

DISCLAVE



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DISCLAVE 1990 STAFF



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SOUVENIR BOOK: Joe Mayhew, Evan Phillips, Covert Beach **BADGE:** Joe Mayhew
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Activities Area: Jul Owings **Asst:** Amy Paul **Filking Coordinator:** Crystal Hagel
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Gear, Mike Walsh **Resnick/Sucharitkul Recreation Category:** Mike & Carol Resnick, Somtow Sucharitkul
Prommie: Erica Van Dommelen, Susan Cohen, Roger MacBride Allen

FILMS: DIRECTOR: Kathi Overton **STAFF:** John Pomeranz, Mark Barker, Robyn Rissell, Lee Moyer

HUCKSTERS ROOM: Pre-Con: Scott Dennis & Jane Dennis **At-Con:** Scott Dennis & Mike Walsh
Huckster Registration: Sue Francis

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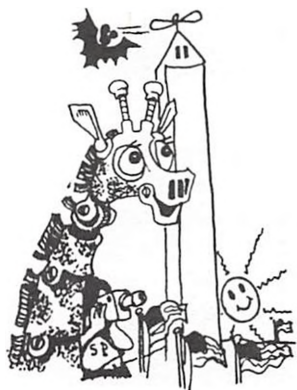
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DISCLAVE'90

The Washington Science Fiction Association's 33rd Convention since 1950

May 25 - 28, 1990 - Memorial Day Weekend



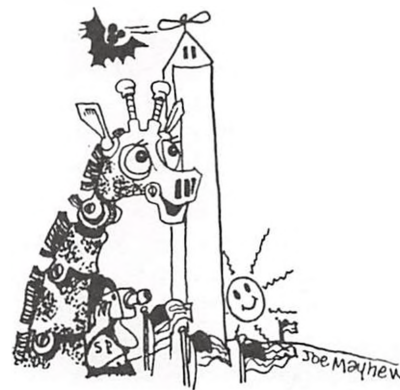
Sheraton Greenbelt

Guest of Honor

MIKE RESNICK

Artist Guest of Honor

DAWN WILSON



Movie Mogul Guest of Honor
SOMTOWSUCHARITKUL

Fan Guest of Honor
MARTYGEAR

Featured Artist
DOUG BEEKMAN

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Roger MacBride Allen, Jim Baen, John Betancourt, Bernadette Bosky, Steve Brown, Ginjer Buchanan, Jack L. Chalker, Robert R. Chase, Brenda W. Clough, Susan Cohen, Ann Crispin, John DeChancie, Tom Doherty, Marc Drexler, Terilee Edwards-Hewitt, Scott Edelman, Julie F. Evans, Doug Fratz, Esther M. Freisner, Bobby Gear, Alexis Gilliland, Doll Gilliland, Gay Haldeman, Jack C. Haldeman II, Joe Haldeman, Vol Haldeman, Curt Harpold, David G. Hartwell, Stephen F. Hickman, Arthur Hlavaty, George Kochell, Eric Kotani, Eleanor Lange, Shariann Lewitt, Robert A. Madle, Joe Mayhew, Chris Miller, Ron Miller, L. E. Modesitt Jr., Anne Moroz, Lee Moyer, Kathleen O'Malley, Rebecca Ore, Peggy Rae Pavlat, Evan Phillips, John Pomeranz, Carol Resnick, Ray Ridenour, John Maddox Roberts, Kim Stanley Robinson, Mark E. Rogers, Don Sakers, Hannah M. G. Shapiro, Darrell Schweitzer, Lucius Shepard, Josepha Sherman, Allen M. Steele, Michael Stutzman, Walter Stutzman, Judith Tarr, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Paula Volsky, Erica Van Dommelen, Michael Walsh, Bob Walters, Toni Weisskopf, Douglas E. Winter, V. M. Wyman.

HOW TO DISCLAVE

Almost every year since 1950, the Washington Science Fiction Association (WSFA) has sponsored a party at a hotel over a long weekend for people who care about Science Fiction Books. Most of us also like movies and there are fans of Trek, Dr. Who, and the like, but this con is about books and so you should expect our program to focus on things of interest to Science Fiction readers, writers and artists (which includes a lot of very different stuff).

A lot of a Con's character is determined by the expectations and attitude of its members. The people who work on Cons reserve the word "Fan" for the members whose interests and attitudes help to make their Con a success. Those who just use it as a place to carry on without regard for the special nature of what is trying to be done are called "Attendees". We hope you'll enjoy Disclaving with us for many years to come as a Fan member and not merely an "Attendee".

Disclave is run entirely by volunteer labor and not for profit. Anything left over above what it costs to put the con on each year goes to our club for its running expenses (mostly some refreshments at our meetings) and toward getting the next year's Disclave underway. Many fans like to become part of the team when they go to a con because it can be more fun that way. At Disclave, you're very welcome indeed if you like to help out at the cons you attend.

Disclave takes great pride in its hospitality. We try to provide a comfortable atmosphere to get together with your old friends and to meet new ones. Come to our "consuite" the DISCAVE and hang out with your fellow hosts. You can exchange great ideas, smof or gossip over beer (if your I.D. convinces our registrar that you're over 21), sodapop and munchies (for the latter two, only your Disclave badge is required). The DISCAVE is OURS to hang out in (unlike the Hotel's lobby, which is, after all, a place of business). While our DISCAVE is not a place to perform music, please drop by when you feel like taking a break. You won't be accosted by badgeless crashers or have to shout over "Boom Boxes" (unwelcome anywhere at Disclave). The DISCAVE is downstairs in the Exhibition Hall (fondly known as the "Bunker") where, by law, smoking is not permitted. However, just upstairs is the outdoors spring night, where smoking is still allowed.

At Disclave we try to demonstrate to the hotel staff that Fans, too, are considerate human beings. Let them know when they can clean your room and don't expect it to be cleaned if you keep them out until the afternoon. After hosting a room party at Disclave, please make an extra effort to restore the place to normal wear and tear. Go ahead and tip the maids. They probably don't make as much as they should for having to put up with the mundane world at its most mundane. The mundanes may think of the world as a public

toilet, but real Fans don't. We are the hosts of this fragile blue ball spinning in space. Shouldn't our home should be treated as special, even holy ground? It is Fannish to take care of wherever we are, to pick up after ourselves and now and then, even pick up after each other.

It isn't hospitable to abuse the people who provide the rooms we need for our Con by doing things which would make the next occupants (in time or space) uncomfortable (such as shouting and talking loud late at night in the residential section, risking fire and smelling up the room by cooking in it, or smoking in rooms not designated for it). What makes a crowd into a community is consideration. We ask our members not to let boisterous games or other noisy activities go on when others need to sleep; say, from 11 at night to 10 in the morning. Because some people get carried away and forget how they may be affecting others, Disclave is experimenting with a "Politeness Patrol" which will try to provide gentle and timely reminders as needed. Please help us out in this effort.

We close our all-day DISCAVE down at 3 AM to clean it up. Disclave depends on the Hotel. Since it makes its living by renting beds, we won't let anybody crash in our consuite. We like this hotel (no matter what they call themselves) and really appreciate the cooperation they have given us over the years. Please treat them with the same courtesy you give to your friends when you visit them. One gets invited back that way.

Both the Committee and the Hotel agree that weapons and pets are out of place at Disclave. It is hard on the pets, as well as inconsiderate to people with allergies or who are frightened by harmless little scorpions, boas, whatever. Thus, even if the Hotel lets someone kennel their sweet little doberman in their room, Disclave will still bar ALL PETS from its activities (Guide dogs for the blind are not pets).

Please do not bring your weapons to Disclave. It really isn't that type of Con. We do not allow anyone wearing a weapon to participate in any of our activities. Even sheathed weapons are dangerous in crowded situations, people can trip your sword or staff, some fool could draw your dagger and playfully injure a bystander. Squirt pistols, light guns boom boxes and other such toys are simply out of place at Disclave.

The type of person who belongs at a Disclave doesn't try to frighten or offend others with what they wear or neglect to wear. We simply will not admit anyone to any Disclave function who isn't at least "Street Legal" (and wearing a Disclave '90 badge). This is not a "dress code", it is simply common courtesy.

Please tell your friends that's the kind of Con we want to be. Tell them Disclave isn't for pseudo-fan mundanes who want to freak-out, con-crashing boors, nor minors in search of beer.



MIKE RESNICK, GOH

By Pat Cadigan

It was a hot, dusty day on the Serengeti when I arrived at the hut of Resnick. Many days had I traveled, by caravan, by elephant, on foot, and many strange but peculiar things had I seen on the way, not the least of which were the signs that kept telling me to get lost.

This continent belongs to Resnick--stay out! That was the first one I saw upon reaching Africa. A three-legged hooch-dancer was standing next to it. I wondered where she bought her shoes. "He means it, honey," she said, pointing at the sign. "Go any further and I sure wouldn't want to be you."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "It's a big continent."

It ain't big enough for you and him," she said. "It ain't big enough for anybody and him."

"Hey, I'm just visiting," I said. "Besides, what are you doing here?"

"I'm on my break," she said and turned away. I went on and, having absolutely no sense of direction or geography, came to the Kalahari, where I met a strangely-dressed man who drew a gun on me.

"Resnick ain't gonna like this," he said. "You don't belong here."

"Well, neither do you." I said. "Aren't you Santiago? What are you doing here?"

"Filming," he said, and gestured behind me. A movie crew was setting up under the supervision of a man who looked a lot like Gary Kurtz. "You mind taking a hike? You're blocking the shot."

"Wow," I said, and thumbed a lift from a really enormous elephant that was going my way. I thought riding an elephant would be faster but the elephant kept stopping to point out more of those annoying road signs with its incredibly huge tusks.

Exclusive Resnick Territory--Turn Back. NOW!

Africa: Be Resnick or Be Gone!

Resnick's Private Continent--Poachers Will be Nudzhed to Death

"Boy, I'm scared now," I muttered under my breath.

"You should be. If you let me drop you off at the nearest bus stop for Manhattan, Resnick will be merciful," said the elephant. "He'll only nudzhe you till you break out in hives."

"Never mind that, I think I see the Serengetti up ahead," I said. "Step on it."

"Another one that doesn't know any African geography," snorted the elephant in disgust. But he took me to the edge of a small native village in the middle of the Serengetti and dropped me off near yet another sign:

Get Off My Continent! This Means YOU!

"This is still ridiculous," I said. "Africa is a big place."

"Not when you start winning awards in it, it isn't," said a voice.

I looked to my left and saw a strange man sitting in the middle of the village with a computer terminal. "Say, aren't you Koriba?" I asked.

He gave me a Look. "Well, I sure ain't Resnick."

"Obviously," I said. "You're that wierd guy that believes in killing babies and stuff like that."

"Hey, cut me some slack," said Koriba. "I got a culture to run here. You wanna argue culture or you want an audience with Resnick?"

"An audience? Getting a little big for his britches, ain't he?" I asked.

"Actually, he's lost some weight. If you're talking about his ego, that's always enormous. But it's part of his charm. You want to see him or not?"

"Well, I've come all this way, I'm not going turn around and go home now. I don't care what those signs say."

"If you insist." the printer next to Koriba's terminal chattered suddenly and rolled out a sheet of paper. "Just sign this first and I'll direct you to his hut."

I took the paper from Koriba. It said:

I, the undersigned, do hereby swear, affirm, and promise that I will not, under any circumstances, ever write a story set in Africa, ever, ever, ever. Amen.

(Your Name Here)

"Um...I don't know about this," I said. Besides, I don't have a pen."

"You don't use a pen." Koriba passed me Swiss Army Knife. "Sign it in blood. Your own!" he added quickly when I tried to grab his hand.

I decided what the hell, I'd humor the guy. Koriba, that is--he looked a lot more dangerous than Resnick. I signed quickly, folded the paper in half and returned it to Koriba, who tucked it into a file folder. "How many more of those do you have?" I asked.

Koriba looked inscrutable. "There will be many."

"Yah," I said. I didn't try to argue whether it would be legally binding. Besides looking inscrutable, he also looked like he wanted to oppress a woman, or even lots of women, and I just wasn't in the mood. "Okay, where's Resnick's hut?"

"Straight through the village, last hut on the right. You can't miss it. It's the one with the giant fetish in front of it."

Resnick--with a fetish? Shading my eyes, I looked in the direction he was pointing. "That's not a fetish, Koriba. That's a Hugo."

"Hugo, schmugo. In these parts, it a fetish. You really

wanna argue culture with me?"

"Nope. Nice chatting with you, see you around."

"Vote early and often," he said, dismissing me.

I hurried through the village and stopped in front of Resnick's hut. Maybe Koriba was right, I thought, looking up at the Hugo, which had grown ten feet taller since I'd first seen it. Maybe it was a sort of fetish...a symbol of, um, productivity...yeah, that's the ticket...

"Who's out there?" shouted a voice from inside the hut.

I gathered my courage and stepped inside. "Yo, Rocky!"

The man who had spoken was handsome, dressed in a natty safari outfit, and leaning casually on a rhinoceros, in case any stray photographers happened by. When he saw me, he groaned. "Oh, no, not you, too. This place is getting damned crowded. It used to be I could come here, write some stories, hang out, get a little peace and quiet and awards nominations and now look-- I've even got Cadigan stomping around scaring the wild life. What are you doing here?"

I looked him over suspiciously. This was Resnick? He seemed too thin. "Are you sure you're Mike Resnick?" I said. "You could turn out to be not Resnick but an incredible simulation."

"No. I didn't come all this way to talk to some impostor." From the corner of my eye, I saw the rhino shimmer just a little. I blinked.

"What's the matter?"

"For a minute, there, that rhino looked like a..." I couldn't say it.

"Unicorn?" He grinned smugly.

"Okay, you grin like Resnick. And that Hugo out there is Resnick-sized. Just answer a few questions and I'll be satisfied."

"Anything to satisfy you," he said.

"Okay, okay, you leer like Resnick, too. How many stories will there be in the Kirinyaga series?"

"Ten. When completed, they'll be published as Tales of Kirinyaga."

"What has two bedrooms, four libraries and a greenhouse?"

"The palace where I live in Cincinnati."

"Who's the best person you know?"

"My wife Carol."

"What do you call Mike Resnick when he's had too much to drink?"

"An impostor. I don't drink."

"Who is George Alec Effinger?"

"My collaborator on the novel The Dismembered, one third of the collaborators on The Red Tape War-- the other two being Jack Chalker and me--and my personal friend."

"GOTCHA!" I yelled. "The real Mike Resnick would never say 'Jack Chalker and me.' He'd say, 'Me and Jack Chalker!'"

"Gimme a break! You got me all rattled, showing up here in Africa like this when I know damned well your idea of a good time is slamdancing to that noise you call music." I took a step forward, intending to seize him and force him to reveal the whereabouts of the real Resnick when two things happened: I stepped into something soft and he lit a cigarette. "All the good music died with the Andrews Sisters," he added. "Okay, 'Me and Jack Chalker.' Happy?"

I shrugged. "Okay. I believe it's you. Only the real Mike Resnick believes that all the good music died with the Andrews Sisters." I looked down at my feet. "What did I just step in?"

"Dog doo."

"You let the collies in here?"

"They were just visiting. I asked them to booby-trap the place against trespassers who have no goddam business on my continent! I've indulged you enough, Cadigan--state your business and then get the hell off my Africa!"

"I want my five bucks," I said.

"What five bucks?"

"The five bucks I lost betting on that lousy horse you told me would win the Preakness!"

"Hey, you bet on the ponies, you take your chances, kid. My tips don't come with a money-back guarantee."

"You swore that nag would win and instead, it didn't even get out of the gate! Five bucks!" I looked around. "Or I start getting a really neat idea about Artificial African Reality. Yeah, It's starting to come to me now...the cyber-veldt...yeah. Viruses that manifest as lions--"

"That Idea sucks." He lit another cigarette. "But you've got nerve, I'll say that."

"Yeah? Now I bet you're going to tell me you like my style," I said.

He blew smoke at the ceiling. "Oh, mostly, though I still think your first novel was too opaque. I'll tell you what.. I won't give you five bucks, but I will offer you a spot in my anthology."

"What anthology?"

"The Alternate Resnicks. Very exclusive, there's only one room for a few. Each contributor writes what

would have happened if I'd chosen a different continent to write about."

"Oy," I said. "Isn't it enough that you have a whole fanzine called The Inner Frontier devoted to you?"

"No," he said. "Now pick your continent, they're going fast."

Well, we haggled for a while and I finally got Antarctica--"For I Have Touched the Penguins"--at ten cents a word. I tried to get him to throw in an extra five bucks on top of whatever I ended up with, but the man is stubborn--another sign that I was indeed dealing with the real Resnick. And then he wouldn't let me go until he raised Koriba on Delphi and got Koriba's assurance that I'd signed his No-Africa-Stories pledge.

But I got to thinking about it on the way home and you know, I don't think the cyber-veldt idea is really so bad. In fact, it just won't leave me alone and I'm going to have to write it. I think Resnick will understand, in the end--I mean, he's a professional, I'm a professional,

he knows how it is when you get an idea for a story and it just takes over. Besides I signed the pledge exactly as instructed, so it can't be legally binding on me unless my name gets changed to Your Name Here. And how likely is that to happen?

Your Name Here*

April, 1990

*Ok, Resnick, how'd you do that?!

YNH, formerly Pat Cadigan



DAWN WILSON, ART GOH

By Bob Walters

It seems to me that I've known Dawn Wilson much longer than, in fact, I have -- if you know her, then you'll know what I mean. The truth is: I met Dawn, in the form of her art, before I met her in her corporeal mode. Jill Bauman and I were wandering through the Paracon art show (the 1983 edition), and I was happily watching Jill breathe, when I came face-up against a wall of remarkable paintings. I was struck immediately by the mature technique, strong composition and charming, (if rather disturbing) quality of the work before me (This is serious art talk for "I really liked this stuff").

That night at a party, I was eying this tall, gorgeous blonde (as is my wont to do), when I was informed that she was none other than Dawn Wilson. Wow! I struck up a conversation and discovered that we were both raised in DuPont-Land (i.e. Delaware), that we both loved Howard Pyle (just another Delaware Artist), the Pre-Raphaelites, etc., etc. -- and we've been friends ever since.

As I'm writing this piece, I have in front of me Dawn's resume, so I can get the "facts" of her career right. Yet this long litany of dates and deeds, impressive though it is, is not Dawn -- nor is it her work. Yes, she has won many awards, painted numerous book covers, and exhibited in some really important shows. Her work has even shown up on PBS as a part of a program called "Visions of Other Worlds", about NASA's 25th anniversary space art show. But the central point is the art -- the painting, drawing, and jewelry themselves, and what they reflect about the person who made them and the people (that's us, folks) who respond to them.

There has been, for some time now, an obsession of the part of fantasy illustrators to be taken "seriously" by the "fine art" community. However, a lot of the work done to this end has been, in my less-than-humble opinion, very derivative. Dawn's art is not. Despite obvious influences from Symbolist and Pre-Raphaelite work, Dawn presents us with very different and more personal images -- interior landscapes caught between night and day on "the desert's dusty face." I would say, although it is a word so abused by critics that it is now in danger of losing all meaning, that her work is truly haunting -- emotionally charged and delineated with an almost surgical precision, but most of all -- it is Dawn. But enough -- you will see a large chunk of Dawn's work on display here at Disclave if you haven't already dis-

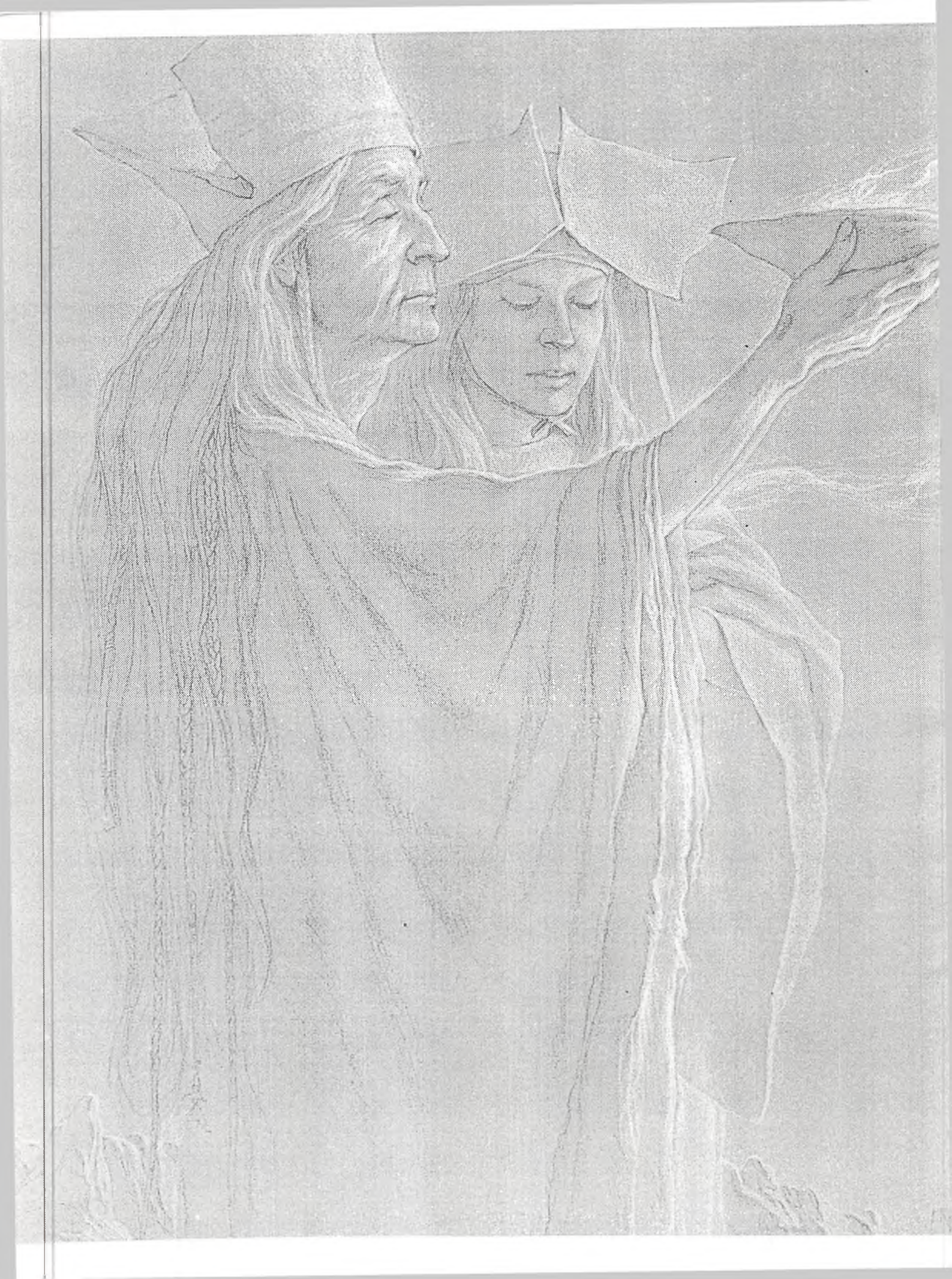


covered it elsewhere. Her art speaks for itself most eloquently. Seeing is believing!

You should also know that, like any true Renaissance woman, Dawn is not only a great painter, but also a great party animal (She is a regular attender of Disclave, after all!), and an energetic, if not downright dangerous dancer! I know! Bearing all of this in mind, it is not surprising that Dawn is the most famous person ever to come out of Seaford, Delaware!







THE LAUGHING PAPINIAN



By Ray Ridenour

Pink smoke is billowing. The extras are lined up against the stone wall of the tiny graveyard trying to retain their choice viewing positions and still stay out of the way of the grips handling the lights, boom mikes, and smoke machines. Somtow the Movie Mogul is freezing his ass off dressed in an inordinate amount of pheasant feathers, getting ready to launch his version of a villain's laugh into the rapidly fading Tucson light. He was in those feathers a lot during the filming of "**The Laughing Dead**" and managed to look regal, menacing, and faintly ridiculous, all at the same time. As I shivered in my coat and waited for the take to commence, I thought that here was an amazing person at another plateau in an amazing life, one that he has largely constructed himself out of talent, charm and nerve. "**The Laughing Dead**" would need all three engines engaged before it would be put to bloody bed.

The Disclave flyer wording MOVIE MOGUL is in cartoon caps, so there is doubt, but Mogul, with a capital "M" is defined by The World Book Dictionary (1965) as "2. a. one of the Mongol conquerors of India in the 1500's." Although I wouldn't doubt for a second that Somtow would be superbly capable in that particular campaign, I think the intended meaning is the first one under "mogul" with a small beginning "m", i.e. "an important person." This definition, although nicely alliterative with "movie", is spectacularly inadequate. Consider however, the second one, "a steam locomotive used especially in the late 1800's and early 1900's for hauling freight trains." Ah yes, the little engine that could.

When you have the good fortune to meet Somtow for the first time, you will find yourself confronted with a polite, intense, diffident and seemingly easily distracted person of consummate intelligence who nevertheless has a great capacity for humor and the finely crafted, endlessly looping, nutball idea. Hearing a thought that hits him the right way, the sculptured teakwood "polite" face splits open in a toothy grimace of delight, and you had better have your conceptual running shoes on.

Somtow wrote a stylish, blood-drenched horror novel a few years back, Vampire Junction, that was so well-received by his fellow writers as to earn him the title of "One of the Fathers of Splatterpunk". Apparently a great many people in the Hollywood horror film industry read the book as well, for it began to open doors for him in seeing his first movie get made, especially when it came to stretching the effect of the amount of money he and his partners could raise.

What happened between Somtow and his partners is a much longer story than we have room for in a program book, as well as having to be shrouded in the clouds of discretion and incomplete rumor. Let's simply say that in the Battle of the Eastern Magicians, our hero was partially victorious. The movie was made, and pretty much the way Somtow wanted.

Somtow started out as the movie's screenwriter and, acting as a de facto casting director, wove his characters from the personalities of the people he wanted to be in the movie, mainly his family and predominantly writer friends, casting himself as the human manifestation of the Mayan god of death, Umzek. He composed the musical soundtrack, as well as directing the film (with much help from executive producer, Wendy Icheguchi) and also acted as one of the producers. He performed yeoman service as a sight scouter and extra wrangler. Also, deep into the 17 hour days necessary to complete the movie in our three week time frame, he became a cheerleader and councilor to the cast, perhaps the toughest task he performed, drawing him out of his natural reticence, his usual fannish flamboyance notwithstanding.

The 'importance' Somtow has in the movie-making business is not who he's seen with or who he knows, but what got him off the mark in the first place, the power of good ideas and the tenacity and drive to see him through. And he also truly loves the movies, especially 'La Film Rouge.' Ask him what it means.

MARTY GEAR, FAN GOH



Women have been a very important part of Marty Gear's fannish career. It was his mother who drove him from Columbus, OH to Philadelphia when he was 14, for his first convention, the 11th WorldCon in 1953. It was Page Cuddy, then editor-in-chief of Putnam/Berkeley who "ordered" him to go to the 1977 Balticon, and it was Sue Wheeler who "conned" him into organizing the programming for the 1979 Balticon. Peggy Rae Pavlat convinced Marty to work on the bid for ConStellation, and then chair the Masquerade. Sally Fink was responsible for Marty's going to the first Costume Con, and Pat Hammer and Kathryn Mayer talked him into asking for and then chairing the third Costume Con. Eva Whitley made Marty fan guest of honor at this year's Disclave, and his wife, Bobby, has supported him in these activities and allows him to nibble necks with great abandon.

Marty is an only child, and because of his family's frequent moves, he did not spend more than one year in any single school until high school. (In fact, he attended five different fourth grades.) Like many other "loners" of his generation he was an early and voracious reader. Following Poul Anderson's dictum that "the Golden Age of Science-Fiction is twelve," he was twelve when he discovered magazine science fiction, an issue of Astounding at the bus station magazine rack in Delray Beach, Florida. What Marty remembers most vividly about this magazine were the Edd Cartier illustrations for a Sprague de Camp story.

The 1950's was the time of Campbell's Astounding and Gold's Galaxy with covers by Bonnestal, Emsh, and Hunter, and interior illustrations by Freas, Cartier, and Gaughn. For one who was always "the new kid on the block" the combination of imaginative stories and illustration proved to be irresistible, and Marty was soon hooked and began haunting used magazine stores for back issues. This passion for science-fiction did not go

unnoticed by his contemporaries who nick named him "wierdy Gear". If it were not for the friendship (which continues today) with Lance Shreffler, one of Marty's high school teachers, himself a science fiction reader, Marty might have been tempted to abandon the literature, but he didn't; and a brief stint at MIT where "everybody read science fiction" has made him a life-long fan. [Marty felt vindicated during the first moon landing when a group of his high school classmates called him up to say, "...you were right!"]

When they began dating in 1960, Marty introduced Bobby to science-fiction which soon became her literature of choice. When they got married in 1962, one of Bobby's bridesmaids was Page Cuddy, who when she was with Putnam, began sending them the new s-f releases. In 1977, Philip Jose Farmer was Balticon's GoH, and Page arranged for David Hartwell to take Marty to dinner with the Farmers. This was the beginning of Marty's involvement with the con scene.

He was soon attending Disclave, Philcon, Darkover, and Unicon as well as Balticon, and after almost burning out from doing the programming for the 1979 Balticon, carved out a niche for himself running and/or MC'ing Masquerades. (While not proven, we also suspect him of having the world's largest collection of bad vampire jokes.) As an aside, Marty credits Mike Resnick (this year's Disclave GoH) with giving him the best advice he ever received about how to run a Masquerade, "Listen to what everybody else has to say, nod, smile, take notes, then run your own damn masquerade the way you want to!"

Although the Masquerade has been Marty's major focus (he and Bobby were two of the founders of The International Costumers' Guild), he has also been involved in many other areas of con activity including programming, Art Show, and hotel relations, at regional conventions, Costume Cons, and WorldCons. Two years ago Marty both MC'd the Disclave Masquerade and DJ'd the Sock-Hop. This year, in addition to being Fan GoH, he will be one of the DJ's at the Masked Prom. To borrow one of Marty's more familiar lines, Disclave is pleased to "bid him velcome" as Fan Guest of Honor.

C-640

By Alexis A. Gilliland

The physical layout of the old Sheraton Park was basically a slightly bent building (the main hotel, whose rooms had no letter designation) with four rows extending like fingers on a hand (sections A, B, C, and D.) The suites were located at end of each section, at the end of the long corridor leading out of the main hotel where the elevators were hidden. Built before WW II and air conditioning, these corridors had a certain grandeur of scale, with ceilings ten feet high and sufficiently wide so that with fans sitting on both sides of the hall at full stretch, there was still room to walk between them.

The layout of C-640 was that as you entered the door, you went through a tiny foyer past a large closet which could be secured for films and suchlike into the large living room which had a wet bar. On the left was the double bedroom, with a regular door, and the French doors opening into the so-called Peacock Room. The Peacock Room was tiny, maybe eight by twelve feet with a few highbacked wicker chairs filling it up, but the one in C-640 had a unique feature: a second pair of French doors that opened into the bedroom. The trick was to keep people from closing off the French doors so that the masses could percolate through the con suite and back out into the hall. In the other suites, the Peacock Room was just a useless dead end, a closet with windows.

In 1974 I ran my first Disclave, with a record smashing 284 people. We bought canned soft drinks, case beer, and three coolers (two of which are still serving in my basement at WSFA meetings) and rotated them, so that the beverages we served had time to chill while sitting in the ice. This gave us better control over what we handed out and used less ice than bathtubs, although we still had to make ice runs to an all-night Giant, but we were able to fit the weekend's supply of beverages behind the bar. The logistical problems kept changing as the cons grew bigger, and we eventually had to go to keg beer.

Jay used to keep the con suite open until dawn. I kept banker's hours, opening at 9 sharp and closing at 4, although it wouldn't always be 4 sharp. The parties? Hard to sort them out at this point. C-640 served as tinder for the room parties, which in turn would feed the con suite. Typically the crowd would wax and wane, coming and going in waves of people as the con suite would shift from nearly empty to jam-packed full and back again. But not always. The year we showed The Magnificent Seven (in wide screen) and The Seven Samurai as a double feature the con suite was empty

until 11:30 when the movies let out and the whole convention descended en masse upon C-640.

Another thing we did then was to move registration in front of the con suite before opening, so that nobody was admitted, theoretically, without being a member of the convention. One night Patia von Sternberg (fannish legend will remember her as the stripper at the intermission of the MidAmericon masquerade) and friend approached me and asked if they couldn't be let into the con suite, since they were down here with no money. It was 11:50, and I told them no, but since registration was going to close in ten minutes, why didn't they hang around and go in then? Ah, Patia. Monday -- maybe not the same year, my memory omits inessential details -- about 3:45 PM, when we were supposed to vacate the premises by 4:00, Patia, who had been feeling feverish was taking a cold bath in the con suite bath tub, and now felt too ill to move. Oh hair, oh hypothermia! It helps to have able assistants; Dolly went in and talked her out before we were charged for another day.

Another Monday lingers in memory. For some reason we opened up a little before noon, or maybe we just opened for no reason, but the piano was in from the hall and guitar players and singers wandered in and began playing. Nobody wanted beer, and we were out of soda, so they were running on good feeling from the night before and ice water. And at three in the afternoon, with the sunlight pouring in through the windows, one of the nicest parties I can remember was going like it was only a little after midnight. Eventually we cleared the Disclave stuff out, and at the last instant someone picked up one of the last two cans of beer from the icy water in the hamper. So we didn't run out of beer; the year before there had been seven or eight cases for WSFA to drink up, this year a single can. Fortuitous accuracy and utterly unmatched precision in ordering.

1979 was the last year we were in the Sheraton, the last time we were in C-640. The wing was slated for demolition to make way for a new, and more profitable building with lower ceilings, chintzier corridors and higher prices. Disclave had a good time, but looking out the windows you could see the steel reinforcing rods coming at you like evil aliens, and in fact, C wing went down sometime in early June. Some miscreant unscrewed the number on the door, hiding the fact behind flyers and notices stuck up with tape, and eventually that very same door plaque came to rest in the Gilliland basement, a souvenir and memento of the times we had.

THE MAKING OF THE DISCLAVE

by Erica Van Dommelen



I arrived on the Disclave scene too late to experience the grand old days of Room C-640 at the Sheraton Park. My first Disclave was 1982, at the Sheraton National in Arlington. The con suite was on the tenth floor; the annual Disclave thunderstorm presented us with a spectacular view of lightning illuminating the monuments and bridges. (That was the same storm that taught me just how much water could come into a basement if the outside stairwell wasn't properly drained.) The next Disclave I attended was 1984, the first at what we lovingly refer to as the Howard Sheraton. My memories of the poolside con suite (1984-1986) are a blur of humidity, crowded fen, and entrepreneurial children weaseling between the larger folks' bodies to procure pitchers of beer, which they sold on the fringes of the crowd for 25 cents.

The discomfort, impromptu huckstering, and con chair Joe Mayhew's feeling (shared by many) that the poolside rooms couldn't provide the type of hospitality for which Disclave is known precipitated the move to the exhibition hall. I helped set up the art show on Thursday night that year; on my way home, I stopped to see how the con suite setup was going. Evan Phillips was in charge of con suite design and had plans to turn part of the exhibition hall into an inviting room. I ended up working another hour or so on the first of the famous paper walls. Mildew on the back wall inspired that wall, which served as a coverup and an anchor for a giant moonscape poster. The area lacked bathrooms and

running water, but the hotel would let us do whatever we liked.

The indoor con suite, christened the Discave when Joe accidentally left an L out of a sign he was painting, was a qualified success. We liked not being at the mercy of the elements, but the back room, now called the Outer Darkness, wasn't well ventilated and was somewhat more dingy than the rest of the hall. This suited Evan's decorating scheme, a dungeon honoring GoH Gene Wolfe's New Urth series, but it was obvious that some changes needed to be made.

In 1988 I was a little bit unemployed, so I showed up at 10:00 a.m. Thursday before the con to participate in Evan's grand plan to turn part of the main exhibition area into a desert hostel out of Barbara Hambly's novels. Our work crew (five or so WSFANs and a couple of surprise volunteers who came complete with awesome toolboxes) rolled out paper, measured it according to Evan's diagrams and elevations, glued the edges together, and stapled it to furring strips. Then we mounted ladders, chairs, and/or folding tables to lift the walls roofward and clamp them to the I beams (what is that stuff on them, anyway?). Meanwhile, delivery trucks drove right into the bunker, dumping loads of dealers' tables, risers, sofas, and soda equipment.

I had the critical assignment of making sure that those directing and performing in this circus had a chance to eat. I procured hamburgers, fried chicken, soda, and cookies for the crew (the six basic food groups of fandom: grease, sugar, salt, caffeine, additives, and chocolate). We ate while signing for the soda equipment and directing the sofa rental truckers.

By late afternoon, the fountain was taking shape and spraying anyone who came too close. We made the first modifications to the master plan, eliminating several walls because the work wasn't progressing fast enough. Evan and the toolbox guys fiddled with the fountain, while Covert Beach, Keith Marshall, and I tried to translate diagrams into walls without whining for help before we cut each piece of paper. Dinnertime rolled around; several pizzas and the art show crew appeared. We ate the pizza and let the art show folks set up the pegboard wall dividing the con suite from the dealers' room. Around 2:00 a.m., it became obvious that we were accomplishing nothing besides getting more exhausted. Evan despaired of ever turning the area into anything remotely resembling his original plan before the con started.

The next morning, we found that Keith and evening recruit Bill Squire had stayed up all night poking

hundreds of tiny white Christmas lights through a large framed expanse of brown paper to provide a starry ceiling for the dark side of the con suite. They had hung lamps and done all sorts of things that made the area look homey. We put the finishing touches on the fountain, set up the soda machines, hauled in food, arranged furniture, added tablecloths, and suddenly we weren't in a dreary exhibition hall anymore. Sure, the walls were paper and the fountain dribbled on the carpet all weekend, but the atmosphere was transformed. When the fans started showing up to register outside the door to the con suite (okay, it was a really big hole in a really big piece of paper), they came in for a soda and stayed all weekend. By Saturday evening, they drank as much soda as we had used for the whole convention the year before. Doug Humphries brought in an espresso machine and presided over the making and dispensation of the coffee. Evan made funnel cakes Monday morning, even though he had run the con suite as well as design and build it that year and deserved a rest. People hung around and gossiped. They slept on the sofas. They wrote on the walls. They loved it!

Of course, we had to do it again. We all showed up a year later (I took a day off from a wonderful job this time) to construct Evan's hanging paper interpretation of an inn built on the side of the dragon Griaule from Lucius Shepard's stories. Again, we rolled out paper, dispensed prodigious amounts of glue, and ate fast food. The toolbox guys returned. (I wish I remembered their names! You guys are great!) Work went a little faster now that we were so experienced, but last-minute modifications were still necessary; we were sure the work would go faster if only we knew a paper-wall-building shanty. Keith took apart the living-room ceiling he made from last year's lights to create a starlit back lounge.

The sofas had been so popular that we used lots more; they overflowed into the Outer Darkness, where they provided seating for the readings. Twice as much soda syrup was delivered. A rented van ferried all sorts of food and serving equipment from Evan's house. Refrigerators and a microwave appeared. Joe Mayhew's huge dragon, painted on particle board, arrived in pieces (don't worry, The Dragon Growly went to a good home after the con). Dan Hoey, Chris Callahan, Dick Roepke, Frank Miller, and Candy and David Gresham defected temporarily from the art show staff.

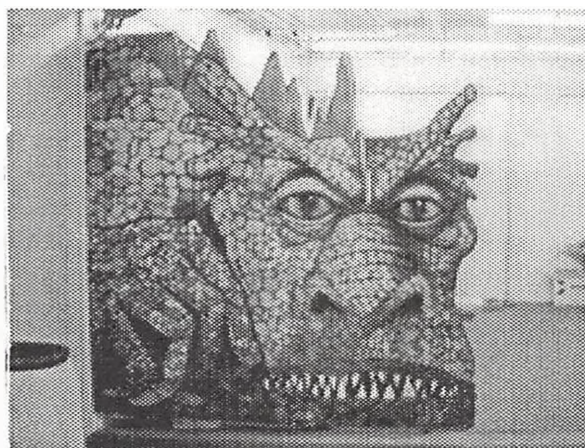
Once again, we worked late and continued the next mornig. Dan Burgess arrived for rolling, cutting, gluing, and lifting duty. We made trees out of green and brown paper, adding to the ambiance. Joe painted the entrance to the gamers' dungeon with the help of Ray Ridenour; they accompanied their work with very bad basso profundo singing in several languages and levels

of taste. We decorated with posters. Somewhere around 2:00, when people were arriving in droves, we were done. It wasn't the bunker, it was a half-timbered, lattice windowed mountain inn. The dragon loomed over registration to remind folks that they were leaving the real world for the Discave.

That Discave was so successful that a number of people complained that their parties went unattended--everyone was in the con suite! A far cry from the days when people stayed in the Disclave con suite only long enough to grab a drink and some chips. Alexis and Doll Gilliland hosted a wine and cheese party in the garden of the inn. There was something for everyone: what other con suite provides soda and beer on tap, homemade cookies, and Jell-O? And the sofas were in use well into Monday afternoon, even after we had torn down the walls and taken away the scanty remains of the food and drink.

So that's the inside view of the Discave, but we're happy to share it. Remember, there's work to be done in the con suite during the con, too. It takes lots of hands to cut the fruit and veggies, dispense the chips, haul the trash, and keep the soda machines working. Please spend an hour or two helping out; you'll have the satisfaction of making Disclave fun for everyone, make new friends, have some fun, and learn what makes a convention happen. Or you could help undo things on Monday; it doesn't take as long, but it sure seems to when everyone is tired after the con. And please make a point of thanking Evan: his magic touch creates the Discave!

For me, wonderful as the rest of Disclave is, the best part comes before most of the fans have even packed their suitcases. It's when I'm there with my friends in the primordial con suite, rolling paper across the floor, carrying buckets of hardware, debating sofa groupings, and talking of matters large and small while we works. I can't wait to see the plans for the 1990 Discave!



PARADISE IS HELD TOGETHER WITH C-CLAMPS

By Joe Mayhew

When I was elected to chair the 1987 Disclave, I had the chance to re-think our use of the New Carrollton Sheraton's space. Disclave in its Sheraton Park years had stood out among SF cons for its gracious hospitality. But, when they tore the Sheraton Park down around our ears, Disclave's con suites hadn't lived up to the C-640 tradition (which admittedly was getting better every year in our memories). I felt that our hospitality arrangements at our first three New Carrollton Disclaves needed improvement.

We had been using two guest rooms facing the pool to dispense beer, soda, ice cream bars and a few munchies. Everyone seemed to like the idea of having our con suite around the pool.

While I admit the idea sounded good, in reality, it hadn't worked out. The lovely poolside itself was mostly locked up at night during the peak hours of con suite operation. Then too, it usually rains for Disclave making for a wet chilly night with nowhere to sit down reality in the place of the charming idea. The cabana room space was too small for more than a few people to fit into at a time. It soon deteriorated to a sort of roach wagon window refreshment stand. On top of all these charms, there was virtually no way to keep the local crashers out of our party and that was making the police unhappy. It appeared that we were serving beer to a lot of teenagers. Pitchers of it were heading out regularly for points unknown. So part of my reasons for bucking three years of tradition was to avoid going to jail for boozing minors.

While the Exhibition Hall was repulsive and had lots of problems as a potential con-suite, the Sheraton would allow us to do just about anything we wanted to there. The management and most of WSFA knew I was crazy to even think of entertaining people down there, but to me, at least it was out of the rain and we had enough room to move around in it. So I decided to give it a try.

Evan Phillips had, in a week moment, agreed to help me convert the previous Disclave mailing list which was on some archaic software. We worked together for uncounted hours until finally it could be printed out and then we had to re-key most of it. While taking breaks, we'd talk about other Con problems and ideas. Evan had done "Babel Nights" while at Penn State and had some ideas which seemed almost wild enough to work in converting the Bunker to something tolerable. I had put my faith in renting comfortable furniture and keep-

ing the lights low, but Evan dreamed of Chinese Pavilions and odalisques furnished with cushions. I had already asked someone else to run the Con Suite, but he agreed to at first help design it, then to be maneuvered into a larger role, and eventually to be 'King of the C-Clamps'.

Evan's paper castles have been suspended by C-Clamps attached to furring strips and so WSFA presently has a respectable collection of them. If Disclave had a coat of arms, C-Clamps would have to figure prominently on it.

For 1989 Evan miraculously found a water supply in the Bunker and solved one more of the Discave's major problems. With running water, a new syrup soda machine and the cheerful and gracious help the fen who pitched in to build it and run it, the 1989 Discave will be hard to forget. I don't think his trees and half-timbered walls will ever be forgotten. It was worth it. The lozenged windows and other details were so beautifully done that I did not want to be around when they were pulled down. As we drove out of the bunker on Tuesday after the con, our cars filled with the odd bits of plumbing, C-clamps, and other tackle of Evan's tent show mirage, there was little evidence the Discave had ever been there. Perhaps it hadn't. Perhaps it had only been a dream 1,300 people had shared.



In the Offing...

Disclave 1991 Guest of Honor

LEW SHINER

Art Guest of Honor

ALICIA AUSTIN

Alicia Austin and Lewis Shiner have a lot in common. The quality and breadth of their work is astonishing. In addition to being talented, they're also both very nice people. Since most east-coast fans haven't yet had the opportunity to meet either Alicia or Lewis we've asked them to be our Guests of Honor for next year's Disclave.

Early on in their careers, most writers choose a path--SF, fantasy, or whatever--and stick to it. Not Lew Shiner. Sure, he's written science fiction; his first novel, Frontera, was SF with a diamond-hard edge. He's also written contemporary fantasy, as in his second novel, Deserted Cities of the Heart. Both books garnered Nebula nominations.

Those novels, however, don't even begin to define the range of Lew's work. His third book, Slam, due this summer, is a mainstream story that contains what may well be fiction's largest collection of lawyer jokes. He's also written comics; his Time Masters series from DC is just finishing.

Then there are his stories: mysteries, westerns, horror, and, of course, fantasy and science fiction. Lew's written too many killer stories to name them all, but at least check out "Love in Vain"--one of the few stories to make both The Year's Best Science Fiction and The Year's Best Fantasy last year--and "Jeff Beck," an earlier Year's Best SF entrant.

What you can depend on Lew's work to deliver is tightly controlled passion, muscular prose without an ounce of fat, and an unflinching willingness to look his topics squarely in the eye.

Like Lew Shiner, Alicia Austin did not choose one path and stick to it. Her artistic foundation was the works of Dulac, Wyeth and the miniaturist, Arthur Szyk. Her drawings and paintings range from fantasy and romantic fantasy to nature to landscapes to American Indian folklore. While her own favorite works are black and white, her color art has become immensely popular on the west coast. She is one of the select group of artists who may truly be called brilliant.

After graduating from college with a double major in fine arts and biology, she earned her living in Toronto as a medical technician and did art work part-time. Fanzine fans remember her artwork in "Energumen" during the 1970s. Since then she's illustrated numerous books and stories. Today, she is a cytotechnologist part time and works as an artist full time, producing between fifty and seventy originals a year.

The passionate intensity of their work is another aspect which Lew and Alicia share, as well as a wonderful sense of humor. Don't take our word for it, though; meet them yourself at next year's Disclave.

Peggy Rae Pavlat, Mark L. Van Name and Steven J. Vaughan-Nichols



DISCLAVE

DISCLAVE '91

FRIDAY, MAY 24 THROUGH MONDAY, MAY 27, 1991

SHERATON GREENBELT
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GUEST OF HONOR

LEWIS SHINER

Author of Frontera and Deserted Cities of the Heart
As a special treat, Lewis Shiner will DJ the traditional Saturday night dance.

ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

ALICIA AUSTIN.

IF YOU ARE PLANNING A ROOM PARTY: The poolside cabana rooms will continue as the site for parties at Disclave. Party planners should reserve a cabana room through Disclave 91 by contacting Covert Beach through the Disclave box.

THE WSFA PRESS PRESENTS... WSFA Press is currently in the process of putting together a Lewis Shiner - Alicia Austin collaboration. The book will have a series of short stories by Shiner illustrated by Austin. We'll have the details and price by January 1, 1991.

THE INTERNATIONAL COOKIE CONSPIRACY. The I.C.C. continues to thrive! Bring yummy home made cookies to Registration. They will be immortalized by trufans in our Con Suite.

BABYSITTING: Babysitting is for children under six years old. Registration for babysitting must occur before the convention. Each child in babysitting must have a full Disclave membership. Write to the box or mark the registration form for obtaining more information about babysitting.

NO SMOKING AT DISCLAVE. The hotel's rugs and fans' lungs will be protected by "No Smoking in Public Areas". If you smoke, please leave your tobacco at home!

VOLUNTEERS ARE WELCOME - SOMETIMES CONVENTIONS ARE MORE FUN IF YOU HELP!

ADVERTISERS :Camera-ready copy deadline for program book ads is April 1, 1991.

Send mail for all Disclave 1991 departments, including the Art Show and the Dealers' Room, to:

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