

DISCO SLAVE

19

80



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1980 DISCLAVE

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N.B.

No Unsheathed Blades

Unsheathed swords, knives, axes, and similar edged or pointed weapons are NOT TO BE WORN OR DISPLAYED BY ANYONE ATTENDING DISCLAVE. Any such items are subject to confiscation for the duration of the Convention. Anyone who does not wish to cooperate will have his membership refunded, will be escorted off the premises of the Hospitality House and will not be welcome at future conventions. THERE WILL BE NO EXCEPTIONS

SECURITY

Please wear your Convention badge to all functions, including the Con Suite. The yellow badges indicate persons working in the Dealers' Room. The GREEN badges indicate both Con Staff and Guests. The Committee Heads will be wearing ribbons attached to their badges. DISCLAVE HAS AUTHORIZED NO UNIFORMED FANISH GROUP TO EXERCISE ANY SUPERVISION OVER THIS CONVENTION. All members of the Convention are asked to report any problems to an officer of the Convention.

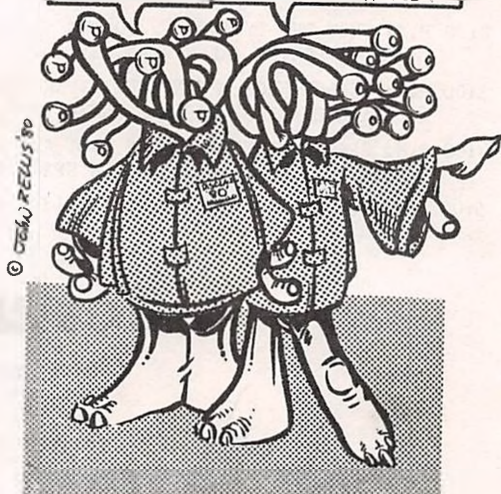
Give a hoot, don't pollute!

Please help give Fandom a good image in the Washington Area. Hotels talk to each other, and if we are well liked, we get good rates, good hotel facilities, etc. We want Fandom to be welcome anywhere, so please help us. Let it be the Fannish thing to do to pick up after each other, treat the Hotel like the home of someone who has invited you to spend the weekend.

LET ME DO THE TALKING... AND DON'T LET THE 'PRIMITIVES' AT THIS "SCI-FI CON" (FEH!) INFLUENCE YOU ... YOU ARE STILL YOUNG AND...

MNEMNEMNESPIH YOU ARE DISGUSTING!

BUT LOOK AT THE 'TITS' ON THAT YOUNG MAMMAL! MAY I HAVE THE 'BACKRUB' SHE OFFERS US 'FAANS'?



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ART CREDITS

The Cover is by ROBIN WOOD [a.k.a. Jane Woodward] who is the Featured Artist this year. The interiors are by Dan Joy, John Ellis, Joe Mayhew, Alexis Gilliland, Darrell Schweitzer, and Richard Thompson. This year's Con badge is the work of V.M. Wyman



PROGRAM: THE WORLD OF

PANELS

ALL PANELS ARE SCHEDULED FOR 55 MINUTES WITH A 5 MINUTE BREAK

SATURDAY

- 11:00 A.M.: THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF S-F
SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL & CHARLES SHEFFIELD
- 12:00 NOON: ELEMENTARY WORLD BUILDING
JACK CHALKER, DARRELL SCHWEITZER, ROBERT ADAMS, ET AL.
- 1:00 P.M.: OTHER FORMS OF S-F
JEANNE ROBINSON, SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL, ET AL.
- 2:00 P.M.: FROM THE TYPEWRITER TO THE STORE AND BEYOND
ANDY PORTER, ALAN RYAN, ET AL.
- 3:00 P.M.: TERROR FROM BEHIND THE TYPEWRITER (HORROR & FANTASY)
JACK CHALKER, DARRELL SCHWEITZER, CHARLES GRANT, ET AL.
- 4:00 P.M.: SPACE COLONIZATION IN FACT AND FICTION
THE MARYLAND ALLIANCE FOR SPACE COLONIZATION PANEL
- 5:00 P.M.: THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, SLIDE SHOW.
Film Promotion

SUNDAY

- 11:00 A.M. ADVENTURE GAMING PANEL
John Sapienza, Kent Bloom, et al
- 1:00 P.M. ON CREATING CRITTERS
STEVE SPRUILL, ROBERT ADAMS, ET AL.
- 5:00 P.M. IF YOU DO IT TOO MUCH YOU'LL GO BLIND
ARTHUR HLAVITY ET AL.

Guest Of Honor Speech

SUNDAY NOON: SPIDER & JEANNE ROBINSON

PLEASE CHECK THE POCKET PROGRAM FOR ANY ADDITIONS, CORRECTIONS, OR EXCUSES

Costume Party & Play

Not a formal masquerade: Friday Night at 7:30 they'll set up the cash bar and the room will be open. Come on down in costume, or not, it's intended as a kick-off for the Con. Around 8:00 a short, One Act Play "GOSSIP" will be put on. It is a Norse Farce about things we can all relate to: Greed and Sex.

GOSSIP

by

JOE MAYHEW

Directed by BILL MAYHEW

CAST

GOSSIPS: BARBARA ANOSKEY
JOANNA DIONNE
CHRIS NUCKER

HARALD: ED SOBANSKY

KAREN: CELESTE COOPER

INGRID: CATHY SOBANSKY

AXEL: RAY PALMER

LARS: BILL MAYHEW

ERIC: JOHN EKSTINE

BIRGIT: CEECY NUCKER

NOTES

GOSSIP takes place in Markland, a Norse land during the High Dark Ages. Harald the Miller has two daughters, Karen and Ingrid. Both are Pregnant by his apprentice Axel, an ambitious lad, and very healthy. Harald doesn't know this and plans on wedding either of them off to Lars the Woolmerchant, a man more nearly his age than his daughters'. The younger, Karen lets the cat out of the bag and Harald, in a rage, swears to sell Karen as a slave to the meanest man in the world, Eric the Shipper. Harald's Mother-in-Law Lady Birgit sails in to do battle for Karen and come and see how it works out.

con suite

OPEN FROM 10:00 FRIDAY
9:00 SATURDAY
9:00 SUNDAY
LOCATION TO BE POSTED



THE SCIENCE FICTION PROFESSIONAL



ART AUCTIONS: SAT 7:30-9:00 SUN 2:00-5:00

In the program room (JACK CHALKER & JOE MAYHEW)

ALL ITEMS RECEIVING WRITTEN BIDS WILL GO UP FOR AUCTION. BIDS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY IN UNITS OF \$1.00 OR MORE. ITEMS RECEIVING MORE THAN ONE BID WILL BE SCHEDULED FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT AUCTION, ITEMS RECEIVING ONLY ONE BID WILL BE PUT UP AFTER THE MULTIPLY BIDDED ITEMS, SOME ON SATURDAY NIGHT IF TIME ALLOWS. BEDDING AT THE AUCTION IS BY VOICE BID ONLY. BIDDERS WILL BE ASKED FOR THEIR BADGE NUMBER AND LAST NAME IF THEY WIN THE BID. ITEMS CAN BE PICKED UP AT THE SALES DESK DURING THE AUCTION OR AFTER IT. PLEASE PICK UP ITEMS BOUGHT ON THE SAME DAY THEY ARE BOUGHT. NOTHING WILL BE SOLD FOR MINIMUM BID AFTER THE AUCTION.

COME AND MEET THE ARTISTS IN THE ART SHOW ROOM AT 7:00 PM ON SATURDAY, JUST BEFORE THE FIRST AUCTION. YOU'LL KNOW THEM BY THEIR SPECIAL BADGES.

PLEASE DON'T BRING SMOKE, FOOD, DRINKS, GRUBBY FINGERPRINTS, BUSY CAMERAS, WEAPONS, LARGE CLUMSY OBJECTS, SMALL CLUMSY CHILDREN, OPEN PARCELS OR ACTS OF VIOLENCE INTO THE ART SHOW ROOM.

MONDAY: ALL DAY LONG DEAD DOG PARTY

As Monday is Memorial Day, a National Holiday for many of us, Disclave takes advantage of it by having the largest, longest Dead Dog of any local Convention. We'll still have the Con suite and something to drink, so if you're going to be around, come and dead dog with us.

FILMS

SATURDAY NIGHT FROM 9:00
SUNDAY NIGHT AS SCHEDULED IN POCKET PROGRAM.

FEATURES

PINOCCHIO [Walt Disney]
THINGS TO COME (a fine original print)
MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
THE HOBBIT

And other Features to be announced

SHORT SUBJECTS

WHAT'S OPERA DOC?

DUCK AMUCK

Tom & Jerry Cartoons

Tex Avery Cartoons.

and certain surprises.

READINGS BY S-F WRITERS

SPIDER ROBINSON
JACK CHALKER
SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL
CHARLES SHEFFIELD
STEVE SPRUILL
TOM MONTELEONE
ALAN RYAN
DARRELL SCHWEITZER
ROBERT ADAMS
and others

TIME AND LOCATION TO BE POSTED

adventure gamer program

JOHN T. SAPIENZA, JR., COORDINATOR
TIME AND LOCATIONS TO BE POSTED





GUESTS OF :HONOR: SPIDER & JEANNE ROBINSON

According to the official mythos, the 'Spider' in Spider Robinson's name is the work of a committee. It seems he was dubbed so by a committee at Syracuse University while he was a skinny student. It was done by vote. So was the awarding of the Campbell Award for Best New Writer of 1974, which he graciously shared with Lisa Tuttle, another of the Syracuse University Alumni.

He also had to share his 1978 Hugo for Best Novella, but this time it would be with his wife, Jeanne Robinson. The Hugo winning novella which they wrote together is now a full length novel with a sequel and doing very well, thank you. Indeed it ought to: you see, it is a book about a dancer and dancing, and Jeanne is a Professional Dancer - who runs her own Dance Studio.

This may come as a shock to some of you: they are ALIENS! (Canadians). They live together with their young son up on the Northeast edge of habitable North America in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I'm told they share their home with heaps of review copies and have worked dilligently toward making the pun a respectable citizen of the literary world - instead of the idiot savant of the jungle of banter (go ahead, I've set it up, now have your wit with it).

Spider's reviews have added a new dimension to criticism in S-F: wit. He is a prolific writer and since 1973 he has published at least 33 short stories, novelas, etc, five novels, and the now notorious anthology CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON which has a fandom all its own. WSFA is proud to have Jeanne and Spider Robinson for their 1980 DISCLAVE Guests of Honor.

SHORT FICTION

THE GUY WITH THE EYES (ANALOG, February 1973)
 THE TIME TRAVELER (ANALOG, April, 1974)
 THE DREAMING DERVISH (FANTASTIC, May, 1974)
 WHERE NO MAN PURSUETH (ANALOG, November, 1974)
 THE LAW OF CONSERVATION OF PAIN (VORTEX, December 1974)
 NOBODY LIKES TO BE LONELY (GALAXY, March 1975)
 TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE (ANALOG, May, 1975)
 OVERDOSE (GALAXY, September 1975 also THE BEST FROM GALAXY VOLUME IV)
 UNNATURAL CAUSES [or THE GUY WE COULDN'T HELP] (ANALOG, October 1975)
 A VOICE IS HEARD IN RAMAH (ANALOG, November 1975)
 IT'S A SUNNY DAY (ANALOG, January 1976)
 AMBIGUOUS ORACLE (GALAXY, January 1976)
 HALF AN OAF (ANALOG ANNUAL, April 1976)
 WANT AD (GALAXY, May 1976)
 BY ANY OTHER NAME (ANALOG, November 1976)
 NO RENEWAL (GALAXY, March 1977)
 STARDANCE [with Jeanne Robinson] (ANALOG, March 1977 also BEST SF OF THE YEAR [Carr], NEBULA WINNERS THIRTEEN [Delaney])
 THE CENTIPEDE'S DILEMMA [CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON]
 JUST DESSERT [CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON]
 THE WONDERFUL CONSPIRACY [CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON]
 TIN EAR (COSMOS, July 1977)
 THE MAGNIFICENT CONSPIRACY (CHRYSALIS 1)
 DOG DAY EVENING (ANALOG, October 1977)
 MIRROR/RORRIM, OFF THE WALL (ANALOG, November 1977)
 TOO SOON WE GROW OLD (ANALOG YEARBOOK, April 1978)

ANTINOMY (DESTINIES, VOL I, No.1, October 1978)
 LIVE ON TAPE (STARDOCK, [Ottawa SF Society])
 LOCAL CHAMP (CHRYSALIS 4)
 SATAN'S CHILDREN (NEW VOICES 2)
 GOD IS AN IRON (OMNI, May 1979)
 FIVESIGHT (OMNI, July 1979)
 SOUL SEARCH (OMNI, December 1979)[:B.D.Wyatt, pseud.]
 (soon to appear)
 HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE...(ANALOG, June 1980)

NOVELS

TELEMPATH (BERKLEY PUTNAM, Dec 1976)
 STARDANCE (DIAL QUANTUM, March 1979, SF Book club April 1979, DELL)
 MINDKILLER
 THE MAGNIFICENT CONSPIRACY

COLLECTIONS

CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON (ACE, June 1977)
 ANTINOMY (DELL, May 1980)
 TIME TRAVELERS, STRICTLY CASH (ACE)

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS (ACE, April 1980)

BOOK REVIEW COLUMNS

Spider has appeared as reviewer in GALAXY, ANALOG, DESTINIES

(Data plagiarized from BOSCLONE PROGRAM BOOK)

FEATURED WRITERS:

JACK L. CHALKER, JR.

The first time I ever saw Jack Chalker he was at a WSFA meeting back in 1961. He seemed to know everything about everything that was going on in fandom just about anywhere you could think of. By that time he had belonged to WSFA for about 2 years, was publishing his fanzine, MIRAGE, which featured covers by Dave Prosser and stories and articles by such folk as Clark Ashton Smith, Seabury Quinn, etc, and at the tender age of 17 already a member of First Fandom (They liked him and voted him in).

He used to commute to the meetings in Washington from his native Baltimore via Greyhound Bus. It was on such a Greyhound that Jack and a few friends founded The Baltimore Science Fiction Society (BSFS). Naturally Jack was the first President of BSFS.

I have an old fanzine edited by a mutual friend of Jack's and mine, Tom Haughey (long ago gaffiated and turned Baptist Preacher and writer of "Christian Detective Stories" called "MIRTH AND IRONY". Jack had a story in it which he titled "Jungle". I did the illustrations for it and they were horrible. Jack, however, reworked "Jungle" and expanded it into "JUNGLE OF STARS", his first published novel.

Today Jack is a well known professional writer. He has sold about everything he has written and even some non S-F! Ask him about "Jaws III". But Jack is NOT a full time writer. He does support himself and his wife on his writing but he obviously doesn't spend all of his time writing. To begin with, he is the SFWA Treasurer, a publisher of a series of highly successful books (MIRAGE PRESS), travels around the world chasing ferry boats (He is a real ferry boat nut, he was even married to Eva Whitley on one, I know, I performed the ceremony), and attends Cons: lots of Cons. In fact, if you were at a Con that Jack wasn't, it was because he was attending one somewhere else.

Jack is the best Art Show Auctioneer in fandom. Most of the other good ones have learned the business from him. Artists appreciate his skill at drawing out the money for them. Jack has probably auctioned off more S-F art than anyone else and there are artists who insist that he be the one who puts their work up for auction.

What can I say about his writing? He sells. The bookstores all stock his books, he has his own unique style and point of view, and he has out-Tuckerized Tucker. Someone ought to carefully read through his books to see who he hasn't Tuckerized (Chalkerized?).

Jack was nominated twice for the CAMPBELL AWARD, 1978, 1979, came close but lost. WSFA figures it is only a matter of time before he wins his first Hugo. He has already won other awards - one on a magnificent piece of polished granite.

Jack carries an interesting card in his wallet: it is his membership I.D. in the SECRET MASTERS OF FANDOM. You see, Jack actually is a SMOF. He has been on the committee of just about every World Con held in North America since he was old enough to shave, (Perhaps before), so I'm not sure how 'secret' the whole business is.

Jack and his wife, Eva Whitley live in Manchester, Maryland with a long-suffering cat and a DOM pekinese.

A PERSONAL VIEW by Joe Mayhew

SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL

Somtow emerged into Fandom at Balticon in 1977 and in only three years has published one of the most witty and attractive fanzines I've ever seen, become a cult figure in fandom, sold his first novel, several short stories to IASFM UNEARTH, and ANALOG, and is nominated for the CAMPBELL AWARD for best new writer.

But writing S-F is "only a sideline". Somtow is a composer of serious music. His music has been performed on four continents, broadcast over Dutch, Thai and Japanese TV and he is presently preparing his latest work "STAR MAKER: IN AN ANTHOLOGY OF UNIVERSES" for its June 7th premier.

Star Maker has five movements. Each movement depicts a different cosmology, ranging from Plato to Einstein. The first is a musical depiction of the Big Bang theory, the second, Platonic, has a part for a shakuhachi (Japanese flute), the third (mechanistic universe) has parts for toy pianos, and so on. His music is post-serialist and combines elements of classical Asiatic and Western music.

Somtow comes from Thailand. His father is the Thai Ambassador to Rome, and his family are very distinguished. He attended Eton and Cambridge and when I first met him he had enough British accent to spread cold on bread. But after a bit he eased his way into Mid-Atlantic American (and can do a reasonable California accent as well). Somtow has a long history as a writer. When he was a child he wrote a poem which appeared in the Bangkok Post. Shirley Maclane saw it and lifted it for a preface to her book "Don't Fall off the Mountain", thinking it to be the work of some ancient Thai woman poet because Somtow had written in it "...I am not a man..." He wasn't, he was a CHILD. Oh, well.

On a recent trip to Thailand, Somtow fell into a pit of human excrement, up to his... It was the gods warning him against hybris.

Not only does Somtow write his own S-F, Music and Word, but he is also the musical Sidney Carton for a prominent American millionaire-statesman. The works produced by this collaboration have been performed around the world. There have been uncounted marches, symphonies, a violin concerto, and an opera. Much of this music has been recorded. It is highly romantic music reminiscent of Romberg and Strauss, utterly different from Somtow's own.

Somtow is a highly inventive writer. His Mallworld series is a verbal rollercoaster of highly colored prose. He pays more attention to the rhythm and style of what he writes than is common among S-F writers. His first professional short story, published in Analog, April 1979, has been selected for Don Wolheim's Best SF: 80. He has also been published in Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, Chrysalis 8, 9, Other Worlds and is scheduled for the June issue of Galaxy.

Somtow's first novel is being published by Pocket Books and the working title is "THE STARSHIP AND THE HAIKU". It is quite good, rather more sensitive than most S-F.

Somtow has never worked on a S-F con committee, but he probably could do well as he ran a rather important Con, THE ASIAN COMPOSERS EXPO 1978. As secretary of WSFA he'll have all the right phone numbers if he ever wants to do Con programming.

FEATURED ARTIST: ROBIN WOOD

ROBIN WOOD shares something with Spider Robinson: she too was named by a committee. When her mother objected to her using the family name (Clinkenbeard) on her S-F artwork because she believed that such stuff was "obscene and satanic!", a group of her friends decided she should use ROBIN WOOD as her 'brush-name'. Robin Wood's friends know her as Jane Woodward and are certain she is an elf. Jane is married to Morgan Woodward (Woody), an obvious hobbit. When Jane isn't painting, playing Runequest or snuggling with Woodie, she plays her harp - quite well! At last year's Disclave, one of her paintings was auctioned up from a \$36.00 minimum bid to \$311.00 and such spectacular bidding for her work has become the expected thing where she exhibits. Her work is fresh and reflects a worldly wise innocence unique in S-F art.

WELCOME TO ADVENTURE GAMING!

- JOHN T. SAPIENZA, JR.

When TSR published Dungeons & Dragons six years ago, they had no idea it would be the beginning of a hobby that would seize the imaginations of hundreds of thousands of players. Yet that was what happened, and the growth of the hobby has been so explosive that the majority of the newer players still don't realize how widely varied the hobby can be. That is to say, those who say that they have discovered "D&D" don't realize that they have latched onto something that cannot be described so narrowly as by the name of any particular published set of game rules. This is so because you could drop one set of rules and take up another, and still be doing essentially the same activity---the adventures of the imagination in gaming. This is why the gaming industry is now starting to refer to the hobby as "Adventure Gaming".

Because we recognize that many people have heard about adventure gaming, by one name or another, and are curious about giving it a try, this year's DISCLAVE includes a program specifically directed toward the new gamer, the person who has seldom or never sat in on a game and wants a chance to try it without going to the expense of buying game sets or accessories. A group of local gamers will begin the session with a panel of speakers on what some of the more prominent games are and how they relate to the hobby as a whole. They will then break up into small groups consisting of a game referee and 6 - 8 players, who will be given characters to play, an explanation of the adventure they have at hand, and some helpful points on things to do (or avoid). After that, they'll be off for their sample game, which will take from one to two hours.

Adventure gaming differs from other gaming in one major respect: role playing. You create a fictional character by means of the game rules, usually by using dice to determine certain features of the character, such as strength, intelligence, and dexterity, that affect the character's personality and abilities. Given these, you choose a profession for the character, such as warrior, mage, or priest. After that, the idea is to get into the character, and live through adventures as if you were, for a while, that alternate persona. There is no winning or losing as such in adventure gaming. Rather, your goals are to survive, and in the process to better yourself by learning new skill in your profession and accumulating wealth.

In order to do this, you need a world to live in, to react against and to, hopefully, overcome. This is supplied by a referee, often referred to as a "Dungeon Master" (DM), or "Game Master" (GM), who takes the game rules and uses them to build a framework within which the players will run their characters. The referee is also the interpreter of the rules and of the outcome of encounters with anything that is not a player-character, usually referred to as "monsters" but are often simply other characters not controlled by the players--monsters can be people too. The gaming framework can be as rudimentary as a cavern complex inhabited by strange creatures but not located in any particular place, or as finely detailed as a huge continent inhabited by many peoples and nations, with its own religious, economic, and political structures for the characters to worry about. It's all a function of the amount of time and effort the referee--and the players--are able and

willing to invest in the game. The players' imagination and enthusiasm are important parts of adventure gaming, just as much as those of the referee, and can directly affect the development of the campaign as play progresses.

That's another aspect of adventure gaming that should be emphasized, the continuation of play. In most games, at the end, you put away the pieces and close up the box and that's the end of that. In adventure gaming, ideally, each character has a continuing life from game to game. This can include activities that are understood to occur outside of gaming sessions, such as purchasing training, obtaining medical attention, tending your estates, getting married and raising children, and in short a continuing background life for the character that molds his/her views on things that will occur during the development of the campaign.

For if roleplaying is the principal activity of the player, storytelling is that of the referee. In developing a set of adventures for the players, the rules that apply to successful story construction apply to gamemastering, because the activities are essentially similar. A referee does more than build a cavern, city, or continent; it is necessary to pass this into the minds and imaginations of the players so that they can inhabit and act within this imaginary situation world. To detail the situation and allow the players to make choices of goals and means of attaining them requires subtle hints and the leaking of information at suitable times to keep the adventure going. It is a fine art, but one that can be learned from experience and example. It is the ability to turn a game into living through a story as a character within it that marks a skilled referee.

Adventure gaming existed in private games before 1974, usually those that evolved out of wargaming into situations in which the players ended up playing feudal nobility acting as commanders of armies. This in turn developed into an emphasis on the individual as a character, instead of as a military piece on a battlefield, and from there to individual characters to be roleplayed as such. It was the latter concept that propelled D&D from being just another wargame to being the game that brought adventure gaming to public attention in a big way. People discovered the fun of roleplaying in a game situation, and the hobby spread largely by word of mouth, effectively doubling every six months to eight months. TSR estimates that there are now about 500,000 players of D & D and its expanded relative Advanced Dungeons & Dragons, and that there will be a million by the end of this year. And that doesn't count players of other games by other companies, such as The Chaosium's RuneQuest! or F&G's Chivalry & Sorcery or Meta-gaming's The Fantasy Trip, or any of the expanding number of adventure games outside of fantasy, including science fiction, samurai games, cops and robbers, and others. The hobby is not only reaching new people, it is rapidly reaching out into new fields for people to enjoy. And that is people of all ages, for while the hobby was started by people long out of school, it became a college craze, then spread to the highschools, and is now acquiring converts in the grade schools. As one mother put it, when asked how she reacted to her children's gaming enthusiasms, "It's better than television." It's also more fun!

DISCLAVE HISTORY

This year's Disclave could be numbered "DISCLAVE 24", but it isn't. The reason why is that DISCLAVE I was held 31 years ago back on April 30, 1950, and so we're actually a lot older than 24. Since there haven't been 31 Disclaves, we settle the matter by simply avoiding it and calling the convention "DISCLAVE 1980".

Disclave I was a one day affair held at Washington's Wardman Park hotel. The following review of it was printed in THE WASHINGTON POST, May 1, 1950, under the title "PEN PALS MEET AT A SCIENTIFIC 'DISCLAVE' HERE" by Lee Grove, Post Reporter:

The Washington Science Fiction Association held its first Disclave at the Hotel Wardman Park yesterday, with visitors from as far away as Pennsylvania and New York, and rocket expert, Willy Ley among the speakers. (Maybe it would be well to explain that a "Disclave" is a combination of "district" and "clave" like in conclave. Dime novel readers of a generation ago probably would have called it "a heap big pow wow.")

Nervously adjusting my invisible neospacial goggles, I stepped into the room. I discovered the chandeliers were not suspended by ultramarine rays. Aside from a screen in the corner, that I carelessly assumed concealed a cyclotron, all I saw were about 75 people who looked very amiable and not the least bit interstellar."

There was a table bearing copies of Astounding Science Fiction, Super Science Stories, and other desirable pulps, together with books, drawings and paintings. I didn't know all these rockety things. But I did note that aside from the obvious monsters -- like the reptile in a bow tie leading a puma on a leash -- the people in these pictures looked like ordinary groundlings. -- Disengaged ourselves from the books and pictures, which were to be auctioned, and rocketed to our chairs.

Robert Glenn Briggs, of the Washington chapter, welcoming the audience, remarked that, while New Yorkers may not regard Washington as a center of Fantasy fiction publishing, the Congressional Record is published here. Seabury Quinn, Washington Lawyer, who has over 500 published stories to his credit spoke on the "Psychology of Wierd Tales as Contrasted with Science Fiction." He said, "the principle difference is that where S-F deals with improbabilities, Fantasy fiction deals with impossibilities. The S-F writer tries to persuade his reader of the probability of his story on the basis of conceded facts. The writer of Fantasy attempts to convince the reader by his appeal to feelings."

Willy Ley, who came from New York to speak because it was "relaxation", ripped into Immanuel Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision". Analyzing the name "Velikovsky", Ley said, "It means 'the great one', and the trouble is, he believes it! We have had for over 200 years a large body of facts in science -- facts that can be tested by anyone who cares to do so," Ley said.

"Were," Ley added, "we have highly original thought, composed of 50 percent ignorance and 50 percent rash impudence."

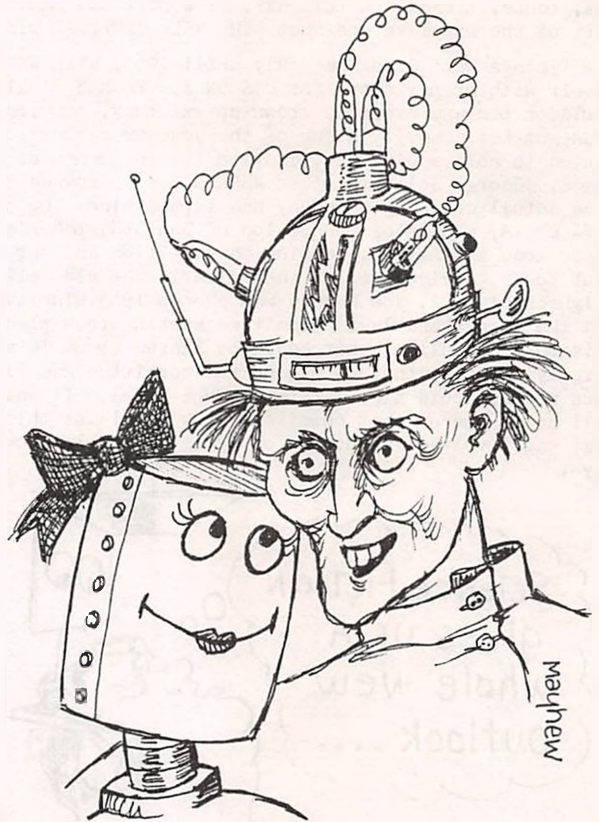
Third event was a paper on "The Nonsanity of Non Aristotelianism." by Willis McNelly. McNelly, an English Professor at Loyola University, Chicago, was not able to attend the Disclave and the paper was read by Richard Eney. Then Philadelphia bookseller James Williams got the auction under way. Bidding was not too lively. Highest priced item was a set of yellow galley proofs of "The First Lensman." by Dr. E.E. Smith, knocked down to William Evans, a Bureau of Standards Chemist, for \$ 7.50. Smith, a former Government food chemist and a S-F writer for 22 years, was the first author to use Atomic energy as a propulsive agent in a story. That was years before Hiroshima and Oak Ridge. The club netted about \$90.00 from 46 lots offered. There were 13 lots offered by private collectors and these netted about \$32.00 total. The Disclave concluded with a film, "The Mummy's Hand."

Well, the Wardman Park grew into the Sheraton Park which would be the site of 8 other Disclaves as well as DISCON II, the 1974 World Science Fiction Convention.

The second Disclave was held at the Statler Hotel (which would later be the site of Discon I) Disclave II drew all of 23 fans to see guest Sam Moskowitz, Seabury Quinn, Art Rapp and the film "It Happened Tomorrow". Disclave II was such a success that they didn't fell another was needed for two more years. Then the low point in Disclave history ws reached with the Disclave III.

Disclave III was held on March 22, 1953 in the Pan American Room of the Statler Hotel and was also called "Proxycclave." You see, none of the "guests" actually attended. Instead, papers submitted by them were read to the 22 fans in attendance. W.S.F.A didn't venture another Disclave for 5 years.

Disclave IV was chaired by Bob Pavlat, who listed himself as "Dictator". It was held at the ARVA Motor Hotel in Arlington, Virginia. The flier for it said, "This is a disorganized conference, no speeches, no banquet..." There was no Guest of Honor, but then again, the rooms were only \$7.00 and the registration was FREE! About 65 fans came. Plans were immediately



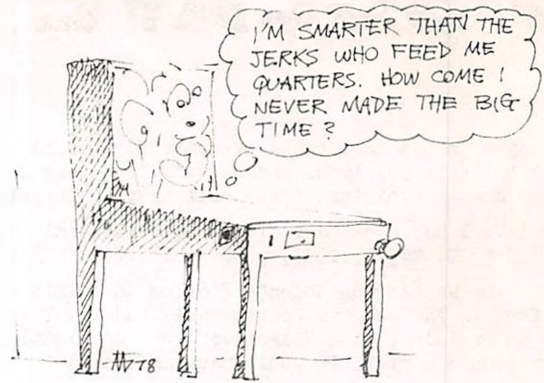
made to hold another Disclave at the ARVA, but at the very last moment, the ARVA got cold feet. It seems they couldn't face another bout of accute fandom. The rooftop parties, the weirdo Sci-fi antics and the crazy mixed-up behaviour of them space nuts (etc.) froze their mundane hearts. But Bob Pavlat was not so easily defeated. He searched and found the Diplomat Motel, which would host quite a few Disclaves before we wore out our welcome there. The Disclave that Bob Planned would be a sure springboard to winning Washington's bid for the 1960 WorldCon. We had lovely stationary printed up and everything, it was to be called CAPACON 60. The bid had an immense treasury: \$65.00 (compared to the entire budget for the 1959 Disclave:\$22.00). But despite the noble effort and unlimited funds, Capicon 60 never took place and we still have the stationary. At least there would be some stability in the Disclave for the next 3 years. The message in Pavlat's flier set the theme: "The program will be the same as last year. That is, none." But that is a little misleading, because fandom used to bring its own program with it: movie projectors, mimeo machines, wire recorders, booze, broads and bullshit. I wonder how many copies are left of the Disclave one-shot "THE WELL TEMPERED DISCLAVER."

Things went along smoothly until 1963, when WSFA busied itself with preparations for DISCON I. We had finally won the WorldCon bid and everyone grown-up was busy, busy (as K. Vonnegut would say). A few of the younger members of the club wanted to hold a Disclave, despite the reticence of the wiser heads. George Scithers, then WSFA's duely crowned President, (the actual crowning ceremony has lapsed since the official WSFA crown, a plaster concoction of Don Studebaker's had started to lose its nazguls) seeing the ambition and unrest of the Club Youth, decided to let them give it the old college try (highschool try?) Joe Mayhew was chosen 1963 Disclave chairman and the first (and last) committee meeting took place in Miss. Elizabeth O. Cullen's kitchen. It lasted about 10 minutes. It quickly came out that no one on the committee was 21 years old thus no one could sign a paper with a hotel. It was just as well as no one on that committee knew the least thing about what was involved in putting on even the simpler Cons of those days.



The WorldCon was a hard act to follow and so there was to be no 1964 Disclave either. But 1965 saw Disclave's glorious return. Sam and Chris Moskowitz were the guests of honor and the Con was held in Wheaton, Md at The Howard Johnson Motor Lodge over the weekend of the 7th of May. Banks Mebane, then WSFA President, reported, " The Disclave drew a much better turn-out than we expected - 82 registrants - with the result that WSFA's treasury was not so depleted by the Convention as it might have been. Despite some problems with parties being closed by the motel management, the weekend seemed to be enjoyable for most of the attendees." It was at that Disclave that Joe Haldeman and Gay Potter announced their engagement. Ted White wrote about that year's Disclave, " Barring unpleasantness of the hotel management, I think this was one of the finest Disclaves I've attended." Don Miller wrote, "...Anyway, after the manager came up and ejected us from the "Hospitality Suite", I went along with one group to one of the rooms. Shortly thereafter the manager entered the room and informed the card-players they would each have to pay a full night's rent, as the room was only rented for one person. He was talked out of this position, and I left shortly afterwards." It seemed

that Disclave would have to move on again in search of the perfect Con hotel.



So we gipsied back to the good old Diplomat Motel for the 5th and final Disclave to be held there. The Guest of Honor would be Roger Zelazny and there would be a dangerous innovation for Disclave: a registration fee: \$1.00. An incredible 99 fans came. Ted White wrote of the 1966 Disclave, "We arrived back at the motel not long after the program was due to begin, and a short time before it actually began. I was discouraged to discover that the room in which we were meeting had no amplification, and poor acoustics, and my interest in the opening item of the program was somewhat dampened by my inability to hear some of the speakers who were less than twelve feet away from me.

Jay Haldeman said, " I arrived a little late for the "early arrival party" at the Diplomat Motel, yet had no trouble finding the fans. The noise led me in the right direction, but the real clue was the predominance of facial hair along with the presence of one small, but active, Boa Constrictor. Alan Huff had placed himself strategically between the door and the bathtub full of beer; from this vantage point he was able to grab everyone for their registration fees. The party was well attended by fans and pros alike. As the weather was pleasant, most of the discussions were held on the balcony - much to the consternation of the motel guests and management. Both Jim and Judy Blish attended the con; I think I sold my car to Judy ...or was it my wife? Things get hazy after the second bathtub of beer...About 1. A.M. the Motel management requested that we round up the fans from the balcony and roof. They suggested that if the party was moved indoors other inhabitants of the Diplomat could get some sleep. The proposal was given serious consideration, and following lengthy debate, most of us withdrew to the WSFA suite... the next morning, bleary-eyed fans awoke to discover that they were facing an official program...The program was hampered by impossible acoustics which made anything softer than a moderate scream inaudible past the second row... Andy Porter set off non-explosive fireworks out on the balcony. Everytime I tried to fall asleep someone would put a quarter in the bed and it would wake me up..." Do they still have vibrator beds? Needless to say, Disclave Did not return to the Diplomat in 1967.



In 1967 we moved the Disclave to the Regency Congress Inn and stayed there for two whole years. Jack Gaughan was the GOH (an artist!) in 1967, and in 1968 it was Silverbob (i.e. Robert Silberberg). But the 1969 Disclave was held at the Skyline Inn with Lester del Ray as GOH and we were still welcome there in 1970 so we invited Will Jenkins (a.k.a. Murry Leinster) to be our Guest of Honor. Things were going well.

So we moved uptown to swankier Connecticut Avenue's goldcoast and the Shoreham Hotel, and also to the now traditional Memorial Day Weekend slot. Our GOH that year was Terry Carr. The next year another tradition was added: THE SHERATON PARK HOTEL! We would be there for the next 8 years for the best Disclaves ever. In fact, we would stay there until they literally tore the hotel down around us. Anyone who attended the 1979 Disclave will remember the ominous girders and masonry looming immediately outside their windows. Did you make any of the Sheraton Park Disclaves? Do you remember the glorious Brunch they had on Sunday, the cavernous facilities, and dear old C-640, the perfect Con Suite. The old Wicker Fanback Chairs, The Windows You Could Fall Out Of, The Bar, The Nice Hotel Folks, And The CHEAP RATES. All gone! All torn down and replaced with EXPENSIVE fripperies!

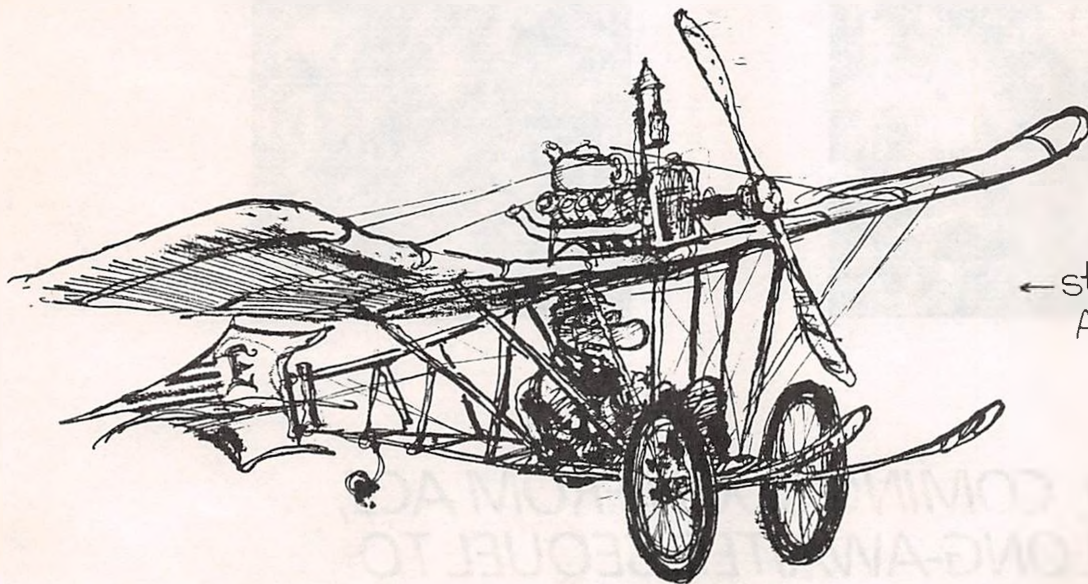
The GOH at our first Sheraton Park Disclave was Ben Bova, in 1973 it was Gardiner Dozois. In 1974 not only did we run one of the best WorldCons at the Sheraton Park, but thanks in large part to the stubborn fannishness of Alexis Gilliland, who managed to get the Disclave together that year despite the pressures of planning the Discon by many of the people who he might have expected to help him (some did), WSFA did put on two Con's that year. The GOH at the 1974 Disclave was Kelly Freas (an artist!) and he sat up late in the Con Suite doing sketches of some lucky fans. Alexis Gilliland would chair the Disclave for the next 4 years - 75 (Gordy Dickson GOH), 76 (Philip Klass a.k.a. William Tenn), 77 (Joe Haldeman - Local boy makes good), 1978 (Wilson Tucker, Pro GOH / Bob Tucker, Fan Goh - two for the price of one).

In 1979, Alan Huff, who had babysat the beer back in 1966, was moved up to chairman. Roger Zelazny (another Local boy made good) was the GOH. Perhaps there still is a Sheraton Park in one of Roger's Shadow worlds, still full of fans having fun in its labyrinthine maze of corridors. If there is, where do you sign up?

This year's Disclave has found its way to another labyrinth: Crystal City (attracted there in part by the mythic quality of the name) The innocent native mundanes will have to adjust to the sight of strangely costumed wraiths wandering through their enchanting underground.

Next year? You'll have to ask Alexis Gilliland who will be running the 1981 Disclave. It will be our 25th Disclave and our 32 year in the business, so we hope for something special. How many of these Disclaves have you attended? Why not jot the number down on your badge and compare notes with the other fans?

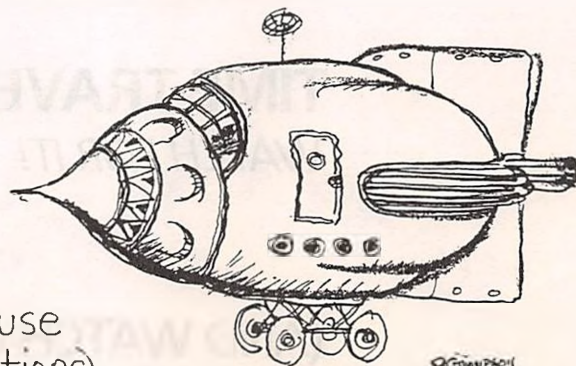
...JTM



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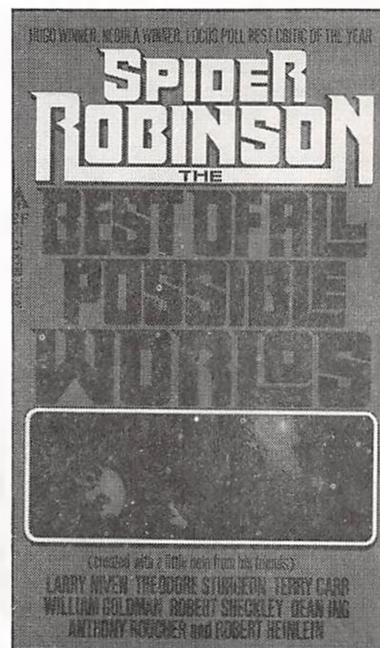
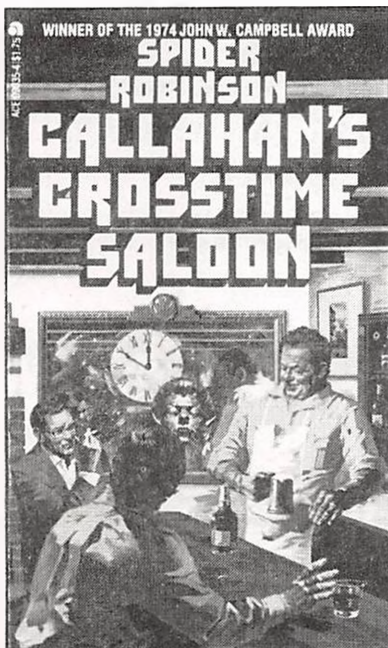


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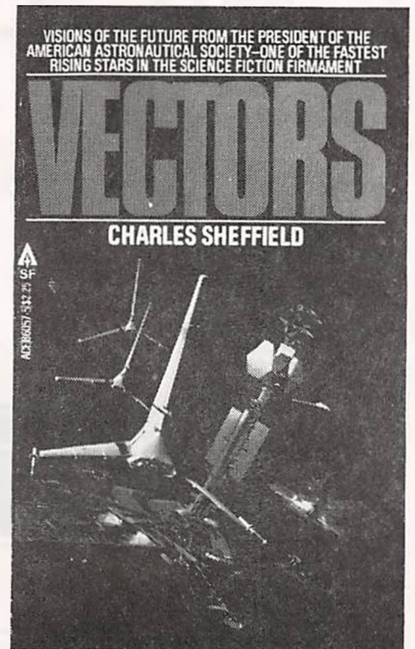
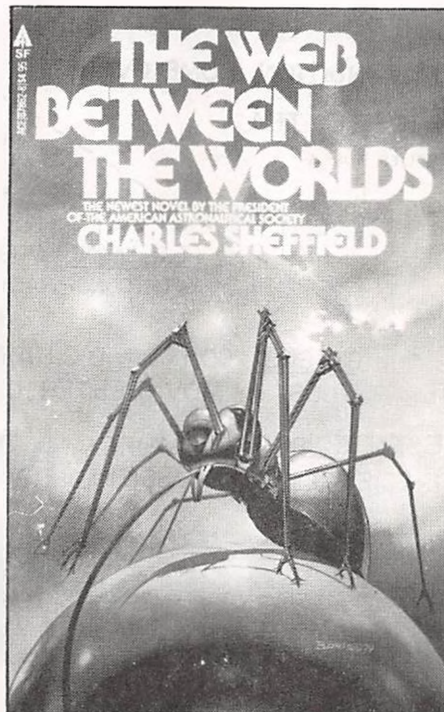
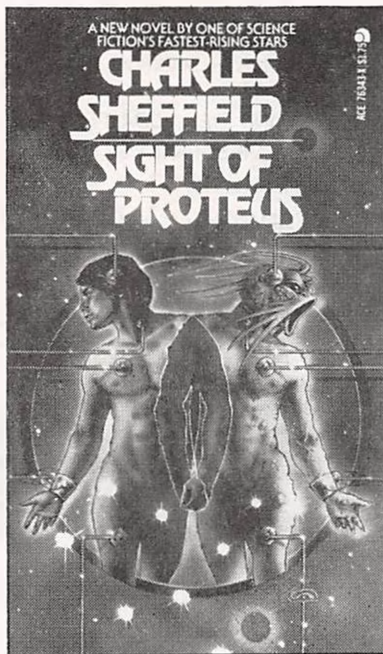


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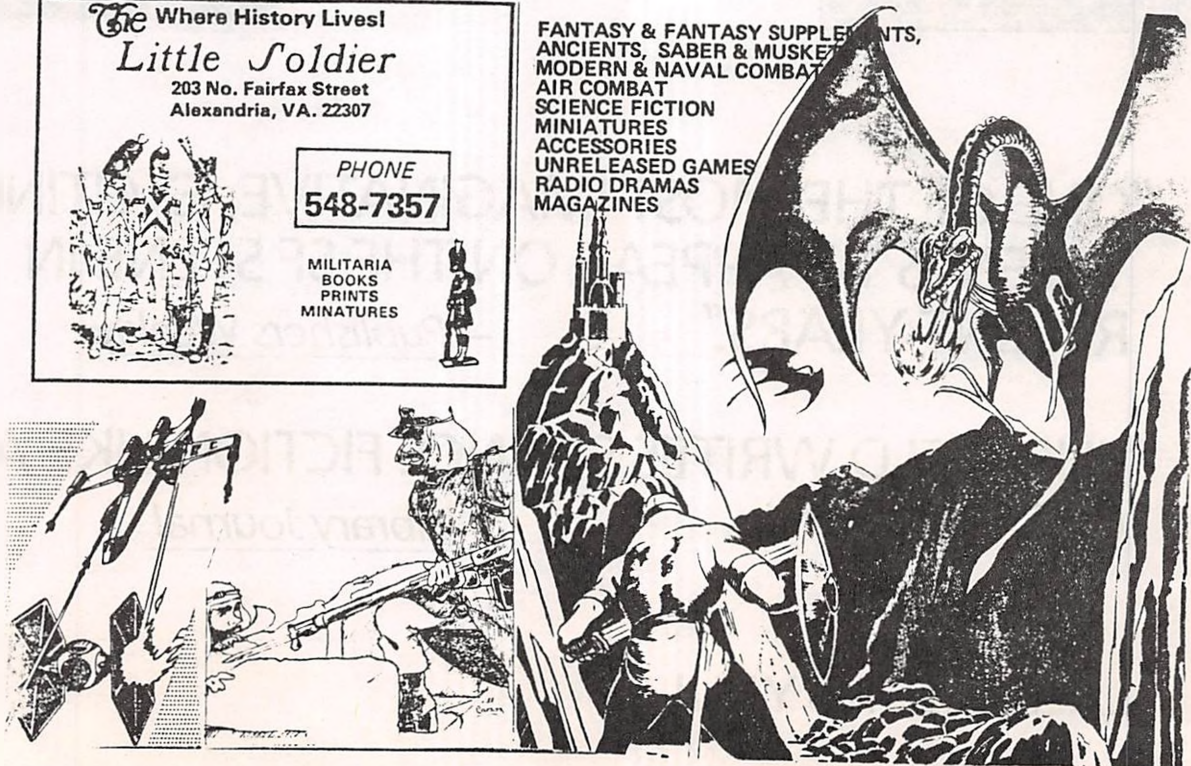
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THE CON WARP or FANDOM ON A MOEBIUS BAND

by
Joe Mayhew



Last year, several years ago, or perhaps last weekend, I wandered into a Con party. It was the typical or even universal Con party: there was beer in the bathtub, a rug full of potato chips and smoke hung like a felon in the atrophied air. The heat was adhesive, the room was overcrowded and the conversations were sophomoric. On the other hand, the drinks were free, there were lots of people to talk to, and as most conversations take place on the sub-freshman level, I could at least look forward to some decent sophomoric talk.

In a trough formed by twin beds, a wonderfully round young woman sat on the floor, leading a jury of her peers in a ribald filk song. Across the room from her in a sullen corner, a soft-faced adolescent in a comicbook superhero costume with cardboard parts stapled on was shouting something about how decadent Fandom had become since the old days. His audience: 1) another soft-faced adolescent boy with lots of military junk hanging from his belt, who was picking his nose in time with the music, and 2) a red-headed "older-woman" who appeared to be more interested in his soft young body than in his soft young thoughts.

An inconclusive breeze mumbled through the room causing me to look around for a newly opened window towards which I might move, but to my surprise I found the cause of the breeze to be another door into the room - through which Somtow Sucharitkul had just appeared. As he hurried across the room I noticed that he was wearing a convention badge which looked quite different from mine. It said "BALTIMORE 83" instead of the expected "DISCLAVE 79".

"Hey, Somtow..." I said.

"Can't stop to talk!" he said, disappearing out the door beside me like Alice's white rabbit.

Then I noticed that about half of the fans in the room were wearing the same badge Somtow was wearing: "BALTIMORE 83". Since it was before that World Con bid had emerged, the badge was quite puzzling to me. However the door through which Somtow had just entered was still open and the hallway outside beckoned, and so I crossed the room and, stepping on fewer than nine people, managed to make my exit through the new doorway.

This other hallway did not match the one from which I had entered the party. For one thing, the room across from the party was numbered "914", and I knew that I had just come in from the 6th floor. That by itself did not seem surprising, as the floors at the Sheraton Park were a bit odd (e.g. the 8th floor of the Motor Hotel connected with the Park Ballroom, which

"I COULD EASILY SEE THAT TALKING TO MYSELF WASN'T GETTING ME ANYWHERE."

was several stories below the first floor of the regular hotel. Indeed the minotaur himself was said to have been seen in the Sheraton Park's maze of hallways, asking directions. The story is that he got lost there in some convention ages ago and had been wandering there ever since. Thus I merely presumed that I had come upon a new part of the hotel and decided to go exploring. Down the hall I saw an elevator bank with a large picture window opposite it. I went down to look outside in order to get my bearings on the rest of the hotel, but what I saw from that window convinced me that I was no longer in the Sheraton Park at all, or even in Washington, D.C.: outside there was a splendid view of the Baltimore Convention Center!

Somehow I had just walked out of one Con and into another. I had started out at Washington in '79 and had arrived at Baltimore in '83! It looked like the best WorldCon ever, but I was too blown away to enjoy it. I had just made an incredible discovery. My sense of wonder had just shat its pants! I had long suspected that all cons took place in the same hotel, meta-physically speaking, but in front of me was living proof that it was literally true! By the evidence before my eyes, I had certain proof that I had stepped across the barriers of space and time and convention registration; I had moved through the Con Warp. If I had found one doorway through the Con Warp, perhaps there were others! So I reluctantly left Baltimore in '83 and headed back to the party which was the bridge between it and Disclave 1979. The party was still going on at full boggle, but there were more interesting things to explore, and so I kept on going on through the room and searched the Convention for other Con Warps.

I went party-hopping until I found a Con Warp which lead to a Phillcon back in the early 1960's. I recognized a lot of familiar faces, but one took me quite by surprise: a cherub cheeked and squeaky clean Jack Chalker! His hair was cut short and ruthlessly combed, but he was smofing to an audience of wide eyed Neo-fen. Some things never change! When the Neo's had staggered off brim-filled with fannish wisdom about the latest fannish plots, I struck up a conversation with Jack about writing. He said he was sure he'd be a Science Fiction writer one day, and I said that I was sure too, in fact I suggested some titles he might use one day.

"What about, 'MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS?'" I suggested.

"Sounds like it was ripped off from Edgar Allen Poe" he said, "I like it."

"What about 'DANCEBAND ON THE TITANIC' or 'DANCERS IN THE AFTERGLOW'?"

Jack listened greedily as I outlined his plots

Eventually I found my way back to a Disclave, but it was the wrong year. I went up to the Con Suite, dear old C-640, to see if anyone back in 1975 knew how to get back (forward?) to 1979. It was not such a clumsy thing to bring up as you might think, but it was not an easy thing to get a straight answer about. You see, Fans at Cons are used to hearing all sorts of bizarre things. No matter what you tell them, they nod their heads calmly and say, "That's nothing, I just..."

After a while I gave up trying to get a straight answer and just took in the party. There were lots of people there that I knew and none of them recognized me (I was wearing a beard, while in 1975 I was clean shaven). I was lots of fun talking to people, having as I did, the advantage of the knowledge of the next four years of their lives. But around 4:00 the inevitable happend: I came into the room. That is to say, my 1975 self came into the party to shut it down for the night.

"Hey, Joe," I said to me (him?) "I wonder if you could help me. You see..."

"Sorry," he interrupted himself, "Can't let you crash here without Doll Gilliland's permission."

"But that's not what I..."

"Why don't you go down to the party in M-666, it never closes down. They were carrying on like fiends when I went past a moment ago. Say, you know you look a lot like me!" 1975 said.

"True," 1979 said, "but I'm at least 4 years older. Look, Joe, it is to your own advantage to help me. You see, I am from the future and if I don't get back there, I'll be caught in a time loop forever."

"That's incredible!" I said, pushing me out of the room. I could easily see that talking to myself wasn't getting me anywhere, so I hurried down the hall to M-666. Just as I got there the door swung open and a wave of diabolical laughter washed out into the hallway. Somtow Sucharitkul came out and almost bumped into me.

"Hi, Joe," he said. "I can't recommend that party. "I'm going off to Mallworld, care to come along?"

"Where's that?" I word-booked. But he was already getting on the elevator and before I could reach it, the door had slammed shut and he was gone down the elevator shaft

I flagged down the next elevator and went down to the lobby to find the bulletin board. There were a rabble of notices on it. Perhaps I might find some clue to the whereabouts of a Con Warp - something out of place, out of the ordinary. But it was hopeless: everything on the board was out of place and out of the ordinary. Trying to find something odd on a Con bulletin board is like trying to find a leaf on a tree.

Finally I walked away too tired to think anymore. I had to get some sleep. Perhaps I could solve my problem tomorrow. Tomorrow! That was four years away! But it looked like I wouldn't make it in time to open the 1979 Art Show at 10:00, because I would arrive there four years too late (early?)

I had the key to my 1979 room in my pocket, so I though I would give it a try. I had lucked out into getting Suite C-340 for the price of a regular room for the 1979 Con. Maybe that room hadn't been rented out back in 1975 and I could crash there for the night. Maybe they hadn't changed the key since then, maybe...maybe I'd spend the night in jail for breaking and entering - but at least I'd have some place to sleep for the night.

The key turned easily in the lock. So far so good! I pushed the door open and saw that the parlor lights were on and the bedrooms were dark. I had visions of the occupants waking up and fumbling for their bedside revolvers. I stepped into the room on tip-toe and suddenly I heard a too loud voice shout, "Good! I've found one! "

I span around and saw Somtow dashing up the hallway toward the open door. He was wearing a shimmering cloak and furry sandals and little else. The cloak appeared to be composed of a thousand little lights, and it moved as though it were alive! Then, to my horror, I heard someone moving inside the room. As I turned back to see who I had gotten out of bed, Somtow rolled into the room at full gallop and headed straight across it and disappeared into one of the odd little porches which were behind each bedroom.

"What's Somtow doing here?" asked a familiar voice. It was one of my 1979 roommates (sigh of relief!)

I said, "It's Ok, Walter," I looked across the room, "He just came in to use the Con Warp."

"The WHAT?" Walter said.

"I'll show you." I said confidently and led him out onto the little porch, expecting to see a doorway to some strange new place - perhaps Callahan's Bar - but to my surprise all I saw was the ominous shadow of the new hotel building looming just inches away from the window. For an instant I thought I saw something shimmering in the distance, but it was quickly gone - whatever it was and Somtow was nowhere in sight.

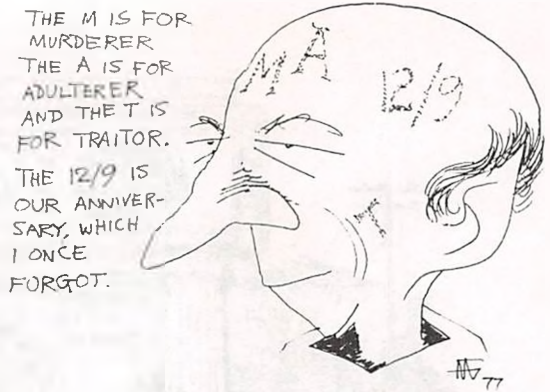
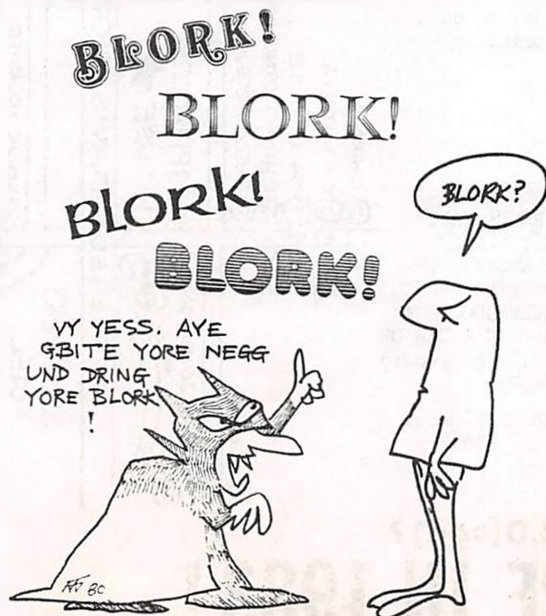
Walter looked at me as though I was incomprehensible and up too damn late. He smiled approvingly and shrugged his shoulders and shuffled across to his bedroom and said goodnight with a heroic belch.

I stood in the little porch for a moment trying to figure where the door to the Con Warp had been. Perhaps Somtow had gone through the French doors which led into the bedroom? No, he would have wakened Wayne, who was asleep in the other bed. Perhaps he had stepped out the window and had found a Con Warp through to some convention held in the new hotel in the distant future? I could see the raw girders just outside the window like the hand of an impatient heir at the reading of the will. They reminded me that the dear old Sheraton Park, so long the home of Disclave, was to be torn down just a few days after the Disclave. I wondered if they would even bother to make up the beds after we checked out.

I opened the French doors and tried to get across the room without waking Wayne. Naturally I stumbled on the corner of his bed and landed like a beached whale on mine. Wayne groaned and turned over and was soon back in his own sleep warp. I however could not sleep.

I wondered how many of the doors into the Con Warp would be destroyed when they tore the Sheraton Park down. Would any gaps appear in the fabric of it? I saw the morning dilute the night away as I sat on the edge of my bed wondering whether I had found my way back to the right 1979 Disclave.

~~~~~



## Hugo In Gilliland?

Alexis A. Gilliland, who contributed some of the little cartoons is currently nominated for the Hugo, Fan Artist category. This will be the third nomination, and if he wins, the first Hugo.

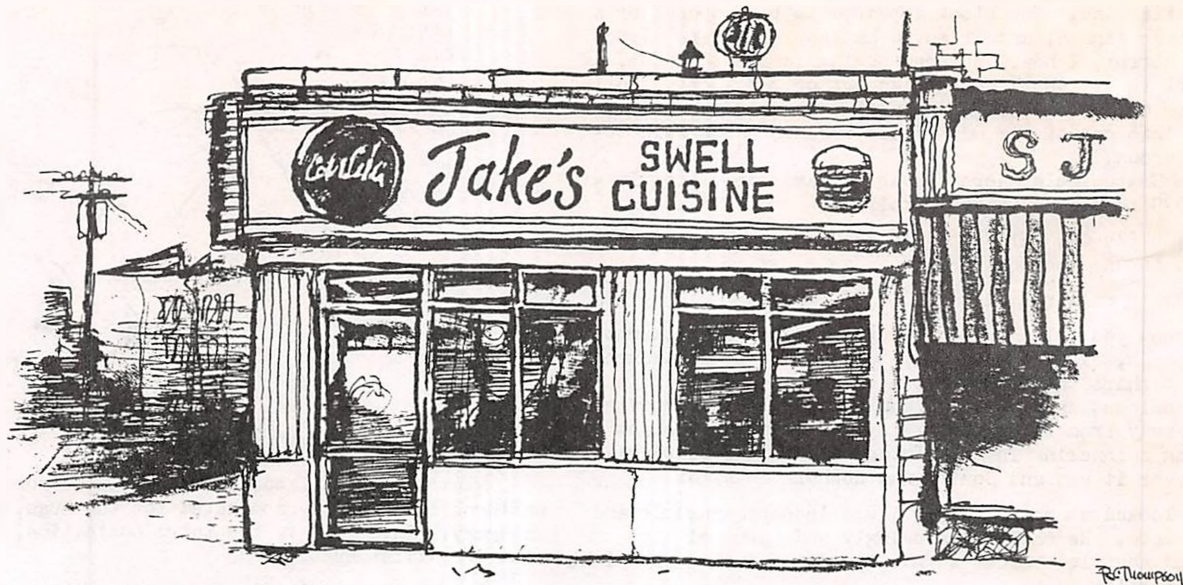
One of the complaints about his cartoons is that they are too wordy. One of them, in fact, was recently expanded to novel length and sold to Ballantine.



Another problem with Alexis' cartoons is they seem to require a few words between them. The cartoon to the left is a collaboration between Alexis and Bill Rotsler. They have done a bunch of them and we hope we'll see them in a book soon. I wonder if what is holding it up is finding the right amount of words to space off the art properly?







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Sat-Sun: 11:00 AM -10:00 PM

3] BROADWAY DELI (892-6177)  
(NY Deli, NY Prices)  
MTWTF: 7:00 AM -10:00 PM  
Sun: 7:00 AM - 6:00 PM

4] LEE YUAN  
(Neighborhood Chinese)  
11:00 -11:00 Every Day

5] CEDAR DELI  
(carry out only, no phone in)  
Fri: 6 AM-6 PM, Sat: 10 - 3

6] BLIMPIE'S BASE  
(Big Subs, reasonable)  
Fri: 10-7:30, Sat 10-4

7] MORO'S PIZZARIA (521-82000)  
MTWTF: 11-11, (slow service)

8] OLLIE'S TROLLEY  
(Take out Burgers)  
MTWTF: 7:30- Midnight  
Sun: 10 -10

9] HOWARD JOHNSON'S  
(Chain restaurant fare)  
Open 24 hours every day

10: HOT SHOPPES CAFETERIA  
BREAKFAST: M-F: 7-9:30  
LUNCH: M -SAT: 11 - 2:30, Sun:11:30-3  
DINNER:M-SAT: 4:30-8:30, Sun: 4-8  
(usually better than HoJo)

11] TACO HOUSE  
MTWTF: 10:30 - 10:30  
(fast Tex-Mex)

12] CHEZ FROGGY (979-7676)  
Fri: Lunch 11:30- 2, D:6-10  
Sat: Dinner: 6 - 10  
(French: \$5.00 and up)

13] CAFE ITALIA (892-0566)  
(Italian restaurant, a little slow)  
MTWTF: 11 AM - Midnight

14] PORTOFINO  
(Dressy, Expensive, Good,  
MTWTF: Lunch: 11-2  
EVERYDAY: Dinner 5 - 10

CHINA RESTAURANT [15]  
(Neighborhood Chinese)  
MTWTF: Lunch 11 - 2:30  
EVERYDAY: Dinner 5 - 11

16] TROLLY STOP (979-1300)  
(Good simple sandwiches)  
MTWTF: 11-9, Sat: 11-6

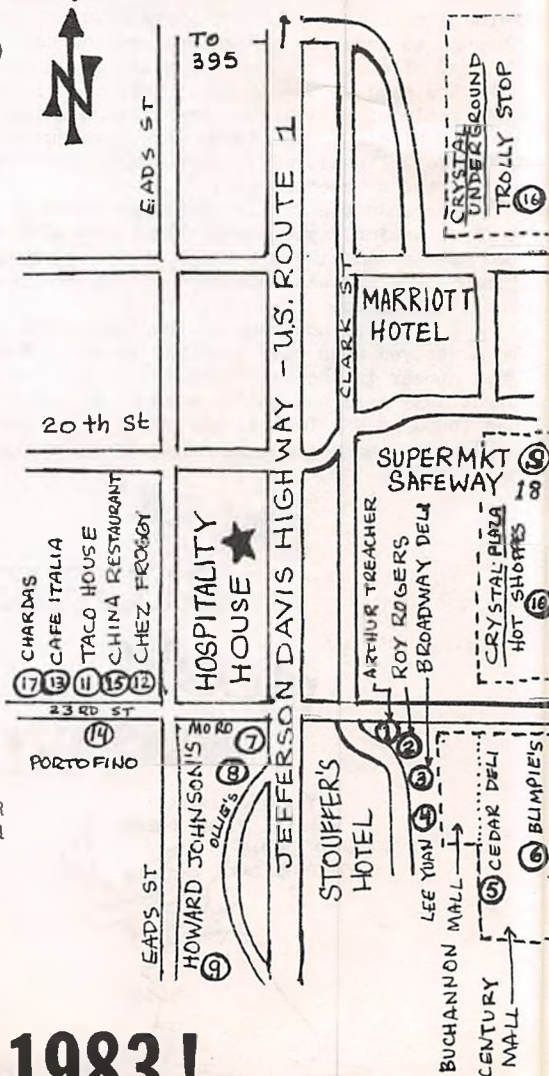
CHARDAS (920-7892) [17]  
(Hungarian - Austrian \$7.00-\$10)  
MTWTF: 5 - 10

CRYSTAL BALL - looks OK, no data available at time of printing

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THE HOTELS HAVE GOOD RESTAURANTS PARTICULARLY STOUFFERS, ALL ARE AS A RULE, A TRIFE EXPENSIVE. THE MARRIOTT HAS AN INTERESTING BRUNCH BUT IF YOU WANT A REALLY GOOD MEAN ASK A LOCAL FAN AND GET IN A CAR OR TAKE THE METRO. (What is the record for fanish dinner group?)

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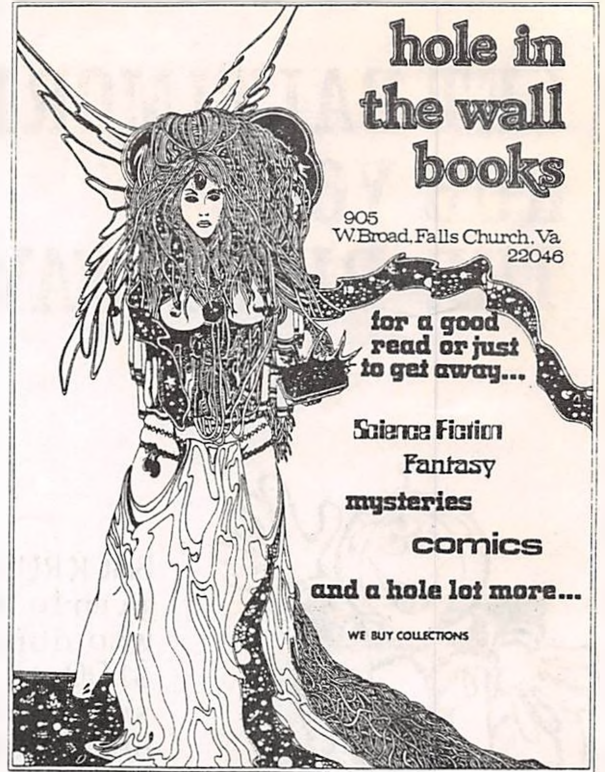
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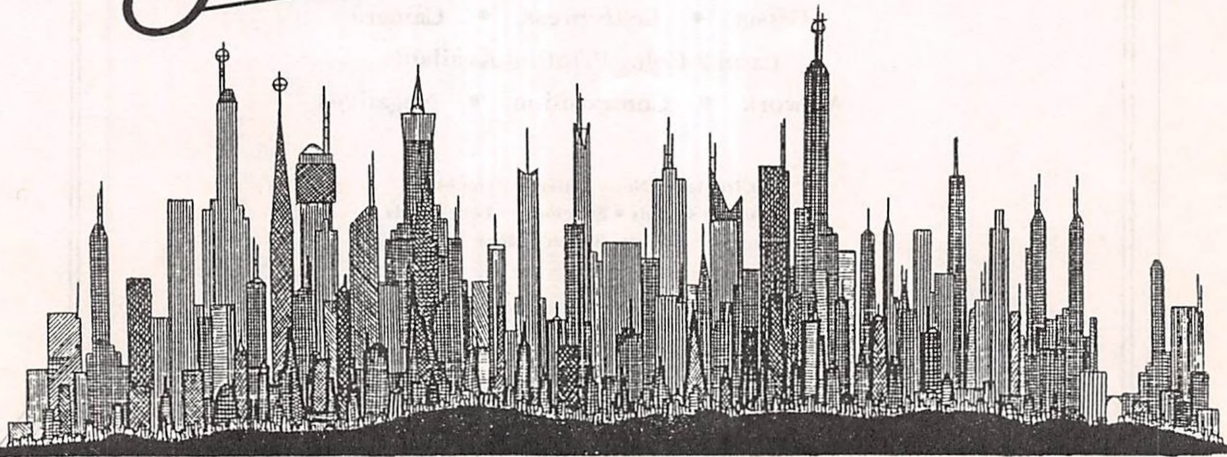
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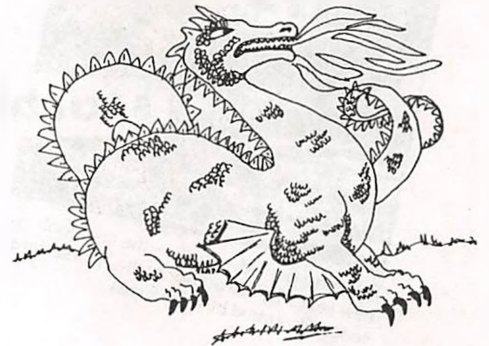
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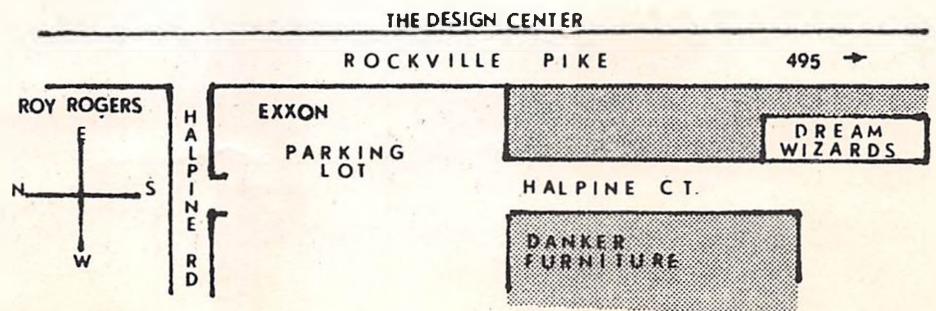
\*Take 495 to 270 Exit  
\*Take 270 to Montrose Rd.  
(South, Rockville)

\*Take Montrose Rd. to  
Rockville Pike.

From Rockville Pike

\*Take Rockville Pike, North  
to Congressional Plaza (on  
left).

\*Turn left at stop light  
(Halpine Road) into Con-  
gressional Plaza.



\*Go one block and take the  
first left into parking  
lot.

\*Go straight ahead to end  
of lot, make left. (along  
side of Danker Furniture).

\*Make right at end of  
Danker's. Across from the  
side of Danker's is a  
shopping center.

\*Go to the other end of the  
shopping center (84 Halpine  
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