



PO Box 656, Washington, DC 20044 - (301) 445-5650 - Issue #20 - December 1991

EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!

Premiere Dates Changed for

☀ "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" ☀
by Sylvia H.

NOVEMBER MEETING MINUTES

by Norman

[Ed. - After we'd made plans for the Dec. 13th premiere of "ST VI" at the November meeting, Paramount announced a change to an earlier release date!]

Two viewings scheduled as a group: Dec. 6th (Friday night) and Dec. 14th (Sat. afternoon)!

* * *

Location for Friday, Dec. 6th: United Artists, Bethesda, 7272 Wisc. Ave., NW (2 blocks so. of Bethesda Metro stop on corner of Wisc. & Elm Sts.)

Location for Saturday, Dec. 14th: If the Uptown (on Conn. Ave.) is showing it, we'll go there. If not, we'll be back at United Artists, Bethesda. (For details, call the contact phone # shown below.)

EDITOR'S CORNER

And it really is a corner, too! I figure I've said enough elsewhere in this issue anyway! If this issue seems a trifle rushed, blame Paramount Studios! (See Sylvia's "ST VI" notice, above!)

-- Carl

CALL SYLVIA for details (like times and the Dec. 14th location) at the following 24-hour phone #: **(301)868-8225**. You'll get a recording of the latest update on these plans. The recording will be diligently monitored from Thanksgiving weekend until Dec. 14th.

* * *

NOTE: Please do NOT call Sylvia's personal # as published in the LSF Directory. Use the special phone # shown above.

Our November 10, 1991 meeting was very well attended. Michael was stunning in his elfin ears--- Sylvia thought Michael had a new do! [I think they were *Vulcan* ears. - Ed.]

There was much Gaylactic Network business on our agenda including:

---We voted for our chapter's choices for the Network officers. Carl read the biographies on all of the candidates, and the group (continued on page 2)

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NOVEMBER MINUTES

(continued from page 1)

voted on each candidate. (Brian S. noted that this was the second time that the group has ever voted! We're SO official!) We voted for Robert Gowan for Speaker, Noel Welch for Publicist (with the campaign slogan "Free food on the table!"), Bob Peterson for Newsletter Coordinator, Franklin Hummel for Correspondent, Jed Shumsky for GNAPA editor, Denise Thornhill for Postal Clerk, and Keith Rodwell for Treasurer.

---We also voted to admit Kindred Spirits into the Network, to support the Network's "no alcohol" policy, not to continue to support the Star Trek letter writing campaign "personally or financially," to allow Joe Leonard to call his BBS "Gaylaxia" (but we ask that the "login" carry a disclaimer that the Network is not responsible for the views expressed on the BBS), to incorporate the Network post haste, and to hold off trademarking the name "Gaylaxians" and the "stellar triangle" logo until the Network is incorporated.

A discussion ensued over the "bid" process for future Gaylaxicons. Our proposal is to allow the Network's Board to approve that a chapter has the ability and resources to host Gaylaxicon (from a pre-approved list of standards). After Board approval, the potential host chapters will be voted upon by

attendees at the current Gaylaxicon, and the site with a majority of votes will host the next convention. We felt that this is the best way: The Board sets the standards for the convention and the attendees choose the site.

Next, we discussed a group presence at the premiere of "Star Trek VI" (aka "Star Trek: The Wheelchair Generation"). Sylvia graciously volunteered to be the coordinator for this event. (Bless you Sylvia!) At this point, we took a recess to sample munchies and to take a breather from all of the Network business!!!!

The meeting was reconvened by a video clip of Markey Mark singing "Feel the Vibration". (Of course, at one point Markey was only wearing his Jockey briefs while singing. . .) With the business out of the way, we began our usual free-for-all on sci-fi topics. Carl brought a copy of *Lambda Book Report* with an ad for our con in it (YEAH!!!), a copy of *Star Log* (with a **faboo** picture of Tarzan on the cover!) with an article about "Star Trek VI," and a new "Furry Fandom" book/comic called *The Furkindred*.

The Author Guest of Honor for Gaylaxicon IV was announced. She is Tanya Huff, author of *Circle of Light* and *Child of the Grove*. (Chris promised a book review.) Carl and Jamie are going to Philcon with revised flyers to advertise the Gaylaxicon IV. Also, the first progress

report for Gaylaxicon IV is in the planning stages.

Carl is proposing that LSF host a party at EveCon 9 (Jan. 3-5). There was a consensus review of "Highlander II": "HATED IT!" Star Trek comics is looking for stories; AND *The National Enquirer* reports that Gene Roddenberry hated Shatner's portrayal of Captain Kirk!!!!

ΛΨΦ



THIS AND THAT

by Noel Welch

Wayne and I would like to express our thanks to everyone who attended our house-warming. AND, if the owner of the lost umbrella would like it returned, just give us a call.

Since no one has suggested an outing for the group to go see "Hook" (starring Robin Williams and Dustin Hoffman), I would like to propose we do so, and that interested parties call me or Wayne at (301)513-5078. (Yes, we are a local call now!) I will be getting further details soon.

ΛΨΦ



FutureSpeak: A Fan's Guide to the Language of Science Fiction

a book review by Carl Cipra



There's a wonderful new book out! Its author, Roberta Rogow, has created "a treasury of science fiction's most popular words, names, characters, terms, expressions, and phrases." It's really quite a fascinating work.

FutureSpeak includes definitions of words from fandom, fanzines, literature, physics, astronomy, publishing, and aerospace; and it "defines all these terms within the realm of science fiction." Here are a few examples of what's included:

- B-movies (film)
- experience points (gaming)
- Golden Age of SF (literary)
- juvies (publishing)
- K/S fiction (fan/fanzine)
- male bonding (biology)
- penciller (comics)
- syzygy (astronomy)
- tachyons (physics)

I was particularly interested to find an answer to a question Sylvia asked some time ago (issue #13, April '91). The question was: What is the difference between a robot, an android, and a cyborg? OK, here are some brief excerpts from the book that seem to answer it quite clearly:



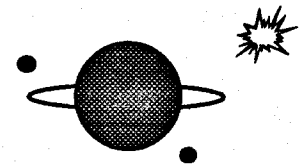
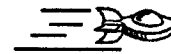
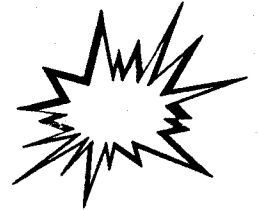
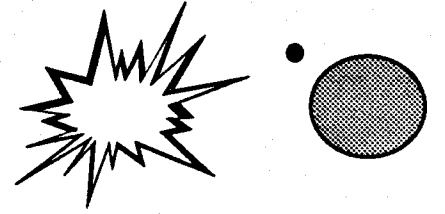
robot: A mechanical device, meant to do work usually done by humans. The term was first used by playwright Karel Capek, in *R.U.R.* (first produced in 1921); he took it from the Czech word for "laborer."

android: An automaton; a machine deliberately built to resemble a human being, possibly with living tissue in the body . . . ANDROIDS differ from robots in that they are supposed to be as physically like humans as it is possible for a machine to be. [She cites Mr. Data as an example.]

cyborg: An organism in which human tissue is replaced by an artificial mechanism. The most primitive CYBORG would be a person with a glass eye or artificial limb; in more extreme cases, whole organs can be replaced by machinery. [She cites "The Six Million Dollar Man" as an example.]

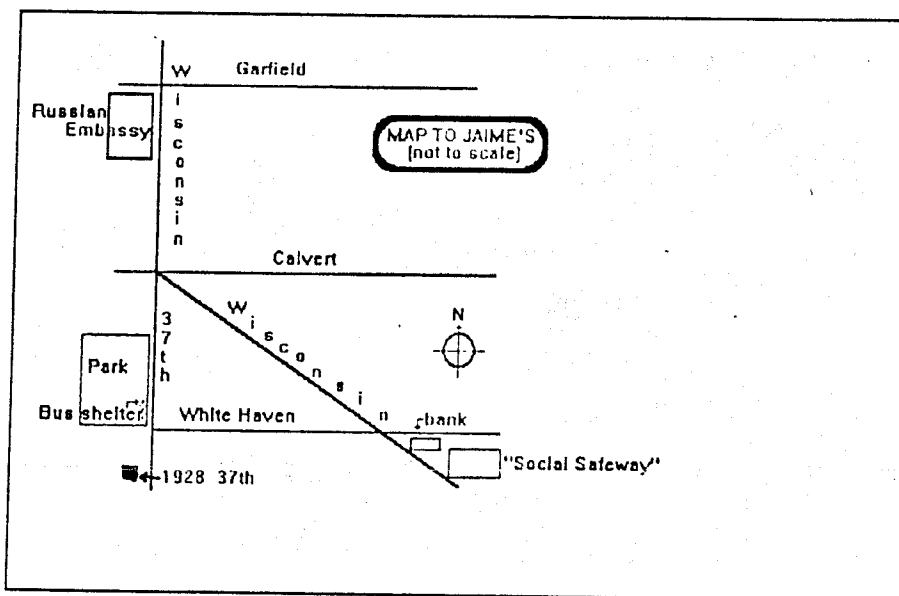
Ms. Rogow has obviously done a "helluva lotta" research to produce this book. It's a little expensive (hardback, \$24.95); but I, for one, think it's worth it. I really enjoy just browsing from entry to entry, reading whatever catches my eye! I'm keeping it right next to my copies of *Uranian Worlds* and Lewis' *Annotated Bibliography of Recursive Science Fiction*.

ΛΨΦ



If you can't think of anything else better to do, just stare at this blank space for a while! Or better yet, help fill it! Articles, book reviews, and other tidbits of news are cheerfully accepted by this newsletter!

MAP TO JAIME'S FOR DECEMBER 7TH MEETING



ANOTHER
"VIDEOMADNESS"
MEETING!! I WONDER
IF MY OLD FRIEND
GODZILLA WILL BE
THERE?



Norman and Bruce

**Cordially Invite U
to PIG OUT!!**



When:
December 8, 1991; 4:00-8:00 PM

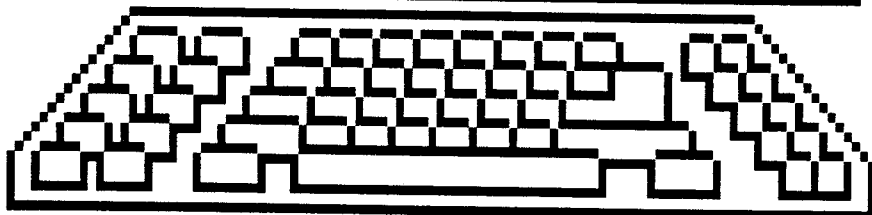


Where:
See Membership Directory

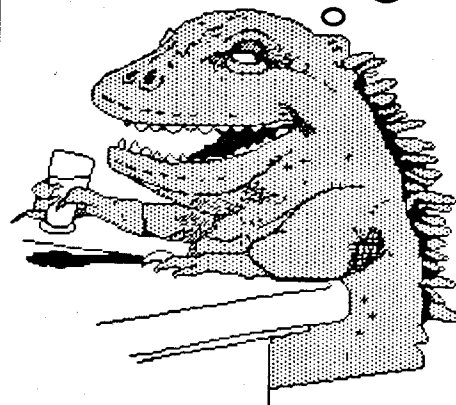


Menu:
Coffee, Tea, Punch, Some of the best of Pig Out I, Some new items sure to please. (Once again, if it's fattening, it might be there!)

OINK! OINK! OINK!



OH BOY! FOOD!!!
THESE LAMBDA
SCI-FI FOLKS
CERTAINLY KNOW
HOW TO PUT ON
THE FEEDBAG!



PHILCON '91, A SHORT (?) REPORT (and a Gaylaxicon IV Preview)

by Carl Cipra

Jaime and I drove on up to Philly early Friday afternoon and managed to get there before Registration opened, so we ate. (What else is new?) We made sure to leave plenty of room for the hotel's Friday night seafood buffet, however. It was terrific!! (Do you sense a pattern here?) We had very convivial company for the weekend, sharing the hotel room with Lars Coulson (Greater Gotham) and Jed Shumsky (PhAG, and GNAPA Editor).

I really can't comment on too much of the con's programmed activities. Like Jed, I wasn't all that jazzed about it. Jaime, on the hand, set himself a gruelling schedule of one panel after another. (He seemed to enjoy it all.) Jaime also discovered that Cyberpunk author S.N. (Shari-ann) Lewitt (*Cyberstealth*, *Blind Justice*) lives right here in D.C. We both sat in on her reading of a short story about near-future Brazii (as you can imagine, Jaime was jazzed); and Jaime later broached the subject of Gaylaxicon IV to her.

For me, the highlights were as follows:

1. They had a great dealers' room!

2. They had a pretty good art show. My prize catch at the auction was an original Kelly Freas portrait of Poul Anderson! (Oh, my aching credit card! But, believe me, it's worth it!) Jaime bought a couple of nice pieces, too . . . including a black velvet bowtie with a spacecape painted on it! (I told him that buying that tie would irrevocably brand him as "hard-core fen.")

3. I delivered LSF's response to the Gaylactic Network issues raised in the first issue of the GNAPA. (We're the first ones to respond! Jed seemed happy.)

4. At the Marvel Comics table, I watched several excerpts from a Japanimation feature starring the X-Men. Great animation!

Unfortunately, I don't know anything about release dates, etc. 3. I met author Jack McDevitt (*The Hercules Text*, *A Talent for War*) and chatted with him for a while. It seems he used to work with a co-worker of mine when they were both at U.S. Customs. Nice guy.

4. I met and briefly talked with Paul Park, author of the three books of "The Starbridge Chronicles." When I picked up one of the books in the dealers' room, I got hooked on his writing style and quickly hunted up all three books. I'm anticipating a really

good read out of 'em. And, by the by, Paul is a nice-looking man, too! (Does anyone out there know any sordid rumours about him? Please advise!) 5. The Gaylaxian party (in our room) featured a live female belly-dancer. The real eye-opener for me, however, was meeting Karen Schlechter's girlfriend, Tammy: my height, a nice build, and decked out in leather bikini and chaps! To quote Spock: "Fascinating!"

And now for the Gaylaxicon IV news: Lee Little had arranged a site inspection at Guest Quarters for the Committee on Saturday afternoon. So off we went: Jed (co-chair & programming), Karen (publicity), Jim Williams (video programming), Brian Reichert ("Hucksters' Wrangler"), Jaime (operations), and me ("Minister Without Portfolio"). Suffice it to say that the hotel is great! The rooms, the terrace for the complimentary breakfast, the set-up of the function space, the pool, the work-out room, the convenient location---WOW! It'll be terrific! It was also finally decided that there'll be a dealer's room (NOT a "dealer's row").

And that's all for now from me, your aging cub reporter!

ΛΨΦ



DID YOU KNOW?

by Carl Cipra

(1) Tanya Huff has accepted our invitation to be the Guest of Honor at Gaylaxicon IV. Thanks go to the Tleilaxu for helping to arrange this!

(2) Volume 12 of *Meatmen* is a "Special Gay Comics Sci-Fi Edition." For those of you familiar with the *Meatmen* format, you can just imagine the content of this issue! It does, however, include 12 cute Doneilan cartoons.

(3) The latest edition of *Lambda Book Report* (Nov./Dec. 1991) includes a wonderful article by Susanna Sturgis (guest author at Gaylaxicons 1-3) entitled "Imagining New Gay Worlds: Fantastical Gaylaxicon '91." And guess what? It's even the cover story!! [See picture elsewhere on this page.] It's like they say . . . you just can't buy advertising like that! (In fact,

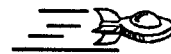
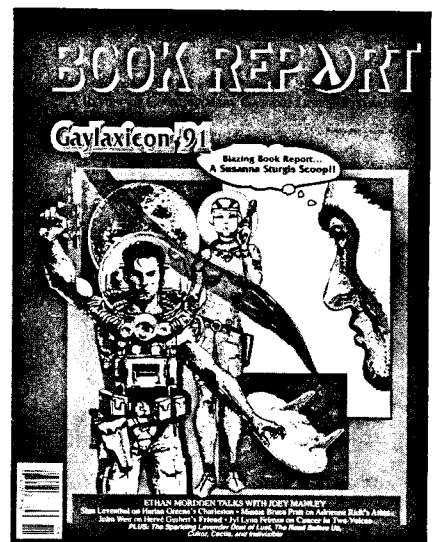
we've already gotten a letter from someone asking about Gaylaxicon IV and citing this article.)

(4) Our Smithsonian spy, Wayne W. (that's Wayne #3, if you're keeping count), reports that the Air & Space Museum's special Star Trek exhibit is scheduled for Feb. 28 - Sept. 8, 1992.

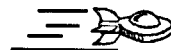
(5) There's a Gaylaxian group forming in Southern California! We've received the first issue of an as-yet-unnamed newsletter from them. The instigator(?) is John Dumas, formerly of the Boston Gaylaxians.

(6) Randy Hagan reports that his phone number is listed incorrectly in the LSF Directory---two of the numbers in the prefix are transposed. Randy's prefix should be 354. Please correct your Directories accordingly.

ΛΨΦ



The next page features an article entitled "Modern SF: A Reader's Guide". It's from the 8/25/91 issue of *Book World*. Thank you, Sylvia, for sending in this interesting item!



* * INFORMATION ABOUT LAMBDA SCI-FI: DC AREA GAYLAXIANS * *

Lambda Sci-Fi is a Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror fan club for Gay people and their friends. Annual membership fees are \$10, for which you will receive this monthly newsletter and a membership directory. Newsletter submissions are always welcome.

Meetings are generally held on the second Sunday of each month at a private residence. However, the next Lambda Sci-Fi meeting will be held at 2:00 PM on **Saturday, Dec. 7th**, at Jaime's home: 1928 37th St. NW (in Georgetown). This is our "Video Madness" meeting; so bring a favorite video and something for the potluck dinner. Hope to see you there!

Lambda Sci-Fi: DC Area Gaylaxians is an affiliate of the Gaylactic Network, an international organization for gay people and their friends who are interested in science-fiction and fantasy.

Modern SF: A Reader's Guide

By John Clute

IT GETS complicated. Thirty years ago the thing called science fiction was neat enough to grasp and small enough to read, with a dozen or so writers producing a dozen or so books a year, most of them sharing certain basic assumptions about the world to come. Though the third millennium might not necessarily belong to America, Americans (they all agreed) would recognize it. But now it's 1991. Of the hundreds of genre writers out there, producing hundreds of sf and fantasy novels every year, few pay more than lip service to the future history espoused by the founding fathers of the genre. And in the creative imaginations of the best of them, the future is no longer a sure thing. It's up for grabs.

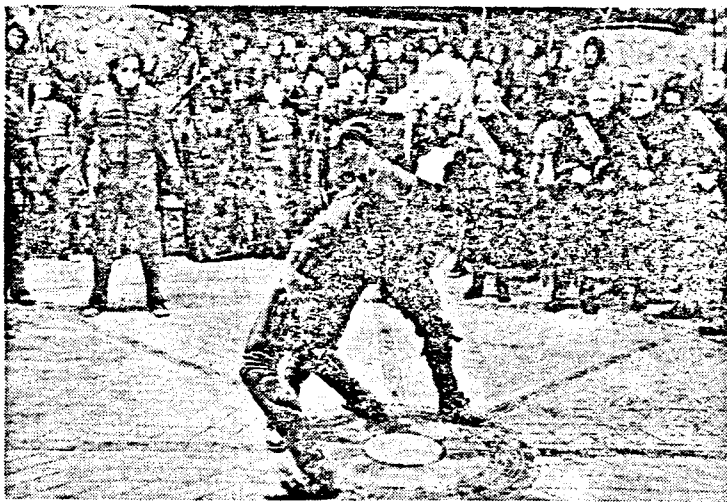
But of course it's not the future which has gotten more dubious: It's us. 1960 was in fact just as imponderable as 1991. Science fiction had simply gotten too comfy to notice. What was missing was any real interest in the murk and challenge of the real world. In the intervening years, what happened to science fiction—despite megabuck marketing hypes which guarantee that most of it is worse than ever before—was that some of the writers woke up. Of the 400 to 500 new books now published every year, five or ten can open our eyes when we read them.

Here are a few from the past three decades.

We will ignore books written by non-science fiction writers that happen to use the language and instruments of sf to make their points. Most of these books are terrible, and most of them—because their authors only think to write science fiction when they wish to teach the world a lesson—are pious. If we stick to those who write as though sf were in their blood, we should begin with Philip K. Dick, in 1962, the year he published *The Man in the High Castle*, which is his first great novel. It is an alternate history, though not the usual sort in which (for instance) the South wins the Civil War and saves America from the evils of industrialization. In Dick's tale, America has lost World War II, and her citizens live as clients of the dominant powers. Though the tale generates considerable excitement (it is, after all, science fiction), the book gains its startling impact through its analyses of the way a conquered folk relates to those who rule it. Previous nightmares of a defeated America had been published, but never one in which the subjugation of Americans to the terrible facts of history was taken for granted. For that reason—because its first American readers had tended to think of themselves as exempt from history—*The Man in the High Castle* is a revolutionary book.

Dick had an only intermittent knack with titles. *The Man in the High Castle* is good enough, but who would ever dream of picking Martian Time-Slip (1963) or Dr. Bloodmoney (1965) from the paperback racks?

John Clute is the joint editor of the forthcoming revised edition of "The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction" and book columnist for *Interzone* magazine.



FROM THE MOVIE VERSION OF FRANK HERBERT'S "DUNE" (DINO DE LAURENTIS/UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS).

Those lucky enough to grab them anyway discovered two of the best novels published in the 1960s, in or out of the genre, hilarious, unsettling, convoluted, surreal, nervy, paranoid and wise. They have since been reprinted. The speedy *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968) was filmed as "Bladerunner" in 1982, just after Dick died young, 50 novels down the road to immortality. He was the first writer of genre science fiction to become an important literary figure. He was American to his bones, but prophets never thrive in the lands of their birth, and he may be best loved in France.

The 1960s Explosion

AFTER 1962, a small floodgate opened. Perhaps it was the death of JFK, the sense that history was prepared to cheat, that America was no longer immune. Whatever the case, the science fiction genre saw a sudden explosion of stories and novels by writers like Samuel R. Delany, Thomas M. Disch, Frank Herbert, Ursula K. Le Guin, Larry Niven, Roger Zelazny. Delany's best work—like *The Einstein Intersection* (1966) or *Nova* (1968)—treated the interstellar venues of space opera as analogues of urban life in the decaying hearts of the great American cities. As a black gay New Yorker much too well educated for his own good, Delany (now an English professor) illuminated the world the way a torch might cast light in a cellar: He shone in the dark. Disch, too, in *Camp Concentration* (1968) and *334* (1972), shone. Very much less an insider than Delany, he saw the New York of *334* as a Martian night, or a great bee: for his vision was faceted, remote and unsympathetic, deeply alarming. He now writes more poetry than science fiction. Both Delany and Disch wrote at the highest pitch the genre could possibly demand; both had difficulty with their genre careers; both left.

Frank Herbert, on the other hand, never had to say goodbye. In *Dune* (1966) and its massive sequels, he managed to find a reader-friendly venue—comfortable old interstellar space, full of empires and princesses and villains and weapons and battles and gore—for the telling of an epic tale whose philosophical complexities were at times impossibly daunting. On the desert planet Dune, where an anti-aging drug is grown, questions of ecology and dynasty, of decorum and the meaning-structures of the human race and everything else under a plethora of suns, were debated by a huge team of characters. Millions bought the series, which gave them the chance to learn more

about more things than they ever dreamed they'd bargained for.

Ursula K. Le Guin, because she was earnest and literate and spoke becomingly upon a number of relevant themes, became a darling of the science fiction academics for novels like *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969) and *The Dispossessed* (1974). The first examined sex roles and their reversals with a deceptive calm; the second was one of the few Utopias ever written in America not to threaten the manufacturers of sleeping pills. Larry Niven, in *World of Ptavvs* (1966) and *Ringworld* (1970), seemed orthodox enough, an entertaining hard-sf genre writer with no complaints about a world which had done very nicely for him, but he was passionate about aliens and artifacts, and in indulging these loves he created tales so wrenchingly unconcerned with human folk that, through the distorting mirror of his vision, it almost began to seem that we could see ourselves as others saw us. And Roger Zelazny, in *Lord of Light* (1967), set on another planet run by the Hindu pantheon, shot meteorlike across the scene. Like Delany and Disch, he moved on to other kinds of writing.

In the UK, J.G. Ballard was writing allegories like *The Drought* (1965) and nightmares like *Crash* (1973), with little effect across the great waters; and in America, as the 1970s began, and more and more terrible genre books were published, there was a seeping away of the energies that had fired the previous decade. Robert Silverberg, an automaton of overproductivity, came to his remarkable senses between 1967 and 1976, during which period he produced dozens of fine tales and lots of extremely intelligent novels, of which the best may be *Dying Inside* (1972), but anything he published during those years will bear the mind's eye. The only new author of substance to startle the field during the first five years of the decade was the extraordinary woman who wrote as James Tiptree, Jr. Her stories, almost all of them about sex, death and exogamy, were so intense, so fervently ingenious, so burdened with the need to express themselves, that it came as no real shock to realize that she had exhausted herself before 1980. Her best work, previously scattered, was collected posthumously as *Her Smoke Rose Up Forever* (1990).

The '70s and Gene Wolfe

ALITTLE later, John Varley appeared suddenly with *The Ophiuchi Hotline* (1977), a tale which made the solar system suddenly seem inhabitable,

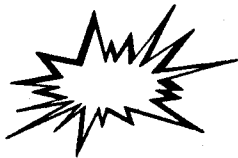
though not by the kind of humans we were accustomed to recognize; but he dwindled off. It looked as if the 1970s were a time of drought. But, almost secretly, the finest science fiction writer yet born began to publish tales and novels which—now that they are being read with care—seem revolutionary. The writer was Gene Wolfe, his first great books were *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* (1972) and *Peace* (1975). It is impossible to describe them, because they work in secret, and explode under the skin. The first is the tale of a clone on a French colony planet; the second presents the lying memories of a ghost who does not know he's dead. Wolfe's masterpiece to date came a little later: the four volumes of *The Book of the New Sun* (1980-1983) comprise a kind of summa theologica of the instruments and uses of science fiction. Set upon Urth years hence, it is the story—self-told, with tricks and dissembling—of an apprentice torturer who becomes autarch of the country of his birth, who embodies the god Apollo, and who may be the Risen Christ. The tale is devout, chilling, enormous, wicked and profound.

The '80s and Beyond

AND INDEED, the 1980s started to fill with visions. (It might be said that the final strength of science fiction, which began in America as a pulp literature for juvenile engineers and technocrats, lies in its capacity to engender visionary works: works in which searing intensities of revelation are translated into readable tales, with plots we can recognize, and featuring characters who carry us, innocent and unprotesting, into the light of creation. Some of the books we've mentioned are, in this sense, visionary.) Under the pop felicities of William Gibson's *Neuromancer* (1984), which made cyberpunk famous for a year or so, lies a transfixed and obsessional sense that to experience the computer-driven buzz of information with one's own head is to experience nirvana. The book, which is highly readable, is a prayer to the gods of artificial intelligence. Gibson became almost the best known writer of the decade, but *The Difference Engine* (1990)—which was written in collaboration with a much noisier mystagogue of the buzz of data, Bruce Sterling—uncomfortably exposed the limits of his alluring quietism, for its portrait of a transformed alternate Britain of 1855 lacks story. It does not seduce us into surrender. The book is, nevertheless, great fun, and its intricately sophisticated uses of sf ploys demonstrates how very far the best writers of the genre have come in making use of their tools.

Meanwhile, Greg Bear was writing what might be called cosmogony opera of enormous verve like *Eon* (1985), and in *City of Angels* (1990) scrutinized with mature gravity the future of human identity in a world dominated by nanotechnologies. Michael Swanwick, in *Stations of the Tide* (1991), conflated the Renaissance theater of memory with buckets of space opera gimmicks, making the outcome read like reportage from a world we'll never be bright enough to understand. And Dan Simmons, in *Hyperion* (1989) and *The Fall of Hyperion* (1990), aped Chaucer and bearded Keats to enormous advantage at enormous length in a vast space opera too complicated to remember, but too much fun to put aside.

We have mentioned 30 books, or about one in 300. Another 30 might be added. For a commercial genre in a tough old world, the total number is, in fact, impressive. These books are the pearls that grow in the oyster of science fiction. When opened, they do shine. When read, they do illuminate. ■



Con Calendar

by Carl, Peter, and Noel



November 29-December 1, 1991 **DARKOVER GRAND COUNCIL MEETING XIV**: Holiday Inn, Timonium (Timonium, MD). Special Guests: Marion Zimmer Bradley (health permitting) and Katherine Kurtz. Cost is \$24 until November 1 and \$28 after that. Room rate is \$59/night for up to four people. Make checks payable to "Armida Council" and send to: Armida Council, PO Box 7203, Silver Spring, MD 20907. [NOTE: This convention typically has very high gay/lesbian/bisexual participation; and all the straights are friendly. - Carl]

January 3-5, 1992 **EVECON 9**: Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza National Airport (Arlington, VA). Features gaming (including live action games), workshops, and panels. Cost is \$15 until October 12, 1991, \$20 until December 14, 1991, and \$25 at the door. Room rate is "\$75 one bed, \$85 two beds." Make checks payable to "FanTek" and send to: FanTek, 1607 Thomas Road, Ft. Washington, MD 20744.

March 13-15, 1991 **DEMICON 3**: Holiday Inn Chesapeake House (Aberdeen, MD). This is a convention "designed for people who are into role-playing games and wargames." Cost is \$16 until February 15, 1992 and \$20 at the door. Room rate is \$69 for one occupant and \$10 more for each additional occupant. Make checks payable to "Harford Adventure Society" and send to: Harford Adventure Society, c/o The Strategic Castle, 114 N. Toll Gate Road, Bel Air, MD 21014.

April 17-19, 1992 **BALTICON 26**: Hunt Valley Inn (Hunt Valley, MD). Guests: Donald Kingsbury, Christopher Rowley, David R. Palmer, Shiela Finch, Thomas T. Thomas, Christopher Hinz, Elizabeth Moon, Josepha Sherman, Michael F. Flynn (the past nine Compton Crook Award winners for the "best new novelist of the year"); Featured Artist: Guy Frechette. Cost is \$25 until December 31, 1991, and \$27.50 until March 15, 1992. Make checks payable to "Balticon 26" and send to: BSFS, Box 686, Baltimore, MD 21203. Hotel rooms cost \$74 per nite for up to four people in a room.

July 17-19, 1992 **GAYLAXICON IV**: Guest Quarters Hotel (Philadelphia, PA). Guest of Honor: Tanya Huff; Artist Guest of Honor: Tristan Alexander. Cost is \$15 through December 31, 1991, \$20 through April 30, 1992, \$25 through June 30, 1992, \$30 at the door. Make checks payable to "Gaylaxicon IV" and send to: Gaylaxicon IV, PO Box 656, Washington, DC 20044.

September 3-7, 1992 **MAGICON**, the 50th World Science Fiction Convention: Orange County Convention and Civic Center and Peabody, Clarion, and Quality Inn Plaza Hotels (Orlando, FL). Guests of Honor: Jack Vance and Vincent DiFate. Cost (attending) is \$95 until March 31, 1992 and \$110 until July 15, 1992. Make checks payable to "MagiCon" and send to: MagiCon, PO Box 621992, Orlando, FL 32862-1992.

November 13-15, 1992 **PHILCON '92**: The Adam's Mark Hotel (Philadelphia, PA). Principal Speaker: Greg Bear, Guest Artist: Boris Vallejo. Cost is \$20.

September 2-6, 1993 **CONFRANCISCO**, the 51st World Science Fiction Convention: Moscone Convention Center (San Francisco, CA). Guest of Honor: Larry Niven; Artist Guest of Honor: Alicia Austin. Cost (attending) is \$70 through December 31, 1991, \$85 after December 31, 1991; and cost will rise appreciably after that. Hotels will be announced in upcoming progress reports. Make checks payable to "ConFrancisco" and send to: ConFrancisco Registration, 712 Bancroft Road, Ste. 1993, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.