

**BALTICON 17**

**APRIL 1-3**



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**Presented by The Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Inc.**



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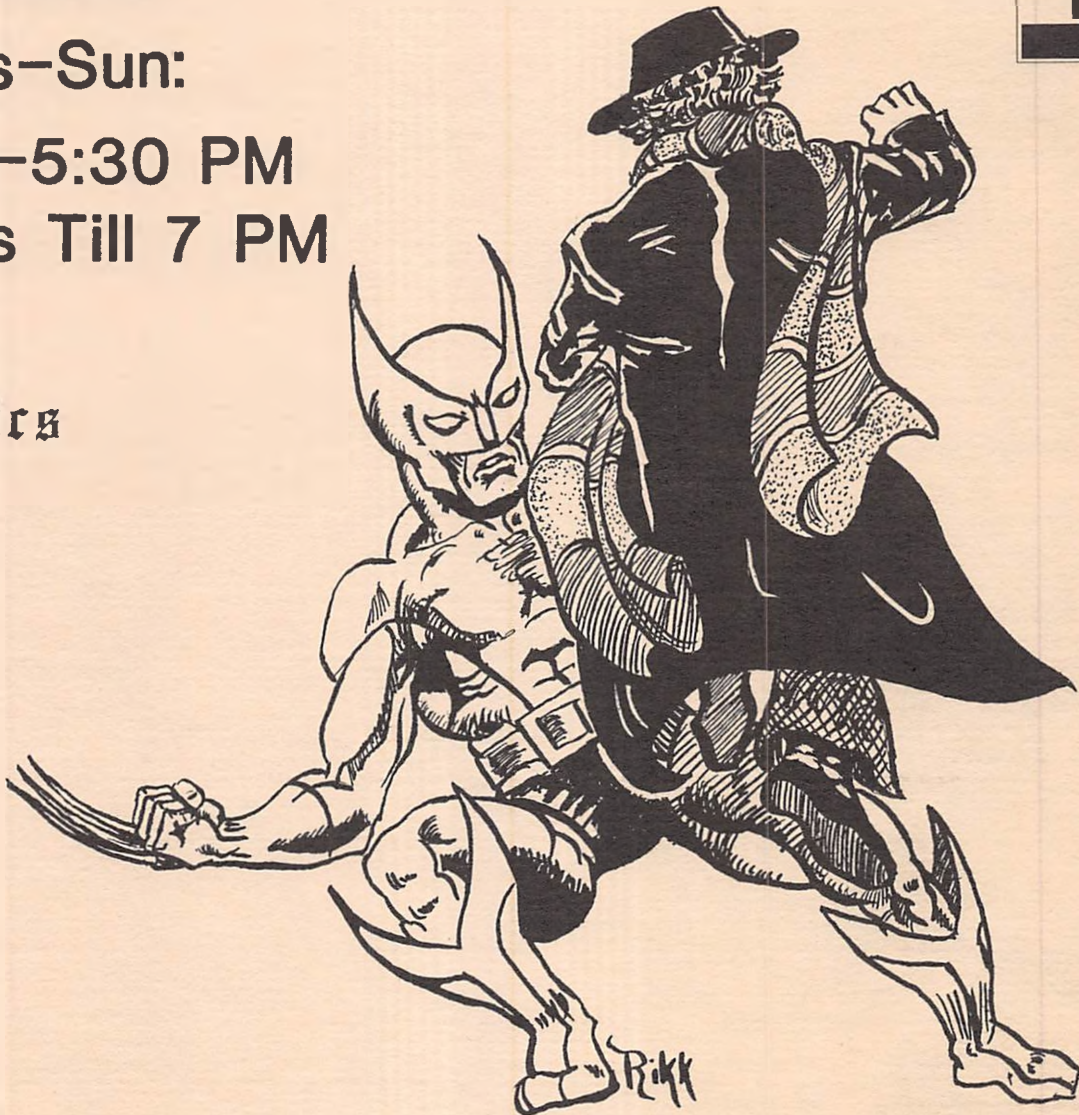
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## Committee

Pat Kelly.....	Chair
Sue Wheeler.....	Vice-Chair
RiKK.....	Treasurer
Harold Bob.....	Programming
Martin Deutsch.....	Art Show
Leo Sands	
Kathy Sands.....	Dealers Room
Gary Svehla	
Russell Bowers.....	Films
Jul Owings.	
Mark Owings.....	Pre-Registration
Bill Ochs.....	Registration
John Flynn	
Dorsey Flynn.....	Video
Charlie Ellis.....	Amateur Films
Ray Galaci.....	Game Rooms
Gurt Harpold.....	Musical Program
Betty Bowers.....	Guest Liason
RiKK.....	Publications
Phyllis Kramer	
Lois Wheeler.....	Hotel Liason
Sue Wheeler.....	Operations
Miriam Winder-Kelly....	City Liason



Front Cover by Barbi Johnson. Additional interior art by RiKK, Nancy Kolar, and Anne Trembley.

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# GoH : L. Sprague de Camp

## Catherine Crook de Camp

I met Sprague forty-four years ago at a crowded New Year's Eve party. To a young English teacher, this darkly handsome man, who wrote stories for a living, seemed a being from another planet. Above his sable moustache (he was beardless then) dark eyes glowed like fire-fed coals. There was a reality-piercing look in those eyes, as if he saw a world different from the mundane work-a-day world in which I lived. A strange, intense, compelling man, I thought; and I gave him my undivided attention.

We stood together in a bay window overlooking a snow-blanketed East 63rd Street and tried to talk above the uproar of "Auld Lang Syne" and party whistles. I tried desperately to listen to Sprague's just-finished tale about a creature that could think like a man and that faced the task of saving humanity from extinction. Was this Johnny a boa, a bass, or a bear? The din swirled around us like a March wind. Unable to hear, I smiled brightly and felt like an idiot. That was my introduction to science fiction.

After a couple of visits to my apartment, he drifted away. I thought nothing more about him, except when my sister's boyfriend raved about his wonderful friend L. Sprague de Camp, full name, initial and all. Then I would wish I'd never have to hear that oft-repeated, arty name again. Besides, I had my hands full with school work and a love affair of my own.

On the twelfth of February a year later, Sprague called up and asked me to have dinner with him at Stouffers' on Fifth Avenue. I took the Fifth Avenue bus down from Columbia Heights and found him still darkly handsome and intriguing. But when he saw me to the bus and said goodnight, I guessed that I hadn't made much of an impression, even though he had asked me to a cocktail party at his cousin's place two days later. Years after, I learned that the cousin was furious when he brought a spare girl to the party and, much more importantly, that Sprague had gone back to his apartment to decide how many dates should ensue before he proposed. So much for impressions! Anyway, he did propose Friday evening as we walked my dog on Riverside Drive after the theater; and no girl was ever more genuinely astonished than I.

Science fiction began to intertwine itself around my life that spring. We'd go to John Campbell's digs in New Jersey almost every Sunday. John set me to work reading manuscripts the first moment he met me and would watch each smile or frown and discuss each reaction. I still hope my untutored remarks nipped no budding career in the bud; but we did get to know many of the local writers in what was then a small community.

Science fiction took a tighter hold on me at the time of our marriage. We were married at the Riverside Church on the Columbia campus in a formal ceremony on August 12, 1939. But the day before the festivities, I discovered even a honeymoon takes second place to an unfinished novel. Lest Darkness Fall was half set in print for the next issue of Unknown; and there were fifty pages to go to complete the story for the following issue. Sprague was in a bind. So I bravely said we'd hole up in a city hotel until the work was done and then go off on our vacation. From that day to this, I've played second fiddle to the Muse; but since the Muse stands really high in Sprague's regard, I must have a pretty neat pedestal to stand on myself.



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# GoH : Catherine Crook de Camp

## L. Sprague de Camp

I first met Catherine in the late 1930s, at a New Year's Eve party in New York. I saw a petite golden blonde, with features of classic beauty, and a lively, ebullient manner, in a gauzy red-and-blue dress. I said to myself, hey, that's the one for me!

At that time, however, she was going steady with another man. During the next year I saw her a few times but then said, de Camp; you're falling in love. Later, when I heard that the other fellow had been dismissed, I at once called her up and made a date -- the first of three dates in one week.

The third date was to see one of Shakespeare's historical plays. But by this time we were too busy falling in love to pay much attention to the play. When I leaned over, and she took off her glasses and put up her face, it was one of the supreme moments of my life, because I knew I had a chance.

So we were married. A year and a half later, the first of our two sons was born. Then came Pearl Harbor, and we moved from New York to the Philadelphia suburbs so that I could pursue my duties at the Philadelphia Naval Base as an officer in the Naval Reserve. Bob Heinlein and Isaac Asimov worked in the same laboratory, which carried out engineering projects on naval aircraft.

After three and a half years of navigating a desk and wielding a flashing slide rule, I was at loose ends for a couple of years. After several false starts, I got back into writing. I came to lean more and more on Catherine for editorial work on my manuscripts and for handling our business affairs. After meeting Catherine during our engagement, a friend of mine remarked: "I saw right away the fluffy air was a phony." How right he was I gradually learned. I knew she had studied English and economics at Barnard, but I had not expected her to become a full-time editor, collaborator, agent, accountant, and all-around businesswoman.

Nobody told me, when I began professional writing, that some day I should have such a huge backlog of published works (I am now writing Opus Number 825) which people keep wanting to reprint, and to be entangled in such a vast web of contracts and obligations, that to handle the business would by itself be a full-time job. If I tried to cope with the business side of writing, I should have no time left to write anything new. Catherine not only handles nearly all of it better than I but also writes on her own, mainly on financial matters.

Nobody can tell me there is no such thing as a superwoman. I have one. That, in addition to all these other virtues and abilities, she should also be beautiful is just plain unfair to all the other women on earth.



# Fan GoH : Jack Chalker

## Mark Owings

Jack Chalker doesn't really exist, of course. His real name is Jack Whitley, according to the Washington Post (8/31/82), and we all know that they print nothing but the truth.

Anyway, whoever he really is, he started collecting Arkham House around the time he learned to read, and began corresponding with August Derleth at age 14.

He started a fanzine at 15 with his next-door neighbor, got Hugo nominations for its 2nd year, got on the final ballot for its 3rd year, then got six nominations for its 4th year, a year he didn't publish any issues in....

In 1963, he started serving as the first president of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, staying there until about a year before the (old) club dissolved. (He claims he founded it, but Dave Ettlín says he founded it. I think its safest to blame Bob Pavlat, who wasn't there.)

He ran the first four Balticons, increasingly singlehanded, until he finally gave up after the GoH decided to feed the multitudes and charge it to their room.

Around the time of the first Balticon, Mirage Press ended its seven years of fits and starts and began putting scholarship and quality fantasy into a permanent form. (It gives you an odd feeling to buy a book that will outlast you.)

Last I heard (about 1977) Jack said the next issue of his fanzine was almost ready to be published. Bug him about it.



# Fan GoH : Eva Whitley

Mark Owings

Eva Whitley is a truly remarkable woman. Certainly, she is the only woman I know to get national publicity by feeding her baby.

She began her fanish career on April 1st, 1977 by attending MonCon I in Morgantown, West Virginia. This convention is mostly remebered for being run based on descriptions of how conventions are run, and doing it on a government grant.

Her first worldcon was the thing in Miami Beach mistakenly called Suncon, where she spent about half her time in the parking garage, about three feet from her future husband. However, neither of them has any memory of the other one being there.

Eva got through college on a scholarship for being a feminist and got a science fiction writer for an adviser. (Philip Klass, who writes under the name of William Tenn.)

Eva (with Fred Ramsey) founded Paracon and ran the first one. Or, actually, she says Fred did the work and she took the credit. Except for getting the GoH, where she went further than Fred would have been willing to. I mean, marrying him seems to be a bit excessive.

She married Jack on a slow-moving ferry in the middle of the Susquehanna River, and then held the reception in a firehouse, either of which shows an interesting perspective.

She ran Datclone (the second of WSFA's weekend long parties) because she likes to give parties but hates to cleanup. Also it helped that WSFA paid for it.

She ran four issues, numbered 0-3, A Conventional Fanzine, which is the only fanzine in the 53 years of such things to be devoted to discussing conventions. She promises another issue one of these years.



# Guest Artist



## Anne Trembley

You may notice that my creatures smile. I'm into cheerfulness, and I've always liked bright colorful things because I don't enjoy depression. Since the idea of sculpture that sits forgotten in a corner bothers me, I try to turn sculpture into useful (sort of) objects.

This is almost the entire philosophy of my clay art. It's like real life, very serious, and silly, like my art career which is subtitled "second rate artist makes good".

After devoting about 20 years seriously to painting (I was a very serious 5 year old) and achieving modest success (one of my best pictures was voted the Simak award at Noreascon I), I started making some dragon fantasy jewelry. (If it glitters I love it.) It was mildly popular. Then, less than two months before Noreascon II, a doodle turned into an idea. Why not a Dragon Cookie Jar???

Struggling with clay for the first time since third grade and unable to make a jar to work with, I asked a man throwing pots in the student craft studio if he would make me some pots in exchange for a cookie jar.

The outcome was a unicorn jar, a dragon jar, and two cups, which were voted AMATEUR 3D Best of Show and Artists Choice. It was a terrific partnership. I married him the next summer.

Bill and I live on a tiny old farm a few miles from Columbia, Missouri. We have a clay studio in the house, a huge kiln in the yard, a small kiln in the kitchen, and too many cats. Bill throws pots of many types and I build things.

I did go to school in Theatrical Design and Technical Theater and worked in professional theater. But after several years I gave it up to earn a living.

I still miss scene painting, and some of the thrill of theater productions, but enjoy eating much more. And it is nice to know that the work you do will last longer than three weeks. And be more appreciated.





# Special Non-Attending Guest

## Andre Norton

### C.J. Cherryh

As a teacher of history and Classics (ret.) I've read a lot of analysis of literature around the world, throughout the millenia. As a writer I've grown wary of such analyses, particularly after being told by one dogged instructor in English that whether or not writer X meant symbolism Y was immaterial, since only the academics (such as himself, one supposes) have the capacity to determine whether such symbols exist. The reader may think that one through at leisure, quoadlibet.

But the Historian in me says that there is some use in arranging things in perspective, so that one can see whether systems exist, whether there is cause and effect, and whether there are undiscovered larger structures.

What is the age-old question? "Where do you get your ideas?"

This field, whether sf or fantasy, works by alchemical process. We transmute lead to gold. We aren't even, I think, consciously aware of sources.

Let's ask one academic question:

"Where do ideas in this field come from?" That may be one of the principal questions worth asking in any history--How did we become better than we were? Who was at the controls when the system took a jog in a particular direction and was it beneficial or otherwise?

The person who first came up with an idea; that's a good thing to know.

And who brought it into ordinary thinking; that's another cardinal point.

Let me propose a thesis, being myself the academic for the moment--what turns the field took in Andre Norton's hands.

She. A woman writing adventure stories. Not the first. But there.

Action stories which have male and female protagonists.

A future which includes minorities.

Devices like dimensional gates, ruins of dead civilizations, a sense of past as well as modernity, time and depth, ecological stories before it became a Cause, plots that bring culture into the action--the whole trend of the Cultural SF novel; interweaving sf and fantasy in a unique and lawful fashion which itself seems to have had an influence on subsequent writings and universes.

A body of literature of vast diversity, providing a bridge for the new reader into the greater complexities of the field within the same writer's work. Andre Norton has been My First Science Fiction Book to countless thousands and still has the complexity to satisfy experienced readers, a rare gift.

A flexibility which has carried her from the days in which sf was confined to the solar system to its expansion into interstellar space, a durability which has kept her stories in print continually, while styles and fashions of critics came and went, and whole new generations of writers set to work just taking for granted science fictional premises which Andre Norton slipped into their consciousness with such convincing impetus that one inhales them as part of the atmosphere.

The field didn't have a place for an Andre Norton when she started; she made her own. And the ripples keep on going.





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# Special Guests

John Flynn

## C.J. Cherryh

C.J. Cherryh is the distinguished authoress of last year's Hugo Award-winning novel Downbelow Station. Her first novel, Gate of Ivrel, was published in 1976; and in 1977, she was the recipient of the coveted John W. Campbell Award for best new writer. Since then, she has written more than a dozen books of heroic fantasy and science fiction. Her recent efforts, such as the Faded Sun Trilogy, Merchanter's Luck, and Port Eternity, are best sellers and have become Science Fiction Book Club Selections.

## Hal Clement

Harry Clement Stubbs is truly a renaissance man. He paints as George Richard teaches science as Harry Stubbs and has distinguished himself as Hal Clement, science fiction writer. Mission of Gravity, one of the best-loved science fiction novels, typifies his highly scientific approach to writing. First published in Astounding in 1942, his work is characterized by a complex and compelling exposition of ideas.

## Joe Haldeman

Joe Haldeman has made a considerable impact on the field of science fiction since the publication of his first story, "Out of Phase" (1969), in Galaxy. His novels, Forever War, Mindbridge, and All My Sins Remembered, have demonstrated a new approach to the technologically-dominated futures, and are impressive from the point-of-view of the new wave of hard-core SF.

Haldeman's book, The Forever War, won the Hugo and Nebula award for the best novel in 1974, and his "Tricentennial" (1976) won him a Hugo for the best short story. He has recently published Worlds, part one of a major science fiction trilogy.

## Andrew Offutt

Andrew Offutt has become a prolific author in several genres, both under his own name and under pseudonyms including John Cleve, Jeff Douglas, and J.X. Williams.

Andrew Offutt's first story- "And Gone Tomorrow" - was published as a contest winner in If in 1954. He went on to contribute many more stories, from juveniles to pornography, under his numerous guises. His first science fiction novel - under his own name - Evil is Live Spelled Backwards was published in 1970.

During the seventies, he became successful writing Sword and Sorcery novels. His recent novels include the War of the Wizards Trilogy (with Richard Lyon) and the Spaceways series (writing as John Cleve).

# Special Event

RiKk

Several months ago BSFS was privileged to have Marvin Kaye and Parke Godwin read from their novel The Masters of Solitude. For over two hours they held a large diverse group of wargamers, media fans, fantasy fans, sf fans, and others spellbound. Quiet. Attentive. I've never seen the likes of it before.

Starting with their quality writing and building on it with the polish of practiced performers they put on "a good show". At Philcon Marvin read from their next book, a horror novel called In a Cold Blue Light. Better than King I think. Chilling, intense, and again enhanced by the performance by Marvin.

Balticon is pleased and proud to announce a special program by Kaye and Godwin. They have written a play with two parts. Two thousand years ago two friends parted tragically, one betrayed by the other, and now they meet as spirits. Ghosts interacting and reacting to each other. One is named Judas, the other-Jesus.

To add interest and a further twist they will perform the play twice, switching roles from the first to second performances. Certainly "A Cold Journey in the Dark" will be something special.

To allow more people to see this intriguing play we are scheduling them for 1:00 to 1:30 and again at 6:15 to 6:45 on Saturday. Rooms for the performances will be listed in the pocket program.

So enjoy. I'll be there.





# BSFS, Inc.

## David Shea

How long has BSFS been around? Well, that's a rather difficult to answer. There have been two totally separate Baltimore Science Fiction Societies in different historical eras. The original BSFS was founded in the early 60's by a group of fans with obscure names like Chalker, Haldeman, etc. Most of the meetings, at least the ones I attended, were held at Jack Haldeman's house on Woodbourne Avenue. ("Sauron Had No Friends" rendered fortissimo in the backyard, accompanied by guitar, firecrackers, and anguished screams from the neighbors.) Roger Zelazny was still tending computers at Social Security.

In 1967 BSFS gave birth to Balticon I, 150 or so wierdos (mundanes were much less tolerant in those days) gathered at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Jack Chalker was the chairman; Guest of Honor Samuel R. Delany Jr. sported an enormous Afro; and an awestruck teenager (whose name shall remain forever nameless) gaped at his first real, live SF writers.

In later years, however, a variety of factors conspired to bring an end to the original BSFS. (By the curious alchemy of fandom, Balticon survived even though BSFS went belly up.) After a considerable interregnum, a new BSFS appeared on the scene in the 70's, organized by some new fans and a few of the old ones (including Patrick Kelly, veteran Launchcon organizer and chair of the present convention). The fledgling group built Balticon from a sometimes-struggling local convention to its present status as an established regional, with the aid of fans in other cities and the help of our proffessional guests. (Memories of Anne McCaffrey typing/editing the pocket programming; Jo Clayton stuffing envelopes; C.J. Cherryh drawing charts to coordinate volunteers.) In addition, BSFS, in affiliation with the Washington Science Fiction Association and other area groups, rose above a lost bid for the 1980 Worldcon to bring the 1983 Worldcon to Baltimore. The future of convention fandom in this area seems secure.

However, there is more to BSFS than conventions. The Society has a business meeting every month, to which guest speakers are often invited (recently: Marvin Kaye and Parke Godwin). There is also a separate party "meeting" monthly with Munchies, fannish drinks and general smoffing. Every Wednesday evening is movie night at the BSFS clubhouse at 2233 St. Paul Street in central Baltimore. There are screenings of selected films on other occasions as well. Other activities include trips, a ride-sharing program for out-of-town conventions, and the summer softball showdown with our WSFA friends. All of this and more is available to anyone who can meet the stringent membership requirements: attend two business meetings and pay dues (\$10) annually which includes membership in Balticon. If this looks like something you want to be involved in, call (1-301-889-3290), write (P.O. Box 686, Baltimore, Md., 21203), or just ask. Get involved with BSFS.

# The Pasha's Peculiar Passion (in memory of Fredric Brown)

Marvin Kaye

Two odd predilections governed the life of Mustafa Musselman McMullins. The first—a mania for alliteration—did no-one harm, but the second proved his downfall. Yet since there is never a sourness without some complementary sweet associated therewith, thus have we inherited one of our most cherished national institutions from Mustafa's melancholy misfortunes. This is the story.

Mustafa was the High and Huffy Hotshot, Primordial Pasha and Divine Dey of the medium-ancient land of Tunisia. It was well known to his subjects and servants that he passed most of his time consuming condiment-covered culinary concoctions. He doted on swordfish stew laced with marshmallow mustard; he committed lavish encomiums o'er many a dish of salmon shirred with chocolate catsup, and many were the paeans that he composed upon the theme of thyme-and-tulip tea mulled with raspberry relish.

So obsessed was he with the fulfillment of his fancy feasts that he frequently dispatched a friendly neighborhood sorceress on forays forward in time to fetch superfluous savories from the furthest future. And yet it was a mission of a totally different sort that visited disaster upon the poor pasha.

Tunisia often found itself embroiled in bitter border disputes with the Queandom of Tripoli to the east. For quite some time before Mustafa ascended to the rule, an uneasy peace lay over the adjacent lands; the situation changed when two twin sisters took over the Tripolitan government.

Lydia and her sibling Phydia, according to their late political detractors, learned the art of the court by beginning their careers as courtesans. Whether any truth lay in the tale, the sisters certainly achieved their joint throne with surprising celerity, shortly after the glorious demise of their predecessor in their twinned arms. To stave off further talk and possible revolution, the young women resurrected the old Tunisian border battle to divert their subjects with a foreign scapegoat on which to affix national hostilities.

Pasha Mustafa's minions pleaded for compromise, but he furiously licked the mayonnaise and mullet from his mustache and roared, "Never shall the Mighty Mustafa stoop so low as to have harangues with harlots.

Now Mustafa, despite his prandial preoccupation, had long studied the Tunisian-Tripolitan boundary brouhaha. He soon perceived that the primary problem was a paucity of professional paraphernalia for properly pinpointing problematic parameters.

He decided to summon the sorceress.

Hecate Hallelu Halloran, late of Salem, lived on a small isle near the pasha's palace. Though not one of Mustafa's servile people, early in his reign she agreed to an alliance with him, mainly because she found it fun to find new philosophies to fiddle with during her foreflights to obtain overlardings for Mustafa's meals.

Lately, Hecate had spent some time trying out Sino-solipsism and was especially enamored of that branch of Buddhism which insisted on introspection and intuition. Indeed, when Mustafa spoke the spell which specified she search for sophisticated surveying stuff, Hecate was in her study singing "OM" while subduing a screaming six-hundred-pound Japanese wrestler she'd stolen on her last safari.

Since she was having fun, she did not rush to fulfill the pasha's request—a delay that decidedly doomed the distracted dey.

He was distracted because the border war was in full fling. While Hecate drowned her opponent's groans with her universal drone, poor Mustafa straddled the imprecise boundary between Tunis and Tripoli and fired off foul effusions at his nemeses, Lydia and Phydia, the putative prostitutes-turned tyrants. They, in turn, hurled horrible hostilities at him.

## continued from page 16

The battle tactics turned toward brickbats: the enemies expelled elaborate effluents at each other— firecrackers and fishheads, stale scones and shrimpstalks, cockleshells and cockroaches and the collected criticism of John Simon.

Summoning their supreme strength, the sisters slung at Mustafa all ten acts of Dryden's The Conquest of Granada. He staggered 'neath that horrid slop d'oeuvre and sought something even more stupendous, but alas! naught was at hand save a double dipperful of the dinner he'd been meaning to feed the palace's collection of pampered felines. A poor retaliation, but the pasha recklessly dashed it in the direction of the duo.

Unfortunately, just at that moment, Hecat appeared, her arms laden with anachronistic surveyor's levels, crosses, telescopes and a pushbutton-retractable steel tape measure she'd taken a personal fancy to. The sour-scented catly comestibles smacked her square in the center of her puss.

The witch whirled wildly on the pasha. "Swinish ingrate!" she shrieked. "And did you dare to call me from the howls of mantra-sumo to the whores of Tripoli to fight your country's battles by playing this trick on me? O, my revenge shall be swift! O, cursed shall be this first day of the fourth month till the end of all time!" And with that, Hecate pointed her steel measure— the like of which none there had ever seen— at the hapless pasha. Flames flared forth from its tip and the ruler razed the ruler.

Yet sweet ever stems from sour. For had not Mustafa's peculiar passion led him to smear cat sup on his Tunis-allied Zen witch, the world might never have seen the historically-significant banner headline that appeared the following morning on page one of the Medium-Ancient Times: The First Tape Rule Fuels Dey.

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## continued from page 2

But this is supposed to be all about Sprague, not about me. So I'll tell you that Sprague has grown nicer and nicer as the years have marched by. He used to seclude himself behind closed study doors all day and most of the evening, seven days a week. I thought I'd lose my mind, until I made a stunning discovery: become a writer, too, and then one's mate can close all the doors he likes and never be noticed. Only when Gerry, our younger son, came home from college and found us both pounding away on our typewriters, he'd say: "Well, I'm back at the book factory"; or "Here I am, back in the tense tomb." Now that he's grown up and his girl is a SF buff, he seems kind of proud of us; and after all, I never closed a door against him -- I'm too gregarious.

Sprague has taken me to the most marvelous places, on every continent, except Australia. I've met lots of fascinating writers and innumerable warm and wonderful fans, like all of you at Balticon. Nowadays, Sprague really likes having me work with him -- even though being told something won't fly is inevitably traumatic to anyone's ego. He knows I suffer from vicarious egotism -- I hurt when people criticize him. So together we do all we can to win the good will of our friends and foil our detractors. We give each other generous doses of smiles and compliments, and kisses, too, a dozen times a day; for snake oil (if that it be) greases the wheels of the little invisible engine that drives a marriage up hills and down dales and around unexpected bends on the long and sometimes bumpy road of life.

All in all, I wouldn't trade Sprague in for any other man alive. And I'd fight like a wildcat if any hussy tried to lure him away from me. So hussies of the world, beware!

# Compton Crook Award

BiKk

This year marks the beginning of a very special event at Balticon. The first Compton Crook Award will be presented to the "Best First Novel" in the field of SF, Fantasy, Horror, or related genre, in the English language.

The award is named after the late Compton Crook who wrote under the name of Stephen Tall. Passive books of interest and quality, they were enjoyed by many of the local fan. We grinned in a conspiratorial mirth when we read about the "Timonium" engines firing the ship in The Stardust Voyages.

But it was not his writing that prompted naming the award after him; it was the quality of the man himself. Those who met and talked to him retain warm memories.

So we remember an old friend and honor and aid newcomers to the field. The award consists of a \$500.00 check and a certificate. Mrs. Compton Crook will be on hand to present the first Compton Crook Award to one of this years finalists.

They are:

Donald Kingsbury with Courtship Rite.

David Eddings with Pawn of Prophecy.

Diana L. Paxson with Lady of Light.

Sandra Meisel with Dreamrider.

Barbara Hambly with The Time of the Dark.

Janny Wurts with Sorcerer's Legacy.

So join us just before the GoH's Speech for this first of many awards to be given in the years to come.



# Programming

## Harold Bob

When Pat Kelly asked me to plan programming for "1500 of my closest friends", it seemed to me an important commentary on Balticon and fandom. Balticon is more than a neat convention of people with a common interest, people have been coming back for so many years a good number of them are friends.

The amount of work that goes in Balticon (and the people that share it) is amazing. To do that much work together you have to be friends. The interest and effort by club members, authors, and artists are special; and make Balticon a very special effort.

Thru out the year readings and movies are shared at the clubhouse. We enjoy meeting and talking to authors, not just hearing them from the podium. So we have tried to treat ourselves here to some smaller panels, readings and parties where we can get to know the authors as people.

There is a strong technical orientation among some members of our club and we are bringing science fiction authors and science authors onto the same panels at Balticon to interact in speculation (and hopefully have fun- the science people we have invited are also fans).

Balticon 17 was conceived to be entertaining, while at the same time starting people talking, thinking and interacting.

It is hard for me to believe that is only 22 years since the first man orbited Earth, and only 14 years since the first moon walk. Scientific advances in our lifetime have dwarfed all prior advances in the 2 million or so years that humankind has existed.

At Gettysburg, 130 years ago, the physicians had no anesthesia, no antibiotics, no transfusions or X-rays or any medical expertise we take for granted. Today we meet a short distance from Shock Trauma, a symbol of advanced medical care.

It is no wonder then that science fiction has become mainstream reading. As we become calloused to the changes that the future brings, technological speculation becomes less a source of surprise at times than "reality." Science fiction authors seem more and more to explore what will happen to us, to the essence of what is human, than what will happen to technology in the future. (Warp drives or intergalactic jumps are presumed as given!)

So it seems to me that science fiction and fantasy have come closer together within the genre in exploring what will happen to people; how will we react, how will we change, and what remains unchanged at the core of us after all.

The panels at Balticon were planned to let us reflect on ourselves and our own lives. In talking with Art GoH Anne Trembley (trying to coordinate my time zone with her 11-7 [alterday?] shift) we wondered who would have more affect on the future, the politicians of our day or the music of John Lennon. The authors who weave the fabric of future time or recite the ballads of high fantasy remain in the vanguard exploring alternate lifestyles.

# Art Show

## Martin Deutsch

The Art Show, located in the Maryland Suite on the upper lobby level of the Hyatt, will spotlight the 3-D artistry of Anne Trembley, the Artist Guest of Honor. Also on display will be the works of many other professional and talented amateur artists well known to con goers.

Anne Trembley will be presenting her Guest of Honor speech in the Chesapeake A room at 2:30 PM Saturday.

As usual, there will be two art auctions, the Saturday night auction will run from 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM in Constellation D, while the Sunday auction will be in the same hall starting at 1 PM. Since the Saturday night auction is limited to two hours, items with multiple bids will get first preference. Two bids are required for automatic inclusion in the auctions, except for items receiving their first bid on Sunday. Items receiving their first and only bid on Friday or Saturday will be considered sold as of one hour prior to Sunday's auction. Any piece that qualified for the Saturday auction but did not go to bid because of the time limit will go up first on Sunday. No artwork will be sold by the con after the Sunday auction. If you have questions about the Art Auction or the Art Show, there will be an Art Information Table inside the Art Show in the Baltimore room portion of the Maryland Suite. The information table will be operational when the Art Show opens.

While "prints" per se won't be exhibited nor will they be eligible for the auctions, many prints will be available in the Dealers Room and there will be a "Cooperative Print Table" in the Art Show itself. Our Art GoH will also have a sales table in the Art Show .

## Masquerade

### Marty Gear

The Masquerade at Balticon 17 will be held on Saturday April 2nd, 1983 in the Constellation A & B Ballrooms of the Hyatt. This is a change in night from past years, and is being tried at the request of the contestants. As a consequence, the Masquerade is not expected to start until 9:30 PM with the doors opening at 9:00 PM. It is expected to last until about Midnight.

The rules of the Masquerade will be similar to those of last year, and will incorporate the "Division System" of judging contestants that was originated at the Denver Worldcon and have been modified for use at Balticon. The Divisions are: Young Fan (under 13), Novice, Journeyman, Master, and Re-Creation. A complete set of rules and definitions of the divisions may be obtained from the Masquerade Registration Desk located in the Foyer. The Registration Desk will be open the regular registration hours on Friday, April 1st, and from 10:00 AM until Noon on Saturday.

As has been the case in the past, the Young Fan Division will appear first, and due to the lateness of the starting time we will attempt to make their awards as soon as possible.

Award certificates will be presented at the con, and the top winner in each Division will be sent a plaque within 30 days after the con. As is traditional at Balticons, Baltimore's favorite vampire, Marty Gear will M.C. the Masquerade. Judges will include Anne Trembley, the Art GoH (herself a costumer) and Sally Fink, six times Worldcon Masquerade Winner. A photo area will be set up in the Constellation Ballroom D as soon as possible after the conclusion of the Art Auction, probably about 10:00 PM.

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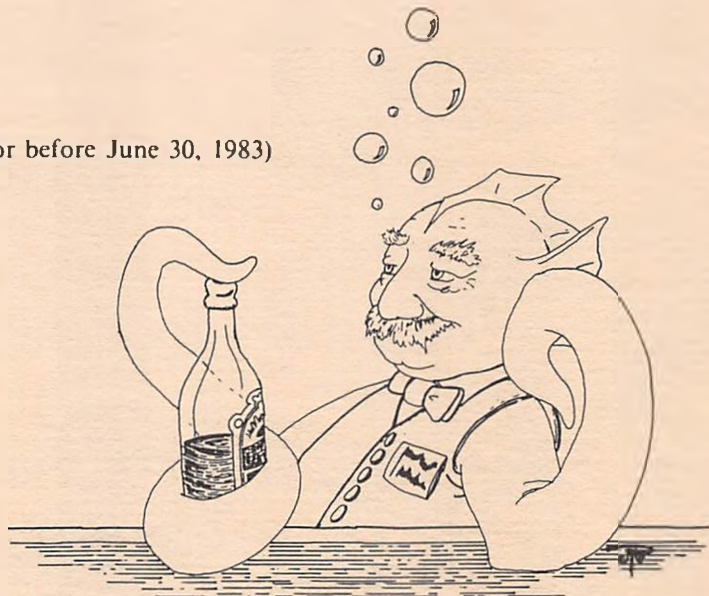
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