

A futuristic night scene with a city and flying saucers. The sky is dark blue with stars and a planet. Several glowing saucers fly across the sky, casting beams of light onto a city below. The city is illuminated with lights, and a road leads towards the horizon. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and technological.

# Disclave 1994

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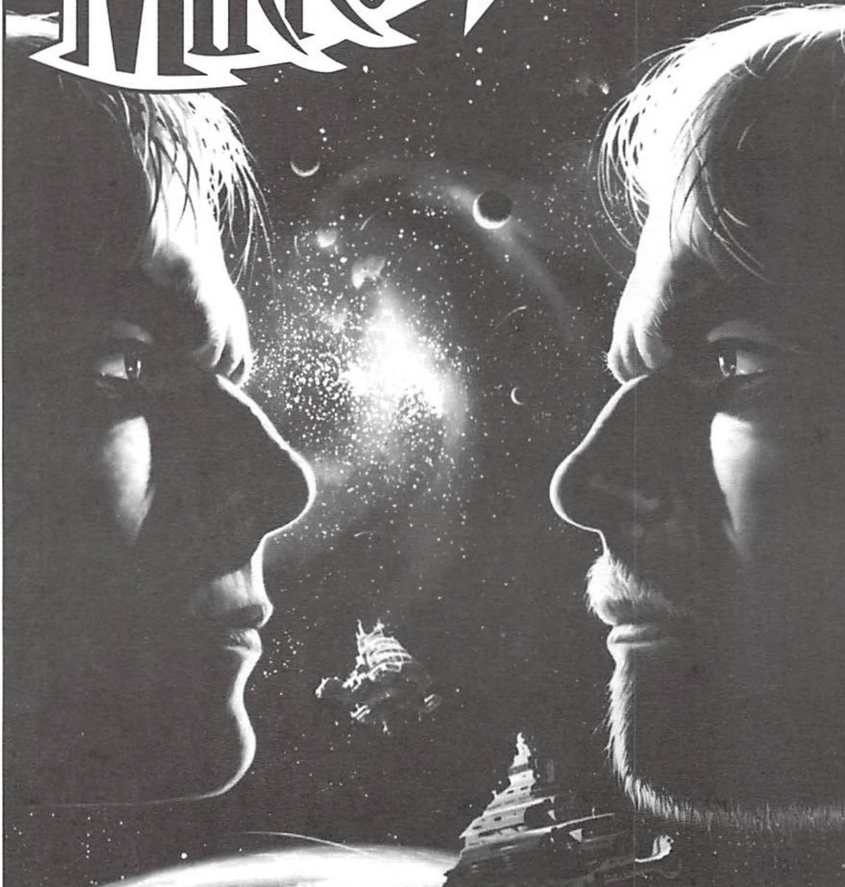
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## GUEST OF HONOR: Lois McMaster Bujold

"I was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1949. I graduated from Upper Arlington High School in 1967, and attended the Ohio State University from 1968 to 1972. I have two children, Anne, born in 1979, and Paul, born in 1981. We've resided in Marion, Ohio, since 1980.

I've been a voracious reader all my life, beginning with a passion for horse stories in grade school. I began reading adult science fiction when I was nine, a taste picked up from my father. He was a professor of Welding Engineering at Ohio State and an old Cal Tech man (Ph.D.'s in physics and electrical engineering, *magnum cum laude*, 1944), and used to buy the science fiction magazines and paperback books to read on the plane on consulting trips; these naturally fell to me. My reading tastes later expanded to include history, mysteries, romance, travel, war, poetry, etc.

My early writing efforts began in junior high school. By eleventh grade I was putting out fragmentary imitations of my favorite writers—on my own time, of course, not for any class. My best friend, Lillian Stewart, and I collaborated on extended story lines throughout high school; again only a fragment of the total was written out. The high point of my high school years was a summer in Europe at age 15, hitchhiking with my older brother.

I dabbled with English as a major in college, but quickly fell away from it; my heart was in the creative, not the critical end of things. But an interest in wildlife and close-up photography led me on a six-week biology study tour of East Africa. Eight hundred slides of bugs; much later I

also borrowed the landscape and ecology I had seen for my first novel. That's one of the nicest things about writing, all of a sudden, nothing is wasted. Even one's failures are reclassified as raw material.

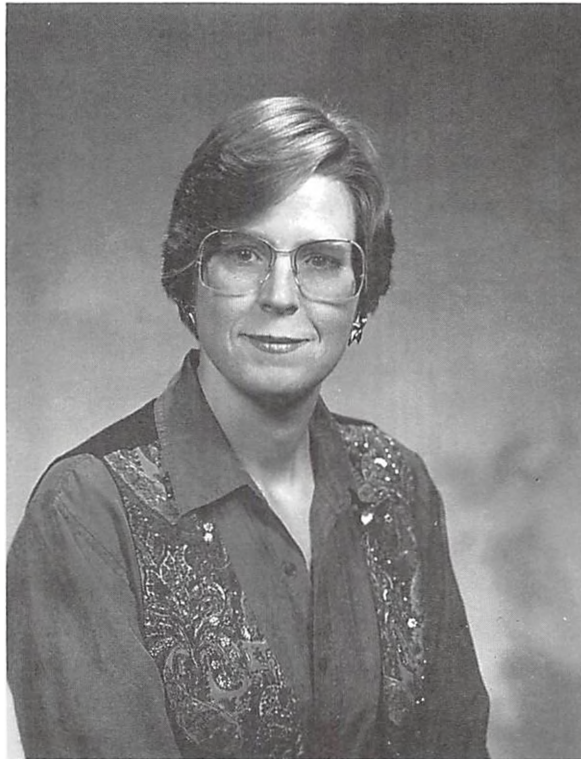
After college I worked as a pharmacy technician at the Ohio State University Hospitals, until I quit to start my family. This was a fallow time for writing, except for a Sherlock Holmes

pastiche that ran about 60 pages. It was, however, a very fruitful time for reading, as my Staff card admitted me to OSU's 2 million volume main stacks, filled with wonders and obscurities.

Then my old friend Lillian, now Lillian Stewart Carl, began writing again, making her first sales. About this time it occurred to me that if she could do it, I could do it too. I was unemployed with two small children (note oxymoron) on a very straitened budget in Marion, Ohio, at this point, but the hobby re-

quired no initial monetary investment. I wrote a novelette for practice, then embarked on my first novel with help and encouragement from Lillian and Patricia C. Wrede, a fantasy writer from Minneapolis.

I quickly discovered that writing was far too demanding and draining to justify as a hobby, and that only serious professional recognition would satisfy me. Whatever had to be done, in terms of writing, re-writing, cutting, editorial analysis, and trying again, I was savagely determined to learn to do. This was an immensely fruitful period in my growth as a writer, all of it invisible to the outside observer.



My first novel, *Shards of Honor*, was completed in 1983; the second, *Warrior's Apprentice*, in 1984; and the third, *Ethan of Athos*, in 1985. As each one came off the boards, it began the painfully slow process of submission to the New York publishers. I also wrote a few short stories which I began circulating to the magazine markets. In late 1984 the third of these sold to *Twilight Zone Magazine*, my first professional sale. This thin proof of my professional status had to stretch until October of 1985, when all three completed novels were bought by Baen Books. They were published as original paperbacks in June, August, and December of 1986, leading the uninitiated to imagine that I wrote a book every three months.

*Analog Magazine* serialized my fourth novel, *Falling Free*, in the winter of '87-'88; it went on to win my first Nebula. I was particularly pleased

to be featured in *Analog*, my late father's favorite magazine—I still have the check stub form the gift subscription my father bought me when I was thirteen (a year for \$4.00). "The Mountains of Mourning," also appearing in *Analog*, went on to win both Hugo and Nebula Awards for best novella of 1989, and *The Vor Game* and *Barrayar* won Hugos for best novel back to back in 1991 and 1992. My titles have been translated into eight languages (so far). I broke into hard cover at last with *The Spirit Ring* in 1992, a historical fantasy, and returned to the universe and times of Miles Vorkosigan with *Mirror Dance*, published in March of 1994. My work-in-progress is a lighter prequel with the working title of 'Miles and Ivan go to the Cetagandan State Funeral.' "

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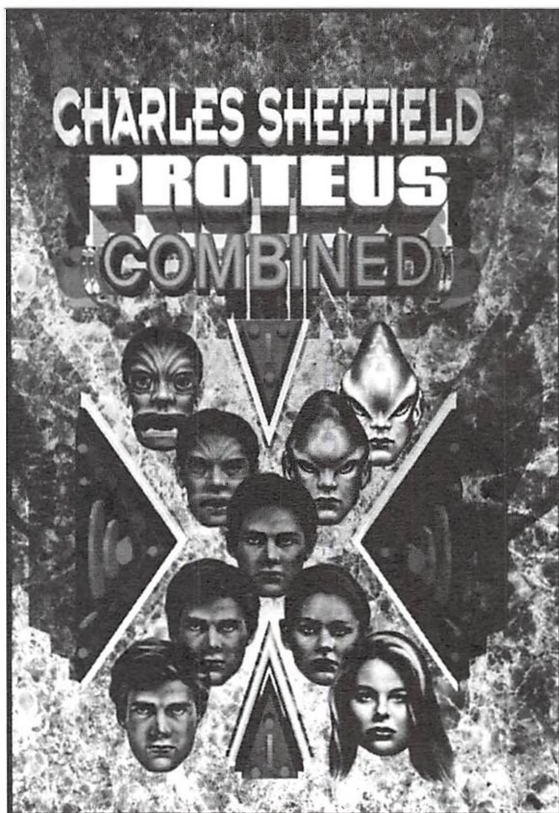
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**Publisher's Note:** This novel was previously published in parts as *Sight of Proteus* and *Proteus Unbound* and has been revised for this edition.

# How It's Done: A Profile of Lois McMaster Bujold

by Toni Weiskopf

Scratch an avid SF reader and like as not you've scratched a person who has probably dreamed of being an author. Science fiction is a genre that makes you think, and thinkers at least contemplate writing books. Doing something about that urge isn't something everyone tries, but your guest of honor, Lois McMaster Bujold, is one who did in a big way. She's one of the most decorated authors of the last decade, with three Hugo Awards and two Nebulas to her credit to date, and ten novels published, all with Baen Books. She's also won the hearts of her readers, as witnessed by the large number of conventions across the country who have invited her to be a guest and the fan clubs that have sprung up across the country. Remarkably, she's also got the near-unanimous respect of critics and reviewers. Below are a few typical comments from the reviewers:

## *The Spirit Ring:*

"The Spirit Ring is solidly grounded in human psychology and the ways of the real world, even when it ventures into dealings with ghosts, demons, kobolds, and the like. It takes place in a setting expansive enough to allow raw horror and a sense of the ridiculous, along with tension, beauty, and fun. Once again, a palpable hit!"—Faren Miller, *Locus*

## *Barrayar* (Hugo Winner):

"[Bujold's] characters are so vivid and easily beloved that they master the plot and the reader simultaneously. It is an honor to have read her work, and a debt of honor repaid to encourage others to introduce her to kids that Orson Scott Card says, "know what they're hungry for." Her people wear their civilization on the inside. And she can write about it! But then, science fiction has always been about that. Bujold just does it better than almost anybody else."—Mary K. Chelton, *VOYA*

## *The Vor Game* (Hugo Winner):

"Not only does Ms. Bujold thoroughly entertain us with Miles' Machiavellian adventures, she also

brings just the right touch of vulnerability to his gallant spirit as befits him at this stage of his life and career. A superb craftsman and stylist, Ms. Bujold is well on her way to becoming one of the great voices of speculative fiction."—Melinda Helfer, *Rave Reviews*

## *Brothers in Arms:*

"Miles Vorkosigan is such a great character that I'll read anything Lois wants to write about him...a book to re-read on cold rainy days."—Robert Coulson, *Comics Buyer's Guide*

## *Falling Free* (Nebula Winner):

"In *Falling Free* Lois McMaster Bujold has written her fourth straight superb novel...How to break down a talent like Bujold's into analyzable components? Best not to try. Best to say 'Read, or you will be missing something extraordinary.'"—Roland Green, *Chicago Sun-Times*

## *Shards of Honor:*

"This superb first novel integrates a believable romance into a science fiction tale of adventure and war... a hugely enjoyable introduction to the worlds of Beta and Barrayar."—Peter L. Robertson, *Booklist*

So Lois Bujold has these wonderful reviews, the awards, the GoH-ships, her just deserts. But those are only the end product, the reflections on the works. Never let anybody tell you writing is easy. Life isn't easy. But it can be fun. That's what Miles Vorkosigan, the brilliant hero of many of Bujold's novels, is all about. And although Lois McMaster Bujold makes it look easy, so does a master craftsman presenting a perfectly fitted chair. Of course it's polished, of course the wood shines, of course it's a pleasure to use—that's my job, she says.

But how do you get there? How do you go from having that urge to write to being a successful writer? Let's see how Lois did it... First, you live. (Well, actually, first you watch *Star Trek* when you're a teenager with your girlfriends....)



You study, you go to school, you get a job, raise a family, think about writing. If you're Lois, you write a *Star Trek* novel, just to get it off your chest. And you keep on writing, around the children, in between the job, because you have to, because you have something to say and your learning how to say it. You send chapters back and forth with those girlhood friends you watched *Star Trek* with.

And finally, you follow Heinlein's advice to new writers and you send out that first manuscript. Now you wait. And wait. And wait. For a reply. And while you're waiting, you write another novel. And send it out. And wait. And wait. For a reply. And maybe you sell a few short stories (see attached bibliography for details) while you're waiting. And you hear back from publishers. And you send that novel out again. And write another one while you're at it. *Et cetera*, until you finally find an editor who can recognize just what it is he's reading. And then you take that call on a weekday afternoon, and Jim Baen tells you he likes what he sees and are there any more please? And yes, I'll buy them, too, sight unseen, because, by god, you've got that spark.

Of course, this is how to become Lois—most people have to wait a while before they sell their second novel, let alone three at one swoop.

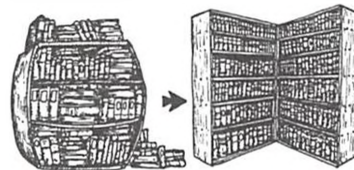
But why did she have to wait so long for her manuscript to be recognized for what it was? Why do you, potential Lois Bujold, have to wait so long for your manuscript to be read? Is it because you are an unknown quantity? You bet. Because before you go straight to Jim Baen, Editor-in-Chief and Publisher, you have to be vetted. Now, at Baen, we publish only science fiction and fantasy. But even given that we publish only this one genre, we still get over 100 queries or manuscripts in a week. Over five thousand novel proposals in a year. At an average of 200 pages (proposals and complete ms. averaged together), that's over one million sheets of paper. Wow. That's enough to stretch anyone's sense of wonder. And it means your novel has to really stand out.

In the case of Lois, her first submission to Baen, *The Warrior's Apprentice*, got an enthusiastic report from an outside reader, then the submissions editor passed it on with her endorsement to the editor (at that time Betsy Mitchell, who is now head of Warner Aspect); she then forwarded it affirmatively, and Jim Baen bought it five minutes after reading it.

Why did it get a favorable review from Baen when others had turned it down? Maybe because Miles' lesson—life is hard, let's have fun—is one we appreciate. Maybe because Lois talks about other themes we respect and because we like to publish fun novels that have themes.

So, if you're out there, striving, be cheered by the thought that someday you may very well be reaping the rewards for your labors, and "waiting for fullness, is." Lois McMaster Bujold made her dreams come true, and maybe you will, too.

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# American Bibliography: Lois McMaster Bujold

## *Novels:*

*Shards of Honor*. Baen Books, June, 1986. Original paperback.

*The Warrior's Apprentice*. Baen Books, August, 1986. Original paperback.

*Ethan of Athos*. Baen Books, December, 1986. Original paperback.

*Falling Free*. Serialized in *Analog Magazine*, December and mid-December, 1987, January and February, 1988. Original paperback, Baen Books, April, 1988.

*Brothers in Arms*. Baen Books, January, 1989. Original paperback.

*Borders of Infinity*. Easton Press, signed first edition, 1989. Original paperback, Baen Books, October, 1989.

*The Vor Game*. Easton Press, signed first edition, 1990. Original paperback, Baen Books, September, 1990.

*Barrayar*. Serialized in *Analog Magazine*, July, August, September, and October, 1991. Easton Press, signed first edition, 1991. Original paperback, Baen Books, October, 1991.

*The Spirit Ring*. Baen Books hard cover edition, November, 1992. First paperback edition, Baen Books, October, 1993.

*Mirror Dance*. Easton Press, signed first edition, 1994. Baen Books hard cover edition, first and second printings, March, 1994.

## *Novellas:*

"The Borders of Infinity," *Alien Stars IV: Freelancers*, Baen Books, September, 1987.

"The Mountains of Mourning," *Analog Magazine*, May, 1989.

"Labyrinth," *Analog Magazine*, August, 1989.

"Weatherman," *Analog Magazine*, February, 1990.

The first three novellas were collected in *Borders of Infinity*, see above; "Weatherman" was incorporated into *The Vor Game*, see above.



**Short Stories:**

"Barter," *Twilight Zone Magazine*, March/April, 1985.

"Aftermaths." *Far Frontiers*, Volume V, Spring, 1986.

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**Non-fiction Articles:**

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"Free Associating About *Falling Free*," *Nebula Awards 24*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990.

"Getting Started," *Writers of the Future*, Volume VIII, 1992.

"Genre Barriers," *Ohio Writer Magazine*, Volume VI, Issue 3, May/June, 1992.

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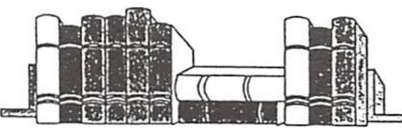
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## GUEST OF HONOR: Steven Vincent Johnson: A Personal Point of View

*by Darlene Coltrain*

In 1978, at the Wiscon II art show, I first saw Steve hanging his work. As I enjoyed the view, a friend told me his name and that she had seen his work at SunCon. Over the next two years I caught only glimpses of him but saw a lot of his art at auctions to the tune of lively bidding.

Speaking of art, he was doing these amazing paintings of planet scapes in glowing colors, intricate design and an “other world” sense of place that fascinated me (and lots of other people!)

We met, finally, at Westercon in Los Angeles, and I was pleased to discover that the man is as fascinating as his art. We visited a few parties together before wandering off in separate directions. I thought it was likely that we’d encounter each other at a convention somewhere soon, but life intervened. Even though we attended several of the same conventions over the years, it was Minicon in 1988 before we actually renewed our acquaintance and began the series of conversations that still continues. I have learned a great deal from those conversations.

Steve brings an eclectic assortment of experience and interests to his work. Although born in California in 1952, he spent his childhood and early adolescence growing up overseas. Living in the societies of Japan, Formosa, Guam and El Salvador gave him an experience of being alien. This “boy alien” explored his world of land-

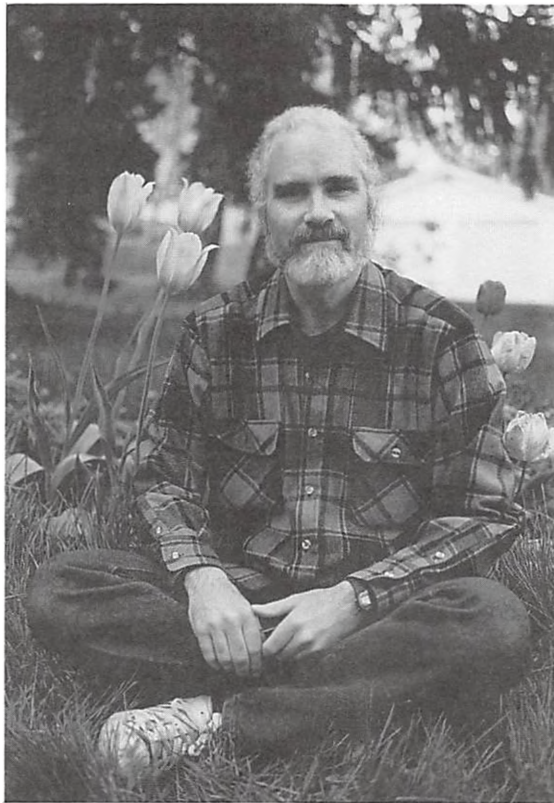
scapes, insects (ants in particular), coral reefs, sailboats, architecture, culture, and inhaled it all.

His interest in Science Fiction was fostered at an early age by his mother. She tucked him in with stores of “Little Robert Allen,” a spare faring child who packed his lunch and took off in his backyard spaceship to have adventures and

be back home in time for supper. Steve continued to inhale, and as he grew older, he also inhaled all of the science fiction and UFO literature that he could get his hands on.

When the family moved to Madison, Wisconsin, Steve was fourteen years old and had to discover from scratch his North American identity. He did well in school, was involved in community theater, grew his hair long and studied art in college. At long last he began to exhale.

Some early works were formal, almost ritualistic astronomicals but evolved into realism and mixed science fiction and fantasy (in a broad definition) themes. He explores the visual symbolism of whales, UFOs, and many other images. His alien landscapes have a startling reality and always there is a sense of culture and/or myth that speaks from his images. His work (arguably) revolutionized astronomical painting in fandom from 1979 through 1984, although he never seems to have noticed, and I may have a fight on my hands for saying so.





Other people noticed, many of them are fans and some of them are editors and publishers. Several of his paintings have been published on the paperback covers of German translations for Arthur C. Clarke, Hal Clement, Philip Wylie and Edwin Bulmer. He has illustrated "The Dragon Masters," by Jack Vance and Larry Niven's "Ringworld," both for Easton Press. His awards include Best Fan Artist at Iguacon in 1978 and Best Color Artist amateur by popular and artist vote at Noreascon II in 1980.

Nowadays, Steve is continuing to produce a professional quality of art while holding down a full time job as a computer programmer/analyst. He is currently involved in developing on-line text and graphics retrieval systems for the University of Wisconsin Madison Campus Internet System. His "Breathing" is perhaps more regular now and the art is produced less frequently, but there is no mistaking the thoughtfulness behind each work as his images and imagination continue to inspire, engage, and delight his audience.

## MEET THE AUTHOR

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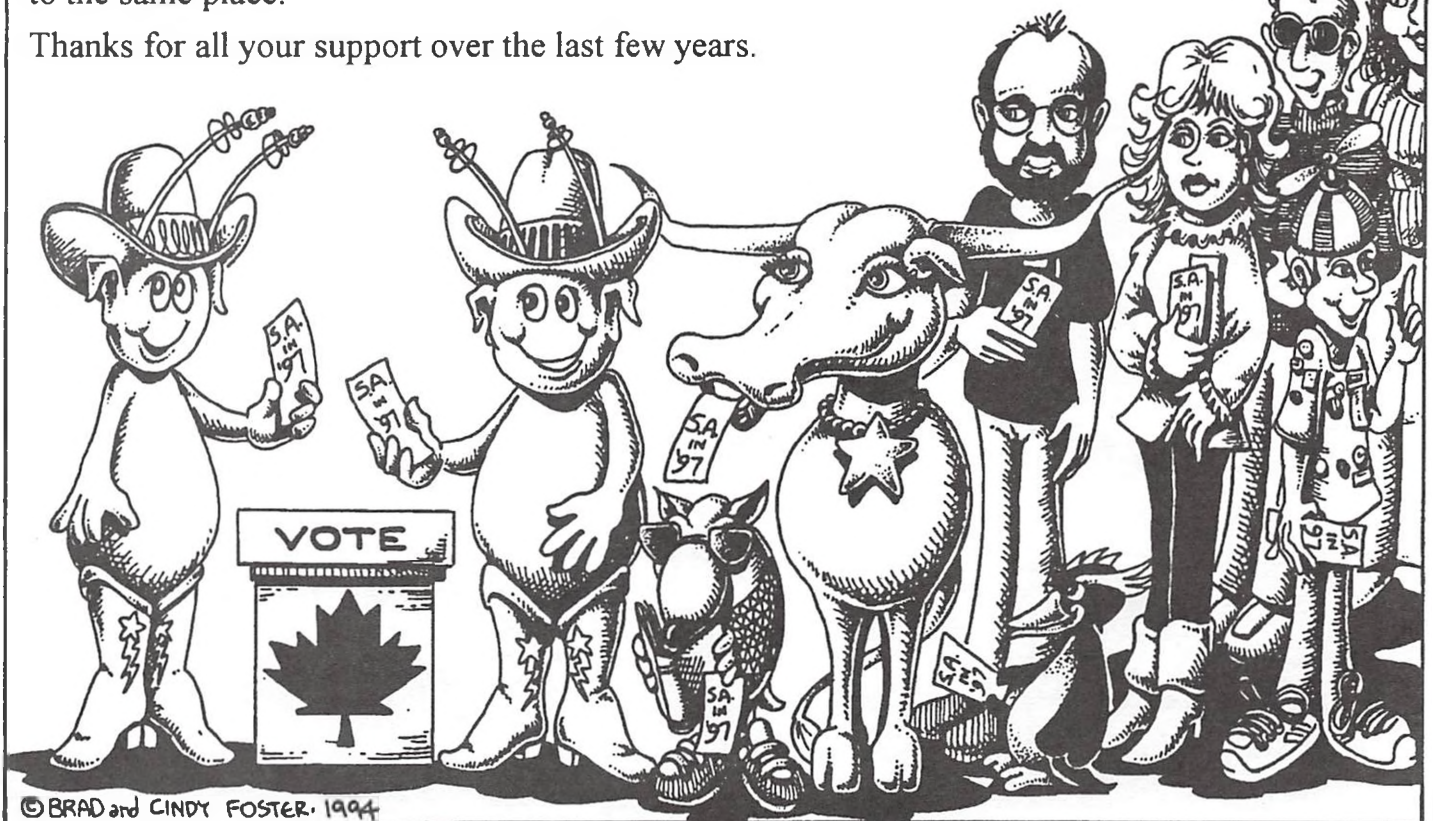


# JOIN THE PARTY! Vote San Antonio in '97

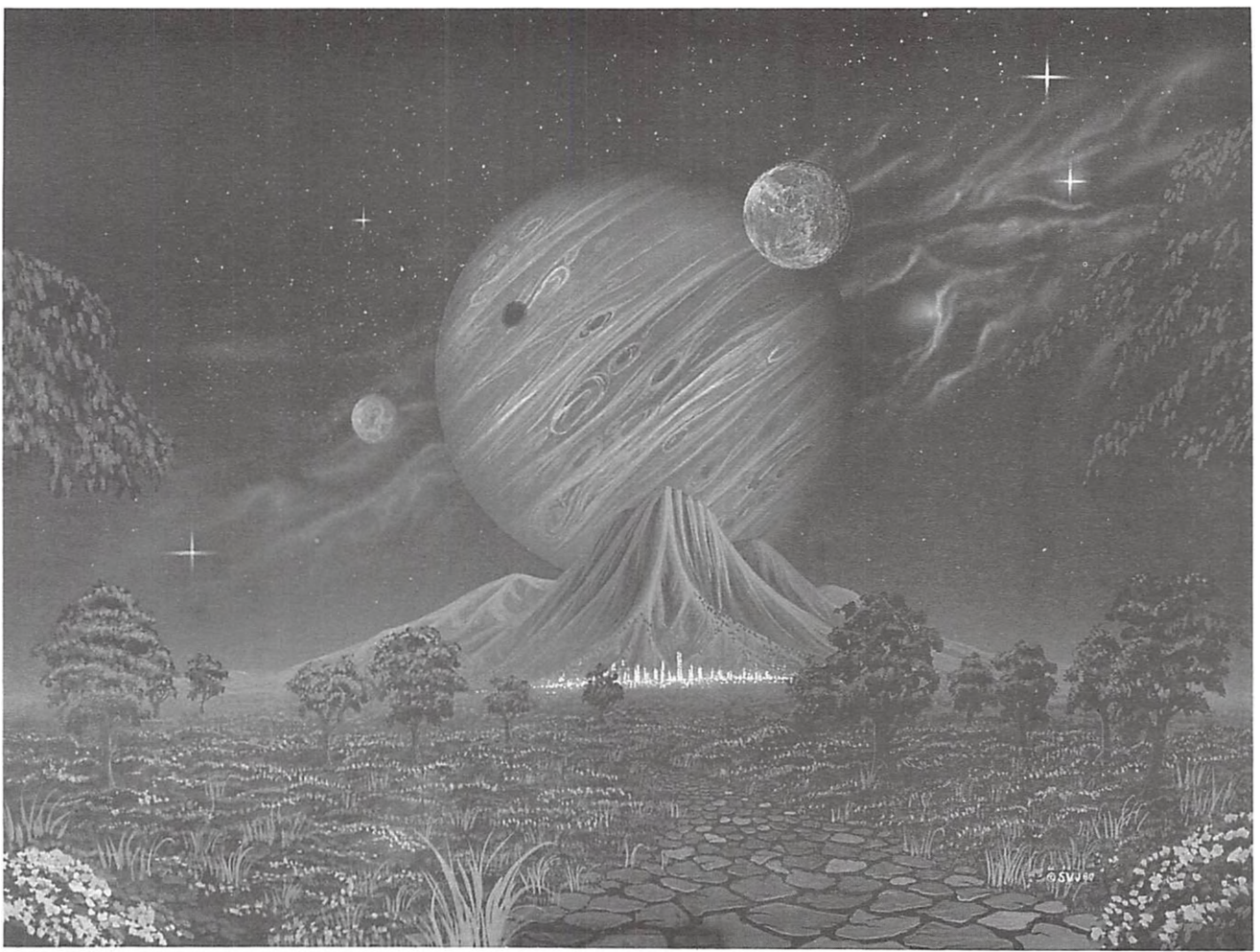
Al and Mo, Tank and Bev are at the head of the parade, and if you look close you may see a bunch of other people you know ready to vote for San Antonio in '97. How 'bout you? Remember, you're the one who decides where the '97 Worldcon will be. And it's easy to vote, whether your travel plans call for a trip north or not.

All you need to vote is an Attending or Supporting membership in ConAdian, the 1994 Worldcon, which you can get at the same time you vote. A voting fee of \$25US will get you an automatic Supporting membership in the winning Worldcon when you vote. For just \$60US when you vote, you'll automatically get an Attending membership in the 1997 Worldcon. If you don't already have a ballot, just send us an SASE and we'll get you one. Our address is: P.O. Box 291015, San Antonio, TX 78292-1015. And if you'd like to pre-support our bid, just send \$8US to the same place.

Thanks for all your support over the last few years.

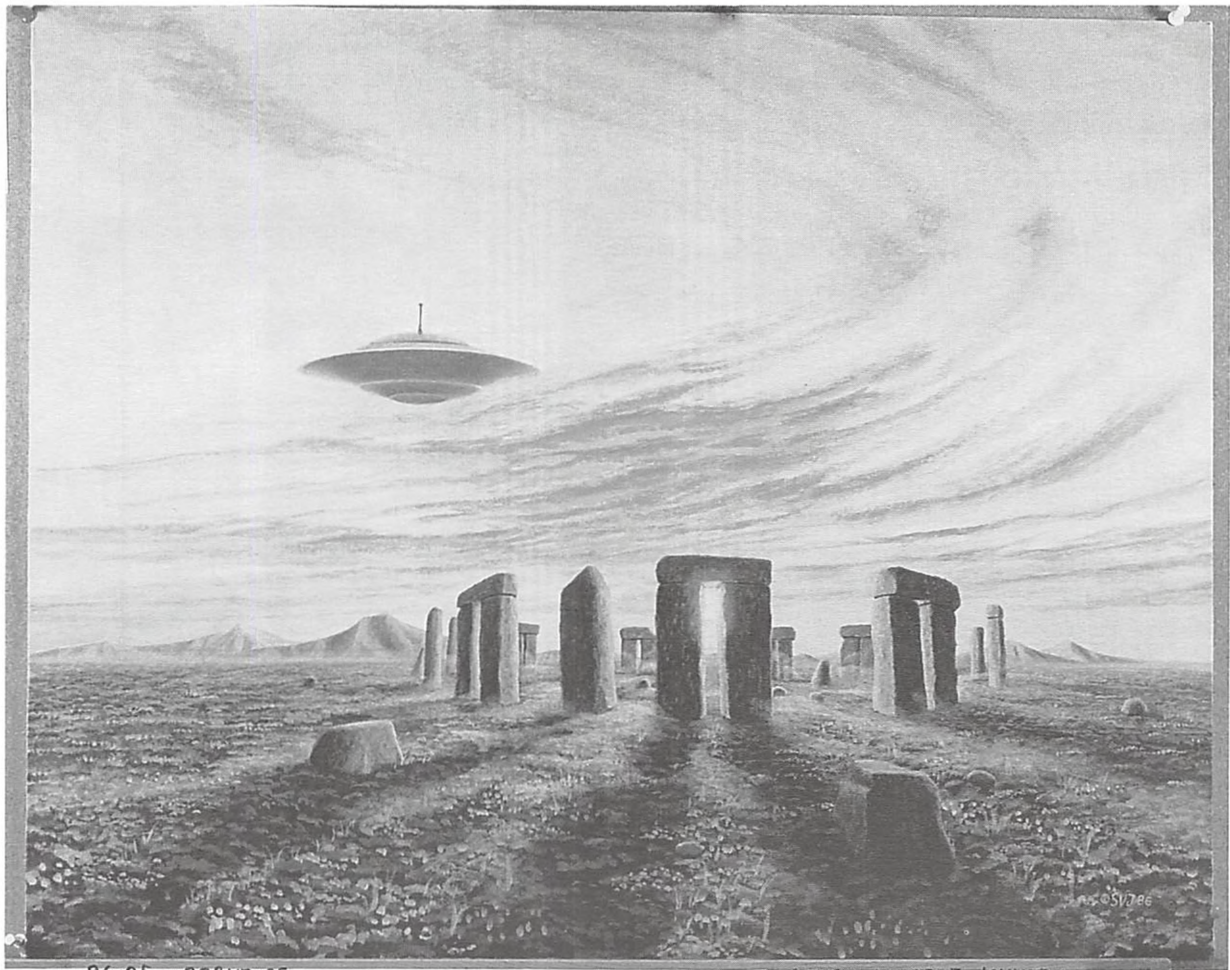






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**Minnesota. USA**  
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**New Hampshire. USA**  
Holly Love, 'Zanne Labonville

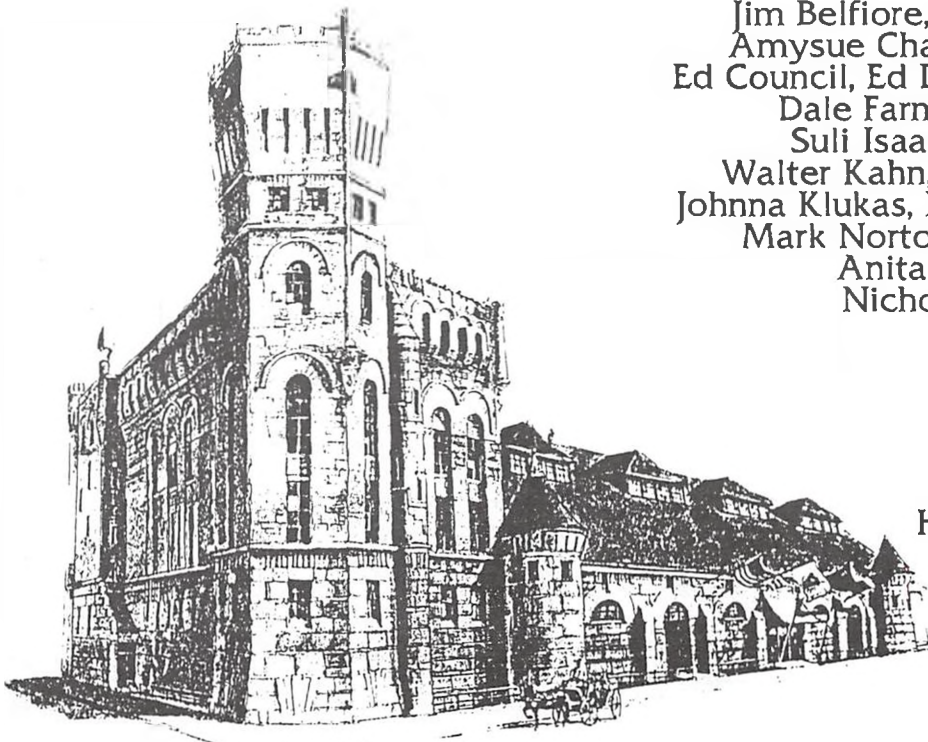
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Lee Orlando, Robert Sacks

**United Kingdom**  
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**Pre-supporting:** \$8.00 to P. O. Box 98, Carlisle, MA 01741 USA. **email:** Boston98@world.std.com.

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"ABANDONED CASTLE"

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# Darlene P. Coltrain: The Elusive Two-Percent Envelope

by Steven Vincent Johnson

"Have you written Darlene's bio yet?"

"Yes, yes, I'm working on it!" I e-mailed back with clammy fingertips, "No problem!" I stepped away from my Internet-linked personal computer and took a deep breath. Why was I still fidgeting? Perhaps it was time to make a long-distance call to Darlene for moral support.

"The Disclave committee made another inquiry." I lamented, "They reminded me that the deadline was fast approaching."

"Well" Darlene smiled across 130 miles of inter-state phone lines from her home town of Monticello, Iowa, "What did you tell them?"

"I told them the same thing I told The Capricon Committee last year. No problem!" The reptilian portions of my brain were thrashing about. It was having problems with my impulsive decision. "What should I write about this time, Darlene?"

I sensed a pair of smiling blue eyes reply, "Tell them the same thing you told them in the Capricon program book. Write that I was born with a 2B pencil clutched tightly in my tiny fist, that I came into the world on December 15, 1948 in Santa Barbara, California, that I started to draw on everything in sight. Be sure to tell them that!"

Yes, I had to admit. It would seem that 2B pencils have never strayed far from Darlene's life. "Tell me more."

"When I got a little older" Darlene continued, "I took as many art classes as the California School System would allow. In college I continued to take as many art classes as possible."

"Did you get a Degree?" I asked.

"No." she replied. She told me that it had been more useful for her to personally tailor a unique academic curriculum of art courses instead of pursuing a traditional degree. In other words, "I dropped out!"

"What did you do after college?" I asked.

She moved East to Maryland in 1969 and continued art as a crafts person designing elaborate bead necklaces to sell to rich hippies. "...a

very rare collection of customers!" I believe were Darlene's exact words. Late 1972 saw a return West to Salt Lake City, Utah, where she acquired a small casting machine and a burn-out kiln. Darlene began casting small jewelry pieces in Sterling and Gold.

Art Fairs and Renaissance Festivals became a way of life as her work continued to develop. Her creations became larger while fantasy themes began to appear more frequently.

In 1978 science fiction and fantasy literary con-

ventions became the primary market for her work.

My concentration wavered for a second. I was hit by an old memory that drew me back to my own college days. While pursuing my Art degree in Madison, Wisconsin, I was told a distressing statistic. It is said that approximately 2% of all art graduates actually end up as professional ARTISTS, that is, by selling their own creations in order to support themselves such as through a gallery. The other 98% end up in related fields like that of a salaried position in a commercial art firm, or perhaps behind the counter of a hobby store, or worse, a fast food restaurant. For better or worse, degree or no



degree, Darlene accepted the test. It is a significant part of Darlene's makeup in both her outlook on life and how she has chosen to respond to its challenges. Ever since her college days she has continued to keep herself within the boundaries of that illusive 2% envelope.

Perhaps I should explain where I fit into this story. It was about fifteen years ago when I first met Darlene out at a Westercon held in Los Angeles. We introduced ourselves to each other over the din of a popularly attended room party. Later, as post-midnight exhaustion set in I reluctantly said goodnight to Darlene, and left the party. Part of me was torn to stay, to continue our conversation. I suspect a part of me intuitively knew that we might not get another chance to meet for quite a while. It turned out to be a well grounded hunch. Due to the dynamics of our independent life-styles we somehow man-

aged to avoid bumping into each other for close to a decade. I do recall, however, wondering for weeks after our initial meeting how many changes in my life might have occurred if Darlene had been living closer to Wisconsin, my native state, instead of out in Utah. Perhaps in another probable universe...

As fate would have it, about six years ago we both sat down and had another chat in the dealers room of a pleasant Minicon convention. I was in for a surprise. Darlene told me that she had moved to Iowa way back in 1980. She had been living a mere 130 miles south-west from me in a little town called Monticello for more than a decade! It caused me to review the memories of my original encounter with Darlene. Not long afterwards I found myself regularly traveling through the rolling hills of Iowa paying Darlene visits.

As many of you know, or as some of you are about to discover, Darlene's is a gifted multi-



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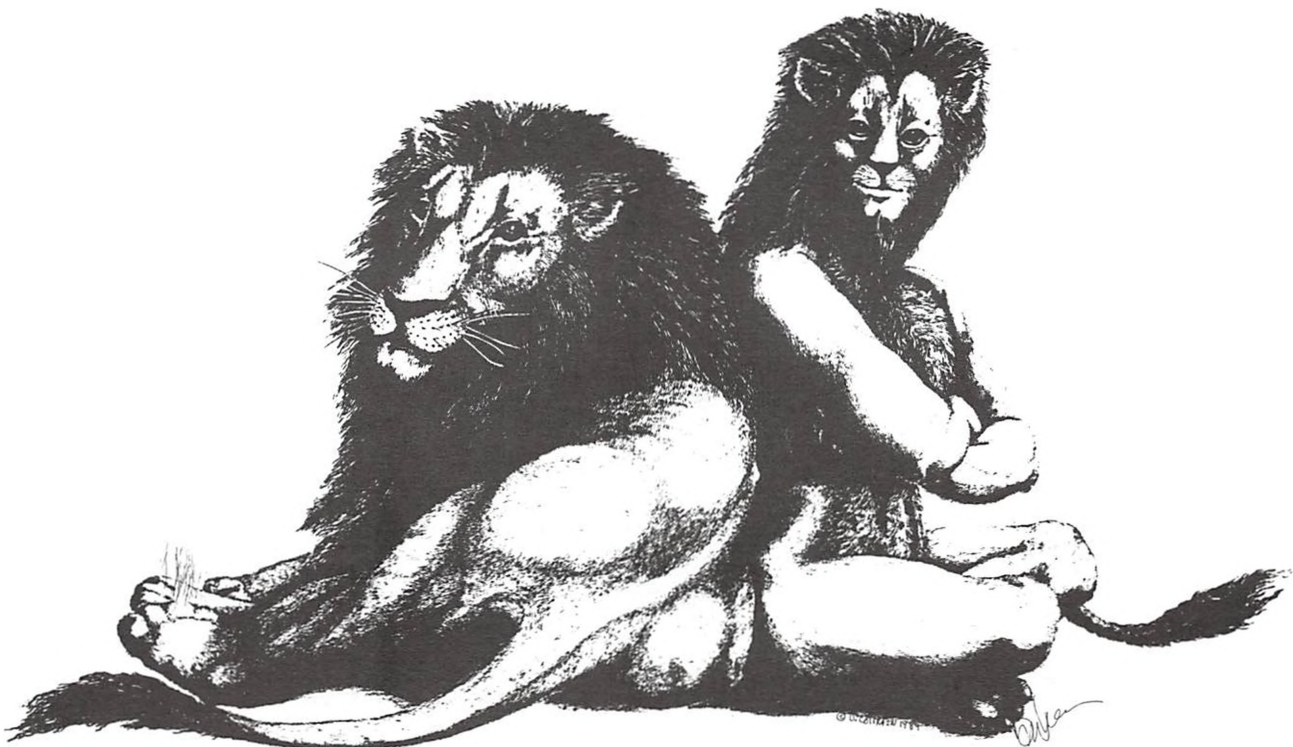
talented creature. It was out in the wilds of Iowa that Darlene acknowledged a growing inner need to express her creative energies in other media besides jewelry. Late one eventful night, with the jewelry work done for the evening, she pulled out a magic 2B pencil and started drawing again. Within a short period of time whimsical fantasy color pencil drawings and masqued paintings began turning up at SF&F convention art shows all over the country, as have the prizes. It has been a special joy for me to watch her explore, then manifest those inner creations. In recent years I have particularly enjoyed watching Darlene refine her color pencil drawings to the highly detailed visions which captivate audiences wherever they are displayed. She has won awards such as "Honorable Mention" and "Best Pro," along with a few whimsically titled ones, too, like "Best Fantasy Bat."

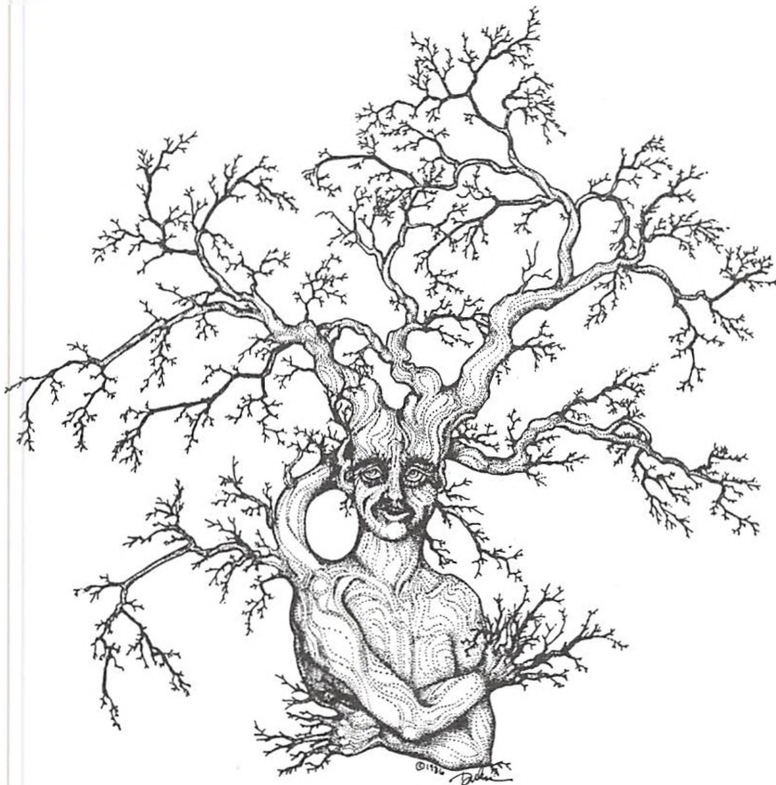
Recently, Darlene has begun exploring the medium of hand built polymer clay within the context of sculptured jewelry. Her works have evolved into complicated feline structures like tiger faces and other mythical creatures meticulously hand assembled from "loaves", strand by strand.

At present Darlene divides her time between creating magical illustrations and her popular jewelry. She is represented by the Fanny Garver Gallery in Madison, Wisconsin. Her color pencil drawings are currently published on greeting cards by Ramsey Press, of which I am the owner. (Yes, I know, this is a shameless mercenary plug on my part!)

You will find Darlene pushing the parameters of that 2% envelope down in the dealers room. I don't think she would have it any other way. Be sure to see her display in the art show. Also, stop by the dealers room and pay Darlene a visit! Ogle the jewelry! Try on some of her unique beadwork. (Ahem... Browse the greeting card section too!) Besides being an excellent artist with a beautiful collection on display, Darlene has always enjoyed the company of friends and admirers as well as good challenging conversation.

Darlene's works are in SF art collections all over the country. Her creations are owned by distinguished authors such as Andre Norton, Gordon R. Dickson, Virginia and the late Robert A Heinlein, C. J. Cherryh, Catherine Crook and L. Sprague De Camp, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, and Jody Lyn Nye to name a few.





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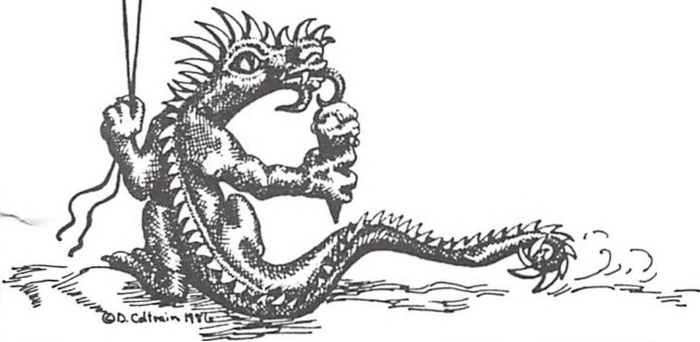


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# ...Noreascon 4

(If it's not Boston in 2001, it won't be Noreascon!)





## Disclave Film Program

by Robyn Rissel

### *Friday May 27*

6:30 *The Spider (AKA Earth vs. the Spider)* 1958.

Bert I. Gordon at his best (worst!?). A giant spider terrorizes sleepy 50's town. "It's only a process shot!!!"

8:00 *The Nightmare Before Christmas.*

Tim Burton's wonderful animated weirdness set to a Danny Elfman score! Bring the older kids.

10:00 *Invasion*

A science-fiction thriller from local film director and Disclave guest John Ellis.

12:00 *Delicatessen*

A post-holocaust tale, definitely not for the kiddies or the squeamish! Cannibals and Vegetarians battle it out in a blighted, mutated vision of the future. Reminiscent of *Brazil*.

### *Saturday May 28*

10:00 *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*

Bring the kids!! A delightful tale of a young boy's adventure in a wonderfully creative factory. Reminiscent of *Chitty-Chitty Bang Bang*.

12:00 *Super Mario Brothers*

Two plumbers, a princess, a villain and a mission!!!

2:00 *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*

A flight of fancy adventure featuring a Don Quixote-esque hero.

7:00 John Ellis forum and Trailers.

8:00 A film by John Ellis.

10:10 *FREEJACK*

Mick Jagger, Emilio Estevez and Anthony Hopkins in a tale of futuristic body-snatching in the year 2009.

12:00 *Nightbreed*

Clive Barker's tale of shape-shifting cannibals with great creature effects. Music score by Danny Elfman.



*Sunday May 29*

10:00 *Lost World* (1925 Silent)

Prehistoric beasts duke it out in this classic, greatest of all the early dinosaur films. Not quite Jurassic Park, but....!!!

12:00 *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

Great camp in a gothic setting!!! Special appearance by Paul Ruebens in a decidedly different role.

2:00 *Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964)

A cold-war fable about what happens when man loses control (In more than one way!).

Plus selected shorts including *Private Snafu*, *We have met the enemy and he is us*, *Hot Stuff*, *Walking, News Parade of 1946*, and others.

---

One of this year's Disclave guests is local, low-budget Science-Fiction film-maker, **John Ellis**, producer of *StarQuest: Beyond the Rising Moon*, and *Invader*, also producer AND director of the nearly completed *Twilight of the Dogs*. John Ellis has been known for many years as a producer of fine "real science-fiction" films, often utilizing scenes and locations around the Northern Virginia area.

John Ellis has also been known to draw assistance from the pool of talent which exists in some of our very own circles, science-fiction and fantasy fandom and professionals for assistance both behind and in front of the camera. Science Fiction writer Tim Sullivan (star of *S.P. Somtow's The Laughing Dead*) worked with John Ellis on *Invader*, and is looking to work with him again on his next project *Starfarer Jack*. He has also drawn from our very own club (long-time Washington Science Fiction Association members Lee Strong and Walter Miles) as a group of extras for his latest film *Twilight of the Dogs*, as well as using our own Lee Strong in the capacity of an Executive Producer. In addition, other local film-making freelancers have worked on several of his projects.

John Ellis, along with Tim Sullivan, Lee Strong, and several other talents involved in *Twilight of the Dogs* will join us Saturday Night, 7 p.m., to talk about the process of making this film, and to screen the trailer for his latest film. We will then be screening *Invader*.

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# So what is WSFA, anyway?

by Steve Smith

WSFA was founded in 1742 by an unholy alliance between the Bavarian Illuminati and some renegade spacemen from the planet Eratzagomen. The original purpose of the group was to take over the world. After more than 100 years of trying, we gave up. (After all, look at the world. Who would want it?) For the last 150 years, we have contented ourselves with running Disclaves.

No? Actually, WSFA was founded by an Atlantean High Priest who was bitten by a radioactive spider while reading the secret papers of Nikola Tesla. We have already taken over the world, but we like confusion. We still run Disclaves.

Don't like that one either? Oh, well. WSFA is the Washington Science Fiction Association (or occasionally, Washington Science Friction Association, Washington Silence Friction Association, or other such terms.) As you might guess, we're not big on seriousness. Bheer,

yes. Seriousness, no. Sometimes the first two explanations above look more likely ....

WSFA has been around for more than 40 years now in this state of cheerful chaos, and shows no particular signs of slowing down or becoming more organized. We've been holding meetings twice a month, on the first and third Fridays of each month, for as long as I've been in the club (since dinosaurs ruled the Earth, it seems like). While we officially use Robert's Rules, usually you have to look pretty hard to find them. This shows in such things as the traditional response to the treasurer's report ("Let's have a party!" or, less often, "Let's have an audit!") and the traditional motion to adjourn (has to be seen (and heard) to be believed).

It's been said that nobody ever leaves WSFA, although we've got some members who are really behind in their dues ....

Anyway, the main event of the WSFA year is Disclave. So welcome and have fun!

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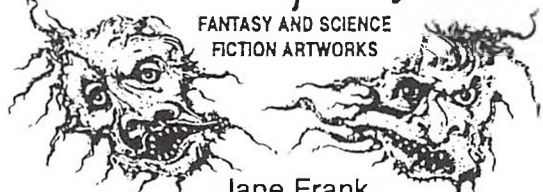
## Disclave Filk Concerts

How to describe **David Weingart**? You could say he's a New York area filker who's won multiple filk awards at Philcon, honorable mention at Boskone and been nominated for a Golden Kazoo award, but that would be boring. You could say that he's the father of the best little 3 year old in the known universe, but that would be disputed by every other parent with a 3 year old. You could even say that in real life he's a programmer and aspiring author (editors, take note!), but the simplest thing to do is show up at the filk and look for someone with a 12-string singing songs about ghostly pigs, computers and game shows, and judge for yourself.

**Musical Chairs** (Linda Melnick, Jean Stevenson, and Lucinda Brown) came into being when, despairing of solving the "Technical Difficulties" of performing and rehearsing in a bi-coastal group, Linda started

looking for two new people crazy talented enough to sing intricate, three-part harmonies. She didn't have to look far to find Jean. (Hey, Long Island is closer than California!) Jean has been writing and performing filk since the late 1970's; she even wrote some of Technical Difficulties' songs. Even closer to home (Rockville), she found Lucinda, who made the mistake of publicly proclaiming, "I can sing," whereupon she was taken at gun point and forced to learn how to play the guitar. Lucinda now boasts a filk collection that is growing exponentially even as you read this; it's even (gasp) cross-indexed!

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## Disclaves Past

<i>DATES</i>	<i>LOCATION</i>	<i>GUESTS</i>	<i>CHAIR</i>	
1950	4/30	Wardman Park <sup>1</sup>	Willy Ley	Bob Briggs
1951	4/23	Statler	Sam Moskowitz	Bob Briggs
1953	3/22	Statler	"Proxycon" (letters)	Bob Briggs
1958	5/10-11	Arva Motel	None	Bob Pavlat
1959	5/15-16	Diplomat Motel	None	Bob Pavlat
1960	5/20-21	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers
1961	5/12-13	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers
1962	5/12-13	Diplomat Motel	None	George Scithers
1965	5/7-8	Howard Johnson's, Wheaton	Chris & San Moskowitz	Banks Melbane
1966	5/13-15	Diplomat Motel	Roger Zelazny	Banks Melbane
1967	5/12-14	Regency Congress	Jack Gaughan	Jay Haldeman
1968	5/10-12	Regency Congress	Robert Silverberg	Jay Haldeman
1969	5/1-11	Skyline Inn	Lester Del Rey	Jay Haldeman
1970	5/15-17	Skyline Inn	Murray Leinster (Will Jenkins)	Jay Haldeman
1971	5/28-30 <sup>2</sup>	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	Frank Kelly Freas	Alexis Gilliland
1975	5/24-26	Sheraton Park	Gordon Dickson	Alexis Gilliland
1976	5/28-30	Sheraton Park	William Tenn (Phil Klass)	Alexis Gilliland
1977	5/28-30	Sheraton Park	Joe Haldeman	Alexis Gilliland
1978	5/26-28	Sheraton Park	Wilson (Bob) Tucker	Alexis Gilliland
1979	5/25-27	Sheraton Park	Roger Zelazny, Michael Whelan	Alan Huff
1980	5/23-25	Hospitality House	Spider & Jeanne Robinson	Tom Schaad
1981	5/22-24	Sheraton National	Isaac Asimov	Alexis Gilliland
1982	5/28-30	Sheraton National	Elizabeth Lynn, Tom Miller	Jack Chalker & Eva Whitley
1983	5/27-29	Marriott Twin Bridges	George R.R. Martin, Jack Gaughan	Alan Huff
1984	5/25-27	Sheraton Inn Northeast	Connie Willis, Paul Yurek	Jane Wagner
1985	5/24-26	Sheraton Inn Northeast	Ed Bryant, Bob Walters	Michael J. Walsh
1986	5/23-25	Sheraton Inn Northeast	William Gibson, Steve Stiles	Jack Heneghan
1987	5/22-24	Sheraton Inn Northeast	Gene Wolfe, Barclay Shaw, Chuck Derry	Joe Mayhew
1988	5/27-29	Howard Johnson's <sup>3</sup>	Barbara Hambley, Jim Burns	Tom Schaad
1989	5/26-28	Howard Johnson's	Lucius Shepard, J.K. Potter	Michael J. Walsh
1990	5/25-27	Sheraton Greenbelt <sup>4</sup>	Mike Resnick	Eva Whitley
1991	5/24-27	Sheraton Greenbelt	Lewis Shiner, Alicia Austin	Peggy Rae Pavlat
1992	5/22-25	Washington Hilton	Pat Cadigan, Tom Kidd	Michael J. Walsh
1993	5/28-31	Dulles Marriott	Katherine Kurtz, Patricia Davis	Covert Beach

<sup>1</sup> The Wardman Park became the Sheraton Park; also the site of Discon II.

<sup>2</sup> When Disclave moved to Memorial Day weekend, it gained an additional night to "dead dog."

<sup>3</sup> Formerly the Sheraton Inn Northeast.

<sup>4</sup> Formerly the Howard Johnson's/Sheraton Inn Northeast.

*Y'all come back, now...*

## DISCLAVE 1995

May 26 - 29, 1995

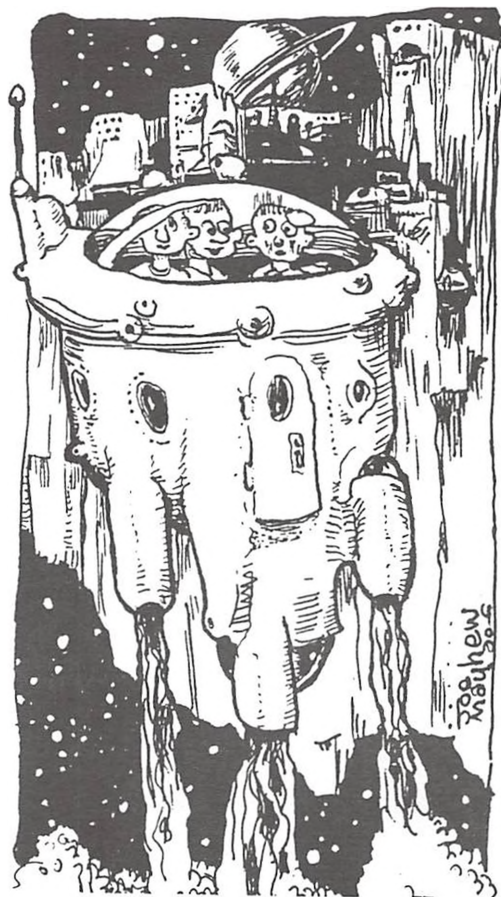
### *Guests of Honor*

Charles Sheffield

Bob Eggleton

### *Special Guest*

David Bischoff



May 1995						
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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