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DISCLAVE '88

The Washington Science Fiction Association's 32nd Convention in 39 years.

May 27 - 30, 1988

Writer Guest of Honor
Barbara Hambly

Artist Guest of Honor
Jim Burns

other guests

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The drinking age in Maryland is 21. Disclave will be enforcing this in the con suite.

The official Disclave Weapons Policy is: NO. Violation of this Policy could result in REVOCATION of membership and barring from future Disclaves.



WHAT A PIECE OF WORK

An Appreciation of Barbara Hambly

by
Diana L. Paxson

"What a piece of work is (wo)man!
How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!"

Hamlet 11:2 (slightly adapted)

On the cover of *The Silicon Mage* (which is the latest book by your Guest of Honor, so you've all read it, haven't you?), a sorcerer and a girl with blonde curls are being attacked by some kind of energy-being. Now this is a Michael Whelan cover, so you know that (a.) it actually has something to do with the story, and (b.) it's worth taking the time to examine the details. This particular fantasy heroine is not only completely clothed, she's holding a computer disk. Well, that's important too, but what I want you to look at first is those blonde curls.

The protagonist of this book does have curly fair hair. So does Barbara Hambly. "Is that supposed to be you?" I ask her (Whelan has been known to play this kind of trick before). "Well, not exactly," comes the answer. "Joanna's curls are natural. Mine cost me \$200 a year . . ."

So is Joanna Sheraton a self-portrait, or what? Which is the real person, and which is the work of art?

It's true that Joanna is a denizen of Southern California, and so is Barbara Hambly, who was born in San Diego and grew up in commuter-land near Pomona, the kind of environment that forces any individual with sensitivity and spirit into fantasy (how many of you are physical and/or spiritual escapees from suburbia—you see?). Barbara still lives in L.A., but she's managed to find a little house in the beach community of Venice which is cool and quiet, and a profession which does not require her to drive on the freeways at rush hour . . .

So maybe Barbara drew on her knowledge of the environment for Joanna's setting, but what about the character? ". . . this woman Joanna, blunt, uncertain of herself, awkward, and oddly logical with the logic of the computers who for so many years had been her only friends . . ." (p. 167, *The Silicon Mage*). Obviously, that's Barbara (remember the computer disk on the cover)—well, blunt, maybe, but Barbara Hambly never worked as a programmer in her life. She's taught high school, clerked in a liquor store, modeled, been an instructor in karate, but not a programmer.



The fact is, a writer who draws entirely on his or her own experience for story material can write one good book—maybe two or three—but after that they're all going to start sounding the same. Unless she can get a little help from her friends . . . A writer's own background may give her insight, but she has to master the fine art of extrapolating from the experience of others to get inside their skins well enough to tell their stories as well as her own.

The better the writer, the more effectively she can do this, and readers, seeing their own experience so accurately reflected, sometimes make unwarranted assumptions and develop a sense of (unilateral) intimacy. One may fall in love with a character, but that doesn't necessarily mean the writer is a soul-mate. In extreme cases, this sense of identification can become an obsession. It can be very disconcerting to be greeted like a long-lost lover by someone whom you've never seen before.

A good story-teller is perpetually and intensely *curious*. About places (Barbara spent a high-school semester in Australia, and a year of college in France), and above all about *people*. To quote again from *The Silicon Mage*, she has to appreciate "the painful, puzzling joy of seeing the lives of others." A passage in *The Witches of Wenshar* refers to the enjoyment of seeing one's friends "acting like themselves".

What Barbara herself says is that she likes to gossip . . . (not necessarily to repeat it—I've never heard her bad-mouth anyone, and I've known her for six years—but to be entertained by it, and to learn. I called her up to check on some information for this bio and we talked for two hours. Thinking back, I'd bet that she learned at least as much about me as I did about her!).

In the novels of Barbara Hambly, friendship is a major theme. Like many of us in science fiction, she grew up a loner (when she taught high school she realized that her unhappiness when she was a student wasn't her fault, it was the school environment itself that was the problem). I don't have to tell you how she survived adolescence—the same way I did, and I'd imagine, the same way a lot of you did as well—by building tough defenses around her dreams, and valuing the few friends she found to share them. Writers in the earlier part of this century may have celebrated one rebel standing alone against the world, but these days we write about groups of ex-loners learning how to be friends, and nobody does that better than Barbara Hambly.

Many of us may have shared her experiences, but not everyone becomes a writer. And it's not just that she can plot an exciting story, and tell it in prose which is graceful or forceful or funny as that story requires—a lot of people are good with words. But Barbara got started as a storyteller at an early age. Her sister suffered from insomnia and nightmares, and from the time she was four years old, Barbara told her stories to put her to sleep. By the time she reached her teens she could extemporize plots and characters for hours at a time. It got to be a habit. She got addicted to storytelling.

Since her first novel, *The Time of the Dark*, came out in 1982 (between then and now she's published nine more) a lot of us have become addicted to reading her stories. She entered fandom as a neopro—in fact she had sold her first book before she went to her first convention (Loscon '81)—so she never had to educate people to stop thinking of her as "just a fan" (if there is any such thing—some

of the fans I meet in the Con Suite are more interesting than some of the pros I meet on panels—but there are writers who work hard at dissociating themselves from their lowly beginnings).

As a result, Barbara seems to feel free to enjoy fandom without worrying about losing her dignity. In her case, this means costumes. Jon DeCles says he never recognizes her from one outfit to the next. I just covet the costumes—there's the Renaissance mercenary, the Demon-Hunter, the pirate, the zaftig baroque masterpiece in silver and shell-pink, and her rendition of the Queen of Hell, which combines sexy and sinister. Watch out for her at the Masquerade in a new-for-Disclave outfit which is essence of frilly.

So which of these is the *real* Barbara Hambly? The warrior-types? If you've heard her on martial-arts panels you realize that she knows what she's talking about. In the process of earning a black

belt in karate, she learned to understand people she'd never have encountered otherwise, and went through some changes of her own—you can't hide in the dojo, either from others, or from yourself.

Is that the same person who sews, or fixes chairs, who writes about soaring courage or stomach-turning villainy? This November will see the publication of her first hard-cover fantasy, a vampire novel set in London and Paris in 1907 called *Those Who Hunt the Night*. Does that make her a vampire? What is makes her is someone who wonders about what happens to relationships when you have to live with the same people for eternity . . .

If you get a chance to talk to her at Disclave, maybe she'll tell you. Or you might ask her about the further adventures of Sun Wolf and Starhawk, also coming soon. The best time to try is right after an event (so long as she doesn't have

to run to another panel). Be warned, though—Barbara is a morning person, and she may be tired by the end of the day. Guests of Honor get worked pretty hard at a convention, so if she's snappish, don't take it personally. Watch out for that glazed expression, and be considerate (if you are a night person, just think how you'd react if someone tried to talk to you about the Meaning of It All first thing in the morning). And if someone else is already talking to her, don't interrupt them, especially at a meal.

But those pit-falls aside, do say hello—Barbara is really pretty much the kind of person you'd expect to have produced the books she's done. If you like reading her books, you'll enjoy talking to her. And remember, she's fascinated by people.

Barbara Hambly's characters aren't necessarily *her*—but they might be you . . .



ON DOING WHAT I DO

by Barbara Hambly

The Convention Committee at Disclave asked me — as soon as I hysterically disavowed the slightest ability to write any piece of fiction under 500 pages — to write something about myself for the Program Book. How do you go about writing? they asked me. Where do you get your ideas from?

One of my fellow-writers in what is laughingly referred to as the Animation Industry here in Los Angeles always answers the latter question by saying, "I subscribe to Story Ideas Magazine. You pay \$9.98 a year and they send you lists of story ideas." The real answer is that I have interesting friends, and am a shameless gossip.

In academic circles in the mid-seventies it was something of a party-game to discuss who was actually USING what they learned in college — which, of course, teaches one (or at least taught one then, though I'm told times have changed) nothing useful like how to change the oil in one's car or how to find a job when the market for History majors was more glutted than the market for food service workers. Of my colleagues in the Masters' program in Medieval History I am probably the only one using what I acquired at the University of California, Riverside. I acquired a Master's degree in Medieval History, and a black belt in karate, which is a useful combination for writing Sword and Sorcery fantasy — the MA. teaches you how to set up the nuts and bolts of a non-industrial society, and the black belt teaches you how to write a fight scene.

And, more seriously, getting the MA. taught me how to use a library to find whatever information I needed about lore concerning pigs, what kind of sauce Ancient Romans put on their lettuce, and whether or not a man with a broken wrist could have piloted a motorcycle in 1907.

Getting the black belt in karate, of course, taught me a great deal about the kind of people who enter the martial arts; about drinking, grass, and sex; about what a woman's first line of defense against a six-foot-tall athlete who likes to beat up women is. (Running is only the

second line of defense, by the way, for those who were too dumb to take the first line of defense, which is not putting yourself in a class where you'll have to spar with the bastard.) Because my books tend to portray cutthroat Byzantine politics I've been asked whether I was ever in the S.C.A., but the political infighting between Japanese and Korean karate styles, between "hard" and "soft" styles, between one sensei and another, was a legacy I got from those years; that, as well as a number of broken fingers, displaced kneecaps, and some pretty frightening insights into my own aggressions.

It also gave me a regrettable taste for group politics as a spectator sport, and for raw fish. The ligaments of my knees turned to cottage cheese after about six and a half years of this (I remember climbing the stairs to my apartment on my hands and knees), but hanging around the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and Costumer Fandom has pretty much the same effect, and you don't break fingers. The conversation's higher quality, too.

I wrote two books about this period of my life. The first was, of course, THE LADIES OF MANDRIGYN. The second — unpublished — was KARATE MASTERS VERSUS THE INVADERS FROM OUTER SPACE. I may go back to that one.

Ideas come for one book while researching another as well. Things I learned about early Roman religion while researching SEARCH THE SEVEN HILLS (whose original title was THE BABY-EATERS, which for some reason they were adamant about not letting me use) were so bizarre I had to recycle them as the state religion in DRAGONS-BANE; ditto for some of the early Christian attitudes which later surfaced in the Sun Wolf books. About every third or fourth book I like to do something with a historical setting — ISHMAEL was the second, THOSE WHO HUNT THE NIGHT — my upcoming vampire novel — will be the third. I simply enjoy the intellectual exercise of pure research. On long car-trips from Los Angeles to the San Francisco Bay area I've been known

to regale the other occupants of the car for hours with intricate court gossip about the sex-lives of Marie Antoinette and Henry VIII, and why the Romanov dynasty really fell.

And, I have dear friends. Not just the friends whose marital escapades I watch with sincere concern and horror while mentally taking notes — what author doesn't do that? — but friends who'll tell me, "If the society you portray really does have that attitude about women, your heroine wouldn't react that way to that situation." Or, "They couldn't be eating cake — self-rising flour wasn't invented until the Victorian era." Oops.

How do I write?

My best friend is of the Peripatetic School of writers — she wanders around her apartment fiddling with things, returning periodically to the typewriter for a sentence or two. I, on the other hand, am of the Sedentary or Dirty Bathrobe School, leaving the computer only long enough to heat another cup of yesterday's coffee in the microwave. I find if I'm working on a first draft I take a lot of naps — though the first draft is done on a fairly expensive computer, the second draft invariably has chapters scribbled in ballpoint. Thereafter it's a process of alternate whittling and padding. My Peripatetic friend has ragged me for years about using too many adjectives — she should see it before I cut out three per sentence. (Her own prose I find nude and stark as a painting by David.) She and I are talking about a collaboration, but I have my doubts.

She at least finishes her books — one would-be writer of my acquaintance has, for the four years I have known him and the ten preceding that, been hard at work on the first twenty pages of his detective novel, of which he has already planned two sequels. Living in Los Angeles one meets *lots* of would-be novelists, many of whom do TV work. A number of my friends write for Animation — and yes, there are episodes of SHE-RA, PRINCESS OF POWER and MASK FORCE written by yours truly. I remember arguing with the long-suffering story editors of one "science fic-

(continued)

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tion" animated opus about the basic premise of the show, telling them that a) the universe is constantly in motion and b) planets, in addition to moving around stars which are shooting along through space, also rotate, and therefore c) giant vines CAN NOT grow between planets, much less between galaxies. The story editors sighed and said, "We have explained this to the producer. We have explained it to the toy company. Now just write the script." That was a year when a lot of bush-league science-fiction writers in LA were doing cartoons — I was one of the few who could manage to write for that show. Perhaps my disbelief is more readily suspended by writing fantasy.

Why do I write?

There are several answers to that. It's easier than teaching High School (though the same could be said of mercenary warfare in Central Africa.) It pays me fairly well, though there are thousands of writers that it doesn't. And, like the mages I write about, I can't not do it. The fact that Del Rey books pays me for doing something I'd do anyway is a source of endless delight and surprise to me — as is the fact that people I don't know come up to me and say, "I liked your book." I'm always surprised, and always delighted. I may write fluff, but I'd like to believe it's good-quality fluff.

But equally important — perhaps most important — is to remember, for myself, what certain things felt like: places, relationships, the sound of someone's voice or the way they first looked to me when I saw them as a stranger; the ambiances of periods of my life that are never going to come back again. I write, in essence, because it's the only way I have of reaching into the time-stream and taking something out, of crystallizing it so I can look at it again, and remember feeling what I felt. I mix it in with a lot of other things to keep people from noticing, but that is what lies at its heart: loving life, loving my friends, loving to watch people get frenziedly obsessed about things that are going to disappear tomorrow like smoke in the wind.

And I said, I can't not write; I'm merely very pleased that other people seem to like what I do.

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Barbara Hambly

The Darwath Trilogy

- 1 The Time of the Dark (N); 1982
1982 May: Del Rey, 29669 LCC# 81-22836 \$2.50 ISBN 0-345-29669-9 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by David Mattingly)
- 2 The Walls of the Air (N); 1983
1983 Mar: Del Rey, 29670 LCC# 82-90865 \$2.95 ISBN 0-345-29670-2 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by David Mattingly)
- 3 The Armies of Daylight (N); 1983
1983 Jul: Del Rey, 29671 LCC# 82-90936 \$2.95 ISBN 0-345-29671-0 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by David Mattingly)

Joanna Sheraton

- 1 The Silent Tower (N); 1986
contained in Darkmage (N); 1988
1986 Dec: Del Rey, 33764 LCC# 86-90956 \$3.95 ISBN 0-345-33764-6 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Darrell K. Sweet)
- 2 The Silicon Mage (N); 1988
contained in Darkmage (N); 1988
1988 Apr: Del Rey, 33763 LCC# 87-91378 \$3.95 ISBN 0-345-33763-8 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Michael Whelan)
- 2x Darkmage (N); 1988
Contains The Silent Tower (N); 1986 The Silicon Mage (N); 1988
1988 : Nelson Doubleday, SFBC 12003 (no code) SFBC 1st. Edition (cover art by Doug Beekman)

Sun Wolf

- 1 The Ladies of Mandrigyn (N); 1984
contained in The Unschooled Wizard (2N); 1987
1984 Mar: Del Rey, 30919 LCC# 83-91245 \$2.95 ISBN 0-345-30919-7 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Darrell K. Sweet)
- 2 The Witches of Wenshar (N); 1987
contained in The Unschooled Wizard (2N); 1987
1987 Jul: Del Rey, 32934 LCC# 87-91135 \$3.95 ISBN 0-345-32934-1 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Darrell K. Sweet)
- 2x The Unschooled Wizard (2N); 1987
Contains The Ladies of Mandrigyn (N); 1984 The Witches of Wenshar (N); 1987
1987 Jun: Nelson Doubleday, SFBC 1109 R24 p.599 SFBC 1st. Edition (cover art by Tom Kidd)

Non Series Titles

- Dragonsbane (N); 1985
1986 Jan: Del Rey, 31572 LCC# 85-90837 \$3.50 ISBN 0-345-31572-3 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Michael Whelan)
1986 Jun: Del Rey, SFBC 100495 Q26 SFBC
- Ishmael (N); 1985 (a Star Trek novel)
1985 May: Pocket, 55427-1 \$3.50 ISBN 0-671-55427-1 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Boris Vallejo)
- The Quirinal Hill Affair (N); 1983 (Historical Fiction)
retitled to Search the Seven Hills (N); 1987
1983 : St. Martin's, 66123-1 LCC# 82-17051 \$14.95 ISBN 0-312-66123-1 Hardback 1st. Edition (cover art by Joel Iskowitz)
- Search the Seven Hills (N); 1987 (Historical Fiction)
retitled from The Quirinal Hill Affair (N); 1983
1987 Nov: Ballantine, 34438 LCC# 82-17051 \$3.95 ISBN 0-345-34438-3 Paperback 1st. Edition (cover art by Sivavec)

WHAT ABOUT JIM BURNS?

by David Brin

One day, while walking together through the British Museum, author David Brin and artist Jim Burns stop to examine wall murals crafted for the Assyrian king, Ashurnasirpal, more than 3,000 years ago. Magnificent carvings depict griffins and other great mythological creatures overwritten with indecipherable cuneiform writings.

Said Brin to Burns — in his California drawl — “A thought just occurs to me, Jim. What if you and I were caught in a time warp, right now, and swept back to ancient Assyria. What do you figure would become of us?”

“Imagining bizarre things is your job, I suppose, David.” And yet, his eyes are alight with possibilities. In his East Wales accent he asks, “What do *you* figure would happen?”

“Well. They’d probably look at us and say, ‘Ah! Two big barbarians! *They’ll* make prime slaves! Unarmed, unable to speak the language, we’d be cooked.”

“I suppose so.” Burns nods.

“But then, all *you’d* have to do, Jim, is pick up a piece of charcoal and draw a sketch! On any handy surface. They’d recognize your ability instantly and say, ‘Ah! An artisan!’ You might still be a slave, but they’d give you cushy rooms, short hours, good food, women . . .”

“And you, David. What would happen to you?”

“Me?” Brin stares at the ancient murals. “I can calculate cometary orbits I suppose . . . but only on a computer. I can explain some bits of modern physics, but it wouldn’t be relevant, as I know nothing about their gods. I can spin a tall tale or two, but all they’d hear when I spoke would be gibberish.”

“I’ve heard *some* say that about your stuff even toda--”

“What occurs to me, Jim, is that *your* skills are timeless. Jump *forward* a thousand years, and I’ll bet you could find work. But, taken out of their brief context, all of *my* abilities are ephemeral. It’d be off to the salt mines for me.”



Burns muses. “Perhaps. Unless, of course, you had a friend in high places.”

Brin looks at Burns. Burns smiles. “of course, this time warp thing is terribly unlikely, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, unlikely.” Brin shifts his feet for a few moments. He looks up. “Say, Jim, about that fiver I owe you . . .”

Burns smiles as Brin pulls out his wallet. The two of them walk on to examine the Elgin Marbles.

Oh yes, the fellow is intimidating . . . in the way the *most* intimidating guys are intimidating . . . *quietly*. No ego roar, no loud self promotion, no hopping or chest thumping, as some of we more insecure males try to show how great we are.

See, Jim Burns is one of those fellows who have absolutely nothing to prove. And he knows it. He’s flown jet aircraft for the R.A.F. His wife, Susan, is the sort of woman who could make a man forget all others. His loving, happy daughters make only just enough noise to reassure him they’re healthy. He’s paid to do the work he enjoys most. And, Jim Burns knows he’s good. He knows he’ll always

be in demand.

Don’t let that innocent smile, the soft voice, those self-effacing manners, fool you. Here’s a guy who knows he’s got it made, and that he deserves it.

Oh, I’ve tried emulating him. I did a painting, once. Gave it up. Took three flying lessons. Got ill and quit. Asked a nice girl to marry me . . . well . . .

Jim now lives in one of the prettiest parts of England, where he’s pampered by four adoring females. (Soon to be five, unless his wife surprises him and delivers the “ally” he’s been waiting for.) And there, it’s easy to envision him in his upstairs studio as he huddles over a work table cleaning that cantankerous airbrush of his, so he can dazzle us with yet another magnificent depiction of other worlds, other vistas, other dimensions, and *people* busy exploring them.

How does he do it? How does he take dreams written down by someone else, and make them come alive more vividly, with more *reality*, than the author himself ever imagined?

Well, for one thing, Jim Burns actually *reads* the works he sets out to illustrate. He’s a very visual reader, anyone can tell.

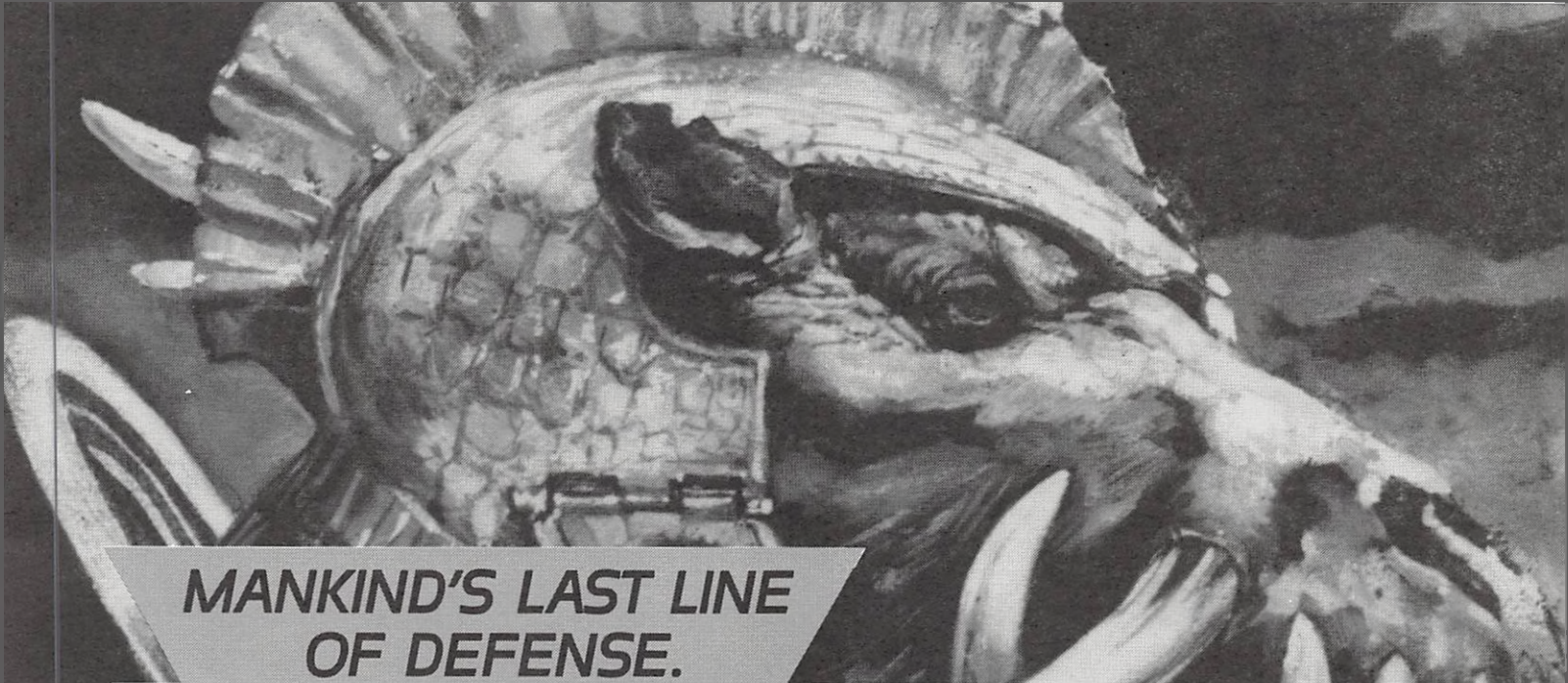
He’s also a professional, who takes his craft seriously.

He is an aficionado of beautiful women, as anyone who collects his covers well knows. (And that don’t hurt when you want to sell books!)

And he’s got a sense of proportion. (When he accepted his Hugo for Best Artist last year in Brighton, he went onstage holding his littlest daughter, showing all the world what he thought the *real* prize was.)

He’s painted four covers for novels of mine and I want more. I’ve bought two of the originals for my home. I can’t think of anyone whose talent I respect more, or whom I’m more proud to have as a friend.

You have him for the weekend. Make the most of it, mere mortals. Make the most of it.



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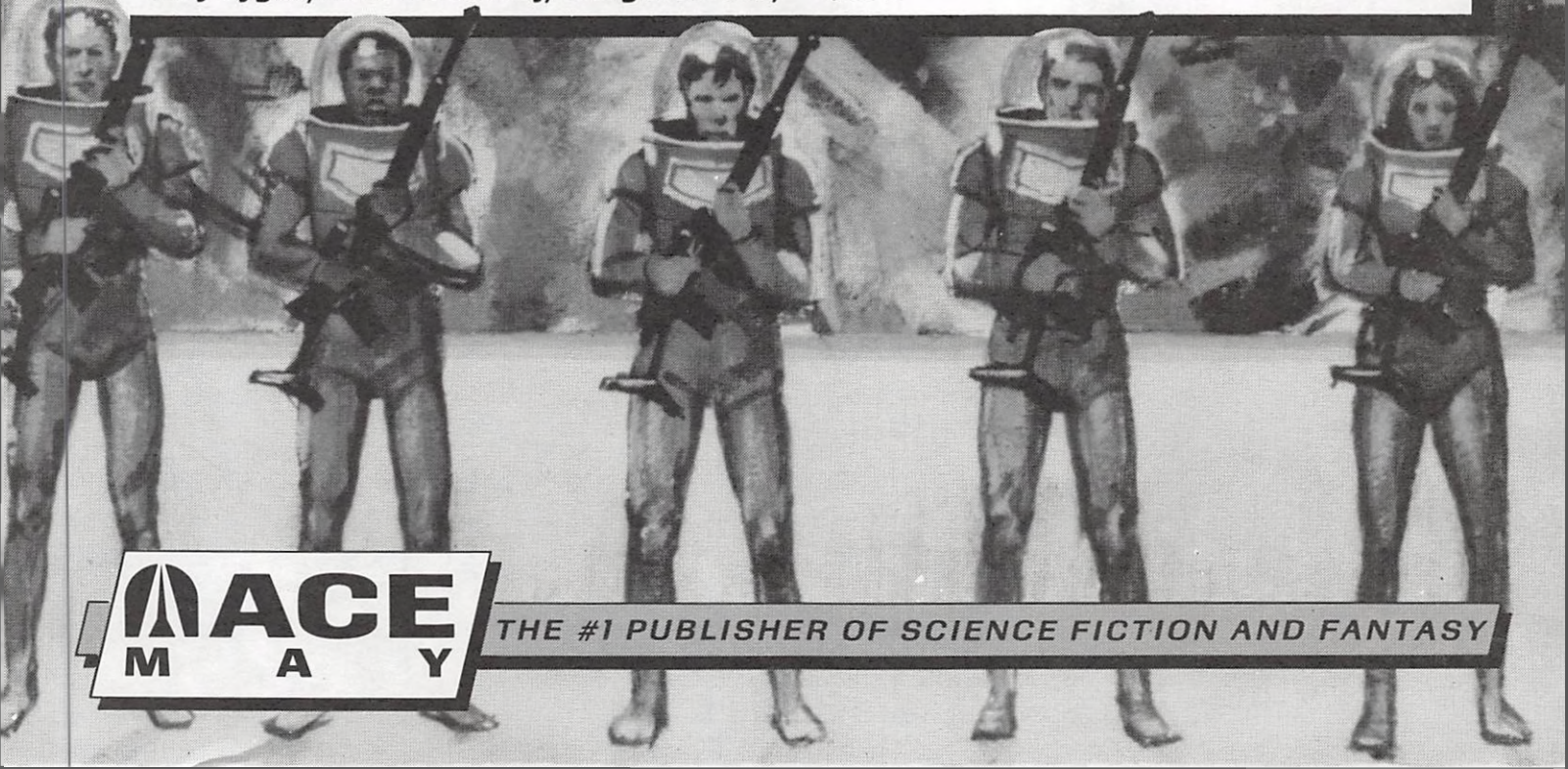
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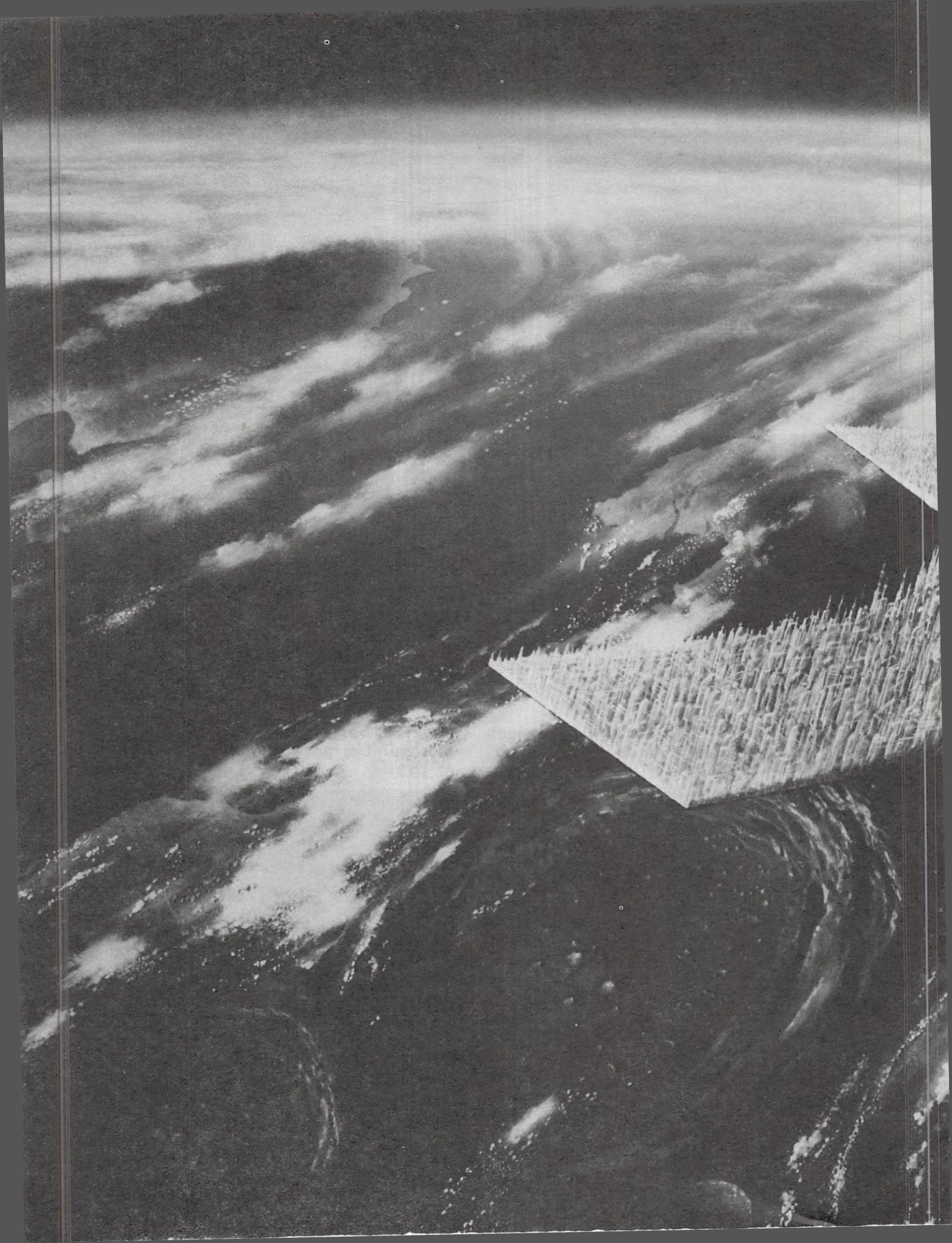
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SELF / PORTRAIT

by Jim Burns

Born April 1948 in Cardiff, South Wales, I seem to remember spending more of my childhood drawing than not. The man next door, who went by the unlikely name of Peed, kept me furnished with vast heaps of paper with the schematic layout of a ship's hold on the back. This free and seemingly infinite supply of paper probably played a more important part in my developing interest in Art than I am consciously aware.

My Art teacher more than once suggested I should make Art a career, but it was pushed aside by my overwhelming fascination with, and wish to fly, aeroplanes. I spent 18 months from 1966-68 in the RAF as a trainee, soloing on Chipmunks and Jet Provosts, but despite trying to hoodwink instructors into believing I was von Richthofen's reincarnation, there was ultimately no disguising the fact that I was a lousy pilot, and perhaps even crummier in those mysterious "officer qualities". The options were non-flying training or get the hell out. I got the hell out.

It was probably very wise. My plan then was to get into art college and do what school had said I should have done all along. After successfully applying on the basis of a few wretched scribbles from a dusty drawer in the school's Art Department plus a couple of embarrassingly pretentious new efforts, I had nearly a year to fill as an Inventory Clerk at a U.S. Army Depot in Caerwent, South Wales. (This was the callow youth Burns, remember, not the politically more mature Burns of now!) The scintillating work on offer was locating and counting all the different rounds of ammunition. After the first 30,000 rounds, 155mm shells get very boring indeed!

In September 1968 I started my Foundation Course at Newport School of Art, South Wales. A year there was followed by a three year Graphic Design/Illustration course at St. Martin's School of Art in London. I think I'd sum up my time there as 'low profile'. I don't think there was a great deal of sympathy for my approach to things; looking now at some of those early coloured-pencil renderings I can empathise a little with the tutors. With an exception or two, they are awful! But John Spencer must have seen some potential there. He'd recently established an illustration agency, *Young Artists*, and was looking around for 'talent'. On the basis of a less than wonderful piece of

work he'd seen on some art editor's desk (a pencilled rendering of Lancaster bombers taking off — my first ever commercial assignment) he'd come along to my Diploma Show and I was up and away. At the same time the college awarded me the most marginal of passes!

I probably learned more about professional illustration in the first couple of months than in the whole previous three years. Impending starvation does help to galvanize the mind, wonderfully! Anyway, I've been with the same agency ever since and see no reason to change that arrangement. The early years were, I suppose, years of consolidation, development of skills, ingratiating of oneself with one's clients, etc. A lot of the earliest work was in the area of 'historical romance' and related genres for a number of British publishers — in particular Sphere Books. I couldn't pretend to a great fascination with the material but it gave me a good grounding in the processes involved in commercial illustration. More importantly, it helped improve my figure work out of all recognition.

The years between 1973 and 1980 were spent exclusively on work for British publishers including Sphere, Panther, Corgi, Tandem, Orbit, Coronet, Methuen, Quartet, Fontana and Pierrot. Increasingly this incline towards science fiction/fantasy material until by 1980 I was doing very little outside the genre. One or two more 'erotic' pieces were completed for *Men Only* magazine. This period saw me moving from water colour to gouache to oils. By 1980 all my work was in oils. A stillborn project of this period was a TV adaptation of the famous old *Dan Dare* comic strip from the *Eagle* comic of the 1950's, of which I'd been as avid a fan as any. In fact I blame Frank Hampson and Frank Bellamy (two of the greatest comic artists of all time) for my early immersion in science fiction. The actors James Fox (*The Servant*) and Rodney Bewes (*The Likely Lads*) were the front runners for the roles of Dan Dare and Digby respectively. I produced a couple of large extra-terrestrial landscapes against which the action was to have taken place. However, the whole thing foundered. Lack of money I suppose.

The most interesting project of this whole period was a collaboration with Harry Harrison on an illustrated novella

to be published by the now defunct Pierrot Publishing, called *Planet Story*. I spent two years producing about 30 large oil paintings for this venture and the opportunities presented to me by this project saw my work improve by leaps and bounds.

In 1980 I was approached by Ridley Scott the film director, to assist in a film project. The portrait of Colonel Kyling from *Planet Story* had impressed Scott. He'd seem in the character a dead ringer for Baron Vladimir Harkonnen from Frank Herbert's *Dune* cycle and at that time it appeared likely that Scott would direct the film version. However, the *Dune* 'curse' struck again and in the event the film I found myself involved in was *Blade Runner*, the adaptation of Philip K. Dick's novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* This meant ten very interesting and exciting weeks in Hollywood and a change over after this time from oils to acrylics.

The 1980s have seen more and more of my commissions coming from the States. My agent's establishing of a New York office has been important in this. In particular I find my involvement with Bantam has been singularly fruitful. A series of Robert Silverberg novels with my illustrations and unusually tastefully treated lettering was very well received. This collaboration continues to this day. There was also a short-lived involvement with the film director, Jeannot Schwarz (*Bug*, *Supergirl*, *Jaws 2* etc.) which may yet bear fruit. In addition I've produced work for Avon, Ace, Dell and Berkley in the States and still produce the occasional cover for British clients, notably Gollancz.

A recent interesting project for Byron Preiss Visual Publications was a collaborative venture with Frank Herbert called *Eye*. A collection of his short stories accompanied by some new black and white illustrations, the first I'd done apart from one or two for the excellent *Interzone* magazine. Unfortunately, Frank died before I had a chance to meet him. *Eye* must have been one of his last projects. 1986 saw the publication of *Lightship* by Dragon's World, a collection of some of my work from the past thirteen years. I still have great hopes for it!

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When Society Goes Bad: Science Fiction Movies as Mirrors

by
Kathi Overton

Films are rarely made about utopian lifestyles: the subject matter doesn't provide enough conflict to be dramatically interesting. Instead, films tend to concentrate on the failings or difficulties of a character or of society. Science fiction is a genre particularly well suited to presenting a troubled individual or group. An SF film can take elements of contemporary civilization and exaggerate them (*Videodrome* and its treatment of media obsession is a good example) or project elements from our society into another time and/or place (as in *The Time Machine*).

Setting the story in another time or world distances the audience from the thematic content of the film. This encourages the use of symbolism and, unfortunately, often leads to excessive moralizing (witness the cautionary tales of the '70s, such as *Soylent Green*, *Logan's Run*, and *Omega Man*). At its best, however, the SF film can create a character or a world which really makes us ask that classic question, "What if . . ."



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This year's program is an overview of films that demonstrate society gone bad. We have tried to choose worthwhile titles that are not seen very often, titles which represent a wide variety of style and subject matter. These films were made over a span of six decades, in several different countries. There are stories set in the past, the present, and alternate worlds. Some of the movies treat the shortcomings of humanity in a light-hearted way, while others do not. In a few of the films, warped individuals symbolize all that is wrong in the world, and the audience must decide how much society is to blame.

We hope you will enjoy this year's film program, and we look forward to getting feedback from you. See you in the film room!

Feature Films for Disclave 1988:

The Golem

The Point

Alphaville

Rocketship XM

1984

Theatre of Blood

Seconds

Bedazzled

The Innocents

A Brief History of the
International Cuisine
Competition

From A Culinary



A Brief History of the International Cookie Conspiracy

by
Alexis A. Gilliland

The theory of the International Cookie Conspiracy is that many people attending a convention would like to participate in it if they only knew how. Assuming, of course, that it wasn't too much trouble. Asking these people to bake a batch of cookies at home for distribution in the con suite invites their participation at their own discretion. Such participation should be rewarded with some sort of recognition, such as a little red star to stick on one's con badge. The main reward, however, is internal. When you bring more to a convention, you feel you get more out of it.

This was not obvious in the beginning.

The beginning? By 1969 Disclave had outgrown the Diplomat Motel out on New York Avenue, and Jay Haldeman moved the convention to the Skyline Inn, on South Capitol Street. Initially the sales force had told him that yes, of course, the hotel restaurant, which normally closed at 9 PM, would remain open until midnight. A week or so before the event it turned out that this was not going to happen, for whatever reason, and a quick survey of the neighborhood showed that not only wasn't there any place to eat within walking distance, but the neighborhood wasn't the greatest to be walking in, either.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the problem was *not* that the only convenient restaurant was going to close at the early hour of 9 PM, but that fans would get hungry afterwards. The solution? Serve food in the con suite. And if you don't have money, ask for volunteers. Disclave being the Washington SF Association's convention, the con committee naturally asked WSFAns to bring something. What sticks in memory is that Dolly made a lot of tuna salad sandwiches, Dave Halterman made a lot of bologna sandwiches, and Jackie Harper (who subsequently moved to Okinawa and vanished) made pastry puffs filled with chicken salad. Other people brought baked goods, cookies and brownies, mostly, so that we had some food for the con suite, but not a whole lot.

So we controlled the distribution of these substances. The con suite opened at

9, about the time the hotel restaurant was closing, and Dolly craftily figured that nobody would be hungry for awhile. So we started putting our carefully rationed quantities of food at midnight. In those days the Age of Aquarius was widely believed to be for real and Jay let the con suite stay open until 5 or 6 in the morning. Monday afternoon, when we were cleaning up before moving out, we took inventory and found two quarters of a bologna sandwich, and one quarter of tuna salad. That looked like we might have had enough food, but more to the point, there were no complaints about the restaurant situation, either verbal or in con reports.

What sort of thank you did WSFA get for these heroic efforts to extricate the con committee from its self-inflicted predicament? Why, Jay thought the convention went off so well that he took Disclave back to the Skyline Inn in 1970.

Do something twice and it's a tradition?

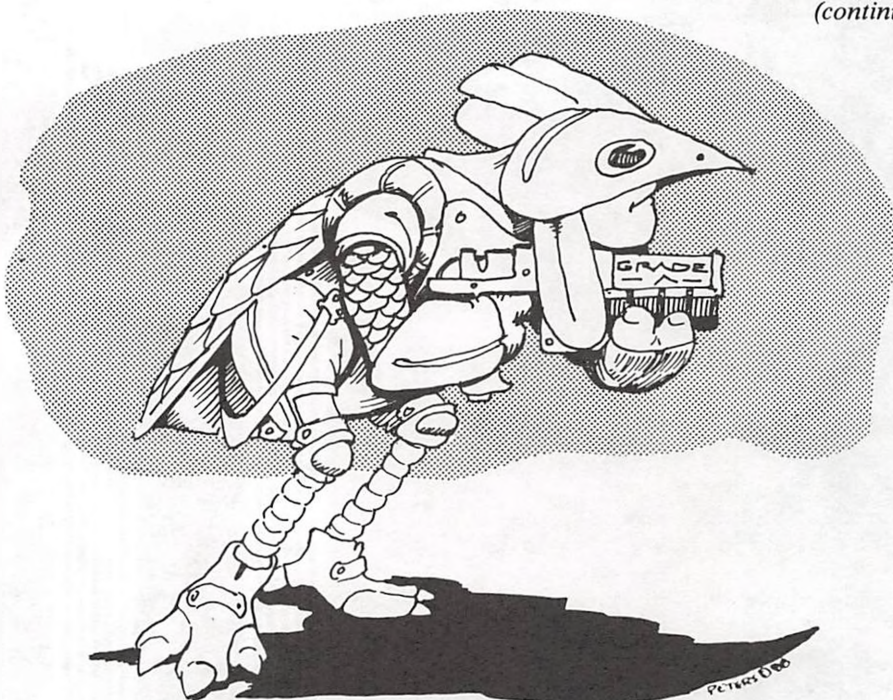
Well, not exactly, though those two

years at the Skyline Inn convinced people that having cookies in the con suite was generally a Good Thing. In 1971 Jay took Disclave into the huge old Sheraton Park, where we rattled around like a pea in a drum. And even though there were lots of places to eat, including a 24-hour White Tower, some WSFAns baked cookies.

Remember, too, that these conventions were only 100 or so people, so that the task of baking for them was humanly possible. Dolly and I used to do a double batch of toll house cookies on Wednesday or Thursday before the con.

By 1974, however, it was obvious that the same people were doing all the baking. When the question of baking cookies for Discon II was brought up (by a non-baker) it was pointed out that they were being silly if not downright ridiculous because we had been barely able to bake for the astounding and unprecedented 284 people at that year's Disclave. A joke was made about the WSFA "cookie conspiracy" being unable to cope.

(continued)



NOBODY EXPECTED THE SCOURGE OF THE SPACE CHICKENS.

The following year I handled registration at home, and having criticized the previous chairman of slowness in handling registration, I tried to respond by return mail. In short order it became evident that we were going to set a new record. So with the last 80 or 90 preregistrations that came in, mindful of the impending cookie shortage, I scribbled little notes on the receipts soliciting home baked cookies for the International Cookie Conspiracy. An *amazing* number of people responded, and we handed out little red stars (so reminiscent of another International C-named Conspiracy) to put on the con badge as a mark of honor.

Subsequently the ICC was incorporated into the flyers, and it was off and running. Other cons picked it up and used it, sometimes asking permission, even. The high water mark was reached in 1981, when we had cookies running out of our ears. My best estimate is that the '81 Disclave collected over 100 kilos of home baked cookies, including (in response to jokes on the flyer) microchip cookies, and (I kid you not) a steamer trunk full of cookies, courtesy of one Athelstane. That was the only time on record when we took home cookies for WSFA to eat.

The only question remaining is: why serve home baked cookies in the con suite? The classical answer is for the pleasure and well being of the convention's guests. If, by taking a little extra trouble, the con committee can enhance their convention at no extra expense, it ought to do so.

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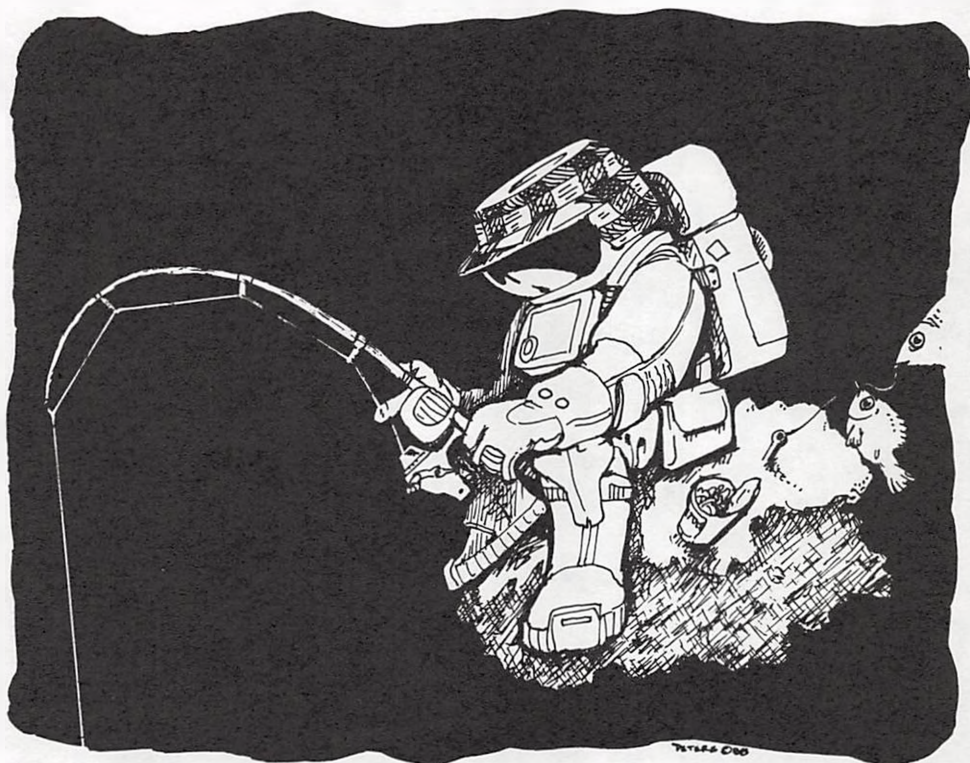
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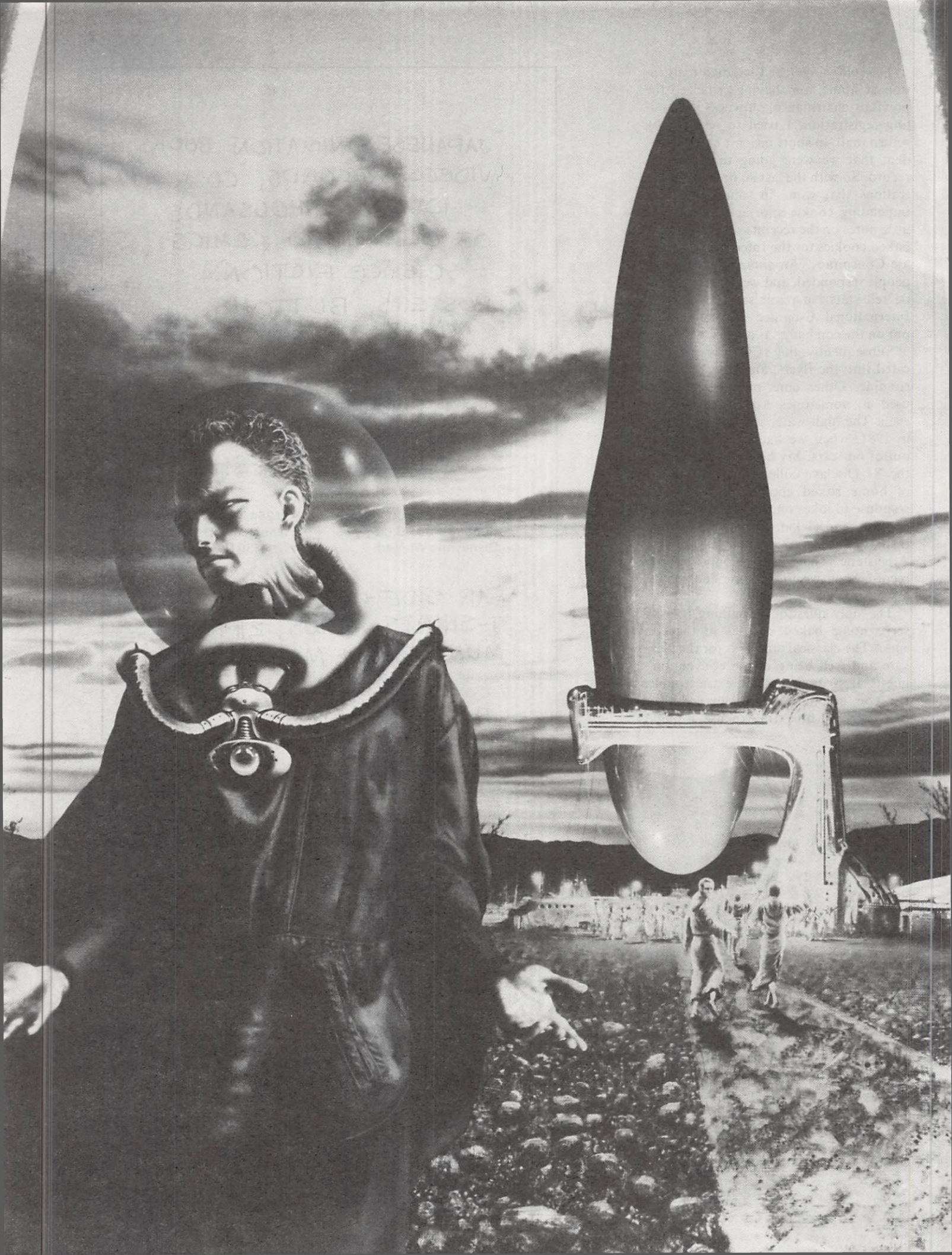
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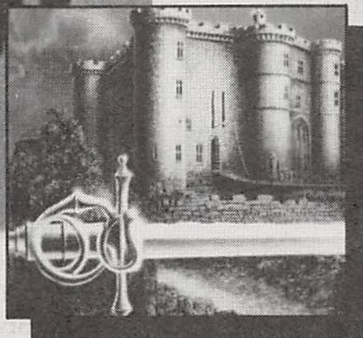
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DISCLAVE HISTORY

DATES			SITE	FEATURED GUESTS	CHAIRMAN	COUNT
1950	4	30	Wardman Park*	Willy Ley	Bob Briggs	75
1951	4	29	Statler	Sam Moskowitz	Bob Briggs	23
1953	3	22	Statler	"Proxyclove" (letters)	Bob Briggs	22
1958	5	10-11	Arva Motel	None	Bob Pavlat	65
1959	5	15-16	Diplomat	None	Bob Pavlat	?
1960	5	20-21	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers	?
1961	5	12-13	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers	40
1962	5	12-13	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers	32
1965	5	7-8	Howard Johnson's-Wheaton	Chris & Sam Moskowitz	Banks Mebane	83
1966	5	13-15	Diplomat Motel	Roger Zelazny	Banks Mebane	99
1967	5	12-14	Regency Congress	Jack Gaughan	Jay Haldeman	?
1968	5	10-12	Regency Congress	Robert Silverberg	Jay Haldeman	?
1969	5	9-11	Skyline Inn	Lester del Rey	Jay Haldeman	?
1970	5	15-17	Skyline Inn	Murray Leinster (Will Jenkins)	Jay Haldeman	?
1971	5	28-30#	Shoreham	Terry Carr	Jay Haldeman	?
1972	5	26-28	Sheraton Park	Ben Bova	Jay Haldeman	?
1973	5	25-27	Sheraton Park	Gardner Dozois	Jay Haldeman	?
1974	5	25-27	Sheraton Park	Kelly Freas	Alexis Gilliland	284
1975	5	24-26	Sheraton Park	Gordon Dickson	Alexis Gilliland	360
1976	5	28-30	Sheraton Park	William Tenn (Phil Klass)	Alexis Gilliland	675
1977	5	28-30	Sheraton Park	Joe Haldeman	Alexis Gilliland	850
1978	5	26-28	Sheraton Park	Bob (Wilson) Tucker	Alexis Gilliland	1005
1979	5	25-27	Sheraton Park	Roger Zelazny Michael Whelan	Alan Huff	1485
1980	5	23-25	Hospitality House	Spider and Jeanne Robinson	Tom Schaad	?
1981	5	22-24	Sheraton National	Isaac Asimov	Alexis Gilliland	1400
1982	5	28-30	Sheraton National	Elizabeth Lynn Tom Miller	Jack Chalker and Eva Whitley	?
1983	5	27-29	Marriott Twin Bridges	George R.R. Martin Jack Gaughan	Alan Huff	1100
1984	5	25-27	Sheraton Inn-N.E.	Connie Willis Paul Yurek	Jane Wagner	900
1985	5	24-26	Sheraton Inn-N.E.	Ed Bryant Bob Walters	Michael J. Walsh	?
1986	5	23-25	Sheraton Inn-N.E.	William Gibson Steve Stiles	Jack Heneghan	?
1987	5	22-24	Sheraton Inn-N.E.	Gene Wolfe Barclay Shaw Chick Derry	Joe Mayhew	1350
1988	5	27-29	Howard Johnson's**	Barbara Hambly Jim Burns	Tom Schaad	?
1989	5	26-28	?	Lucius Shepard Alexis and Doll Gilliland	Michael J. Walsh	?

* The Wardman Park became the Sheraton Park. Also the site of Discon II.

When Disclave moved to Memorial Day weekend, that gave us an additional night and day to "dead dog".

** Formerly the Sheraton Inn-N.E.

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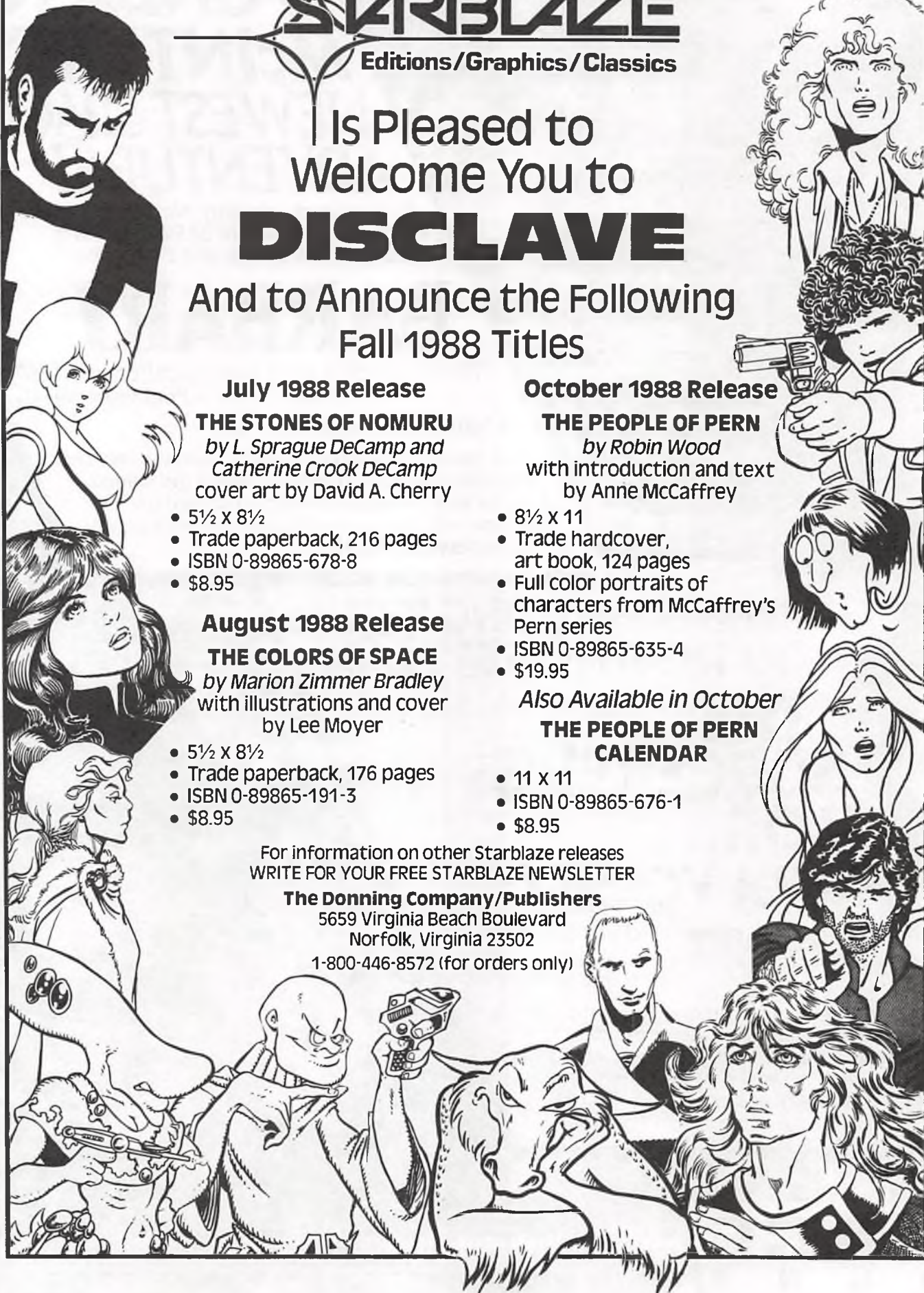
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