physics, both from Harvard, and a BS with Highest Honors in Chemistry from UCLA. She has done research for the University of Toronto in Canada, the Max Planck Institut für Astrophysik in Germany, and the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics and published scientific papers in *Physical Review Letters* and the *Journal of Chemical Physics*. Catherine was a physics professor until 1990, when she established Molecudyne Research, which she currently runs. Catherine's fiction blends hard science fiction and exciting space adventure with some elements of romance. Her books include *Primary Inversion*, *Catch the Lightning*, *The Last Hawk*, *The Radiant Seas*, *The Veiled Web*, *The Quantum Rose*, *Ascendant Sun*, and the upcoming *The Phoenix Code*. Ask her about the evolution of her books' covers.

Robert Chase – Author of *The Crucible*, *Game of Fox and Lion*, and *Shapers*, Robert Chase has published many stories in *Analog*.

Brenda Clough – Brenda writes science fiction and fantasy, mainly novels. Six of her novels have been published in the last couple of decades. The latest novel, *Doors of Death and Life*, was published by Tor Books in May 2000. *Doors* was released, bound with its predecessor, in a Science Fiction Book Club edition titled *Suburban Gods*. She also writes short stories and occasional nonfiction including a story appearing in Patrick Nielsen Hayden's anthology *Starlight 3* and a story in the April 2001 issue of *Analog*. She teaches

“Writing F&SF” at the Writer’s Center in Bethesda, MD.

Brett Davis – Author of *Hair of the Dog*, *The Faery Convention* (set here in D.C.), *Bone Wars*, and *Two Tiny Claws*.

Drake Deming – Dr. Drake Deming received his B.A. in mathematics from the University of Chicago in 1970 and his Ph.D. in astronomy from the University in 1976. During the period 1976-1980, he was a Lecturer in Astronomy at the University of Maryland College Park. In 1980, he joined the scientific staff of NASA’s Goddard Space Flight Center. In 1991, he was named Head of the Planetary Systems Branch. Dr. Deming’s scientific research concentrates on infrared observations of solar system objects such the Sun and planets, and on theoretical modeling of the 1994 collision of comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 with Jupiter. He will be speaking on “The Current Status of the Search for Extrasolar Planets.”

Alexis Gilliland – Born in 1931, Gilliland dates his introduction to the field from Murray Leinster’s *First Contact* in 1943. A local fan, his first convention attended was Discon I in 1963 and the first con he ran was a Disclave, in 1974. He has done all sorts of fanwriting, including a musical comedy *2001, A Space Opera* (1970) which will be performed here at Capclave 2001. He published first novel *Revolution from Rosinants* in 1981. He drew enough cartoons to publish three collections and win four Fan Artist Hugos. He has hosted WSFA in his home since 1967, for which WSFA heartily thanks him.

Jane Jewell – SFWA Executive Director and photographer Jane Jewell lives with her husband, author Peter Heck, in Chestertown, Maryland.

Mindy Klasky – After beginning college as a computer science major, Mindy Klasky graduated with a degree in English. She attended law school and practiced trademark and copyright law with a major Washington firm for six years. Then Mindy returned to school and earned a degree in library science. After migrating east for college, Mindy settled in a suburb of Washington, DC, where she has lived for fifteen years. She now manages the library reference department in a large Washington law firm. *The Glasswrights’ Apprentice* was awarded the Maiden Voyage 2000 award by Barnes & Noble for the best first speculative fiction novel, as determined by

Barnes & Noble readers. *The Glasswrights' Progress* will be released by ROC on July 10, 2001. Mindy's third novel, *Season of Sacrifice*, will be published in January 2002. She is currently putting the final touches on the first draft of *The Glasswrights' Journeyman*, due to her editor by October 1 (for a July 2002 release.)

Annette Klause— Klause was born in Bristol, in the Southwest of England on June 20, 1953. Growing up, her best friend was an imaginary ghost called Gulliver. Her first book, *The Blood Ridden Pool of Solen Goom*, was written at the age of ten. In each chapter, a ghostly hand lured an unsuspecting traveler over a cliff to his death. All the chapters ended, "And more blood flowed into the blood ridden pool of Solen Goom." Naturally, she grew up to write children's fantasy and horror. As a child she read science fiction, but had a problem with the absence of girls in the stories. "That's the reason why, years later, I wrote *Alien Secrets*. It was for my twelve-year-old self who wanted to be part of the adventure without having to pretend she was a thirty-year-old American male." She moved to America at age 15. She works as a children's librarian (with a Master's degree in Library Science.) Her books include *Blood and Chocolate*, *The Silver Kiss*, and *Alien Secrets*.

Yoji Kondo –Yoji Kondo, Ph.D., headed the astrophysics laboratory at the Johnson Space Center in Houston during the Apollo Mission, served as director of the geosynchronous satellite observatory for 15 years, and has taught at several universities, including the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Oklahoma, the University of Houston, George Mason University, the Institute of Space and Astronautical Research in Japan, and the University of La Plata in Argentina; currently he teaches at the Catholic University of America. He has published over 200 scientific papers and has edited 12 volumes, including *Examining the Big Bang* and *Space Access and Utilization Beyond 2000*. Among the professional honors he has received is the NASA Medal for Exceptional Scientific Achievement. An asteroid was named for him in 2000. Kondo writes fiction under the name Eric Kotani. He has published eight science fiction books and edited *Requiem: New Collected Works by Robert A. Heinlein* and *Tributes to the Grand Master*.

Nancy Kress – Nancy Kress is the author of eighteen books: three fantasy novels, seven SF novels, two thrillers, three collections of

short stories, one young adult novel, and two books on writing fiction. She is perhaps best known for the "Sleepless" trilogy that began with *Beggars In Spain*, which was based on a Nebula- and Hugo-winning novella of the same name. Kress's short fiction has appeared in all the usual places, including *Omni*, *Asimov's*, and *Analog*. She has won three Nebulas for her short fiction: in 1985 for "Out of All Them Bright Stars," in 1991 for the novella version of "Beggars In Spain" (which also won a Hugo), and in 1998 for "The Flowers of Aulit Prison." Her most recent books are *Probability Moon* (2000) and *Probability Sun* (2001), the first two of a trilogy. She has won three Nebulas and a Hugo. She also writes scientific-based mystery/thrillers. In addition, she is the monthly "Fiction" columnist for *Writer's Digest*. She is married to SF writer Charles Sheffield.

Will Ludwigsen – Will Ludwigsen has sold stories to purveyors of strange fiction like *Weird Tales*, *Outer Darkness*, *Artemis*, and *Dark Muse*. When not writing horror fiction, he writes horror nonfiction as a technical writer and web developer for Internet companies in the metro DC area, most recently at the United States Mint as a technical writer documenting software systems. Before that, he lived for twenty years in Florida learning the true nature of the dark arts: hurricanes, sweltering heat, polyester-clad tourists, and flaky voters. He writes, "My true passion (evidenced by my relentless pursuit of rejection slips despite all reason) is writing short fiction. In a world slowly running out of markets for short fiction, I am obviously nostalgic for the Golden Age when writers like Heinlein and Bradbury could make a decent living peddling short stories to the reading public. I keep at it anyway. I'm less interested in the money than I am in entertaining people with a good story. I am more bard and rabble-rouser than anything else, and I'd prefer to provoke people into thought and action than compel them to write a thesis. No fear of that at this stage in my career!"

Will Quale – Will helped organize SWILcon, the first convention of the Swarthmore Warders of Imaginative Literature (SWIL). He serves as webmaster for the webzine *Strange Horizon*.

Darrell Schweitzer – Darrell Schweitzer is the author of about 250 published stories, many of which are collected in *We Are All Legends*, *Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out*, *Transients*, *Refugees from an Imaginary Country*, and *Nightscares*. He has twice been nominated for the World Fantasy Award for best collection (for *Transients* and

for *Necromancies and Netherworlds*) and once for novella ("To Become a Sorcerer") and won it once (with George Scithers) for co-editing *Weird Tales*. His fiction has been published in *Interzone*, *Amazing*, *Twilight Zone*, *Chronicles of the Round Table*, *Shakespearean Whodunnits*, and numerous other anthologies. His three published novels are *The White Isle*, *The Shattered Goddess*, and *The Mask of the Sorcerer*. Schweitzer has also worked editorially on *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Weird Tales* (including its *Worlds of Fantasy & Horror* incarnation). He is also the author of much nonfiction, including book-length studies of HP Lovecraft and Lord Dunsany. He has conducted numerous author interviews, some of which are collected in *SF Voices* etc.), and written reviews, essays, etc. He has been a book review columnist for *Aboriginal SF* since its inception and had been one in *Science Fiction Review* since 1976. He also has reviewed books for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Washington Post*, and *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

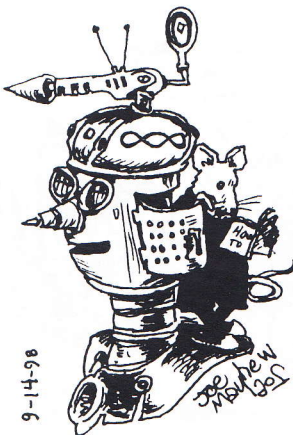
Charles Sheffield – A British scientist (with a Ph.D. in theoretical physics and work on high-resolution space imagery), Charles Sheffield has become an American science fiction author with 40 books to his credit. Although a frequent reader of SF, he never intended to write science fiction, or indeed fiction of any kind, until close to forty. He was inspired by reading *Ringworld*, while stuck overnight in a London airport. He looked for works of similar quality, couldn't find enough, and "had the dangerous thought, 'You know, I could probably write something as bad as this myself.'" Since then, he has published many novels and stories, most recently *The Spheres of Heaven* (Baen) and *Dark as Day* (Tor). After many years of writing and never winning any awards (and being perversely proud of that), he won a Nebula, a Hugo (both for his novella "Georgia on my Mind"), a Campbell Memorial Award, and a Japanese Sei-un Award. "I have no explanation for this, since so far as I could see I was writing exactly as I had always written. My best and only advice to would-be writers is, keep writing and who knows what will follow." He lives in Maryland with his wife, SF writer Nancy Kress. Charles is a past president of SFWA.

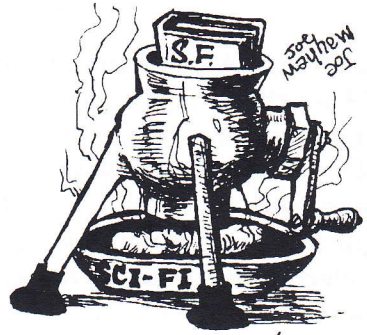
Dave Theison – Professor of Astronomy at the University of Maryland, Dr. Dave Theison created "The War of the Worlds: Mars in Fact and Fiction Room" at the university. He also teaches a course

in "the science in science fiction."

Lawrence Watt-Evans – Born and raised in eastern Massachusetts, the fourth of six children in a house full of books, he began writing at the age of eight and his first sale was actually to the *American Atheist*. Perhaps best known for his seven Ethshar novels, beginning with *The Misenchanted Sword*, Lawrence Watt-Evans has begun a new series with the Obsidian Chronicles and has a short story collection, *Crosstime Traffic*. Other books include *Touched by the Gods*, *Dragon Weather*, *The Cyborg and the Sorcerers*, and *Night-side City*. His books are being reprinted by Wildside press and FoxAcre press. He has sold over a hundred short stories. He believes that stories are about people and that magic, like everything else, must obey laws. He is also part owner of Beyond Comics.

Steve Stiles – Steve Stiles received his first fanzine in 1957 and has been enthusiastically active in SF fandom ever since, publishing fanzines and writing and drawing for them. In 1968, he was elected TAFF representative, and in 1998, he won the first annual Bill Rotsler Award. As a professional artist he's been active since 1973, starting out with underground comics and Marvel's British department, and going on for a ten year stint with the Eisner and Harvey award-winning *Xenozoic Tales* as well as a wide number of other comics. One of his favorite works is *The Adventures of Professor Thintwhistle and His Incredible Aether Flyer*, a collaboration with author Richard Lupoff. Currently Steve is working on an educational strip for *Inspiration Rocket* and a story for *Witzend*, a magazine first launched by SF artist Wally Wood.

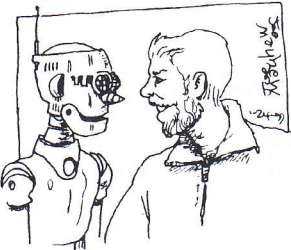




Come on, Officer, as one human being to another...



No, actually, I'm a computer rat: you point, click, and get a virus.



So, you write science-fiction! where do you get your ideas?

