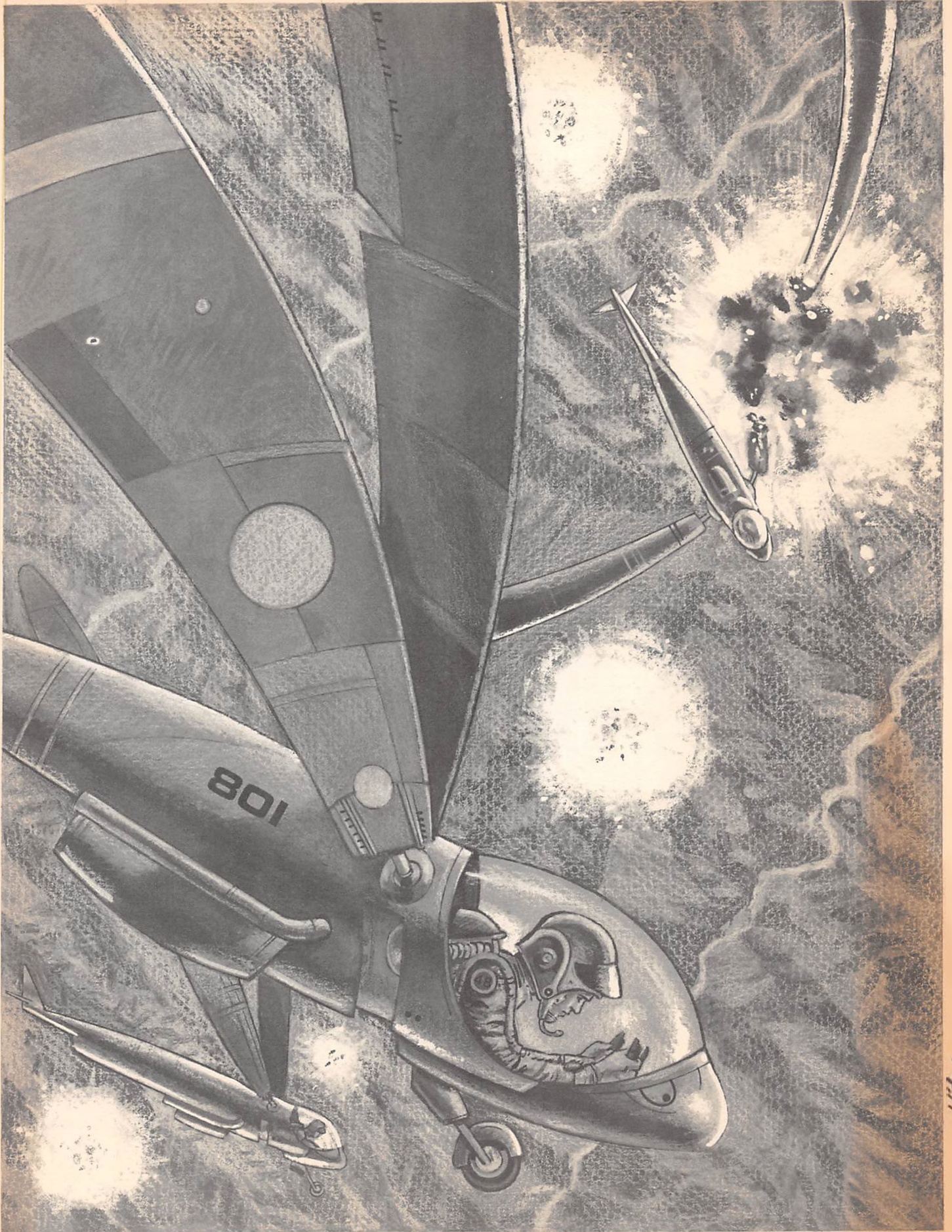


# DISCLAVE

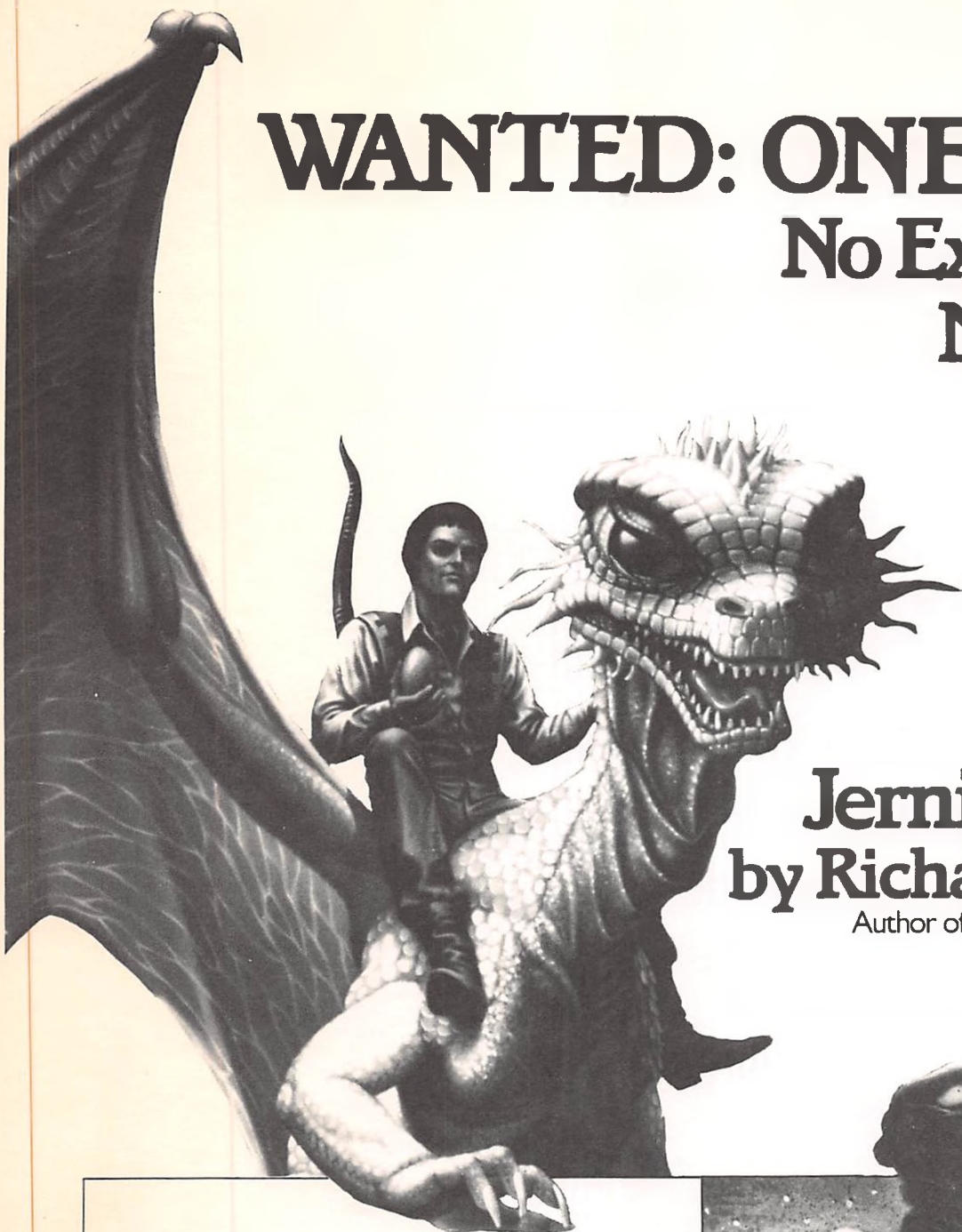
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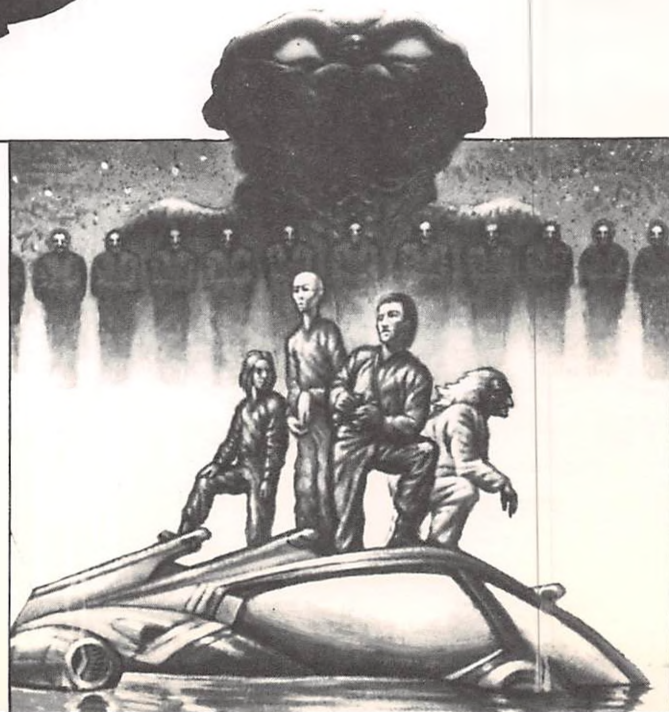
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# DISCLAVE

The Washington Science Fiction Association's 30th Convention in 37 Years

23-26 May 1986 - Memorial Day Weekend

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William Gibson

Featured Artist  
Steve Stiles

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Orson Scott Card  
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Dave Bischoff  
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Chair - Jack C. Heneghan

Official Busybodies - Alan R. Huff & Michael J. Walsh

Art Show - Rosa Oliver, Larry Proskch & Dick Roepke

Babysitting - Kate Terrell

Con Suite - Jul Owings, Scott Barger, Nova, Greg Palmer, Mary Ellen Scanadin, Fontina Shaw, Vicki Smith, Ray Stevens  
and a crew of many!

Films - Mark Owings

Gaming - John T. Sapienza, Jr.

Greenroom - Barry Newton

Huckster Room - Scott & Jane Dennis

Logistics - Charles Gilliland

Programming - Eva Whitley

Programming/Kids - Kate Terrell

## Publications

Badge - Alexis Gilliland

Con Book - Michael J. Walsh

Pocket Program - Eva Whitley

Signs - Joe Mayhew

Treasurer - Bob "Money Bags" MacIntosh

All Art by Steve Stiles except Wm Gibson illustration and Disclave header by Joe Mayhew

# HOW TO DISCLAVE

It's easy to Disclave: relax, after all Disclave is a relaxacon with just enough programming.

It is traditional that it rain sometime during Disclave. Our con suite is by the pool along a sheltered passageway so you shouldn't get too soggy.

The drinking age in Maryland is 21 and Disclave will not knowingly serve beer to anyone under age. We ask that you have valid identification with you should you wish to drink our beer.

Badges are important and should be worn. Why, you may ask.

1. They are works of art by Hugo award winning artist Alexis Gilliland.
2. It's only polite to let people know whom they are talking to.
3. It lets you remember who you are.
4. It lets the hotel know that you are one of us.
5. It lets Disclave know that you are one of us.

And about your Disclave membership . . .

Due to recent changes in the Bylaws of WSFA, all members of Disclave are Associate (non voting) members of WSFA to the end of 1986. For further details on WSFA you may write to us at:

DISCLAVE 86, P.O. Box 971, College Park, MD 20740  
Please include a self addressed stamped envelope.

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"Bubbles are not an accident" - #177

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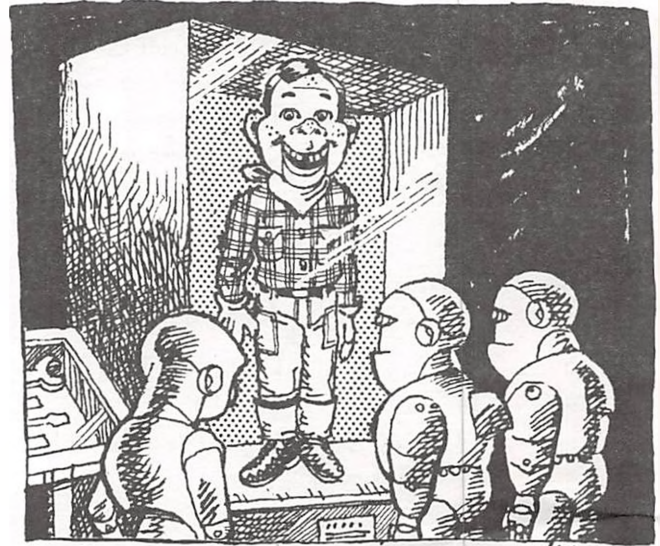
The Official Disclave Weapons Policy In One Word: NO.

More words: Adults can skip this section, as they will not have brought any weapons to the con. 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 strange 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.

The Hotel and Disclave request that you do your sleeping in your room and not in the hallways, lobby, etc. People found sleeping in public will be asked to do it in their rooms - wherever the room might be . . .

The fourth floor is a non-smoking floor. There is a \$500 decontamination charge that the Hotel will levy upon anyone smoking there.



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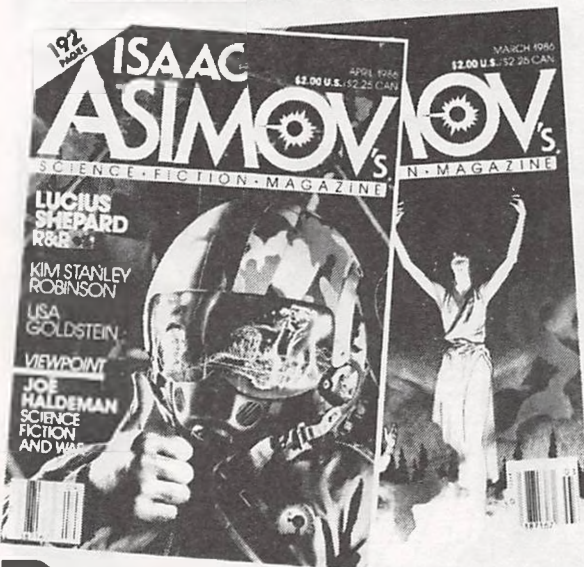


Steve Stiles

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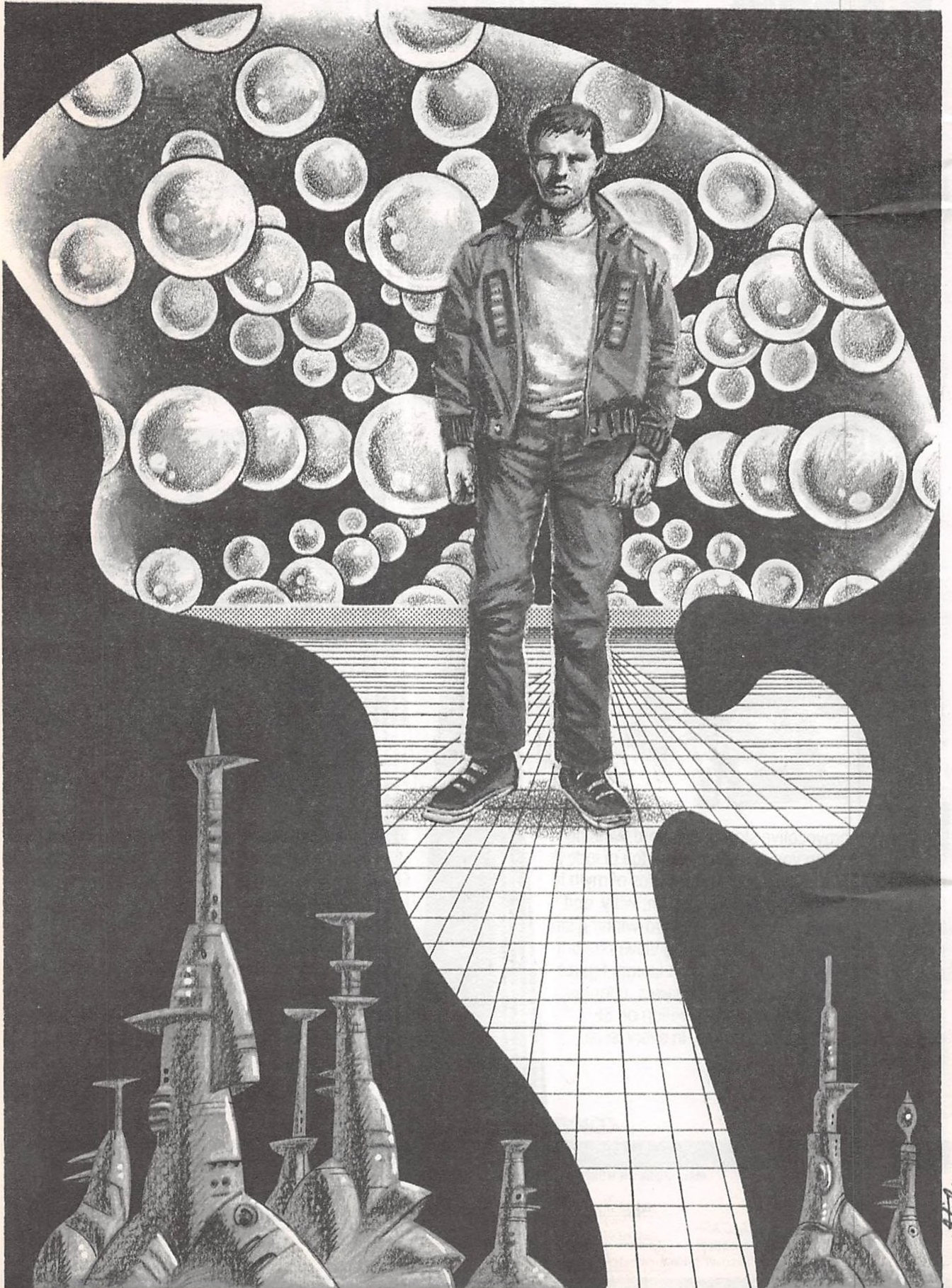
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# NEUROMANCER



# WILLIAM GIBSON

## GUEST OF HONOR

### Fragments of a hologram writer



**POWER-ON:** In 1977, Bill Gibson flicks briefly into view in the third issue of *UNEARTH*. "Fragments of a Hologram Rose" is a glimpse into the future of SF. Synapses close. Somewhere a bank of RAMs reconfigures itself. Tiny red lights appear on darkened consoles.

**BOOT:** "The Gernsback Continuum" appears in *UNIVERSE* 11 in 1981. The tools were in place. Gibson begins reconstructing SF, discarding the outmoded future of the past.

**ACTUATION:** In 1981, the nascent writer comes to the attention of editor Ellen Datlow at *OMNI*. With her hand resting lightly on the trigger, Datlow clears files and makes room on the *OMNI* chipboard for a series of Gibson novellas, the "Sprawl" stories, in which he begins developing the future world of *NEUROMANCER*. They slot into place, each one fitting with machined perfection. The fishhook titles snag at the imagination: "Johnny Mnemonic," "Burning Chrome." The content sinks deeper. Fiction dense and layered as a cross-section of a NASA imaging processor. The surging emotions of the hustlers and losers that populate Gibson's fiction speak against a droning backdrop of fermenting technology. The cybernet shimmers and falls into a new and more complex mode, its information density suddenly trebled.

**RUN:** *NEUROMANCER* slams onto the book racks. Gibson's first novel is a paperback original, an Ace Special. The book leaps and quivers in the reader's hands, as Gibson forces his audience to follow him into the deepest silico-erotic core of the Cybernet. With the accelerating momentum of an out-of-control booster, the book sweeps every major award in the field and starts a new school of writing—awkwardly but indelibly termed "cyberpunk" by Gardner Dozois in the *Washington Post*. Data flows into the Cybernet like a river.

**COMPILER:** As you read Gibson, a mental picture of the author forms: a lean, supple battle-scarred body, twenty percent prosthetic, encased in black leather body-

armor that is partially grafted onto his skin; a burnished chrome plate formfitting over his features with audibly whirring microcams swiveling in the machined eye-sockets; a slot behind the left ear for the insertion of the discs on which his subconscious dictates his fiction; his fingers rebuilt into a variety of specialized tools; his hair the only decoration—jagged leaping shocks of vividly processed cilia.

**OPERATING SYSTEM:** The underlying ur-reality is that of a too-tall, too-thin, soft-spoken Ichabod Crane who has a family, a backyard barbecue, and lives in the gorgeously non-tech city of Vancouver, BC. It is only within the past few months that he wrote on anything but a

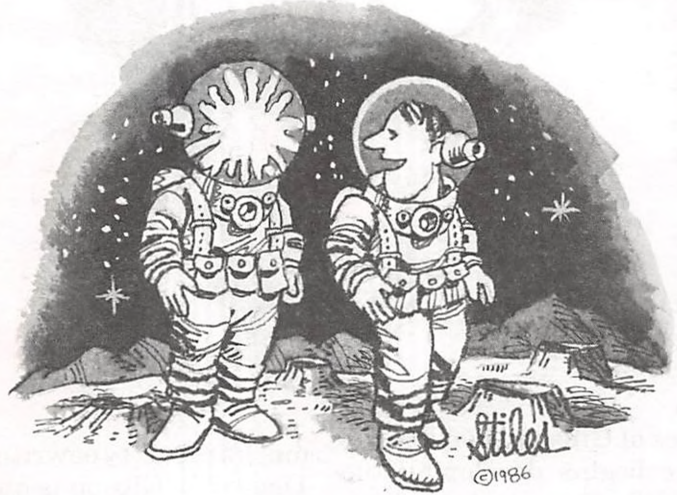
mechanical typewriter ("Where do you plug it in, Daddy?"). Gibson is quiet, shy, and possessed of a truly vicious wit.

**THOUGHTWARE:** The sheer suddenness of his impact on the SF field fits his fiction. A new mode is created, and with the speed of a microprocessor it flashes throughout the community, spawning imitators, changing attitudes, fostering debate in its wake.

**INTERRUPT:** "The effect was galvanic, helping to wake the genre from its dogmatic slumbers. Roused from its hibernation, SF is lurching from its cave into the bright sunlight of the modern zeitgeist. And we are lean and hungry and not in the best of tempers. From now on things are going to be different."—Bruce Sterling, from his introduction to *BURNING CHROME*.

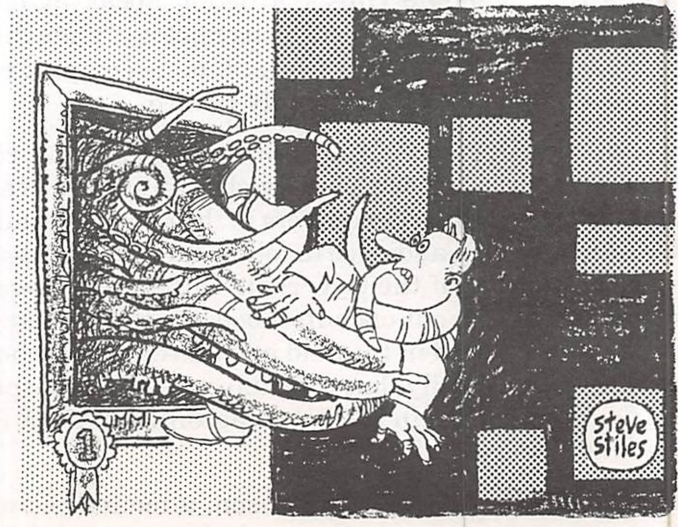
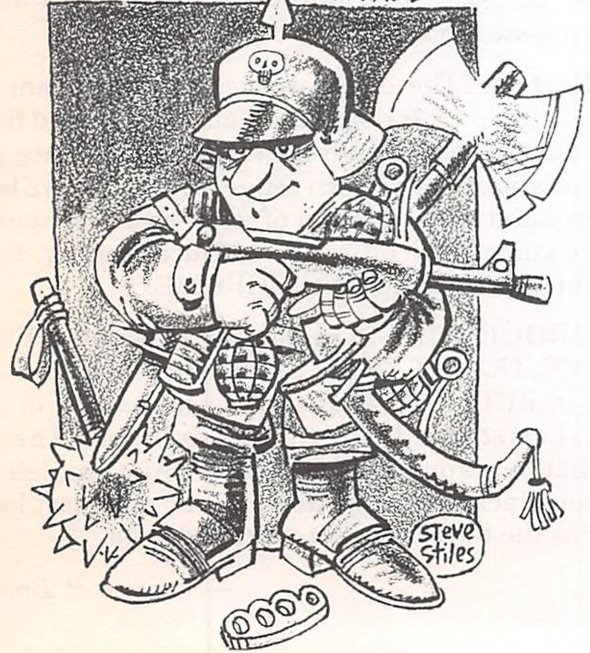
**MULTIPROCESSING:** The companion book to *NEUROMANCER*, *COUNT ZERO*, is now available in hardback, as is *BURNING CHROME*, a collection of the complete short stories. It's all there. Three books. There'll be more, but this is only 1986. There isn't any time left for speculation. Jack into these three books, and start kicking back at the flaccidity that surrounds you.

—Stephen P. Brown



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# STEVE STILES FEATURED ARTIST

## Artist of Distinction

Steve Stiles, like all true fen, began life with a handicap. As a child he wasn't fully accepted in his neighborhood. It wasn't because he was a skinny, bookish, nonathletic kid who wore glasses, although those traits drew attention to how different he was. No, Steve's real handicap was that no true New Yorker, born and bred, is a Southern Baptist. He first began to remedy that by joining a boy scout troop at the 92nd Street YM&YWA. Next, he went to Music and Art and decided to continue his rehabilitation by deciding to become unborn again and an artist.

Steve's feet were firmly set down the nonconformist path. There was only one thing for the shy teenager to do. He became a fan by contributing to F. M. and Elinor Busby's *Cry of the Nameless* in 1957. Then, horror of horrors, he went to his first Lunacon in 1959. As if that wasn't enough, he even became one of the original Fanoclasts, that New York club which included Ted White, Lee Hoffman and other sundry, unsavory characters who spent their spare time writing and drawing for fanzines. Surely this was a warped way to have fun. Where were the sandlot ballgames, the nights at the bowling alley?

Over the years, Steve became more and more embroiled in fandom, writing and drawing for White's/Benford's *Void*, Dick Lupoff's *Xero*, Larry and Noreen Shaw's *Axe*, Walter Breen's *Fanac*, APA-X, Dick Geis' *Psychotic*, Charlie Brown's *Locus*, etc. He was so sucked into the fanish lifestyle that over the past 18 years he published, using such arcane techniques as ditto and the more common mimeo (he was a whiz at stenciling art), *SAM*, *Skiffle*, *Tonight's the Night*, and a half dozen others. Of these, other than art directing *BSFAN 13* (*BSFAN 15* will be out real soon now), *SAM 15* was the latest. As a reward for all his effort, he won TAFF in 1968 (the second half of the Taff report is "forthcoming") and was nominated for a Fanart Hugo.

But all was not fanac for our Steve. Even as a mere lad at Wagner UHS, he knew he had special talent. He entered an original design for the brand new school's logo. His design didn't win. However, he did learn an important lesson of the art world - he who cheats or has the right person backing him will have his work gain approval among the commercial louts. The winner of the school-wide contest had copied his design from an air conditioning firm logo.

Despite such setbacks, our plucky hero went from Music and Art to the School of Visual Arts. He was an artist! No elite liberal arts college for him, even though he'd won a scholarship. Besides, he'd proven his talent and won a scholarship to the art college, too. Visual Arts was where you learned from the best pros. He graduated, served in the Army as (what else!) an artist and became a pasteup artist for RC Studios for too many years. Between fanac and overtime there was barely time to be creative. Yet our Steve managed.

He became a professional cartoonist beginning with his initial sales to Paul Krasner's *The Realist*. From 1975, when he left the advertising studio for Florida and then Baltimore with a short hiatus



in Arlington, VA, through 1979 Steve freelanced for Marvel's British Department and then with his own strip, written with Dick Lupoff, *Professor Thintwhistle & His Incredible Aether Flyer*, in *Heavy Metal*. From 1973-83 he created strips for Dennis Kitchen's Sink undergrounds, including his own title, *Hyper*.

Steve has remained a cartoonist but does occasionally turn his hand to illustration. During the mid-sixties he collaborated with Dan Adkins on some prozine assignments and for *Creepy* and *Eerie*. When Ted White was editing *Amazing Steve* illustrated a Greg Benford story *The Prince of York*. His illustrative style at its best incorporates his puckish sense of humor. A prime example was "The Atrocity Exhibit" series of paintings and drawings at a recent Balticon. Others are his design for the ConStellation T-shirt and one I'm almost sorry sold at the last Balticon of a space cat.

Marriage in October of '81 meant leaving full-time freelancing for awhile. He again became a pasteup

artist, but his time for an advertising department rather than an ad agency (no overtime). Alas, before he could complete his masterpiece strip, LA Benson fell victim to declining heavy industry. They laid him off and he was back to freelancing full-time again.

Today, Steve Stiles is busily drawing his own SF/fantasy adventure backup feature comic, which he hopes to sell to a direct sales publisher for big bucks. He's also writing (not always) and drawing for Dennis Kitchen's SF/horror, bimonthly direct sales comic, *Death Rattle*. He was drawing Royal Roy stories for Star (Marvel's kiddie line) and writing and drawing a regular strip for *Stardate* until they both folded.

In between his many projects and portfolio pieces, Steve finds time to play with his wife Elaine, their dog Watson and their two cats Ophie and Spookie in and around their house in Baltimore. Often, they are accompanied by friends.

When you visit the art show here at DisClave you'll see examples of both types of Stiles art. He'll have cartoons, comic strips and illustrations, including a painting or two. If you attend his speech/slide show and a Stiles panel you'll catch live examples of his wit. Anyway you look at it, what characterizes his style is a feel for story flow and expression. The distinctiveness of his work can best be summarized by a young engineer at my office and sometime dog sitter who happened to catch me xeroxing *Professor Thintwhistle*, that Victorian masterpiece. He cornered me and crowed, "Your husband's the Steve Stiles!" Yes, the one and only Steve Stiles, funniest man in Rhode Island.

—Elaine Stiles

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GUEST OF HONOR

## GENE WOLFE

" Gene Wolfe is so good that he leaves me speechless...Every book that comes out seems to have superlatives all over the cover. What can you say to make people realize that this, for once, at last, is the real thing?" - Ursula K. Le Guin

ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

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WRITERS, PUBLISHERS, ETC: The ABA will be in Washington, DC the same weekend as DISCLAVE. We hope you will be able to participate in both conventions. We want to schedule an extensive series of readings by authors, parties, and other events to get you together with a most appreciative audience: our theme this year is HOSPITALITY.

LOOKING FOR FANAC? DISCLAVE is a relaxacon which means we don't try to put on more things than we can comfortably staff or you can comfortably get to. But we are planning to add a masquerade limited to Gene Wolfe character costumes, a 1960's style one shot con fanzine you can work on, and we are open to good ideas and help. We want you ( and your cookies) to be an important part of DISCLAVE'87 - and most of all, we want everyone to have a lot of fun together at DISCLAVE'87.

DEALERS: \$45.00 for the first table; \$55.00 for the second (no third). A rebate of \$5.00 per table will be returned for tables dealing only in books. Please note that all dealers and staff working in our Huckster's room must have DISCLAVE'87 memberships (not included in the table fees).

ARTISTS: Exhibitors must have DISCLAVE'87 memberships. Disclave will take a 10% commission (up to a maximum of \$30.00) on sales but no hanging fee. No Prints.

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