

# BATZICOM



1981  
Souvenir  
Book



# A Fable

Mark Wheatley

*There once was a man who thought of the **Future** as a space-borne city-traveling in a **Slipstream of Time**. And in this **Slipstream of Time** he saw himself as a passenger in a **Lifeboat** that never gained on the **City of the Future** but merely matched its pace. And lo, he was sad. He was sad because he could only imagine all that the **Future** might hold. He could only dream of all those wonderful **Tomorrows**. He could only anticipate the **Quality of Life** in distant, misty **Utopias**.*

*Thus he cut his power and landed his **Lifeboat** on the slopes of an underpopulated world in a galaxy called **Now**. And on the **Planet of Today** he ignored the **Slipstream of Time**. He spent every moment laboring to build a small personal **Utopia**; a **Kingdom of Self**. And he was very successful. The **Kingdom** prospered and grew and the **Quality of Life** expanded ever outward. Until one day when the **Kingdom** reached its most distant boundaries and covered the planet. Then he knew that it must pass the limits of **Self** to grow. So he returned to his **Lifeboat** and the **Slipstream of Time**.*

*He guided the **Lifeboat** into the rushing currents expecting to once again take up the fruitless pursuit of the **City of the Future**. But before he could do that he was overwhelmed with the sights and sounds of all that surrounded him within the **Slipstream**.*

*Everywhere he looked he saw the **Future**. All the things of the **Slipstream** were amazing and new. The technology had advanced and the people were strange and different. Yet they did not match his dreams. In the short time that he had been building his **Kingdom of Self** on the **Planet of Today**, **Slipstream of Time** had rushed on so quick-*

*ly that he was somehow in the **Future**. All his time of constant anticipation had been misspent. He realized that he had only needed to look at what was going on around himself to find the seeds of the **Utopia** he sought. And he realized as well that he had to help shape his place within the **Slipstream** if it was going to match his own desires.*

*From that time onward he worked to improve the **Quality** of the world he lived in. Everything he touched he put forth his best effort to improve. He worked to build a better **Foundation** upon which all who followed might have a sturdy base from which to expand.*

*Of course, all did not proceed without resistance. All those other passengers within the **Slipstream of Time** who piloted their **Lifeboats** in vain, ever seeking and never reaching the **City of the Future**, would only look far ahead to that distant misty beacon. They had not become aware that the **Future Was Now** and that everything they could do to make it happen was at hand. So he would call out to them as they raced blindly past. He would attempt to dock with them, but was often fired upon and warned away. Fortunately there were those who were of the same revelation as he and these travelers along the **Slipstream of Time** joined with him to build a **Kingdom** of their own. And in this **Kingdom** they labored to construct **Tomorrow Today**. In this they were largely successful so they named their **Kingdom**. And the name they chose was **Quality**.*

*So there they live to this very day, in the **Slipstream of Time**, in the **Galaxy of Now**, occasionally pausing in their happy work to give a moment's thought, to wonder when the **Rock of Eternity** will pop up or if the **Winds of Change** will ever cease to blow.*



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## SPECIAL THANKS FROM MIKE WALSH:

In addition to the above, I would like to thank both BSFS, Inc. and WSFA for putting up with me, a tip o' the hat to Sue Wheeler (who asks questions). And for helping to pick up the pieces special thanks to Elaine Mandell, Jul Ochs, and Mark Wheatley.

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FRONT COVER  
"Fantasy Girl" (1979)  
Steve Hickman  
oil on canvas  
23" x 33½"

BACK COVER  
"Many Colors of Saruman"  
Harold Jig  
oil and acrylic on canvas  
36" x 38"

## SOUVENIR BOOK

Mark Wheatley

Rickey L. Shanklin Marc Hempel  
typesetting: Eva C. Whitley

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# John Varley: The Man With the Persistence of Vision

by Rickey L. Shanklin,  
Gregory N. Krolczyk,  
& James L. Hershey

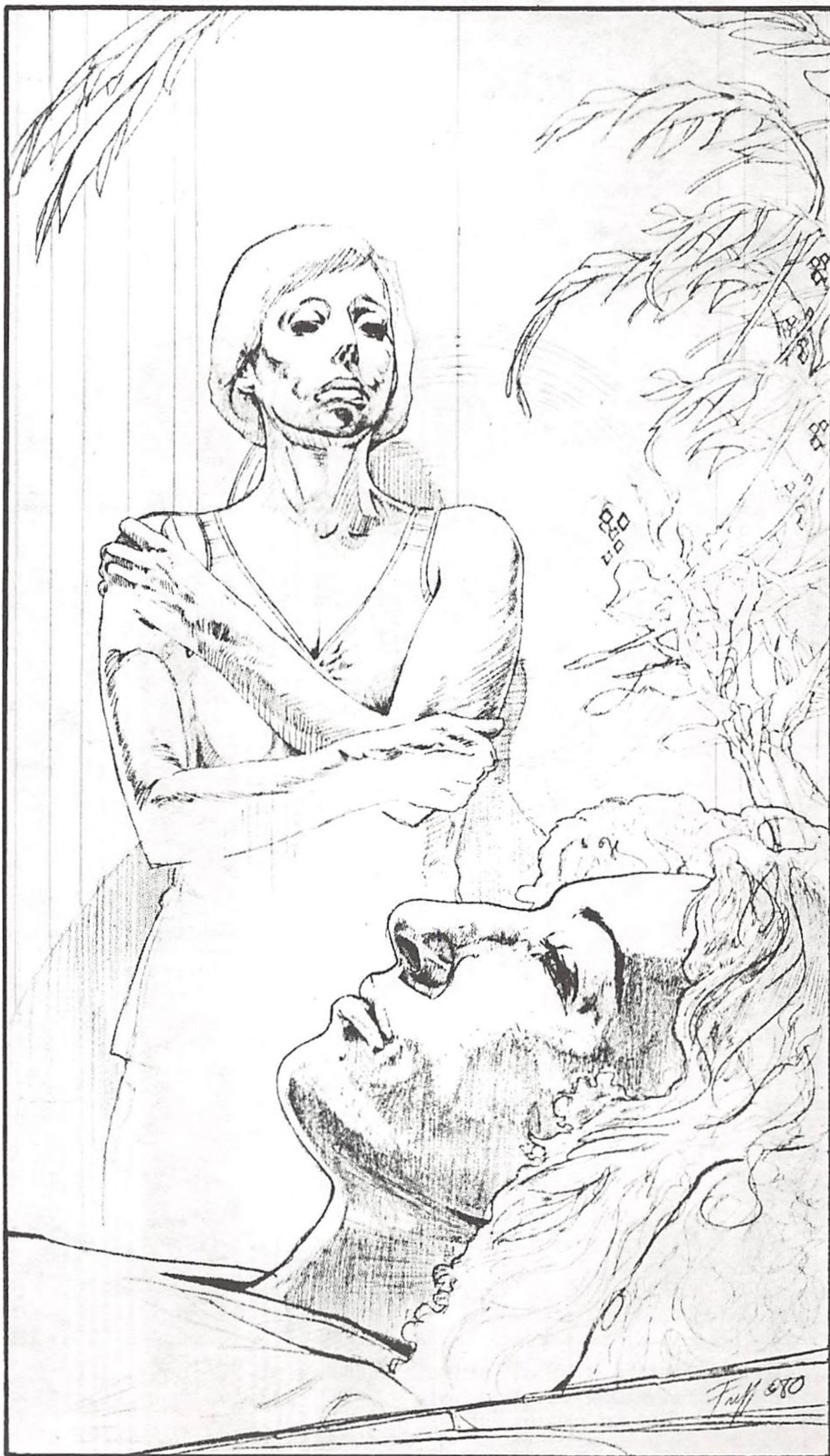
"Where do you get your ideas?"

Probably the question most often asked of science fiction writers. They must get sick of hearing it, and some have been known to fabricate totally ludicrous answers simply to appease the questioner. Those that do answer seriously usually say their ideas just come to them from out of the blue, or spontaneously while typing, which is generally the way it does happen. But with some of John Varley's story ideas (and titles!) you really have to wonder.

John Varley (who goes by his middle name, Herb) was born in Austin, Texas in 1947 (he withholds the exact date because astrology freaks really irk him). He wrote stories as a kid growing up in a small Texas town, and moved around the state before graduating from high school in Nederland. At Michigan State he started out as a physics major and switched to English because he was going to be a film script writer. His original intention was to become a physicist, his second choice: being an astronomer. After about a year he dropped out and roamed around the country a bit before going to San Francisco to become a hippie, during which time he didn't write at all or read much.

John Varley started writing in 1973 because of financial difficulties. He and his wife, Anet Mconel, live in Oregon now, along with their three boys: Maurice, Roger, and Stefan.

Writing, as anyone who has ever tried knows, is a lonely, frustrating experience. Rejection slip after rejection slip tend to put a damper on anyone's enthusiasm. This problem John Varley had only once, with his first novel, *Gas Giant*, which he admits is terribly written and anti-climatic. Everything else he has written has been published. In this respect, he considers himself lucky. To illustrate this, he points out that after he started selling his stories on a regular basis, he began to think about obtaining an agent. Unfortunately he didn't know where to start, or who to contact. The very next day he





# Freff's Wizard

In 1978 Dave Hartwell gave me a hell of a challenge, and a lot of pleasure, by assigning me the job of illustrating TITAN. That was both satisfying and dissatisfying. Satisfying because I got to tackle some challenging design problems in collaboration with that rarity of rarities, a *visual* author. Dissatisfying, because I didn't do half as good a job as the book deserved.

That's why I was eager to make up by doing a dynamite job with TITAN's sequel, WIZARD, when it was assigned to me in the early fall of 1979. I read the manuscript and noted fifty-seven possible illustrations. In conference with John Silbersack, the book's editor, I chose seventeen specific illustrations and started doing necessary preliminary work. For WIZARD that meant everything from searching for and photographing models, to digging up photo reference on ghastly burn victims, to spending LOTS of time on the phone with Herb Varley, asking questions. Herb's great on that kind of stuff, because he sees what he writes. This is an unusual thing. Most authors can barely visualize a crude charcoal sketch of the events they write about, but Herb sees it in vivid technicolor. "These buzz-bombs, Herb—how many eyes do they have?" "You mean I didn't put that in the book?" "Nope." "Well, see, it's like this. They've got..." and so on. For hours. I spent a couple of hundred dollars in long distance bills.

There were supposed to be seventeen drawings, just like the first volume.

Anyone with a copy of the book can find *one*, a frontispiece portrait of Cirocco Jones.

There were problems.

Emotional problems, creative problems, financial problems, publisher schedule problems, artist/publisher communications problems, you name it, we had it. And the artwork never got done, except for that finished frontispiece, three tight-pencilled illustrations, and lots of sketching. Plus hundreds of potential reference photos.

Here are the three pencilled pieces, reproduced for the first time, thanks to the kindly offices of Mark Wheatley. The rest will

*continued on page 6*

received a letter from Kirby McCauley.

It is also due to this luck that one day he received a phone call from Hollywood. Would he be interested in having one of his short stories ("Air Raid") made into a movie...directed by Doug Trumbull? He accepted, and the first part of this year was spent doing the movie novelization. Trumbull suggested a title change to MILLENNIUM, and it sounded like a good idea. Until it was remembered that Ben Bova already had a book out with that title. The movie title is now tentative, as is the title of the novelization, *The Gate*. (Note: "Air Raid" was originally published under a pseudonym as Varley had two stories in the same issue of Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, and multiple credits to a single author are generally frowned upon.)

But, as luck would have it, Varley had to wait for his awards. Two of his novelettes ("In The Bowl" and "Options") were Nebula Award runners-up, and two different stories ("Air Raid" and "In the Hall of the Martian Kings") were runners-up for Hugo Awards. It wasn't until 1979 that he won *both* awards (and the Locus Poll Award, also) for his novella, *Persistence of Vision*, which is his personal favorite anyway.

Sheer excellence in writing accounts for his success, though. It takes a skilled writer to develop and postulate a realistic society of tomorrow, and enter it effortlessly himself; and it takes a craftsman to do so while suppressing twentieth century reactions to such societal incongruities. In Varley's own words: "You have to think about the details until you're as blase as the characters would be. You have to spend some time there." He credits Robert Heinlein ("the master") with having taught him, through his works, the ability to make a strange environment seem natural—even inevitable. His other influences include Theodore Sturgeon, from whom he learned the craft of imbuing his characters with humanity, and Larry Niven for his plots and technical expertise.

It was also Niven who sparked some ideas about cohabitation. This spark, combined with a conscious decision to compensate for all those early SF stories where man forever played the conqueror, led to the basis of the

"Eight Worlds" stories. The novel which contains the earliest material concerning the events has never seen print, but most of the information is piecemealed throughout subsequent stories as a given. *Gas Giant* concerns the invasion of Earth by the intelligences of the universe, creatures from a giant gas planet resembling Jupiter (whereupon they ultimately settle). There are two levels of intelligence as seen by these extra-dimensional beings: Theirs, and dolphins, whales and aquatic mammals. These giants do not concede a third level of intelligence, choosing instead to group humans with birds, squirrels and ants: Builders. These invaders banish humanity from the planet Earth and destroy all signs of human technology. Most of the human race starves to death, and later there are population thinning lotteries. In the beginning, technological humanity survives on a Moonbase and a very small base on Mars, which is later abandoned. With the discovery of the Ophiuchi Hotline (pronounced Off-ee-oo-kee), and the resultant leap in technology, colonization of the Eight Worlds begins. These eight worlds are the junk planets of the solar system, with no natural life-sustaining capacities for human beings. They include: The Moon, Mercury, Venus, Titan, Titania, Triton, and Pluto. There exists an additional society in Saturn's rings, much removed from human society: symbiotics with plant organisms that are virtually a second self. These symbs consume human wastes and give out oxygen, food and water. Humans survive by taking in occasional ice and rock particles from the rings. The remaining Eight Worlds culture is stagnant, after the shock of exile. Additionally, according to Varley, "In the Eight Worlds it's not such a big deal which sex a particular character happens to be at a particular time in a particular story, because it's implied that they have both, and will be the other sex again."

Another conscious decision by Varley was made due to the paucity of women in science fiction stories. The decision was to try and use women as characters at least 50% of the time. But even still, he finds that sometimes he doesn't have a lot of control in the matter. As stories develop and characters



begin to take on their own literary life, the author must go along with that character's momentum. The majority of the time, though, the character turns out to be a woman.

Does he see us taking our own sexuality so casually? Will we change our sex at a whim? Not necessarily. As a matter of fact, he doesn't see any of his contrivances as predictions, but merely as speculations, possibilities of an alternate future. And the majority of his stories take place at least two hundred years in the future, so who can really say?

Varley feels that it is inevitable that the number of atomic weapons we have stockpiled away will be used. He believes human society will survive, but in a very unpleasant environment. He advocates space exploration, but disagrees with the people who say we ought to solve our problems here on Earth before we go into space. In fact he doesn't believe all our problems on Earth are *ever* going to be solved, whether we go to space or not.

Although he has no special training in any particular science, he claims a broad, overall scientific background. Thus he feels that he knows enough about the various branches of science to realize the impossible through logical extrapolation of existing theories. He admits that faking it also plays a rather important part.

He contends that it isn't always necessary to explain each and every device or function. For instance, in several of his stories characters will die and are almost immediately replaced with adult clones. This phenomenon has never been fully explained, nor has he ever felt it necessary to do so. He prefers instead to describe the occurrence as the characters in the story would perceive it. In defense of this option, he explains that if he were writing present day fiction and had his characters using a telephone, he would feel it unnecessary to describe the interchange that makes the connection possible. Were it relevant to the story to reveal the mechanics of a particular device, an explanation would be given.

As different as John Varley's works are from those of other writers, so too can his own style differ within his



writings. While his first published novel, *The Ophiuchi Hotline*, is pyrotechnic and highly convoluted, his second, *Titan*, is very simple in form, almost picaresque. This shift was deliberate. Although there were a lot of things in *The Ophiuchi Hotline* that he liked, Varley felt a slight disappointment. He didn't feel as though he'd handled the complex plot as well as he should have. So he decided to relax a bit and do a simple adventure story, one that he found it enjoyable to write. When it was finished, he realized that he had a setting big enough for several novels. He decided to limit himself to three, *Titan* being the first. The second is *Wizard*, and the third, if all goes well, will be written during the second half of this year. Titled *Demon*, it is the final book in the trilogy. It may be assumed that it will be more complex than the others as it seeks to tie everything together.

John Varley, by his own admission, is not a speechmaker. He doesn't feel that he is good at making them, nor at writing the type of speech that answers the usual questions, such as "Where is science fiction going?" or "What should science fiction do?" He feels that he doesn't have anything particularly valid to contribute on the subject. Instead he prefers to read and write science fiction, which certainly doesn't mean he has nothing to say. Quite the contrary, he believes that his message will come through without his even trying. As long as the story he is writing is good. A lot of times a story that is flowing along well will say something he hadn't even consciously thought out. Usually this is in some form of speculation, which is only recognized when the story is finished. Varley is not necessarily saying this is the way should—or will—be, but

continued from page 5

have to languish in limbo until such time as fate offers me the financial and chronological freedom to bring them out of my head: the portrait of Gaea and her tapdancer; Robin falling through space while being accosted by Fat Fred the Angel; a drunken Cirocco surrounded by Gaby, Robin, Chris and four Titanides at the Enchanted Cat; the giant Sawmill and Distillery creatures at work tearing up and processing a forest; the golden froggy statue and its degenerate protectors; the screaming buzzbomb; the sandwraiths attacking Valiha; the somber landscape of the Boneyard; Robin facing off against the Thea Brain; an erotic scene between man and Titanide; a portrait of the dying Gaby; Serpent, just after birth; and, of course, Cirocco facing the lightning wrath of Gaea at the book's close.

I'd really like to draw those, someday. And in the meantime, perhaps I'll get my chance to make up for TITAN's deficiencies when DEMON comes out...

- 1.) *Cirocco Jones going cold turkey, while a very concerned and somber Gaby Plauget stands over her. My model for Cirocco's face, all through TITAN and WIZARD, was Columbus drafter-and-artist Connie Sherman. I really had no choice about using her. I was at her apartment when I first read the manuscript of TITAN, and Cirocco's facial description was letter perfect except for such things as actual skin and hair color. These matter little when you search for a model. Feature and expression are everything—and Connie was Cirocco. (Cirocco's body, by the way, was Janet Prato, a DC-based sculptor who has the double blessing—for me—of a 6' dancer's body and the capacity to hold excruciating poses for a long time.) Having a model for Gaby this time out was a relief and a pleasure. When I had to do her for TITAN I couldn't find anyone satisfactory, so I winged it as best I could from from my own head. The result results can be seen in the picture of Gaby stabbing at the mudflapper, and are Not Good. But by great coincidence I found a young actress in New York named Lisa*



Driscoll, and Lisa was perfect. The inking on this one was to be very dark and disturbing, with Cirocco's face pasty and sweating. All lighting was from above, with shadows carving things out in stark relief.

2.) Robin, the young witch of the Coven, staving off one of the fits characteristic of the disease which sends her questing in Gaea. Note the missing little finger? She'd cut that off before to stop one seizure. Here she threatens the whole hand. Inking was intended to be quite stark, focusing all attention on the hands. Only later were you supposed to see the patchy, worn quality of the spacesuit, or the bells, tattoos, ju-jus and witchsigns that speak of her home. My model for Robin was Bev Evans, a writer living in Binghamton.

3.) Two Titanides pulling stunts at the Purple Carnival, dancing and knife-juggling. This is partially inked. To give you an idea of how complicated some of the interplay is between line texture and dot texture in the technique I chose for these, I'd estimate that this drawing is no more than 25% done. I built my Titanides out of circus performing-horse photos (the dancing pose was actually taken from a diving horse!) and some sketches of Manoli Wetherell, a radio engineer friend. Sculpting the two forms together to get a sense of spinal column is a real interesting problem...

#### FREFF

Freff is 26, male, redhaired by choice, and can't seem to decide between being an artist, a writer, a musician, a photographer, a performer, all of the previous, or just running away and joining a marching band because they get to wear snazzy uniforms. He is married to Amelia K. Sefton, who runs libraries for the Department of the Army and is currently conspiring with friends to unleash many wierd craft thingies on an unsuspecting East Coast. In their house are three cats—Bewilderbeest, Spongecat, and Toshiro—who find it all too terribly contrived for words and who therefore do not speak at all, unlike all the other cats in the world.

Freff would like to be taller when he grows up.



merely could be.

John Varley also doesn't feel qualified to give advice to struggling authors ...because he never had to struggle himself. To his own surprise, he started selling stories almost immediately. He doesn't know the secret, nor does he understand why it came so easily to him when others struggle for years. As a matter of fact, it makes him uncomfortable to discuss it because he feels he doesn't deserve it. Sometimes he's afraid he might wake up to find that this has all been a dream.

He will, though, divulge his writing habits. He writes—or works on something connected with his writing—between the hours of midnight and four in the morning. Every night. He

does this until something begins to 'take off;' then, instead of having to force himself to sit at the typewriter and grind out half a page (only to throw it away), he can spend as much as twelve to fifteen hours at a time writing. He stops only long enough to "peel himself off the ceiling" as he would say. And when it's all going well he can turn out as much as thirty finished pages a day.

Incidentally, we did discuss the "Where do you get your ideas?" question, which he *does* get asked too often. His answer: "If I knew where I got my ideas, I'd be getting about a dozen more than I get right now. Then I'd be writing a lot faster and making a lot more money."



# The Fiction of John Varley

(in order of publication)

short stories, novellas, novelettes:

- "SCOREBOARD".....*Vertex*, August 1974  
 "PICNIC ON NEARSIDE".....*F&SF*, August 1974; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "RETROGRADE SUMMER".....*F&SF*, February 1975; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "THE BLACK HOLE PASSES".....*F&SF*, June 1975; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "IN THE BOWL".....*F&SF*, December 1975; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "THE M&M, SEEN AS A LOW-YIELD THERMONUCLEAR DEVICE".....*Orbit 18*, 1976  
 "MANIKENS".....*Amazing*, January 1976; *The Barbie Murders*  
 .....  
 "THE PHANTOM OF KANSAS".....*Galaxy*, February 1976; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK".....*Galaxy*, May 1976; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "GOTTA SING, GOTTA DANCE".....*Galaxy*, July 1976; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 .....  
 "BAGATELLE".....*Galaxy*, August 1976; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "THE FUNHOUSE EFFECT".....*F&SF*, December 1976; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "THE PSI OLYMPICS".....*Scintillation*, December 1976  
 "IN THE HALL OF THE MARTIAN KINGS".....*F&SF*, February 1977; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 .....  
 "LOLLIPOP AND THE TAR BABY".....*Orbit 19*, 1977; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "GOOD-BYE ROBINSON CRUSOE".....*Asimov's SF Magazine*, Spring 1977; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "AIR RAID".....*Asimov's SF Magazine*, Spring 1977 (as Herb Boehm); *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "EQUINOCTIAL".....*Ascents of Wonder*, pb 1977; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "THE BARBIE MURDERS".....*Asimov's SF Magazine*, February 1978; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "PERSISTENCE OF VISION".....*F&SF*, March 1978; *The Persistence of Vision*  
 "OPTIONS".....*Universe 9*, 1979  
 "BEATNIK BAYOU".....*New Voices III*, pb 1980; *The Barbie Murders*  
 "1955".....*SFWA Bulletin*, 1980 (assumed to be fiction)

novels, collections:

- GAS GIANT* (novel).....unpublished (1973)  
*THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE* (novel).....HB—Dial Press, 1977; BC—SF Book Club, 1977; PB—Dell, 1978  
*THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION* (collection).....HB—Dial Press, 1978; BC—SF Book Club, 1978; PB—Dell, 1979  
*TITAN* (novel)..Serialization—*Analog*, January through April 1978; HB—Berkley/Putnam, 1979; BC—SF Book Club, 1979  
 PB—Berkley, 1980  
*THE BARBIE MURDERS AND OTHER STORIES* (collection).....PB—Berkley, 1980  
*WIZARD* (novel).....HB—Berkley/Putnam, 1980; BP—Berkley, 1980

forthcoming:

- DEMON* (novel).....HB—Berkley/Putnam  
*THE GATE* (title tentative).....movie novelization of "Air-Raid"—Macmillan  
 "The Bellman".....*The Last Dangerous Visions*  
 "Blue Champagne".....*New Voices IV*

*Anna-Louise Bach Stories*

"BAGATELLE"

"THE BARBIE MURDERS"

"THE BELLMAN"

"BLUE CHAMPAGNE"

*Eight Worlds Chronology*

"OPTIONS"

"PICNICS"

"PICNIC ON NEARSIDE"

"OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY BANK"

"IN THE BOWL"

"RETROGRADE SUMMER"

"THE PHANTOM OF KANSAS"

"GOTTA SING, GOTTA DANCE"

"THE FUNHOUSE EFFECT"

"THE BLACK HOLE PASSES"

"LOLLIPOP AND THE TAR BABY"

"GOOD-BYE, ROBINSON CRUSOE"

"EQUINOCTIAL"

"BEATNIK BAYOU"

*THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE*

for further reading on John Varley's work:

FUTURE LIFE Number 13

MEGAVORE Number 12

SF REVIEW August, 1977





## Home Is the Horizon

(1981)  
Mark Wheatley  
dyes and gouache on gessoed board  
17½" x 30"



# The Future Is Exit 19 on Baltimore's Beltway!

Tony Calabrese

It is not widely known that Baltimore, a world port and the cultural hub of the State of Maryland, has a science fiction heritage that is both rich and varied. Actually, to be quite frank, not too much about Baltimore is widely known at all. Obscurity, it seems, has been our most important product. That, and beehive hairdos. Consequently, the science fiction heritage of the city has remained a well kept secret. Well, I say, to hell with secrets! More importantly, to hell with beehive hairdos! It is now time to lay bare all of the sordid details of the History of Science Fiction in Baltimore.

A city that has spawned such eminent authors in the field as John Barth, Roger Zelazny, Jack L. Chalker, Thomas Monteleone, and the late Stephen Tall certainly has something going for it. We know that even as early as the nineteenth century, another local boy who made good—Edgar Allen Poe—was inspired to write some of his greatest fantasy/horror stories here. It was also here in Baltimore that he married a thirteen year old, became a wretched alcoholic, and finally began to descend into madness. Just moments before his tragic death, Poe, in a surly mood, was alleged to have uttered sarcastically, "Baltimore...it gets you right here." Of course, things started looking up for him after his death, and he went on to become a great posthumous success in the literary world. Better late than never.

But what of Barth, Zelazny, et al? What is it about Baltimore that has sparked their collective imaginations? The answers are here right under our noses.

Throughout its existence as a major metropolis, Baltimore has been a centre of scientific discovery and innovation. This is absolutely true and if you don't believe me, you can go ask Jules Verne. Yes, even Monsieur Verne was touched in some small way by Baltimore, because it was here that the aviation age really came into being. Verne, as you doubtless recall, was fascinated by flight. Characters in his stor-

ies were always sifting through clouds in the stratosphere in incredible "flying machines" a century before it was actually possible. Verne, however, had a penchant for balloons, and he was fascinated to discover that one of the first manned balloon voyages to ever take place occurred in Baltimore. There was rampant speculation that this single event prompted him to begin work on "Around The World In Eighty Days." He was so enthused by the discovery, that he is alleged to have exclaimed, "Ooh la la le Baltimore!" on more than one occasion. History does not document this, but we can assume that it is true since it is a scientific fact that the French are sickeningly effusive.

A miracle medicinal treatment that did not exist a century ago was also discovered and refined here in Baltimore. For centuries, mankind had searched for a cure to nausea, gas, and related discomforts. Not until Bromo Seltzer was invented did such a cure exist. Science had again triumphed. The city fathers were so proud of the achievement that the Bromo Seltzer Tower was built. It stands today in downtown Baltimore, an imposing Moorish edifice, the only building ever erected to commemorate gastro-intestinal distress. For serious students of architecture, it is also the only building to ever induce gastro-intestinal distress.

Another scientific milestone occurred here with the invention of the umbrella. Its original purpose was to come between us and inclement weather. Who would have ever suspected that it would someday become our only effective weapon against dangerous ultraviolet rays, quietly lethal acid rain, and irritatingly persistent Hare Krishna people?

There are, at present, institutions and innovations that would have been considered sheer fantasy only fifty years ago here in Baltimore. We are living in our grandparents' future, and it is indeed amazing to realize just what technology hath wrought.

The Maryland Eye Bank, which is the world's largest, is a splendid example. Established in 1962, it has restored sight to countless people throughout the world. Here, cornea specimens are refrigerated for up to five days in MK solution, a modified tissue culture me-

dium, and are then ready for shipment to wherever they are needed. Even in the midst of all the sophisticated technology that we take for granted, the idea of cornea replacement through the Bank still seems fantastic. After all, Dr. Frankenstein would have killed for a good Eye Bank way back when. It is an incredible institution, and we have their promise that they will continue to keep an eye out for us.

Changing one's gender is an idea that has been explored in many modern science fiction stories under the general heading "How The Other Half Lives." For years, potential transsexuals were forced to go to Europe, particularly Scandinavia, in order to undergo a program for gender change. Here in Baltimore, the Johns Hopkins Gender Identity Clinic, founded in 1971, bought transsexuality out of the closet in the U.S. At *this* clinic, the Lord giveth, and the surgeon taketh away...or addeth on, as the case may be. The Gender Identity Clinic is no longer operational, but many speculate that it is just gearing up for the next great trend: androgyny.

Advances in space exploration are, of course, very important elements in science fiction. Here, the metro Baltimore area shines brightly with the Aries Telescope Centre being built at Johns Hopkins University, and with NASA's Goddard Space Flight Centre, just south of Baltimore in Greenbelt, Maryland. The Flight Centre manages the worldwide tracking and communication network for manned and unmanned spacecraft. The centre is also perfectly willing to communicate with any interplanetary craft that should happen to be in the vicinity, but so far, no takers.

Nuclear powered cities and transportation systems were commonplace in science fiction not too many years ago. These stories proved to be prophetic in many ways. Our local example, the Calvert Cliffs nuclear facility, produces a high percentage of power for the metropolitan Baltimore area. Because of the facility's location, we have an interesting juxtaposition that takes place.

The cliffs are actually bluffs varying in height up to one hundred fifty feet. They stretch out in a great thirty mile arc from Chesapeake Beach to Cove





Point. The cliffs are famous among paleontologists (especially those with a bone to pick) for their exposure of Miocene fossils including whale bones, crocodile plates, shark teeth, and other remains of life fifteen to twenty million years old. There is also rumored to be skeletal remains of some idiotic paleontologists who became so engrossed in fossil hunting that they failed to notice the high tide rushing in. In any case, standing near the cliffs, the ominous reactor towers—the power source for the future—share the coastline with remnants from the dawn of time. It's where fission and fossilization interface.

Another recurring theme in science fiction, particularly stories set in the far future, is the idea of universal brotherhood, and eradication of counter pro-

ductive nationalism. Baltimore once again was an innovator and ahead of its time in this respect. At the turn of the century, it was the only American city ever to become the temporary capital of a foreign country...a neat little trick, actually. Due to civil war in Uruguay, the government requested help from any North American city so that the capital could be relocated until the crisis was resolved. Baltimore, in the name of brotherhood, accepted the Uruguayan government and, in effect, became the country's capital for almost two years. For Baltimore, it is a rather bizarre claim to fame, to be sure, but it certainly made lots of Uruguayans happy about eighty years ago. At that time, the President of Uruguay, a religious man, was so moved by Baltimore's gesture that he is claimed to have fallen

to his knees, bowed his head, and whispered reverently, "Gracias a Dios para Baltimore." History does not document this, but we can assume that it is true since it is a scientific fact that religious Uruguayans have a tendency to pray a lot in Spanish.

Even our official language, Baltimorese, has come under close scientific scrutiny. Erich Von Daniken, of "Chariots of the Gods" fame, postulates that it is a remnant of a language spoken by ancient extraterrestrials who colonized planet Earth. One can well imagine these aliens returning to Earth today in their speed of light ships, addressing their Baltimore progeny from high atop the spacey revolving restaurant on the downtown Holiday Inn: "People of Bawlamer an da rest of da Erf..We dain't want no vollince. We come in peace, unnerstand? So dain't be ignernt."

We would understandably be wary of these cosmic strangers at first, but then gradually, we would become aware of their curiously familiar beehive hairdos. Then, of course, we would welcome them warmly, as if they had just dropped in from Highlandtown. Just another Baltimore scenario.

As you can see, there is a fascinating array of scientific discoveries and technological and social innovations here in Baltimore—enough to stimulate the most inquisitive minds and inspire talented authors to produce stories with the most far reaching effects.

Barth, Zelazny, Chalker, Monteleone, and Tall have made their illustrious mark. We must now look to the new up and coming storytellers who are ready to carry on the tradition and become part of Baltimore's Science Fiction Heritage. It's a tough job, but somebody has to do it.

*Tony Calabrese is an ardent fan of science fiction and the City of Baltimore. A lifelong resident of the city, he is a "Part time" writer who presently works as an interpreter and as the Tourism Representative for the City of Baltimore and the State of Maryland at Baltimore-Washington International Airport.*

*He was one of 28 people recently chosen to receive the prestigious "Baltimore's Best" award.*



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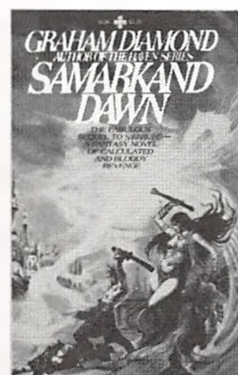
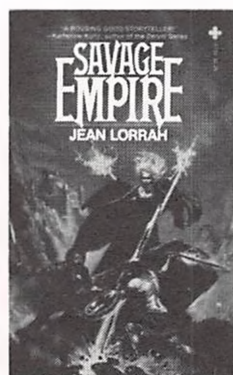
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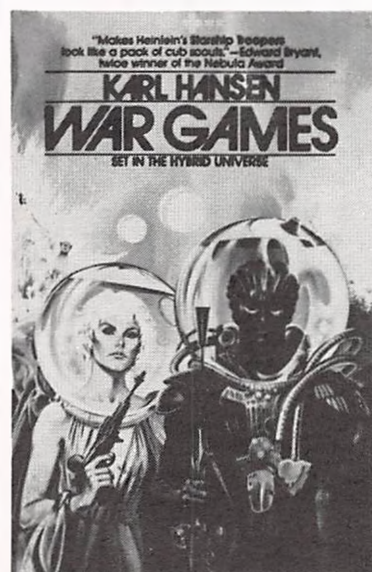
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# Reflections on Compton Crook and Stephen Tall

James L.  
Hershey

Compton N. Crook, 72, died on January 15, 1981 at his Phoenix, Maryland home after a long respiratory illness. He was born in Tennessee, and studied biology at Vanderbilt, Arizona State and Johns Hopkins. He was a field ecologist and ornithologist, and professor emeritus at Towson State University.

Compton came to Towson State in 1939, and eventually taught all of the biology courses the department offered at the time, and even put in a stint as department chairman. The only interruptions were his work in the Office of Strategic Services in World War II, and his summers as a naturalist with the National Parks Service.

In later years he settled into teaching three courses: ecology, ornithology and biological literature. I took the last-mentioned class just before his retirement in 1973. It was ostensibly a course on the writing of scientific papers, but Compton made it more than that. His enthusiasm for biology was infectious, and I thought about graduate school for the first time.

In January of 1975, we went on a TSU sponsored field trip to the Galapagos Islands, following in Darwin's footsteps. Even the non-biologists stayed close to Compton, bitten as they were by the natural history bug. He was a seemingly limitless fount of information and energy.

All along I knew he was a science-fiction writer, but he managed to thwart his students' and colleagues' best efforts to discover his pseudonym. In late 1975 I was browsing in a bookstore, and spotted a paperback collection called *The Stardust Voyages*, by Stephen Tall. Something clicked in my

mind, so I grabbed the book and turned to the copyright page. There it was: Compton N. Crook. The secret was out. Compton told me later that he came up with the name from two things: his son, Stephen, and his contention that the world needed a counterbalance to Luke Short.

Compton wrote for various publications (including *Country Gentlemen* and *Women's Day*) for many years, but he was best known as a regular contributor to *Galaxy*, *IF*, and *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. As Stephen Tall, he wrote many short stories and novelettes in this field, all of them with a more or less ecological impetus.

In fact, his novelette, "Allison, Carmichael and Tattersall" proposes that the Universe itself is an ecosystem, a grand concept that has within it the idea that life, in whatever form, will persist. His characters, three quirky scientists, are greatly moved by this, as was this reader.

Compton knew that ideas, no matter how clever, don't mean much in fiction unless the reader cares about the effects on the characters. And, indeed, there were several characters with whom he achieved considerable popularity: the crew of the exploratory spaceship "Stardust." The narrator of these stories, Roscoe Kissinger, is Compton's fictional double (in personality and philosophy, if not in appearance.)

The back cover of *The Stardust Voyages* refers to these stories as being in the tradition of E.E. "Doc" Smith, Edmond Hamilton, Murray Leinster and *Star Trek*. This is true to an extent, but more than anything else I'm reminded of Eric Frank Russell's Jay Score stories, with a naturalist's observations muting the melodrama.

My favorite story in the series (and, as it turned out, Compton's as well) is "The Bear With the Knot On His Tail," concerning the study of an alien civilization whose sun is going nova. Now even though the main thrust of the story is completely serious, there are occasional flashes of humor, including an in-joke; the Stardust is powered by "timonium" engines. In fact, he told an audience at Balticon 10 about his timonium engines and they laughed appreciatively, leaving Isaac Asimov totally baffled. (It was during this same convention that Compton and Asimov led a panel discussion on the science in SF, and Compton stated that *Dune* was good adventure but bad ecology, since Dune has no green plants and thus no free oxygen in its atmosphere.)

Both of the novelettes I've mentioned—"Allison, Carmichael and Tattersall" and "The Bear..."—were on final Hugo Award ballots, and have been anthologized several times.

Compton also wrote two novels as Stephen Tall: *The Ramsgate Paradox* (another Stardust story) and his last book, published in May 1980 by DAW, *The People Beyond the Wall*. The latter book concerns two young graduate students in glaciology who, while exploring a huge crevasse in an Alaskan glacier, stumble upon a lost race of people and their pastoral utopia.

Compton once told me that, in his book, he wasn't writing about things as they are, but as he'd like them to be. The people of the lost race are vital, exuberant and loving, something like Rousseau's noble savages with a dash of western hedonism thrown in. Their formal greeting sums up their beliefs: "Live and enjoy." The two young scientists soon come to find their own world wanting in many respects. At the story's close, I also came to find our world wanting.

To a large degree, the book is also about endings and change, and he was realistic without being gloomy. As a writer he sometimes dealt with this, and produced a body of vibrant and thought-provoking fiction that will be worth reading for a long time to come.

## ADDENDUM

Rikk Jacobs has informed me that Compton (who was an honorary life member of BSFS) will be remembered by the society in the form of the "Compton Crook/Stephen Tall Memorial Award." This will be an annual prize of \$500.00 and certificate (and possibly a statuette) for the best first science-fiction novel in the English language.

Those books copyrighted 1981 will be judged, so the first award will be presented sometime in 1982 by BSFS, Inc.

*James L. Hershey received bachelor's and master's degrees in biology from Towson State University. The master's research culminated in a publication in The Canadian Journal of Zoology on salamander orientation and migration. More recently, he taught a semester of general biology at the Maryland Penitentiary, and is currently a lab instructor and a researcher in the Crab Ecology and Mariculture Project at the University of Maryland, Eastern Shore.*



# The Weekend Who's Who

## B

David Bischoff co-authored the TIN WOODMAN and has accumulated an impressive list of publishing credits. He has had stories in FANTASTIC and CHRYSALIS. He has had several novels published including NIGHTWORLD and and FORBIDDEN WORLD with Ted White. He has been secretary of the Science Fiction Writers of America.

## C



After waiting until it was safe to come out, Hank Caruso was born on the day World War II ended. From his Fort Benning, Georgia birthplace, he moved to Wethersfield, Connecticut and later graduated from Cornell University with a Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering degree.

He is actively employed in the Aviation and Aerospace field, and he brings to his cartoons a realism born of his occupation. This working knowledge has helped him enormously with his cartoons published in *Future Life* and national space institute magazines.

He currently teaches cartooning at Anne Arundel Community College in Maryland, and his Heraito Hogbreath cartoon character has achieved wide enough popularity to be adopted by the Maryland International Guard for

their Aircraft Emblem.

Jack L. Chalker is a true son of Baltimore: he was born here, he was raised here (on Liberty Heights Avenue), and he taught at several of its schools until 1978. He started writing in 1975, at age 31, and since then has written a dozen novels, and four short stories.

Jack is best known for his popular "Well World" novels, which began with his second novel, MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS, and ended with the recently published TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS, which hit the number one position on the *Locus* best-seller list.

His latest book, THE DEVIL'S VOYAGE, is, oddly enough, not science fiction, but Jack has retained a fannish element by sneaking in John W. Campbell as a minor character.

Forthcoming books include THE IDENTITY MATRIX and book one of the FOUR LORDS OF THE DIAMOND series, titled LILITH.

Jack has recently become a bi-continental author, with editions of the Well books and WEB OF THE CHOZEN appearing in Germany.

I.F. Clarke (Ignatius Frederic Clarke) was born in 1928. In addition to being a lecturer in English, he is Professor of English at the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow. His checklist to futuristic works published in Britain since 1644 is titled *The Tale of the Future* (published in 1961), while *Voices Propheysying War 1763-1984* is a study of fictional wars and invasions, published in 1966.

## D

L. Sprague de Camp's first science fiction story was published in 1937, and he was one of John W. Campbell's favorite writers. Henry Holt began publishing science fiction in 1941 with de Camp's novels, and L. Sprague de Camp later went on to complete some of Robert E. Howard's Conan material, more recently adding much of his own to the mythos. Mr. de Camp is the author of dozens of books, ranging from archaeology to fantasy.

## G

Alexis Gilliland proves that government workers can excel when given the chance. His delightful cartoons have long graced the pages of many fanzines such as SF Review, LOCUS, STARSHIP. He's been nominated for the FAAN artist humorist award in '77, '78, & '79, winning in 1980. He has had two books published: a collection of his cartoons titled THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY and an SF novel, THE REVOLUTION FROM ROSINANTE.

## H



Marc Hempel promptly arrived on Earth on May 25, 1957. He claims to have grown up in the Chicago area and refuses to comment on his activities prior to his Earth arrival. He was influenced by science fiction films, animation, and comics at an early age and has been drawing nearly all his life. He graduated gradually from Northern Illinois University in 1980 with a BFA. Marc's paintings and graphic stories have appeared in various magazines including EPIC ILLUSTRATED, QUESTAR, FANTASTIC FILMS, VIDEO ACTION, GASM and ECLIPSE. Presently, Marc is working on some very humanistic SF comic stories, utilizing odd and affecting visual progression to create emotional reaction in the reader. His current paintings reveal his striking and personal visions of fantasy, SF, and sensuality. In his spare time, Marc is obsessed with Art Deco, SF, eroticism, nonconfor-



mity, films, "good" comic art, KRAZY KAT, Warner Bros. Cartoons, ideological art, and early rock and roll. He is also an eligible bachelor.



Steve Hickman was born in Washington, D.C. in 1949, the son of a foreign service officer, thus necessitating many changes of scenery throughout his childhood, the alien worlds of the Philippines and Pakistan among them. His early school experiences remain distinctly dim with the exception of an art teacher, Mr. Sidney Procter, who introduced him to such enlightened works as *Bridgeman's Drawing from Life*. He spent two years in art school in Richmond, Virginia in the illustrious company of Mike Kaluta and Phil Trumbo, learning to do abstract and minimalist work. In 1969, having decided to express himself with recognizable objects, it was with no regrets that he left school.

He began assembling a long series of portfolios of fantasy and science fiction work to take to New York City. It was in 1974 that he landed his first commission with Ace Books. The following year he was asked to do a portfolio of Tolkien inspired posters for Christopher Enterprises in Detroit. Over the past few years his work has appeared in several anthologies, *Poster Space Art*, *The Sorcerers*, and *Tomorrow and Beyond*. His work has been shown at The New Britain Museum of American Art, the Earthlight Gallery, and assorted conventions.

He presently resides in Alexandria, Virginia with his wife, Victoria, and an eleven-year-old daughter, Aurora. His future plans consist of more detailed studies inspired by his own dreams and writings.



Victoria Hickman has a relatively new identity as an artist. Until now, fans of fantasy art would have known her as the wife of an exceptional painter and illustrator. Yet with the assistance of an art instructor and inspiration and guidance from her husband, Steve Hickman, and artist Mike Kaluta, Victoria has, in only three short years, emerged as an artist in her own right.



Harold Jig is a resident of Silver Spring, Maryland. His works include book and magazine illustration, murals, posters, fantasy portraits, etc. He is well versed in the fine art of multi-colored silk screen printing and an authority on air brush technique. Harold's varied styles and technique cover a wide spectrum depending on the jobs at hand.

L

Christopher Lampton, former disc jockey, has had several novels published. *GATEWAY TO LIMBO* from Doubleday was published in 1979.

M



Don Maitz was first noticed in this dimension by his immediate ancestors on June 10, 1953. Since then lots of food, drink and time have conspired to bring him into well developed adulthood. Along the way he has developed his artistic abilities into a style that is now in heavy demand. His work graces the covers of an increasingly large number of SF and fantasy paperbacks, as well as posters and a portfolio of color prints from Chimera press. He won the prestigious Howard award at the 1980 World Fantasy Con here at the Hunt Valley and was the moving force in arranging and participating in the first U. S. museum exhibit of Fantasy and Science Fiction art at the New Britain Museum. He is anxiously awaiting a break in his book cover work to continue the exhibit on a tour as well as devote his time to movie posters and record albums.

Ron Miller was touched by a star on May 9, 1947. Ever since he has been recording the heavens in beautiful interpretations of alien landscapes and heroic struggles. With a BFA from Columbus College of Art and Design he went on to become the art director of the Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum for a number of years. Since leaving the Smithsonian he has been widely published in many books and magazines. He has produced space art for Starlog, a *SPACE ART POSTER BOOK* and is currently at work on *THE*





## Captain Judikah Strikes Back

(1979)  
Ron Miller  
acrylic on illustration board  
11¼" x 16¼"



GRAND TOUR, a book devoted to touring the solar system to be released by Workman this summer.

S

Robert Sheckley is best known for his witty approach to writing, incorporating his own unique style into his work. His first story was published in *Imagination* in 1952; he was born in 1928. Some of his work has also appeared under the following pseudonyms: Phillips Barbee, Ned Lang, and Finn O' Donnevan. He is currently fiction editor at OMNI.

Steven G. Spruill has a steadily growing list of novels to his credit. These include *KEEPERS OF THE GATE*, *THE PSYCHOPATH PLAGUE*, *THE HELI-STONE*, and a new sequel to *PSYCHOPATH PLAGUE*, *IMPERIAL PLOT*.

We've had Dan Steffan to kick around since Aug. 15, 1953. A "cartoonist" devoted to lighter, irreverent subjects, he is frustrated to find that commercial markets have a low demand for this kind of material. Fortunately he can adapt. He has contributed illustrations to *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *Galaxy*, Dell books, *Underground Comix*, and "hundreds of fanzines." Currently he is hard at work on a 20 page strip for *Heavy Metal* (where he was assistant art director for a year) and an *Underground Comic* called *IDIOTIC COMIX*. His future plans include landing a syndicated comic strip and pursuing an involvement with quality animation.

Steve Stiles was born July 16, 1943. His first published piece was in *The Ladies Home Journal* 1956. Soon after he escaped to fandom, and in the '60's he went to school and did illustrations. He did cartoons for the *REALIST* and ghosted illos for Dan Adkins for *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC*. He's published fanzines and contributed extensively to Dick Lupoff's *XERO* and Don Thompson's *COMIC ART* the founding fanzines of comic fandom. He won the TAFF in 1968, has been published in DC comics, *WARREN*, and *CHARLTON*, and has freelanced for Marvel's British publications, ghosting all the characters, doing covers and pos-

ters. For *Heavy Metal* he did "The Adventures Of Professor Thintwhistle & His Incredible Aether Flyer" with Dick Lupoff. He's worked as a cartoonist for the *Baltimore Sun* and is currently co-editor of Ted White's fanzine, *VOID*.

Harry Clement Stubbs writes science fiction as Hal Clement; he writes non-fiction under his surname, and he paints as George Richard. Born in Massachusetts in 1922, he was educated at Harvard and Boston and was a pilot during World War II. He later became a science teacher, and he has a highly scientific approach to writing science fiction. His first published story was "Proof" in *Astounding*, 1942.

Somtow Sucharitkul has a rich and varied background. Born in Thailand, he has called six countries home. He has had short stories published in *ANALOG*, *ASIMOV's*, *GALAXY* and *CHRYSALIS*, including his popular *MALL WORLD* stories. His first novel *THE HAIKU AND THE SPACESHIP*, will soon be in print and he is currently the secretary of the Science Fiction Writers of America, Inc. He is an avant-garde composer and has had his works performed for the public. He has an MA from Cambridge University and has published several learned papers.

W

Ron Walotsky has spent his life since Aug. 24, 1943, building abstract fantasies. With a background in fine art, and shows at galleries in Paris and New York he brings SF and fantasy a touch of class. He lives in the Catskills with his wife and two children where, in addition to his art of the fantastic, he produces record album covers and mainstream illustration such as the cover for Robin Cook's *SPHINX*. He'd like to devote more time to his personal art in the future and expects to distribute this work in the form of fine prints. A portfolio of his covers for Roger Zelazney's *Amber* series is currently in planning from *Chimera*.

Mark Wheatley put in his first appearance on May 27, 1954. His first memories are of reading *THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON* followed soon by thousands of comics and Edgar Rice Burroughs. He's published fanzines and record albums, been the art director for



the Virginia Department of Agriculture and Commerce (another government worker!), and earned a degree in art from Virginia Commonwealth University. He has done illustrations for men's magazines, UFO books, SF film books and humor books. His comic strips have graced the pages of *GASM*, *HEAVY METAL*, and *EPIC ILLUSTRATED*. Currently he is working on an underground comic, *SHATTER-TIME*, a portfolio of his paintings and box covers and designs for *AVALON HILL GAMES*. Together with Marc Hempel he formed *INSIGHT STUDIOS* here in Baltimore. Because of this weekend he will forever give his address as Balticon, MD.

Ted White is a man of varied pursuits. Until recently he was the editor of *Heavy Metal*, reestablishing his roots in comics. Before that he was the editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. His novels include *BY FURIES POSSESSED*, *SECRET OF THE MARAUDER SATELLITE*, and the popular *SORCERESS OF QAR*. Currently Ted is heading up his own record company, *NEW DECAYED PRODUCTIONS, Inc.* which has just released its first single, *SCANDALS* by Jim Altman. As Dr. Progresso he can be heard on *WAMU* Friday nights and Saturday mornings playing the best and latest in progressive music. And he's busy on two new novels, one SF and the other a psychedelic mystery.

Leroy Williams is a young Baltimore artist who specializes in astronomical art. His work has appeared in numerous

*continued on page 32*



# From Fantasy to Film in

## Rickey L. Shanklin

The Place: Baltimore.  
The Time: December, 1959.  
The Director: Barry Levinson.  
The Film: MGM's DINER

Jerry Weintraub's production of Barry Levinson's film DINER is a local event. Barry is a home-town boy, who grew up here and attended Forest Park High, later going on to co-author AND JUSTICE FOR ALL, which was filmed here. The basis of DINER is the lives of people Barry grew up with, and the place where they all hung out: the Hilltop Diner. It's about the Colts whipping the Giants in '59, and growing up straight, and maturing.

When the film opens across the country, it will accurately depict life as it was in Baltimore in 1959. But to trace Baltimore's cinematic involvement we must go back even earlier, to 1894, when the first 'movie' was shown here by Gammon's Kinetoscope Company. Soon after, the first *real* motion picture theatres were built here: the Amusea, the Paradise, and the Wizard. Thus began an era that was to change forever with the release of THE JAZZ SINGER in Baltimore's Metropolitan (the first local theatre wired for sound) in 1927.

Since that distant event (when a show cost a nickel and lasted eight full minutes) Baltimore has been known as the birthplace of several stars, ranging from Francis X. Bushman (who played Messala in the 1926 version of BEN HUR) to Tamara "Cleopatra Jones" Dobson. Other notables from the Baltimore-Washington area include Goldie Hawn, Garry Moore, and Michael Gordon (who appeared in twenty films, including CYRANO DE BERGERAC in 1950).

And now the Baltimore-Washington corridor is spawning still more film-related personalities, some more involved with the actual grit of filmmaking than others, but each a contributor in his own right; each a part of the collective creative dream. One of the most

prolific of these people is Don Dohler.



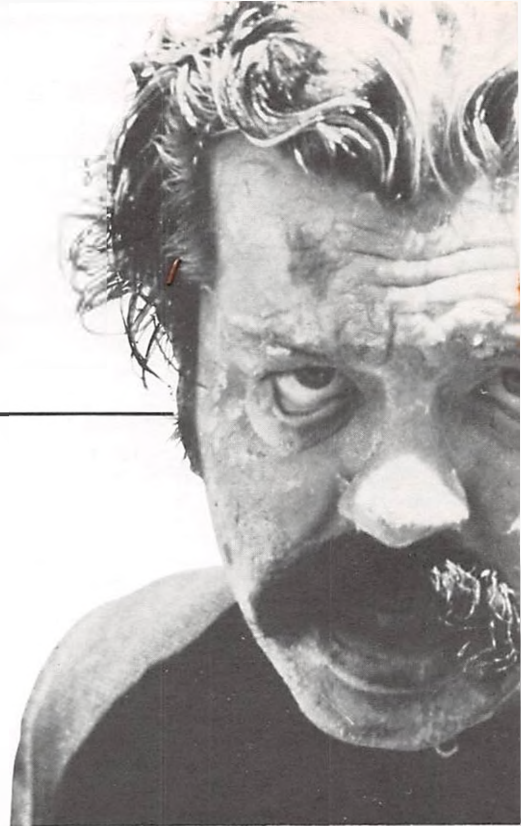
The first publishing venture by Don Dohler was *WILD!*, a dittoed satire fanzine from the early sixties. *WILD!* died after eleven issues, but Don's love of special effects and filmmaking did not. His first movie was titled THE MAD SCIENTIST, a 3-minute epic about a Dr. Jekyll-type character (played by Don) who concocts a weird potion and feeds it to his unsuspecting assistant, who promptly turns into a Hyde-type creature and kills him.

He produced more than two dozen serious amateur films after that, using Super 8 and Single 8 equipment. These films, complete with dialogue and mixed music, won several film contests, and through such endeavors Don realized that there was an ever-growing number of filmmakers in the world with interests akin to his own.

In the mid-sixties, Don developed an idea for a magazine aimed exclusively at amateur filmmakers with a love for special effects. But it wasn't until 1970 that Don put his idea into gear, and in 1972 the first issue of *Cinemagic* was published. A far cry from his early fanzine, *Cinemagic* was professionally designed and printed in a slick format.

History repeated itself a decade after his idea for that magazine; while publishing *Cinemagic*, Don decided it was time to make a feature-length science fiction film. In 1976 he gathered a group of filmmaking friends (including Tony Malanowski and Don Leifert) to help him produce THE ALIEN FACTOR, which is now in TV syndication in more than 65 US cities and two dozen foreign countries, and has even been dubbed in Spanish for release in Puerto Rico and Latin America. Ironically, Baltimore is the only major city that has *not* picked up THE ALIEN FACTOR.

Don's reins over *Cinemagic* were relinquished in 1979 when he sold the title to the Starlog/O'Quinn Studios in New York. But Don wasn't finished with publishing. He subsequently put together *Film Magic*, a 120-page book compilation featuring the best of his original *Cinemagic* issues...most of which were out of print. This was followed up in 1980 by *Stop Motion*



Don Leifert in Don Dohler's FIEND.



*Animation*, a 52-page volume featuring all new 'how-to' material for filmmakers.

In 1980, Don also decided to give feature films another crack, producing and directing FIEND, an updated version of the horror films of yesteryear.





# Backlot: Baltimore

FIEND was made primarily with a TV deal in mind, and its showing at Balticon this weekend represents the film's public world premiere. It was shot entirely in Baltimore County, utilizing locations near Don's own neighborhood (the Fiend's house is really Don's house, dressed up a bit), and the graveyard at the beginning and end of the film is located in Cockeysville...just a few miles from the Hunt Valley Inn.

With FIEND completed, Don now turns his attention to *Amazing Cinema*, his new monthly magazine devoted to the world of special effects. Unlike *Cinemagic*, *Amazing Cinema* will also include stories and features on independent and Hollywood producers, as well as effects people working with limited budgets. The premiere issue of *Amazing Cinema* is on sale in the Balticon dealers room, and successive issues will be available in many SF shops.

Beyond *Amazing Cinema*, Don and his wife, Pam, are planning two more feature films: one is a science fiction epic called NIGHTBEAST; the other a supernatural thriller, as yet untitled.

Tony Malanowski is a 24 year old local film producer/director who lives in Dundalk. He appeared in films made at the University of Maryland (Baltimore Campus) by several different film students. After graduating from high school, he entered UMBC on a full scholarship to study filmmaking. After dropping out of college he teamed up with Don Dohler and helped form Cinemagic Visual Effects, Inc. The company's first feature film production (THE ALIEN FACTOR) was written and directed by Don Dohler, but allowed Tony to play both creature and victim, as well as producer, assistant director, and occasional sound recorder. Recently he worked on an aborted project called BEYOND THE PLANET OF THE APES, and afterwards teamed up with John Simmons to produce, direct and write his first solo feature: NIGHT OF HORROR. (The film deals with a group of campers who encounter Confederate ghosts in the Virginia mountains.)

Tony is presently completing the script for his next feature, tentatively titled CROSS COUNTRY TREAT-

MENT, for which he will use original music from local bands. He is also writing the first draft of a screenplay called ATTACK OF THE BLOOD ZOMBIES, which concerns zombies on a Southern plantation during 1865. This film is for his own film company: Little Warsaw Productions.

A local actor who has appeared in both FIEND and THE ALIEN FACTOR, Don Leifert is a 30 year old contributor to local filmzines, and will be a regular in the pages of *Amazing Cinema*. In addition to his acting and writing, Don directed a local stage version of DAVID & LISA.

Two other area notables, Charlie Ellis and Delbert Winans, have been involved with much of these goings on. Charlie appeared in THE ALIEN FACTOR and was responsible for bringing Balticon up to its current level of success many years ago. Delbert (who recently left for sunny California to pursue his dream) was responsible for putting together and publishing the *Fantasy Magazine Index*.

George Stover is the publisher of *Cinemacabre*, the successor to *Black Oracle*, an earlier fanzine. *Cinemacabre* has now achieved national distribution to some specialty shops, and is an excellent source of horror film reviews and articles. George has a small part in DINER (as a pool player), and was an extra in RAISE THE TITANIC as well. He is in his early 30's, and appeared in a local stage production of DRACULA.

Thirty year old Gary Svehla is well-known around Baltimore. He, along with his father, Richard, have been publishing *Gore Creatures* for over a decade, and the magazine has been re-named *Midnight Marquee*. Gary has landed a staff job with *Questar* magazine, and will also be contributing regularly to *Amazing Cinema*.

Bill George, 28, is currently doing public relations work for the Analysis Film Corporation, which handled CALIGULA, and MANIAC. He was the publisher of a late magazine entitled *The Late Show*, and has just sold an original

Albert Alligator, Churchy Lafemme, Howland Owl from I GO POGO.



In essence, Don created a new horror character (played by Don Leifert, as pictured in *Famous Monsters* No. 172) rather than another nebulous knife-wielding maniac, a cliché which has been run into the ground recently.



horror script. He, too, will be contributing to *Amazing Cinema*, as well as to *Cinefantastique*.

Pogo is alive and, well—

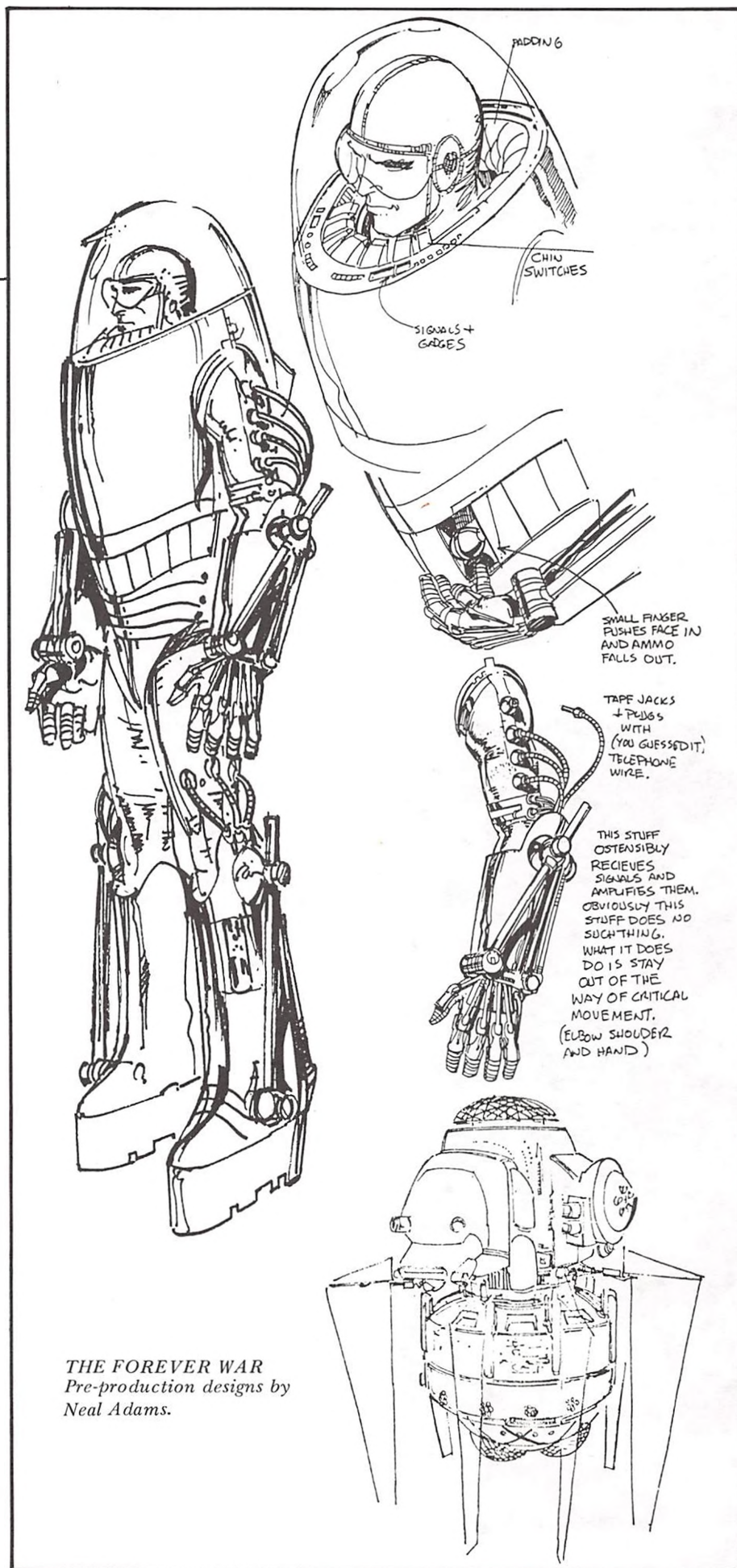
Were it not for its political angle, the I GO POGO film would very likely be in release across the country. But the election is over and so too, unfortunately, is the film's slogan: Pogo for President.

Made for \$3,500,000, I GO POGO is only the *second* full-length, all stop-motion puppet film ever done. (The first, HANSEL AND GRETEL, was done in 1954.) John Ellis, local artist and cinematographer, and many of the people who worked on I GO POGO, are true professionals, some having done work for Sesame Street, the Muppets, Walt Disney Productions, Lucusfilms Ltd., PBS, and STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE. The film's animation relies on a process called Flexiform™ which utilizes replacement animation. (For a more detailed description, see *Cinemagic* No. 9.) Walt Kelly, the creator and artist of the classic Pogo comic strip, was once a Walt Disney animator himself; it was there that he met his wife, Selby, also an animator.

Available on videocassette from Fotomat, the I GO POGO figures and sets were also the source for the GAF Viewmaster packet.

Several writers from the Baltimore-Washington area have become affiliated with film projects or film adaptations in recent years. Joe Haldeman, who is a contributor elsewhere in this book, was born in 1943. After serving in Viet Nam he began writing professionally, and had his first sale to *Galaxy* in 1969 with "Out of Phase." Since then he has received a Hugo for "Tricentennial," and both a Hugo and a Nebula for THE FOREVER WAR. This award-winning novel is currently in pre-production film project, tentatively for PBS. Preliminary design work has been done by Neal Adams, and appears elsewhere in this article.

Jack Haldeman is the brother of Joe, and was very involved in the Baltimore Science Fiction Society in the sixties. Jack is the author of PERRY'S PLANET, a Star Trek novel, and was instru-





mental in founding the nationally-famous shock-trauma unit in Baltimore.

Mike McQuay began writing in January of 1975, after listening to Dorothy Fontana speak at Wintercon '74. Born in Baltimore in 1949, he attended college before moving to Japan to avoid the draft. While there he was drafted and wound up working on helicopters... in 'Nam.

His first novel, *Lifekeeper*, was published by Avon last July, and his novelization of John Carpenter's *ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK* is due out in June from Bantam.

McQuay writes about survival. His 'future' is a harsh one, fit only for the rich or the strong, and the 'system' is often maligned by the author. This fall Bantam will market the first of his *MATHEW SWAIN ADVENTURE SERIES* as both mainstream and science fiction. The protagonist in the series, Matt Swain, represents a wish-fulfilling character extension of the author, who has dedicated the series to Raymond Chandler...his 'mentor.'

Books in the *MATHEW SWAIN ADVENTURE SERIES* are:  
1) *HOT TIME IN AN OLD TOWN* (September publication date)  
2) *WHEN TROUBLE BECKONS* (November publication date)  
3) *MURDER IN THE RATINGS* (January, 1982 publication date)  
4) *DEADLY SPRING* (tentative title for the last book in the series)

Additional information on the author may be found in *Shadows Of...No. 4*.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 13, 1937, Roger Zelazny was first published in a competition in 1954. His next published piece was "Passion Play" in a 1962 issue of *Amazing*; since 1969 he has been a full-time writer.

He studied at Western Reserve University and at the University of Columbia, and at one time wrote under the pseudonym of Harrison Denmark due to the volume of work he was producing. In 1965 he was the recipient of two Nebulas, for "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" and "He Who Shapes" (which was later expanded into his novel, *THE DREAM MASTER*). He won a Hugo in 1966 for *THIS IMMORTAL*, but he is best-known for his Amber series. Roger was



Walt Simonson's *ALIEN*.

a Baltimore resident for many years.

Among his film tie-ins are *DAMNATIONAL ALLEY*, the current *LORD OF LIGHT* project, and the tentative *AMBER* film(s).

Walt Simonson hails from College Park, Maryland, and received his formal art training at the Rhode Island School of Design, where the college newspaper carried a comic strip drawn by Walt and written by Gerry Boudreau. He later worked on the Washington, D.C. Worldcon bid, doing buttons and incorporating his *STARSLAMMERS* comic into

their progress reports. (A revised edition of the *STARSLAMMERS* comic is forthcoming from Marvel Comics.) Walt Simonson's art was first offered for sale when the first half of his *OUTSIDERS* strip was published in *Abraxas*, a Baltimore comic zine. Shortly thereafter, Walt began working at DC comics, and then at Marvel where he eventually drew *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* and his current assignment: *STAR WARS*. His *Heavy Metal* adaption of the movie *ALIEN* was published in book form, and was on the *New York Times* Best-seller List for 7 weeks, thus making it





Berni Wrightson's **FREAK SHOW**.

seller List for 7 weeks, thus making it the best-selling comic novel of all time.

Born and raised in Baltimore, Berni Wrightson began drawing seriously in the late sixties, and was first published in an obscure Baltimore fanzine called *Nozdrovia* (other contributors to that issue were Roger Zelazny, Samuel R. Delaney, Jeff Jones, and Keir Dullea by way of an interview). Berni also worked as an editorial cartoonist for the Baltimore Sun, and provided the cover for THE CONAN READER from Mirage Press.

He is now a world-renowned illustrator, and in addition to his part in the HEAVY METAL MOVIE, there is a film adaption of his classic *Swamp Thing* comic book series currently in production.

His forthcoming book, **FREAK SHOW** (written by Bruce Jones), was inspired by the classic Tod Browning film, **FREAKS**. (The film was based on a story by Tod Robbins entitled "Spurs.")

In closing, it is interesting to note that one of the stars of the movie **FREAKS** was a Baltimore resident.

Johnny Eck (who also appeared in **TARZAN**), the 'half-man,' was often seen around Baltimore, and had his own orchestra. He is supposed to have been

responsible, as well, for many of the painted window screens that once were a common sight in Baltimore, particularly in the southeast section of the city.

I would like to thank the following individuals for their assistance in preparing this article: John Ellis, Jack L. Chalker, Don Pierce, Don Leifert, Don Dohler, Tony Malanowski, and Bill George.

Sources used include: *EXIT*, *Shadows of...No. 4*, Neal Adams' Studio (for permission to use illustrations), *Heavy Metal* (for the **ALIEN** illustration), **WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY & HORROR**, **THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION**, **SIDESHOW**, **FREAKS:CINEMA OF THE BIZARRE**, **SF PSEUDONYMS**.

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Rickey L. Shanklin, who was formally introduced to science fiction by Jack Chalker, joined BSFS in the sixties, when it was comprised of Jack Halderman, Jack Chalker, Charlie Ellis, and others. Since then he has written hundreds of reviews for the *Baltimore News-American*, and was the editor of a local literary newspaper for some time. In addition to publishing a number of fanzines of his own, he has contributed to others as well. After working for the government for six years, he left in 1976 to open a bookstore. In 1977 he opened *Mindbridge* which he now runs full-time. Following his work on the *Balticon Souvenir Book* he plans to rest... and sleep more.

Special thanks go to The Mayor's Office of Baltimore City, which has established a Film Resource File, containing information on local filmmakers, actors and technicians. This file is for use by any studio wishing to hire local people in the production of films shot on location. Anyone wishing to become a permanent member of the file should send \$1.00 and an index card containing the following information to: Fontaine Sullivan, Office of the Mayor, 100 Holliday St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

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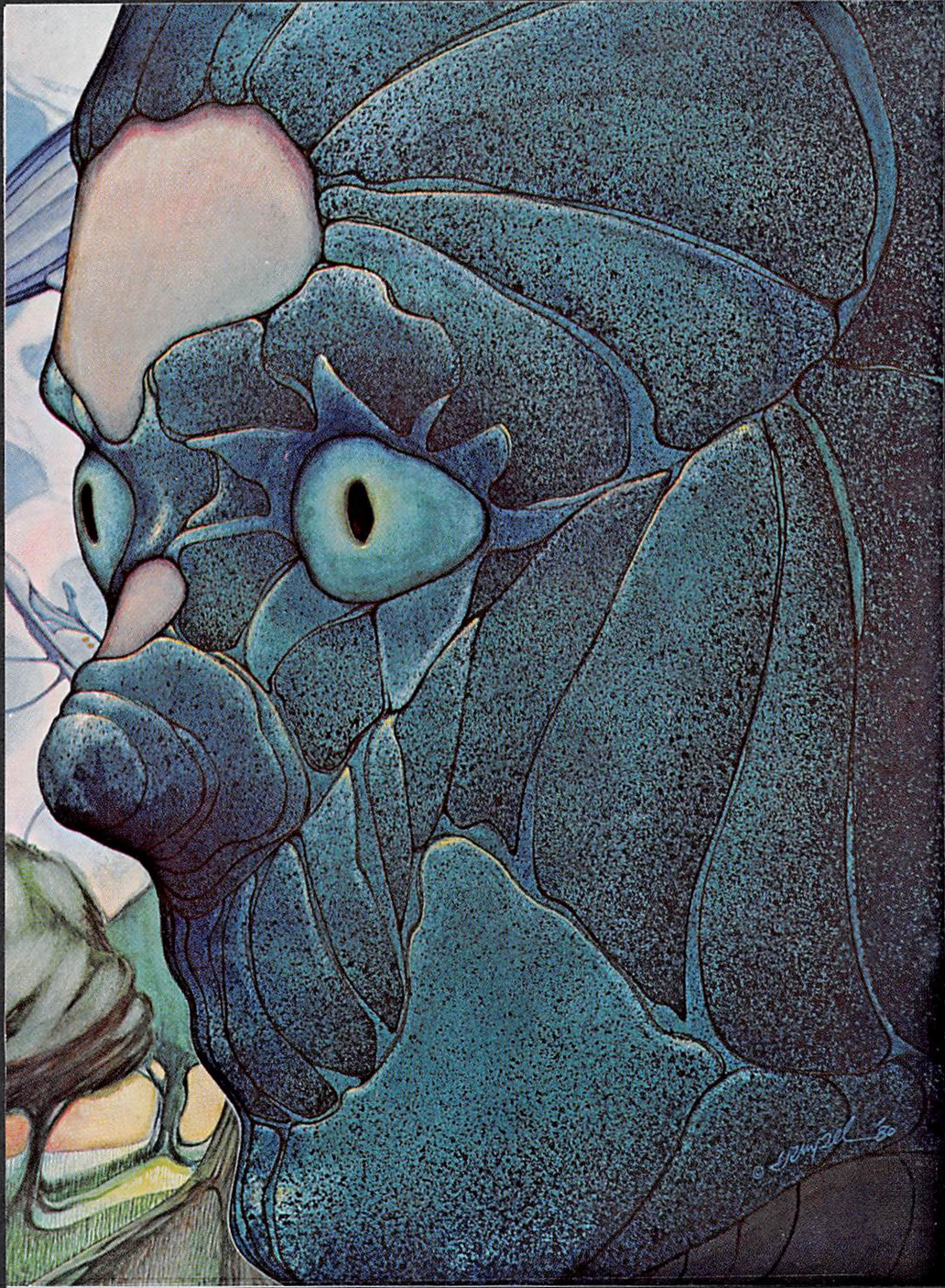
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(1980)

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# The Child Is the Father of the Man

## Joe Haldeman

When I was nine or ten years old our Scout troop took a field trip to the Navel Observatory in downtown Washington. In those days the city sky was still clear enough for astronomical observations, and a kindly old man (thirty if he was a day) showed us a few things through a large observatory telescope, long since driven into the desert by pollution.

It was Saturn that changed my life then. We're used to planets now; they show up on the TV screen with some regularity. I suppose no modern child could feel the same rush of awe, a sense of wonder striking with the force of a physical blow, at seeing that planet floating glowing in the dark blue twilight, and that makes me feel

sorry for the modern child. Even though he's seen Saturn much closer up. For twenty years that sight haunted me, pushed me: I was going to be an astronaut (though we called them "spacemen" then). The grownups in my life were amused—only Uncle Harry claimed he believed I'd make it—and surely none of them could have guessed the fantastic truth. That I had been born too late; that to get a ticket to the Moon you'd best have flown combat missions in World War Two or Korea. When I looked through that telescope in Washington many of the men who would be astronauts were already working as test pilots. Our erstwhile ally became a mortal enemy and flung an expensive beeper into orbit; a young President made a rash promise and sealed it with martyrdom; and before you could say "32 billion dollars" there were American boots making indelible prints in the lunar soil.

Kennedy made his vow the year I started college, and despite a spectacular inability to handle mathematics

I did eventually get a degree in astronomy. NASA developed a program called "Scientist as Astronaut," where qualified people with PhD's would be trained as pilots and sent into space. I got accepted to grad school but then

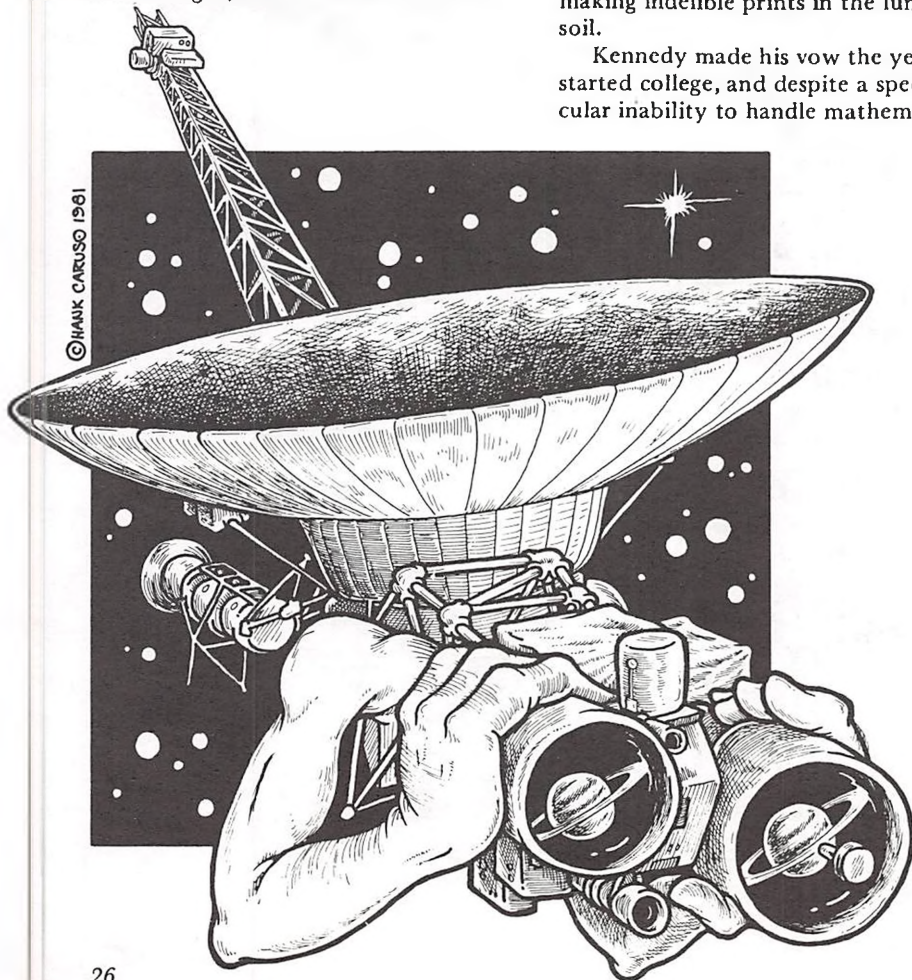


the sixties caught up with me and I was drafted, went to Vietnam and came back a little worse for wear, and by then the NASA program was moribund anyhow (though one of its graduates, Harrison Schmidt, did walk on the Moon).

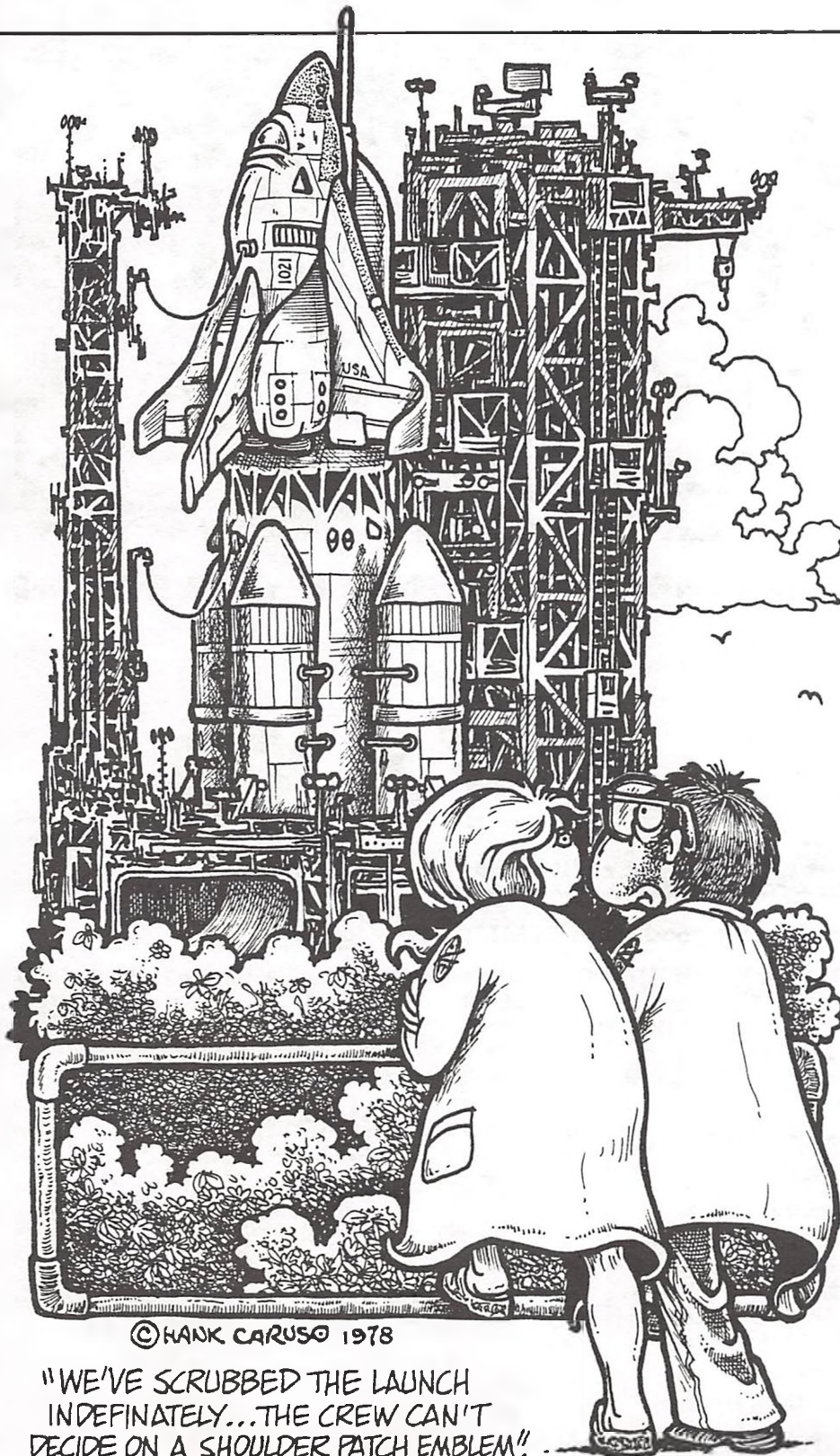
I went on to graduate school, this time to be a scientist, but I was only halfway good at it. I enjoyed writing science fiction stories and people bought them, and then a novel, and I took a temporary vacation from school that turned out to be permanent.

Dreams persist, though. I'd been writing for about ten years when NASA sent out the call for shuttle astronauts. To my surprise I found that I was just barely young enough and did have the minimum academic credentials. I sent for an application, and learned that I couldn't pass the physical: astronauts have to have good hearing; Vietnam left me quite deaf in certain frequencies.

What was curious to me was that my main reaction turned out to be relief rather than disappointment. I've been behind a typewriter—a word processor now, thanks to space-age tech-







© HANK CARUSO 1978

"WE'VE SCRUBBED THE LAUNCH INDEFINATELY...THE CREW CAN'T DECIDE ON A SHOULDER PATCH EMBLEM!"

nology—too long to easily give it up. It's not that the dream has died. I follow the space program avidly and push it with the zeal of a fanatic. But I have to admit that the worlds most vivid to me have been the worlds of my own making. Perhaps with one exception.

Some months ago the Jet Propulsion Laboratory graciously invited a number of science fiction writers to come to Pasadena in November and watch the Saturn pictures come in from Voyager 2. I didn't realize until I got there that I'd brought along an unauthorized guest: the Cub Scout who almost thirty years ago was struck dumb by Saturn's weird beauty. The child is father of the man, Wordsworth observed, and the familiar lines above that one are here relevant:

*My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now that I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!*

I suppose we all waste time now and then wondering how it can be that other people, seemingly rational, somehow do not share our enthusiasms. And we seek out the company of those that do. Perhaps you can imagine how beautiful those five days in Pasadena were, sharing with two dozen other science fiction writers, and hundreds of scientists, the fantastic succession of wonders Voyager revealed as it plummeted toward that ringed planet, slipped behind and caromed away. A new picture every two minutes and forty seconds. A new world every few hours. Rings braided and eccentric, moons blasted and antic and hidden under deep fog. To a person with scientific training it was especially wonderful, the mysteries, the conundrums, the years of food for thought.

It was a feast for the imagination and and we thank you, NASA, myself and the little boy who's my father, and the other millions who haven't lost the dream. We must do it again some time.



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SHEESH! DIS HAS GOTTA BE DA LOWEST FORM OF "SPACE OPERA" I EVER SEEN!

WE'RE STILL DA SAME OLD INK DRAWINGS ON DA SAME OLD COMIC PAGE! WE DON'T BREATHE --AND EVEN IF WE DID, DERE'D BE NO PROBLEM CUZ DIS AIN'T RILLY OUTTA SPACE!

AW, GEEZ...

LOOK-- IT'S JEST BLACK INK!!

AND DOSE STARS ARE JEST DA WHITE OF DA PAPER...

AW DISE PLANETS...

YEAH, OKAY-- WELL, THANKS FOR SPOILING THE ILLUSION FOR ME!

IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH FANTASIZING ONCE IN AWHILE?

CRIFES-- IT'S NOT EASY BEING METAPHYSICAL...

Hempel





## Black Magic

(1980)

Vicki M. Wyman  
acrylics on canvas board  
16" x 20"



continued from page 17

Starlog/Future publications and he was the illustrator for the Maryland Science Center Planetarium for some time. His work has been exhibited at Unicon, Balticon, and Disclave, and is often displayed in the Abraxas Graphix Gallery in Baltimore. The vast majority of his work, however, has been for Edmund Scientific, who include dozens of slides of his works in their catalog.

Vicki Wyman was born in 1953, on January 4th. She studied at Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland and at Occidental College in Los Angeles. She holds a bachelor's degree in Art, and an Acting degree as well.



She began illustrating fanzines in 1972, and also worked on several coloring books. She has received Art Show awards at Unicon, Infinity, and Equicon, and has been a Fan Guest of Honor at Balticon.

Her goals are to become an animator and incorporate acting and book illustration into her career.

Born in Baltimore, Joan D. Vinge is part Eric Indian. She received a Hugo in 1977 for "Eyes of Amber," only three years after the publication of her first story, "Tin Soldier." She was also nominated for the John W. Campbell award in 1976.

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AC 1



# The Coming of the STAR GRABS

by MARK WHEATLEY and MARC HEMPEL

## WORLDCON COMIX

HOME BASE -- THIS IS **SCOUT ONE**. WE ARE APPROACHING THE PLANET **EARTH**, AND WILL SOON PICK UP OUR **INFILTRATOR**.

FROM THE **CRAB NEBULA** THEY COME -- SEEKING THE PLANET OF BLUE AND GREEN... THESE **CRABS** OF THE **SPACEWAYS** -- THESE **CRUSTACEANS** OF **COSMIC ORIGIN**.



**REPORT OF INFILTRATOR:** FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW I HAVE BEEN GOING FROM CITY TO CITY **SPYING** ON THE EARTHLINGS. EVEN UNDISGUISED I'VE CAUSED VERY LITTLE COMMENT. IT WAS A **STROKE OF GENIUS** TO ASSOCIATE OUR **INVASION** WITH THE **SCIENCE FICTION** MOVEMENT OF EARTH.



HMM... ALMOST OUT OF BEER. I'LL HAVE TO HIT THE **BALTIMORE IN '83 PARTY!**



I'M ATTENDING ONE OF THEIR LARGER REGIONAL CONVENTIONS -- AND, AS USUAL, THE **BALTIMORE** PEOPLE ARE GIVING A **PARTY** -- AND IT'S ONE OF THE BEST! I THINK THE **KING CRAB** WILL ENJOY BEER...

YOU'VE GOT TO REGISTER WITH **CON-VENTION** TO VOTE FOR **BALTIMORE IN '83!**

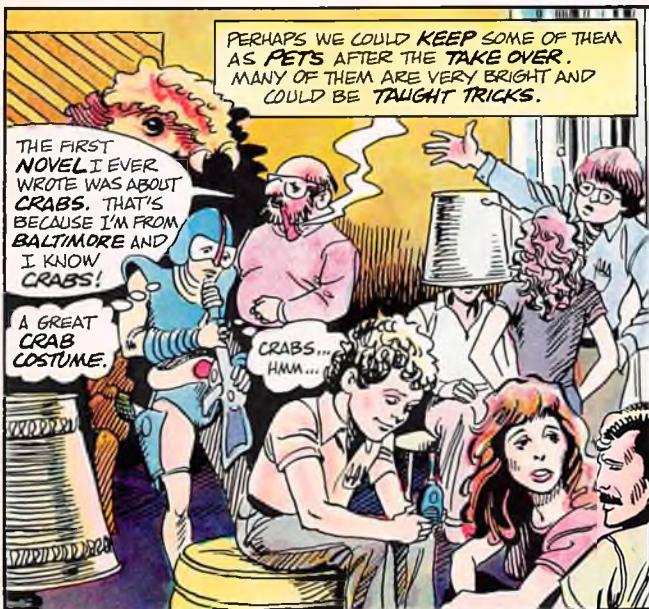
YEAH! DON'T LET THEM **OUTNUMBER** US!



YES, I DO LIKE YOUR **COSTUME**

I FIND SOME OF THE EARTHLINGS VERY **AMUSING**.

BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT IF INDEED A RACE OF **COSMIC CRUSTACEANS** EXIST -- THEN THE VERY STUFF OF LOGIC DICTATES THAT OF ALL THE **BILLIONS** AND **BILLIONS** OF PLACES THEY'D COME FROM, THE LEAST LIKELY WOULD BE THE **CRAB NEBULA**.

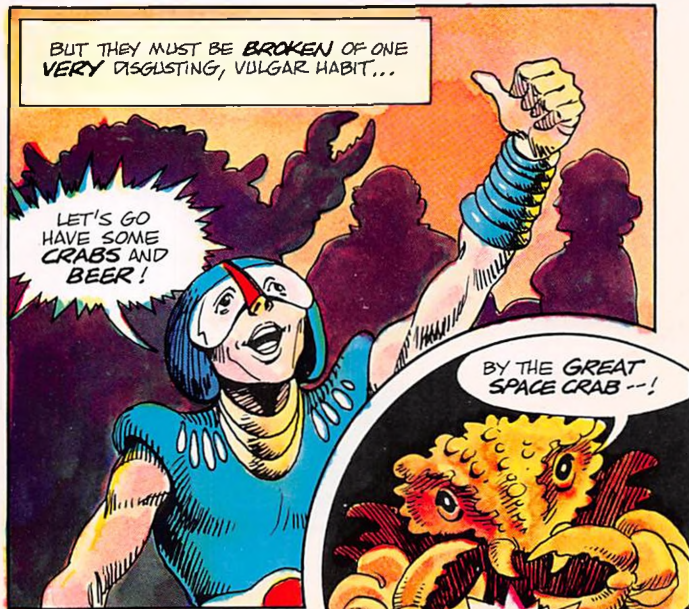


PERHAPS WE COULD **KEEP** SOME OF THEM AS **PETS** AFTER THE **TAKE OVER**. MANY OF THEM ARE VERY BRIGHT AND COULD BE **TAUGHT TRICKS**.

THE FIRST **NOVEL** I EVER WROTE WAS ABOUT **CRABS**. THAT'S BECAUSE I'M FROM **BALTIMORE** AND I KNOW **CRABS!**

A GREAT **CRAB** COSTUME.

CRABS... HMM...



BUT THEY MUST BE **BROKEN** OF ONE VERY DISGUSTING, VULGAR HABIT...

LET'S GO HAVE SOME **CRABS** AND **BEER!**

BY THE GREAT **SPACE CRAB** --!

-- THEY **EAT CRABS!!**

THIS YEAR, VOTE **WORLDCON** FOR

# Baltimore: '83

SUITE 1807  
8 CHARLES PLAZA  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
21201

STOP BY THE PARTY THIS WEEKEND AND FIND OUT WHY **BALTIMORE IN '83** WILL BE THE BEST **WORLDCON** EVER!



