

Dis 'n Dat

The New Carrollton Flood Edition

Too Early Sunday Morning, Ver. 1.2

Just in case you slept late today.... At approximately 5:30-ish this morning, a water sprinkler head in a fourth floor guest room was broken. This caused major flooding and the evacuation of the hotel. The hotel staff is working very hard with the police and firemen to restore order. The alarm may continue to go off during the day due to water damage. The elevators **may** not be functioning until the alarm system is fixed.

The hotel manager is allowing Disclave to continue. So here are a few minor program changes:

- The Program Participant Green Room has been moved to the Con Suite.
- The Smoking Con Suite has been moved outside.
- The tenth floor program items (the Readings in Room 1011, Art Programming in Room 1017, and Filking in Room 1011) have been moved to the former Smoking Con Suite.
- All programming in the Ballrooms will continue.
- The "Feedback" (Gripe) Session scheduled for 3 p.m. in Ballroom B has been moved to Ballrooms C/D and retitled, "The Wrath of Con."
- The SFWA Auction will be held in Ballrooms C/D after the Feedback Session is finished.

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The 1997 Disclave Newsletter

Sunday AM

Edited by Samuel Lubell

The Penguin Who Walked Right Through the Wall

Conflicting reports describe ghostly visitors who gathered in the area between the Exhibit Hall and the entrance to the hotel before vanishing right through the wall (into, of all places, the bathroom.)

"It was a giant penguin," insisted one fan. "A giant penguin wearing a top hat! He walked right through the wall."

"There was a cult. They gathered with their leader reading to them from an instruction manual," claimed a second fan. "And they had

Patricia Anthony Talks: From Smuggling to Typing -- The Making of a SF Legend

Patricia Anthony started her talk by claiming to be uncertain that she had anything to say. She then held her audience spellbound as she narrated the fascinating life that enabled her to produce her unique brand of science fiction.

Her writing career began at age 12. After reading a book a day and loving Ted Sturgeon, Asimov, and Bradbury, she wrote her own stories, in longhand, in pencil, on paper torn from a notebook. She gave up after three rejections, deciding she needed a different career.

But she decided against commercial art. "In comes a guy talking about advertising art. It is the

Right Through the Wall tattooed on their arms and their chest."

"A ghost from the 19th century," said another. "I could tell by the clothes."

"They were superheroes with strange unearthly powers," another fan said. "I saw one reach right through the wall to grab toilet paper."

A call to the FBI to see if they would send the X-Files team to investigate met with no response other than crazed laughter.

'60's, I'm a hippy, and here is a button-down guy talking about how to fit in and make clients happy. Half of us quit that very day.

She then became a college professor of English in Portugal even though she had not graduated college. She was followed by the secret police, known by the embassy staff, and invited to secret meetings by Leftist students. When they were told to leave the country, they moved to Brazil.

Anthony apologized to Brazil for its presentation in her "most bitter and vicious book" *Cradle of Splendor*. She described how her then-husband rented a former



WSFA Celebrated its 50th Birthday with a Cake Baked by Erica Ginter

governor's mansion which happened to be haunted and her husband began to smuggle jewels and money in a camera case (claiming to be a courier with the Mobil Oil payroll.)

She later became the first female car saleswoman in D.C., a computer salesperson, and real estate agent. She was reading a Stephen King novel, said "I could do that" and got a less time-consuming job selling advertising space. "I said I'd quit in a year to be a world-famous writer. I didn't quit until 1995."

She also discussed how *Cradle* made the copy-editor cry yet was liked in Brazil.

Next: Brother Termite: The Movie