

DISCLAVE 1997



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The 56th Annual World Science Fiction Convention

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Baltimore, Maryland USA

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August 1998						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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Membership Rates

	10/01/96 - 09/30/97	10/01/97 - 06/15/98
Supporting:	\$30	\$30
Attending:	\$110	\$130
Children's:	\$55	\$65

(4 to 12 years old on August 5, 1998)

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Disclave 1997

AUTHOR GUEST OF HONOR: Patricia Anthony
ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR: Lissanne Lake
FAN GUEST OF HONOR: Peggy Rae Pavlat

May 23 - 26, 1997
Memorial Day Weekend

RAMADA INN CONFERENCE & EXHIBITION CENTER
8500 ANNAPOLIS ROAD
NEW CARROLLTON, MD 20784

Program Participants:

France Andrews, Patricia Anthony, Shirley Avery, Eric Baker, Ameeta Barlow, Briccio Barrientos, Covert Beach, Joseph L. Bellofatto, Jr., N. Taylor Blanchard, Mira Blankenship, Michael Capobianco, Robert R. Chase, Hal Clement, Brenda Clough, D.H. Covey, Joni Brill Dashoff, Todd Dashoff, Ted Davis, Bonnie Davis, Keith R.A. DeCandido, Martin Deutsch, Cathy Doyle, Scott Edelman, Halla Fleischer, Marina Frants, Alexis Gilliland, Laura Anne Gilman, Erica Ginter, Peter Heck, Rikk Jacobs, Jane Jewell, Eric A. Johnson, Tom Kidd, Annette Curtis Klause, Karl Kofoed, Eric Kotani, Lissanne Lake, Jagi Lamplighter, Kathei Logue, Bob MacIntosh, Joe Mayhew, Steve Michaluk, Ron Miller, James Morrow, Michael Nelson, Mark L. Olson, Aly Parsons, Peggy Rae Pavlat, LW Perkins, Sam Pierce, John Pomeranz, Katya Reimann, Ray Ridenour, Mark Rogers, Darrell Schweitzer, Hannah M.G. Shapero, Charles Sheffield, R. Wayt Smith, Ian Randal Strock, Colleen Stumbaugh, Michael Swanwick, Brain Taves, Tom Veal, Bob Walters, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Diane Weinstein, Steve White, Kip Williams, John C. Wright, and YOU.

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Special thanks to artist GOH Lissanne Lake for the cover art and illustrations.

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Disclave is a production of the Washington Science Fiction Association.

Chairman's Message

By Michael Nelson

On behalf of our committee and staff, I welcome you to Disclave—the Washington Science Fiction Association's annual "Gathering of the Fans."

Wow, Disclave returns to New Carrollton. I remember driving down from New Jersey with Uncle Den in the 1980s to throw parties at past Disclaves here. And now (in theory), I'm in charge of the whole crab cake. As the philosopher Jerry Garcia said, "What a long strange trip we've been on."

In my first outing as a con chair, I've tried to pass along as much responsibility to my committee as I could. I've been blessed with many talented people who have done an excellent job of preparing for this event.

Last year, we started our planning with the realization that this Disclave would probably be small. So we have tried to create a Disclave that will reflect the traditions of early Disclaves. I see this convention as a relaxed reunion of science fiction fans for the renewing of friendships, the exchange of ideas, and the celebration of a new summer.

So relax, make some new friends, and check out the pleasures Disclave has to offer. If you enjoy this Disclave, I will point out that your Disclave membership is also a one-year Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA) membership. You are welcome to attend our meetings on the first and third Fridays of each month. Drop by the information table to get more details on WSFA. Or check out our new web site at <http://www.wsfa.org>.

Michael Nelson
May 1, 1997



About Discovery

By Charles C. Ryan
Editor, *Aboriginal Science Fiction*

Editing is about discovery. Like explorers hacking their way through the jungle with a machete, editors cut and slash through piles of paper obstructions cluttering their journey toward a good story.

The only problem is that explorers have a better chance of finding something good at the end of their journey than an editor does. Most of the time, all an editor finds are unending paper trails, swamps of expository prose, mountains of simplistic plots, mazes of bad similes and metaphors, and a population explosion of hapless characters.

Explorers, on the other hand, can pluck ripe fruit from overhead branches to sate their hunger. They can cool off in a river. They might stumble upon a cache of ivory, or trip over a diamond, or fall upon a vein of gold.

The only equivalent for an editor is the discovery of a good writer. But even that is a falsehood, because editors don't really "discover" good writers. The writers do that. All an editor does is see the obvious.

And it was obvious from her first submission to *Aboriginal Science Fiction* that Patricia Anthony was that rough diamond, that vein of gold — a true writer. Unlike the stories of many wannabe writers who deluge editors with manuscripts that never vary except by way of a change of title, Pat's work kept improving. She wasn't content to write another story just like the last one (because it sold).

Instead, she worked on her craft. She took risks. She learned to convey the same thing in a short story that other writers need the length of a novel to say. And most important of all, she learned to be her own best and worst critic.

That's important, because the most important tool a writer possesses is a red pencil (or the delete key on a computer). It's used to cut away the jungle of extra words to find a story's true path.

Pat's characters are real, and alive. They are cut from the dry plains of Texas, the teeming cities of Brazil, the heartland of America.

The truth is that there is no such thing as a "new" plot. Shakespeare knew that, and stole from the best. But it was what Shakespeare *did* with those old plots that made him great.

And it is what Pat does with her stories that makes her one of the great new writers in the field. There are no simple engineering solutions to complex problems. There are no magic fixes. If all you like are happy endings, read no further, because you don't want to read literature, you want cotton candy. You won't get a sweet tooth reading Pat's stories. But you will be touched. You will have your heart and mind opened. You will want to read more.

Each of her stories, whether it explores a temporary mini-universe or voyages to Jupiter's moon Io, reaches through the white noise of life to pierce the human heart.

What more can you ask of any writer?

Charles C. Ryan is editor of *Aboriginal Science Fiction*, a three-time Hugo Award Nominee magazine. Subscriptions are \$21.50 for 4 issues, \$39 for 8 and \$55 for 12. Send to *Aboriginal Science Fiction* P.O. Box 2449, Woburn, MA 01888-0849.

ACE Congratulates
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 and Acclaimed Author of...

COLD ALLIES

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**"Chilling...splendid characters and
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 OF THE BEAGLE**

**"A highly accomplished piece of
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**HAPPY
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**CRADLE OF
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**"A joy to read...Anthony is one
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 her genius for innovation. One of the
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—*Library Journal*



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How I Moved to Washington, D.C., and Learned All About Sex

By Patricia Anthony

See, here's the thing...back in 1968 I moved to Lisbon, Portugal, a place so repressed that during the title portion of the movie "Barbarella" when Jane Fonda starts stripping, the men in the audience clapped and whistled and acted like fools at a football rally—until her breasts were bare. At that moment there fell an awed and disbelieving hush. I looked around at the audience, and it was evident the Portuguese could not believe what they were seeing. I'm betting most of those guys went back to see that movie every night it played; that is, if their wives let them.

After a year I moved to Brazil where the population was liberated, but the movies and the magazines weren't. By the time I made it back to the U.S. it was 1975 and the sexual revolution had been won.

Okay, so I'm living in Reston, Virginia, and I'm standing in line at a People's Drugs. It's about seven o'clock on a Friday afternoon, and a bunch of government types in business suits, six-packs of Loenbrau under their arms, are waiting to check out behind me.

I see something new on the counter.

"Playgirl?" I ask the female clerk. "Is that like a 'Playboy' for women? Hey. That's kinda neat."

"Yeah," she says. "You seen the centerfold this month?" And she flips open the magazine and ... whoa! What do my Southern Baptist-raised eyes behold? My expression must have been that of a Portuguese upon first witnessing "Barbarella."

"Cute, isn't he?" the clerk asks.

Maybe. I wasn't looking at his face.

So I tell my husband when I get home, "You'll NEVER BELIEVE it! They've got magazines with NEEKID MEN in them and whole displays of condoms ALL OUT IN THE OPEN, and NOBODY thinks anything ABOUT IT! Isn't it WAY COOL!?"

Okay, that's memory lane.

I lived in Reston and then in Springfield for a while. For a political junkie, Washington, D.C., is like mainlining. I sold computers and cars (a big deal back in the 70s for a woman). My son and his family still live here (he manages a Domino's in Georgetown), and my ex-hubby still hunts the streets. So you'd think I could ace the setting for BROTHER TERMITE without using a reference book? Hah. I found out that M street, that charming cobblestone road by the Potomac, now has an elevated freeway over it. Bummer.

Well, the White House is still here, and the Capitol and Smithsonian and all. I bet they still pick blackberries out by Wolf Trap. I like all those red brick houses in Virginia, too. My opinion, y'all do good trees here, and you want to know how BAD things are in Texas? I like your climate.



Patricia Anthony Bibliography

COLD ALLIES, hc 1992, Harcourt Brace
pb 1994, Ace
winner, Locus award, Best First Novel

BROTHER TERMITE, hc 1993, Harcourt Brace
pb 1995, Ace
in production by James Cameron's Lightstorm, John Sayles adapting

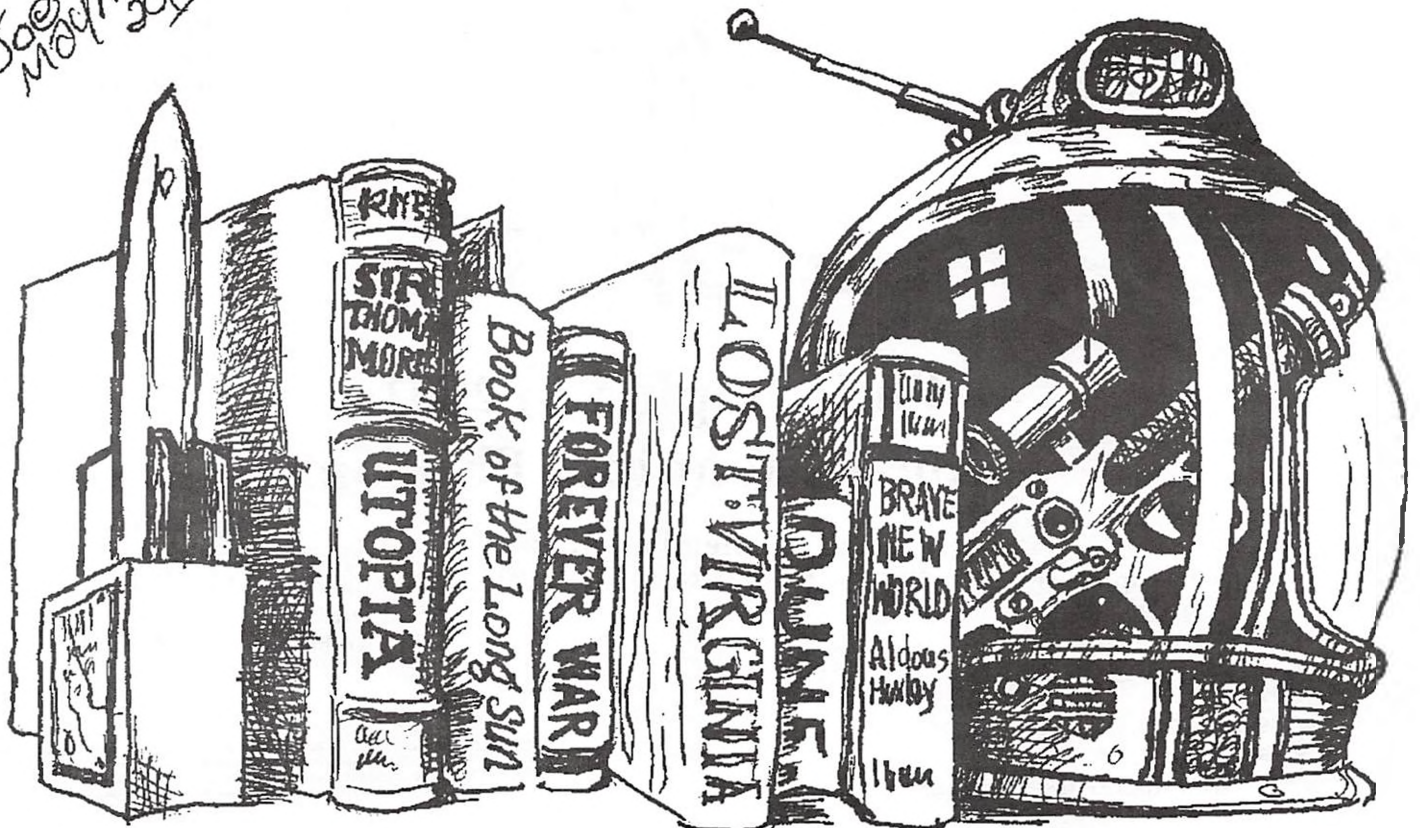
CONSCIENCE OF THE BEAGLE, hc 1993, First Books
pb 1995, Ace

HAPPY POLICEMAN, hc 1994, Harcourt Brace
pb 1996, Ace
short listed for Arthur C. Clarke Award

CRADLE OF SPLENDOR, hc 1996 Ace
pb 1997, Ace

GOD'S FIRES, hc April 1997, Ace

Joe Mayhew
2002



You won't have to go *Between* to get here.

Ben's been taking a few wild twists and turns on his journey through time and space to Philadelphia, but you won't have to. Philadelphia's excellent location and transportation system means your trip couldn't be simpler. We're located at the intersection of multiple interstate highways. Rail lines from north,

south and west converge in the city. And our Philadelphia International Airport allows fans to fly here directly from Europe and around the country. You can even come by cruise ship! It's just a hop and a skip with no jump *Between* to get here. We're not just fan friendly, we're also *feet* friendly.

- Rail connection from the airport directly to the convention center and hotel
- Fixed price cab fare from the airport to Center City
- Blue Line Subway Stop under the Convention
- Greyhound bus terminal 2 blocks away



- Located at the junction of I-95 and I-76, drive only 4 blocks on local city streets
- From 30th Street Station, use your Amtrak ticket to ride the local trains directly to the convention
- The Phlash visitor loop bus goes to hotels, restaurants, museums and historic sites for just \$3.00 a day

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The Debate Between the Fantasy and SF Readers

By Samuel Lubell

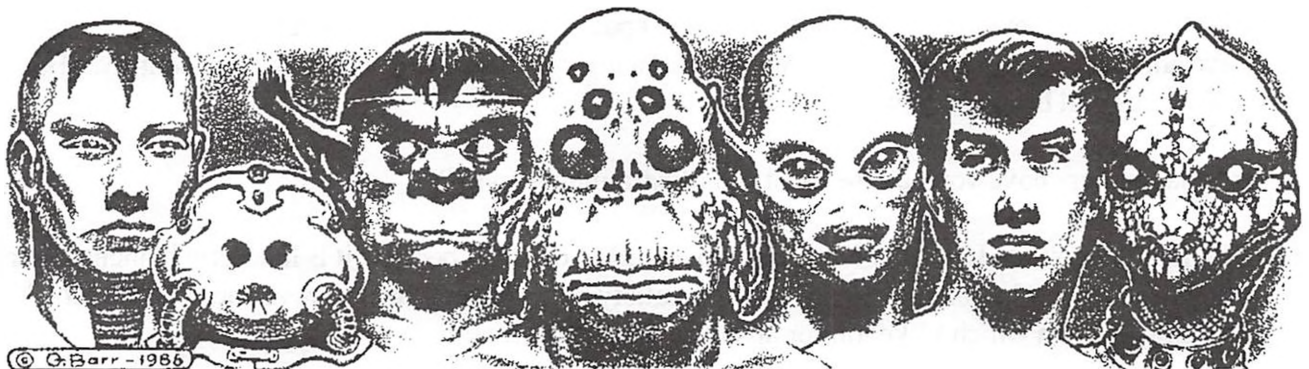
It lies just beyond those hills
Or hidden in that wood
It's spotted in the eye's corner
On the second before morn

It hovers just out of reach
A shiny field of stars
It sparkles on planets' distant shores
And grows closer every hour

The world of could not be
The world of never-was
Legend's truth and dream's reality
The path untrod, the road not taken

The world still yet to be
The world that might be true
The future's possibilities and the past's alternatives
If this goes on, the road extrapolated

They come together, going their separate ways
Two roads diverged, two parallel lanes
They feud and fight, as siblings not foes
The same sense of wonder, the same leap to the unknown.



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Disclave Interviews Lissanne Lake 1997 Artist Guest of Honor

Disclave: When did you first decide to be an artist?

Lissanne Lake: When I couldn't become a genetic researcher. Actually I was 14. I wanted to become a geneticist, but they wouldn't let you create things so I went into art. By the time my brother became a geneticist, they did. He's into recombinant DNA research. Watch out world!

D: What convinced you that you could go professional?

LL: It was go professional or starve. If you paint, you paint because there is nothing else you want to do. Like with any profession in which one is self-employed, it is very hard. You get a lot of rejection at first. Eventually someone picks you up.

Working in art is very different from writing. You don't get work at first because people don't trust you. You can't work as an illustrator unless you have already worked as an illustrator. It's a catch 22. But eventually you will find someone desperate enough to pick you up. I found Llewellyn Books. They were doing new age books and wanted them to have a fantasy look. I worked for them for five years. I did my first cover, and the distributors loved it; I did another and they ran away with the roughs. I started doing one or two a month. They actually put out fantasy novels, too. I have covers of novels in the fantasy section from a new age company which is the strangest thing since it's not fantasy to their readers.

D: What are your favorite things to paint?

LL: Animals, monsters, expressive people, and action. They have meaning. I like to paint animals because I started out painting animals and monsters because they are very creative. I'm not painting something off a photograph. I like to paint action because it gives me a chance to put meaning and expression into the painting.

D: What is your favorite painting and why?

LL: That's impossible. It changes, I have half a dozen I won't sell so I guess you can call them my favorites. I have a painting of my late cat, which I painted just after he died, that I like very much. And I have another called Amadan-na-Briona. It is of a mystical fairie jester from the 12th century. (Both of these pieces will be at Disclave.)

D: What authors have you had the most fun illustrating and why?

LL: I like to illustrate Lafferty, Disch, and Lovecraft. Lovecraft because it is like carte blanche to make up things. Lafferty has enough imagination to satisfy half a dozen illustrators at once. Disch too. Now I'm doing Tolkien which I like too for an entirely different reason.

D: Aren't you worried that Tolkien has been illustrated so many times?



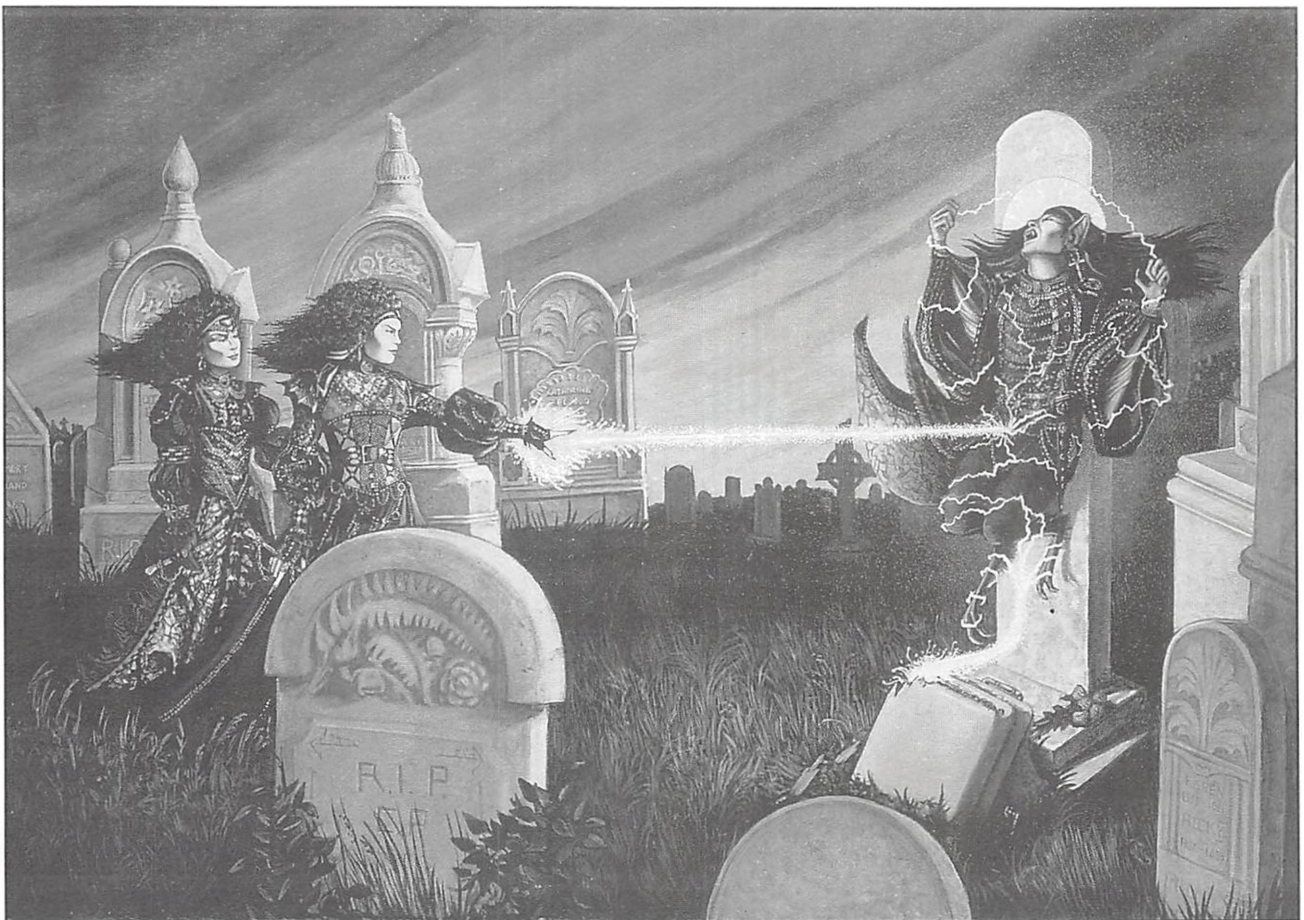
LL: Although there are some exceptions, most of the illustrations of *Lord of the Rings* are inaccurate or unsatisfactory, so I'm not worried. Generally, that's why so many of these companies like my work. They know that they can look at my painting and recognize the story and the objects in the story. That's the skill called illustration.

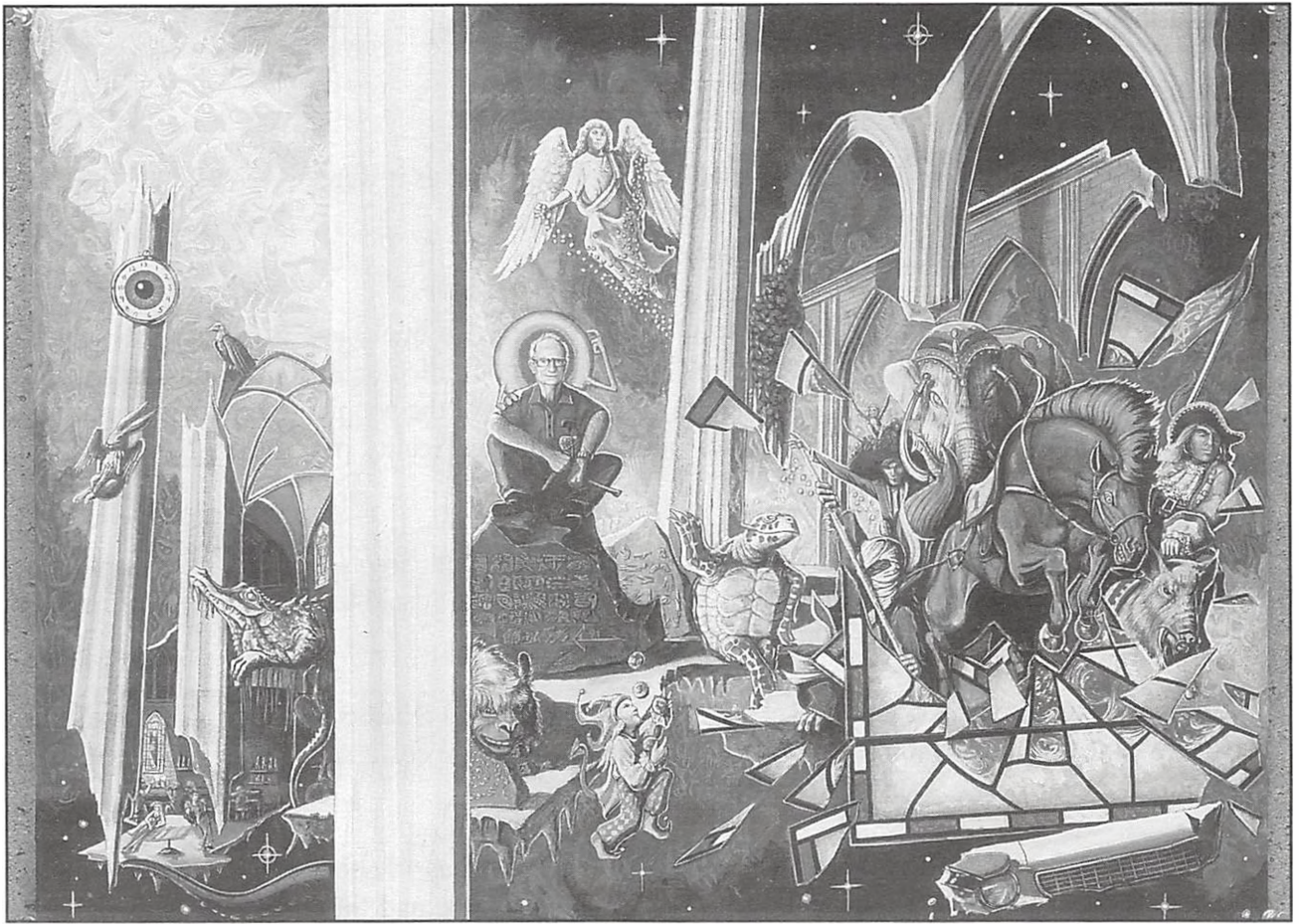
D: How do you approach doing a book cover?

LL: Any of a number of ways. Some companies will give you the idea on very specific terms down to (and I don't approve of this) giving a thumbnail and saying we want this. Sometimes they say read the book or give you a reader's summary. It depends on what you have to start with. Generally in SF and fantasy, an artist will illustrate a scene out of a book. Quite often the editor or art director will suggest a scene, other times scenes suggest themselves.

D: How long does a painting take and what steps do you go through?

LL: Paintings have taken me anywhere from ten hours for small paintings to two and half weeks for complex ones. The steps are: first, finding good reference materials. If you know what you want, you draw a thumbnail and/or photograph it in the case of people. Then you create some rough sketches, one or more depending on what's required. These are rather carefully finished pencil sketches, but are called roughs. At that point, you submit the rough to be approved. Then the art director will make changes (or not), and you go on to make the painting.





I have a Xerox that I use a great deal to shoot the roughs and references up and down to get them to the right size. I'll make a full-size copy of my rough in the size I intend to do the painting and make a transfer from that. How to make a transfer:

You flop it (reverse it) on a color Xerox, then you blow it up (enlarge it) to the intended size of the painting. Then you take a sheet of tracing paper and carefully trace the flop (large reversed image). When you turn the tracing paper over, the image you want to paint will be on the back. You trace it with a stylus (ballpoint pen) and get an exact duplicate of the rough. That way you can transfer it in steps. For example, if I had a robe with a lot of detail, I'd first transfer the outline of the robe, paint it in a flat color, and then transfer the detail on top. I can do this because I work in acrylic; an oil painter will have to do this differently. From then on you do the painting in stages, generally working from the further point to the nearest one. If you first paint someone's head and then try to do the sky, you'll either be washing brush strokes into the head you already painted, or have a splotchy sky.

D: What is your favorite medium in which to work and why?

LL: It's acrylics. I'm allergic to oil paints. I've not had a choice about that.

D: How has your style changed and for what reasons?

LL: I get more photorealistic. I get more and more accurate to reality. I've gone closer to reality rather

than farther away.

D: Was that by choice?

LL: I prefer photorealism. I prefer making the unreal look real, as it were.

D: Could you tell us the origins of these paintings?

LL: **A Troll of Surewould Forrest** (cover of Disclave program book) appeared for a Thomas Disch story in *Amazing*. It was intended for a book cover but it got pulled (cancelled) along with *Amazing*. The images were totally from me. They are my visualization of the people in the story. It was about a pizza delivery boy who goes off on an adventure in a virtual reality park in the New York Public Library.

Songbirds (Page 11 and Disclave T-shirt) was for a book called *Creative Visualizations*. I came up with the idea from something mentioned in the text of the book. It said to “visualize your image going up in bubbles” and I thought that this idea was great.

Bloodrites: Reanimator (Page 12). There is a group of Blood Rites costumers, a bunch of master-level costumers who won all the awards known to man with these costumes. So they asked me to paint them in character. The costumes were their design.

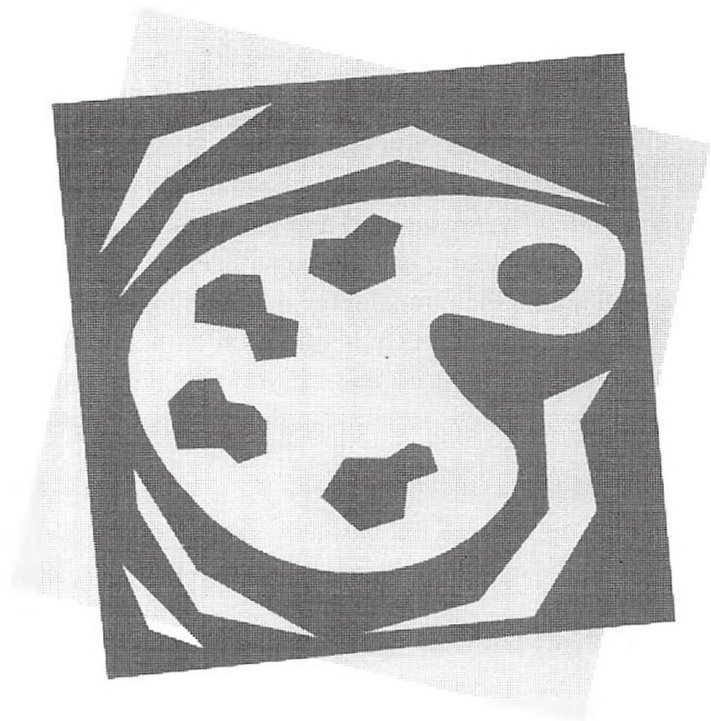
Lafferty in Orbit (Page 13). That’s a strange one. The book has 19 short stories. In my painting for the book’s cover is Lafferty, elements from the 19 short stories, and the three recurring elements in those stories—the shattered earth, the dissolving cathedral, and chaos. The last symbol from “Continued on the Next Rock” is what I use for my signature; it happened to fit.

Trouble in the Ruins (Back Cover). That was for *Dragon* magazine. It was their campaign adventure issue, I think. This is one of the paintings when I was free to do anything—as long as it was campaign adventure oriented. Which is pretty much anything.

D: What do you think is the most artistic site in D.C.?

LL: I like the Watergate hotel, strangely enough. I like the monolith look of D.C., overall. It’s like going to a park with a display of artistic architecture every block or so. It’s quite unlike any place I’ve ever been.

This interview was conducted and written by Samuel Lubell.



Bio of Lissanne Lake Artist Guest of Honor

by Alan Reid

Lissanne has been displaying artwork at science fiction conventions for quite a few years now. People seem to like her work; she has numerous “Best of Show” awards and ribbons from Worldcon and every major east coast SF convention. Of course, for those of you who are not familiar with her work, her art has regularly graced many books and publications, including such notable companies as Doubleday Books, TSR Hobbies, and Upper Deck Cards over the last several years.

It is no surprise that I find Lissanne’s paintings an inspiration. When I first met her and then saw her works, I thought she was the best painter there ever was. I’ve never had any reason to doubt this. Simply put, she paints things that come to life. Combining photographic rendering, an educated use of symbolism, haunting naturalist paintings, and drop-dead accurate human portraiture with vivid, unaffected animation in one image, which is what she does, results in stunning illustrations with a unique power to communicate.

Since 1989, Lissanne has been working full-time as a freelance illustrator. She has done more than 60 book covers, as well as dozens of paintings for magazine covers and interiors. She also has done advertising art for various markets and worked on several collectible trading card games now in print.

Although she has on occasion painted normal, naturalistic, or historical subjects, most of her work is straight science fiction, fantasy, or of a fantastic nature. She paints exclusively in various acrylic media, and more or less always has, being allergic to oil paints. The paintings are usually rendered on sheets of prepared masonite, because it has the best archival value.

Lissanne is pleased that she has had assignments at various times to illustrate favorite writers such as H.P. Lovecraft, Tom Disch, R.A. Lafferty, and Terry Pratchett. I would say that it has made her very happy that she chose this profession.

Lissanne’s recent and upcoming publications in this field include:

Eating Memory, by Patricia Anthony (Old Earth Books)

Nightmare's Disciple (Chaosium)

Men at Arms, by Terry Pratchett (Doubleday)

Feet of Clay, by Terry Pratchett (Doubleday)

This is my Blood, by David Niall Wilson (Transylvania Press)

Lilith, Book 1, by D. Heely (Llewellyn)

Sorcerer's Crib Sheet, by Sanford Berenberg and Bill Omesdahl (West End Games)

Fires of Marl (West End Games)

Terra Incognita Issue One (cover)

Galactic Empires (Companion Games)

Mythos: Mythos Now!, Standard, and Dreamland cards (Chaosium)

Middle Earth: Dark Minions, The Lidless Eye, and Against the Shadows cards (Iron Crown Enterprises)

Gridiron cards (Upper Deck)

Supernova cards (Heartbreaker)

Alan Reid has been with Lissanne for the last 18 years.

A Few Personal Notes On the Disclave Fan Guest of Honor

By Michael J. Walsh

In choosing to honor Peggy Rae Pavlat, Disclave has done a Good Thing. She has been a fan all her life and a leading figure in DC area fandom for many years. And she really had no choice in the matter; after all, her father (Jack McKnight) manufactured the first Hugo and her stepfather (Bill Evans) was long active in WSFA and also managed to be the Treasurer of Discon I and Discon II (Bill was also the Hugo administrator for ConStellation I—more on that later). So...no choice, genetically doomed.

She has over the years opened her house to many fan events, from WSFA and Disclave meetings to WorldCon meetings. And she has housed the archives of FAPA (the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, a group of fen who have been doing the fanzine thing since the first WorldCon) for ages.

Just for the above D.C. area fandom is thankful; but wait, there's more.

Somewhere somehow she was bitten by the "con bug," a disease for which there is no known cure. Over the years she has handled Press Relations for the 1980 WorldCon (Noreascon) and the 1982 WorldCon (Chicon), developed Programming for the 1986 WorldCon (ConFederation), chaired the 1991 Disclave (and also discovered the joy of book publishing), etc., etc. Oh yes, she's chairing the 1998 WorldCon in Baltimore—y'all come!

But let's jump back to 1983. To quote Charles Dickens, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

The WorldCon in Baltimore was soon to happen. Peggy was managing one the largest divisions of the con and the most public: Programming and Special Events. How the con was seen and enjoyed by

the attendees was largely in her hands. Her husband, Bob Pavlat, was not a member of the committee, but his advice was welcome and always useful. Months before the con he became ill and passed away suddenly. Somehow, with an inner strength that most of us can only hope for, she took care of what had to be done.

And through it all, she managed to provide ConStellation with stellar programming and stellar events. At the end of the con fandom went home happy, with a smile on their collective faces.

As it turns out, one of the reasons fandom was so happy was due to the



fact they received more than their money's worth. A serious financial faux pas left ConStellation in red ink. We had two options: one, declare bankruptcy, or two, pay the bills.

The board agreed, as did the committee, that there was no question: pay the bills. So, with pushing and prodding on her part, and the help of many fen (especially those in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles), the convention paid the bills, the last remaining creditors getting something like 80 to 90 cents on the dollar.

Somehow, she managed to find the energy to help keep one particular WorldCon from declaring bankruptcy. And having done it once she has no desire to do it again, so I know that Bucconeer is in good hands. And in 1999 she will be able to wear one fandom's major "battle ribbons": Past WorldCon Chair.

Oh, one of her distant cousins, Lamont Cranston, taught her the ancient secret oriental art of clouding peoples minds so that they would volunteer to mow her lawn.

Michael J Walsh chaired ConStellation I and has his own long career in fandom.

Thanks for the Munchies

The Con Suite staff:

Lance Oszko

Ed "Whitey" Walker

Thomas Horman

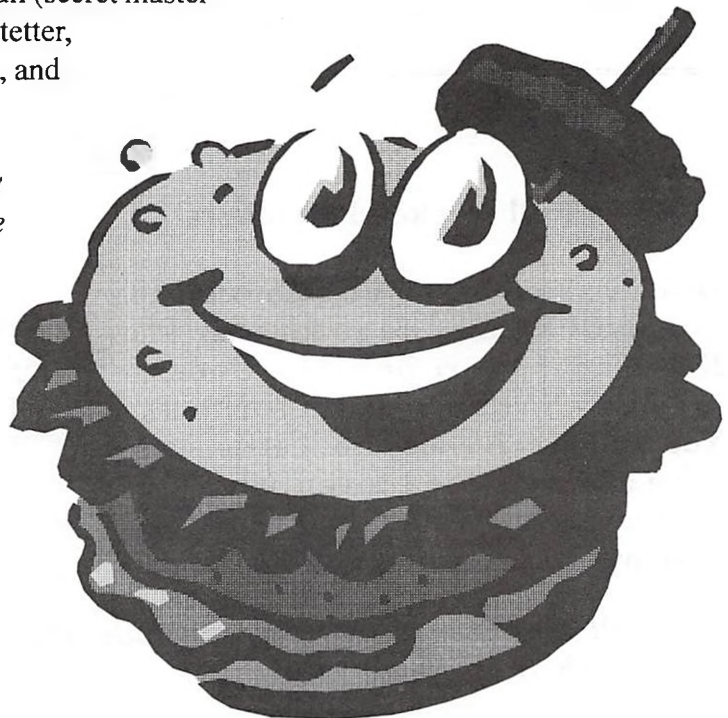
Chris Holte, Cynthia Moreno, Diane Rosenburg, Erica Ginter (Art Demo in Frosting), George (Son of Mike) Nelson, Ike Porter, Jay Watt, Jim Anderson, Jonathan Weiss,

Kara Sands, Karen Hemphill, Keith Marshall (secret master of the soda fountain: smosf), Krissy Helmstetter,

Lee Gilliland, Lee Howard, Roy Crossland, and Todd Dresser.

Whitey writes: *"I am planning to resurrect an old fun item for the consuite. We will be having a "Transmogrifier Booth" where people can be turned into their favorite characters (role playing). I'm having a scavenger hunt included in this to facilitate meeting new folks. It will run all weekend in the Con Suite."*

—Whitey



Costume Con Fifteen

CCXV

Baltimore, MD, May 23-26, 1997

Baltimore Hilton & Towers

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HOSPITALITY AT THE EIGHT HOWARD SHERATON DISCLAVES

by Joe Mayhew

Our hotel is now called a Ramada, but didn't that used to be across the Beltway? Yup. This Disclave hotel seems to have changed its name about every year we were in it. I think I've got the names right but someone told me it was also the New Carrollton Plaza at one point. Exactly when? Gee, I dunno.

When 1984 Disclave chair Jane Wagner went out to find a site, she was well prepared with actual professional experience planning conventions. Nevertheless, most of WSFA would never have thought of selecting the Sheraton Hotel at New Carrollton.

Heads were shaken in dismay. Because, even after four non-Sheraton Park Disclaves, most of us were still building our expectations on that storied, but now demolished, hotel. Thanks to our fond memories, the virtual Sheraton Park was getting better every year. It's hard to please dreamers.

When Jane picked Connie Willis as her Guest of Honor, a lot of us began to think Jane just might know what she was doing. We'd at least wait and see. After all, the only thing left of our old Disclave Hotel, with its wonderful hospitality area, was the C-640 sign now on a door in Alexis Gilliland's rec room.

It sounded really neat that the con suite would be in "poolside cabana rooms." Moreover, the hotel's site, right off the north of the Washington Beltway, its proximity to the New Carrollton Amtrack and Metro Stations (and thus easy to get to from National Airport), made it convenient to most of our out-of-town attendees. However, as it turned out, there was an eight-foot chain-link fence between the con suite and the pool. Moreover, it was chilly and it rained and there wasn't anywhere to sit down inside. Still, Jack Heneghan's Carvel ice cream sandwiches went over big. So did the beer as it traveled out to god knows who or where in large pitchers. The dealers were a little grumpy about being exiled to the Exhibition Hall, and while the art show had lots of floor space in the "bunker," there were places too short to put up hangings and the roof leaked a little—not much, but enough to make artwork vulnerable.

Rooms, by the way, were a flat \$48.00. Around 900 attended and most came back the next year.

But in 1985, the hotel had changed its name to the Sheraton Inn" Chair Michael J. Walsh ran a smooth con and people rather liked the hotel, or rather, Inn" Ed Bryant and Bob Walters were Guests of Honor, and a room for four cost \$60.00.

Keeping its odd sort of tradition, in 1986 the hotel had changed its name to the Sheraton New Carrollton, and rooms were down to a flat \$55.00. Our GOH, William Gibson, was a strong draw and, after two Disclaves at the Sheraton Whatever, most fen were finding it had lots of neat places to eat nearby, lots of free parking, and it was in a safe neighborhood. They particularly liked the very reasonable hotel rates. The committee rather enjoyed the fact that Disclave could fill the hotel and be nearly the only client there for our weekend. So, with repeated experience in the same hotel, we were figuring out how to Disclave better. That's the advantage of sticking with a hotel. You can eventually work out the problems. For instance, there was the "poolside" outdoor con suite, which on chilly, soggy nights really left something to be desired.

In 1987, the hotel had again assumed a new name. This time it was the Sheraton Hotel Washington Northeast. I was chair and decided to move the con suite indoors. The old Sheraton Park tradition had centered the con on its hospitality. I wanted to revive the generous and gracious spirit of the fondly remembered "C-640" con suite. However, the indoor space available was the rather unsavory bunker. At that time, it was stale and moldy, peeling of paint, and major ugly. On the balance, it was immense,

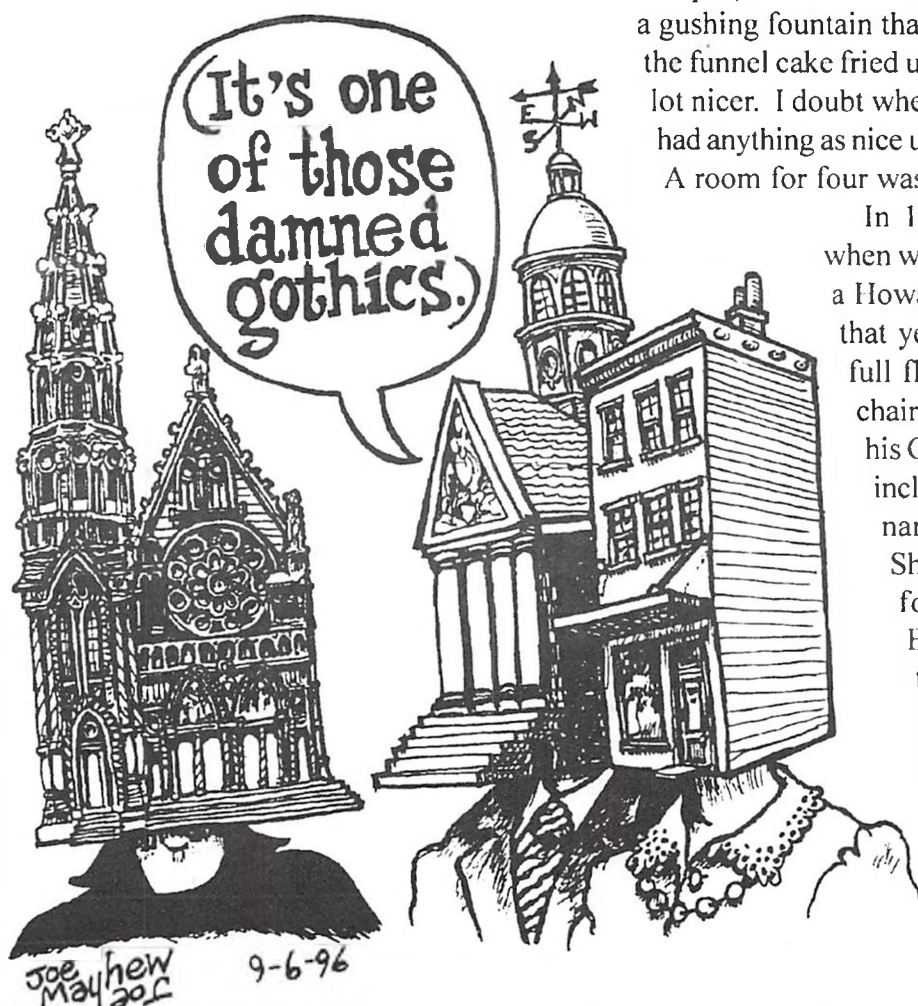
mostly dry, and the hotel would let us do just about anything we wanted to do there. So I decided to put the con suite in the bunker's back room (moving the art show to the ballroom). Few now, remembering the magical "Discaves" we built there, want to believe how much resistance there was to the idea. We rented a lot of comfortable chairs and couches, refrigerators, etc., and covered the worst of the wall acne with SF posters and other decorations that would distract one's mind from grim reality. It was, despite some lack of dependable air conditioning, a modest success, particularly with the hucksters who liked the added traffic and nearby refreshments. That year, I made the mistake of having an all-night con suite (the only year Disclave ever had one. What we learned was that the Discave **needs** to be closed for a few hours, to recycle the room.)

The name "Discave," by the way, comes from a sign I painted one night around 3:00 AM, in which I left the "L" out of Disclave. I wondered, "How could I use this?"

Those who preferred to stand out in the rain still grumbled. Some private parties suffered because our fancy-schmancy Discave was drawing off the pros. But most folks loved it. Little did they know what was coming. For I had recruited Evan Phillips (originally to help put our mailing list together from archaic and chaotic pre-DOS sources). As we talked about con problems, I learned that he had worked in hotel catering with his dad and on his college club's "Babel Nights," basically one evening con banquets. He had some neat ideas, which led to his string of Discave wonderlands (1988-1991). With Gene Wolfe as GOH we drew around 1,350. A room for four was \$58.00

The hotel changed its name again in 1988, and we were suddenly in a Howard Johnson's. As some Sheraton logo stuff was still around, the place became known as the "Howard Sheraton." That year the Discave was a fantasy palace with billowing paper walls held up with red C-clamps (C-640 clamps?) and Disclave began to live in its cave. It had a gushing fountain that helped humidify the air, and the funnel cake fried up there made the place smell a lot nicer. I doubt whether the Pied Piper of Hamelin had anything as nice under the mountain for his kids. A room for four was now \$60.00.

In 1989, to everyone's surprise, when we came back the hotel was still a Howard Johnson's. For me it was that year that the Discaves reached full flower. Michael J. Walsh was chair again and Lucius Shepard was his GOH. The Discave decorations included an eight-foot-high dragon named "Growley," in honor of Shepard's "Griaule," an overhead forest and a half-timbered English Inn. I will never forget the vision of Erica Van Dommelen (now Ginter) attaching the half-timbers by sliding barefoot down their length. John Pomeranz added an extra fillip to Phillips' fillips with his "Big Name Fan" party for Fan



GOHs Alexis and Dolly Gilliland. Everyone who came got a BNF button. It was **the** place to be. The con had a first-rate program, art show, all the trimmings, but its real nucleus was the Discave—and maybe the best part of the con was when everyone got together to put it together.

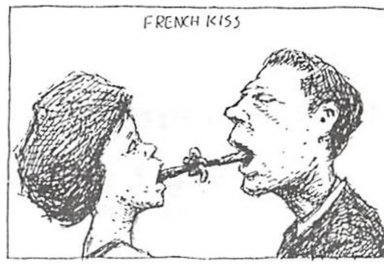
In 1990, we came back (sort of) to a Sheraton Hotel - but this time it was “in Greenbelt”— no small feat, as the place was still in New Carrollton. The new owners probably thought that Greenbelt, with its NASA associations, would sound spiffier. That year the Discave was an Arab Fantasy. Due to some anxiety about fire codes, Evan decided to build Moorish arcades with real dry-wall (still rafter-supported with C- Clamps!). I spent most of my con painting Arabic curlicues and inscriptions. There still was a lot left to do on Monday, when we tore it down. But things had already started to go sour with the hotel that year, evidenced by the room for four rate soaring to \$89.00.

The hotel was called the Sheraton Greenbelt again in 1991. The Discave had a walk-in flying saucer, a wire-sculpture Christmas-light rocket ship, masonite walls and the usual killer menu. It also featured “Dugless the Soda Machine Cow.” The cost for a room for four had gone down to \$82.00, but negotiations were becoming difficult and so, the next year, we wandered off to the “Hinkley” Hilton. First we went to a nice little hotel deep in Virginia in the shadow of Dulles Airport; and then we went to three glitzy joints we had to share with feral soccer players, Promise Keepers, and high school proms. Mostly they were places we couldn’t come back to.

While we were away, the hotel drifted downward a tad and at one point managed to electrocute a guest. After which it was sold again. But it re-emerged as a Ramada and began cleaning itself up and gaining a better reputation.

And now, we’re back. Well, sort of. We’ll have to learn what is different. The spiffy new paint job is obvious, as are some of the hotel’s other capital improvements. The parking is still free, the neighborhood is still safe, and there are still a lot of good places to eat within walking distance. It will be fun rebuilding our Disclave here, and maybe you’re already helping us do it.

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A 25-year history of innovation

Noreascon

Noreascon 1 — 1971

Chairman Tony Lewis

is on the Noreascon 4 bid committee



*First Worldcon multi-track program *Registration process changed to shorten wait time *Hotel contract printed in program book for all to see *Printed Hugo nominations in French & English *Produced free "proceedings" book and distributed it to all convention members.



Noreascon 2 — 1980

Chairman Leslie Turek

is on the Noreascon 4 bid committee

*First programming for younger fans *Created the Hugo non-fiction category *Started major babysitting & child care facilities *Created the month of Claudius for accounting purposes *Produced and distributed free Memory Book.

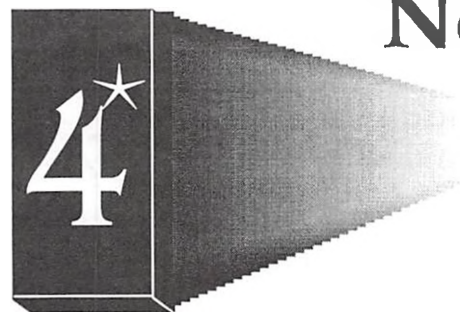
Noreascon 3 — 1989

Chairman Mark L. Olson

is on the Noreascon 4 bid committee



*Created ConCourse with exhibits, parks, performers & displays for fan recreation *Created professional-quality videos of Masquerade & Brunch *First formal Young Adult programs *Real-time closing ceremony slide show of the entire convention.



Noreascon 4 — 2001

P.O. Box 1010

Framingham, MA 01701

info@mcfi.org

What's next? Help us find out!

Rejected Events for Disclave

Each year, the members of the Washington Science Fiction Association sit down to think up events so everyone will have lots of fun at Disclave. Obviously some ideas are better than others. Here are some things you *won't* find at Disclave '97:

A **lottery** in which people try to predict the next name of this hotel. (In case of a tie, the winner will be the one with the correct date of the change.)

A film program of *Babylon 1-4* and *Deep Space 1-8*

We already have readings of **Tales from the Slush Barrel** and **Eye of Argon**; for something even worse, why not read stories so bad the authors didn't even bother submitting them?

An event to settle the **sf/fantasy battle** by giving the sf fans Nerf guns versus fantasy fans armed with Nerf swords. (We probably shouldn't host this in a room with anything breakable.)

Politician Hell Dance. Everyone comes as their favorite (or least hated) politician and can get kicked out if caught telling the truth, even for a minute.

We can increase our membership by attracting local audiences with the following panels: **Protecting the President from Aliens**, **Future Weapons the Pentagon Will Need in the 21st Century**, and **How To Tax Air and Other Future Commodities.**

Since just about all the science fiction shows are on weekends anyway, we could have a video room set for **broadcast television.** No rental fees necessary.

Panel on **Extrapolated Television.** If television gets progressively worse, and if one can plot a downward line from Star Trek: TOS to TNG to DS9 to Voy (pronounced emphasizing the OY!), what will the television of 2000 be like? Describe the most likely premise for Star Trek 2001.

The **silent movie panel.** Panelists are not allowed to talk but must communicate and argue using gestures.

A panel on **Future holidays.** We already have Halloween and Thanksgiving; what might future holidays commemorate and how will they be celebrated? Panelists and audience will design a future holiday and begin celebrating it. Caveat, the holiday should not require celebrants to do anything illegal (unless it is a religious holiday protected by the Bill of Rights.)



Just A Typical WSFA Meeting

Every member of Disclave is automatically a member of WSFA and entitled to attend all WSFA meetings (on the first and third Friday of each and every month). So we thought we'd give you a taste of a typical WSFA meeting.

The WSFA meeting began with a struggle for power. Fluke Groundrunner claimed the gavel first because of his status as a Red-Eye Knight but was stopped by a coalition of Captains Kurt and Peculiar who said that some captain of the *Second Prize* should be in command. But this was objected to by a noisy crowd from Babel-On Jive led by someone offering to Share A Din. Finally, all contestants were out-manuevered by a crazy historian Hairy Seldom who seemed to be able to predict their every move.

Treasurer Rod McBank (who wrested control of the treasury from Scrooge when the latter was scared off by a piece of Kaspar the not-so-friendly toast) reported the treasury as 25 gallons of stroon. When pressed, he translated it as \$25,000 Old North Australian dollars. That being resolved, the club moved on to old business.

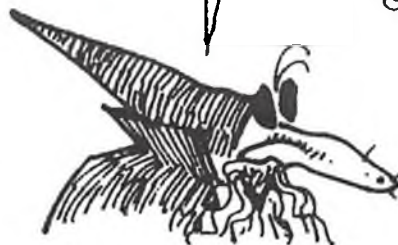
Unfortunately, old business became rather tangled since the audience included the man who murdered Mohammed, a Civil War vet armed with an AK-45, a man who lives in a high castle, and several alternate Kennedys. The club finally agreed that the East India Company was definitely old business and that no one was much interested in it anymore. (A few IBM diehards suggested that we wait a few weeks for when Apple would become old business but a guy named Newton said that he'd buy it if it landed on his head, even if the impact made him toss his cookies.)

New business was even more contentious. Hairyman tried to convince the club to build a spaceship with the things they could find at home but, when voted down, recited a Requiem and left. Freddie O and his buddy Sam suggested we make making one ring a habit but was outvoted. No one suggested making Ringworlds, River worlds, or even Norway, but the club was interested in combining natter-technology with cloning. "Imagine! Multiple talking sheep with strong wool-power."

With a new business decided upon, the meeting proceeded to announcements. Announcements were made including the identity of all the 1997, 1998, 1999 Hugo and Nebula winners; the complete plots of upcoming *Star Trek*, *Babylon 5*, and *Star Wars* movies; and the secret code word to get free books from all Borders Bookstores. Unfortunately, none of these announcements were submitted in writing, and, after one too many beers, my handwriting became illegible so I can't print them here. The meeting was unanimously adjourned, despite a resounding NAY heard in California.

Hmm, maybe it wasn't a typical meeting after all. For more information about WSFA or to find out the location of the meetings, check out the web site at <http://www.wsfa.org> or call (703) 920-6087 and ask for Mr. Gilliland. Enjoy the fun of Disclave all year round. WSFA is like a con that never ends.

WSFA? THE PEOPLE WHO RUN DISCLAVE?



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From June 1st through December 31, 1997 = \$20.00

From January 1, 1998 through April 30, 1998 = \$25.00

At the Door = \$30.00

Checks payable to "Disclave 1998"

Mail to: Joe Mayhew, 7-S Research Rd., Greenbelt, MD 20770-1776

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For news, keep in touch with us via WSFA'S website: <http://www.wsfa.org/disclave.htm>

