

DISCLAVE 1983



2145 PENNSYLVANIA

AVE. NW

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OPEN

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7 DAYS A WEEK

11AM TO 6PM



1983

WSFA'S 27th Science Fiction Convention in 34 years

STAFF

CHAIRMAN: ALAN HUFF

REGISTRAR: ROSA OLIVER

PUBLICATIONS: JOE MAYHEW
Con Badge: ROBIN WOOD

PROGRAM

Director: FRAN BUHMAN
Asst: Linda Dawe
Staff: Julia Moore, Ginny McNitt
Nancy Handwork

VIDEO:

Director: PHIL COX
Asst: Jan Cox
Staff: Dorothy Eckert, Flip Cox

FILMS: KIM WESTON

HUCKSTERS ROOM : MARK & JUL OWINGS

CON SUITE

Brewmaster: DAVID JOHN HASTIE
Party Boss: JACK HENEGHAN
International Cookie Conspiracy:
Doll & Alexis Gilliland ** and the
ICC allstars **

COSTUME PARTY

GINNY McNITT & NANCY HANDWORK

ART SHOW

DIRECTOR: WALTER MILES
Asst: BOB McINTOSH

EXHIBITION

Manager: BILL QUICK
Staff: Randy Brunk, Larry Herman

CLERICAL & FISCAL

Manager: BOB McINTOSH
Staff: SHIRLEY AVERY, Judy Newton
Barry Newton, Kim Hutchinson
Sally Bensusen, Wayne Gray

ART PROGRAM

JANE WAGNER & JOE MAYHEW

AUCTIONS

Manager: JOE MAYHEW
Auctioneers: JACK CHALKER, JOE MAYHEW
Triage: Bill Quick.
Guest Auctioneers: RIKK Jacobs, Rosa
Oliver, Jan Finder, Alan Huff
ACCOUNTANT: Victoria Smith.

GUESTS

GEORGE R.R.MARTIN

GUEST OF HONOR

JACK GAUGHAN

ART G.O.H.

MARNIE MONTGOMERY

Featured Artist

SPEAKERS:

Joe Haldeman, Gardner Dozois, Joan Vinge
Jack L.Chalker, Alexis Gilliland, Hal Clement
David Bischoff, Alan Ryan, Tom Monteleone
Ted White, Jim Frenkel, Gary L. Bennett
F. Gwinplain MacIntyre, Darrell Schweitzer
Allen L.Wold, Brenda Gates Spielman
Steven Spruill, John Maddox Roberts
Linda Haldeman, Ellen Datlow, Doug Fratz
Bob Walters, Jack C. Haldeman II

PROGRAM

FRIDAY: COSTUME PARTY

IN THE GRAND BALLROOM (3rd Floor) 9:00 - MIDNIGHT
COME TO THE PARTY, COSTUMES NOT REQUIRED BUT
WHAT THE HECK, LET GO AND COME IN ONE ANYWAY.
THERE WILL BE MUSIC, DANCING, A CASH BAR, AND
GOOD COMPANY - AND LOTS OF SPACE TO DO IT IN.

SATURDAY: PANELS

IN THE GRAND BALLROOM (DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

1:00 - 2:25

FIGHTING ON THE HIGH FRONTIER

Can it be prevented, and should it be?

Tom McCabe (Moderator) Gen. (USAF,Ret) George Keegan,
Joe Haldeman, Dr. Robert Bowman, Robert Sherman.

2:30-3:25

WHY UNICORNS?

F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre (moderator) JACK GAUGHAN,
Linda Haldeman, Bob Walters, Brenda Gates Spielman,
Steve Stiles

3:30 -4:25

HORROR AS SCIENCE FICTION

GEORGE R.R.MARTIN (moderator) David Bischoff, Tom
Monteleone, Alan Ryan, Darrell Schweitzer

4:30-5:25

DOES SCIENCE MAKE GOOD FICTION?

Alexis Gilliland (moderator) Gary L. Bennett, Hal
Clement, Doug Fratz, Steven Spruill

5:30-6:30

FAN STANDARDS

Ted White (moderator) Avedon Carol, Dan Steffan

AUCTION

8:00 - 10:00

JACK CHALKER & JOE MAYHEW, AUCTIONEERS

MOVIES

10:30 UNTIL KIM CALLS IT QUITS.
SCHEDULE AS POSTED.

SUN:

PANELS & STUFF

NOON -12:55

SLIDE SHOW: JAY KAY KLEIN

1:00 - 1:55

GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH: GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

2:00 - 2:55

HEROIC SF? THE ROLE OF THE HERO/HEROINE
IN A REAL WORLD

Dave Bischoff (moderator) Jack Chalker,
Jack C. Haldeman II, John Maddox Roberts,
Joan Vinge, Allen L. Wold.

3:00 - 3:55

MY FRIEND THE EDITOR?

Gardner Dozois (moderator) Jack Dann, Ellen
Datlow, Jim Frenkel, Joe Haldeman

4:00-5:00

WHY RUN A WORLD CON?

Michael Walsh (moderator) and representatives
from the WorldCon bids.

READINGS

BY S-F WRITERS

IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CLASSROOM

(On the ground floor, off the Convention
Center Lobby)

SATURDAY

1:00 - GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

2:00 - Steven Spruill

3:00 - Jack L. Chalker

4:00 - Gardner Dozois

5:00 - F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre

SUNDAY

NOON - Joe Haldeman

2:00 - Tom Monteleone

3:00 - Ted White

4:00 - Alan Ryan

5:00 - Darrell Schweitzer

AUTOGRAPH SESSIONS

BY THE HUCKSTERS ROOM

(Third floor, Chesapeake Room)

SATURDAY

1:00 - Hal Clement

2:00 - GEORGE R.R.MARTIN

3:00 - JOE HALDEMAN

4:00 - JOAN VINGE

5:00 - GARDNER DOZOIS

SUNDAY

11:30 Darrell Schweitzer

2:00 - Alexis Gilliland

3:00 - Jack Chalker

4:00 - David Bischoff

ART PROGRAM

IN BACK OF THE ART SHOW, DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR.

THE ART PROGRAM IS INTENDED TO BE VERY INFORMAL
AND NOT JUST FOR ARTISTS. IT'S ALL ON SATURDAY

12:30 -1:25 - JACK GAUGHAN "INTERVIEWED" BY RAY
RIDENOUR.

1:30 -2:25 - MARNIE MONTGOMERY, SHARON HARRIS &
SALLY BENSUSEN TALK ABOUT MAKING A LIVING AS
AN ARTIST.

2:30 -3:25 - ROBIN WOOD SHOWS HOW SHE WORKS UP A
PICTURE.

3:30 - 4:30 JACK GAUGHAN "INTERVIEWED" BY YOU.

VIDEO

IN THE FRONT ROOM OF THE GRAND BALLROOM - TIMES AS POSTED.

The video program is offered as an alternative to the
mundane blandness of ordinary television. With shows like
TWILIGHT ZONE and THE OUTER LIMITS, foreign favorites such
as DR. WHO, BLAKE'S 7, and THE PRISONER, together with a
serving of Japanese animation, we hope to share a good bit
of fun with you. The Disclave Video Program is offered to
our friends without any admission fees charged for it.



ART SHOW

IN THE COMMONWEALTH BALLROOM (2nd Floor)

FRIDAY: appx 4:00 until 10:00

SATURDAY: 10:00 AM - 10:00 PM

IN THE COMMONWEALTH BALLROOM (2nd FLOOR)

FRIDAY: appx 4:00 until 10:00

SATURDAY: 10:00 AM - 7:00

AUCTION 8:00 PM - 10:00

(in Grand Ballroom, 3rd Floor)

SUNDAY: 10:00AM - 1:00 PM

AUCTION 2:00PM - until?

(Art Program Room, behind Art Show)

HUCKSTERS

IN THE CHESAPEAKE ROOM (3rd FLOOR)

FRIDAY 4:00 - 9:00

SATURDAY 10:00 - 6:00

SUNDAY: 10:00 - 3:00

FILMS

IN THE PROGRAM ROOM: GRAND BALL ROOM BACK.

Kim Weston wants to surprise you with a typical Kim Weston selection of Films. No Films are scheduled for Friday night, but, you never know. Saturday night, the films will begin as soon as the Auction sales desk closes down (10:30+). The Sunday Schedule will be posted.



**MONDAY: ALL DAY LONG
DEAD DOG PARTY**

HOW TO DISCLAVE

First off, don't forget MONDAY. Monday is Memorial Day, not FORGETTORIAL DAY; and therefore we have a dead-dog party (the real reason for the con in the first place). That's the real reason for the cookies--surely, you didn't forget your cookies? WSFA, or the Washington Science Fiction Association (Inc.), sponsors DISCLAVE for one reason: to get your cookies. I'm told you have very nice cookies. Those of you who brought your cookies get a gold star on your badges. This star will be your passage into many mysterious and wonderful things!

Speaking of Con Badges: Robin Wood (Jane Woodward) did your con badge. It is probably the least expensive Robin Wood around, and it comes in 4 colors:

WHITE: Children accompanied by adults.

GREEN: Decent, upstanding fans.

YELLOW: Hucksters

BLUE: Guests & Staff.

Your Con Badge particularly useful if you want to indulge in the frivolities of the CON SUITE. We have the usual Beer, Sodas, Munchies and thanks to Jack Heneghan, who is starting local tradition, ice cream. Wear your Con Badge where people can see who you are. That goes along with another DISCLAVE tradition: we're a friendly con.

In fact, we're so friendly that we don't go around armed. In fact, we insist you don't go around armed too. During the Costume Party, you can wear your weapons as long as you use them only with their clothes on. That is, naked blades are obscene. Thus, do not draw your edged weapon, even during the Costume Party.

The Virginia Law forbids persons under 19 years of age to drink Beer, Wine, Hard Licquor, etc. Thus, DISCLAVE will not serve alcohol to folks that Virginia thinks shouldn't drink. We also will not let the underage drink in any area for which we are responsible. This is not because we object to their drinking. What we object to is OUR going to JAIL for THEIR drinking. Please cooperate.

Like a lot of cons, we have a program and all that stuff. That's just to get you through the day. The proper way for you to Disclave, is to throw a party. That's why you rent a room in the hotel. The parties don't have to be grand, just friendly. Now, we invited you down to Disclave with us because you're a wonderful host: don't go and disappoint us, show us your true fannish character. Help make Disclave memorable for the kids, OK?

JM



STAY TUNED!
IS FAMOUS AMOS
IN TROUBLE WITH
THE KGB? AND
WHY DID THE SOVIET
AMBASSADOR JOIN
DISCLAVE?

ART SHOW

Walter Miles, Director

LOCATION

You will find the Art Show in the Commonwealth Ballroom on the second floor of the hotel's Convention Center, right under the Huckster room -- turn right when you get off the elevator and you'll see our entrance. The Print Sales table is in the front of the Art Show room beside the entrance. If you walk down the corridor beside the Art Show room you'll come to the Art Program room -- last door on your right. When this room gets big enough it will be the site of our Sunday Auction. On Friday, Artists registering for the show will do so there.

EXHIBITION AND AUCTION SCHEDULE

FRIDAY: from late afternoon to 10:00 PM

SATURDAY: 10:00 AM to 7:00 PM
AUCTION 8:00 PM to 10:00 PM (Main Program Room)

SUNDAY: 10:00 AM to 1:00 PM
AUCTION 2:00 PM until? (Art Program Room)

MONDAY: (too late -- gone)

AUCTIONS

There will be two auctions at DISCLAVE: Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. Only pieces exhibited for sale in the Art Show, which have been bid on, will go to auction. Pieces that receive no bids will not be auctioned, nor will they be sold for minimum bid (or any other price) by the convention, after the Art Show closes on Sunday. Reproductions will not be auctioned; they will be sold for set prices at the Print Sales Table. Nothing will be auctioned by the convention for any owner other than the Artist; contact a professional gallery or a huckster if you need this service.

Our auctions will be voice auctions: you must speak your bid so that the auctioneer hears you. You need not learn a complex and demanding body language just to buy art from us. If a piece is declared sold to you, give us your Name and Badge Number just to make sure we have the right buyer when you come to pick it up. Saturday night, Jack Chalker and Joe Mayhew will be the auctioneers, on Sunday, Joe will be assisted by other auctioneers.

The Saturday night auction will be held in the Con's main program room and will be limited to two hours. We will try to auction as many of the items with more than 2 top bids at this auction, and time permitting, may be able to put up items with single bids; the choice of pieces to be sold in the Saturday night auction and the order in which they go to auction is entirely up to the management of the Art Show, but generally the pieces with the most bids will go up first.

SUNDAY SALES RULE

All items receiving their first and only bid on Friday or Saturday, and not sold at auction Saturday night, will be considered sold to the bidder when the Art Show closes at 1:00 PM on Sunday. These buyers will be able to pick up and pay for their purchases at the Sunday Auction Sales Desk. All items receiving their first bid on Sunday, and all remaining multiple bid items, will go into the Sunday auction.

The Sunday auction will be held in a room composed of the two rear sections of the Art Show room. This room may be reached by going down the corridor that runs beside the Art Show room. Sunday's auction will last as long as it needs to, but we have tried to shorten it by our Sunday Sales Rule, and the elimination of Reproductions from the auctions.

BIDDING.

Each item exhibited in the Art Show for sale has a BID SHEET associated with it (attached, if possible). The Bid Sheet is used to identify the piece of art, and to record written bids made for it. The top part of the

Bid Sheet shows the Artist's name, title, and the lowest price for which the piece may be sold at auction (MINIMUM BID). The bottom half is ruled into 6 rows of 3 columns headed by BIDDER'S NAME, BADGE NO. and BID.

No piece will be sold unless it receives a written bid. To make such a bid, write (1) your name, (2) your DISCLAVE Convention badge number, and (3) the amount of money you bid for the piece, in the appropriate columns of the first unused line of the bidding portion of the Bid Sheet. All bids must be in whole dollar amounts (a bid of \$1.50, for example, would not be accepted). Do not include the dollar sign (\$), the decimal point, or the zeros after it, as these can appear to be numbers (e.g. a bid of \$1.00 could be misunderstood as 51.00 or \$100.) Your bid must equal or exceed the Minimum Bid set for the piece and must exceed all previous bids by at least \$1.00. Please do not write in bids on items marked NOT FOR SALE.

The auction sales desk will be open during the auction as well as after it. You will be able to pick up your purchases as soon as they reach the sales desk and thus avoid the line. Please pick up all purchases made at the Saturday night auction on Saturday night, as this not only speeds up the Sunday sales, but reduces the handling of the piece you are buying. We accept payment in cash, money orders, traveler's checks and personal checks with identification. We regret that we cannot accept charge cards.

Please note that the purchase of an original piece of artwork entitles you to the physical ownership and display of that piece but it does not give you the right to reproduce it for sale. Permission must be obtained from the artist in the form of a contract, if the reproduction is of a commercial nature and the artist is not professional, less formal or even oral permission might be sufficient.

By the way, the colored marks which get put on the bid sheets are only an auction code.

PRACTICAL ADVICE ABOUT BIDDING

If you want to succeed in getting any piece in the show, bid early and often! There is no advantage to waiting; in fact there may be penalties. If the piece hasn't got a written bid by the Sunday auction, we won't be likely to put it into the auction, and if someone else has the first and only bid by that time, they get the piece, not you. Please note that the convention does NOT sell auctionable items after the auctions are concluded. The Sunday Sales Rule is designed to prevent sneaky bidders from swooping down at the last moment of the show. Actually, the best strategy is to bid on Friday or Saturday so that your bid will be eligible for single bid purchase.

If you want a piece but don't think you can stay for the Sunday auction, write in a couple of extra bids on it so that it is appropriate for the Saturday night auction. Finally, if you want to keep a piece from getting into the voice auction at all, it sometimes works to write in a bid so much higher than the Minimum Bid that it will frighten everyone else into submission.

PRINT SALES

We are not allowing most reproductions to be auctioned at DISCLAVE, because we do not feel that they should compete with original artwork on equal terms, and in order to avoid confusion -- not to mention the need to shorten the auctions. We are providing a vehicle for the sale of these items in our Print Sales Table, which will be operated by Norm Hood of Chimera Publications, or his associates. He has conducted print sales at many recent conventions (including this year's BALTICON). Any artist participating in the Art Show may offer prints this way. Artists should see the Print Sales people right after they register in the Show. The Print Sales people will handle all record-keeping and financial transactions concerning prints. All sales at the Print Sales Table will be direct sales at established prices; no prints will be auctioned.

FEATURED ARTIST

MARNIE MONTGOMERY

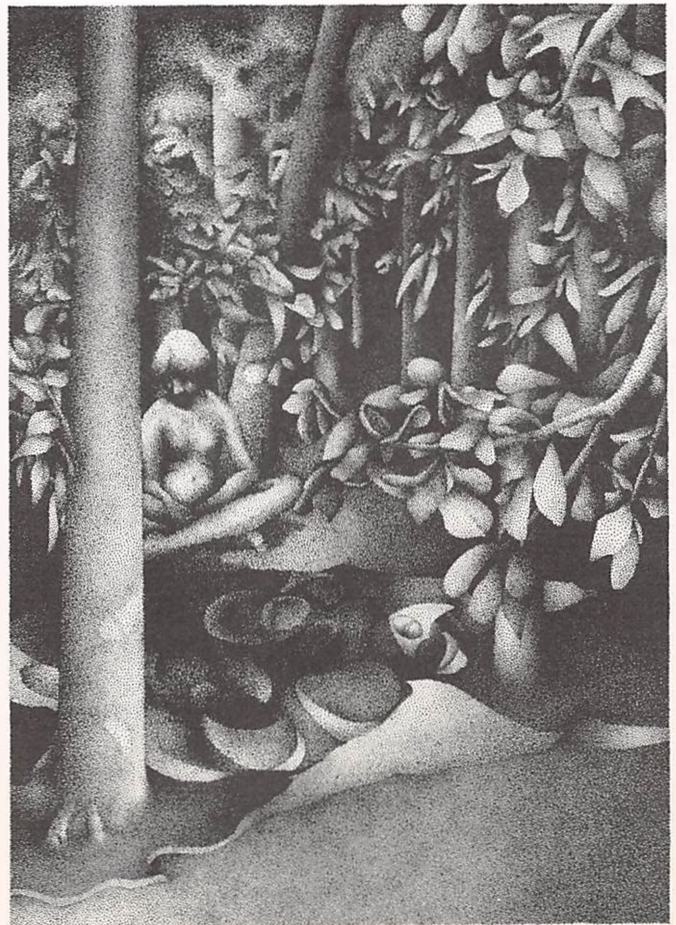
Marnie Montgomery graduated from the College of William and Mary with a Bachelor of Arts in Fine Art, having completed advanced work in drawing and intaglio printmaking. She began her brief career in graphic design and related fields, with an apprenticeship to Anne Laddon, the well-known Alexandria commercial artist and printmaker. She later operated her own small design firm for two years.

In 1979 she returned to the world of fine Art. She has received many awards for her drawings and watercolors.

In December of 1981 her work was first shown extensively at the Pendragon Gallery In Annapolis, where she has since become a regular exhibitor.

We asked Marnie to be Featured Artist at Disclave because we wanted to give fans the chance to get to know the work of a skilled and talented artist that they otherwise might not encounter.

--Walter Miles, Art Show Director



THE SECRET

by
GEORGE R.R. MARTIN



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Today I am going to tell you what every fan wants to know.

No, wrong. I am not going to tell you how to get laid at a con. Some of you have figured that out all on your own. Shame on you. And the rest couldn't be less interested. SMOFs and former worldcon chairmen would rather talk about ice machines anyway, and hucksters would rather count their money. Besides, what makes you think I know?

I'm not going to tell you how to play poker against Mike Glicksohn either, or discourse on how to win the coveted Balrog Award, or reveal the secret handshake that will get you into the secret pro parties of the Hugo Losers Club. Hell, I can't even get into those any more. They threw me out because of some small technicality about Noreascon II.

Lots of fans want to know these things, to be sure, but not nearly as many as want to know what I'm going to tell you. You may claim otherwise, but I know the truth. What all of you really want is to be a big-name sci-fi guy like me. So I'm going to tell you the secret of my success as a writer!

Some of you may think I do this because I want to help you, just as older writers helped me. Wrong. Nobody helped me anyway, I did it all by myself, and besides, who needs more competition? Some of you may think I do this in order to enrich the field I love, which has been so good to me. The more good new writers we have, the better SF will get. Wrong. The worse SF gets the more my stuff stands out.

Actually, I can tell you my secret with impunity, because it's too late for you, all of you. You're too old. To use my secret as it was meant to be used, you have to start real young. So maybe you people can't be big-name sci-fi guys, but you can bring your children up to be just like me if you follow my instructions. So listen carefully and take notes and maybe some year you can sit beaming in the audience as one of your offsprings carries off a Hugo, a Nebula, or even the coveted Balrog Award.

First, you have to have children. I won't discuss the procedure much. The first step here goes back to that other question -- getting laid at a con.

Secondly, you must bore them. I was born and raised in Bayonne, New Jersey, queen city of the east coast. Bayonne produced Sandra Dee, Ed McMahon, and me. Bayonne is very close to sinful Staten Island, vibrant cosmopolitan Newark, and the swinging streets of Jersey City and hoboken. I never got to see these hot spots, however. I never left Bayonne until I went away to college. This was essential for my development as a writer. You see, all of us have a deep inner need for stimulation, excitement, adven-

ture, especially when we are growing up. Some of us do exciting things, meet exciting people, go to exciting places. These poor chaps get used to reaching outwards for excitement, and grow up to be normal human beings, instead of writers.

I was luckier. In Bayonne, the most exciting things you could do were watch the oilslicks float past on the Kill von Kull, or play stickball in a parking lot. The most exciting place you could go to was Seacaucus, where they were rumored to have pig farms. As for meeting exciting people, well, there was Ed McMahon, Sandra Dee, and me, and nobody was much impressed by me when I was only twelve or so. I did see Sandra Dee drive by once in a big limo with a police motorcycle escort, when she was in town visiting her mother. Luckily I didn't get a good glimpse of her, or the sheer thrill of it might have entirely burned out my budding talent.

Being thus denied the adventures that others found in the world around them, I reached in instead of out, and found adventures in my own head. This is a very scientific principle. People in sensory deprivation tanks fantasize more than people driving in the Indianapolis 500, with the possible exception of Bobby Unser. Growing up in Bayonne, my head was positively yeasty with daydreams. All writers have minds that are constantly in ferment, bubbling away back there, inventing things and people and sagas. We have a technical term for this. We call it imagination. People are always saying to me, where do I get my crazy ideas? From Bayonne, that's where. These days, most people are completely on the wrong track. They buy their kids creative playthings and television sets and stimulate the hell out of their little kiddy minds, and what do they get for their trouble? Accountants! No, the way to start a little would-be writer is first to bore him or her silly, so if you want to raise a big-name sci-fi guy, you must not live any place like San Francisco, or New Orleans, or Paris. Instead, go directly to Bayonne. Do not pass GO and don't collect \$200.

Boredom being satisfactorily accomplished, we can move on to the third step; reading. Reading is not as essential as boredom in the childhood of a writer, but it is recommended. Like riding a bicycle, it is something most easily accomplished in childhood. I never learned to ride a bicycle until I was 25 or so, but I did learn to read. My decade of professional experience in the field has convinced me -- although I will confess that I don't have the hard statistics to back me up -- that most writers have learned to read at some point along the line. A few have only learned to read wiring diagrams, but this is a broad field, so what the hell..

Learning to read didn't come easily for me, though. I went to school, of course, and there at Mary Jane Donohoe School we had teachers who were supposed to teach us how to read. They were tough teachers too. One of them, I remember, had her desk at the back of the class, so we faced the other way and we never knew where she was. Today, when you flunk a test, a teacher maybe puts a frownyface on your test paper. Back in old MJD, they sent you back to the previous grade for the afternoon, to sit with the babies, and there was a punishment to reckon with. No, the

OF BEING A SCI-FI GUY

problem wasn't the teachers, it was the books. The Readers Why they called them Readers I don't know; Non-Readers would be more accurate, since that's what they produced. Dick and Jane and little Sally, that's what we read about. Who the hell wants to learn to read so you can find out what happened to Dick and Jane and little Sally? They lived in this house. I don't know where the house was, but it wasn't in Bayonne, New Jersey.

They were three of the most goddamned boring kids you'd ever want to know. Probably they all grew up to be writers I remember one story when they made boats out of wood and sailed them in this pond Their pond didn't have any oil - slicks, so it couldn't have been Bayonne. I think Dick had a blue boat and Jane had a yellow boat and Sally had a little red boat. Little Sally's boat sank. She was real upset for a while, and then they all went home to watch Spot run.

Years later, I remember seeing Boris Karloff as Frankenstein's monster, drowning the little girl in a pond. I loved that scene. I pretended that the little girl was Sally. Now, if they'd put Karloff into those readers, they might have had something.

Clearly, then, you can't rely on schools to teach these prospective writers to read. You'll have to do it yourself. Fortunately, there's an easy way. Comic Books.

Every would-be writer needs comic books. I certainly did. I can still vividly recall my discovery of comic books, followed closely by the revelation that this reading stuff was actually good for something. Comic books had it all over Readers. Comic books had pictures and so did Readers, but in comic book pictures somebody was flying or punching somebody, while in my Reader little Sally was cruising about her little red boat. Batman dressed much neater than Dick did, and even in my prepubescent days I had this vague feeling that Wonder Woman had it all over Jane, although I couldn't put my finger on the reason. I did know that watching Spot run was a real drag when I could watch Krypto the Superdog fly instead. Besides, I knew that of the two of them, ever met in my neighborhood, Krypto would bit Spot's goddamned head off.

Comic books were my salvation. I read all of them I could get my hands on, and my reading got better and better, and my teachers soon began to marvel that I read with such "expression" while the rest...of...my...class...read...like...this. I could have told them the reason. You need a lot more expression for, "Aha, Superman, now my red krypto-nite will turn you into a BOILED EGG!!!" than you do for "See Spot. See Spot run. Run, Spot, run."

So if the schools don't do it, remember comic books. Maybe your kid won't be as quick as I was and regular comic books won't do, but even that's no problem in this day and age. There's always the undergrounds. Tales of the Leather Nun should do it every time.

Now we are three steps down the road. We have the kid, and the kid is bored, and the kid has learned to read. What's next?

Turtles!

Turtles are the key to the whole process, really. If there is one absolutely indispensable ingredient, it has to be turtles. Accept no substitutes. Let me tell you

about my turtles. From age four until I went away to college, I lived in an apartment in a federal housing project. The project had rules. One of them was NO PETS. No dogs, no cats, no parakeets, no canaries, no ferrets, no ducks, none of that shit. Is that fair? I ask you? Letting all those little kids grow up without pets? Certainly not. Later on, birds got Okayed, and I had a couple of parakeets, but not in the beginning. So I had to make do with what was allowed. You know what was allowed?

Turtles.

So I had turtles. I had lots of turtles. Now, if you are going to get turtles, be sure you get the right kind. Mike Glicksohn had a turtle, one of those big box tortoises. For all I know he has still got him. What have you seen Mike Glicksohn write recently? No, if you get the kid a box tortoise it'll grow up to loc fanzines.

What you want, for a future fiction writer, is a bunch of those little green turtles they sell in dime stores. You remember the kind. People used to paint flowers on their backs, and they sold them in these little round plastic bowls with a divider down the middle. Half of the bowl you filled with water that turned scummy the minute you added turtle food, and half you filled with colored gravel (I liked blood red gravel best), and in the middle there was this plastic palm tree.

I understand you can't get that kind of turtle any more, by the way. The government prohibited their sale. They say they cause all kinds of plague and fungoid rot and such, but I think that's just a front. What they really do is turn people into science fiction writers, and the feds decided they had to put an end to that.

To get back to my turtles, I kept them in this toy castle on a table. The castle yard was just big enough to accommodate two of those plastic turtle-bowls side by side, and the walls were high enough to keep the turtles in when they climbed out of their shallow bowls, which they were doing all the damned time. Keeping the turtles confined was very important, because if you didn't they would invariably crawl under the refrigerator during the night, and six months later you'd find them there, all black with their eyes sunk in. Why they always headed for the refrigerator I never could fathom: you'd think every once in a while one might crawl under a bed, or under the stove or under your kid sister, but it never worked out that way. The turtle food wasn't even refrigerated -- so that couldn't be it.

You may be wondering what small green turtles have to do with writing. I'm getting to that. Turtles are great creative aids, you see. Especially lots of turtles kept in a toy castle. For two reasons. One, they are very boring pets. Turtles never do anything, you know. Sometimes they pull their arms and legs and head into their shells. Sometimes they stick them out. This wares very quickly on even the least imaginative child. They sleep a lot. About the most exciting thing a turtle ever does is crawl under the refrigerator, drawn there like a swallow to Capistrano or a lemming to the sea or a Bryant to a shark, but they always do that at night when you can't watch 'em. If you had a dog or something, it might jump on you, or bark and leap around until you followed it to where somebody was

stuck in quicksand, but you never have to worry about that with a turtle. If you ever get stuck in quicksand, don't send a turtle for help. He'll head off and get distracted by a dump and crawl under an abandoned refrigerator. So Turtles are real nothings as far as entertainment goes.

Also, second key at tribute, they die a lot. My turtles died all the time. And I never painted them or carved my initials into them or anything like that, I swear it! I think it was that damned turtle food they had to eat. Or maybe it was just boredom. Maybe outside Bayonne turtles live longer.

So there I was, you see, with a brain feverish with fantasy from years of living in Bayonne, a reader despite the best efforts of little Sally, with these boring pets that never did anything but die. I didn't want to take the blame for them croaking, so I had to think up some other reason to explain those deaths.

Well, it was real simple. They lived in a castle, didn't they? So clearly they were all kings and princes and knights and stuff like that. And they died in swordfights -- and that was how I started writing!

I had that castle for years. A lot of turtles came and went. They all had grand adventures, intrigues, duels, and feuds. They vied for control of the kingdom of the turtles. They poisoned each other. They formed alliances with neighboring kingdoms, and led revolutions. They started a turtly space program. They had great kings and weak kings, noble warriors and cowards, all that good stuff, so I started to write it down. My first epic. Pages after pages of turtle sword and sorcery. The manuscript still exists, by the way. I never throw away anything.

I have no doubt that should I die an untimely death it will see publication. Lin Carter will find it in my trunk and finish it as a collaboration. And hell, maybe I'll finish it myself. WATERSHIP DOWN was big, DUNCTON WOOD was big, why not TURTLE CASTLE?

Turtles, you see, are just what is needed for a young writer to put it all together.

Now the job is almost done. The bored kid has started putting words on paper. He's a writer. Or she's a writer. In time, they'll get better. If they ever slow down and stop writing, just buy them some more turtles. Still, one more thing is needed. A lot of writers write only for themselves. You know the sort. They keep journals, they live in little private fantasy worlds, they never think of sending anything out to an editor. This will never do. You can't be a bigname sci-fi guy unless you begin mailing stories to editors and getting money for them. Usually, this last stumbling-block is caused by a lack of confidence; the neophyte writer doesn't think his or her stuff is good enough, so the years go by, the decades go by, and the writer stays at home, polishing, revising, honing.

You know why? Because the poor fool has started reading good books, that's why! If you've got him reading Tolkien and LeGuin and Jack Vance, John Irving and Larry McMurtry, Steven King and William Shakespeare, you're doing him in! The kid will read all that good stuff and know he can never measure up. I read LORD OF THE RINGS early in high-school, and didn't write for a year. No, giving a child writer, or even a childish writer, good books to read is a literary crim of the first magnitude.

If you want to help, give him trash. He needs to read really poor stuff, derivative, clumsy, amateurish, stuff with idiot plots and thin cardboard characterization and stiff, wooden dialog. Give him stuff with wiring diagrams in it, and expository lumps, and lots of adjectives. It may take a while, but sooner or later that kid will sit straight up, throw the book across the room, and shout, "I can write better than that!" Then he will mail his first story to an editor. It happened for me just that way, when I read a really goddawful piece of amateur superhero fiction in a comic fanzine. Fan fiction will do it every time. If you can't find any fan fiction, try a box of old Roger Elwood anthologies, the complete works of John Norman or a random selection of Del Rey books.

And who knows? A year or so later, you may find yourself at Disclave, proud parents of a Guest of Honor!

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JACK GAUGHAN AND THE RED CABBAGE CAPER

Jack C. Haldeman II



"Monkey Business" Amazing

Rifton is a rural town in New York. Jack Gaughan lives in the middle of farming country. I visited him there once while the annual county fair was going on.

Being a city boy at the time, I felt out of place dodging all those tractors and horses. Jack didn't. He was clearly at ease in the land of pickup trucks and Red Man chewing tobacco. We watched the livestock judging and sampled homemade pies and preserves. He showed me some of the things his kids had entered. We saw a lot of people and they all seemed to know him. There was a lot of sitting on fences and fenders telling lies back and forth. It didn't take me long to start to feel like I fit in, even with my long hair and beard. They figured if I was a friend of Jack's, I was okay. Long hair and everything.

Later we went to a bar down the street from his house. It was a small place, comfortable in an easy-going way. One pool table, a few places to sit down, a dog curled up in the corner. They kept Jack's favorite beer on ice there even though no one else in town ever drank the stuff. It was that kind of place. While Jack was beating me at pool and we were talking about things that wouldn't come true for years, I found myself staring at the bartender. I was sure I'd seen him before, but that wasn't possible. As Jack ran the table for the second time and sank the eight ball it came to me. I'd seen him in a current issue of Analog. Jack had lifted him out of the bar and into the 21st century.

As we walked back to his house I held two images of Jack and they flickered back and forth. One image held Jack as the man I'd spent the morning with: family man (his wife, Phoebe, is also an accomplished artist), volunteer fireman, a man comfortable with life in this rural

setting. The other image held Jack as I had known him before: an artist whose work I had admired for many years, a science fiction artist of incredible vision. The rural setting clashed with the gleaming science fiction future.

His house was a tall, wood frame building with a fair amount of land around it. The stairway up to the room where he worked creaked with age, but the paintings that lined the walls captured the essence of science fiction. More contrasts.

While we sat and talked Jack was as much at ease surrounded by the tools of his trade as he'd been at the fair or at the bar, for that matter, with a pool cue in his hand. I realized I'd seen him in a variety of situations before; with fans, pros, editors; in formal settings and informal ones. He never seemed out of place or the slightest bit uncomfortable.

It took me a while to figure it out. The stairway was the key. The old weathered walls covered with the bright science fiction paintings presented a tunnel from the past to the future. Jack was the connecting link.

Jack is a man who knows where he is. It's as simple as that, and just as complex. The relaxed confidence that makes his work so superior shows up in everything he does.

He's well-known for his generosity to fans. His work has appeared in countless fanzines, from the highly-polished ones to the lowliest crudzine. Many times, when Disclaves were struggling affairs, his donated artwork was all that kept the convention from going broke.

Jack works in a variety of formats; oils, pen and ink, charcoal, and scratchboard, just to name a few. To me, this is equivalent to a writer who can do essays, short stories, novels, screenplays, how-to articles, advertizing copy, newspaper work, and scientific papers. The only writer I know who can do all these well is Isaac Asimov. The only artist I know who can do so many things so well is Jack.

For DisCon II we produced a booklet of Robert Zelazny's poetry. Jack was kind enough to illustrate them for us. Being typical fans, we gave him the poems at the very last minute. Not only did he come through for us, but he came through heroically. Even though I typed the poems, Jack found images in them I'd missed, images he subtly worked into the illustrations.

In spite of his fannish connections, Jack is a walking definition of the word Professional. If an editor or art director needs something by Thursday and they need it good, Jack is the obvious choice. Other people can get it done by Thursday, but Jack can meet the deadline and do a superior job at the same time.

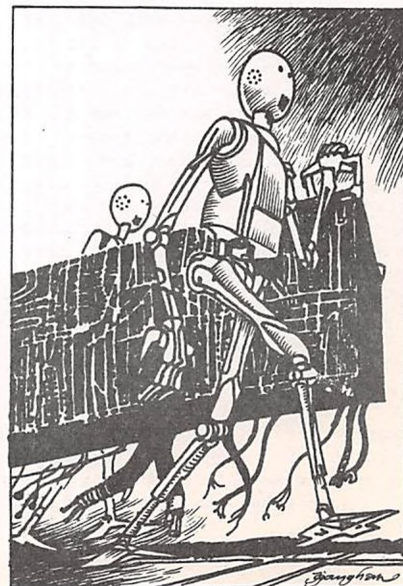
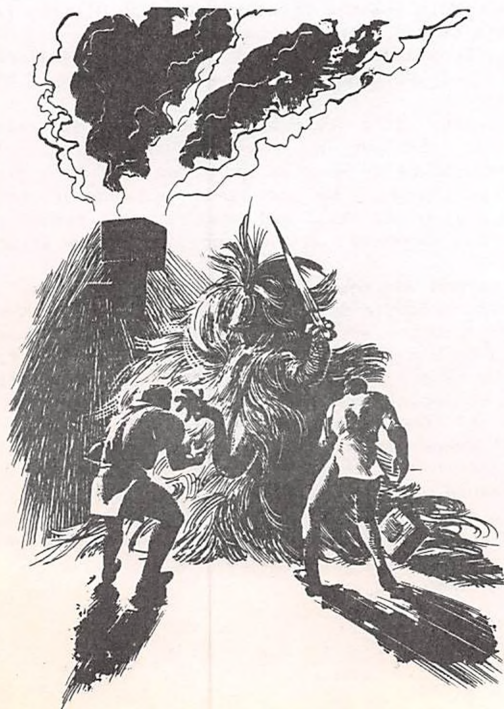
Our tightly-knit science fiction community clearly recognizes Jack's talent. He has won Hugo Awards in both the fan and professional categories. He was professional Guest of Honor at St. Louis for the 1969 WorldCon. All well-deserved honors.

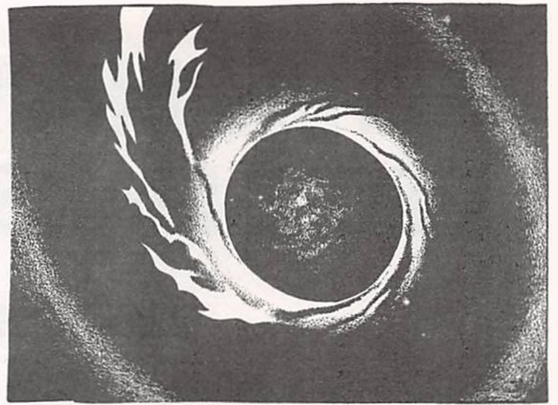
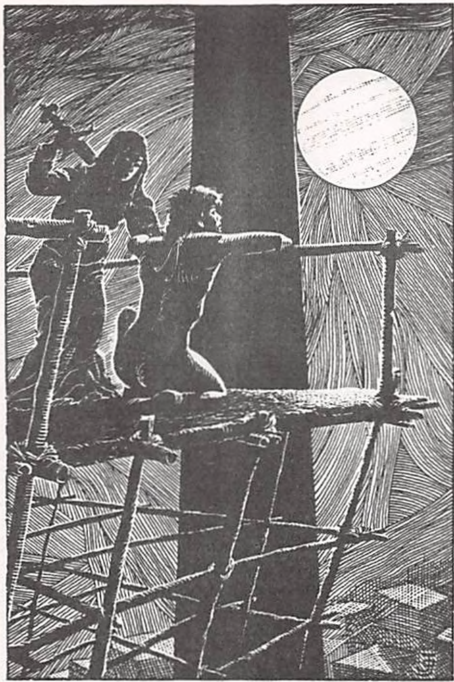
He reads a lot. It's obvious that he does that carefully too, just the way he does everything else. He's illustrated several of my stories and I can tell he's given them a lot of thought. He can pull a scene or image out and, by applying his skill and imagination, create an illustration that supports and enhances the story it accompanies.

Surely a person who reads so much must, at one time or another, figure he could do a better job than the writer. Maybe this happened to Jack (with one of my works?), because stories by him are now starting to appear in the magazines. He brings to his writing the colorful imagery and attention to detail that characterizes his artwork.

In spite of the honors he's collected, Jack is a quiet man. It takes people like me to speak up for him because he doesn't do it himself. Take the time to meet him this weekend if you don't know him already. He's a genuinely nice guy. Much too nice a guy to embarrass by explaining what happened to the bowl of red cabbage and why the girl was swinging from the awning.

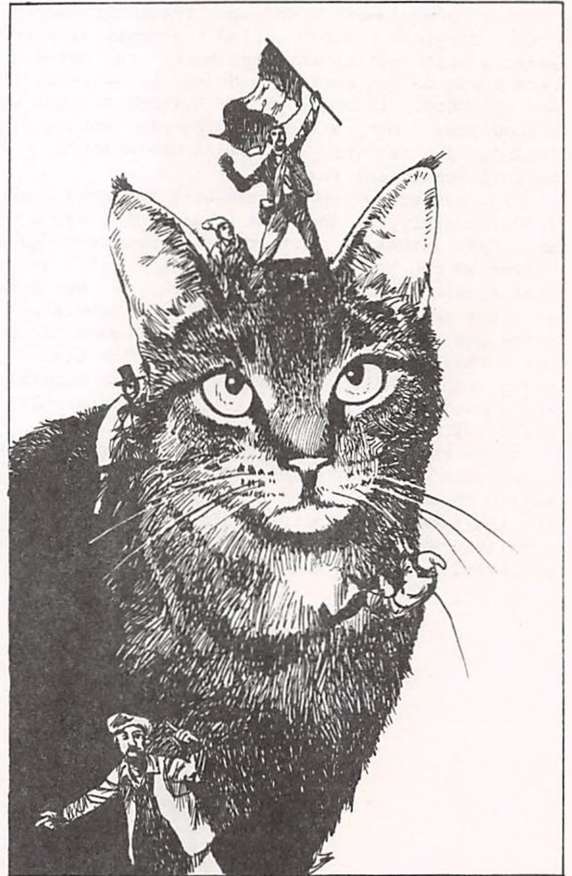
Maybe next time.





YOU SHOULD SEE THE ONES THAT WOULD NOT FIT

Jack Gaughan sent me, when I asked for a few pieces for the program book, about five pounds of artwork. I wouldn't have minded, except it was all too damned good not to print. These are some of his interiors; Jack says that SF interiors are the truest form of SF illustration. Covers have requirements other than the enhancement of the story, while interiors are usually the free interpretation of the artist. These aren't the best he sent me, they're just the ones I could squeeze in.



FLYING DISCLAVES FROM MARS!

Timothy Robert Sullivan

This is my fourth Disclave. The first was in a Crystal City, Virginia fleabag called the Hospitality House. For reasons best left unmentioned here, the hotel quickly became known as the Hostility House to all the lucky fans who attended. In spite of the horrors of that con, I had a good time, met a lot of people who've since become friends, and ran into some old acquaintances. I even met Darrell Schweitzer there.

You may wonder why I came back the next spring. So do I. Fortunately, the Sheraton in Arlington was a more suitable 1981 gathering place than the Hostility house, and it served as con hotel last year, too. But I digress. The real reason I came to a second Disclave was because I had a place to stay near the hotel for nothin'. Yes, the price was right, so Timothy Robot made his way from the fetid Florida swamps, where I lived at the time, journeying north to the equally dismal Nation's Capital for a bit of fannish fun. My host was the incomparable Somtow Sucharitkul.

In the fall of '81, Somtow persuaded me to share a house with him in Alexandria, Virginia, where the two of us remain to this day. The lease was running out on my Florida apartment, and Somtow couldn't get anybody in the metropolitan Washington area to live with such a rabid overachiever.



Let me explain what I mean by that; a single example should suffice. When Somtow flew down to Florida to help me move my furniture, driving a full thousand miles with me in my ancient Mercury Montego MX (yes, the one they named the missile after), we had already discussed the possibility of writing something about the Roman conquest of North America. By the time we had loaded the U-Haul in Boca Raton, the dear boy had sold "Aquila", the slapstick tale of a Sioux Indian -- sort of a Chief Dan George type -- who pulls a pompous Roman general's fat out of the Parthian fire. By the time we hit South Carolina, he'd sold the sequel. Two more Aquila stories were purchased between then and the time we unpacked the U-Haul. Now that's an overachiever.

Anyway, I set up shop in the Alexandria place, just across the street from the library, wherein I have been ensconced ever since. I've been nominated for the Nebula Award, sold three novels and lots of short fiction since then, so I've always believe moving north was good for me. Another Disclave came and went last spring and yours truly appeared on the now legendary Spectacle panel. Officiating at the midnight horror readings as well. Really made me feel like one of the gang.

This time around, Disclave's in a new hotel. The oversized human lapdogs of the Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA, pronounced "Wisfa," for short) promise more spectacle than ever this year. That's a tall order. In 1980, a SWAT team disrupted a group of costumed fans outside the Hostility House; in 1981, buttons circulated bearing the legend: Who is Tim Sullivan?; in 1982, Bakhti, the Wonder Shrew ran amok in the Sheraton. How can you top these spectacles? You may well ask.

Rumor has it that there will be a striptease by a noted writer to the tune of Richard Strauss's Salome. The International Cookie Conspiracy will be out in force. Jack Chalker and Eva Whitley will bring their tiny son to his 900th convention. The bar will be open and you will find your favorite artists, writers, and even a filmmaker or two staggering in and out. It fairly takes your breath away, doesn't it?

If all this proves too much for you, there's always the splendor of Washington in the spring. Cherry blossoms reflected in the Potomac, the monuments, the Smithsonian (where you can spend an afternoon gawking at the dinosaurs, meteors, mummies, neanderthal skulls, spaceships, and even a Rembrandt or six), lots of neat restaurants . . . Afghan, Turkish, Ethiopian . . . even the French Restaurant where Somtow wet himself laughing at calves' brains two years ago. But that's another story.

What's that? You thought we only had the Lincoln Memorial and a lot of pointyheaded bureaucrats in this town? Well, you weren't entirely right. Indeed, there may well be a CIA man or two lurking in our midst this weekend, but most of the bureaucrats among us will be fans, hucksters, even a writer or two. You did know that Alexis Gilliland, Campbell Award winner and cartoonist par excellence, was once a bureaucrat, didn't you? That's okay, you can forgive him; he's no longer working for Uncle Sam.

I see by the ol' chronograph that it's just about time to go, so let me leave you with a word of advice if you've never been to a Disclave before: watch out for the Bonzos.

Who are the Bonzos, you may ask. Well, they're smaller than human beings, have bumpy yellow heads, and frequently carry exotic weapons. They are usually sticky, and not as acrobatic as their namesake -- the star of those old Ronald Reagan movies -- so try not to step on one if you should stumble upon it in a hotel corridor. If you should step on one, place index fingers in ears immediately and proceed to the registration desk to find a committee member to deactivate the little sucker.

Relax, have a good time . . . and don't say I didn't warn you.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.



ATLANTA IN '86

Like the Phoenix, Atlanta has risen from the ashes of the Civil War to become one of the most vital cities in the U.S. today.

Now, the Atlanta in '86 committee rises to meet the challenge of building a better Worldcon. And we can do it!

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From among the many fine hotels in Atlanta, we have chosen two, the Hyatt Regency and the Hilton, which, together, offer more than enough space and facilities necessary to a Worldcon of

the 80s. These hotels are well-located, both in relation to overflow hotels as well as restaurants and shopping centers. Special attention has been given to the needs of the handicapped in the choice of these two hotels: thus all our facilities are easily accessible.

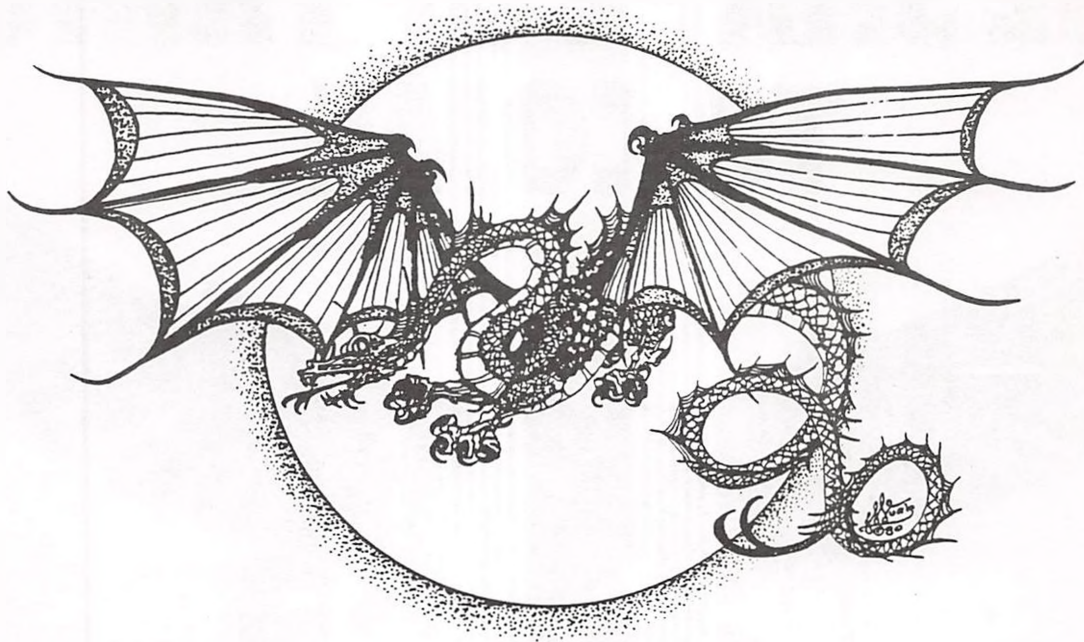
The Atlanta in '86 committee is not merely local. It also encompasses some of the most experienced convention people in the South who have chaired dozens of large Southern regionals.

Southern fandom has a tradition of cooperation and cohesiveness which is the strength behind our bid. We of Worldcon Atlanta, Inc. are proud of the opportunity we have of bringing Southern fandom to the world and the Worldcon to Southern Fandom.



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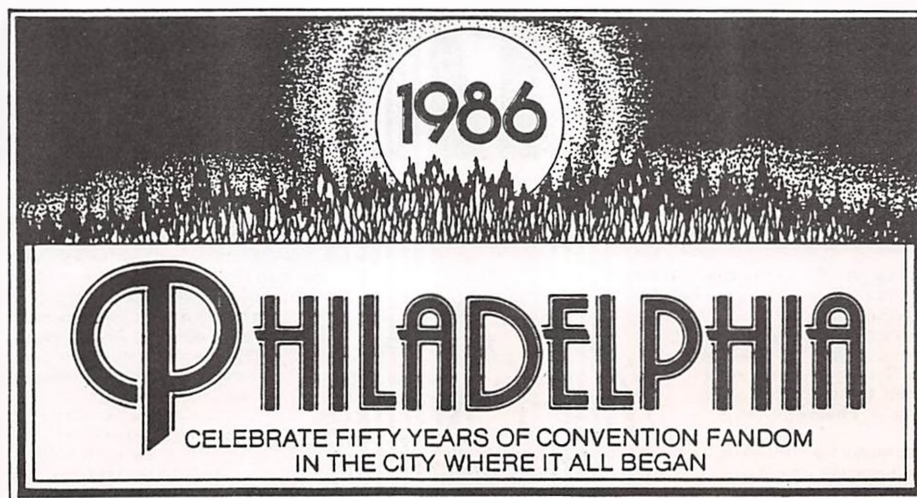


Why Philadelphia? The fans are terrifically traditional, yet by nature futuristic in their outlook. Philadelphia awarded the first Hugo's in 1953 (They were coincidentally designed by a Philadelphian). We also hosted the first science fiction Convention. That convention was held in a basement, but we have slightly larger facilities in mind for our fiftieth anniversary.

Philadelphia has already begun preparations for hosting the 1986 World Science Fiction convention. The Franklin Plaza and the Philadelphia Centre hotels have placed all of their facilities on hold for us for Labor Day weekend.

But what about the present? Philadelphia in 1986 will be brought to you by the same people who have brought you the last few Philcons. As the good Doctor Asimov said in the July 82 issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction, "It (Philcon) was well attended, efficiently run, with an excellent art show and a bustling huckster room." Even post football Naval maneuvers can't dampen a Philcon!

We take our bid seriously. We've got the necessary skills and facilities to run an enjoyable Worldcon. If you read our bios, you'll see the lists of our credits. Come to our parties. Enjoy the radio plays. Ask us about the bid. We think we can convince you.



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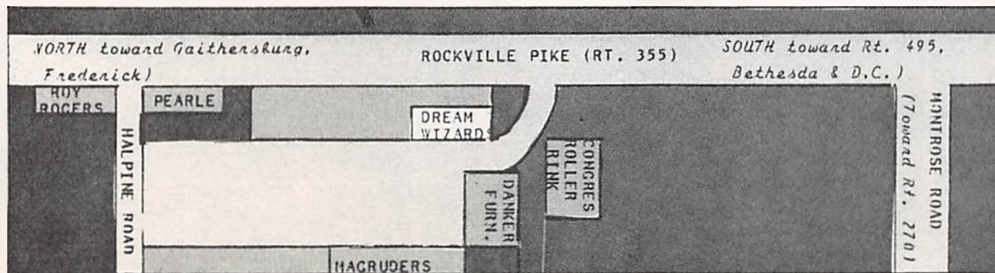
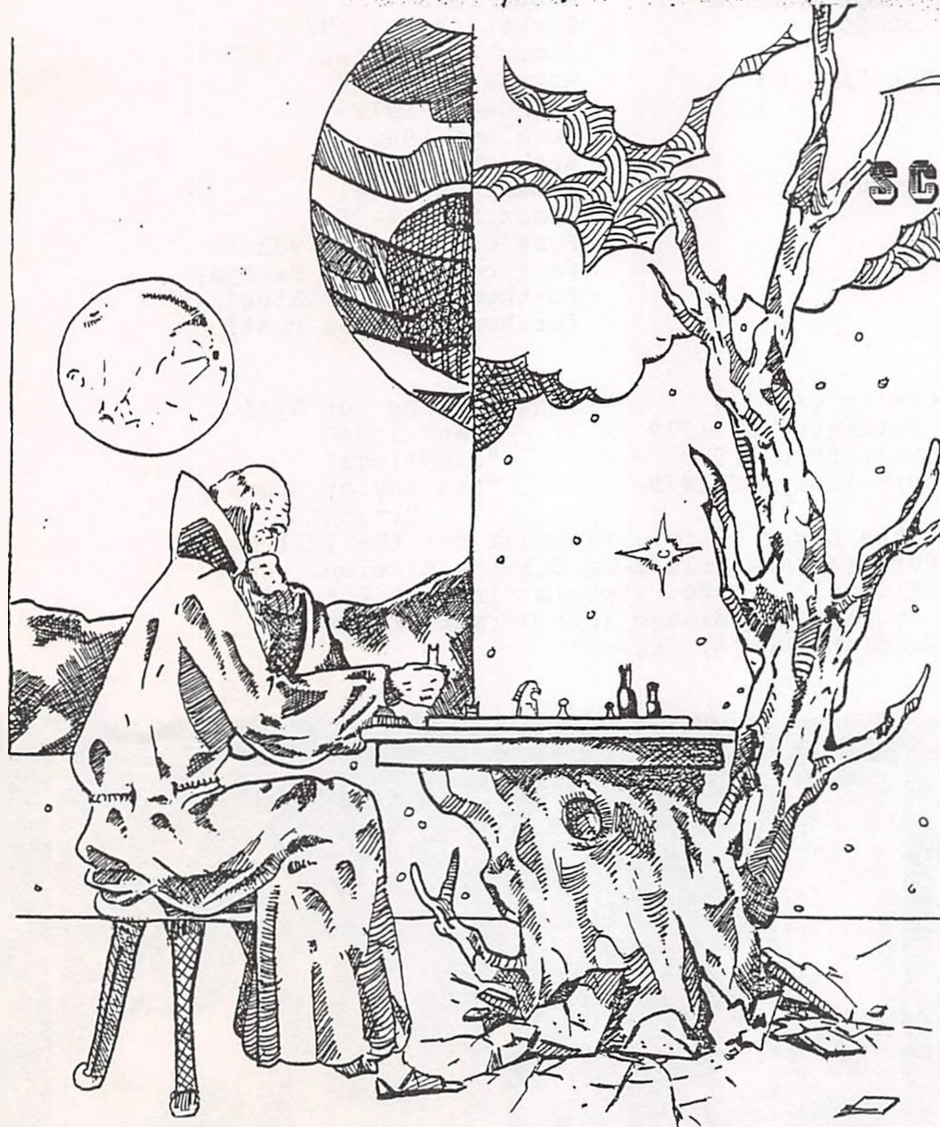
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GEORGE R.R. MARTIN BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books:

A Song for Lya and Other Stories
Songs of Stars and Shadows
Dying of the Light
New Voices In Science Fiction
New Voices II
New Voices III
New Voices 4
Windhaven (with Lisa Tuttle)
Sandkings
Fevre Dream
New Voices 5
New Voices 6
The Armageddon Rag

Avon, 1976
Pocket Books, 1977
Simon & Schuster, 1977
Macmillan, 1977
HBJ/Jove, 1978
Berkley, 1980
Berkley, 1981
Timescape, 1981
Timescape, 1981
Poseidon Press, 1982
forthcoming from Bluejay
forthcoming from Bluejay
forthcoming from Poseidon

Awards:

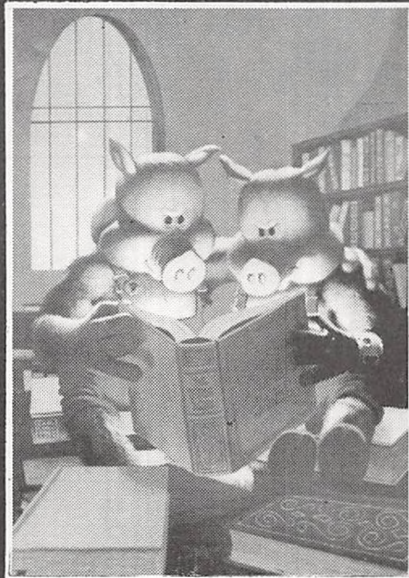
Hugo Award, Best Novella of 1974
Nebula Award, Best Novelette of 1979
Hugo Award, Best Novelette of 1979
Hugo Award, Best Short Story of 1979

"A Song for Lya"
"Sandkings"
"Sandkings"
"The Way of Cross &
Dragon"

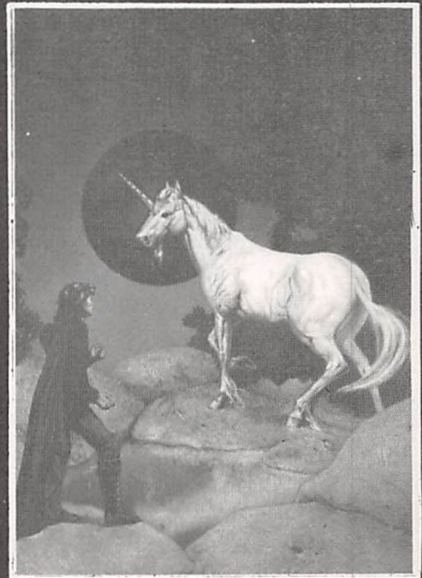
Five-time winner of the LOCUS Award. Finalist for the 1971 John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer in Science Fiction. Hugo finalist in 1973, 1976, 1977, 1980. Nebula finalist for 1973, 1974, 1975, 1977. Stories translated into German, French, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Japanese.



Take The 'A' Train



Pigs In Thought

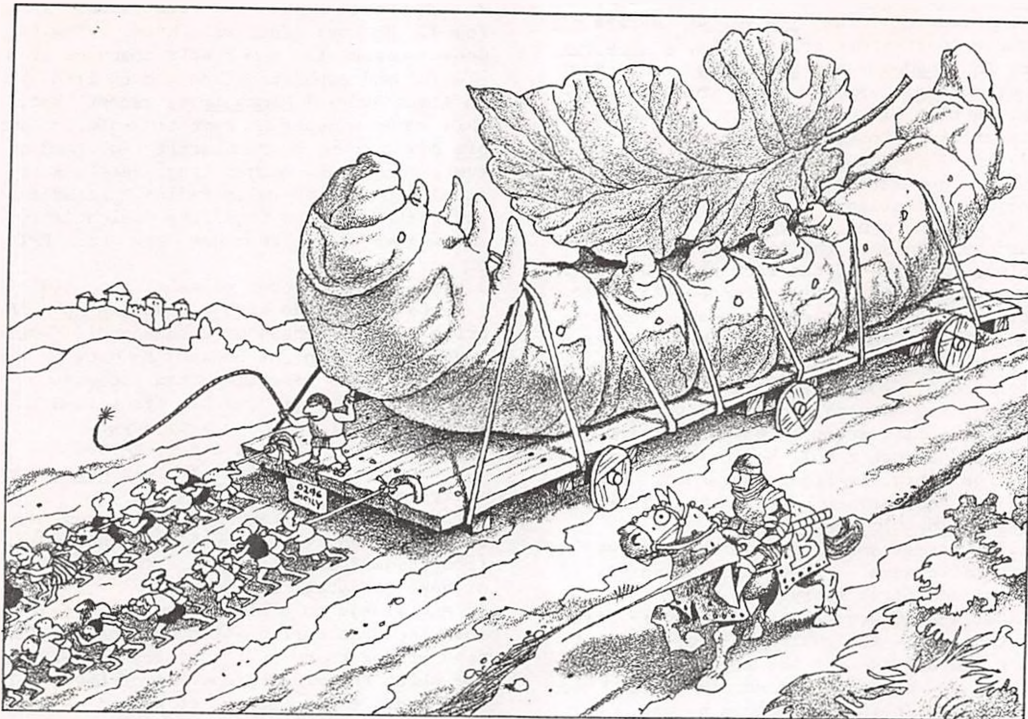


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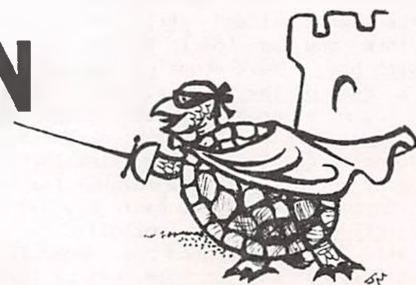


A Convention-attendees' guide to **GEORGE R. R. MARTIN**

* IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
 THIS REFERENCE, BELIEVE ME,
 YOU'RE BETTER OFF
 NOT KNOWING!



by Gardner Dozois



George R.R. Martin was born in Bayonne, New Jersey in 1948, where he spent a boring childhood raising turtles, reading comic books, eating pizza (pizza is one of the ruling passions of George's life -- he once wrote a story in which a character's version of Utopia was a world where pizza grew on trees), and working on his epic terrapin fantasy, *Turtle Castle*, all as described in his article "The Secret of Being a Sci-Fi Guy", to be found elsewhere in this program book. (What George doesn't tell you in his article is how strongly this obsession with turtles has colored the rest of his life. When George lived in Dubuque, for instance, he became known as the Terrapin Zorro. He would sneak out at night and raid the reptile houses at the local zoos, setting all the turtles free, and then -- after fitting them out with tiny capes and tiny little masks -- lead them on a reign of slow-moving terror across the hapless Iowan countryside, knocking over 7-11's and Piggly-Wiggly stores. Eventually, George would tire of this and crawl off under a refrigerator to rest, and deprived of his leadership, the rest of the turtles would quickly be rounded up by local law enforcement agencies and turned into soup. Fortunately, they never caught

George, as I doubt that he would be salty enough to make a good soup.).

After the usual stints at Quaint But Boring Author's Jobs -- directing professional chess tournaments, unloading trucks, sportswriting, running the Tubs O'Fun at an amusement park (The Tubs O'Fun were three 500pound sisters from Boise, dressed in pink satin tutus; George, stylishly accoutered himself in black bikini briefs and black net stockings, would snap a bullwhip at them from the edge of the stage, forcing them to do a ponderous jig to the strains of the Beer Barrel Polka) -- George made his first sale, to Galaxy, in 1971. Over the next few years, George became one of the most popular new writers of the Seventies, a mainstay of *Analog*, a co-founder of the Hugo and Nebula Losers Club, and, willy-nilly, a member of the Labor Day Group*. He won his first Hugo Award in 1975 for his novella "A Song for Lya; in 1980, his novelette "Sandkings" won both the Nebula and the Hugo, and his short story "The Way of Cross and Dragon" won a Hugo as well, making George the first author ever to take home two Hugo Awards for fiction in the same year. His books include

the novel The Dying Of The Light, the collaborative novel Windhaven (with Lisa Tuttle), the New Voices series of anthologies, and three short-story collections, A Song For Lya, Songs Of Stars And Shadows, and Sandkings. His most recent novel is Fevre Dream, a vampire novel which is earning him Big Bucks, getting him on the Merv Griffen Show, and generally threatening to turn him into the Stephen King of his generation (George protests that he can't be the Stephen King of his generation since "Stephen King is the Stephen King of my generation," but this is obviously hair-splitting -- a critic once referred to poor Vance Aandahl as "the Gardner Dozois of the fifties," so clearly Anything is Possible). In spite of the fact that George's favorite recording artist is Kris Kristofferson (!) - slow tears of schmaltz run down George's face every time he listens to "Me and Bobby McGee," and when Kristofferson gets to the line about how "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose," George breaks down completely, blubbering and honking, and moaning "so beautiful, God, so beautiful"; this is what a life spent in Bayonne will do to a man - he has just sold a rock'n roll horror novel called The Armageddon Rag, for a big six-figure advance. George is presently working on another new novel called Terrapin Rock'n Roll Vampires Of The Old Mississippi.

Actually, George's career and mine have intersected in several odd, synchronistic ways. When I was an editor of Galaxy, I fished George's first story "The Hero" out of the slush pile. Later, when George attended his very first science-fiction convention -- the 1971 Disclave, as a matter of fact -- I was the one running the registration desk when he arrived, and so not only signed him up for his first con but was the first person in fandom he met. Later still, we founded the Hugo and Nebula Losers Club together. (We chucked him the hell out of it, of course, after he won his first Hugo, but he made such a pitiful spectacle of himself trying to get into the Hugo Losers Party that night -- whimpering and groveling and whining, biting chunks out of the carpet, holding his breath and turning blue with such a passion that he swelled up in front of the door like an immense, sniveling, cerulean blimp, blocking the doorway -- that we finally relented and let him back into the club. Then, at Noreascon II, he won two Hugos! at the same time! and still had the nerve to come sauntering into the Hugo Losers Party, actually carrying his Hugos with him. Talk about chutzpah!) Later still, when I was a Best of the Year editor, I bought stories from George for my anthologies, but George didn't buy any stories of mine for his anthologies. We have both been Guests of Honor at Disclave. And, finally, the clencher, George recently got a six-figure advance for a novel, and I did not. (Explain that if you can! How can anyone doubt that astral influences rule the world!)

All in all, George is a good Joe (actually his imitation of Joe Haldeman is terrible, but he insists on performing it at parties and public occasions, much to the embarrassment of his friends. His Jimmy Cagney stinks, too), and aside from his weird thing about turtles, his perverse fondness for Kris Kristofferson, and a few odd sexual quirks which I am too discrete to discuss -- but which his girl friend will talk about in great detail (and with many a weary sigh) if you buy her a drink -- George is the epitome of the wholesome, clean-cut, chubby-cheeked Nice American Boy. Much to the despair of Barry Malzberg, George does not despair about being a science-fiction writer; being a science-fiction writer has not wrecked his life and left him filled with bleak stomach-churned angst, like it has for the rest of us; instead, it's made him rich, cleared up his acne, and gotten him laid a lot. What can you do with somebody like that?

Here are a few suggestions:

1. Algis Budrys says that George has "a mind like a steel trap." Put George outside in the rain, and see if his head rusts.

2. Ask George where the best pizza in the area is to be found. He invariably will know. Few people realize that George possesses a portable computer of unbelievable complexity and sophistication, much like the computer Domino in Algis Budrys' Michaelmas, except that, instead of using this supercomputer to secretly rule the world, George uses his computer to keep himself informed of the location of every Pizza Hut, Burger King, Baskin-Robbins, and Taco Bell stand within a ten-mile radius, rated as to the freshness and quality of the food, the amicability of the service, and whether or not they have any Kris Kristofferson cuts on the juke box.

3. Save your leftover pizza rinds, and ask George if he'd like to go outside with you and plant them (remember to bring a garden spade or a reasonable facsimile). Who knows? Maybe pizza can be induced to grow on trees. George indulges in this passtime often (accounting for the hundreds of tiny mounds all over his front lawn in Santa Fe), and he hasn't given up hope yet, anyway.

4. Walk up to George and say, "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose." Then demonstrate this. Originality counts.

5. Ask George to sing the lyrics from "My Mother, The Car", or "Car 54, Where Are You?". Alternately, sing the lyrics from "Sugarfoot" to George. (Why should the Guest of Honor have to do all the work?)

6. Ask George to explain to you -- if he can -- the notorious incident during which he caused a famous science-fiction writer to burst into tears by telling her scary stories about the dreaded Hookman of Lover's Lane.

7. Ask him to explain -- if he can -- the incident during which he tore open his clothes and exposed himself to a flabbergasted audience at the 1981 Worldcon at Denver.

8. Ask him to explain why he showed slides of Naked Women to a nun, while he still lived in Dubuque. (Perhaps this explains why he doesn't live there anymore...)

9. Give him money. (George doesn't need it, God knows, but this is a tried-and-true traditional convention activity that pros always find pleasant).

10. Give me money. (A preferable choice.)

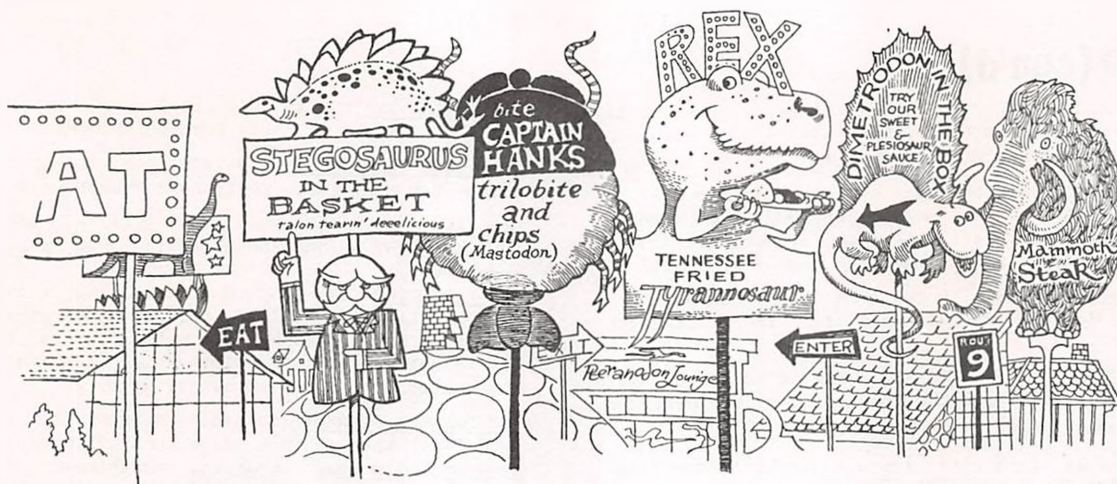
11. Ask George to sign your copy of Rubber Soul or Sgt. Pepper's, and tell him how much you've always liked the baroque harpsichord break he performs on "In My Life". Alternately, fly to London and ask George Martin to sign a copy of Fevre Dream. (This is a more subtle and creative alternative, but consequently a bit more difficult to execute).

12. Walk up to George and show him a full-color photograph of Galapagos Tortoises mating (available at a table in the huckster's room for this purpose). Be warned: this will drive George into a state of uncontrollable rut, so do not do this unless you're certain you want 180 lbs. of glaze-eyed, hard-breathing, lust-crazed Hugo winner on your hands. (Minors should be advised that they're prohibited by law from indulging in this particular con activity).

13. Show him a photo of Kris Kristofferson mating with a Galapagos tortoise. (Same reaction as above, except that George also hums "Me and Bobby McGee" while in his lust-created trance. Same restrictions apply.)

14. Finally -- and probably the single most important thing you could do at this convention -- you can join me and dozens of other critics, scholars, and Important Sci-Fi Guys in demanding that George read a section of Turtle Castle aloud at ConStellation, this year's WorldCon. The SF world has waited long enough for this epic! The time for it to be made public is now! Petitions will be available for signing in the lobby on a round-the-clock basis. Urge the ConStellation staff to make the reading a major program item. Remember the rally cry: MAKE GEORGE R. R. MARTIN READ TURTLE CASTLE AT CONSTELLATION. Let's get those turtles out of George's closet and into our hearts, where they belong.

Have a good convention -- and remember, whatever you do don't eat the snapper soup when you're having lunch with George.



FOOD...

Those with cars can easily reach some of the best restaurants to be had anywhere in America simply by crossing the Potomac and going into Washington, D.C. Washington is not big on the arts, but as bureaucrats and politicians are often big around the waist, the Nation's Capital is full of first class restaurants.

There are some nice places on Maine Avenue, just across the bridges, and if you know a native you can invite out, on the condition that he picks the place, you might have a meal to remember. There are fannish places that seem to stay open all night and there are places were God needs reservations a month in advance. I've enjoyed the ASTOR (on M st.) the MOON PALACE (on Wisconsin Ave.) but that isn't helpful to people who don't (or can't afford to) want to travel a long way for dinner. Actually there are some nice places over here in Virginia, There's a fine sushi bar up on Colombia Pike, called the MATUBA, and Doll Gilliland tells me there's a new one just a bit farther off... but what's close? The Twin Bridges Marriott is located in splendid isolation from mere commerce, and so if you disdain the Hotel's restaurants, which are quite nice, by the way, you'll have to go up Clark St. a way until you come to the Crystal City complex.

With the folks who want to eat at less than a five minute drive or an half hour's walk, I include the following list of restaurants to be found in the neighboring province. The Con has menus from some of them which you can consult. A sign at the registration desk will tell you where you be able to see them. The places listed on this page are not necessarily recommended; all they are guaranteed to be is close.

The first cluster of buildings you come to has a place called the Gateway Delicatessen in it. It was closed the day I surveyed the restaurants. There is also a restaurant in the HOLIDAY INN

Called:
FRED'S PLACE (920-0772) with entrees from \$3.95 to \$11.95
 Then you come to an UNDERGROUND MALL(WORLD) called
 THE CRYSTAL CITY UNDERGROUND

There are three underground malls, and this is the first. The second has nothing in it which is open on the weekend. The third CRYSTAL PLAZA, has.

THE CRYSTAL CITY UNDERGROUND IS CLOSED ON SUNDAY

There are several places to eat in this mall, but the general atmosphere is trendy-plastic and its major virtue is that it is relatively close by. The following places are found in it:

AMELIAS: They have an all you can eat Seafood dinner on Friday starting at 5:00 and running until about 10:00 which costs \$13.95. See how much damage you can do.

CRYSTAL DINERY: 12 different fast food kiosks around a common table garden. You can eat Tex-Mex, Chinese, Greek, Health, etc, and of course, SHOPPING MALL BURGERS! Open M-S 11-8.

The CRYSTAL BALL:(920-3930) Owned by the folks who own Amelias, Crystal Dinery and...

THE FRENCH MARKET CAFE AND WINE BAR : Les Sandwiches, Les Oeufs, Less Pretence! Sidewalk dining in the al fresco charm of a bombshelter. The nice Greeks who own these restaurants keep the French Market open from 7AM -9:30PM on weekdays, on Saturday its 9-9.

D'ITALIA CAFE & MARKET (920-1400) Breakfast 9:30-10:30, Lunch 11-3, Dinner 3-9:45. It is the only place in the mall not owned by the Crystal Dinery folks and it looks a bit more real.

BE ADVISED THAT, WHILE THERE IS NO FOOD AVAILABLE IN THE MIDDLE UNDERGROUND - IT IS THE GATEWAY TO THE METRO, WHICH CAN TAKE YOU ALL OVER D.C. (the local term for Washington)

CRYSTAL PLAZA OPEN ON SUNDAY!

There are also some places upstairs in this one. But, underground there are:

HOT SHOPPES CAFETERIA: Lunch 11-2:30 7 days, Dinner M-Sat 4:30-8. Sunday: Dinner 4-8. Clean, decent. Marriott started it all with a Hot Shoppe right here in DC!

SAFEWAY: M-F: 7AM-10PM, Sat: 8AM-10PM, SUN: 9AM-7PM
 This is the real "Fannish Restaurant", a supermarket which sells beer and wine too. There's a drugstore (DRUGFAIR) right across the way from it.
 (streetlevel)

back towards the hotel there is (amazing) yet another MARRIOTT called the CRYSTAL CITY MARRIOTT. It has two restaurants:

CAPRICCIO'S (521-5500) Italian (\$7.95-\$15.95)
 WINDJAMMER LOUNGE: Soup, sandwiches, salad, bar.

Then back on Clark Street you'll see:

ROY ROGERS' 7AM-9:30PM M-F, S-S: 8AM-11PM. Just like the one down the street. By the way, the Marriott Corp. owns the chain.

ARTHER TREACHER'S FISH AND CHIPS: Ghoddawful greasy fish coated in old socks. This has nothing to do with real Fish and chips, or the fine old actor who sold his name to the gonifs who run it.

FOOD (con'd)

LEE YUAN (521-3309/521-4723) 2401 S. Clark St. M-F 11-11 S-S: 4-11. Orientals eat there. They have a nice menu. and then across the street (U.S. 1)

OLLIE'S TROLLY: There's two near by, one's behind the HYATT, somewhere. The one across Jeff Davis Hwy, not only sells the hotdogs, etc. one might expect, but also eggrolls. The manager is Chinese. M-F 11AM-9PM, S-S:11-6.

MORO'S PIZZERIA (521-8200) Looks like the place where the KKK meets the Mafia to discuss used cars. The Pizza might be quite good.

HOWARD JOHNSON'S HOTEL RESTAURANT: OPEN 24 HOURS!(684-7200) Known quantity. It's just the other side of the overpass.

SOUTH 23RD STREET

The street is lined with restaurants. It's the first red light after the HOSTILITY HOUSE.

420: JOHNATHAN'S: M-S 11AM-2AM (But there is a DISC JOCKEY after 9:00PM. Continental Cuisine from \$4.00. Closed SUN.

422:CRYSTAL CITY RESTAURANT: Redneck Go-Go. Unless you're looking for barbecue, beer and boobies, stay away.

509: CHEZ FROGGY (979-7676) M-F: Lunch 11:30-2 (minimum charge per person \$5.50) DINNER M-Sat: 6-10 (minimum per person \$9.50) Tres annoying.

513: CHINA RESTAURANT (979-6626) M-F: Lunch 11-2:30, Dinnery 7 days 5-11. neighborhood Chinese.

515: THE TACO HOUSE (979-7033) M-SAT 11-10:30, SUN 12:30-8:30. Tex-Mex, large portions y muchos pedos!

519 CAPE ITALIA (52;-2565) M-F: 11-11:45, SAT 4-11:45 SUN: 4-10:45. Neighborhood Italian, big on sidewalk dining reasonable.

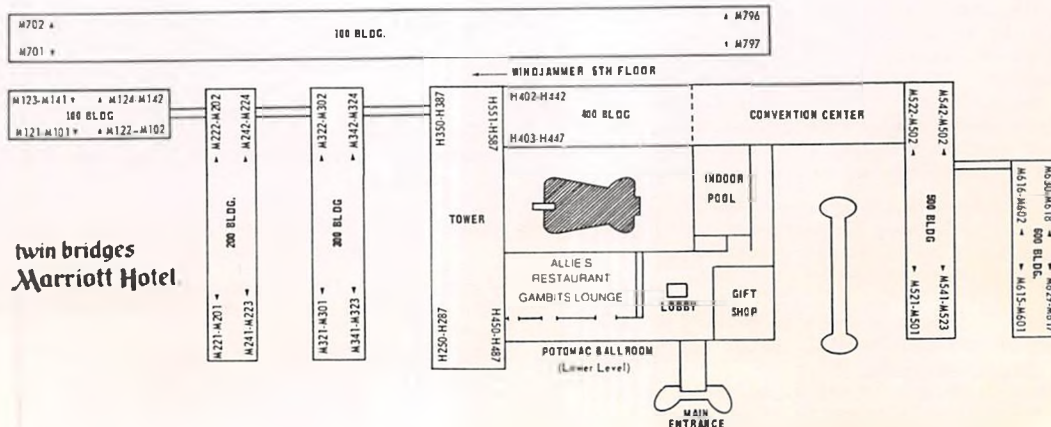
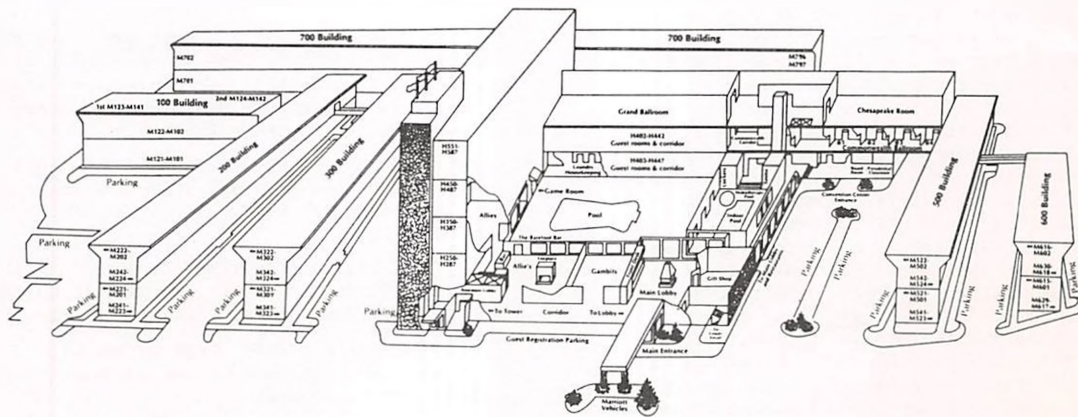
526 PORTOFINO (979-8200) M-F:Lunch 11-2, Dinner 5-10 S-S: Dinner 5-10. Italian. Formal: make reservations, wear tie, pay too much. The Cubans who run the place try to achieve an authenticity which the Italians across the street don't seem to bother with.

523 BANGKOK GOURMET (521-1305) M-THURS: 11-10:30,F: 11-11, S-S: 3-11. Entrees from \$4.25 to \$8.25 including such as venison, wild boar, pheasant, and things so HOT they melt Mexicans. I hate hot food, but have eaten there and liked the food. The place is really Thai and really gourmet, PROBABLY THE BEST RESTAURANT ON THE STREET. *****

527 THE SNUGGERY (486-4493) M-F: 10-2AM, SAT 11-2AM, SUN 12-2AM. OPEN LATE. Bar food: Pizzas, burgers, down home folk's bar.

549 WAFFE/DINER/ STEAK & EGGS (930-1631: M-F: 6AM-7PM SAT: 7-7, SUN 7-3/ Norman Rockwell on a shingle.

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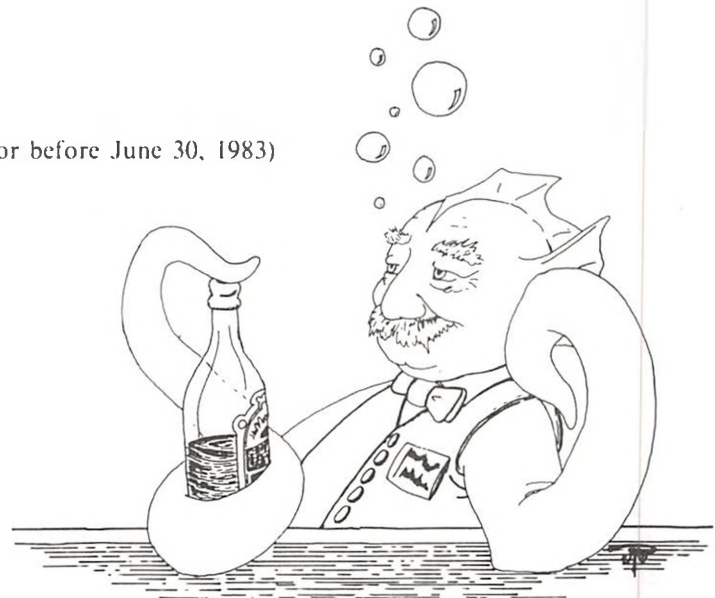
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