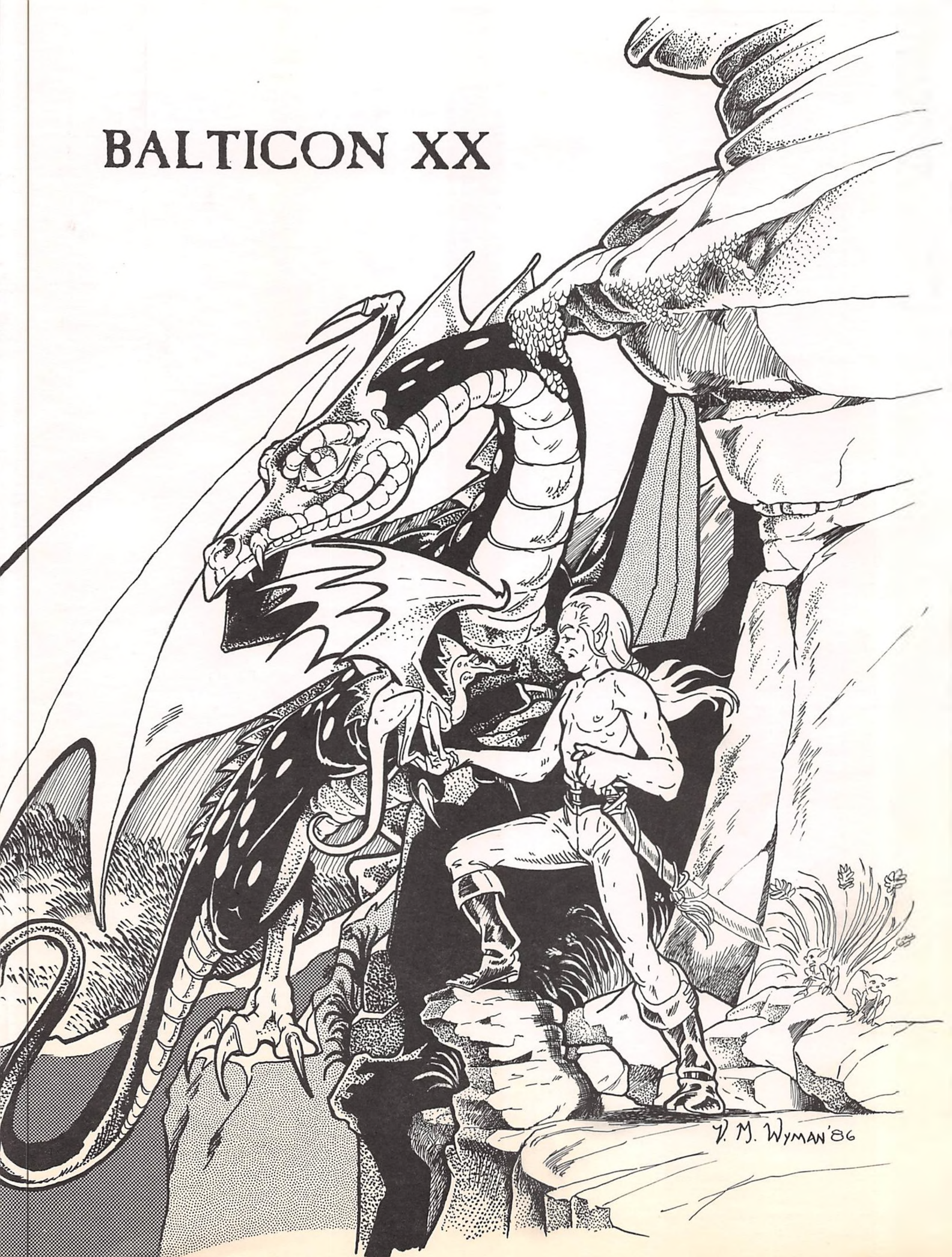


# BALTICON XX



V. M. WYMAN '86



# WINGS OF FLAME



TWO NATIONS, DEVA AND VASHTI, SHARE NO HISTORY, CUSTOMS,  
OR LAWS—EXCEPT THEIR WORSHIP OF THE HORSE-GOD  
SUTH, AND THEIR CONSUMING HATRED OF THE NAMELESS ONE.  
NOW, TO SAVE THEIR WORLD, THREE MUST CONFRONT THE NAMELESS ONE.  
KYREM, PRINCE OF DEVA, MASTER OF THE GREAT STALLION  
OMBER; KING AURON OF VASHTI; AND SEDA, AN ORPHAN WITH NO PAST,  
NO FUTURE, NO HOPE—BUT BEARER OF AN UNKNOWN LEGACY.

February 1986 ★ 256 pages ★ \$2.95 ★ 0-812-55484-1

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"I read *Wings of Flame* in one gulp, as it were. Nancy Springer's conceptions and plot twists are always new, and the ending of this tale is a very satisfying one. It seems to me that this is going to be ranked high in this year's offerings of fantasy."

—ANDRÉ NORTON

AUTHOR OF *THE WHITE HART*

# NANCY SPRINGER

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# The Baltimore Science Fiction Society Presents

## BALTICON XX

Guest of Honor  
**NANCY SPRINGER**

Art Guest of Honor  
**VICKI M. WYMAN**

Fan Guest of Honor  
**PATRICK J. KELLY, JR.**

Music Guest of Honor  
**LESLIE FISH**

Special Guests  
**LILLIAN STEWART CARL**  
**DONALD KINGSBURY**  
**JANET MORRIS**  
**DIANA PAXSON**

28 - 30 March 1986

The Hyatt Regency - Inner Harbor

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At Con - Amy Schwartz and a cast of thousands

Video - John Flynn

# NANCY SPRINGER

Guest of Honor

One of my most pleasant memories of my first year in the Baltimore Science Fiction Society was the meeting in the fall of 1980. Nancy Springer came to sign books at Tales From The White Hart, eat crabs with proprietors Kathy and Leo Sands, and then speak to us after our regular business meeting.

She started her talk by telling us she believes that SF evolved from fantasy, which she defined as going into our planet's past and finding stories there. We carry trends from our present and our past into our futuristic stories. Writing about the future was not common until our lives began to change at a rapid pace making the future worthwhile fodder for our speculative imaginings.

She further defined fantasy as what **she** writes, and told us her best stories come from her personal daydreams, elaborated and reworked in the years since her childhood. She doesn't like allegories - they're too shallow - but looks instead for visceral fantasy and gut-level emotion. Emotionally she identifies with the loners in her books.

As she fields questions about the world in which she sets her stories, she told us that it is difficult to explain her profession to people outside of fandom because "Sci Fi" brings to mind the horror movies of the 50's, fantasy is regarded as childrens' stories, and **adult** fantasy is assumed to be pornography. She is lucky that her children and her husband, a Lutheran minister, are supportive of her in her profession.

"Writing keeps me sane," she told us. "It prevents me from being defined in the role of 'vicar's wife' and provides me an identity outside of my marriage. As a writer I avoid the 'unperson syndrome' of being a housewife."

We asked her how she discovered fandom. She joined the SFWA after her first book was published and she learned about SF cons from Somtow Sucharitkul, SFWA secretary at the time. Attending one con, she met not only her agent, Virginia Kidd, but also Filthy Pierre, who told her about Balticon.

She made it clear to us that at Balticon she found people who understand fantasy as she writes it. "This is a comfortable pigeonhole. I've found no snobs so far."

We are happy to have her as our Guest of Honor this year.

by Jul Owings

## Her novels are:

*The Book of Suns*, Pocket Books, 1977

*The White Hart*, Pocket Books

(Science Fiction Book Club), 1979

*The Silver Sun*, (Rewrite of *The Book of Suns*), 1980

*The Sable Moon*, Pocket Books, 1981

*The Black Beast*, Pocket Books, 1982

*The Golden Swan*, Pocket Books, 1983

*Wings of Flame*, Tor Books, 1985

# VICKI WYMAN

Art Guest of Honor

Vicki once showed me a piece of her fan mail which was addressed to "Bill Wyman". Her spidery 'V.M. Wyman' had been mistaken for "Wm. Wyman" (hence: "Bill"). I was rather taken aback as I thought just about everybody knew Vicki: she's been going to cons since 1968 and exhibiting her art in the shows since 1972. Furthermore, she has been right out there in front as auctioneer or clerk and often as not can be found sitting there in the art show room working on her latest piece. I met her at DisCon II in 1974 and haven't been to many art shows since then which didn't have some of her work. Moreover, the tight-fitting black outfits which seem to be her trademark and which have won her another sort of fan - make it very difficult for anyone to mistake her for a man.

Vicki has been a full-time artist since 1981. While most of her work is for private commissions, conventions or renaissance fairs, she has also done illustration for Avalon Hill, Gamelord, Donning Press, and, oh yes, the Redskins. Their famous HOG tee shirt - the original, not the countless imitations - was by Vicki. (You remember the Washington Redskins, they used to be a football team.)

"Good Ol Bill" has a flair for the theatre. While in college she toured with a special Shakespeare-for-children troupe, did a lot of experimental theatre and appeared in *GUYS AND DOLLS*, *DAMES AT SEA* and in the Opera *FAUST*. All of this was to prepare herself for her true avocation: D & D.

Vicki says she's a self-taught artist, but she does have a Fine Arts degree from Occidental College, "where they taught me theory, but not much practical technique." In order to meet the Fine Arts degree requirements, Vicki planted her tongue resolutely in cheek and engaged in such drolleries as *Stain Painting*, a form in which Fine Artists believed one could not control the paint. "Hah!" says Vicki, "All you have to do is aim it; 'Use the Force, Luke!'" Eventually Vicki got carried away with *Stain Painting* and painted the Art Department's parking lot (perhaps the second largest Fine Art work on campus). Her masterpiece, however, was "Lifting Body," a very large squared cone looking vaguely like a rocket ship, which was aimed right at the college president's window, and which, one windy day (as if by plan), took off in that direction.

The Fine Arts crowd curled their lips in scorn at Vicki and described her in withering terms as a mere 'illustrator' because she seemed determined to slip recognizable subject matter into her works. Vicki really enjoys inventing exotic animal or human forms. Fortunately a lot of folks still like pictures which look like *something*, and fans go in for the unusual, which is right down Vicki's alley.

Vicki works in inks, water color, acrylics, colored pencil, polyform, wood, and even needle-point. She has done some of the most outrageous personalized name badges I have ever seen, and most auctioneers look forward to selling her stuff. Anyone who knows her work might correctly suspect that she is fond of the posters of Alphons Mucha. She also is fond of Giotto, Raphael and Frank Frazetta: "Freud would have loved him - he's so phallic!" She admires the work of Alicia Austin and the 'romantic (non blood-and-guts) pieces of Mark Rogers.

Anyone who attends the Vicki Wyman Roast in the Baltimore Room at 10:00 Saturday morning will be in for an unusual treat: several of her fellow artists will unveil their own versions of Vicki's art work. I suspect that Vicki's responses to their 'tribute' should be equally entertaining.

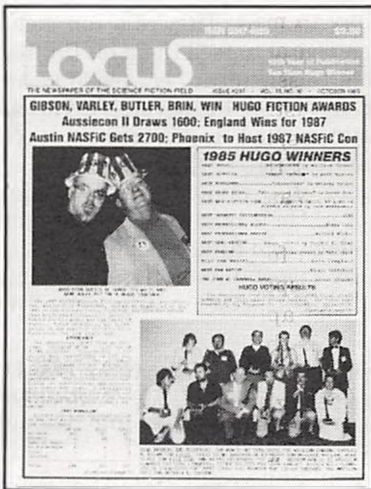
by Joe Mayhew



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## PATRICK J. KELLY JR.

### Fan Guest of Honor

Pat Kelly got me into fandom. Twice.

Someday I'll pay him back.

Neither Patrick nor I recall precisely the occasion of our first meeting, though it took place when we were in college together back in the mid-1960's. Perhaps we met over a game of cards in the student lounge: "card sharp" is too strong a term, but Pat was a pretty good player back in those days. The major weakness of his game was a tendency to get distracted by passing girls: he was something of a skirt-chaser back in those days, too.

Whatever the circumstances of our meeting, I recall that Patrick and I were friends before we discovered a mutual interest in science fiction. Soon after we found this out, Patrick introduced me to the (old, defunct, original) Baltimore Science Fiction Society. Meetings were at Jay (he calls himself "Jack" now) Haldeman's house on Woodburne Avenue, and were less formal though not more lively than nowadays, i.e. "Sauron Had No Friends" rendered fortissimo in the back yard, accompanied by firecrackers and guitars. Then as now, singing was not Patrick's strongest suit.

But we had fun, and soon after discovering fandom, we discovered conventions. Fandom was smaller than — a hundred people was a good turnout for a Balticon or Disclave. Patrick and I attended most of the local cons, and did what young fans did in those days: chased girls, drank beer, attended panels, chased girls . . . you get the picture. Patrick was more dedicated than I was. I recall especially one early Disclave where Patrick had his sights set on a rather attractive blonde. In accordance with the time-honored dictum, he kept adding extra vodka to her drinks. Unfortunately, she held her liquor pretty well. I carried Patrick out to the car and drove him home. (On the other hand there were a few times when he hauled me home when I was in no condition to drive, so honors were even.)

All was not sweetness and light in the late Sixties; and as Patrick began his climb through the ranks of government, I was off defending the world for/from democracy (choose one; opinion was divided at the time). Occasional eccentric letters arrived from my friend; and Patrick even tried to keep me in touch with fandom, though it was about this time that the original BSFS was succumbing to problems which we need not discuss here. It was encouraging, in my situation, to receive flyers inviting me to attend Balticon or Disclave — even if it was a 12,000 mile commute to the convention.

Correspondence is not enough to keep up with everything, and there were incidents involving Patrick that I didn't learn about until I got back. Like during the riots in 1968 when Patrick called up my parents to make sure they were all right. (Some of our relatives didn't bother.) My mother still speaks fondly of Pat, because of this and for other reasons. Sometimes I have the impression she thought he was a good influence on me.

Then there was the broken leg. When I finally did get back home, Patrick was one of those waiting to greet me at the airport — with his leg in a cast. Seems that he had taken up skydiving as a hobby. His instructor said he did everything right until he hit the ground. (It says much of Patrick that after the leg healed, he went back and did it again, correctly.)

In the years of the early 1970's, Patrick and I got together occasionally. I recall one poker party in his basement which started on a Saturday evening and ran well into Sunday morning. Somewhere around 5:00 AM, Patrick disappeared, showing up a while later in a neat suit and tie. He figured that as long as he was up anyway, he might as well go to early Mass. Poor fool, he told the rest of us about his plans; and half-swacked, in casual clothes, we all decided to go to Mass too. Patrick made us swear to sit in the back and pretend not to know him. We had a good time applauding the choir, and congratulating the priest afterwards: "Real good sermon, father." (To give him credit, the good

father smiled and said not a word about our appearance. Patrick was mortally embarrassed; though I don't know if he ever went back to apologize about us.)

Due to a variety of factors, I had more or less dropped out of fandom. Oh, I dropped in on a Balticon or Disclave now and then; but somehow I wasn't up to getting involved again. Patrick was involved: He was one of the founders of the new BSFS which rose from the ashes of the old. Also, a confirmed space nut, Patrick was running Launchcon expeditions to Cape Canaveral to see the Apollo missions take off. Drive down to Florida, see a takeoff (the rocket is visible for all of two or three minutes), and then drive back again: it was worth it to Pat Kelly. (Ask him sometime about the famous Apollo night launch.)

In his personal life, my skirt-chasing buddy had fined down from his former scattergun approach, and was targeting on the inimitable Miriam Winder. Patrick and Miriam were married in a quiet private ceremony in 1981. They're a fun couple to be around, especially when trying to feed them on Balticon weekend, when Patrick is not eating meat because of Good Friday and Miriam is keeping kosher for Passover. (At various times, Balticon has been distinguished as the only science fiction convention with a resident seder.)

As I said, though Patrick was a major figure in area fandom in those days, I was out of it. He was always encouraging me to spend more time on fandom, and finally he found a way to pull me back in. Knowing my tastes in reading, Pat triumphantly invited me to Balticon 12. "Oh?" said I indifferently. "Who's the guest of honor?"

"Anne McCaffrey," announced Patrick, and I was lost.

Patrick knew I was a big fan of McCaffrey. So of course I duly showed up at Balticon, tracked him down, and demanded, "Is Anne McCaffrey really here?"

"Oh, sure," said Patrick. "She's right over here." And took me over and introduced me.

After that, I began to drift back into fandom. It was all Patrick's fault. (So now you know whom to blame.)

By 1983, Patrick was Chair of Balticon 17. His approach was typical. Most convention chairs run around all con in a panic, and wind up the weekend so frazzled they collapse in a chair on Sunday night. Pat did a lot of planning delegated to carefully selected people, and spend the entire convention sitting around, calmly chatting with the guests, and smiling a lot. The *rest* of us ran around . . .

1983 was a busy year. In addition to chairing Balticon, in addition to running the science program at Worldcon, in addition to his marriage and his job and all his other responsibilities, Patrick somehow found time to become president of a Baltimore chapter of the L-5 Society. Still the dedicated space freak, he ran Space Week here in Baltimore this last summer, and firmly expects to fly on the shuttle someday. Feed him a few drinks and he'll tell about his not-so-secret ambition of retiring to orbit. If anyone does it, it might well be Pat Kelly. If it might well be Pat Kelly.

When they're not busy with BSFS or L-5 or any other of their many interests, Patrick and Miriam and their daughter Laurel (just turned one in January) retire to the comfortable house in Baltimore which they share with a dog, an Apple, several hundred books, and a memorable collection of fantasy-related art; including a unique portrait of Miriam-as-vampire.

Patrick Kelly has in his own quiet way done a great deal for area fandom over the last twenty years, and for that reason I am very glad that Balticon has chosen to honor one of its own as Fan Guest of Honor this year. More to the point, Pat Kelly has been my very good and reliable friend for those twenty years — and for that, I'm just plain glad.

by David M. Shea





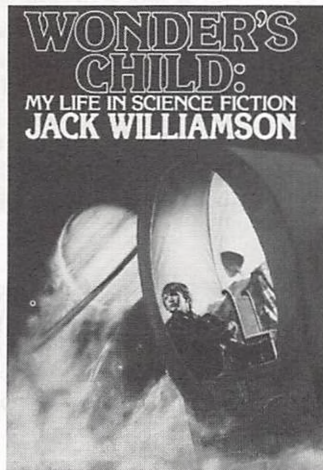
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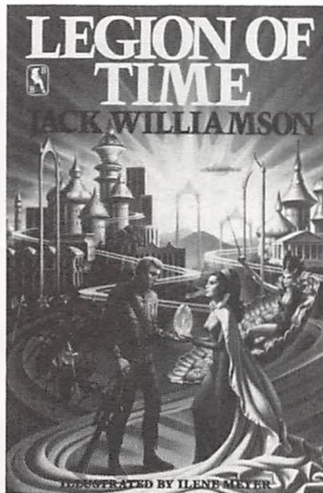
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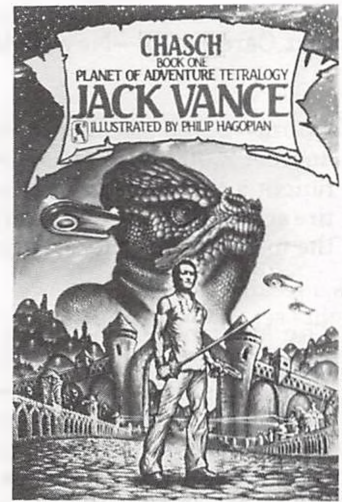
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This is a city of delight—a 24-hour-a-day town! All day, every day, 365 days a year (366 in 1988)—the taverns, the restaurants, the jazz halls stay open. NOLACON II will be right on the edge of the fabulous French Quarter, where the party never stops. The legal drinking age is 18. And each of our hotels has agreed to keep a food facility open 'round the clock—just for NOLACON II!

This is a city of tradition. Riverboats still ply Mississippi waters as they did in the days of Mark Twain. Cruises will tour plantation homes, the mysterious bayous, take you to the fantastic Audubon Zoo, entrance you with moonlight concerts on the Marvelous Mighty Muddv. Our famous streetcar line celebrated its 150th birthday in 1985. Filksong parties will clang and sing their way along New Orleans' finest avenues in reserved cars.

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Write. Let us know what you would like to do at NOLA CON II. Be you a former worldcon chairman or the newest kid on the block, we are very anxious to hear from you, both now and after the bid is won. And we expect to win. Join us.

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## LESLIE FISH Music Guest of Honor

If it weren't for Leslie Fish, we wouldn't have science fiction folk music as many of us have learned to enjoy it in recent years.

Oh, we'd still have filk. Filk is simple; we just put new words to old tunes, sometimes keeping the flavor of the (occasionally) original folk song and sometimes not. Most of us can filk with some measure of success or another. Leslie has done more than her own share of filking over the years.

Even the SF poetry of Gordon Dickson, Poul Anderson, L. Sprague de Camp and other poetically inclined writers when sung at cons until the last few years was generally filked to established folk themes. Mostly it still is.

Leslie was one of the first of the Filkers frequently to compose her own music to her own lines, or to anyone else's lyrics. She gets sent lyrics from the entire fannish composing community. "I'm not sure I can work with this as it's written - I don't think I can make it scan," she said dubiously to one would-be song writer at a recent con. "Oh, that's OK - just do whatever you want to it to make it work. Change it around however you like."

Those of you who are familiar with Leslie's music have come to it from a number of angles. Even people who never heard it seem to know about "Burned From Argo", and unfortunately for those of us who filk regularly the newer filkers ask for it at every filksing at every con. Leslie won't do it anymore and any time the seasoned filkers actually get talked into doing it, the last argument is "Chorus every verse" "NO. Every third verse!"

Most L-5 Society members and fellow travellers are familiar with "Witness Waltz," "Toast for Unknown Heroes," and of course "Hope Eyrv" (also known by those who have heard it only once or twice as "The Eagle Has Landed").

Fans of nineteenth century poetry in general or Rudyard Kipling's works in particular may have come across her work in the form of two tapes of his poetry that she most masterfully put to music over the years, and which were reviewed and approved by Britain's National Trust. Actually she's put about a third of Kipling's poetry to music. If you have a favorite you haven't yet heard sung go to one of her performances and ask her. Chances are good she'd be happy to perform it for you.

At a particular con she had been taken to lunch by some of her fans and made the mistake of asking them if there were anything she could do for them. "Sing us some songs that have never been taped." So they found an alcove in the lobby of the hotel and she started in on "127 Reasons Why A Cucumber Is Better Than A Man." Happily I was walking through the lobby at about verse 15 and found some space on a table. The next person found space under the table. Five hours later she finally stopped.

In a Bardic she is remarkably kind to the neofilkers who are starting to find their way. On stage she will dominate whatever space is given and impress her audience with presence.

Currently she resides in El Cerrito, California with a couple of (reportedly) strongwilled cats. Unfortunately she hasn't been this far east in many years. We hope to see her more often!

by Kathy Sands

## LILLIAN STEWART CARL Special Guest

I live in the suburban wilderness of Dallas, Texas, employed as a domestic engineer for my husband (a geophysicist) and two sons. As hobbies I do needlework, cook, bicycle, read (of course) and kill houseplants. In my shady past I've worked as a librarian, an engineering aide, a newspaper columnist and a college history teacher.

I started out by publishing stories in half a dozen different fan 'zines, including one of the first *Star Trek* 'zines. My first professional fiction sale was to the *Amazons II* anthology; "The Borders of Sabazel" was published in June of 1982.

*Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* printed "The Rim of the Wheel" in February 1984, "From the Labyrinth of Night" in August 1984 (and reprinted "Rim" in their anthology, *Fantasy!*, in April 1985) and "Where is Thy Victory?" in November of 1985. "Upon This Shoal of Time" appeared in the March 1985 *Amazing Stories*. "The King Under the Water" was the cover story in *Borderland* #3. Stories are still to come in *Owlflight* and again in *Amazing*.

*Smithsonian Magazine* printed a non-fiction essay in June of 1982, and *Empire* #34 printed an article on writing fantasy in 1985.

*Sabazel*, based on the *Amazons* story, was published by ACE in March 1985; it's been getting good reviews, i.e., in *Science Fiction Review* #53, in *Publisher's Weekly*, in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. The sequel, *The Winter King*, is scheduled for publication in October 1986 near the top of the list for that month. ACE just bought the third (and last) novel in the series, *Shadow Dancers*, for publication in 1987.

"Upon This Shoal of Time", "Where is They Victory?" and *Sabazel* were all on the Nebula preliminary ballot for 1985.

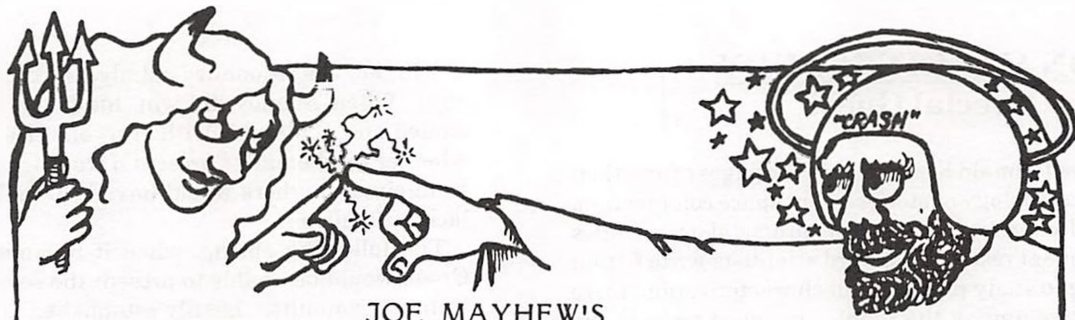
I am currently writing *Shadow Dancers* and planning a horror novel, several science fiction novels, and at least one more fantasy, not to mention half a dozen or so short stories.

In my copious spare time I attend conventions . . .

by Lillian Stewart Carl







JOE MAYHEW'S

# CROSTIME BUS

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SATURDAY AT 4:00 PM IN THE MAIN PROGRAM ROOM

\*\*\* STARRING \*\*\*

- \* Erica Van Dommelen (SATAN) \* Ray Ridenour (GOD) \*
- \* Alan Huff (VINSON PEASE) \* Walter Miles (ARTHUR DAGGETT) \*
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- \* Beth Zipser (MARTHA NORTON) \* Mike Zipser (SIR KAY) \*
- \* Bill Mayhew (SIR HECTOR) \* Joe Mayhew (MERLIN) \*
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\*\*\* AND YOU AS THE LAUGH TRACK \*\*\*

This will be the first performance of the complete play.





## DONALD KINGSBURY Special Guest

I first encountered Donald Kingsbury in the pages of an otherwise nondescript anthology of stories about space colonization. Among the usual collection of earnest gunmetal-grey stories which are the frequent result when hard scientists write fiction without bothering to study plotting and characterization, there stood forth as a rose among the rubble one good piece in the book. A novella about asteroid mining, under the painfully clunky title "To Bring in the Steel", it was an intense, well-written, deeply human story. The science was correct, to be sure; but it didn't take the place of the characters.

I made a note to remember that name.

Some while later, the name popped up again on an equally good story, "The Moon Goddess and the Son". It was faintly reminiscent of what C.L. Moore might have achieved had she had Hal Clement's technical background. I asked around, but even when "Goddess" received a Hugo nomination, no one seemed to know much about this Kingsbury fellow. Someone had the vague impression he lived in Canada.

Came that summer (it might have been '79, or was it '80?) and I went up to New York City for a con. In the middle of an otherwise undistinguished panel, the subject of which escapes me at this late date, I caught the name of Donald Kingsbury. I already admire his writing; I soon learned to admire his candor as well. This is the only science fiction writer I've ever met who calmly asked an audience to vote for his story in the Hugo balloting, on the straightforward grounds that, "I'd like to win." (As it happened, he didn't).

After the panel I went up and introduced myself, and chatted with Kingsbury for a while. I learned that he was (and still is) a professor of mathematics at prestigious McGill University in Montreal. Writing and fandom are among his hobbies; and notwithstanding his formidable stature, which may put off a few people, this kindly giant enjoys talking to fans, partying, prowling the dealers' room, and all the other concomitants of fandom.

Professor Kingsbury mentioned to me then some of the other projects on which he was working, but he is not a particularly fast writer, and it was 1982 when his first novel hit print. Layered under a good crisp story and a set of believable characters, set in a profoundly interesting other-world culture on an Earth colony in the far future, it was a thoughtful look at the cultural basis of ethics. The appearance of *Courtship Rite* (a deceptively simple title) chanced to coincide with the first year of Balticon's establishment of the Compton Crook Award for Best First Novel; and though there were other fine first novels published in 1982, I felt *Courtship Rite* was clearly the best. Deservedly, it won.

Don Kingsbury's first appearance at Balticon, then, was three years ago when he came down to accept the first Crook Award. He towered over the presenter (Mrs. Crook, the widow of the local teacher and SF writer in whose name the prize was established). The Crook Award didn't get as much publicity as it might have, but it wasn't for lack of judgment on Balticon's part: *Courtship Rite* went on to grab a Hugo nomination for Best Novel of the Year. The other nominees were people like Asimov and Heinlein, so when I ran into Professor Kingsbury at Worldcon that year, I wanted to see him let down easy.

"Umm, considering the stature of the other nominees, I, uh, really don't think your chances of winning are too, ah, promising," I circumlocuted.

"Oh, no," he responded calmly. "I expect Asimov is going to win." When Asimov did win, his fellow academic Kingsbury smiled and applauded with everyone else. Leave us not debate whether mathematics present a true picture of the universe, as Heinlein and others would have it; Donald Kingsbury doesn't lack for realism.

The following spring, when it became apparent that Mrs. Crook would be unable to present the second Crook award, the Balticon committee hastily established a new tradition (this is how traditions get started in fandom) and invited the first winner back to present the second award. It was rather short notice, as I recall, but Professor Kingsbury hopped a quick flight from Montreal, and not only presented the second Crook Award to his successor Chris Rowley, but filled in on some of the panels as well. I took advantage of the opportunity to ask about his next novel, which, he told me for about the third time, was "coming along". Unfortunately there was all the confusion going on at the time when Pocket Books dropped their SF line, so the delay has stretched on. I am now reliably informed that Kingsbury's new novel will come out from Tor this fall — and about time!

People who enjoy intelligent and thoughtful science fiction can look forward to the appearance of a new novel by Donald Kingsbury, however belated, with pleasure. People who simply enjoy meeting someone interesting can take the opportunity to make the acquaintance of Professor Kingsbury, if you can catch him among the heavy program load we're dumping on him — including the writers' workshop which he innocently agreed to host.

You shouldn't have any trouble picking out Donald Kingsbury. When you do, go up and say hello. I think you'll find it worth your while.

by David M. Shea





MELISA C. MICHAELS

# LAST WAR



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JOAN D. VINGE

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KATHRYN PTACEK

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## JANET MORRIS

Special Guest

Janet Morris first drew SF readers' notice in 1977 with the publication of *High Couch of Silistra*. Her heroine, Estri, lives in a society which has developed in response to a catastrophic decline in fertility (the aftermath of a planet-wide disaster). As a means of ensuring that women have the best possible chance of encountering the man who can give them children, they are gathered into centers known as Wells. Here they are trained in the erotic arts and here they entertain the males of their own planet and many others.

Although Estri has reached the pinnacle of this society and is the High Couch, the ruler, in her Well, she leaves it to go on a quest to seek her father, an offworlder of great power and mystery. *High Couch of Silistra* and its three equally erotic sequels, *The Golden Sword*, *Wind From the Abyss*, and *Carnelian Thorne*, follow her on her quest as she finds love, loses it and finds it again, and in the process discovering far more about herself than the limited life of the Well could ever have shown her.

Janet Morris has the ability to create and maintain imaginative new societies and characters to inhabit them. That she can maintain the reader's interest over a long period and many complex adventures was soon demonstrated again with the publication of *The Dream Trilogy - Dream Dancer, Cruiser Dreams*, and *Earth Dreams*. Here is a Cinderella story with twists Disney could never have conceived of.

Our Earth has regressed to an 18th century level of technology and is ruled by space dwelling mercantile princes. On this Earth a serving girl named Shebat saves the life of a prince of a rival family. He rewards her by taking her off-planet with him, but this is where the Cinderella story ends and Shebat's is just beginning.

The pumpkin and mice are replaced by the most interesting sentient space ships since Anne McCaffrey's Helga. The family is riven by internecine plots that rival Byzantium at its worst, and is engaged in constant power struggles with other factions.

In recent years Janet Morris has also written, with her collaborator Chris Morris, *The Forty-Minute War*, a frightening picture of a world waiting to die in the aftermath of a nuclear exchange between the super powers.

She has, however, won her largest following as a contributor to the immensely popular *Thieves' World* anthologies. In her hands Tempus, the god-haunted mercenary commander serving an exiled Imperial Prince in the vice-soaked city called Sanctuary, his sister, the stepsons of his troops, and all the other players in the *Thieves' World* drama embark on some of their greatest adventures.

The short stories and novelettes from the anthologies have formed chapters in a full-length novel called *Beyond Sanctuary* and followed by *Beyond The Veil*. As Tempus and his friends (and foes) go out into the larger world they take with them a growing multitude of fans, each of them eagerly awaiting their next ration of wonder and excitement. And why not? Janet Morris has never let them down!

by A. Carter Middendorf

## DIANA PAXSON

Special Guest

I met Diana Paxson on a flight to England a couple of years ago, not long after the publication of her first novel, *Lady of Light*. Something about her said "fan" - perhaps it was the comfortable clothing, or the unconventional jewelry, or maybe the abundance of reading material she had. She settled in across the aisle after giving me the same look of puzzled recognition ("Have I met this woman before, at a con maybe?").

My seatmate seemed intent on finding out every detail of my plans in England. I told him that I was travelling primarily to attend an SF convention in Brighton and the rest of my trip would be played by ear. I could see the ears of the sort-of-maybefannish woman across the aisle prickle and she introduced herself. She too was heading for the same con, and afterwards was planning an extended foray into the West Country to research a new book.

I knew of Diana from some talk at the Darkover Con. I knew that she was part of the Greyhaven/Greenwalls household founded by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Bradley's two brothers and their families. Diana is married to Marion's brother Don who writes under the name of John DeCles. Diana discovered that whatever it is that makes a person write is contagious. Like everyone else around her, she started writing - and selling - stories, then novels.

I didn't meet up with Diana again until a couple of days into the con. I had wandered into a performance of two singers doing hard rock with SF lyrics (of a sort) though they were mostly lost in their own amplification. About to duck out, I noticed Diana at the back of the audience, clutching an Irish lap harp. Nearby were two or three other folk in medievalist garb and something about them said "performers." So I stayed while the hard rock duo finished and packed up their equipment.

Diana and a woman named Gytha ascertained nothing further was scheduled in the room and announced that it had been appropriated for use as a Bardic Circle filksing.

I was familiar with and somewhat enamoured of East Coast style singalongs, where the audience is occasionally encouraged to sing along with the choruses. In a Bardic Circle performers in the circle each take a turn. And **anyone** who intended to stay had to perform.

I wasn't the only monster Diana created that night. For at Seacon '79 it seemed that Diana instigated British filkdom practically singlehandedly by encouraging the British fans in the audience to sing obscure traditional songs to the American filkers.

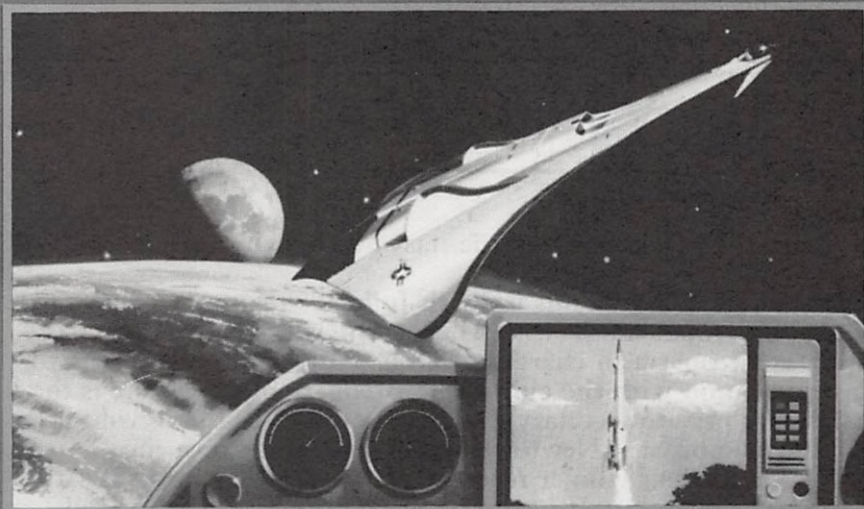
Diana's music strongly reflects her writing though considering that her prose is something of a later adjunct to her music a strong case could be made for it being the other way around. Some of you may recognize some of the songs she sings as the poetry incorporated in some of her stories. I hope that as many of you as possible get to know her at the panels, the readings and at the late night Bardics at the con.

by Kathy Sands



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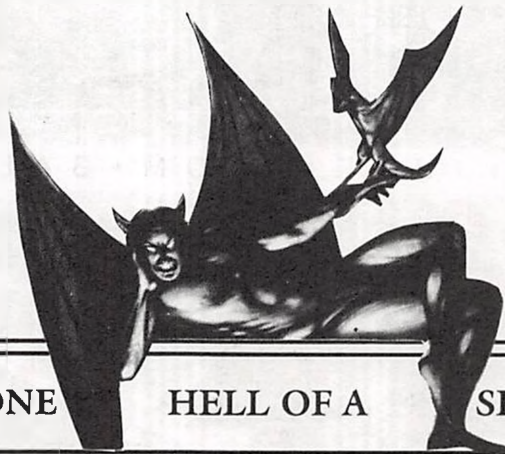
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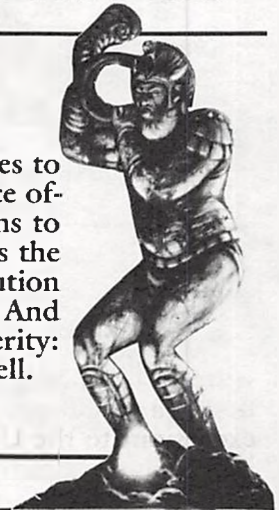
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Alexander the Great teams up with Julius Caesar and Achilles to refight the Trojan war — with Machiavelli as their intelligence officer and Cleopatra in charge of R&R...Yuri Andropov learns to Love the Bomb with the aid of The Blond Bombshell (she is the Devil's *very* private secretary)... Che Guevara Ups the Revolution with the help of Isaac Newton, Hemingway, and Confucius... And no less a bard than Homer records their adventures for posterity: of *course* it's a fantasy. It has to be, if you don't believe in Hell.



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ALL YOU REALLY NEED IS FAITH...

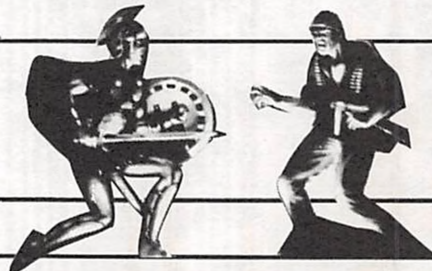
But award-winning authors Gregory Benford, C. J. Cherryh, Janet Morris, and David Drake, co-creators of this multi-volume epic, insist that *Heroes in Hell*™ is something more. They say that all you really need is Faith, that if you accept the single postulate that Hell exists, your imagination will soar, taking you to a realm more magical and strangely satisfying than you would have believed possible.



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Join the finest writers, scientists, statesmen, strategists, and villains of history in Morris's Hell. The first volume, co-created by Janet Morris with C. J. Cherryh, Gregory Benford, and David Drake, will be on sale in March as the mass-market lead from Baen Books, and in April Baen will publish in hardcover the first *Heroes in Hell* spin-off novel, *The Gates of Hell*, by C. J. Cherryh and Janet Morris. We can promise you one Hell of a good time.

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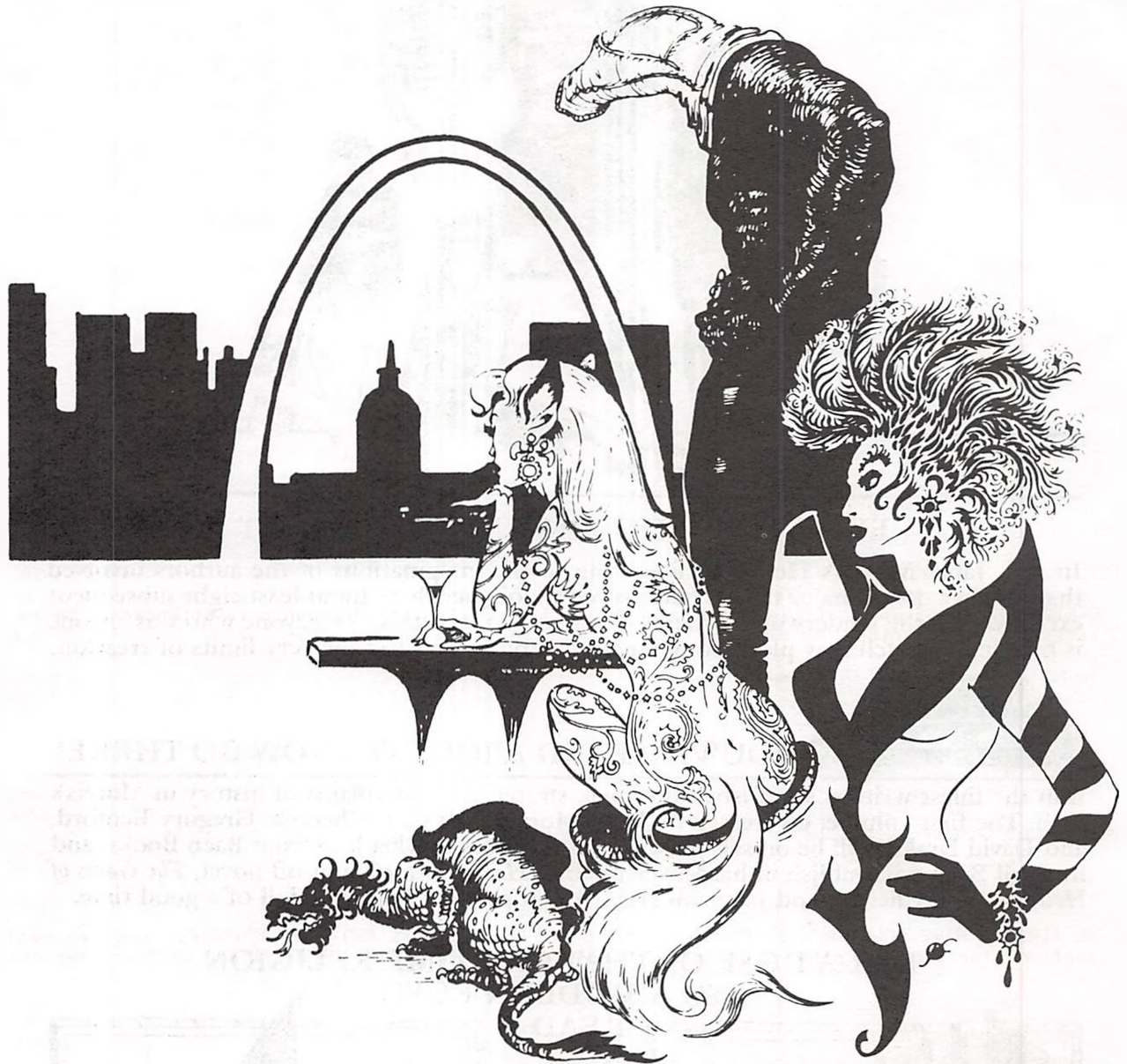


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**Everybody's coming to...**



# **ST LOUIS IN 88**

**ST. LOUIS IN '88 WORLDCON BID COMMITTEE  
P.O. BOX 1058  
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- Art from "A Separate Star" by Frank Kelly Freas -



## PRESENTING THE ST. LOUIS IN '88 WORLDCON BID

ST. LOUIS is bidding for the right to hold the 1988 WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. WHY? Because it's been a long time since a Worldcon was held in St. Louis (1969), and because we think we have an ideal location (population center of the US and a transportation hub) and a lot of good ideas on how to plan, manage, and operate a Worldcon.

HOW IS A WORLDCON SITE SELECTED? Worldcon sites are currently voted on 2 years in advance by members of the current Worldcon who have paid an additional site-selection voting fee; this voting fee guarantees the voter at least a Supporting Membership in the Worldcon run by the winning bidder. To vote for the 1988 site, you must be a Supporting or Attending member of the 1986 Worldcon (ConFederation) in Atlanta, GA; voting may be done by mail or onsite at the convention.

### FACILITIES

THE CERVANTES CONVENTION CENTER IS LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD THE ENTIRE CONVENTION WITH NO HOTEL FUNCTION SPACE BEING NECESSARY. Each of the 3 main halls is 80,000 square feet, with 28,000+ square feet of function rooms on the first floor, 35,000 on the second floor, two huge lobbies, and the entire Center is equipped for handicap access. Dealers and artists will have direct loading dock access to the Art Show and Dealers halls (drive-in access is also available, but may not be used).

THERE ARE OVER 5,000 HOTEL ROOMS IN THE IMMEDIATE DOWNTOWN AREA, AND 2,750 OF THEM ARE ALREADY BLOCKED FOR US. While all hotels are within walking distance and no shuttle busing will be necessary, we do plan to run 24-hour shuttles up and down the Broadway/4th St. hotel corridor for handicapped fans and anyone too tired to walk to/from those hotels not across the street from the Convention Center; at least one bus on each shift will be wheelchair-capable. A second shuttle route may be run through the LaClede's Landing and riverfront area during the day for anyone wanting to play tourist or go farther afield for food.

### TRANSPORTATION

ST. LOUIS IS THE POPULATION CENTER OF THE US, SO WE'RE EQUIDISTANT FROM EVERYONE IN NORTH AMERICA. TWA, serving St. Louis directly from all over the US and some European cities, will be the OFFICIAL AIRLINE of St. Louiscon II, and will offer substantial discounts to attendees. We're also served by most other major, and several smaller, airlines. St. Louis is a major highway hub, on Interstates 44, 55, 64, and 70 plus US highways 40, 50, 61, 67, and the famous 66. Both the Trailways and Greyhound bus depots are within a block of the Convention Center, and passenger train service to St. Louis is available via connections to 3 main Amtrak routes.

### ATTRACTIONS

ST. LOUIS HAS MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR THE VISITOR, AND MANY OF THEM ARE ADJACENT TO THE CONVENTION AREA (the Arch, the Mississippi riverfront, LaClede's Landing, and more). St. Louis is also a center for both brewing and aerospace manufacturing, and some interesting tours might be possible.

### GUESTS AND COMMITTEE

WE ALREADY HAVE COMMITMENTS FROM 3 OF OUR 5 PROPOSED GUESTS AND FUNCTIONARIES, and are awaiting confirmation from the other 2 proposed guests; we're sure you'll love all our choices when they're announced at the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta, when we win the bid.

THE BID COMMITTEE IS COMPOSED OF A GROUP OF FANS WITH A WIDE RANGE OF EXPERIENCE IN RUNNING CONVENTIONS, INCLUDING WORLDCONS. In addition, other experienced people from St. Louis and elsewhere are already committed to working on various facets of the convention itself.

BidCom:	Charlotte Brown	Joan (Moffitt) Fasching	C.J. Niehoff
	Valerie Brown	Joe Fasching	Susan Sohn
	Carol Cook	Rich Hubbard	Michelle Tenney
	Judi Cook	Floyd Masukawa	Jim White
	John Donigan	Greg Moore	Rich Zellich
	Nancy Edwards	Samuel Nickalberry	plus several associate members

### HOW TO SUPPORT THE BID

To support the bid, send \$5 for a PRE-SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIP. Besides our undying gratitude, your \$5 will get you a periodic bid-progress newsletter and, IF YOU VOTE at the '86 WorldCon, AT LEAST a matching reduction in the price of an attending membership when we win the bid.

IN ADDITION TO THE PRE-SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIPS described above, we also sell T-SHIRTS for \$5 (1984-85 edition 4-color design on a white shirt with red sleeve/neck bands in men's sizes S/M/L, or 1985-86 edition 2-color design on a solid red shirt in sizes S/M/L/XL), and reduced-size worldwide CONVENTION LISTINGS (varying in original size from 18 to 35 pages, depending on what time of year they're printed) for \$.50. P&H is \$2 per order for shirts, and \$.25 (or a #10 SASE) per order for convention listings. For our multi-page bid prospectus, send a #10 SASE with first class postage.



## The Movie Program

### Notes by Mark Owings

**The Blood Beast Terror** (1968), 88 minutes. A little-seen British period horror movie, with Peter Cushing and a genuinely bizarre premise.

**Colossus, The Forbin Project** (1970), 100 minutes. A computer takes over the world. A rather good movie adaptation of a bad book with all the changes for the better for once.

**The Fabulous World of Jules Verne** (1958), 86 minutes. A strange sort of semi-animated period piece version of a Verne novel nobody has heard of (one U.S. edition in 50 years).

**Hercules in the Haunted World** (1961), 83 minutes. A deathless classic of the triumph of justice from the renowned director Marlo Bava (**Black Sunday, Behind the Door**, etc.).

**Iceman** (1984), 105 minutes. A research team tries to communicate with a resurrected Cro Magnon. Rather serious stuff, actually.

**The Last Starfighter** (1984), 100 minutes. A lurid demonstration and warning of what video games can lead to. Also a very showy space adventure.

**The Littlest Warrior** (1962), 70 minutes. Animated version of a traditional Japanese story; not so much a children's movie as a stylized one.

**Love at First Bite** (1978), 93 minutes. An exploration of the romantic possibilities of vampirism; a sardonic commentary on modern life.

**Objective Moon** (1981), 80 minutes in our version. A Belgian animated children's film, done as a serial with five minute chapters, here with the titles edited out but the cliffhangers intact.

**The Phantom of the Opera** (1925), 90 minutes. The old original real scary movie. Still great spectacle and melodrama. A real movie buff is someone who can name **another** movie Mary Philbin was in.

**Repulsion** (1965), 104 minutes. A young woman's descent into homicidal mania, but told from inside her mind, with all she sees that is not there. Truly frightening.

**Return to Oz** (1985), 112 minutes. This has the attitude of treating the impossible totally realistically that makes the Oz books successful. An unfairly buried movie, with great animation and special effects.

**She Devil** (1957), 77 minutes. Take a short story published under a pseudonym written by a man who didn't live to see it printed and is half forgotten today. Have it filmed by a bargain basement studio and released on the bottom half of a Saturday matinee double-bill. Give it a meaningless title. You have a thoughtful intelligent movie about science and human nature that nobody knows about.

**World Without Sun** (1964), 91 minutes. This year's film companion to the Science Program. Jacques Cousteau goes under.

## Art Show And Auctions

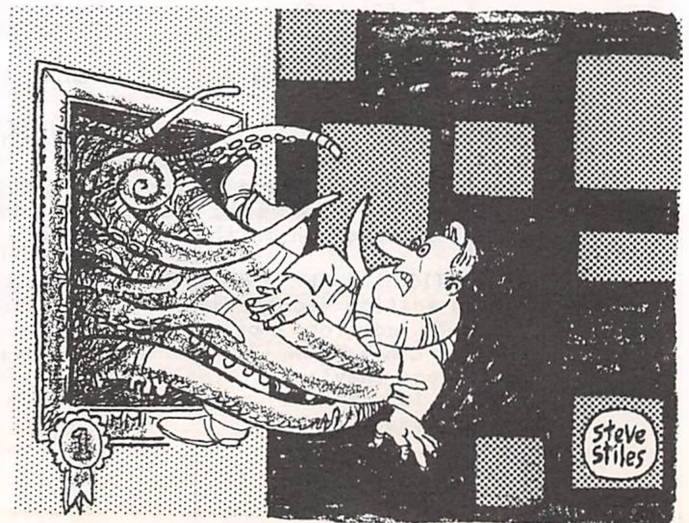
Art show hours will be posted in the pocket program. Each piece to be displayed must be registered. Art work may be registered by the artist or by an agent designated in *writing* by the artist. Art work may be put up or taken down only by artists, agents, and the staff of the art show. Generally speaking, the policy in the art show is: look all you like, but don't touch; some of the art is fragile. Convention members will be asked to leave large bags, purses, packages, quarterstaves and so forth at the door; your acceptance of this reasonable and usual security precaution is appreciated.

**Bid and auction policy:** Bids should be written legibly on the bid sheet preferably in ink. Show your name, badge number, and bid in *whole dollar amounts*. A bid once made may not be withdrawn. Any item receiving three or more bids on Friday or Saturday will go to Auction I on Saturday evening. (Consult your pocket program for exact time and location.) Those items having the most bids will go up first. If we run out of time Saturday night, left over items will be carried over to Auction II on Sunday afternoon. Any item receiving two or more bids on Sunday will go to Auction II. Any item receiving its first and only bid on Sunday will be considered sold to that bidder and will *not* go to auction.

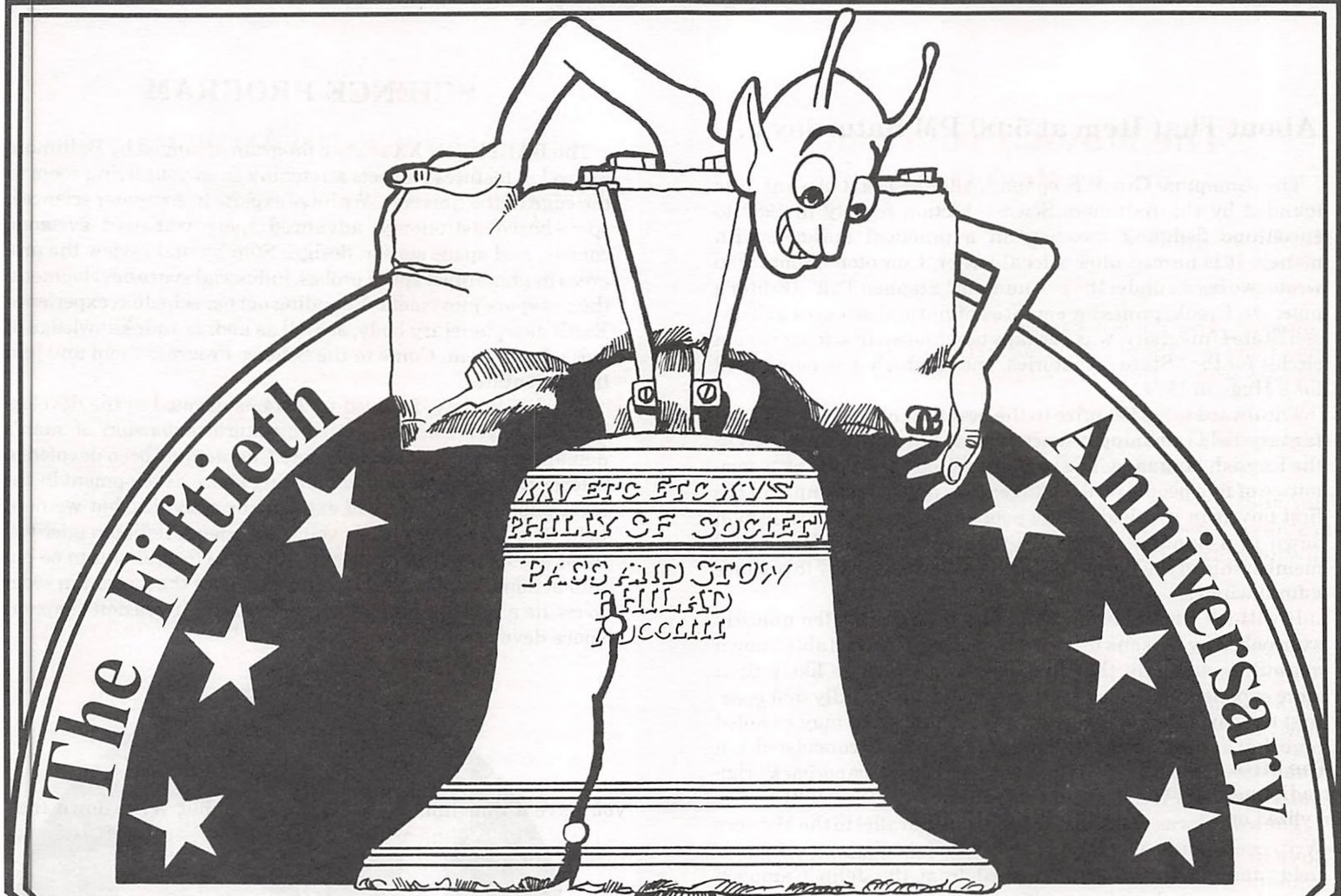
Common sense tells you that if you find a piece of art you positively can't live without, bid on it and go to the auction. If you have a time limitation, we're reasonable. Write down the name of the piece and artist, give it to the art show staff and ask that this piece be brought up early in the auction. To the extent possible, we will try to comply with requests of this kind, especially if you are working for Balticon in some other area.

Balticon auctions are by *voice bid only*; speak up if you want to bid. Waving an arm is considered a signal to a runner that you want to see a piece of art closer, but will not be regarded as a bid. You do not have to wait until the end of the full auction to pick up art work you have purchased. After the conclusion of bidding on each item, a few minutes will be required for us to keep our paperwork organized. Personal checks will be accepted with adequate identification ("adequate" as defined by the convention.) Cash is always welcome. Help with art show set-up (Thursday evening/Friday morning) and teardown (Sunday afternoon) will be gratefully accepted. Runners are needed for both auctions; experience is not essential. Please ask at the art show, information desk or convention office if you want to help.

**PLEASE: NO SMOKING, FOOD OR DRINKS IN THE ART SHOW!** Thank you.







# PSEFS

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society

## HELP US CELEBRATE

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- ★ Place: The Adams Mark Hotel, City Line Ave. & Monument Rd., Phila.
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For more information, please write P.S.F.S., P.O. Box 8303, Philadelphia, PA 19101



## SCIENCE PROGRAM

### About That Item at 5:00 PM Saturday . . .

The Compton Crook/Stephen Tall Memorial Award was founded by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society in 1982 to encourage fledgling novelists in a practical manner: with money. It is named after a local writer, Compton Crook, who wrote two books under the pen name of "Stephen Tall". (Editor's note: Dr. Crook, professor emeritus of natural sciences at Towson State University, was perhaps best known in science fiction circles for the "Stardust" stories, one of which was nominated for a Hugo in 1974.)

The award is a \$500 prize to the best first novel in the overall fantasy field (meaning science fiction, fantasy, horror, etc.) in the English language. The primary selection is made by a committee of five people pledged to read (or at least attempt) all the first novels in the field. These poor souls narrow the collection down to a handful, which are then voted on by the general membership of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society to produce a final winner.

It was felt that, to begin with, first novels are often unjustly overlooked by persons more concerned with predictable known quantities; secondly that first novelists are more likely than more experienced writers to be underpaid; and thirdly that *good* first novelists should especially be encouraged. It may be noted here that one 1982 novel which was not seriously considered as a finalist won the National Book Award for best paperback original. However, I feel that's their problem.

The award was created as a deliberate parallel to the Mystery Writers of America's "Edgar" award for best first novel in their field, and should be distinguished from the John Campbell Award given each year at the World Science Fiction Convention for best new *writer*, which carries no money and seems not to have prevented its nominees (and even winners) from retreating into obscurity.

The nominees for the Compton Crook Award this year are:

*Walk The Moons Road*, Jim Aiken  
*Infinity's Web*, Sheila Finch  
*Bridge of Birds*, Barry Hughart  
*White Wing*, Gordon Kendal  
*The Copper Crown*, Patricia Kennealy  
*The Isle of Glass*, Judith Tarr

by Mark Owings

The BALTICON XX science program arranged by Baltimore Metro L-5 features subjects stretching from your living room to the edge of the universe. We have experts in computer sciences, space-based astronomy, advanced space transport systems, comets, and space station design. Stop by and review the progress in unmanned space probes, industrial space development, the pro space movement. Rounding out our schedule, experience Earth as a planetary body, as well as update your knowledge of our solar system. Come to the Science Program room and join the adventure.

The L-5 Society, founded in 1974, is devoted to the development of space colonies and the natural extension of man's domain into space. The Baltimore Chapter has been devoted to informing the public and advocating space development in the local public forum. We will expand our activities, but we need help. The L-5 Society needs you. As a science fiction reader you must come forward now! Now is the time for thought to be put into action. We must change and influence the present in order to create a positive future for man in space. If you don't support space development, who will?



## Editor's Notes

I would like to thank the following people for helping me with this publication:

Joe Mayhew, A. Carter Middendorf, Jul Owings, Kathy Sands and David Shea for writing about our various guests;

Mary-Rita Blute for proofreading much (but not all, unfortunately!);

Steve Bender and the staff of Copy Cat;

and anyone else I've forgotten! Thanks one and all!

—Michael J. Walsh

Bored? Lonely? Nothing to do till the Alien Sex panel at midnight? Why not volunteer to help with Balticon? We're looking for people willing to donate part of their weekend to help make this convention work. If you are willing to join this noble, generous, intelligent, altruistic, and incredibly attractive group of people come find us at the Gopher desk. Be one of the few, the proud, the furry. Sign up now!



# Cincinnati in '88

Cincinnati in '88  
P.O. Box 118738  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45211

Cincinnati is bidding for the 1988 World Science Fiction Convention. After 31 years, we think it's time to give Science Fiction Fandom a taste of a Cincinnati, World Class, World Con. Here are the ingredients:

### Our Location

Located at the Heart of North America, more than 60% of the Nation's population lives within 600 miles of Cincinnati. Within 700 miles lives over 65% of the population of North America.

Cincinnati sits at the crossroad to three interstate highways and is easily accessible by car or by bus.

Our airport is served by at least 9 major airlines, People's Express, and several commuter airlines. Limousine and shuttle bus service can bring you downtown in minutes.

### Our Facilities

We have reserved the Cincinnati Convention Center for our convention activities. With 300,000 sq. ft. of exhibit space and over 40 additional meeting rooms, we've got enough space to run a World Con larger than any to date.

An elevated weather-protected skywalk leads to over 2800 luxury hotel rooms all within 3 blocks of our convention center.

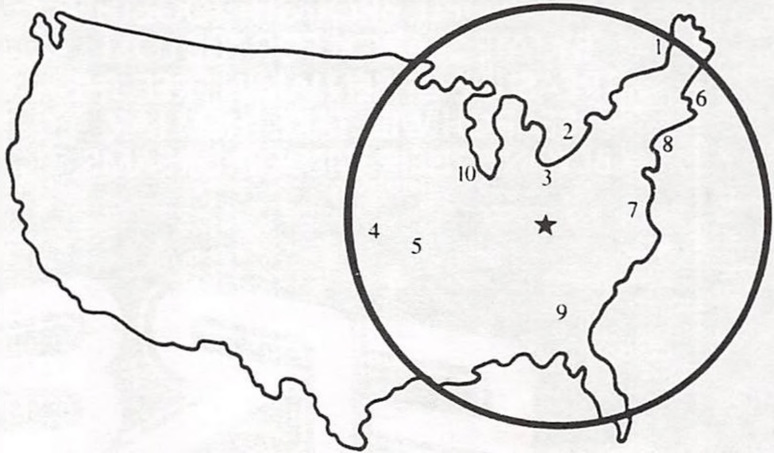
The hotels are on a shuttle bus route from the airport. It leaves from the various arrival gates at the airport every half-hour and makes a circuit of the downtown hotels. There is ample parking in the downtown area hotel lots and various municipal lots.

In addition to the ample Convention Center space, the various hotels all have meeting rooms that are available for our use. (Want to have a lunch in a room lined with gold mirrors?) We will be using these rooms for various small functions that may not be convenient to hold in the Convention Center.

### Convention hotel rates for 1985:

Hotel	Double
Clarion	\$67
Hyatt	\$77*
Netherland	\$52
Terrace	\$57
Westin	\$67

\*This is an approximate rate.



★ Cincinnati

- |                |                    |
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| 2. Toronto     | 7. Washington D.C. |
| 3. Detroit     | 8. New York        |
| 4. Kansas City | 9. Atlanta         |
| 5. St. Louis   | 10. Chicago        |

### Our City

Set upon the northern bank of the Ohio River, Cincinnati's seven hills dominate the Southwest corner of Ohio. The unique mixture of rolling hills and sweeping vistas sets Cincinnati apart as the Midwest's most picturesque city.

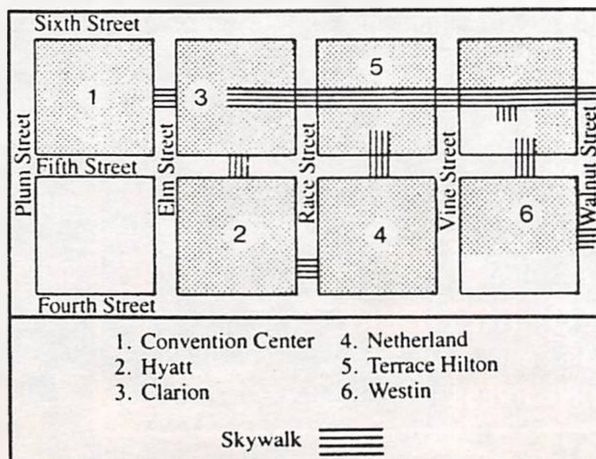
### Our People

We are planning a responsibly run, financially sound World Con. Our committee is composed of people from all over the Midwest with a broad range of convention experience.

### Our Programming

We are planning a diversified multi-track program with your needs in mind. We are interested in your programming ideas and encourage you to write with your suggestions too:

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Cincinnati in '88 is an activity of FANACO, Inc., a non-profit Ohio Corporation.





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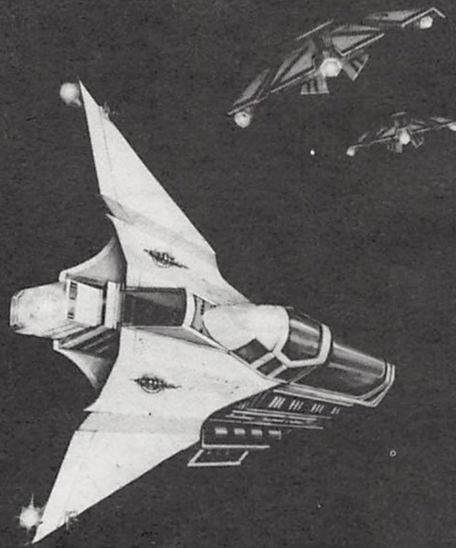
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