

DISCLAVE

1985





KIDS!

For the longest time, it seemed that the most usual way to become a fan was to join. But lately a lot of clever fen have taken to making new members of our large and goofy family at home. We welcome the following:

DAVID CHALKER
MATTHEW SANDS
AMBER DIONNE
LEAH KELLY
RACHEL ELLIS
JAMIE BOWERS
MERIDEL NEWTON

It really isn't such a new thing, it's just there seems to be a lot of it going around. Usta Wuz beings like Betty Berg, Bobby Madel, Missy and Eric Pavlat, Charles Gilliland, Michael Oliver and all the Cox kids were a tiny minority. Peggy Rae (McNight) Pavlat can tell you all about being an SF Brat. Are there any 4th generation fans yet?



BERMUDA TRIANGLE
IN
88

FACILITIES

The Norway is the world's largest cruise ship. With a total capacity of 1864 passengers, attended by a crew of 800, it has: 10 bars and a casino; 3 swimming pools, paddleball, volleyball, basketball, skeet shooting, putting greens, and ping-pong; shops, a photo gallery, and an ice cream parlor; a card room, a game room, a library, and children's playrooms. The usual 5 meals a day are served.

Everything is in one convenient location, and there aren't even streets to cross.

WHO GETS TO GO

The Guests of Honor, VIP's and workers will be allotted the first 100 berths.

If the membership exceeds the available berths, 400 berths will be made available in pairs by Lottery.

1400 berths will be offered, in pairs, to the first 700 regular members; each member can reserve berths for two members. (This is intended to make it as easy as possible for friends to room together. Blocking will be attempted on request.)

Some of those 700 people will be together, and some will only be reserving for one. The remaining berths will be made available, in pairs, to half that number of members, in order. This is also when the Lottery will be conducted. We expect that 3 or 4 rounds will fill the ship.

We will put on a Worldcon where
people who enjoy science fiction
can relax with their friends.

Programming will be kept to a minimum.

HUGO PRESENTATIONS

MASQUERADE BALL

GUEST OF HONOR SPEECHES

BUSINESS MEETING

a panel

All special events will be aired on the ship's closed circuit TV. The ship's Daily Paper will also be commandeered.

PRE-SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIPS

\$20

PRE-OPPOSING MEMBERSHIPS

\$3

BERMUDA TRIANGLE IN '88
49TH WARD REGULAR
SCIENCE FICTION ORGANIZATION
P.O. BOX 268526
CHICAGO, IL. 60626

An uncrowded Worldcon where you can
find your friends.

A Worldcon with 24-hour food
and facilities

A relaxacon Worldcon.

Bermuda Triangle in '88

(an out of the U.S. bid)

proposes the most congenial venue a Worldcon could have: a Caribbean cruise, a relaxacon Worldcon conceived by experienced confen.

A cruise ship is designed to be used around the clock. Its raison d'être is leisurely partying. Its usual services do half the work of the committee and almost all of the during-the-con gopher work. There already is a daily 'zine, and there's a ballroom for the Masquerade Ball!

We'll officially open the convention with a public address announcement. Ports of call prevent claustrophobia, and offer ocean beaches as a welcome change from swimming pools. A major science item will be turning out everything but running lights half of every night.

**"We don't need no stinking badges
....unless you really want to."**

For further information, please write:
The 49th Ward Regular Science Fiction Organization
P.O. Box 268526
Chicago, IL. 60626

DISCLAVE

The Washington Science Fiction Association's 29th Convention in 36 years.

MAY 24-27, 1985: Memorial Day Weekend

GUESTS OF HONOR:

WRITER:

ED BRYANT

ARTIST:

BOB WALTERS

Featuring:

ORSON SCOTT CARD * LUCIUS SHEPHERD * GARDNER DOZOIS * SUSAN CASPER * GREG FROST * MARVEN KAYE
TIM SULLIVAN * DAVID BISCHOFF * SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL * JACK WILLIAMS * ALAN RYAN * JACK L. CHALKER
ROBERT A. COLLINS * ANNE CRISPIN * HAL CLEMENT * PAULA VOLSKY * ELLEN DATLOW * JAY HALDEMANN
JACK DANN * GAHAN WILSON * JAMES PATRICK KELLY * JOHN KESSEL * LINDA GERSTEIN * CHARLES SHEFFIELD
BRENDA CLOUGH * RICHARD MEYERS * ART SAHA * TED WHITE * MICHAEL SWANWICK * ALLEN L. WOLD
ESTHER FREISNER * DARRELL SCHWEITZER * JANNY WURTZ * ALEXIS GILLILAND * JIM ODBERT * AND OTHERS!

Committee:

CHAIRMAN: MICHAEL J. WALSH

TREASURER: BOB MacINTOSH, Bob Oliver.

PUBLICATIONS: JOE MAYHEW, Barry Newton.

ART SHOW: BOB OLIVER

Print Shop: LARRY PROKSH, Bill Jensen, Leslie Nelson

Auctions: JOE MAYHEW, Jack Chalker, Tom Schaad

Sales: WAYNE GRAY, Martin Deutsch, Shirley
Avery, Rosa Oliver.

Triage: BARRY ZEIGER

Clerk: V.M. WYMAN

REGISTRATION: BEVERLY BRANDT, Elaine Normandy,
Lee Smoire, Suzi Koon, Joe Hall, Allan Lane, Victoria Smith
Garry Bartman, Louise St.Romain, David Shea, Diane
Roseburg, Lou Benzino, Terry McCune, Lisa Peoples, Linda
Melnick, Samuel Schwartz.

PROGRAM: TIM SULLIVAN, Eva Whitley, Walter Miles.

ART PROGRAM: JOE MAYHEW, Walter Miles, Ray Ridenour

SOCK HOP: GREG FROST, D.J.

HUCKSTER ROOM: SCOTT DENNIS, Jane Dennis

GAMING: JOHN T. SAPIENZA, JR, Delbert Carr, Jr., Regina
Cohen.

BABYSITTING: EVA WHITLEY

VIDEO: PHIL COX, Jan Cox, June Huxtable, Phil Cox, Jr.

CON SUITE: SUE WHEELER, Jul Owings.

FILMS: MARK OWINGS, Russell Bowers.

MASQUERADE: MARTY GEAR & THE GCF CG AT COLUMBIA
MARYLAND "WORLD COSTUME CON"!

Credits and thanks

The Cover and most of the Illustrations in this booklet are the work of Bob Walters, our Artist GOH. He also did the Con Badge, with the exception of the calligraphy on the badge and cover, which are the work of Tess Kissinger. The 'Dead Dog' is by Richard Thompson, the illo of Ed Bryant and a few other fillers are by me, Joe Mayhew. Special Thanks to Ed McManis and Arlene Solomon for the photos. Connie Willis, last year's GOH contributed the Bio of Ed Bryant and Gardner Dozois wrote the Bio for Bob Walters. The rest you can blame on me and Mike Walsh. Thanks to W.W.Printers, 5108 Branchville Rd, Berwyn, Md (927-2990) for doing another excellent job with our program book.

Also, credit is due to Barry Newton for getting the pocket program together - a formidable task, indeed!

Greetings!

Welcome to the 1985 Disclave, WSFA's annual relaxacon -- with some programming. We have spared no expense to entertain you (though you'll not find a Diamondvision anywhere at all.

At a relaxacon like Disclave you are encouraged to party by the pool, go to the art show, party by the pool, go to the huckster room, party by the pool; well you get the idea. . .

I'd like to thank WSFA for giving me the opportunity to chair Disclave. And I'd like to thank Ed Bryant and Bob Walters for being the Guests of Honor. And finally, but not least, thanks to all those people who have spent so much time working on Disclave.

Thanks to all of you.

Micahel J. Walsh

How to Disclave

It's easy: Disclave is a relaxacon, so relax. There's enough programing to help you get across the day. Timothy R. Sullivan, Writer, Artist, Floridian, promised us a wacky program, under the theory that some things are so terrifying that they can only be told as a joke, and others are so very silly that they must be handled seriously. Thus the panel in which the 'Star Wars' armaments are debated.

Brace yourselves for rain. It ALWAYS rains during Disclave. Our Con suite is along one side of the pool. There is a sheltered passageway, but you still should be careful not to get any of that old acid rain in your bheer.

THE DRINKING AGE IN MARYLAND IS 21 YEARS OF AGE.

Disclave will serve bheer in the consuite to those who are willing to show us valid identification, and who will allow us to stamp their wrist (so they won't have to show I.D. each time they want a beer. It will be easier for you to wash off a little ink than for us to do a little time for serving minors.

WEAPONS POLICY: NONE WHATSOEVER ARE PERMITTED

Adults can skip this section, as they will not have brought any weapons to the con. To the ninnies who did: put them back in your strollers or in your nurseries. They are totally un-needed and un-welcome in a hotel. Even in the wild West, gentlemen turned their guns in at the desk. The local police, for some obscure reason regard weapons as dangerous and out of place in quiet, pleasant and otherwise safe New Carrollton. We will not allow anyone to participate in any Convention activity while they are armed with knives, swords, sticks, staves, etc. We have no authority to take them away from anyone but, the Cops do.

THE HOTEL DOES NOT PERMIT PETS. Only guide dogs for the visually impaired are permitted in the building.

SPECIAL NO-SMOKING FLOOR. Non-smokers can request a room which doesn't reek. But, if anyone smokes in it, the hotel will bill them \$500.00 extra to decontaminate the room (For those of us who find smoking as charming as bowel movements, that is good news). These rooms are all on the fourth (4th) floor. Please do not smoke on that floor.

THAT'S ALL THE HEAVY STUFF

The con badge comes in colors:

BUFF: The Guests of Honor & companions.
ORANGE: Guests and Speakers
PURPLE: COMMITTEE and STAFF
GOLD: Hucksters
LIGHT BLUE: Decent, upstanding fen.

Please wear them where people can read your name, you never know, someone may have been looking for you for years to give you \$X,XXX,XXX. and could never find you because your badge was always on your shoe or belt.

COSTUME CON III PLUG

Information and Scheduling for the world costume con will be posted at Disclave. While the daytime program stuff is designed for people who are serious about costuming and such, there will be three rather splendid masquerades which may interest you. They will let you in for half-price if you have your disclave badge with you. Day memberships are available. Friday night there will be a SF & Fantasy show, Sunday afternoon there will be a future fashion show, and Sunday night there will be a Historical masquerade.

WHERE IN THE HECK IS THE HUCKSTER ROOM?

Last year some folk complained they couldn't find it. So this year, we've hidden the Art Show as well. They're both of 'em hidden under the parking lot. But, we fear some clever fen will still be able to find them by sneaking right past the Hotel desk, perhaps pretending they are going to MEMORIES (the restaurant) or even out to the pool. They will spy the glass door just beyond the short stairway. Perhaps they'll boldly go right out the doors and notice the pool to their right (The con suite will be down the pathway to the right). But they'll go on, straight ahead between the Hotel and the Pool's changing room and, after looking both ways, casually cross the narrow alley to the stairwell which leads down into the Huckster Room or the Art Show. Once inside there is a small foyer with doors to the right and left. The will go to the right for the money-grubbing capitalist dealers or to the left for the commie/pinko liberal bleeding-heart art show. On Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, there will be auctions in the further recessed room behind the art show.

NEW STUFF ABOUT THE ART SHOW

This year, for the first time, DISCLAVE will have a PRINT SHOP. If you see anything for sale through the Print shop, you won't have to wait for the auctions, you can just buy it whenever you like -- as long as the show is open. Not only does this make it nicer for artists who have prints and other reproduced items to sell, but it also makes the auctions a lot more pleasant, by making them SHORTER. About the auctions: Items which receive their first bid on Friday or Saturday and then do not receive another written bid by closing time on Sunday, are sold to the first bidder. but, if the first written bid is made on Sunday, the item will go to voice auction. Thus it is smart to bid on Friday or Saturday.

For the artists, there is a piece of good news, our 10% commission on all sales, whether by the auction or print shop, stops when we have taken \$30.00. Thus if they sell more than \$300.00, the rest of their sales are without any commission. We are doing this to attract professionals who otherwise could not afford to sell major pieces at our con.

As usual, we will take cash, traveler's cheques or personal checks (with valid I.D.) We regret that we cannot accept Credit Cards or hastily scribbled I.O.U.s.

PREMIER!



CROSTIME BUS is a short comedy for voices written by Joe Mayhew. It is being premiered at DISCLAVE and it is already scheduled for further performances. But plays are not written, they're rewritten, so get in on the ground floor and see its first performance at 4:00 on Saturday.

CAST: GOD: Ray Ridenour, SATAN: Lee Smoire, VINSON PEASE: Alan Huff, DEAN ATHEARN: Peggy Rae Pavlat, ARTHUR DAGGETT: Walter Miles, MARTHA NORTON: Jul Owings, SIR KAY: Bob MacIntosh, SIR HECTOR: Bill Mayhew, SIR BEDEVERE: Steve Featheroff, MERLIN: Joe Mayhew, and QUEEN GWENEVERE, Judy Newton.

THE SPIRIT OF

DISCLAVE

PAST



by JOE MAYHEW

In 1962 I bicycled to the Diplomat Motel for my first Disclave. WSFA, then boasting 29 on its roster, had rented a couple of marvelously awful little function rooms, one of which, if memory serves me, was located under a stairwell. Chick Derry had brought his mimeograph and Don Studebaker was supervising the production of 'one-shots' to be printed on goldenrod paper with red ink.

Under Don's Tutelage, I put out my first fanzine: A Well-Tempered Dis-Clavier. Meanwhile, in the next room, Lin Carter droned on about how Moby Dick was the greatest American Novel. As the rather informal audience would drift in and out, Lin Carter would repeat his salient points and so his sermon was more or less elliptical. Someone had brought an uncertain 16mm movie projector and a film, there was a brave expedition to some hapless Chinese restaurant and for a while, Tom Haughey and Don sang selections from the Boss's Songbook. It all just sort of happened. The 32 fans who came seemed to be having a great time, I know I did. It was a relaxicon.

Just like the first Disclave back in 1950, as Willy Ley, our first Guest of Honor, told a Washington Post reporter he had come down from New York to Disclave for relaxation, so had the 74 others who came. Now, a 'relaxicon doesn't mean that nobody does anything or that nothing happens. It means that nothing frantic happens and the program doesn't have as many tracks as Union Station. It also tends to mean that the program is supposed to be fun. Dr. Ley, for instance had a marvelous time poking fun at the pretentious Immanuel Velikovsky and his book Worlds In Collision, which, according to Willy Ley, was, "Composed of 50% ignorance and 50% rash impudence." Seabury Quinn, WSFA's first S.F. member author, spoke on the "Psychology of Wierd Tales as contrasted with Science Fiction." and Dick Eney read a paper for some professor who couldn't attend. Afterwards there was an action. The big money was rashly paid out by Bill Evans who paid a whole \$7.50 for the yellowing galley proofs of E. E. Smith's The First Lensman. The Program ended with a showing of The Mummy's Hand. And so they all went home relaxed and full of pleasant memories and planning to do it again next year.

23 fans made it back for Disclave II to hear GOH Sam Moskowitz and to see that great film classic, It Happened Tomorrow. Everyone was so relaxed that they skipped 1952 and the 1953 Disclave was also called "Proxyclave" as none of the 'guests' actually came. Instead, they sent in papers to be read to the 22 fans who came. It was also to be the last Disclave for 5 years.

But Bob Pavlat, listing himself as 'Dictator' brought the con back again in 1958. It was at the ARVA Motor Hotel near the Marine Barracks in Arlington, Va. Its flier said, "This is a disorganized conference, no speeches, no banquet. . ." (no GOH, no planned program) Just cheap rooms which cost \$7.00 and there still wasn't any registration fee. About 65 fans came and it was such a rip-roaring success Bob made plans to return to the ARVA the next year for DISCLAVE V. But the ARVA got to thinking it over: rooftop parties and other fanac had seemed to upset their regular clientele (the marines who were accustomed to bringing their dates there, and at the last minute, the ARVA chickened out

and refused to allow Disclave back to darken its door.

But Bob Pavlat wasn't cowed. We packed our brightly painted caravans and descended upon the Diplomat Motel (which didn't throw us out for several years!)

The 1959 Disclave had a budget of \$22.00. Its flier proclaimed that "The program will be the same as last year. That is: none." And so, Disclave stayed at the Diplomat until the 1962 con where I came in. But the 1983 World Con (DISCON I) was about all that WSFA could handle and so there was no 1963 or 64 Disclave. But in 1965, Disclave triumphantly returned. Banks Mebane, then WSFA President, reported in the WSFA JOURNAL, "The Disclave drew a much better turn-out than we expected - 82 registrants - with the result that the WSFA Treasury was not so depleted by the Convention as it might have been." For the first time Disclave had charged admission.

Joe Haldeman and (Mary) Gay Potter announced their engagement at the 1965 Disclave.

Ted White wrote about it, "Baring unpleasantness of the hotel management, I think this was one of the finest Disclaves I've attended." Don Miller explained, "...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 so the Disclave moved on back to the Diplomat.

An Incredible 99 fans came. Ted White reported, "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 wrote, "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 1:00 AM 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 next morning, bleary-eyed fans awoke to discover they were facing an official program . . . 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 coin-operated vibrator beds?

And so Fandom wore out its welcome at yet another sleazy fleabag. Disclave moved a little further down the New York Avenue Deathway to a smaller, hungrier place grandly styled the Regency Congress Inn. They even allowed us to come back again - once. And so we hit skid row: the Skyline Inn, located in an area just off South Capitol Street where even the cops don't stop for red lights for fear of being mugged. It was such a long and perilous safari to the nearest food that the International Cookie Conspiracy was formed as a sort of Berlin Air Lift for the starving fans. Disclave returned to the "Styline" for its 1970 effort and the spiritually minded bought cookies.

For some mysterious reason, in 1971 we abandoned the Ghetto and headed out for the Connecticut Avenue Gold Coast to hold a Disclave at the Shoreham. It would also be our first Memorial Weekend Disclave. The next year, Jay Haldeman, in connection with the plans for Discon II, had managed to get Disclave into Shangri-La at last, the Sheraton Park.

A whole new era began. We loved the hotel; the hotel loved us. We seemed to be learning how to have a good time without being asked to move on. Naturally we stayed at the Sheraton Park until, quite literally, the tore it down during the 1979 Disclave. Anyone who was there will remember the ominous girders just inches away from the windows, and masonry competing with rubble on all sides. The wide, generous hallways which had been ideal for 'hall parties', the little out-of-the-way places, the inexpensive rooms, and most of all C-640, our CON SUITE with its wicker fanback chairs, strange little porches with windows that for some unknown reason no one ever fell out of in spite of the very unimpeded six-story drop. It was the sort of Con Suite where one would find Kelley Freas drawing sketch after sketch of thrilled fans, while Ron Bounds, Alan Huff and Joe Haldeman filksang and there was enough room. Perhaps in the Con-Warp, which connects every Con, past, present and future, you may wander into a party by one door and out another - and into the old Sheraton Park. If you do, sit down in the hallway with some fen and observe a 'moment of noise' in tribute to the Sheraton Park.

We had been spoiled rotten by several years in paradise and thus, when we found ourselves stuck in the 'Hostility House' in Crystal City, even Tom Schaad's masterful planning and the hard work of the committee couldn't overcome the rude and incompetent management of a hotel which was not only too small physically, but mentally as well.

For me, the highlight of that Con came as I stood in front of the Saturday night auction crowd with Jack Chalker, selling art. Suddenly the large back doors of the room swung open and a S.W.A.T. team poured into the room wearing riot gear and carrying machine guns. It didn't seem real at the time, but it WAS.

Alexis Gilliland, who managed to see to it by grit and determination that there would jolly well be a 1974 Disclave, Discon II or no, and who subsequently ran the next four of them, returned to run his 6th Disclave at the Sheraton National with Isaac Asimov as Guest of Honor. There were two wedding ceremonies held that year at the con, Tony Parker and Judy Bemis were joined by Alexis in a sort of Con-Chair as ship's captain affair, and I performed a Viking wedding for Bill Marlow and April Barber. Alexis started it all back in 1975 or so when he officiated at the marriage of Amy Sefton and Freff. Somehow one never thinks of the many faceted Mr. Gilliland as a man of the cloth. The low point of the con was when the hotel management decided to lock (despite fire regulations) its stairwells and post them as off-limits to fans. Alexis explained, "What happened was that there was a tour group of little old ladies blocked into the third and fourth floors. Given some of the costumes walking around, particularly the black leather and chains variety, it could have easily been cardiac arrest time. Eventually we taked the hotel security into taking the signs down and positing tgehir people where the tour group was."

He added, "Most of the problems were bare feet and carrying beer in public places. There were a few related to costume tyooe weapons. The Planet of the Apes character ran afoul of Virginia's anti-masking law which is aimed at the Ku Klux Klan."

Jack Chalker and Eva Whitley had already booked the Sheraton National for next year so we returned for another. Sue Wheeler evaluated it in BSFAN, "Disclave was relaxed and comfortable . . . those behind the scenes saw problems that might have been prevented with a little more advanced planning . . . Lizzie Linn (GOH) is a wonderful, warm, intelligent person who made me proud to be a fellow dork . . . she pointed out that to the 'mundane', all fans are dorks: 'someone you don't want to be in a working elevator with'" It was the 1982 Disclave which saw the spectacle of Bhakti, the Wonder Shrew, better things for better meaning-of-life brought to you by the team of Sucharitkul and Sullivan.

In 1983 Disclave moved to the Marriott Twin Bridges which was located in the middle of a swamp with the Pentagon and a warehouse for its nearest neighbors -- we seemed to have regressed somewhat since the Sheraton Park. Naturally it rained. It always rains for Disclave. It was MILES to the nearest food and the river was up. Despite all this and a very peculiar bottlenecked function area, Alan Huff managed to keep the troops happy with a good program - still it was to be our last Disclave in Virginia. There were so many annoying laws there to plague us.

We found a much better hotel for 1984, and we came back again this year. Last year some of the fans claim they couldn't find the Huckster Room, and so this year we're hiding the Art Show and Auction right next door to it. The Bar did not prove to be a good program area, and, naturally the poolside Con Suite, was rained on, but most of us had a fine, relaxing time and Disclave was welcomed back. Let's keep it that way.



FOOD that you can walk to

There are lots of other places to eat within a short drive of the Hotel, but these are all within walking distance.

[1] McDONALD'S. Breakfast: Mon-Fri = 6:00 to 10:30, Sat/Sun = 6:00 - 11:00. REGULAR: Sun-Thurs = Sun-Thurs = 10:30 - Midnight. Fri/Sat = 11 AM - 2:00 AFTER MIDNITE.

[2] JERRY'S SUB SHOP : 10:30 AM - 11 PM.

[3] THE RED LOBSTER (Phone = 459-4495) Seafood, Beef, Pasta. Lunch from 11 to 4:00 except on Sunday: \$ 2.95 - \$15.95. Dinner = Sun - Thurs: 11:00 AM - 10:00 PM, Fri - Sat: 11:00 AM - 11:00 PM: \$6.95 - \$15.95.

[4] DUFF'S FAMOUS SMORGASBÖRD. All you can stuff. Duff's has quantity, cafeteria quality. Lunch = Mon - Sat: 11:00 - 3:30 @ \$3.79 Adults, \$2.59 Kids. Dinner = Mon-Fri: 3:30 - 8:30, Sat: 3:30 - 9:00, Sun: 11:00 - 8:30 @ \$5.90 Adult \$3.20 Kids. No reservations, no doggie bags.

[5] PIZZA WHEEL (577-7744 but no deliveries) \$5 - \$6.

[6] RAMADA INN. (459-1000) Breakfast= 6:30 - 11:00 AM @ \$3.00 up, Lunch = 11:00 - 2:00: @ \$ 3.00 up; Dinner= 5:00 -10:00 @ \$13.00 average (WEEKDAYS) Sun: Buffet 9:30 -1:30 \$ 5.95.

[7] SHERATON'S Memories. Fri-Sat: 4:30 - 11:00, Sun: 5:00 - 10:00: \$11.95 - \$17.95.

Sandwiches, etc. will be sold in the hotel.

[8] CHESAPEAKE BAY (577-0533 Reservations for groups of 20 or more) Mon-Fri: Lunch 11:30 - 2:00. Closes until Dinner 5:00 - 9:00. Sat: 11:00 - 9:30: Lunch 11:00 - 3:00. Sun: 12:00 - 9:00 Dinner only. MOSTLY SEAFOOD, But also chicken and steakes, if you insist. Many of the Seafood items are ALL YOU CAN EAT. All are very good. Oddly enough, they do not serve Maryland blue channel crabs. The Chesapeake Bay is usually busier in the evenings, but it is worth the wait if you have the time. Their New England Clam Chowder at around \$1.00 a bowl is highly recommended. They do NOT take credit cards.

[9] THE GOOD EARTH. Chinese: Cantonese, Sze Chuan, Hunan, etc. Rather better than might be expected in a suburban shopping center. They can handle parties up to 40. Call 577-6161 for reservations. smaller groups probably won't need them. Mon-Thurs: 11:30 - 9:30, Fri-Sat: 11:30 - 10:00 Sun: 12:00-9:30.

[10] ROY ROGERS'. Marriott's better burger. Best Bacon-Cheeseburger around. Breakfast 7:00 - 10:30, Regular: 10:30-10:30 (Fri/Sat; until midnight) Sunday 8:00 - 11:00.

[11] BOB'S BIG BOY. All night Fri & Sat, Sun til midnight

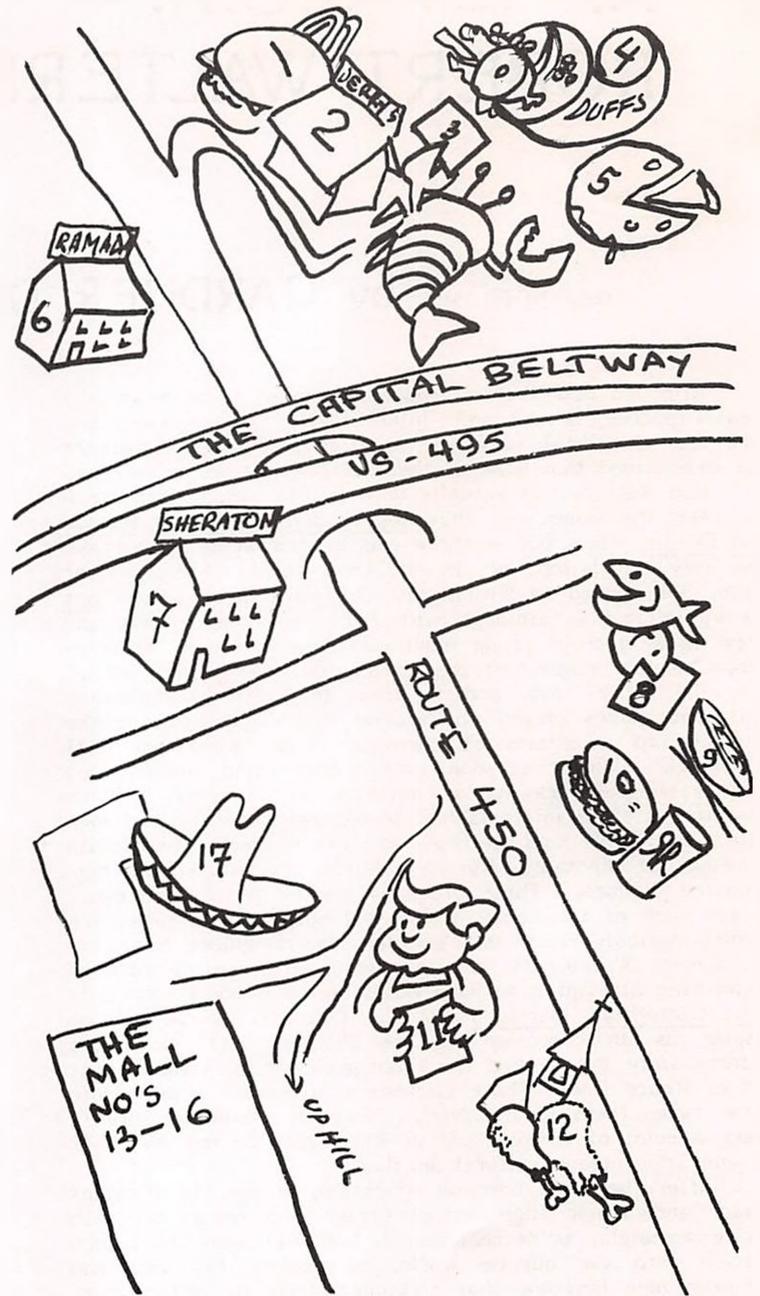
[12] CHURCH'S FRIED CHICKEN. 10:00 AM - Midnight.

The following are in the mall at the top of the hill:

[13] ANTONIO'S HOUSE OF BEEF. 577-0070. Mon-Sat:11:30 -10:00 for dinner, til 2:00 AM for drinks. SUN: 4:00 -Midnite Beefsteakes, Italian food. The Chef is an Iranian. But no Farsi dishes. \$9.95 - 11:95.

[14] JIFFY SUB SHOP (459-7676) Also Pizza and Gyros. Mon-Thurs: 10:00 - 10:00, Fri/Sat: 10:30 -midnight. Rather good subs.

[15] HO WON. Chinese. 459-5211 Mon - Sat: 11:00 - 10:00 Sunday: 12:30 - 9:00. Fri/Sat. Lunch special \$2.70. Hong Kong style, I believe.



[16] THE RUSTLER STEAK HOUSE. Sun-Thurs: 9:00 -11:00 Fri/Sat: 11:00 - 10:00.

And, next to the Safeway :

[17] TACO OLE CANTINA. Mon-Thurs: 11:00 -10:00. Fri-Sat: 11:00 - 11:00, Sun: 12:00-10:00.

AND BY CAR, DOWN 450: you'll find: DENNY'S RESTAURANT, LUMS, MR.DONUT, GODFATHER PIZZA, TACO BELL, PONDEROSA, POPEYE'S FRIED CHICKEN, KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN and so on. The more demanding will try such stuff as THE CHEF'S SECRET (345-6101), LEE'S GARDEN (577-2340) or ask a native guide. Please do NOT go into the PRINCESS GARDEN INN or the LANHAM INN. The motorcycle crowd and the good ol' boys will make very hostile company.

ARTIST G.O.H. -- ROBERT WALTERS



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Although Bob Walters frequently claims to be a wealthy weasel-rancher, a debonair international yak-smuggler, and "the son of Kurdish royalty," intensive research on my part has determined that none of these claims is true.

Bob Walters was actually born in Philadelphia on March 24, 1949, the same year that Mighty Joe Young and Samson and Delilah came out -- three events that would soon shake the very foundations of the civilized world. Shortly after birth, Bob moved to Wilmington, Delaware (presumably not all by himself -- although with Bob, you never know), and grew to a vigorous young manhood there in scenic Wilmington, Chemical Capital of the World. But young Bob was not like the other boys, and for him the various wholesome childhood games played out around the slag heaps and the multicolored mountains of chemical sludge were just NOT ENOUGH. Almost as soon as he could stand upright, Bob was drawing -- drawing on anything within reach. Bob's obsessive lifelong interests manifested early, and he had soon filled the walls and ceilings of his mother's house with drawings of dinosaurs, Roman soldiers, spaceships, and big-breasted blondes. These drawings eventually covered every square inch of the house, inside and out, so that today the famous Scribbly House is a popular stop on guided bus tours of scenic Wilmington. (At enormous expense, your committee attempted to have Bob's mother's house moved to New Carrollton, Maryland for the Disclave, to be put on display as an extension of the Disclave Art Show, but unfortunately the flatbed truck bogged down in a marsh just off of Route One. Those convention attendees whose route home takes them to the North, however, should be sure to make a point of stopping off in Wilmington on the way back to view this unique cultural artifact.)

After the usual boyhood education, at the Mt. Pleasant Junior and Senior High School (which Bob refers to, with loving nostalgia, as "a real hole"), Bob was ready to launch himself into the outside world, to explore the vast and unknown new horizons that stretched endlessly before him. After an epic, arduous and heroic journey, he actually managed to make it all the way to Philadelphia, nearly fifty miles away! There, after recovering from the almost indescribable privation of his epic journey, he studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, eventually earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree (it is absolutely untrue that, in light of his later proclivities, this was retroactively changed to a Swinging Bachelor of Fine Arts degree). After graduation, he worked at the usual ragtag assortment of odd jobs: silk-screen designer, art director for various firms, window cleaner, elephant-shit shoveler at the zoo -- a period of his life Bob will be glad to reminisce about with you, provided you get him massively drunk first.

Sometime around 1978, he started doing medical and scientific illustrations, some comic-book work, and the illustrations for a book called Comparative Human Anatomy. (Bob would like it made known at this point that he is "an expert in vertebrate paleontology." If you would like your vertebrae examined, or would like to compare human anatomy with Bob, Bob will gladly oblige you during the Con

-- provided you get him massively drunk first or are good-looking enough.) During this period, Bob also did the really magnificent color paintings for the Dutton book Dinosaurs: The Terrible Lizards (These paintings, or some of them, really are on display at the Disclave Art Show, and are well worth a look).

About 1980, Bob started doing regular illustrative work for the SF magazines, and his distinctive black-and-white work has been appearing regularly in ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, ANALOG, and AMAZING for several years now. (My own favorite is his illustration for Ron Goulart's Street Magic, although his illustration for my own story The Peacemaker is not too shabby either. Both are also on display - no fooling - at the Disclave Art Show) In addition, Bob has done color covers for Daniel Cohan's Monster Dinosaur (Lippincott Jr Book, 1983 - a wraparound cover), George Zebrowski's Sunspacer (Harper & Row, 1983), and Pam Sargent's Eye of the Comet (Harper & Row, 1983), as well as covers for the December ANALOG; he is currently at work on another ANALOG cover. His most recent projects include doing the bulk of the illustrative work for The Dune Encyclopedia (Berkley), Vernor Vinge's novel True Names (Bluejay Books).

Bob's artwork has also been featured in several important exhibitions: the group show at the Pendragon Gallery in 1982; the "Other Worlds Than Ours" show put on at the Canton Art Institute in 1983; the "Fantasies of the Sea" show put on by the Pendragon Gallery at the National Aquarium in Baltimore in 1983; the group show by the Association of Science Fiction Artists at Lever House in New York City in 1984; the "Visions of Other Worlds" group exhibition sponsored by NASA at the Boston Museum of Science in 1984. He is a member of the Delaware Valley Paleontological Society and a member of the Association of Science Fiction Artists.

Today, Bob is not only widely-regarded as one of SF's foremost up-and-coming artists, he has also been officially described, in the national press, as "bearded and muscular." This is true, but after a long, hard weekend of serious partying, he will begin to look a bit more like Stuart Margolin, who played "Angel" on The Rockford Files, provided that you took Mr. Margolin and subjected him to sudden and tremendously powerful gravitational forces, flattening him out a little. So if you see a bearded and muscular fellow who looks a bit like a flattened-out and hung-over Stuart Margolin, this is your Artist GOH. Go over and say 'hi'. In spite of his origin among the technicolor slag heaps, you will find that Bob is an urbane and erudite conversationalist, perfectly capable of telling you more than you could ever conceivably want to know about period details of Roman Armor, or vertebrate paleontology, or "spectacle" movies -- so, if you've always wanted to know who the key grip was in Spartacus, this is your big chance.

Bob no longer does windows. If however, you happen to have an elephant and a shovel with you at the con, he might be persuaded to give you a hand, just for old time's sake.



September

6th grade class
Mr. Tremaine

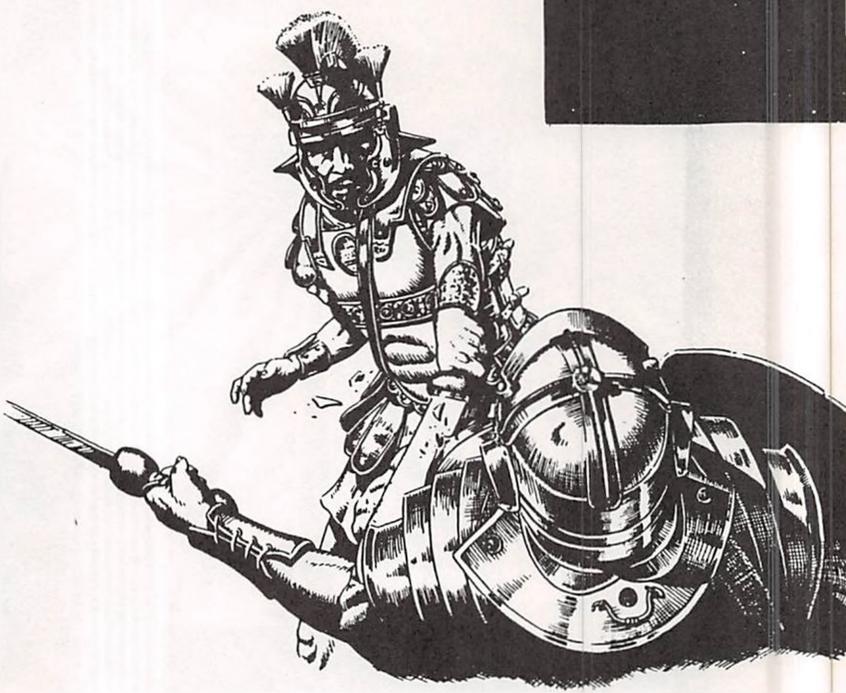
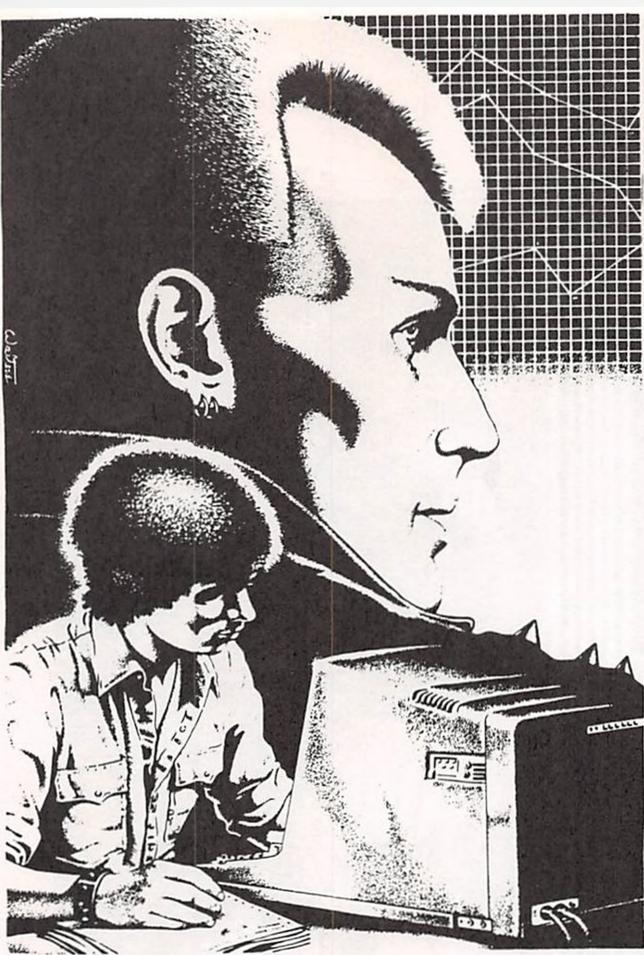
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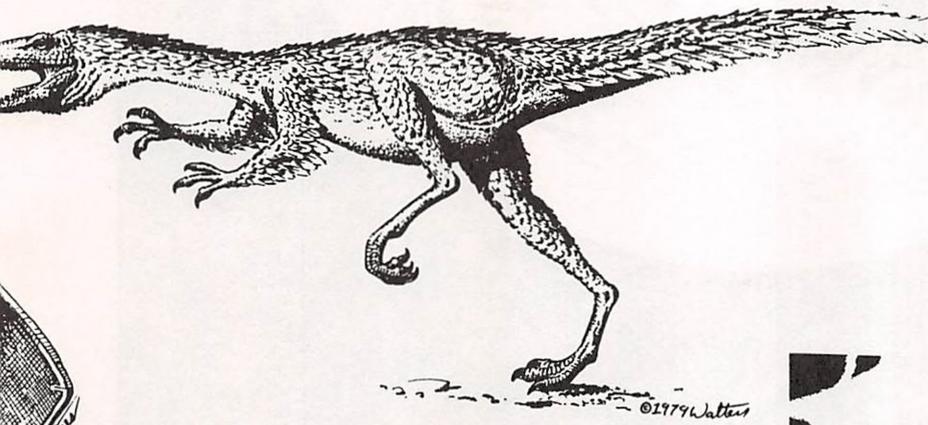
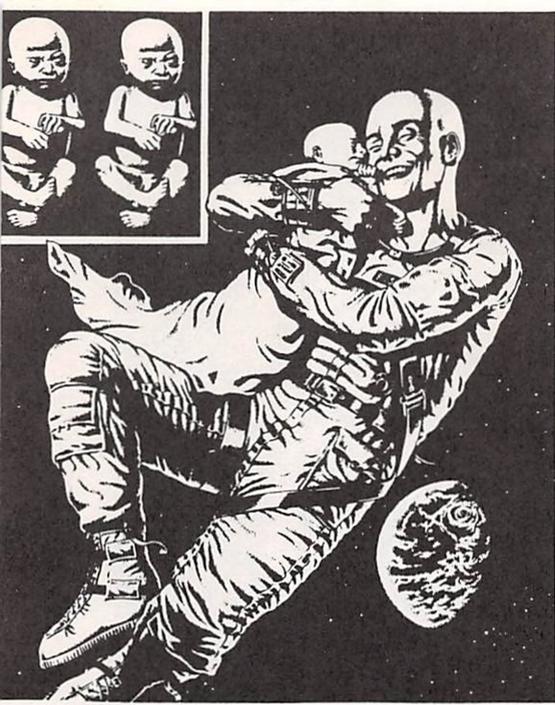
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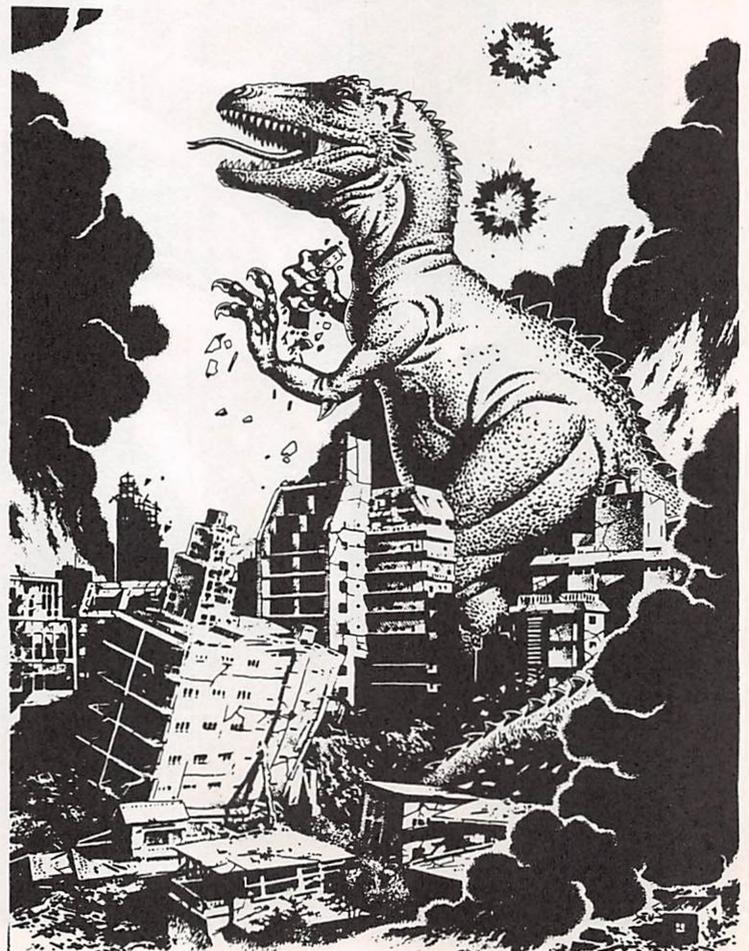


a BOB





WALTERS portfolio





SOME BIOS OF ED BRYANT

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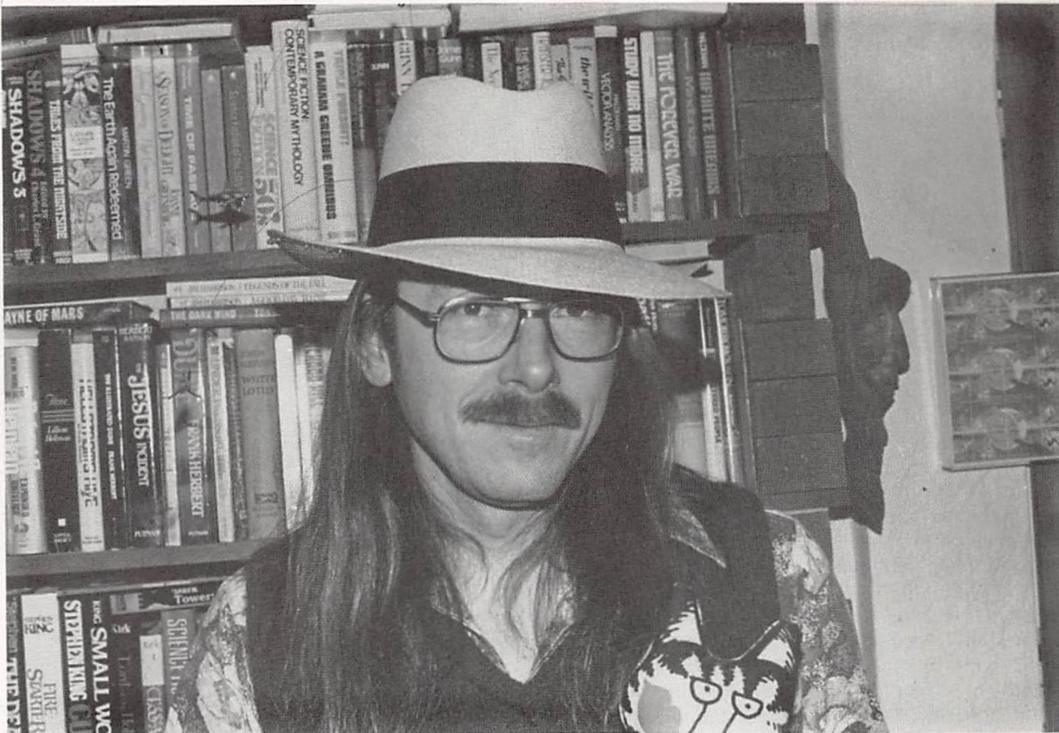


Photo by Ed McManis

When Ed Bryant asked me to write his bio for *Disclave I* was, of course, appalled. "Can't you get somebody else?" I said. "You've been in science fiction for years. You know lots of people!"

"That's the problem," he said.

I could see his point. If he had been around in SF long enough to get to know everybody, they had also had a chance to get to know him. And who was going to write a bio for a man whom they had seen stick cheese doodles in his ears?

"I won't do it," I said. "I have seen you hang spoons on your nose. Get somebody else."

"Everybody else has seen the 'spoon trick, too. And you're an old friend."

"Don't be ridiculous!" I snapped. "Anyway, I have my reputation to protect. I write sensitive stories about intricate relationships between people. You write stories about dancing chickens."

"What about the George Maharis story?" he said, drying off his nose so the spoon would stick to it.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" I said incredulously.

BIO FOR ED BRYANT

The first time I ever met Ed Bryant was at a motel. I had been told about a writer's workshop and given an

address that turned out to be the Glenn-Russ Motel. The thought of a cruel practical joke crossed my mind, as did the thought of white slavers, but at that time in my life I was desperate to meet other writers, so I went up to the door of the motel office and knocked.

An evil-looking person with shoulder-length hair and a nasty mustache came to the door. He looked like a white slaver.

"Hello," I said. "Is this where the writer's workshop is being held?"

"No," he said, and shut the door in my face. I liked him immediately.

I have always been in love with H.L. Mencken, who felt that a sharp tongue is a kind of holy vocation, and that the person who is witty can be forgiven any shortcoming. (for a list of Ed Bryant's various shortcomings, see Appendix XIIIV.) Ed is a man after Mencken's own heart, one of those chosen few who have dedicated their lives to the pursuit of the clever comeback, the snappy bon mot, and the smart remark.

He also has in common with Mencken the love of language that lies behind all wit. The spoken word is lots of fun, but (as I found out when he finally opened the door again and promptly tried to sell me his books) he does even snappier things with the written word.

He has mastered the near-future West to such a degree that Wyoming is off-limits to anybody else, as witness *Strata* and the Nebula Award-winner *giAnts*, and his collection, *Wyoming Sun*. He has shimmered the lines between SF and horror so well that the future looks even more terrifying than usual in stories like *Prairie Sun* and the

Nebula-nominated stories, Hibakusha Gallery and Shark. He has re-examined human relationships in stories like Particle Theory and The Thermals of August and invented new ones in Cinnabar, and always in a prose so clean, so elegant that even H.L. Mencken wouldn't make smart remarks about it.

What do you think so far? I said.
"You didn't mention my shorty story, Stone," Ed said. "It won a Nebula, too."
"I wasn't finished," I said.
"Leave out the part about who I shut the door in your face."
"The whole thing?"
"No, leave in the part about the white slavers. I liked that. Your prose is always so vapid it needs something to pep it up."
"If my prose is so vapid, why don't you get somebody else to write this stupid bio?"
"I want you to write it," he said, sticking a cheese doodle in his ear. "You wouldn't want people to see some of the first stories you brought to the workshop, would you? The ones that Shirley Temple could have written?"

BIO OF ED BRYANT (II)

I've known Ed Bryant a long time. He and I were in the Colorado Springs Workshop for eight years, and I went to four of the Milford Writers' Conferences he ran during that time. In 1979, he even went to the solar eclipse in Montana with me and my family. On the way, he taught my daughter how to hang spoons on her nose. When we got to Montana, we met a man who had driven out from New Jersey to see the eclipse. He was with his wife, who was blind, and he told us he had been to see lots of eclipses. "Ah, but was she blind before they started going to eclipses?" Ed said loudly. "Would you look at the sun, honey, and see if it's the eclipse yet?"

Alright, so maybe Mencken wouldn't have made a remark like that, but the fact remains that Ed Bryant is a terrific writer. He's been nominated for Nebulas and Hugos right and left. He won the Nebula for best short story two years running, for Stone and giAnts, and he has done something almost no science fiction writer has managed to do: he has built a solid reputation entirely on his short stories. His stories appear in all the science fiction magazines, including OMNI and ASIMOV'S. He currently has a novelette in Berserker Base and is working on a series of 'Angie Black' stories about a modern-day witch. His short story collections Among the Dead, Cinnabar and Particle Theory. . .

"Leave out the part about the eclipse," Ed said. "It makes me sound crude and insensitive"

"You are crude and insensitive," I said. "Listen, you can't make me leave out all the human interest stuff."

"Then tell something nice about me."

"Like what?"

"He took the spoon off his nose and stuck it in the ear that didn't have the cheese doodle in it. "I'm nice to your bulldog," he said.

"You are not," I said. "You laugh at him and call him names. Look, we're wasting time. Why don't you just tell me what to write?"

"Mention all my books by name, including Phoenix Without Ashes, written with Harlan Ellison and tell them that I may have a new anthology coming out. Say I'm your favorite writer and that. . ."

"I won't do it," I said. I took the cheese doodle out of his ear and snapped it in two. And don't try to blackmail me because it won't work."

"What about those Confession Stories you used to write?"

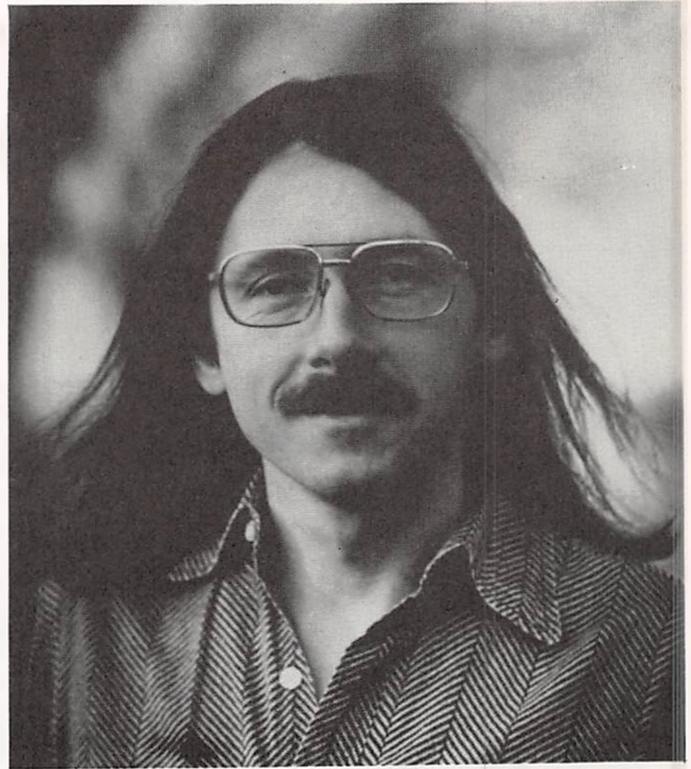


Photo by Arlene Solomon

BIO OF ED BRYANT: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK

I've known Ed Bryant for years. His writing gets better all the time, and he remains, inspite of his impressive new carrers as writer for Marvel Comics and screenwriter for the new TV series, Twilight Zone, one of the best short story writers in the business. He's a witty speaker, an incisive critiquer, and a book reviewer whose judgement I trust, and he's still as witty as H. L. Mencken. I like him better all the time.

"How's that?" I said. "I've practically recommended you for sainthood."

"Take out the part about you liking me better all the time."

"I do like you better all the time."

"Put in, 'I worship the very ground he walks upon,' and then some reference to how I'm one of the acknowledged masters of science fiction. Mention Jules Verne and H. G. Welles and, of course, Heinlein."

"Ed, you hang spoons on your nose!"

"You wouldn't want me to tell them about the frog story, would you?"

"No," I said. "But listen, you'd better watch out. The time may come when you push me too far and I send in this entire thing as is."

"Oh, and tell them I look like Harrison Ford."

BIO OF ED BRYANT: A NEW BEGINNING

Ed Bryant is this year's guest of honor for Disclave. He hangs spoon on his nose and says rude things to blind people at eclipses and shut the door in my face the very first time I met him and sticks cheese doodles in his ears and would try to blackmail an old friend. He does not look anything like Harrison Ford.



IT' COLDER IN L.A. THAN IT IS IN THE WINTER

by EDWARD BRYANT

This excerpt from the novel NO LIMITS

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The Institute for Thanatological Research looked as though, toward the end of its construction, someone had tried to redesign its appearance. It appeared that the builders had taken a hard look at the nearly featureless white cube and determined to graft on a distinctive style. I suspected the designer had an imperfect memory of the old supergraphics wave in Los Angeles and probably had studied--impreceptively--under Michael Graves in a few Princeton classes.

Two salient features kept the ITR building from looking just like any other white, twelve-story cube. One was the headband of brushed aluminum that encircled the building about three quarters up its height. More precisely, there were three parallel horizontal stripes; one wide, two narrow. At all four corners, the bands melted into the sort of foil starburst medallions one might expect to find on a huge Christmas package.

Midway between the stripes and the landscaped grounds, the image of an enormous ebony bird spread its wings around the building's circumference. Anna and I stood beside the prow of her Brazilian rental car in the parking lot west of the ITR. It was still early enough in the morning that the sun hadn't cleared the top of the cube. In the chilly shadows, the brighter red and blue parrot striping of the car seemed to radiate the only warmth.

The bird's head faced us straight on, sharp beak gaping, the glossy black eyes fixed in a glare.

"God, that's ugly," I said. I knew the raven wings stretched all the way around the building. I had seen the far side from below on the San Diego Freeway and had vaguely wondered what the design meant. This was the first time I'd visited.

Something else was disturbing about the building. From the Freeway, the ITR seemed featureless other than the band and the bird. Closer, it was obvious there were windows, but windows built too small for comfortable scale. Close up, the building looked like a huge square of acoustic tile, or perhaps a slab of bleached wood riddled with tiny worm-holes

The worms crawl in...I thought. The worms crawl out.
"I've billed you as my research assistant," said Anna

"I doubt you'll have to say anything--"

"Fine."

"But just in case..."

I sighed. Anna looked at me encouragingly. A wink of burning hydrogen peeped above the ITR roofline. It was disconcerting, attempting to be poetic this early in the

morning.

"David?" She patted my cheek sympathetically. "I'll get you some coffee, inside."

"All right," I said. I felt like a schoolboy reciting his lessons. "Resistance, life review, and transcendence. People with reason to believe they're going to die usually hate the idea at first. Resistance breeds fear. At a certain point, those about to die reach a point of reconciliation with the inevitability of death. The fear fades."

Anna nodded. Behind her, the diamond ring effect expanded into the morning as the sun rose higher. At least half the solar arc seemed to have cleared the building.

"Life resistance," I continued, "is that old saw about drowning sailors watching their lives flash before their eyes at forty frames per second."

"Have any idea why?"

I shrugged. "One source thought that victims' fears of losing the future triggered a recreation of the past. Sounds glib to me, but I haven't come up with anything better."

"Work on it," said Anna.

I returned to the main track. "Transcendence is the frosting on the cake. There's documentation that acceptance of the inevitability of death breeds a feeling of welcome."

Anna said, "Why?"

"I don't know. Maybe we're all fundamentally tired of life from birth."

"Cynical?"

No, I thought, I wasn't. Not really. I didn't say anything.

"The documentation you mentioned," said Anna, "is on the sketchy side. Interviewing presumably terminal cases who get yanked back from death at the final moment has always depended on serendipity. One of ITR's mandates is to remedy that gray area of research."

"I heard they're pretty close-mouthed," I said.

Anna momentarily looked modest. "You would be amazed at the number and level of the machinations that went into scheduling this morning's appointment. It only looks like it's easy."

"Like a fine high-wire artist."

"The image is apter than you probably think." Anna clapped her hands together; whether to warm them or as a gesture of anticipation, I wasn't sure. "Let's go," she said, turning and squinting at the tomb-like cube. "If we don't go in, we'll never come out. And we wouldn't want to be late."

The supergraphic bird's black eyes followed us as we crossed the parking area. The landscaped grounds were vaguely Japanese in design. All the shrubbery was low and smacked of tremendous compression. All reflected the brownish green of the season.

The sound of our steps changed timbre as we crossed a slightly elevated wooden bridge over a dry stream bed. I glanced over the rail, half-expecting to see the ivory skeletons of carp. There was only gravel.

As we started up the marble steps to the ITR's main door, Anna said, "Did the police have anything useful to suggest?"

I shook my head. "They'll get back to me if anything breaks." I smiled ruefully. "Maybe I hope they don't. You have to admire the chutzpah of anyone who'd steal a Fiat with no gasoline from a lighted Holiday Inn parking lot.

The interior of the ITR's ground floor was cool--chilly in a dozen varieties of silver and blue stone. The vaulted chamber of the reception area should have echoed like a sepulcher's interior. It didn't; the acoustic design was perfect.

The subdued lighting showed me walls that looked as though they each had been individually airbrushed in imperceptibly shading layers of blue--dark at the floor, paling to sky close to the ceiling. They were accented high up by bands of chrome. The security desk lay beyond a massive marble sculpture. The place had the antiseptic smell of a hospital.

I followed Anna as she marched up to the desk and presented her shibboleths--journalist's credentials and the name of her ITR liaison. There were two guards, each with holstered sidearms. I thought the two of them looked at us hostilely. The younger guard returned to reading a magazine as the older handed back Anna's cards. "Just have a seat, please" said the older guard. He shifted his weight and kept one hand resting on his pistol butt. "Mr Congdon will be right down."

We retreated across the blue-and-silver carpet to a group of black leather chairs. Anna sat. I was restless and walked over to the statuery. I recognized the heroic proportions of the Laocoön group: the priest and his two sons struggling with the great serpents dispatched by Apollo to punish the father who'd warned Troy about the Trojan Horse. I'd always believed that "Don't rat on your god" was probably the appropriate moral. I looked closer at the stone and realized that significant changes had been wrought upon the original form.

The snakes were subtly labeled with intaglio letters incised into the hard, white stone. The letters spelled words, and the words defined various federal regulatory agencies. "Poor Polydorus," I murmured. "They've made you into a goddamned statement." The stone looked authentically aged. The accompanying thought horrified me: what if this were the Laocoön?

Anna had heard me thinking aloud and joined me at the sculpture. "Statues of Anubis on either side of the door would seem more appropriate," she said.

I'm afraid I continued to gawk at Free Enterprise--or whatever--being crushed by government oppression. "You don't suppose--" I started to say.

"It is lovely work," said a resonant, pleasant voice from behind us. "It's an honor to welcome both of you to the Institute." We turned. The speaker looked to be in his fifties, a bulky, ursine man with little hair on his head, but a shaggy beard and moustache. His face was set in amiable lines. The man extended his hand first to Anna, then to me. "I'm Leith Congdon. We've spoken on the phone several times."

Anna flashed a brilliant smile. "It's so good of you to spare us your time." She said to me, "Mr. Congdon is an assistant director here."

"Indeed, not just any tour guide," Congdon said, but the tone was lightly self-mocking. "Please do call me Leith." He looked at me appraisingly. "You must be the researcher."

I nodded. He said, "The detectors at the door indicated you carry no cameras or sound recorders. Is that correct?" I nodded again. "Splendid." He beamed at us both. "Shall we go on up?" Without completely waiting for Anna's answer, he turned and led us across the lobby to a bank of elevators.

As we passed the guard station, I noticed the younger one--the guard reading the magazine--was looking ashen. The pages shook in his hands. Congdon noted it too. "Star stuff," he said. "Silly, tragic creature. The planets must be in bad conjunction." He smiled in what I took to be an expression of compassionate sadness, "We try to avoid hiring the irrationalists here at the Institute, but more and more of our less sophisticated staff seem to backslide."

Congdon motioned us forward into an elevator car. He touched a button and the door hissed shut. It sounded like an aerosol being sprayed into a sealed room.

The air reeked with pet-store smells.

"This," said Congdon, "is the nonhuman testing floor."

"Wasn't it Newsweek," Anna said innocently, "that called it the inhuman testing floor?"

Congdon's expression tightened. "It was a more than unfortunate choice of words. The reporter responsible for that portion of the story never actually visited here."

I began to pick specific cat and dog aromas out of the general odor.

"Perhaps a try at perverse wit was more his goal," said Anna, "You know that sort."

"Perhaps." Congdon's smile tauted into something better described as a rictus.

We walked along noisy ranks of cages. The inmates chattered, chittered, barked, hissed, yowled and cried. There were no separate sections for rhesus monkeys, hamsters, mice, rats, beagles, cats, and a dozen other varieties of creature.

We came to a row of what resembled automatic clothes washer doors set flush with the wall. The metal around the portholes was enameled green.

Anna motioned with her hand. "These?"

"Gas enclosure." Congdon started to move on.

"Lethal, I assume?" Anna passed her hand across the glass.

Our guide didn't display even a flicker of discomfort. "When it's necessary for a given experimental series." He tapped one of the green doors. "The Humane Society checks us out thoroughly according to an agreed schedule. The law is stringent regarding the undue suffering of animals undergoing termination research."

Anna raised an eyebrow. "But you do kill them all."

Congdon's smile loosened to its initial public mode. "The preferred clinical word is 'terminate'.

"Naturally."

I ranged a little ahead of the conversation and encountered some sort of tank, about twenty feet in diameter and as high as my head. The bulkhead was painted battleship gray. It probably wasn't as sophisticated a tactic as Anna would have liked, but I bounced up on my toes to see what was in the tank. I caught only a glimpse of something sleek and wet sliding past. A spray of water hit me in the face.

"Ah," said Congdon, laughing. "You've met Bobo."

I took a step back from the tank. Something splashed and squeaked in side, and more spray flew over the metal lip. They a gray, beaked, grinning face appeared above the edge and looked at me quizzically.

"That's Bobo," Congdon proudly said. "He's a dolphin."

"They're all called Bobo," said a vaguely familiar voice behind me. "None of us get too attached if they all have the same handle." I knew that voice.

When I turned, I realized Anna was playing dumb, so I did too. I recognized the face, the haircut, from two nights before. The man was dressed in a brown lab coverall. He had a mop bucket with him.

Congdon looked momentarily unsure whether formally to recognize the man's existence. He glanced at the man's

custodial ID badge and then at us. "This is Mr., uh, Satterfield," Congdon said. "That's Richard, right?" Ricky Bob Satterfield nodded and held out a hand. Anna and I both shook it, while Congdon made the introductions. "Richard helps take care of our experimental subjects. He's extremely competent with the animals."

"I get along with them," said Ricky Bob modestly. He gave no sign of recognizing me.

"Everyone in good spirits, this morning?" said Congdon.

"Yep." Ricky Bob nodded vehemently.

"Let's move on to something I think you'll find fascinating," Congdon said to us. He shepherded us along in the manner of a collie steering stock. "The staff'll be arriving soon. I can pull someone out to brief you, if you'd like more information about our nonhuman subjects."

The elevator door gaped. I turned as I entered and saw Ricky Bob looking after us.

The floor indicator ticked off digits until we reached twelve. The chilly blue number held steady. "End of the line," said Congdon. He ushered us into an austere corridor, all white above white tile. An attendant waited across the hall. She smiled pleasantly and slid open a panel, a sort of closet door. Congdon, Anna, and I were each handed what looked like a SAC blizzard-rated Arctic parka. Each garment was blue-gray and had a fur-fringed hood. I held mine for a moment, probably looking a bit stupid. Without comment, both Anna and Congdon shrugged theirs on. The attendant moved to help me. "I've got it," I said.

Congdon led us to an apparently blank section of wall. "You're going to have an audience with Gustav Threadway, founder of the Cerberus Foundation and donor of the Institute for Thanatological Research."

"I was under the impression he was dead," said Anna.

"Yes and no," said Congdon cheerily.

The attendant tapped out a code on the console in front of her and the wall slid open silently. A puff of cold air breezed past. Congdon said, "After you, please."

I followed Anna. The compartment was about five feet square and featureless. "Another elevator?"

Congdon shook his head. "Call it a heatlock." The panel behind us slid shut. After a few seconds, the opposite wall opened. We entered the vault.

The room was decorated tastefully in the omnipresent sliver and blue ITR color scheme. I heard music in the background. Though I couldn't identify it by title, I recognized the piece as a chunk of contemporary atonality by a Thai composer currently in vogue.

The music was cold, as was the air in the vault. I could see my breath. Even the light was cold. All the room was arranged around a metal ovoid bathed in a cone of white light.

"That's Mr. Threadway," said Congdon.

Chromed tubes labeled LIQUID NITROGEN softly whispered as we three contemplated the capsule.

"Cryogenic suspension," said Congdon. "Mr. Threadway will lie at rest until medical technology can successfully revive him."

"What did he die of?" I said.

"I won't belabor the list. Mr. Threadway was one hundred and ten years old. He's not our only suspended patient--we have others, mostly drawn from the original board of directors."

Anna reached within an inch of the capsule. "Retrieved any yet?"

"We haven't tried. Our medical section believes we have the cell distension problem licked, but no one's quite confident enough yet to attempt a reclamation. But I think it will be soon."

Something about the whole scene ITR had set up here in the vault bothered me. I felt I was being obtuse. Something obvious was eluding me.

Congdon said, "Just before the cryonics people put him under, I spoke with Mr. Threadway a final time. His last

waking sentiment was a promise to bring us back some new data when his reawakening arrived. He's classified as clinically dead now, but he wanted to let us know what it was like, and he still intends to do so."

"Still intends?" said Anna skeptically.

"Um, yes," said Congdon, looking a bit like someone who has strayed just beyond the bounds of discretion.

"I'm not sure what you mean," said Anna. "Dead is dead, right? No reports until you defrost--"

"Reclaim."

"reclaim him. True or not true?"

Congdon looked thoughtful. When he spoke, he chose his words precisely. "Our R&D people have been developing a device with which we can contact the mind of a cryogenically suspended subject. We know that some form of mental activity still persists in that condition. Our--communication, if you will--is haphazard, almost random at this stage; but we know it works. The only clearly defined thing we've picked up from Mr. Threadway is his desire to report back to us."

"That is remarkable," said Anna.

Congdon inclined his head, agreeing. He said in a manner more proprietary than a tour guide, "Inside the capsule it's close to minus 273°, Celsius. Much below Mr. Threadway's temperature and the atoms themselves stop vibrating."

Anna said, "I'm afraid I'm getting a chill." I realized she was beginning to shiver violently.

Congdon motioned toward the heatlock. "We can get hot beverages outside." As the hatch hissed shut, he said, "Did I mention? Mr. Threadway specified prior to his suspension that all appropriate visitors were to be shown his chamber as a part of the ITR tour." He looked from Anna to me. "Mr. Brooks, later on, you may wish to browse through our video library. Mr. Threadway was voluble about a great number of important topics."

Warm air rushed into the chamber.

I wasn't thinking about the joys of watching Gustav Threadway's tapes. I'd realized what had bothered me about the chamber with the cryonic sarcophagus. The nitrogen coolant system was all self-contained. There was no particular technical reason to keep the chamber chilled to an Arctic climate.

Appearances, I thought. All Appearances.

After three cups of hot coffee, Anna stopped shaking. I kept my hands cupped around my mug of hot chocolate as if it were a Jack London campfire and the snow was moving in. Leith Congdon chattered on about ITR and Threadway's pioneering drive and the Institute's mission to investigate the twilight zone between death and life.

Anna cut him short. "What about the human testing floor?"

Congdon made a sound like clearing his throat.

"There is one, isn't there?" she said. Anna spoke the words firmly. It was clear this was a rhetorical question.

Congdon nibbled his index finger. "We've never denied it, of course; but that facility is not usually on the standard tour."

"Is mine the standard tour?" said Anna.

Congdon thought that one over for a while. He finally shook his head and smiled through the beard. "Shall we go?"

In the elevator, he said, "Forgive my hesitation. Human testing sometimes poses a communications problem with the general public."

"I know it must be difficult," said Anna.

Congdon nodded gratefully. "We do adhere to the letter of the Early Corporeal Release Act. The government insists on regulating us. Everything is quite aboveboard."

The music on the human testing floor was more upbeat than it had been in Threadway's vault. The earth tones of the decor were also a welcome change.

Congdon introduced us to the on-duty tech. The

technician was a gangling young man with disarranged hair the color of straw. He plainly loved his work, and began to show us around the test rig with the enthusiasm of a man showing houseguests the racing sloop he had constructed entirely by hand in the basement.

The test rig looked like an archery target. It was a scarred wooden disc, about two meters in diameter, balanced on its edge. A human silhouette was painted in white on one side. Various metal projections marred the smooth plane.

"This is your basic human test bed," the technician said, flashing his boyish smile. "The subject stands here." He backed against the disc to demonstrate. "The subject activates the crossbar and locking clamps. The securing sequence is irrevocable. Starting that also activates the interlock on the chamber door. No one can enter without initiating the firing sequence."

"No human override?" said Anna.

"Can't be. Not for the purposes of this kind of experiment. The subject has to know there's no going back." The technician brushed back his cowlick impatiently. He gestured at a nest of articulated metal arms poised a couple meters from the wooden disc. "Equipment pod there. Medical telemetry, sound recording, video pickup, all the necessary documentation gear." He nodded toward silvered panes off to the side. "Control's back there. We can watch, but we're not seen. Better that way."

Congdon stood to our left, arms folded, smile proud. It was obvious everything was in its place.

"There's the real sweetheart." The technician pointed at something projecting from the equipment pod. "She's .223 calibre, single fire or full automatic. Zero to ten shots right through the old ticker. Sound sensor keyed on to the subject's heartbeat zeroes right in."

"What if she changes her mind at the last second?" said Anna.

"Or he," said Congdon. "ITR is an affirmative opportunity benefactor."

"No minds can be changed," said the technician. "I mean, no minds can be. That's the whole point. The trigger signal comes from an independent system which is backed up by its own redundant systems. The computer keys a random-duration time lapse between activating the interlocks and the actual firing sequence."

Anna looked bemused.

Congdon said, "The computer oversees loading of the weapon. Our subjects have no idea which clips are empty, which contain blanks, or which may be loaded with anywhere from one to ten live rounds." He chuckled appreciatively, though not unkindly. The aspect of chance is our means for collecting occasional interviews. We want to deal with survivors who fully expected death."

"What happens to the survivors then?" I said.

"They can take their money and leave," Congdon answered. "They have a choice. Or they can opt for the test platform a second time. Oddly, most go that route."

Anna shivered. "It's as cold in here as it was in your founder's vault."

"Remember that fellow on the animal testing floor?" Congdon said. "Satterfield?" I nodded.

"Excuse me," the technician said to Congdon. "Maybe you could move the tour on to the next phase? I've got a subject coming in in just a few minutes."

"We're staying," said Anna. "I consider this part of the complete orientation."

I thought Congdon would balk. Instead, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "It that's what the two of you want, but I'll have to ask you both to step into the control room."

As we walked toward the door, Anna said to the technician, "Have you ever been tempted to try it?" He acted as though he hadn't heard.

We waited behind the speakers and the one-way pane. We waited, and then watched and listened as someone died.

The someone was a young man, perhaps so young he wasn't yet out of his teens. Pale hair, blue eyes, a one-piece white suit. Later, I didn't remember many details. I don't think I wanted to end up having to remember what this living human being looked like when he was alive. Not when I was going to see him probably dead within minutes.

It was all very efficient. Few wasted motions.

The technician led the young man to the test bed. It was just as had been described. Once the technician had left the test area and entered the control room, the subject lay spread-eagled back against the target and activated the fetters. He had some trouble with his left wrist, and the technician had to offer advice through the intercom.

After that, everything went smoothly.

I couldn't take my gaze away as the articulated arms swung into position.

I could not block my ears as the firing sequence started. Click.

"That's one," said the technician unnecessarily.

Click.

There were two seconds between rounds.

Click.

"Do you want to know what the computer's entered?" said the technician, glancing down at a read-out on the board in front of him.

Click.

"No," I said.

"Yes," said Anna.

Chooof.

"Five," said the technician. "That was it."

We watched through the windows as the young man sagged against the bonds on the test bed. He hadn't said anything at all when the bullet entered his chest. I could see a small, round, black hole above where I expected his heart was. A thin line of blood began to stain the white fabric of his garment.

The technician sighed. "No interview with that one." It was all very clinical. Detached. Painless.

It seemed like a dream.

"What was his name?" said Anna.

"We can't tell you that," said Congdon.

A trio I assumed were a cleanup crew entered the test chamber and began to unfasten the young man's body from the disc. The technician turned to us and looked like he wanted to say something, though he didn't.

Anna said, her voice flat, face almost expressionless, "I do want the complete tour. Can we go back to the non-human test floor. I expect you'll be having some...terminations there this morning."

Congdon looked miffed. "That is absolutely out of the question."

I said, "Why?" God knows, we'd seen everything else already. The crew in the test chamber lifted the young man's body onto a gurney and wheeled him out. One stayed and scrubbed at a small smudge of blood that had somehow got on the wood. The cleanup had been fast, and so efficient.

"There are county ordinances."

I didn't know what he was talking about.

"The humane organizations wield considerable clout in Southern California," Congdon explained. "Under the law, only those directly involved with the procedure can watch an animal's termination."

After all, I thought, they have their right to privacy. I turned back toward the empty test chamber. It was clean again. I knew, at this point, that my options were pretty much limited to laughing or crying.

"Perhaps just this once," said Anna, her voice all honey and conciliation, "you could bend the rules?"

"Certainly not." Congdon sounded utterly serious. "What sort of people do you think we are?"

ED BRYANT BIBLIOGRAPHY ANNEX XIIV

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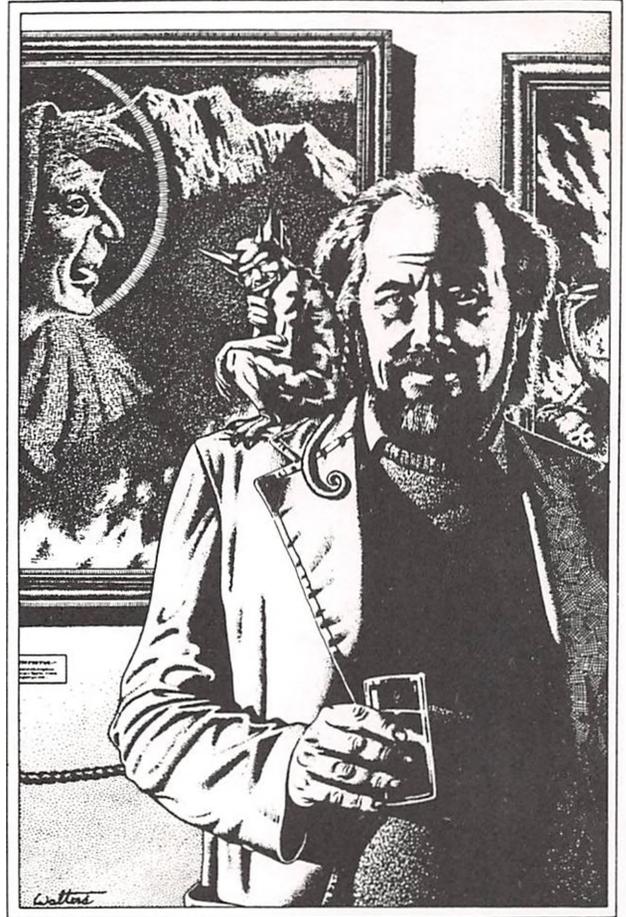
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If Hieronymus Bosch were painting again he'd join his fellow Fantasy artist, Michael Whelan, and exhibit at the Pendragon. It is virtually unique in the USA in that it is entirely dedicated to the dreams and visions reflected from magical places through the artist's eye, which we call 'Fantasy art'. Images from the Brothers Grimm, spacemen and creatures from other mythologies cover its walls and fill its cases. It's the best Fantasy show in the country -- and, its FREE!

Well, er -- sort of.

It's quite true that you don't have to pay admission, and you are free to walk out again after letting your eyes pig out. In fact, while you're there, no one will bother you or in any way make you feel uncomfortable. Cornelia and Steve Theys, Brian Taylor and the rest of the folks at the Pendragon are perfectly willing to rely on the magic of their gallery full of fantasy art to capture your heart and mind. It is hard for a serious fantasy art fan to walk out of the Pendragon without wanting to adopt something.

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works done with the polish and precision of Old Flemish Masters and filled with ideas and detail to keep your mind busy for months. There are even a few inexpensive items mercifully available to those who need an art fix, but aren't ready to invest in a major piece of art. By the way, there are more and more museums, investors and collectors taking interest in Fantasy illustration, so in the next few years, the cost and value of such work is sure to rise steadily.

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