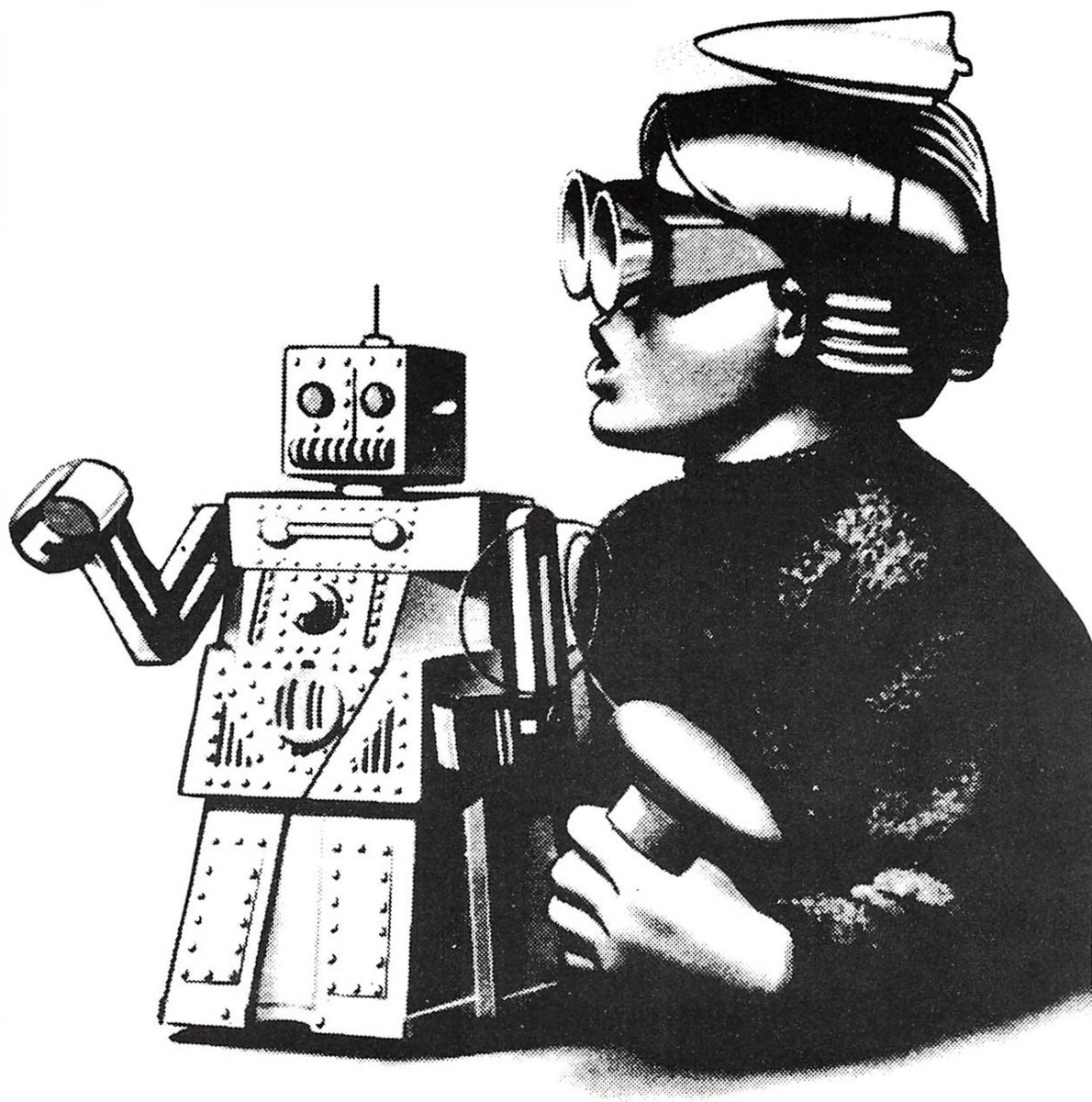


ORYCON 11



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presents

ORYCON 11

November 10-12, 1989
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Michael Bishop

Special Guest

David Langford

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Pages 13, 30, and 34: Kathy Miles
Page 32: Anne S. Peck

The British spellings in this program book were deliberately left in. Any typos or other errors are mine, and you can't have them. So there! Thanks to Norwescon for letting us use guest bios from their program books. Special thanks to Dave Levine for his help, and to Phil Jansen, just because.

FROM THE CHAIR

Thoughts from a Co-Chair

Paul M. Wrigley

Ten years ago when the first OryCon was held, I was barely aware of its existence. Since then, I have organized the Art Show, Dealer's Room, Publicity, Registration, Treasury, edited Progress & Regress Reports, and chaired the convention. Contrary to some opinion, I find that OryCon has had few substantial changes in its format over the last ten years. Our membership has grown little since the second convention and the departments represented on the committee list have changed little. Small changes - video has completely replaced films, our choices as Guest of Honor are now writers who first made their mark in the 70's & 80's, and we are now a weaponless convention. (Gaming wasn't 24 hours in the early years!) We have been successful as a medium sized, full service convention and I expect this to change little in the future years as it does represent the view of the majority of the OryCon committee.

I would like to welcome Michael Bishop and David Langford to OryCon and Portland, and

hope that they enjoy their stay. I would like to thank all the people who have worked on this and the previous ten OryCons, who have made the convention what it is. Finally a welcome to all the OryCon 11 attendees, no matter if its your first OryCon or your eleventh. I hope you all enjoy OryCon 11 so much that we'll see you next year, when we attempt for the first time, to organize two full-sized conventions, WesterCon 43 & OryCon 12, within a four month time frame.

Message from the Other Co-Chair

John Lorentz

(I'm chairing my third OryCon!?! Won't I ever learn?)

Well, OryCon is rolling into its second decade, and we're working hard to improve it each year. We'd like to thank all the people ~~foolish enough~~ willing to help put on the convention (both the people whose names appear in the Program Book and all the unnamed myriads of gofers), and all of you who keep coming back each year. OryCon wouldn't be the same without you.

OryCon Wants YOU



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To Volunteer!

GUESTS OF HONOR

Mike Bishop

by Steven Utley

Every true friendship has its peculiarities. Michael Bishop and I are very good friends in spite of our having seen very little of each other and having almost never spoken to each other over the years.

This is the second time I've written an appreciation of him for a convention program booklet. The first time was early in April, 1977; the convention in question was Solarcon III, in El Paso. The vital personal data I included then remain valid: the man still is an ex-Air Force brat who was born on November 12, 1945, in Lincoln, Nebraska, grew up in such exotic places as Japan, Spain, and Kansas. Published his first story in 1970, became a full-time freelance writer in 1974, and has a wife named Jeri, and two children named Jamie and Stephanie.

Some things have changed since, of course. When I wrote the piece, I hadn't yet met my subject but had already begun to like him immensely. I'd been reading his stories for a couple of years and was favorably impressed, especially with a novella I'd found in a David Gerrold anthology, "On the Street of the Serpents." At this time, he had already been five times a Hugo nominee, and six times a Nebula nominee, which made him a strong contender for the coveted title of Award-Losing Science Fiction Writer (his only real competition in that category seemed to be Gardner Dozois). It was clear to me that this Bishop was someone to watch.

One thing led to another. I paid him a gratuitous complement in print somewhere, he wrote me to say Thank You, I wrote back to say You're Welcome, the rest is a footnote to history. By the time the Solarcon folks asked me to write about him, we had been exchanging letters for less than half a year but were comfortable enough with each other so that I unhesitatingly said yes when he forthrightly asked if he and his family might sleep over at my house on the way to the convention. (Mike thought that *driving* from Georgia to El Paso



Photo by Neil Rashba

and back would be fun. Like all outlanders, he has no idea of the true size of Texas and didn't believe me when I warned him that Austin, where I live, is located only about two-thirds of the way from Georgia to El Paso and, furthermore, that El Paso is halfway to the Gulf of California from Austin.)

Six years passed before I visited his home, a fine old Victorian place in Pine Mountain, which is just down the road from Franklin Roosevelt's retreat at Warm Springs. It was 1987 before he was able to spend a second night under my roof, and then I barely had time to introduce him to my bride and stuff him full of pork chops from Krues's Meat Market in Lockhart (the best no-frills barbecue in Texas, maybe in the universe) before he was gone again. After all these years, Mike and I have spent probably no more than 72 hours in each other's presence.

And we've spent probably no more than half an hour talking to each other on the telephone. It

isn't the long-distance rates that hold us back, it's just that the telephone isn't our chosen means of communication, just isn't our *thing*.

We are instead among those described by newspaperman Keith Graham as "men and women of letters -- literally -- who write each other regularly," who are "part of a committed rear-guard cadre in an era when the all too rare American letter almost always begins 'Sorry it's taken so long to write.'"

Both Mike and I have in fact begun letters to each other with words precisely to that effect, but we've nevertheless managed to exchange a considerable amount of stationery in the course of a dozen years. I don't know how many pounds of paper it works out to be, how many tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of words, how many stamps at however much per stamp, but the stack of letters that's accumulated at my end is now three inches deep. Leafing through the stack, I find everything from trenchant one-liners to multi-page demi-essays about the joys and the horrors of writing, the state of genre, and other fiction, music, films, sports, comic books, travel, politics, religion, parenthood, families, friends, and dogs. This mass represents a lot of man-hours spent in front of a keyboard, private time Mike devoted to *me* when he *could* have been doing real actual writing (the kind that pays money) or simply enjoying life with Jeri, who's worth an appreciation or two in her own right.

Oh, yes. Something else that's changed in a dozen years... I wrote in the Solarcon piece that Michael Bishop was one of *the* interesting, promising, and essential writers the SF field had produced during the 1970's. I'd strike the word "promising" now, because I think the promise shown in such early works as *Stolen Faces* and *A Little Knowledge* has been kept in such later works as *No Enemy But Time*, *Ancient of Days*, and *The Secret Ascension*. And he did finally cease to lose awards, too. "Keen," I told him, "and about damn time, pal."

Michael Bishop Bibliography

Novels and Collections

A Funeral for the Eyes of Fire
1975, Ballantine

- And Strange at Ecbatan the Trees*
1976, Harper & Row;
paperback as *Under the Shattered Moons*; 1977,
DAW Books
- Stolen Faces*
1977, Harper & Row;
paperback: 1978, Dell
- A Little Knowledge*
1977, Berkley/Putnam
paperback: 1979, Berkley
- Catacomb Years*
1979, Berkley/Putnam
paperback: 1980, Berkley
- Transfigurations*
1980, Berkley/Putnam
paperback: 1980, Berkley
- Eyes of Fire*
1980, Pocket Books
Revision of *A Funeral for the Eyes of Fire*
second printing: 1981, Timescape/Pocket Books
- Under Heaven's Bridge*
with Ian Watson
1982, Ace
- Blooded on Arachne*
1982, Arkham House
paperback: 1983, Timescape/Pocket Books
- No Enemy But Time*
1982, Timescape/Simon & Schuster
paperback: 1983, Timescape/Pocket Books
Nebula Award for Best Novel, 1982
- One Winter in Eden*
1984, Arkham House
- Who Made Stevie Crye?*
1984, Arkham House
- Ancient of Days*
1985, Arbor House
paperback: 1986, Tor
Close Encounters with the Deity
1986, Peachtree Publishers
- The Secret Ascension; or, Philip K. Dick is Dead, Alas*
1987, Tor
paperback: 1989, Tor
- Unicorn Mountain*
1988, William Morrow/Arbor House
paperback: 1989, Bantam Books
Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Best Novel, 1988
- A Funeral for the Eyes of Fire*
1989, Kerosina Publishers
Special British hardcover of *Eyes of Fire* with
original title restored
- Apartheid, Superstrings, and Mordecai Thubana*
1989, Axolotl Press.

Anthologies Edited

- Changes*
with Ian Watson
1982, Ace
- Light Years and Dark*
1984, Berkley
LOCUS Award for Best Anthology, 1984

Short Stories

Michael Bishop's short fiction has appeared in *Playboy*, *F&SF*, *Omn!*, *Asimov's*, *Galaxy*, and in anthologies.

Awards, Honors, etc.

1982 Best Novel Nebula for *No Enemy but Time*

1984 LOCUS Award for Best Anthology for *Light Years and Dark*

1988 Best Novel Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for *Unicorn Mountain*

Dave Langford

by Bob Shaw

What could I possibly write about my old boozing buddy, Dave Langford, that has not already been noised abroad in every possible communications medium?

There was the case of the female huckster at a recent British convention who sold Dave ten pounds worth of books, and -- claspng his £10 note to her bosom -- told him that simply because he had handled the note and therefore made it personal, she would keep it forever in her purse as a memento. Dave, on hearing her plan for this piece of scrip, responded with his characteristic nobleness and generosity by taking the currency note back and replacing it with a cheque, which -- bearing his signature -- was much more personal than a vulgar banknote. This kind of thoughtfulness and sheer altruism is typical of Dave Langford.

Dave's name may not be as well known in the USA as it is in Britain -- but just you wait! Over here, Dave is a consultant editor to every magazine you can find. Soon, unless I am severely mistaken, the *National Enquirer* will enlist him to inject an imaginative note into its sober reportage.

The following anecdote illustrates Dave Langford's natural generosity. At the recent Worldcon in Brighton I had simultaneously run out of ready cash and developed an overpowering thirst. Who did I bump into in that moment of crisis? You have guessed it -- Dave Langford!

I explained the problem to Dave, and was gratified to see his face light up. "There is no difficulty," he announced, producing from the depths of a pocket two little disks of coloured paper, each about the size of a penny. It

transpired that these flecks of adhesive paper entitled us to be admitted to the SFWA suite and enjoy its hospitality. Proudly bearing these emblems we knocked at the door of the SFWA suite and were ushered in.

The first thing we noticed was a bar presided over by no less than our long-time friend Ian Watson. This gets better and better, I thought. We approached Ian and ordered two gin-and-tonics. He gave us a kind of worried, enigmatic look and prepared two drinks, using the skimpy little Gordon's bottle cap as a measure of the gin. Thinking this might be some kind of tantalising joke we downed the drinks on the instant and called for a second round. The same happened again because, unknown to us, Ian was suffering a crisis of conscience.

The SFWA, being decent and upright types, and done something no comparable British-based organisation would have done -- they had informed the hotel about the booze they were bringing in. As a result they had been obliged to pay corkage of about £30 a bottle. Dave and

Photo by David Barrett



I had no way of knowing this and we were about to hint at our unhappiness, perhaps by hitting Ian on the head with a chair, when he was suddenly called away and his place was taken by a very pleasant young American.

We ordered two more gin-and-tonics, only to have the new custodian of the bar spread his hands helplessly. "I'm afraid I don't know much about mixing drinks," he said.

What happened next had that same dreadful fascination as the moment in a nature film when an innocent little furry creature walks straight into the mouth of some ghastly watchful predator. You want to shout a warning, but you know it won't do any good; you want to hide your eyes, but somehow you just have to watch the carnage...

A slow smile spread over Langford's face. It is a famous smile, and you must beware of it. It is a combination of the smile that Pluto uses when he is trying to ingratiate himself with somebody powerful, and the smile that Sylvester uses when he is luring Tweety-pie into taking that last step onto his tongue.

"If you like," Langford said in honeyed tones, "I could help you. I know a little bit about mixing drinks and, only if you want me to, of course, I could pour a little something for Bob and myself."

The young man expressed his gratitude and returned to his discussion group. Moving with the speed of light, Langford grasped two largish beer glasses, filled them almost to the brim with gin, and added several molecules of tonic and a slice of lemon to each. He then leaned back, his elbows on the bar, surveying the room with the expression of boyish purity and innocence which he always uses when he has been up to something. I shudder to think how much those drinks cost somebody, but we got a couple more of them down us before Ian Watson returned. For some reason, I can't remember too much about the following hour...

I was asked to provide a boozing anecdote about Dave Langford, and that was it, but there are many other sides to the man. He is witty, enormously talented, knowledgeable, decent, and one of the very best writers that SF fandom had ever produced.

Take good care of him while you have him in Portland -- we want him back in good condition!

David Langford Bibliography

Books and Collections

- The Necronomicon*
with George Hay, Robert Turner and Colin Wilson
1978, Neville Spearman
paperback: Corgi
- War in 2080: The Future of Military Technology*
(1979, David & Charles/Westbridge,
paperback: Sphere,
Military Book Club selection William Morrow,
USA
- An Account of a Meeting with Denizens of Another World, 1871.*
1979, David & Charles
St Martin's, USA
- Facts and Fallacies: a Book of Definitive Mistakes and Misguided Predictions*
with Chris Morgan
1981, Exeter, Devon, Webb & Bower
paperback Corgi
St Martin's, USA
- The Space Eater*
1982, Hutchinson/Arrow Pocket, USA
Baen Books, USA
- The Science in Science Fiction*
with Peter Nicholls and Brian Stableford
1982, Michael Joseph
paperback: Mermald
Knopf, USA
- Micromania: the Whole Truth about Home Computers*
with Charles Platt
1984, Gollancz
paperback: Sphere
- The Leaky Establishment*
1984, Frederick Muller
paperback: Sphere
- The Third Millennium (A History of the World: AD 2000-3000)*
with Brian Stableford
1985, Sidgwick & Jackson
paperback: Paladin
Knopf, USA.
- Earthdoom*
with John Grant
1987, Grafton
- The Dragonhiker's Guide to Battlefield Covenant at Dune's Edge: Odyssey Two*
1988, Drunken Dragon Press

Forthcoming

- Guts*, a novel of not wholly serious emetic horror,
with John Grant.

Short Stories

- Heatwave
New Writings in SF 27, 1975
- Takeover
8th Armada Ghost Book, 1976
- Accretion
Andromeda 2, 1977

At the Corner of the Eye
10th Fontana Book of Great Horror Stories, 1977

Connections
Andromeda 3, 1978

Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteroid
Aries 1, 1979
Penthouse, 1980

Training
Thor's Hammer, 1979

Imbalance
Ad Astra 4, 1979

Understudy
Practical Computing, 1979

The Chess Set
12th Armada Ghost Book, 1980

Cold Spell
13th Fontana Book of Great Horror Stories, 1980

Turing Test
Practical Computing, 1980

Law of Conservation
Ad Astra 10, 1980

The Final Days
Destinies 3:1, 1981

Sacrifice
Destinies 3:2, 1981

Transcends All Wit
Pictures at an Exhibition, 1981

Semollna
Peter Davison's Book of Alien Monsters, 1982

Friendly Reflections
Practical Computing, 1982

Lukewarm
Alien Encounters, 1982

Under the Bedclothes
14th Armada Ghost Book, 1982

Hearing Aid
Practical Computing, 1982
Phoenix, 1983
Knave, 1984

Too Good to Be
Imagine 3, 1983

Lost Event Horizon
Imagine 12, 1984

In the Place of Power
Beyond Lands of Never, 1984

3.47 AM
The Gruesome Book, 1983
Year's Best Horror Stories XII, 1984

Statement of a Minor Offender
Knave, 1984
Best of Knave, 1985

The Distressing Damsel
Amazing SF, 1984
White Dwarf, 1985

Sidetrack
Knave, 1984

The Thing in the Bedroom
Knave, 1984
Year's Best Horror Stories, Series XIII, 1985

The Mad Gods' Omelette
White Dwarf 59, 1984

Wetware
What Micro, 1984

Cube Root
Interzone 11, 1985

Jellyfish
Knave, May 1985

The Power of the Frog
White Dwarf 74, 1986

Notes for a Newer Testament
Afterwar, 1985
White Dwarf 91, 1987

In a Land of Sand and Ruin and Gold:
Other Edens, 1987

Blit
Interzone 25, 1988

The Facts in the Case of Micky Valdon
Dark Fantasies, 1989

Awards, Honours, Prizes, etc.

1984 Special European SF Award for *The Science in Science Fiction*, with Nicholls and Stableford

Spanish Girgamesh Award for translated work published in 1987 for *The Science in Science Fiction*, with Nicholls and Stableford.

Hugos:
 Best Fan Writer 3 times:
 1985 Worldcon, Melbourne, Australia
 1987 Worldcon, Brighton, UK
 1989 Worldcon, Boston, Massachusetts
 Best Fanzine for *Ansible*
 1987 Worldcon, Brighton, UK

1986 British SF Association Award, for *Cube Root*.

1984 *What Micro?* fiction competition for *Wetware*.

TransAtlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) delegate in 1980

Fanzines (as of July, 1989) Include:

Ansible
 50 issues since August 1979.
 Hugo winner

Cloud Chamber
 37 issues since December 1976. Distributed through various APAs.

Drilkgits
 6 issues between March 1976 and April 1982.

The Northern Guffblower
 Issues 1 to 6, August 1978 to June 1980.

TAFF Talk
 Issues 5 to 11, October 1980 to April 1982.

Sglodion
 personal fanzine started June 1989. One issue only, so far, but more are expected real soon now.

Twill-Ddu
 20 issues since April 1976
 In suspended animation since March 1983.

Grand total of fanzine publications to date, including items cautiously omitted here: 148. Articles/reviews published in others' fanzines: 272.

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Children 5 and under are free; 6-12 are half-price. Supporting memberships are \$15.

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E S S A Y S

BRAG '89: Would You Do It
For A T-Shirt?

Michael Bishop

[This article first appeared in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution on Sunday, August 13, 1989]

Would you do it for a T-shirt? Would you pedal 406 miles in seven days to earn a preshrunk, 100% cotton tunic imprinted with a pair of tilted bike tires, two clipped-in feet, and the words "The Atlanta Journal-Constitution / '89 Bicycle Ride Across Georgia / June 17 - 24, 1989"?

Would you do it if your 17-year-old son dared you?

BRAG '89 began on a hot Saturday afternoon at the Georgia Tech athletic complex. Its carpeted outdoor fields -- upon our arrival, a Crayola-colored hamlet of tube tents, canvas igloos, rayon domes, and even huge, hyperventilating bags held up by electric air pumps -- looked like a refugee camp for clowns or court jesters.

I was there because my son Jamie, a rising freshman at the University of Georgia, and his friend Chris Hood, needed an adult to accompany them on the ride.

I was, and am, 43. I had never ridden a bicycle more than ten or twelve miles at a stretch, and that only recently while trying to keep pace with Jamie's racing bikes on my own creaky machine on the foliage-guarded asphalt trails in Callaway Gardens, not far from our home in Pine Mountain. I was a plummeting meteor on the Gardens' downslopes but a grinding coal car on the upgrades. Jamie sometimes pistoned so far ahead of me that I wondered if I were riding alone.

"It'll be great," Jamie had said after seeing an ad for BRAG back in March. "We have to do it. You have to go with me."

"I don't know," I said. "We'll see."

"Oh, come on, Daddy. It'll be" -- Jamie gave me a sly grin -- "something you'll always remember."

I was being conned. But I wanted to go. I wanted to see if I could do it, for I really didn't care to admit both that my son would soon be away at college and that I was coasting inexorably into middle-age.

And so, on Sunday morning, June 18, Jamie, Chris, and I were among the nearly 1,900 cyclists who rode through downtown Atlanta, Decatur, and Clarkston and on into Stone Mountain Park. We granny-gearred our machines up dozens of merciless hills into the tiny town of Grayson and, eventually, into the considerably larger one of Winder.

The first day's ride impressed me with its long pulls, the hospitality of the people in the communities outside Atlanta, and the fact that we -- the riders of BRAG '89 -- were also a gaudy, discontinuous community, a dynamic Bicycleburgh clicking along in pairs, pace lines, and puffing solos through the muggy green countryside.

Astride Jamie's second-best machine, a Specialized Rockhopper mountain bike, I frequently rode solo. (Jamie and Chris, weary of holding back to keep me company, would finally streak off, their svelte racing bikes disappearing like high-tech deer over the next hilltop.) But even alone, I was still part of the towns we pedaled through and of the strung-out mobile village streaming through those stationary towns.

At pavement level you never lack for companionship, even with your nose guyed to the horizon and your legs straining like unoiled pistons. "On your left," a rider maneuvering around me would say, to which I'd pant, sincerely, "Thanks." Meanwhile, in the towns, I was never more than a dismount away from a telephone, a convenience store, or an impromptu talk with either an amused adult or a gang of wide-eyed kids. It was like having dual citizenship. You belonged to the BRAG, but you also had a sense of kinship with the folks greeting you, a kinship inaccessible to tourists passing through in cars.

#

On our second day, for example, some kind of commercial truck gave me a scary air-horn blast in a cold afternoon downpour about nine miles from Greensboro. I went off the asphalt into the grass and almost fell over. A couple of miles further on, afraid of the lightning, I saw some riders huddling under the shingled awning of a country grocery and turned into join them.

The rain kept falling.

Cold, wet, demoralizing.

I propped my bike against a wall, nodded to the other riders, and squished inside in my tennis shoes to buy a candy bar. With it, I could justify hanging around in the dry. The owner, one of three elderly men inside, sorted my change, sympathized with me about the weather, and offered me a seat in a spacious easy chair -- one of three bedraggled pieces in an arc to the left of his desk and "cash register" (an old cigar box).

"Sit down, sit down."

I protested that I was sopping-wet, that I'd soak the chair.

"You can't hurt those chairs," he said, "they're old."

That was true. The three chairs, one of them headquarters to the hindquarters of a grizzled friend, had sprung bottoms, frayed upholstery, collapsed footrests. I sat down to chew my Milky Way. The old men talked about a "sixty percent chance of thundershowers" for Greensboro tomorrow, and for stretches of our bike route, and the owner told me, "The worst of the hills are behind you. There's two -- three -- no, four -- more. But most of them are longer than they are tall."

I was grateful for the news, grateful for the hospitality worth far more than the loose change I'd anted up for my candy bar. And although it turned out that the hills into Greensboro struck me a just as tall as they were long, this finding did nothing to tarnish my affection for the kindly men at that roadside cove.

#

On Wednesday, on the eastern city limits of Wrens, the teachers at an institution for mentally handicapped children had led their wards onto the lawn beside Highway 80 to watch us riders wing by. Jamie, Chris, and I waved at these kids, but at a cinderblock store just beyond the school I turned and crunched my Rockhopper back across the gravel to talk with them.

Another BRAGster -- a young man with Down's syndrome -- had also stopped, and the kids on the lawn enthusiastically cheered the news that he had once taken part in a Special Olympics. Our helmets off, Jamie, Chris, and I asked questions. In turn, the kids and their guardians wanted to know how long we'd been riding, how much farther we had to go, why we were doing it. I felt a little like an American soldier handing out gum and candy to the urchins in an Italian village during World War II (or, at least, I imagined that I did). And then a 10- or 12-year-old girl -- her confinement to a wheelchair made it hard to tell her age -- asked me, with her vivid pale-violet eyes, to approach her. I leaned down.

"You have beautiful eyes," I said.

"She's a beautiful girl." a teacher said gently. "Her name is Dawn. She was hit by a car when she was three."

Although her violet eyes -- against a *café-au-lait* complexion that seemed to require irises of either black or brown -- were her most striking feature, Dawn was more lovely than the mere sight of her told. She pulled me -- sweaty, tendon-sore, astonished -- to her, placed her cheek on mine, faintly slurred the words, "I love you," and hugged me as if I were truly worthy of her regard.

"Be well," I whispered. "Dawn, be well."

#

On Thursday afternoon in Statesboro, after a hot grueling ride, I found Jamie and Chris in the Hanner Field House on the campus of Georgia Southern. Jamie, who ordinarily wears contacts but who had stopped inserting them because the wind dries them

out, complained of clouded vision and itchiness in his left eye. Something was wrong, and we both feared that if he kept riding with the problem unresolved, he might do his eye irreversible damage.

In a strange town, thunderheads burgeoning and evening rapidly falling, we began looking for a doctor to check my son's eyes.

We wound up at an eatery called Snooky's. Given permission to use the telephone, we dialed Statesboro's only ophthalmologist, Dr. Douglas Cope. We got his answering service. He'd call us back, we were told. But, by now, it was raining hard, and other customers were using the phone. Even if the doctor tried to call, it seemed likely that repeatedly getting a busy signal would lead him to give up on us.

At this point, another customer, Wallace Wright, intervened. His wife, who taught at Georgia Southern, had ridden in BRAG last year, he told us, and he knew Dr. Cope. He phoned the doctor's home, learned that a power outage had sent him to the store for candles, and reported to our amazement that Dr. Cope would see us at his office in twenty or thirty minutes.

During this time, Mr. Wright's wife, Nancy, came to Snooky's to meet the woebegone bikers. She talked with the boys and me, and, along with her attorney husband, invited us to spend the night at their home. Their twin sons -- high-school baseball all-stars -- were away at college, and it had been disturbingly quiet around the house. The worst thing about BRAG, Mrs. Wright said, was having to sleep in tents and wait in line for restrooms and showers.

I thought it might be smart to decline the Wrights' invitation, that it was probably only smother-fried Southern hospitality taken to an injudicious extreme, but both Chris and Jamie had lit up like electric beer signs at the prospect of not having to bed down on an air mattress or a gymnasium bleacher, and it soon became clear that the Wrights meant it. The three of us -- pungent interlopers from 200 miles away -- were welcome in their home. Really.

Wallace Wright drove us to Dr. Cope's office. Dr. Cope found an infection in Jamie's eye, gave him a vial of bactericidal drops, told him how much and how often to use them, said go ahead and continue our trip to Savannah, and waved away all offers of payment as if they were insultingly irrelevant. Besides, he knew our son's regular ophthalmologist in Opelika, Alabama.

"Tell Emil hello for me the next time you see him."

Then Mr. Wright drove us home, and Chris, Jamie, and I slept in honest-to-God beds. When we awoke, it was to the smell of scrambled eggs and microwaved bacon. And our sixth day's ride to Fort Stewart, a sandy Army base southeast of Savannah, went a little easier for us, even though -- despite all we'd been told -- the ride itself seemed to be one long, slow, thigh-punishing uphill grind.

On Saturday, our seventh day, we made it to Savannah -- mostly a downhill coast -- before noon. I did it for a T-shirt. I did it because my son dared me. But what I learned is exactly what many of us still know, or at least suspect in our innermost hearts: that kind and gentle people still exist; that compassion and caring aren't necessarily behavioral anachronisms; that more often we have occasion to note our fellow human beings express the ennobling and the encompassing, rather than the spiteful and the delimiting aspects of themselves.

That is not to say that everything that happened to us during BRAG '89 was uplifting. One trucker, after all, wanted to blast us off the road. A few -- very few -- of our fellow cyclists were cliquish snobs. Our first efforts to get help for Jamie's eye met with some ill-disguised passing of the buck, and, at Fort Stewart, one beer-bloated BRAGster twice relieved himself in noisy torrents just outside our tent rather than walk to the latrine. It was all I could do to keep from shouting. "Hey, you!" and capturing him in the shame-imparting brightness of a flashlight beam.

But, given the dozens of kindnesses shown us, the pains taken by both townspeople and our fellow cyclists to ease and enliven our ride, these instances of petty swinishness are hardly worth setting down. I saw them as more or less inconsequential at the time, and I see them that way now. So what I got from BRAG, beyond a pulled tendon and a handsome T-shirt, is just what Jamie promised me back in March -- a trunk of life-affirming memories through which I may therapeutically rummage, at blues-ridden intervals, for a long, long time to come.

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Cuisine Unauthentique

David Langford

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," said famous food junkie Anthelme Brillat-Savarin in 1825 (only I gather he said it in French). Looking at my friends, I doubt that this means of psychoanalysis is reliable.

Chris Priest, for example, moans to me about his local Chinese restaurants, on the ground that they're too good. "I like Chinese *junk food*," he wails, "the sort of dishes they never actually made in China, things like instant chop suey...." Or even greasy chunks of fried pork coated in bullet-proof layers of calorific batter with thin red sugary slime drooled all over the starch-laden result, the whole mess whimsically called "sweet and sour".

This came to mind when Conspiracy '87 asked for a contribution to its planned fannish cookbook. A little essay on unauthentic cuisine sounded just the thing, and if a few other things hadn't got in the way (like putting together a 40,000 word fan room booklet all by myself -- more fool I for volunteering) I'd probably have contributed more than the recipe for "Sinister Langford Apple Chutney" therein.

For example, when Hazel and I feel all upmarket and sufficiently demented to have more than one course at dinner, it's usually the work of a moment to nip round to the local Asian grocer's (mysteriously called "Eurofoods") for some big squidgy avocado pears. This fruit is almost my sole concession to the weird notion that raw green vegetable things are in fact suitable for human consumption.

Well, everyone knows how to cut them up (an axe is not advised), to balance the hard bit in a bottle of water and to overrun the house with tall weedy avocado plants each having exactly two leaves at the end of a long naked bumpy stem... but the eating part involves decisions. Hotels usually fill the unfortunate avocado with a curdled pink mess, studded with shrimp which have not led cleanly lives. The alternative tends to be some species of French dressing, which as far as we're concerned Does Not Quite Work in the unique post-structural context of the avocado. Hence the development in our mighty research laboratories of...

Hazel's Stupendously Unauthentic Non-Vinaigrette For Avocados

Take:

A lot of soy sauce.

A lot of sesame oil.

About one-sixth of a lot of vinegar.

About one-fifteenth of a lot of Lea & Perrin's Worcester Sauce.

Mix together in any order and with any variations suggested by prejudice or experience... shaken, not stirred. Put in a bottle or something, and give one last vigorous shake at the table. (This offers incentives for good discipline in the careful

replacement of bottle tops. Either that or it offers an interestingly brown-spotted ceiling, like ours.) Pour quite a lot into the hollow of your half-avocado. Sensuously carve out drenched gobbets of avocado flesh with a spoon. Put in mouth, etc.

The stuff keeps for ages (except when avocados are in season) and can even seem to improve with time. Try with various grades of soy sauce. There is probably no real substitute for the Worcester sauce, but fans with cosmic minds might prove me wrong.

#

My thoughts on green things remind me of the conceptual salad which my old pal Martin Hoare and I elaborate from time to time, when we're in pubs far away from the potential threat of a kitchen. Never actually created in cold blood, the Langford/Hoare salad is a thought experiment in the avoidance of "rabbit food". Both of us were heavily conditioned against this at university, thanks to a college chef who believed that limp lettuce had inadequate protein value and preferred to beef it up with some nice meaty slugs and greenfly.

If it were ever to emerge from its ideal niche among the Platonic Forms, this salad would very probably include grated cheese, cold boiled new potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, sliced red and green peppers, lumps of avocado (a hot point of contention -- Martin suspects this of being rabbit food), chopped onions of various kinds, radishes, sweetcorn, garlic, chives, the odd herb, and some suitable admixture of cold cooked meat or fish.... Perhaps it would be easier to list the items which would *not* feature, such as lettuce, tomato, cucumber, olives, mayonnaise of any description, vinegar in greater than homeopathic doses, or any of the horrible sticky proprietary messes which are called salad dressing. ("Aye," said a sceptical Macbeth, "in the catalogue ye go for salad dressing....")

STOP PRESS: Martin now claims to have consumed the ideal salad, but carping critics (me) suspect that there is a degree of unauthenticity which violates even our fuzzy definition of salad. "It was great," Martin enthuses: "We made it from a pound of beef and a lot of onions and nothing else."

Sometimes one does need to abandon these dizzy theoretical speculations and tackle the problem of giving visitors some actual food. Hazel usually falls back on the all-purpose roast recipe whereby you take a chicken (or equivalent mass of pork, beef, lamb or honey-smearing peacock stuffed with larks' tongues and fattened dormice) and put it in the oven for hours and hours. But occasionally my excuses about inability to cook fail me, and I sulkily try to remember the formula for...



Chris Priest Memorial Chinese Casseroled Thing

(as never actually served to Chris, but see my opening paragraphs)

For this you need something suitable for lengthy cooking, e.g. quite a lot of cheap nasty belly pork (remove any fat, curly tails or nose-rings), a similar amount of better pork when you feel solvent, modulating into stringy chicken should you feel bored with pork, or kosher, or whatever. The last time I cooked this, some 2 1/2 pounds of pork filled four people very full.

1 enormous onion (actually optional).

1 1/2 cups of Unauthentic Sauce.

[This is made by looking up Kenneth Lo's classic sweet-sour recipe in one of his cookbooks, which then reminds me of all the ways in which I do it differently (i.e. wrong). In the following, a "tbsp" is a tablespoon and a "tsp" a teaspoon. These units may not exist in America: I've consulted Katharine Whitehorn's deeply cheering book of desperate improvisations, *How To Survive In The Kitchen*, and she says that 1 tbsp equals 4 tsp, while 1 cup equals 5 tbsp of flour, sugar etc. but 10 tbsp of liquid (since flour sticks up to form a "rounded tablespoon" while liquids are perforce confined to a humble "level tablespoon" unless possessing staggering viscosity or amazing surface tension). 1 cup is about a quarter of a pint, a pint being 20 fluid ounces, and can I please skip the metric equivalents of all these? Thank you for this small kindness.]

Where was I? Ah, the sauce....

2 tbsp brown sugar.

1 tbsp cornflour [cornstarch] (or less, and it's optional anyway).

4 tbsp water or, better, chicken stock.

2 tbsp orange or pineapple juice (in juiceless times I have been known to throw in some crushed pineapple instead).

2 tbsp soy sauce.

2 tbsp medium-dry sherry. (The technical term for this variety is, "For the love of God, Montresori!")

2 tbsp vinegar.

2 tbsp tomato purée [tomato paste] (tomato sauce may be substituted, but don't let the People's Republic hear about it. If you compromise by whizzing a tomato in the electric blender, the result will be more dilute than real purée - reduce the water/stock content as suggested by sheer guesswork. NB: I'm switching to tsp units now).

1 tsp sesame oil.

1/2 tsp chili powder. (Or more. Or lots more.)

1/2 tsp five-spice powder.

Stir all sauce ingredients together until Godot arrives or obvious lumps have departed, whichever occurs first. Put meat in a suitable casserole with a lid, together with the chopped huge onion, which I have just decided is probably optional too. Pour on sauce,

thrust into a coolish oven (Katharine Whitehorn says this means 225°F or 110°C, but I doubt that it's necessary for you to check this to 0.5' precision with a pyrometer) and leave to its own devices for, say, 4 hours. As the moment of truth approaches, have a look under the lid and -- if the gooey parts seem a bit thin and runny -- add more cornflour stirred into sherry. (Add some sherry anyway. Have fun.) Wait a few minutes more, serve with rice, and be sure to use a washable tablecloth.

One of the great secrets of unauthentic cooking is that most ingredients, all proportions and all cooking times are negotiable... so don't fret about precise chronology and amounts. This is one of those squidgy dishes which anyway never turn out the same twice running -- largely because in spite of those frighteningly scientific tbsps and tsps, one ends up (a) judging half the quantities by eye, and (b) throwing in interesting-looking extras for luck. Water chestnuts and cashews were both Good Ideas. Sugar-coated fennel seeds, Asian style, were agreed to be a mistake. (I'd actually been reaching for the next jar along. This sort of thing used to happen all the time when I worked with nuclear explosives.)

#

I think I'll skip the Langford pear wine recipe, since it may only work with the peculiarly vile and maggot-ridden pears produced by our garden, and winemaking technicalities are even more tedious than tbsps, and -- the clinching argument -- I've lost the bloody recipe anyway. It would, however, be unBritish to close without some vaguely booze-related items. The following have been tested on recent overnight visitors, and provide ideal conversation pieces at breakfast. They can also be eaten, on toast...

Really Quite Authentic Post-Party Welsh Rarebit

This comes with an epigraph from Don Marquis...

*The bilge and belch of the glutton welsh
as they smelted their warlock cheese
Surged to and fro where the grinding
floe wrenched at the headlands knees*

...and shows how Britons can bring themselves to consume beer even for breakfast, with the aid of:

Cheese, the delicate variety known here as "mousetrap" (i.e. case-hardened old cheddar from the fridge, and any and all wizened, dried-up bits left over from last night's party food. Only good cheese is *verboden*).

Black pepper, to taste.

An egg. Maybe two if you're making an awful lot.
Bread.

A little bitter beer (if none is available fresh, there are the dregs of glasses and bottles from that party, and after that you can start shaking and smelling abandoned cans to verify that they contain some stale beer but have not been adapted as impromptu ashtrays. As you see, we're talking real sleaze here).

Grate all the cheese and moisten the resulting flakes with the quantity of beer considered to be "enough", producing muck of sufficiently stiff consistency that it can be spread on toast but will not flow off it while cold. (Think "slime mould".) Stir in either the tediously separated yolk of the egg -- which is marginally more authentic -- or the egg's entire contents: in either case, this is what keeps the spread from flowing merrily off the toast when it is cooked. Slice and toast some bread; spread with goop; sprinkle with pepper etc. as desired; grill until brown and bubbly; eat.

The first stage of this recipe will always produce more of the gooey mixture than you expect, even when you know what to expect; but people are generally happy to carry on eating the result until supplies fail. "God help us, for we knew the worst too young."

It was Judith Hanna who forced the invention of this succulent slime, one groan-laden morning after a Langford party. She started converting odd remnants of cheese, milk and things into a sort of breakfast fondue. After long stirring and perspiring comments of "I'm sure this is the right way to do it," Judith ended up with a revolting viscous mass which squatted sullenly in the pan and refused point-blank to dissolve in an orderly fashion into the thin steaming pus which surrounded it. Before starting again and coming up with unauthentic rarebit as above, we poured the results of Judith's alchemy into an unloved tree-stump which had persistently refused to stop sending up shoots. It died within a month.

#

Meanwhile, for those with a sweet tooth, there is always...

Langford Patent Juniper And Quinine Lemon Marmalade

The ingredients are even less rigorously quantitative than before:

Many lemons.

Quite a lot of white sugar.

Some water.

The all-important MARINADE.

This is not a recipe for the faint-hearted. Our most recent batch of this marmalade was two years in the making. (You will need a spare corner in the freezer, by the way.) It is the marinade which makes the process such a prolonged one, since only a small amount of lemon can be properly treated at one time.

The marinade should be prepared in the six- or eight-ounce liquor glass of your choice; it consists of approximately one part of gin to four (or two, or six, or one; who am I to cramp your culinary style?) of a good proprietary tonic water. "Diet" tonic water will completely ruin the flavour, although the marmalade will probably turn out OK. Ice may be added, and one slice of lemon is then slid delicately into the glass.

[Does tonic water exist in America? Soda water is not the same: you want the stuff which is or used to be flavoured with quinine. Throw away those malaria chills, and walk again.]

It is a well-known phenomenon, extensively documented by Charles Fort, that this marinade evaporates with startling swiftness. Quite soon the prepared lemon slice can be removed from your suddenly empty glass and dropped into a plastic bag in the freezer. It is now permissible to treat another slice... and so on while supplies of marinade ingredients hold out and the cook can remain upright.

An admixture of non-marinated lemon is permissible: our 1987 batch of this fine preserve gained additional, subtle flavour from the inclusion of:

- (a) partially mildewed half-lemons discovered in the fridge after periods of slackness in marinade treatments;
- (b) lemon slices included with takeaway Indian meals, and thus interestingly flavoured with a soupçon of tandoori sauce;
- (c) country-of-origin labels accidentally left sticking to the occasional lemon rind.

When "enough" has been accumulated -- meaning that the plastic bag is full, the previous batch has run out, or one's spouse is complaining loudly about lack of space in the freezer -- the final preparations are easy. All the lemon shards are thawed, pips and things (especially moving things) removed, and the whole lot chopped thinly (perfectionist method) or shoved brutally through a mincer (my method).

It all goes in a big pan with the amount of water indicated above, being as little as will see you through the next stage. Bring to the boil and simmer for an hour or two, stirring with lackadaisical grace, until the bits are soft. During this period you are free to realize that you should have shut the doors and windows, since the penetrating smell acts as a long-range lure for enormous wasps. Add *exactly* the amount of sugar specified above... no, I tell a lie, we just tip in more sugar until it tastes "right", meaning not too bitter to be eaten thinly spread on the substrate of your choice. Another half-hour of simmering and it can be ladled via a large jam funnel into previously heated jars. Put on the lids before too many loathsome spores drift in....

(Our 1987 batch behaved in a semi-miraculous way: on the third day, instead of rising, it finally condescended to set.)

Certain aspects of the procedure are sufficiently boring -- especially the long simmering and the even longer wait for the stuff to set firmly enough to be tried -- that to pass the time I find myself irresistibly impelled to start work anew, marinating lemons for the next batch. Any fan wishing to drop in and help, thus cutting down that two-year preparation time, will be very welcome. Bring your own marinade ingredients.

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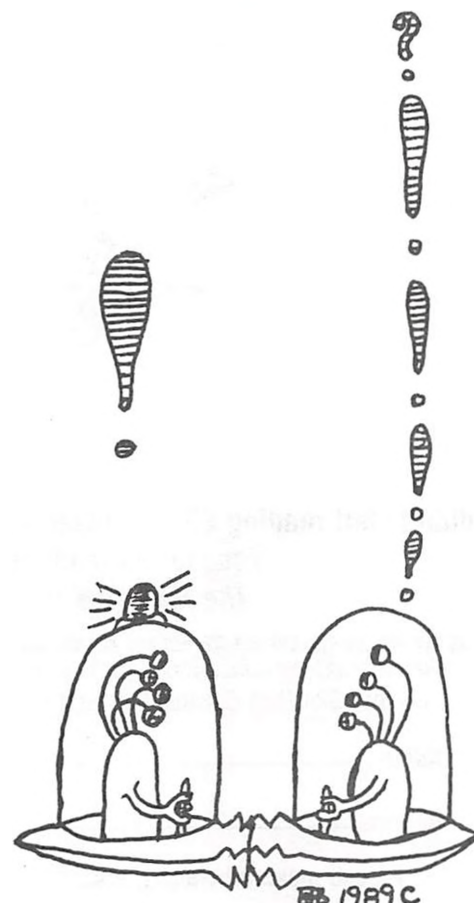


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PROGRAM

Friday, November 10

12:00 Noon FRIDAY

SILICON PATHWAYS; WHAT IS A MICROCHIP, WHY, AND WHERE TO (OR FROM?)

Riverview

John Cramer, John DeCamp, Lisa Swallow

Will somebody please explain this stuff to me, I don't even understand the question.

SCIENCE FICTION AS A TOOL FOR SOCIAL CHANGE

Klamath

Dean Wesley Smith, T. Jackson King, Bruce Taylor

Can (and/or should) Science Fiction influence the world around it?

CAN AMERICA EVER BECOME A TWO-PARTY SYSTEM?

Umatilla

Clifton Amsbury, Steven Barnes, James Fliscus

If there is no difference between the donkeys and the elephants, what choices are left?

CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT

Yakima

John Barnes, Mary Caraker, Paula Downing, Nina

Kirkki Hoffman

Characters may make the story, but who makes the characters?

DEALER'S ROOM OPENS

Rogue/MacKenzie (upstairs)

GAMING OPENS

Tualatin, Nestucca, Willowa (Interstate Wing)

CHILD CARE OPENS

See Pocket Program for location

1:00 P.M. FRIDAY

TECHNO-BABBLE: A NEW LANGUAGE OR ALGORITHMIC GIBBERISH?

Riverview

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, John Barnes, T. Jackson King

Who gives out those points for confusing people, anyway?

HIGH AND LOW PROCESS: READING SCIENCE FICTION FOR INFORMATION

Klamath

Steven Barnes, Norman Hartman, and Loren

MacGregor

You can do that?

READING -- ELISABETH WATERS

Umatilla

PLOT, CONFLICT, TECHNOLOGY, FISHTAILS AND TWISTS

Yakima

Paula Downing, Eileen Gurn

Well something has to happen, doesn't it?

2:00 P.M. FRIDAY

YOU ARE HOW YOU SPEAK: LANGUAGE, LOGIC, AND PERCEPTION

Riverview

Donna Barr, Melissa Carpenter, Tom Maddox,

Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Elisabeth Waters

Is this another one of those chicken or the egg issues?

PLANET FOR RENT: WILL WE COLONIZE THE MOON, MARS,...?

Klamath

T. Jackson King, Vince Kohler, Carl Miller, Lisa

Swallow

And if so when?, if not us, will anyone?

DO I NEED AN AGENT?

Umatilla

Mary Caraker, Elizabeth Engstrom, and Steve Perry

Or is that a secret?

INTRODUCTION TO COSTUMING

Yakima

Astrid Anderson Bear, Betty Bigelow, Gina Fagnani,

Lita Smith-Gharet, Julie Zetterburg

Science Fiction and Fantasy, Masquerade and Hall.

3:00 P.M. FRIDAY

TABOOS IN SCIENCE FICTION

Riverview

Nina Kirkki Hoffman, Tom Maddox, Dean Wesley

Smith, and Bruce Taylor

We never seem to write about...

FEET IN MORE THAN ONE GENRE

Klamath

Donna Barr, Mary Caraker, Molly Gloss, Steve Perry

When one label isn't enough anymore.

SMOFS: WHO, HOW, WHY

Umatilla

Clifton Amsbury, Bruce Pelz, Ben Yalow

Well, maybe not who.

CHEEP SHEETS: COSTUMING ON A BUDGET

*Yakma**Astrid Anderson Bear, Gina Fagnani, Lita Smith-Gharet*

For those of us who have to save some money for trivialities like rent, food...

4:00 P.M. FRIDAY

NANOTECHNOLOGY, FIBEROPTICS, AND SUPERCONDUCTORS

*Riverview**Greg Bear, John Cramer, Elton Elliott*

New technologies to further complicate the science fiction world.

READING -- MICHAEL BISHOP

Klamath

SHORT VS LONG FICTION

*Umatilla**John Barnes, Paula Downing, Vicki Mitchell, Mary Rosenblum, Amy Thomson*

The Goldilocks dilemma, or, telling the difference between too little, too much, and enough.

READING -- BRUCE TAYLOR

Yakma

HOSPITALITY OPENS

Kennedy Suite (Interstate Wing)

5:00 P.M. FRIDAY

TRENDS IN SCIENCE FICTION

*Riverview**Michael Bishop, Luella Burrows, Eileen Gunn, Tony Wolk*

Where we seem to be going... maybe.

GOLDEN RULES AND DEADLY SINS: ETHICS IN SPACE AND BEYOND

*Klamath**William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, T. Jackson King, Carl Miller, Elisabeth Waters*

Where consequences are so stark, how will the rules change?

HOW TO BUY SCIENCE FICTION ART

*Umatilla**John Alvarez, Jon Gustafson*

Making choices that make sense to you.

HALL COSTUMES: WHAT WORKS UP CLOSE

*Yakma**Astrid Anderson Bear, Gina Fagnani, Lita Smith-Gharet*

The problems are different, and so are the solutions.

6:00 P.M. FRIDAY

READING -- GREG BEAR

Klamath

THE GREAT DEBATE

*Umatilla**Donna Barr, Gary Davis, Cyn Mason*

Is there a comics controversy? Is there a difference between comics and "books?" Is it art, literature, junk, or what?

CHRISTIAN FANDOM

Yakma

CHILDCARE CLOSES

7:00 P.M. FRIDAY

FILKING

Umatilla

Start downstairs...

READING -- ELLEN GUON

Yakma

FANZINE ROOM OPENS

Umpqua (Interstate Wing)

DEALER'S ROOM CLOSES

7:30 P.M. FRIDAY

OPENING CEREMONIES

*Riverview**Not Ready for Siderial Time Players*

Show your fannish spirit and attend graduation ceremonies for OryCon State University. Meet the guests and get your diploma!

8:30 P.M. FRIDAY

FRIDAY NIGHT DANCE

Riverview

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ARTISTS' RECEPTION

Umatilla/Willamette/Deschutes (downstairs)

Meet the artists.

9:00 P.M. FRIDAY

ROBERT LIONEL FANTHORPE ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, WORST EVER SCIENCE FICTION AWARD CEREMONY

*Klamath**Debbie Cross, David Langford*

Readings from the worst Science Fiction writers of all time.

10:00 P.M. FRIDAY

FILKING

Klamath

...and continue upstairs.

12:00 Midnight

MIDNIGHT HORROR STORIES

Umatilla

Kim Antieau, Donna Barr, Nina Ktriki Hoffman

FANZINE ROOM CLOSES

4:00 A.M. SATURDAY

CONVENTION CLOSES

Including Gaming, Hospitality, Video rooms, and Filking.

Saturday, November 11

7:00 A.M. SATURDAY

HOSPITALITY OPENS

Kennedy Suite (Interstate Wing)

GAMING OPENS

Tualatin, Nestucca, Wallowa (Interstate Wing)

9:00 A.M. SATURDAY

CEREAL AND CARTOONS

Video Rooms

Wear your footie PJs and bring your teddy bear. Early morning cartoons and sugar-coated cereal & milk, just like when you were a kid!

10:00 A.M. SATURDAY

MISSIONARIES FROM OUTER SPACE: WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF...

Riverview

John Barnes, Michael Bishop, Mary Caraker, Melissa Carpenter, Cathy McGuire.

...and how would we like it?

ECONOMY, IDEOLOGY, AND ETHICS

Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, Clifton Amsbury, James Fiscus, Marilyn Holt

Can they co-exist, or are they mutually exclusive?

INTRODUCTION TO SCIENCE FICTION ART

Umatilla

John Alvarez, Gary Davis, Jon Gustafson
Fen, meet Art: Art, Fen.

WHAT DOES AN EDITOR DO?

Yakima

Paula Downing, Elizabeth Engstrom, Teri Lee, J.T. Stewart, Elisabeth Waters

Besides sending off rejection slips with gleeful, evil cackles, that is.

ART SHOW OPENS

Willamette/Deschutes (downstairs)

DEALER'S ROOM OPENS

Rogue/MacKenzie (upstairs)

FANZINE ROOM OPENS

Umpqua (Interstate Wing)

CHILD CARE OPENS

See Pocket Program for location.

11:00 A.M. SATURDAY

SEX, DRUGS, AND THE ELECTRIC ORANGE CONDOM

Riverview

T. Jackson King, Carl Miller, Tom Maddox, Mary Rosenblum.

Life in post-viral America.

SCIENCE FICTION POETRY

Klamath

John DeCamp, Teri Lee, Lita Smith-Gharet, J.T. Stewart

Some Old, Some New, Some Gold, Some Phew.

READING -- DEAN WESLEY SMITH

Umatilla

TRIVIA CONTEST

Yakima

Preliminary round(s). (2 hours)

12:00 Noon SATURDAY

THE TECHNOLOGICAL FIX: TECHNOLOGY DISTRIBUTION AND THE THIRD WORLD

Riverview

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, Clifton Amsbury, Greg Bear, T. Jackson King

Economics, politics, and theology.

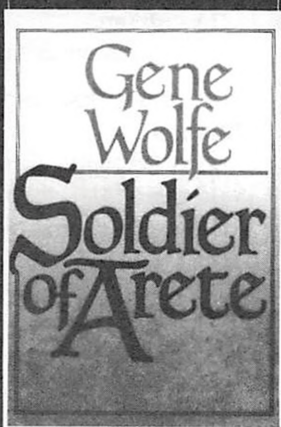
KENNEDY, GLENN, AND QUAYLE: POLITICS AND PROPAGANDA IN THE SPACE PROGRAM

Klamath

Pauline Cramer, Elton Elliott, James Fiscus, Vince Kohler

Has space become politically useful again?





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The *Washington Post* proclaimed Wolfe as a "master of science fiction" for his novel SOLDIER OF THE MIST. It was an international success—a fantasy novel of the highest caliber—and garnered widespread critical acclaim. In SOLDIER OF ARETE, Wolfe continues his tale of Latro, a wandering soldier in ancient Greece who converses easily with the gods, yet cannot remember the events of the previous day.

"Gene Wolfe may be the most intriguing writer of speculative fiction in the business today." —*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

ISBN 0-312-93185-9 • \$17.95

ECHOES OF VALOR II

KARL EDWARD WAGNER

Thrilling tales from the masters of heroic fantasy

In the second volume of his acclaimed series, editor Karl Edward Wagner presents rare tales of high adventure by four of heroic fantasy's greatest writers. The volume includes an early version of "The Frost Giant's Daughter" by Conan creator Robert E. Howard, four Northwest Smith tales by C.L. Moore, an adventure by Leigh Brackett completed by the young Ray Bradbury, and an adventure featuring Manly Wade Wellman's legendary stone-age hero Hok.

ISBN 0-312-93189-1 • \$17.95

With Sizzling Bestsellers in August!

THE TOWER OF FEAR GLEN COOK

A major new fantasy epic from the author of the
Dread Empire series

Glen Cook has won a wide readership for his Dread Empire and Black Company series, hard-edged fantasy novels combining rich and exotic settings with tales of hardfought battles and the men who fight them. *THE TOWER OF FEAR*, Cook's first hardcover, is his finest novel to date, a major epic of a reluctant warrior who must confront an evil sorcerer in his citadel of fear.

ISBN 0-312-93193-X • \$16.95



GOOD NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE JOHN KESSEL

GOOD NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE may be the most outrageous, original science fiction novel to be published this year—the savagely satiric story of a reporter for an electronic tabloid caught up in the social chaos of the end of the century.

“Wackily funny, brilliantly cruel, and joltingly powerful—like Silly Putty cut with high tech plastic explosive.”
—Bruce Sterling

ISBN 0-312-93178-6 • \$18.95

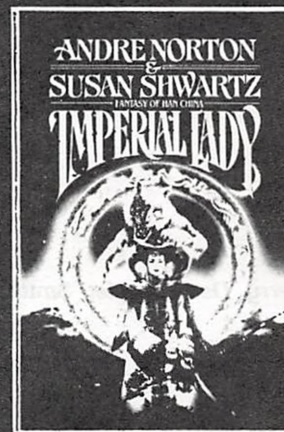


IMPERIAL LADY ANDRE NORTON AND SUSAN M. SHWARTZ

A tale of love, power and magic in ancient China

Science fiction's Grand Master Andre Norton, in collaboration with one of fantasy's most promising new talents, has crafted a spellbinding new fable that takes place in the exotic setting of ancient China. It is the tale of Silver Snow, a young concubine of the Emperor presented as a gift to an aging Mongol warlord, who manages to escape and achieve both love and power through the use of her magical gifts.

ISBN 0-312-93128-X • \$17.95



TOR hardcovers are distributed nationally by St. Martin's Press

COSTUME PRESENTATION

Umatilla

John Barnes, Betty Bigelow, Gina Fagnant, Lita Smith-Gharet, Julie Zetterburg

Julie Zetterburg's video on masquerade presentation followed by a panel on the subject. (2 hours)

1:00 P.M. SATURDAY

GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH

Riverview

Michael Bishop.

Honors Day address for OryCon State University.

CITIES UP AND DOWN: FUTURE HUMAN HABITATS

Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, Luella Burrows, Elton Elliott

Planning, building, and living in various environments.

JUDGING VALUES IN SCIENCE FICTION ART

Yakima

Betty Bigelow, Jon Gustafson, Marilyn Mork

How much is that Dhaughey in the Vindlearth?

2:00 P.M. SATURDAY

WOMEN IN SCIENCE FICTION

Riverview

Kim Antleau, Pauline Cramer, Molly Gloss, Cyn Mason

Is SF any different now that we've got some *real* female characters?

SUNSHINE, DIOXIN, AND GAME THEORY: ECOLOGY IN SCIENCE FICTION

Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, Luella Burrows, Tom Maddox

What good is it to gain the world at the cost of the earth.

READING -- CARL MILLER

Umatilla

SELLING YOUR FIRSTBORN STORY

Yakima

Elizabeth Engstrom, Steve Perry, Dean Wesley Smith, Lisa Swallow

Knowing when (and how) to let go.

ART APPRAISALS

Art Show (Willamette/Deschutes)

John Gustafson

WRITER'S WORKSHOP

Umpqua (Fanzine Room)

Previously registered participants only. (2 hours)

3:00 P.M. SATURDAY

SPECIAL GUEST SPEECH

Riverview

David Langford

Fun with Senseless Violence.

COLLABORATION: HOW, WHY, WHEN...

Klamath

Steven Barnes, Paula Downing, Steve Perry, and Elisabeth Waters

War stories and more.

SOLDIER, SAILOR, FUTURE SPY

Umatilla

John Barnes, John DeCamp, James Fiscus, Andrew Nisbet

New technologies, intelligence gathering and secrecy: a changing game.

PROPS AND EFFECTS

Yakima

Lita Smith-Gharet, Hal Hickel

For the stage, screen, and cel.

4:00 P.M. SATURDAY

WORMHOLES AND TIME MACHINES

Riverview

John Cramer.

Physics for everyone.

READING -- MOLLY GLOSS

Umatilla

WORLD BUILDING SESSION

Yakima

Howard Davidson, Carl Miller, Vicki Mitchell, Lisa Swallow

Come see where those crazy places come from.

4:30 P.M. SATURDAY

SUSAN PETREY SCHOLARSHIP FUND AUCTION

Klamath

Feel virtuous about spending money! Truly a good cause. (1-1/2 hours)

5:00 P.M. SATURDAY

DISSECT WHILE YOU READ: LEARNING TO WRITE BY

READING

Riverview

Pauline Cramer, Cathy McGuire, Jerry Olton, Dean Wesley Smith, J. T. Stewart

Really, I'm reading this for research.

PREPARING YOUR PORTFOLIO

Umatilla

Lita Smith-Gharet, Marilyn Mork

They've told you to have one, now find out how.

DEMOCRACY, ANARCHY, HIERARCHY: POLITICAL
IDEOLOGY AND SCIENCE FICTION

Yakima

James Fiscus, Marilyn Holt, Tom Maddox
How to tell the players, even without a scorecard.

6:00 P.M. SATURDAY

MASQUERADE PREJUDGING

Riverview

If you're in the Masquerade, you must attend this
session. (2 hours)

READING -- STEVE PERRY

Klamath

READING -- KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH

Umatilla

DEALER'S ROOM CLOSSES

CHILD CARE CLOSSES

7:00 P.M. SATURDAY

MASQUERADE PHOTOGRAPHY

Riverview

READING -- JOHN DECAMP

Umatilla

ANNOUNCING: SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

Yakima

Elton Elliott, Gregory Hirkelman, Jeff Levin, Eugene
Semar

ART SHOW CLOSSES

8:00 P.M. SATURDAY

MASQUERADE

Riverview

FILKING

Klamath

10:00 P.M. SATURDAY

DANCE

Riverview

Begins when the Masquerade ends.

12:00 Midnight

FANZINE ROOM CLOSSES

4:00 A.M. SUNDAY

CONVENTION CLOSSES

Including Gaming, Hospitality, Video rooms, and
Filking.

Sunday, November 12

7:00 A.M. SUNDAY

HOSPITALITY OPENS

Kennedy Suite (Interstate Wing)

GAMING OPENS

Tualatin, Nestucca, Wallowa (Interstate Wing)

9:00 A.M. SUNDAY

CEREAL AND CARTOONS

Video Rooms

Same idea as yesterday, different cartoons.

9:30 A.M. SUNDAY

NORTHWEST DEALERS ASSOCIATION MEETING

Yakima

Members only, please.

ART SHOW OPENS

Willamette/Deschutes (downstairs)

10:00 A.M. SUNDAY

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF HARD SCIENCE
FICTION

Riverview

John Barnes, Greg Bear, John Cramer, T. Jackson
King, Jerry Olton

Somebody's put the Science back into Science
Fiction!

CAN WE SURVIVE THE NEXT 100 YEARS?

Klamath

John DeCamp, Elton Elliott, James Fiscus, Norman
Hartman

Are the superpowers waking up too late, or did they
ever really matter anyway?

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF SCIENCE FICTION ART

Umatilla

Jon Gustafson

Advice from the expert.

FANZINE ROOM OPENS

Umpqua (Interstate Wing)

CHILD CARE OPENS

See Pocket Program for location.

11:00 A.M. SUNDAY

BELL'S THEOREM AND FASTER-THAN-LIGHT
COMMUNICATION

Riverview

John Cramer, Howard Davidson, Carl Miller
You probably already heard this...

CAN JOHNNY THINK?

Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, John Alvarez, Mary Caraker, Pauline Cramer, Kristine Kathryn Rusch
Education, creativity and conformity.

ANIMAL RIGHTS AND THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

Yakima

Clifton Amsbury, T Jackson King, Vicki Mitchell, Elisabeth Waters
Would you submit to chemotherapy that hadn't been tested on animals?

DEALER'S ROOM OPENS

Rogue/MacKenzie (upstairs)

11:30 A.M. SUNDAY

ART SHOW CLOSES

12:00 Noon SUNDAY

HUGO, NOVA, ZEPPU: ARE AWARDS MORE THAN MARKETING TOOLS?

Riverview

Frank Catalano, Eileen Gunn, Bruce Pelz
What do those prizes mean, and who's in charge, anyway?

CHAOS THEORY

Klamath

John Barnes, John Cramer, Howard Davidson, Carl Miller
What could be more appropriate?

ART AUCTION

Umatilla

TRIVIA CONTEST

Yakima

Final Round.

1:00 P.M. SUNDAY

AN INTERVIEW OF INTEREST TO MOST.

Riverview

David Langford interviewed by Jerry Kaufman
In which OryCon's Special Guest answers questions, embarrassing and otherwise.

ROBOTICS

Klamath

John Barnes, John Cramer, Jerry Olton, Amy Thomson
Will (Has?) reality change(d) science fiction's robots?

SPECIES BUILDING SESSION

Yakima

Clifton Amsbury, Steven Barnes, Carl Miller, Lisa Swallow
Critter customization class.

2:00 P.M. SUNDAY

CLAYMATION

Riverview

Webster Colcord, Hal Hickel
Will Vinton Productions sends some of its wizards to amaze and amuse us all. (2 hours)

ROUND ROBIN READINGS

KIM ANTIEAU, DONNA BARR, NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN

Klamath

COMMITTEE POKES AND STROKES

Umatilla

Talk back to the committee: complaints, suggestions, praise; we promise to send at least one inexpensive tape recorder to listen.

FANZINES

Yakima

Lita Smith-Gharet, Bruce Pelz, Ben Yalow
The role of 'zines in fandom.

3:00 P.M. SUNDAY

MODERN HORROR STORIES: SCIENCE FICTION?

Klamath

Kim Antieau, Luella Burrows, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Tony Wolk
Who gets to draw the lines around our genre, anyway?

FENSTORY

Umatilla

Clifton Amsbury, Ben Yalow
Fandom's history.

WESTERCON 43 PROGRESS REPORT AND RECRUITING SESSION

Yakima

Come find out what's happening with the 1990 Portland Westercon, and join the committee if you are so inclined.

ART CHECK-OUT

Willamette/Deschutes

Pick up your art purchases until 5:00 p.m.

4:00 P.M. SUNDAY

DEALER'S ROOM CLOSES

FANZINE ROOM CLOSES

CHILD CARE CLOSES

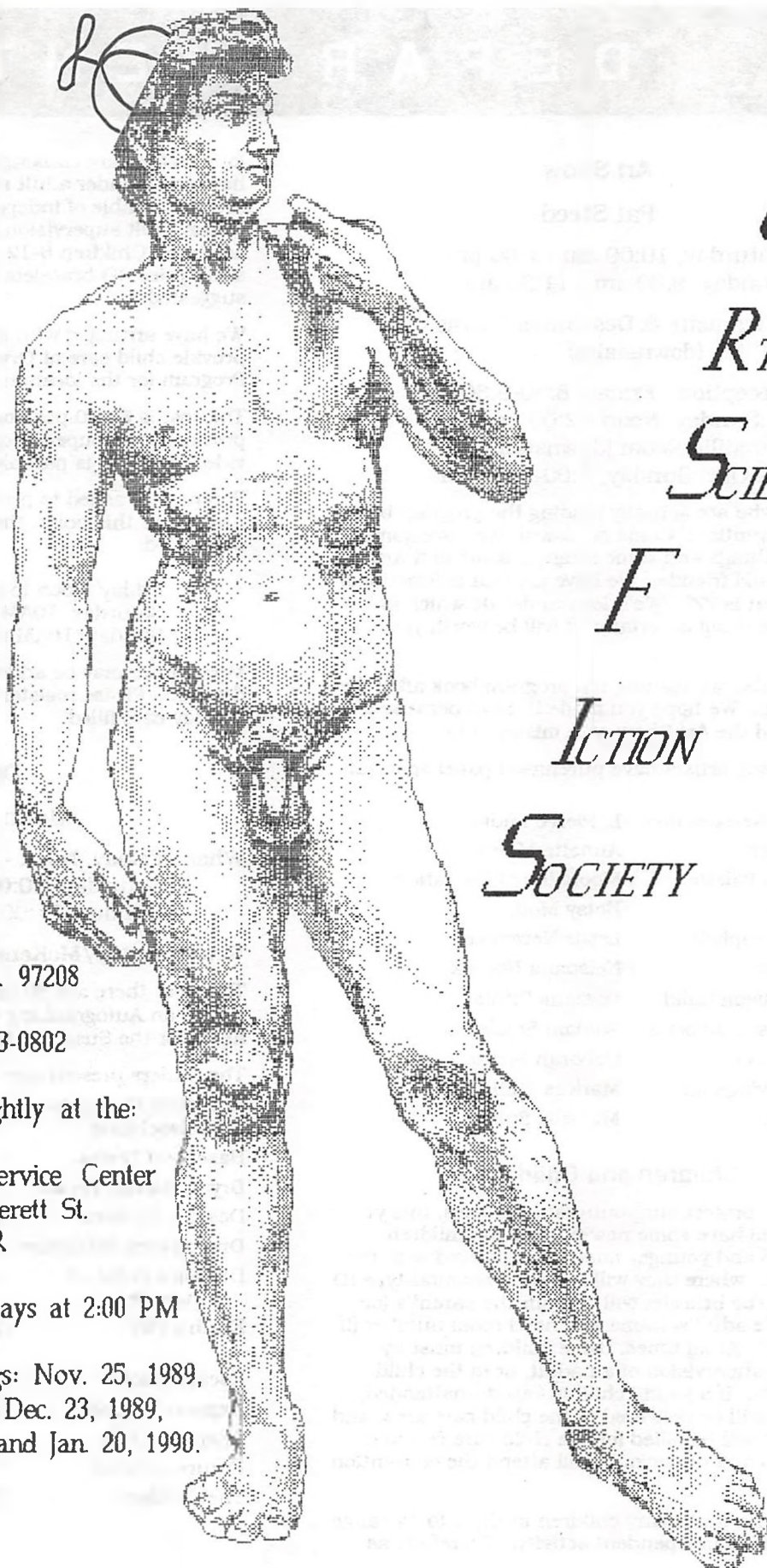
GAMING CLOSES

HOSPITALITY CLOSES

6:00 P.M. SUNDAY

DROWNED DUCK PARTY

Kennedy Suite (Interstate Wing)



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*S**O**C**I**E**T**Y*

PorSFis
PO Box 4602
Portland, OR 97208

Lightline 283-0802

Meets fortnightly at the:

Northwest Service Center
1819 NW Everett St.
Portland, OR

on Saturdays at 2:00 PM

Next meetings: Nov. 25, 1989,
Dec. 9, 1989, Dec. 23, 1989,
Jan. 6, 1990, and Jan. 20, 1990.

DEPARTMENTS

Art Show

Pat Steed

When: Saturday, 10:00 am - 7:00 pm
Sunday, 9:30 am - 11:30 am

Where: Willamette & Deschutes Rooms
(downstairs)

Artists Reception: Friday, 8:30-9:30 pm

Auction: Sunday, Noon - 2:00 pm
Umatilla Room (downstairs)

Art Check Out: Sunday, 3:00-5:00 pm

To those who are actually reading the program book at the convention: Come on down! We have some beautiful things and some strange; some new artists and some old friends. We have art that is functional and art that is ????. We'll let you decide which is what. One thing is certain: It will be worth your time.

To those who are reading the program book after the convention: We hope you made it down because if you missed the Art Show, you missed a lot.

The following artists have purchased panel space at press time:

American Renaissance	L. Pierce Ludke
Donna Barr	Annette Mercier
Bennette's Palette	Moonstone Illustrations
Gail Butler	Betsy Mott
Russell Campbell	Leslie Newcomer
G. R. Grove	Nelsonna Norvak
Jon Gustafson (talk)	Pegasus Prints
Mary Hanson-Roberts	William Smale
Kevin Kaplan	Deborah Strub
Monika Livingston	Markus Willis
Alan Rowe	Michelle Smale

Children and Child Care

In order to protect our youngest attendees, this year's OryCon will have some new policies for children. Children 5 and younger must be registered with the convention, where they will receive a hospital-type ID bracelet. The bracelet will contain the parent's (or responsible adult's) name and hotel room number (if applicable). At all times, these children must be under the supervision of an adult, or in the child care facility. If a young child is found unattended, that child will be delivered to the child care area, and the parent will be billed for the child care received. Children 5 and under may still attend the convention at no cost.

We recognize that many children in the 6 to 12 range are capable of independent activity. Therefore, as

long as they are causing no problems, they do not have to be under adult supervision. However, if they are not capable of independence, then they must be under adult supervision, or in the day care facility, as above. Children 6-12 are admitted at half the adult price; ID bracelets are not required, but suggested.

We have arranged with an independent contractor to provide child care at OryCon. Check the Pocket Program for the location of the Child Care room.

The cost is \$2.00 per hour, and the children will be provided with supervision, games and children's video. (OryCon is partially subsidizing this day care.)

Parents are asked to provide food and diapers, if needed. At this point, the following hours are scheduled:

Friday noon to 6PM
Saturday 10AM to 6PM
Sunday 10AM to 4PM

More hours may be added if there is sufficient demand. Please register in advance, or you may find the day care filled.

Dealers

John Andrews

When: Friday, Noon - 7:00 p.m.
Saturday, 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Sunday, 11:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Where: Rogue/McKenzie Rooms, 2nd Floor

This year there are 30 dealers with 51 tables. There is also an Autographing table, and a table displaying items for the Susan C. Petrey Scholarship auction.

The dealers present are:

American Humanist Association	Books, Pamphlets
Basement Books	Books
Bryan Barrett Books	Books, Rubber Stamps
Designs by Sera	Accessories
Dragonworx Sculpture	Pottery Sculpture
Dunlop's Polished Junque	Jewelry, Sculpture
Earth's Fire	Jewelry, Masks, Costumes
Escape Books	Books
Express Yourself	Buttons, T-shirts
Friends of Filk	Filk Tapes/Books
Future Dreams	Books, Graphic Novels
The Gaddery	Tarot, T-shirts, Media

Rhonda Gheen	Fine Art Sculptures
Hippogriff Armory	Edged Weapons
Hypatia Press	Books
Lady Jayne's Comics & Books	Books, Games
Otherworlds Unlimited	Drinking Horns
McCompany	Pewter, Crystal
Mon Droit Studio	Costume Materials, Jewelry
Nebula Circle	Rare Comics, Art, T-shirts
Powell's Books	Books, Sweatshirts
Quicksilver Fantasies	Filk Music, Prints, Videos
Mark Sanger	Toys, Comics, Books, Cards
Second Genesis	Comics, Magazines
Stirling Spectrum	Jewelry, Accessories
Terra Nova Trading	Jewelry, Cards
Michael Thompson Bookseller	Rare Books
Thoughts and Images	Art, T-shirts, Comics
Dick Wald	Books
Wrigley-Cross Books	Books

Dances

Marc Wells

When: Friday and Saturday Nights

Where: Riverview Room

Yes, there will again be two dances at OryCon. Friday's festivities begin at 8:30 p.m. and run until 1:30. On Saturday, the fun continues after the Masquerade and goes until 2:00 a.m.

We will try to honor requests, but may not always be able to. If you bring your own CDs, cassettes, or records, they must have your name and address on them. Otherwise, we can't guarantee that you'll ever see them again.

So, take a break from party-hopping and SMOFing and dance, dance, Dance!

Fanzine Room

Janice Murray

When: Friday, 7:00 p.m. - Midnight
 Saturday, 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.,
 4:00 p.m. - Midnight
 Sunday, 10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Where: Umpqua Room (Interstate Wing)

It's like the Hospitality Suite, but it's different. It's like the Huckster Room, but it's different. It's sort of like a good room party without the booze. Come visit the Fanzine Room, a quiet place to examine, explore, and discuss the world of fanzines, whether you are just curious or already addicted. For those of you

who don't know why David Langford is our Special Guest, come to the Fanzine Room, and we'll tell you!

Filking

John Andrews

When: Friday 10:00 p.m. - 4:00 a.m.
 Saturday 8:00 p.m. - 4:00 a.m.

Where: Klamath Room

Filk songs are fannish folk songs usually, but not exclusively, devoted to SF and Fantasy themes. Everybody is welcome to perform, participate in group songs, or just listen. No experience or musical ability is necessary.

For those who cannot wait until 10:00 on Friday to begin filking, we will be starting at 8:00 p.m. in the Umatilla room, and moving upstairs at 10:00.

On Saturday, we will begin with a concert. We will allow 30-minute sets for each individual or group interested in performing. Please sign up for your set at the Friday night filk or Saturday in the at office.

Gaming

Andrew Nisbet, Cecilia Eng

When: Friday, Noon - 4:00 a.m.
 Saturday, 7:00 am - 4:00 a.m.
 Sunday, 7:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Where: Tualatin Room
 Nestucca Room
 Wallowa Room

Gaming rooms are all on the main level of the Interstate wing (down the hall from Hospitality).

We will be running a number of prescheduled games, including Cyberpunk, Car Wars, and Hunter Planet. Check your pocket program for current information. Sign-up sheets for the games will be posted in the Tualatin room on the morning of the day the game is to be played. Stop by the gaming area early to get the best selection. Novice gamers are very much welcome, so if you are interested in any of the games please do not hesitate to sign up, attend one or more of the character sessions, and join the fun.

Additional information on scheduled games and other events is available in the pocket program and in the Tualatin Room. Many of the games will offer prizes (check the pocket program).

The Tualatin room will be available for open gaming. OryCon has provided copies of the following games, which will be available in the Tualatin room for convention members' use:

Car Wars	Cosmic Encounter
Dragonriders of Pern	Dungeons!
Fortress America	Fury of Dracula
Illuminati	The Legend of Robin Hood
Mystic Woods	Sky Galleons of Mars

Sorcerer's Cave Toon
Triplanetary.

These games are NOT to be removed from the Tualatin room. The gaming rooms will be closed between 4:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m. Any games still running will have to shut down until 7:00 a.m. or move to your own room(s), so, LET THE GAMER BEWARE!

Restrictions

OryCon convention space may not be used to run games for a fee, as this activity could endanger our non-profit status. No Laser Tag or Killer games have been organized, and none will be allowed, due to limitations on our liability coverage. Alcoholic beverages are not permitted in the gaming rooms; however, gamers of legal drinking age are welcome to avail themselves of the facilities in the Hospitality Suite. Violation of the Gaming rules may result in loss of convention membership, so, be nice, remember to share, don't monopolize a table ALL weekend, don't cheat, say please and thank you, wash behind your ears, and HAVE FUN!

Hospitality

YaLeah and Hahn

When: Friday 4:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m.
Saturday 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 a.m.
Sunday 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Drowned Duck -- 6:00 p.m. Sunday

Where: Kennedy Suite

Welcome from Hahn and YaLeah! We are your hosts again this year in the OryCon Hospitality Suite. Many good things are available to you here: Food, Drink, a place to sit quietly, a place to meet friends, leave messages, get information -- and be of service (yes, you, too can help!)

There are potables galore in many flavors. Soft drinks, beer, and wine are available. **We will require ID from all who request alcoholic beverages.** Show your ID card once and receive a hand stamp (which will thereafter be considered valid ID) OR show your ID card each time you want a refill. You will be asked to produce one of these proofs *every time* you request a drink. This goes for everyone between the ages of 21 and the grave. If you are under 21, please do not jeopardize the convention with illegal alcohol consumption. Alcohol must remain inside the Suite. Any found in the halls will be confiscated.

Food items will be hot, cold, delicious, and plentiful. They are of the "snack" variety, and are not intended to provide full meals to anyone. All donated food items with their list of ingredients, are most welcome. Come share yourself, your time, and your goodies, and you'll take away marvelous good feelings.

The Hospitality Suite will be closed between 4:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m., as will the entire convention. Anyone not actively helping to clean and restock will

be required to leave. Please make sure you have somewhere else to go.

The Hot Tub is available to any OryCon member as long as there is someone else there (for emergency assistance). Bring a towel, a suit, and a smile. Keep it peaceful and clean, free of food and drink, and Have Fun!

Hotel

Patty Wells

The guidelines listed below will help you to enjoy your stay at the hotel and the convention as a whole:

1. Remember that masks that conceal the face are not allowed in the hotel lobby and public areas, registration, or bars and food outlets. It makes the cashiering staff understandably nervous.
2. No running in public areas.
3. Please read and abide by the weapons policy on page 31. This also helps the hotel staff feel more comfortable with our convention.
4. Attaching anything to the walls by any means is strictly forbidden. Check the registration area for a notice board or table.
5. Parties are to be held only in the designated wing. Persons hosting parties are responsible for maintaining crowd and noise control, as well as monitoring that minors are not served liquor. Oregon's legal drinking age is 21.
6. Our policy on room occupancy is that only guests registered with the hotel should be sleeping in the hotel; i.e., no room stuffing or sleeping in other areas of the hotel. There is no advertising of crash space.
7. Be sure to obey the dress codes for the individual restaurants and bars in the hotel.

The Red Lion Columbia River staff have expressed their pleasure at hosting OryCon for the third year. They have asked us to pass along how much they enjoyed hosting OryCon in the past.

We on the committee suggest that you let the hotel staff know when they are giving good service. Smiles, words of thanks, and tipping are all excellent ways of expressing your pleasure at a job well done.

Masquerade

Tash Robb, Kathy Miles, David Johnson,
Susan Mohn

When: Prejudging Saturday 6:00-8:00 PM
Costume Call Saturday 8:00-10:00 PM

Where: Riverview Room

Registration

We encourage all entrants to hand their forms in early so the costume call organizers have a good idea of how many people are entering. Entry forms may

be picked up and handed in at the office on Friday or Saturday, or brought to the prejudging.

OryCon Masquerade Rules

1. All costumes should be science fiction, fantasy, or a related subject.
2. Each contestant is allowed 2 minutes only to display their costume and make their presentation. Please talk to the masquerade organizers if you need more time.
3. Avoid costumes that violate local indecent exposure laws for nudity. In other words, keep it *reasonably* decent.
4. No peanut butter costumes.
5. No flash pictures while contestants are on stage.
6. Contestants with costumes and/or props that are potentially hazardous to themselves, the people around them, or to the hotel's property must notify the organizers at least two hours before the masquerade.
7. If you have any special needs: chairs, microphone, music, marks on the stage, etc., please talk to the masquerade organizers at least two hours before the masquerade so we won't screw you up. Anyone with tapes, props, etc. that will be handled by the organizers should have them clearly marked with the contestant's name and address.
8. The masquerade organizers can be contacted through the convention office.
9. Anyone harassing or threatening the Master of Ceremonies, the costume judges, or masquerade organizers either verbally, through body language, or by brandishing weapons will be disqualified from the Masquerade and subject to all consequences prescribed by Security and the policies of Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc.

Awards

We plan the following awards:

- Best Fantasy
- Best Science Fiction
- Rising Star (children ages 14 and under with self-made costumes)
- Nova (children 8 and under)
- Venus on the Half-Shell (most economical use of materials)
- Most Humorous
- Best Group
- Best Media Costume
- Best Presentation
- Best Craftsmanship
- Best of Show

Other prizes and/or honorable mentions are at the judges' discretion.

Opening Ceremonies

Kate Yule, Ariel Shattan

When: Friday, 7:30 pm

Where: Riverview Room

This year the Not Ready For Sidereal Time Players present yet another edition of OryCon's now famous opening ceremonies. We will introduce the Guests of Honor and Committee in ways you have never before seen. So come to opening ceremonies for a convention introduction you'll never forget!

Operations

Mary Blackman, Bob Blackman

Where: Clackamas Room (upstairs)

The operations department at OryCon will again be handling all branches of Security, Troubleshooting, the Office, and our Gopher staff. We can also help you with information, answer many useful and useless questions (occasionally correctly), and provide you with sign-up information for various convention activities. We are based in the Clackamas room, upstairs between the video rooms.

Volunteers

Anyone who would like to help should come to the Office and volunteer. There will be an operations training session on Friday night, where you can get oodles of information on working the various areas of Operations.

Since our troubleshooting staff will be working out of the Office, we will be open 24 hours a day during the convention, but we tend to be more sentient during the day. Also, all volunteers become eligible for the Ben Yalow Award for Volunteerism above and beyond the call of Sanity.

Medical Emergencies, etc.

In the event of a medical emergency, please contact Operations second -- *after* calling 911, the Oregon Emergency Services dispatch number (Medical, Fire, Police). If you have a medical problem that is not serious enough to require a hospital trip or immediate paramedic car, we can probably help; and we have taxied people to the hospital before, when necessary. Regardless, please let us know if any medical problems should arise.

We are also trying to keep track of all trained medical personnel on site. If you have any kind of current, valid medical license, (or even minimal Red Cross training), please let us know.

Parties

For the sake of our troubleshooting staff, please let us know if you are throwing a party. That allows us to keep a friendly eye on things, and be helpful if any problems occur. Besides, we want to know where to get a drink when we get off duty.

All party hosts should be aware that drinking age in Oregon is 21, and the host is considered responsible (by state law) for any minors given alcohol under any circumstances.

Registration

When: Thursday 8PM-10PM
 Friday 10AM-Midnight
 Saturday 9AM-9PM
 Sunday 10AM-2PM

Rates: Full \$25.00
 Friday \$12.00
 Saturday \$18.00
 Sunday \$10.00

Children 6-12: half-price;
 Children 5 and under: free.

Registration is located in the main hotel lobby area, near the hotel registration desk. In addition to selling memberships and issuing badges, we'll be happy to give a new badge if you wish to change your badge name. (Please wait for a quiet time at Registration.)

Badges

Remember, keep your badge on you at all times. It is your proof of membership, and you will be asked to show it when you enter the convention areas. A badge consists of both the plastic frame and the insert. Please do not lose your badge--you may have to pay the full at-the-door rate to receive a new one.

OryCon 12

OryCon 12 memberships will be available at the Registration area Sunday afternoon for \$12.

The Robert Lionel Fanthorpe Absolutely, Positively, Worst Ever Science Fiction Award Ceremony

David Langford, Debbie Cross

When: Friday, 9:00 PM

Where: Klamath Room

Hearts will pound, palms will sweat, fans will swoon as the suspense mounts during the ceremony. Come hear excerpts from the works of such notables as Pel Torro, Bron Fane, Robert Lionel, and Leo Brett. Each nominee deserves an award but only one in each category will win. Your hosts, David Langford and Debbie Cross will thrill you with readings from the worst of the worst in the science fiction and supernatural genres. You can be there during the final moments of unbearable tension then cheer or weep in victory or defeat as the Worst Novel winner is announced. You will never forgive yourself if you miss it!

Security

Mary Blackman

As you probably already know, OryCon is a weaponless convention. We must also ask people wearing full face masks to avoid the lobby, since masks, like mock weaponry, make the cashiers *really* nervous. In spite of these two restrictions, we will be doing our best to help you have an enjoyable convention. Volunteers are, as always, greatly appreciated. Anyone wishing to volunteer for troubleshooting (security) duty should find me (Mary Blackman) in the Office (Clackamas room, upstairs), and if possible attend the operations training session on Friday night.

Trivia Contest

David Moreland

When: Saturday, 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
 Sunday, Noon - 1:00 p.m.

Where: Umatilla (Saturday)
 Yakima (Sunday)

Yes, Virginia, there will be an OryCon Trivia Contest this year! Yea, verily, trivia fans, from the depths we have exhumed this hoary old relic of our fannish past. But enough about me, let's talk about the contest. It will be open to individuals only (no teams, please). Yes, 16 lucky contestants will compete for fabulous great cheap prizes and the thrill and honor of being named The Most Trivial Person at OryCon. The contest will be presented in a Jeopardy format; that is, a Jeopardy board with six categories, five questions per category with increasing point values (according to the difficulty of the question). A two-hour preliminary round will be held Saturday morning, and a one-hour final will be played Sunday afternoon. There will be prizes awarded to both the final winner and to the contestant who comes up with the most "interesting" answers. So, come on, all you fen! Put on your propeller beanies and join us for fun, excitement, and more trivia than you can shake a jawa at!



Katherine Jones

Video

Jeb Boyt

When: Friday noon -- Sunday 4:00 p.m.

Where: Nehalem Room
Santiam Room
Hotel TVs

This year we will be offering a special presentation of Star Wars and its antecedents. Yojimbo and Hidden Fortress will be featured on Saturday, followed by Star Wars: A New Hope.

There will be cartoons and cereal Saturday and Sunday mornings.

Weapons Policy

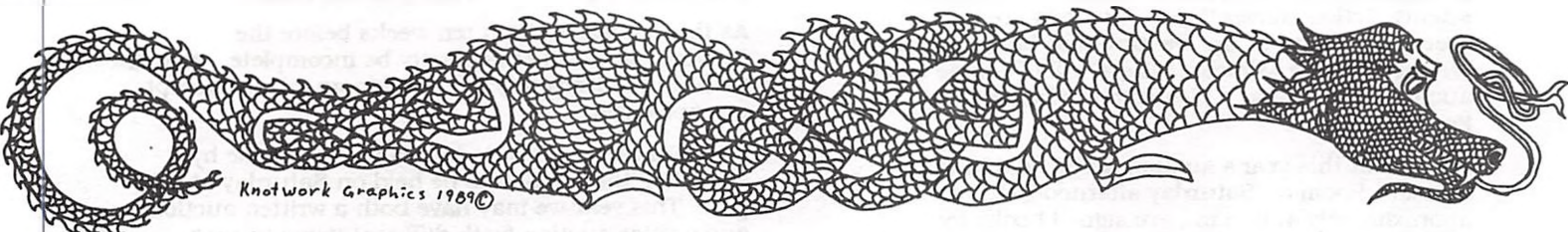
In line with the Standard Practice at most major conventions, including recent World conventions, the carrying and wearing of weapons will not be permitted, except as part of a Masquerade contestant's costume, or as part of other designated

events, and then only during the even, or in transit to and from the event. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event. Failure to do so are grounds for immediate expulsion from the convention.

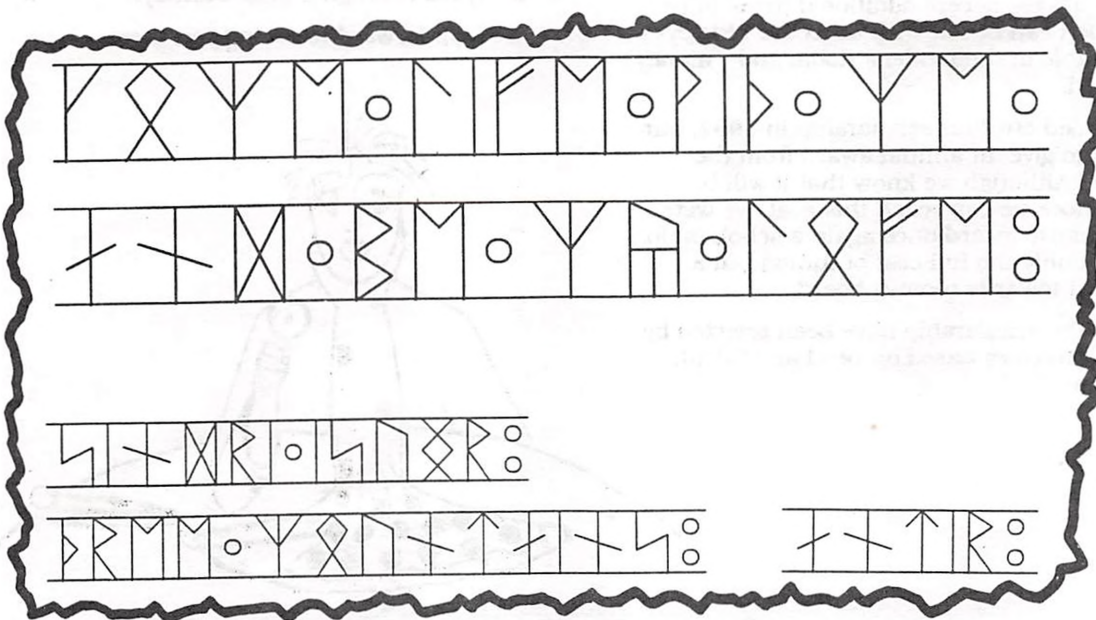
The Convention Committee defines as weapons any object designed to cause bodily harm, or any replica of such an object, and any other object the Committee determines to be dangerous. However, the Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, and the right to impound weapons for the duration of the convention.

Any weapons purchased in the Dealers Room must be securely wrapped.

The Committee realizes that most people who would like to carry and wear weapons are sensible and careful individuals. However, because of the present liability laws, the risk of weapons causing accident or distress, and to preserve relationships with convention hotels, we have had to adopt this policy. The safety of convention members must be our overriding consideration.



to Arlene:



SUE PETREY FUND

The Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship Fund

Debbie Cross, Paul M. Wrigley

**Auction: Saturday 4:30-6:00 pm
Klamath Room (upstairs)**

This scholarship is a memorial to Susan, a friend of ours, and a member of the Portland Science Fiction Society. Since her death in 1980, almost nine years ago, we have raised money to annually send an aspiring writer to the Clarion Science Fiction Writer's Workshop. This was an event she had hoped to attend herself but was unable to do so because of financial reasons. With the return of Clarion West, we have alternated the scholarship between the two sites. Next year's scholarship will be awarded to an attendee of Clarion in Lansing, Michigan.

The original seed money was raised for flowers at Sue's funeral but we were unable to use the money for that use. Since then, money to fund the scholarship has been raised mainly by auctions at science fiction conventions. Auctions are held at every OryCon and Con; we have also held auctions at Westercon 37 & Minicon. There will of course be an auction at next year's Westercon to be held in Portland.

For sale at this year's auction, to be held in the Klamath Room on Saturday afternoon at approximately 4:30 p.m., are signed books by Michael Bishop, Jayge Carr & Jack Dann; galleys by Piers Anthony, John Crowley, and Paul Preuss; signed manuscripts by Ursula K. Le Guin, Steve Perry & Michael Reaves; artwork, authenticated Tribbles and much more. (A flyer contained in your Registration Packet will have more complete details). Of course, we always accept additional items to be auctioned which can be left with us at the Wrigley-Cross Books table in the Dealer's Room and - money is never refused.

Since we awarded our first scholarship in 1982, our goal has been to give an annual award from the interest alone. Although we know that it will be many years before we can reach this goal, we were pleased this year to award once again a scholarship which paid not only the full cost of tuition but a partial payment towards room & board.

Recipients for the scholarship have been selected by the workshop directors based on need and talent. They have been:

1982 William P. Knuttel - Davis CA
1983 Mona A. Clee - Austin TX
1984 Kathe Mustamäa - Detroit MI
1985 Leslie J. Howle - Seattle WA
1986 Wally Metts - Horton MI
1987 Susan Kray - Urbana IL
1988 Sharon Wahl - Somerville MA
1989 Diana Maria Castro - Arcata CA

The fund is administered by us, with the support of Portland fandom, and is legally a part of Oregon Science Fiction Conventions Inc., a tax exempt organization.

We would like to acknowledge the following, who have donated items to this year's auction:

John Bunnell	Jayge Carr
Jack & Jeanne Dann	Al Drake
Lady Jayne's Books	Ursula K. Le Guin
Marilyn & Carl Mork	Alan Newcomer
OryCon 12	Steve Perry & Michael Reaves
PorSFIS	Chug Von Rospach
WesterCon 43	Wrigley-Cross Books

As this list was written ten weeks before the convention, it will of necessity be incomplete. Also, if we have inadvertently left out donors, please accept our apologies.

Now you can contribute to this worthy cause by attending the Auction to be held on Saturday at 4:30 p.m. This year we may have both a written auction and a voice auction (with different items in each auction). All items for sale in both auctions will be displayed in the Dealers Room. If you can't make the voice auction, but wish to make a bid, talk to one of us at the Wrigley-Cross Books table next to the display table. Bids for the written auction will be accepted through 1 p.m. Sunday.

We look forward to seeing you there.



G U E S T S

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe has been involved in Fandom and Gaming since 1978. He has been in several APAs and published two zines. He has also designed and refereed a number of play-by-mail role playing games and had several gaming articles published. While currently in Fannish stasis, he works at conventions, in particular V-Cons, where he has been the Gaming Coordinator. He was also silly enough to be Treasurer for the Vancouver in 1991 bid for Westercon 44, and has volunteered to be Gaming Coordinator for Westercon 44.

John Alvarez

John Alvarez is a freelance illustrator and graphic artist working out of the Portland area. His work has appeared in *Horror Show* magazine and *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. He has also been chosen as the "official" artist for two heavy metal bands: Leviathan and Charred Martyr. He is currently working on illustrating several mundane How-to books for a local publisher as well as designing logos for many prominent businesses.

Clifton Amsbury

1914: Learned to read from *Swiss Family Robinson*, the pre-space-travel equivalent of "marooned in space."
 1919: Discovered Gernsback *Electrical Experimenter* with scientificfiction features.
 1919 to 1926: Discovered scientificfiction in *Argosy All-Story*, *Blue Book*, *Weird Tales*, and finally, *Amazing Stories*.
 1928: Recruited by Aubrey MacDermott for first local fan club.
 1929: Recruited by Ray Palmer for first international scientificfiction fan organization.
 1939: In New York on other business, read about first "Convention" next day in newspapers.
 Member of: American Anthropological Association, AAAS, First Fandom, Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade, SFOHA.

Kim Antleau

Kim Antleau's short fiction has appeared in *Astrov's*, *Twilight Zone Magazine*, *Fantasy Book*, *Pulphouse*, *Shadows 8 & 9*, *Doom City*, *Time Travelers*, *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories:12*, and other publications. She is currently working on an SF/Thriller, *When the Moon was Blood*. She lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband, writer Mario Milosevic.

Michael Armstrong

Born in Virginia and raised in Florida, Michael has lived in Anchorage, Alaska since 1979. A graduate of the 1975 Clarion Writer's Workshop and New College, he received a Master of Fine Arts degree in writing from the University of Alaska, Anchorage. In

1987 Warner Books/Quester published his master's thesis, *After The Zap*, a novel Ed Bryant describes as "an incredibly manic after-the-bomb tale."

Michael has also been published in *F&SF* and several of the *Heroes In Hell* shared-universe anthologies. Baen books will publish his next novel, *Bridge Over Hell*, a spin-off novel in the Hell series, in late 1988 or early 1989. Michael is now at work on a novel-length version of "Going After Arviq" (originally in Janet Morris's *Afterwar* anthology), to be published by Warner Books/Quester.

Sharon S. Baker

Sharon Baker's first novel, *Quarreling, They Met the Dragon*, was published by Avon in 1984. Last year saw the publication of *Journey to Membltar*, and its sequel, *Burning Tears of Sassurum*, appeared this year. Her chapter on research was in *Writer's Digest Books' How to Write Horror, Fantasy, and Science Fiction*, and she has contributed many articles and poetry to small magazines and anthologies. She has taught writing in second grade through high school in Seattle area schools and at the Pacific Northwest Writers' Conference.

John Barnes

John Barnes grew up in Bowling Green, Ohio, a small town so boring people drove into Toledo for excitement. He does occasional columns for *ComputerWorld*, articles about computing in several other magazines, and quite a bit of consulting. His short stories have appeared in *Amazing Stories*, *F&SF*, *Astrov's*, and *CoEvolution Quarterly*. He has had two novels published (*The Man Who Pulled Down the Sky*, 1987, and *Sin of Origin*, 1988) and is currently working on three books: *Canso de Fis de Yoland*, a novel; *Where the Future Went*, non-fiction; and *Kaleidoscope Century*, an interwoven short story collection set in a common future history "which is sort of my homage to *The Green Hills of Earth*."

Steven Barnes

Steven Barnes is the author of nine novels, including *Streetlethal*, *The Kundalini Equation*, *Dream Park* and *The Barsoom Project* (with Larry Niven), and *The Legacy of Heorot* (with Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle), and numerous short stories and teleplays (including "To See The Invisible Man" and others for the 1985 *Twilight Zone* series). He's also an avid Martial Artist, holding belts and instructor certificates in a wide variety of disciplines. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife Toni, his daughter Lauren, two dogs, a cat, and a houseful of tame, invisible tyrannosaurs. Caveat Burglar.

Donna Barr

Donna Barr is a Northwest artist and writer who has been publishing and selling her work since 1986. She is responsible for *The Desert Peach* and *Striz* sequential graphics, among others, and is known for her dramatic and rather screwy sense of humor. If you see the Desert Peach himself -- or his brother Erwin, among others -- wandering the halls at your local West Coast convention, you can blame Donna and her Peach Pitts Review Company. With T. Brian Wagner (to whom she is *not* married, Dan Barr will have you know) and Mike Seyfrit, she is collaborating on *The Desert Peach* musical, currently being presented for consideration at Seattle-area theaters. Donna talks to everyone, and she takes commissions.

Astrid Bear

Astrid Bear has been costuming since 1969, and has won prizes at Worldcons, NASFICs, Westercon, ComicCon, and other, smaller, conventions. She is currently busy thinking up outrageously cute kid's costume for her son, Erik, now three years old, and her daughter, due to be born in January.

Greg Bear

Greg Bear was born in San Diego into a Navy family, and traveled extensively as a child. He began writing when he was 9, and sold his first story to Robert Lowndes *Famous Science Fiction* when he was 15. He has been published regularly since the age of 23. His novels include *Hegira*, *The Infinity Concerto*, *Eon*, *Blood Music*, *The Forge of God*, and *The Serpent Mage*. Greg has won both the Hugo and Nebula awards for his writing.

Greg is also an illustrator, and his work has appeared in *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, and *Vertex*, and on hardback and paperback book covers. Greg and his wife Astrid have been active in SFWA, and Greg is currently president of this writer's organization. Greg is father to Erik, and he and his wife are expecting their second child in January.

Betty Bigelow

Betty Bigelow is an award-winning science fiction costumer and artist from Seattle. She was Fan Guest of Honor at RustyCon in 1988. She is a professional belly dancer and is also a Baroness in the Society for Creative Anachronism.

Luella Burrows

I've been at various times a Medical Technologist in research labs, a full time mom, and a teacher of belly dance. After updating my BS, I decided that being low man on the totem pole in a lab was no longer to my taste, and succumbed to a hitherto squelched urge to write. My husband, son, two cats, one very large dog and I live in an elderly house overlooking Puget Sound. I'm also a survivor of Clarion West, class of '85.

Mary Caraker

Mary Caraker has written the novels *Seven Worlds*, *Watersong*, and *The Snows of Jaspre*, as well as a variety of short fiction. On her Clatskanie, Oregon, farm, she is outstanding in her field.

Frank Catalano

Frank Catalano is a professional freelance writer and media consultant. He's written for *Omnit*, *The Magazine of F&SF*, *Analog*, and others, and has been publisher of *Macintosh Horizons* and *Call-APPLE* magazines. Frank has spent 14 years in broadcasting.

Debra Gray Cook

Debra Gray Cook is the Managing Editor of *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. She is also the editor of *Letters to Pulphouse* and Associate Editor for the *The Report* magazine. Debra lives in Eugene, Oregon with her two cats.

John G. Cramer

John G. Cramer's first novel *Twistor*, a near-future hard SF novel with a Seattle setting, was published in hardcover by Wm. Morrow & Co. in March, 1989 and is scheduled for paperback publication by Avon in November, 1990. Since 1984 John has written the bi-monthly science column, "The Alternate View," for *Analog* and recently completed his 38th column. He also reviews SF books for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *NY Review of Science Fiction*. John is Professor of Physics and Director of the Nuclear Physics Laboratory at the University of Washington in Seattle. In addition to writing and teaching, he does research in nuclear physics, astrophysics, and the foundations of quantum mechanics.

Pauline B. Cramer

Pauline Cramer is a systems safety engineer with Boeing Aerospace and electronics where she is working in the missile systems division. Pauline's husband John is a Physicist and SF Author. Her daughter Kathryn won a 1988 World Fantasy Award for editing an original anthology, *The Architecture of Fear*.

Lon Cudy

Lon Cudy studied music at Portland Community College and Marylhurst College. He specializes in composing and engineering music, with an emphasis on science fantasy. He has composed original music for OMSI's Kendall Planetarium, Oregon Research Institute, Regulatory Management Incorporated, and Portland Community College.



Lon Cudy

Gary Davis

Very early on Gary was fascinated with the arranging of lines on paper -- or whatever would take them -- to create illusions of form, shape, and texture. Later he was to learn that this was "art." Eventually he discovered Science Fiction and Fantasy. For years he tried to gain the attention of publishers, but it was all in vain. So he published his own comic book, *The Starjungleur Collection*, which lasted two issues. Then he went to work for Dark Horse Comics, where he has produced *Paleolove*, *Anomaly*, *The Twilight of Langdarro*, *Delta & Celta*, *Warworld*, and *Spacehawk*.

John De Camp

Credits include a book entitled *In the Shadow of Atlantis*, a poetic essay published by Heron's Quill; a short story, "Out in the Rain," published in the Science Fiction anthology *Wet Visions*; a substantial amount of poetry to various sources including *Asimov's*. Currently he is circulating an action adventure.

Paula Downing

Paula Downing is a personal-injury lawyer in Medford, Oregon, and serves as part-time municipal judge for the nearby town of Talent. Besides practicing law, Paula is also an associate editor for *Pandora*, and she writes an ongoing column on fiction techniques for the Science Fiction and Fantasy Workshop newsletter.

Paula writes both Fantasy and SF, and has written two novels and collaborated on a third with her husband, T. Jackson King. She has just sold a novel, *Mad Roy's Light*, to Baen, and is currently working on her fourth novel, *Witch of Two Suns*.

Elton Elliott

Elton lives in Kelzer, Oregon. His latest work is a novelette, "Lighting Candles on the River Styx." In between writing an opinion column for the newspapers, he is currently at work on a suspense novel, *The Enigma Conspiracy*, and a shorter work, "Ugly Goblins of the Night."

Elizabeth Engstrom

Since 1982 Elizabeth Engstrom has written *When Darkness Loves Us* (Morrow, 1985; Tor 1986) and *Black Ambrosia* (Tor, 1988). Her short fiction has appeared in *F&SF*, *2AM*, *Horror Show*, and others. A collection of her short fiction, *Nightmare Flowers*, will be published by Tor in 1990. She is currently working on a Lizzie Borden book which should see publication in Fall of 1990. Engstrom lives on a farm in Eugene, Oregon with her husband and son.

Gina Fagnani

Jack of many trades, master of none.

James W. Fiscus

Jim Fiscus is a Portland writer and photographer. He taught military history for two years at Portland State University. His historical research has involved gun-running in the Persian Gulf, Romans in Arabia, and other fun subjects that will eventually show up in his fiction. For example, Islam, and its role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story "A Time of Martyrs" in the anthology *There Will be War, Volume V*. His latest story, now cast as a sacrificial lamb toward an editor, is "Liposuction Blues."

Molly Gloss

Molly Gloss is a fourth-generation Oregonian who lives in Portland with her husband and son. For the past ten years or so she has been a full-time writer. She is the author of numerous short stories published in *F&SF*, *Asimov's*, and *Universe*. *Outside the Gates*, a fantasy novel for young adults, was published in 1986, and a "women's western," *The Jump-Off Creek*, was recently released from Houghton Mifflin, to high praise from such readers as Ursula K. Le Guin and A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

Eileen Gunn

Eileen Gunn's most recent work has appeared in *Issac Asimov's SF Magazine*. Her short story "Stable Strategies for Middle Management" was a 1989 Hugo nominee and appears in Garner Dozois' *The Year's Best Science Fiction #6*. An erstwhile Oregonian, she now lives in Seattle.

Ellen Guon

Ellen has recently sold her first fantasy novel.

Jon Gustafson

Jon Gustafson has been active in Fandom for twelve years. He has been Guest of Honor at various Northwest conventions and is an instrumental force behind MosCon. He operates JMG Appraisals, a professional SF/fantasy art appraisal service. His first book was *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*. Jon is currently writing a quarterly column on Science Fiction art for *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*. He is also the director of the Moscow Moffla Writer's Program and is involved with J. Martin & Associates (a new literary agency).

Norman E. Hartman

Norm, a semi-retired technical writer, is pleased to announce that he finally has the leisure time to work full time as a writer. He has a novel nearly ready to send out, and hopes to also produce some new short fiction in the near future. He lives in the Portland suburb of Tigard with his wife and several computers. Norm is also rumored to be the galactic Emperor in Exile.

Nina Kiriki Hoffman

Nina Kiriki Hoffman's short fiction has appeared in the magazines *Astrov's*, *Dragon Magazine*, *Pulphouse*, *Amazing Stories*, *Wetrd Tales*, *Shadows 8 & 9*, *Greystone Bay*, and *Doom City*. Her work is also in Jessica A. Salmonson's *Tales by Moonlight* and *Tales by Moonlight II* and A. J. Budrys' *Writers of the Future*, Vol. 1. Nina lives in Eugene, Oregon with two cats, one mannequin, and unnumbered specters of the imagination.

Marilyn J. Holt

Marilyn J. Holt writes SF, mysteries, poetry, and non-fiction. Her book on Ventura desktop publishing software appeared recently, and she regularly writes, edits, and publishes articles on general business topics. As an Adjunct Professor with Central Washington University Extension Program, she teaches writing and literature. With J.T. Stewart, she co-founded the current Clarion West Writer's workshop. She lives in Seattle, WA.

Jerry Kaufman

Jerry Kaufman is one-half of the staff of Serconia Press, a specialist in Science Fiction-related non-fiction. (Strokes, by John Clute, is its most recent release.) He recently was one-half of the chair of Corflu, the fanzine convention. His most recent fannish publication is Kaufman Coast to Coast, an account of his 1983 trip to Australia as the Down Under Fan Fund delegate.

T. Jackson King

T. Jackson King is a full-time writer, archaeologist, and legal assistant now living in the woods of Medford, Oregon with his wife, fellow SF writer Paula Downing, and four cat-people named Phillip, Ophella, Loki, and Ninja. His three children are Keith, Karen, and Kevin. His first novel, *Retread Shop*, was published in July 1988 by Warner Books/Questar to good reviews and best-seller sales. King has sold a second book, and also short stories to *Pandora* and *The Final Draft* magazines, along with a non-fiction article to *MZB's Fantasy Magazine*. His first SF story was published in the 5th grade newsletter. King writes hard SF with a lot of social SF mixed in. He is now at work on his sixth novel, a near-future "realistic" fantasy titled *The Gaiean Enchantment*.

Damon Knight

Damon Knight is one of SF's most multifaceted talents. He began his SF career as a member of the Futurian Society, a group which produced some of SF's greatest names. He was a founder of the Science Fiction Writers of America and its first president. He also founded the Clarion Conference on the craft of writing Science Fiction. He edited *Orbit* and numerous other anthologies. His more than 60 books include short stories, novels, incisive literary criticism, translations, and biographies. He has written the history of the Futurian Society. He lives in Eugene, Oregon with his wife, Kate Wilhelm.

Vince Kohler

Vince Kohler is a staff writer for the *Oregonian*, where he covers Clackamas County politics, writes about science and space, and reviews books, including Science Fiction. "I'm finding it harder and harder to read Science Fiction," Kohler says. "More and more of it seems to me to be unimaginative and morally played out." Kohler is a member the British Interplanetary Society, the Science Fiction Research Association, and the Mystery Writers of America. Kohler's first novel, *Rainy North Woods*, a comic thriller with science fictional elements, set on Oregon's rainy South Coast, will be published in February 1990 by St. Martin's Press.

Ursula K. Le Guin

Ursula K. Le Guin was born in California, educated at Radcliffe College and Columbia University and presently lives in Portland, Oregon. She has been the recipient of Hugo, Nebula and National Book Awards. Amongst her almost thirty book length publications are *The Left Hand of Darkness*, the Earthsea trilogy, *The Dispossessed*, *Malafrena* and *Always Coming Home*. Her two most recent books are *Catwings* and *Soloman Leviathan's 931st Trip Around the World*.

Tom Maddox

Tom Maddox was born in west Virginia and lived in the South while growing up. His first story, "The Mind like a Strange Balloon," was published in *Omnit* in 1985. The next year *Omnit* published "Snake Eyes," which was anthologized a number of places, including *Mirrorshades: the Cyberpunk Anthology*. Other pieces have since been published in *Omnit*, *Astrov's*, and magazines and anthologies in Europe and Japan. Critical articles by him have appeared in *Fantasy Review*, *Cheap Truth*, the *Wilson Quarterly*, and *Mississippi Review*. His first novel, *The Second Program*, will be published in 1990 by Tor in the U.S. and by Century Hutchinson in England.

Cyn Mason

Cyn Mason was kidnapped by aliens at age 7, and was leading a slave's rebellion on the planet Foonbar by the age of 12. Returning to Earth, she took a job that leaves her nostalgic about slavery. To maintain sanity, she writes SF, tells bad jokes, and lives with David Meyer.

Carl Miller

Carl Miller's education, regular and irregular, includes biology, geology, paleontology, anthropology, poetry, art, and alchemical hypnosis. His occupations and preoccupations include writing fantasy novels, recording tapes of eastern-flavored new age music, going to beaches and mountains, cutting firewood, petting cats, and occasional socializing at events like this one. His first novel, *Dragonbound*, was published by Ace in December, 1988; his second, *The Warrior and the Witch*, is due in March 1990.

Mario Milosevic

Mario Milosevic lives and writes in White Salmon, Washington.

Vicki Mitchell

Vicki Mitchell has been involved in science fiction since 1977. She's been a regular committee member of MosCon and has assisted at other Northwest conventions. In 1986, she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest. Her first novel *Enemy Unseen* (a Star Trek novel) will appear from pocket books in late 1990 or early 1991. She is currently working on short stories, treatments, and scripts, and her second and third novels are making their rounds of the publishers.

Marilyn Mork

Marilyn Mork has been a well-known Portland artist for 30 years. She has traveled extensively in the US and Europe and studied psychology and anthropology, as well as the fine arts. She is now semi-retired, due to failing health, but acts as curator for the Light & Fiber Gallery shows and remains concerned with the arts. She is a founding member of the Portland chapter of the Women's Caucus for Art, and was a juror for the 1988 and 1989 Women's History Month shows at Portland State University. She is also a member of the American Association of University Women.

Catherine McGuire

I am a technical writer during the day, a Science Fiction writer and stand-up comedian at night. My two published books are *Raid on Nightmare Castle* and *Trouble on Artule*, both for TSR, Inc. I am currently marketing my third book, an adult SF comedy, called *Brain Quest* until an editor changes the title. My other activities include film and video making, miniatures, sewing, and anything else that costs money and is creative.

Vonda N. McIntyre

Vonda N. McIntyre has received two Nebula Awards and a Hugo Award for her Science Fiction. She has authored the novels *Dreamsnake*, *The Exile Waiting*, *The Entropy Effect*, *Superluminal*, *Barbary*, *The Starfarers*, and three Star-Trek novelizations. A collection of her short fiction, *Fireflood and Other Stories*, has also been published. Vonda will be one of the Guests of Honor at Westercon 43 in Portland in July of 1990.

Jerry Olton

Jerry Olton's short stories appear frequently in *Analog*. He has published one novel, *Frame of Reference*, and has written books 10 and 12 in the Issac Asimov's *Robot City* series. Jerry and his wife Kathy recently moved to Oregon from Wyoming, and are still making the adjustment to having other writers in the state.

John Pelan

John Pelan has been an avid reader/collector of fantasy and SF for many years, going through incarnations as writer, reviewer, and bookseller. In a dedicated effort to lose money, he founded Axolotl Press at Norwescon 9 in 1986; in spite of a complete lack of regular distribution, minimum advertising, low budget, and little (if any) business sense on the part of the publisher, the press has managed to thrive.

Bruce Pelz

Bruce Pelz has published over 1000 fanzines, and collected about 25,000 (not counting the 225 boxes not yet sorted through). He has served on several Worldcon, Westercon, and Loscon committees. He was at one time active in Filk Fandom, but then it got organized. He was active in Costume Fandom before it got organized, too. Bruce has been a Director of LASFS, Inc. for 21 years. He has attended all but 3 Worldcons since his first in 1959, and all Westercons since 1961. He goes to various regional conventions, from Boskone to OryCon, and he has been Fan GoH at Westercon, Worldcon, X-con, and Penulticon, and Co-FGOH (with his wife, Elayne) at Loscon and Kubla Kahn. He occasionally reads Science Fiction, Fantasy, and mysteries. He is opinionated, but generally restricts his opinions to Fan History, Fan Politics, and Comics.

Bruce's present projects are: compiling the Fantasy Showcase Mah Jongg Deck, chairing the Committee on Preservation of the Hugos, and co-chairing a bid for a Los Angeles Worldcon in 1996.

Steve Perry

Steve Perry was born and raised in the deep south and has lived in Louisiana, California, Oregon, and Washington. Before turning to full-time freelance writing, he held a variety of jobs, including: swimming instructor and lifeguard, toy assembler, hotel gift shop clerk, aluminum salesman, kung fu instructor, private detective, Licensed Practical Nurse and Certified Physician's Assistant. He began writing in November of 1976 part-time, full-time in 1978.

Steve has sold a score of stories to various magazines, ranging from *Omni* to *Pulphouse*. He has never considered the short story his best form, and for the last several years has concentrated on book-length material. He is currently working on his twenty-second novel. His novels include *The Man Who Never Missed*, *The Machlavelli Interface*, *The Tularemia Gambit*, and *Dome* (with Michael Reaves).

Jonathan V. Post

Jonathan Post has over 400 presentations, publications, and broadcasts to his credit. He does book, magazine, audio, video, film, educational, and computer publishing. He is also a consultant in aerospace computing. His recent novels include *The Leisure of the Theory Class* and *Cold War Cosmos*.

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Kristine Kathryn Rusch has just sold two novels to New American Library. One is titled *The White Mists of Power*, and is a fantasy. The other, written with Kevin J. Anderson, is titled *Afterimage*. She has sold Science Fiction to several places including G. Dozois' *The Year's Best Science Fiction #6*, *The 1989 World's Best Science Fiction*, *Boys Life*, *F&SF*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing Stories*, *Alfred Hitchcock's* and *Aboriginal SF*.

Kristine edits *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, and is one of the crazies behind Pulphouse Publishing. Pulphouse is has been nominated for the 1989 World Fantasy Award. Kathrine lives in Eugene with three wild and obnoxious cats.

Fran Skene

Fran Skene has been active in Canadian Fandom since 1973. She has published several fanzines. She has chaired five conventions, including the Vancouver Westercon, and worked for a number of others. She is a public librarian, and has done a lot of storytelling, script and poetry writing, and literary criticism.

Dean Wesley Smith

Dean Wesley Smith has sold over 30 professional level short stories to such places as *F&SF*, *Out Magazine*, *Gem Magazine*, *Writers of the Future*, Vol. 1, *Clarion Awards*, *The Horror Show*, *Night Cry*, and *Amazing*. His first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*, will appear in November 1989 from Warner Books and he is now madly working on two more.

Dean is the publisher of Pulphouse Publishing, which produces *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, Axolotl Press books, *The Convention Series*, and *Author's Choice Monthly*. He also edits and publishes *The Report*, a writer's magazine.

Lita Smith-Gharet

Lita Smith-Gharet has been working with fossilized ivory for over thirteen years, and her work has appeared in several trade magazines such as *The Lapidary Journal* and *Rock and Gem*. Lita's work has been featured in more than 60 newspapers across the country. She has received numerous awards for her work. Lita has owned and operated several fine art galleries, and is the owner of the Steel Eagle Agency.

As a costumer, Lita has won many awards, and photos of her costumes have appeared in *Locus*. She is the founder of the Northwest Costumer's Guild.

Julie Stevens

Julie Stevens has sold short stories to *Asimov's*, *Best of Omni*, *F&SF*, *Whispers*, and several horror anthologies. She lives in Coos Bay, Oregon, where she is practicing law, raising kids, and trying to finish a novel.

J. T. Stewart

Both a writer and an editor, J. T. teaches creative writing at Seattle Central Community College. She co-edited *Gathering Ground: An Anthology of Writing and Art by Northwest Women of Color*, and is executive editor of her college's literary magazine, *The Ark*. She has done non-fiction work for the *Seattle Times*, the *Seattle Weekly*, and *The Group Theater*. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in various publications, including a poetry chapbook *Nommo*, and another chapbook is due out in December 1989. Most recently she has become poet-in-residence for The Choreopoets, a black performance group. J.T. is a co-founder of the Clarion West science Fiction Writers' Workshop.

Lisa Swallow

Lisa Swallow lives in Santa Cruz, California. She has sold stories to three anthologies: *Tales of the Witch World*, Vol. II (available now), *Women of Darkness*, Vol. II (coming out in 1990), and *The Truth About Christmas* (publication date unknown). Currently Lisa is collaborating with Dave Smeds on an SF Novella; looking for a publisher for *Crux Points*, an anthology she is writing with Janet Gluckman; and writing a self-help book. She works as a computer consultant.

Bruce Taylor

Bruce Taylor has as stories published in *New Dimensions 9 and 10* (ed. Robert Silverberg), the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Twilight Zone*. A story that appeared in the Autumn 1988 issue of *Pulphouse* was nominated for a Nebula and for the Bram Stoker award. His stories also sell in Europe.

Bruce spent the summer of 1986 traveling in Europe and was writer in residence at Shakespeare and Company, Paris. While there, he was filmed by NBC as he gave a reading of his short stories. He will have a story coming out in 1990 in a horror anthology titled *October Dreams*, and he has a novel, *The Story of Edward...and Other Insults to the Morally Perfect*, making its glacial rounds to editors. He is currently midway through another book.

Amy Thomson

Amy Thomson writes and reviews SF. Aside from that, she has no other interesting bad habits.

Elisabeth Waters

Elisabeth Waters' first sale was to the anthology *The Keeper's Price*, with a story which had won a prize in a short story contest. This was followed by other short fiction sales to anthologies. Inspired by Madeline L'Engle and Andre Norton, she hopes someday to write children's fiction and her first novel, a young adult fantasy, was awarded the 1989 Gryphon Award. She is a member of SFWA and of The Authors Guild.

Elisabeth is a supernumerary with the San Francisco Opera, where she has appeared in *La Gioconda*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Khovanschina*, *Das Rheingold*, and *Werther*. She lives in Berkeley with Marion

Zimmer Bradley, whose secretary she is, two dogs (one part wolf), and two cats.

Art Widner

Art Widner is a born again fan. In his first incarnation (1938-48), he founded the Stranger Club, put on the first three Boskones (antedating the modern NESFA series), edited genzine *Fanfare*, *Fapazine*, *YHOS* (Your Humble Obedient Servant), co-founded N#F, invented the first SF board game, Interplanetary, wrote short stories in *Wierd Tails* and *SF Quarterly* -- burnout!

In 1979, he rejoined FAPA and produced *YHOS* #14 just as if 34 years hadn't rolled by. In his second incarnation, he has attended most Worldcons and West Coast cons. He was Fan GoH at Norwescon 6, Baycon '86, and Noreascon 3 with other members of the original Stranger Club and will be Fan GoH at Westercon 43 in Portland in July 1990. He won the Great Heart award at Noreascon 3.

Kate Wilhelm

Kate Wilhelm was born in Ohio and now lives in Eugene, Oregon with her husband, Damon Knight. She has been the recipient of the Nebula, Hugo, Jupiter and Apollo awards. Included among her approximately thirty works of fiction are *Margaret and I*, *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sing*, *Oh, Susannah!* and *Welcome, Chaos*. Her most recent works have included *The Hamlet Trap*, *Crazy Time* and *The Dark Door*.

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Tony Wolk

Tony Wolk is an English Professor at Portland State University, teaching SF literature, SF writing, writing on Philip K. Dick for Foundation and preparing a book on Dick for Borgo Press.

Ben Yalow

Ben Yalow is the guy in the white shirt and bowtie, the Pepsi addict. He's the glutton for punishment who's always there when the thankless jobs are being handed out. He's the one who goes to at least fifteen conventions a year, and spends at least another fifteen weekends commuting around the country to work on conventions he'll be going to in the future. He's the one who can always be counted on to be on those boring committees, and make sure everyone else on them turns their reports in on time, having paid some attention to the issues. And he keeps up this more-than-full-time fannish schedule while holding down a highly respectable more-than-full-time job in New York City. He was OryCon's Fan Guest of Honor in 1987. It was the only way we could think of to keep him from working his tail off at our con. It didn't work.

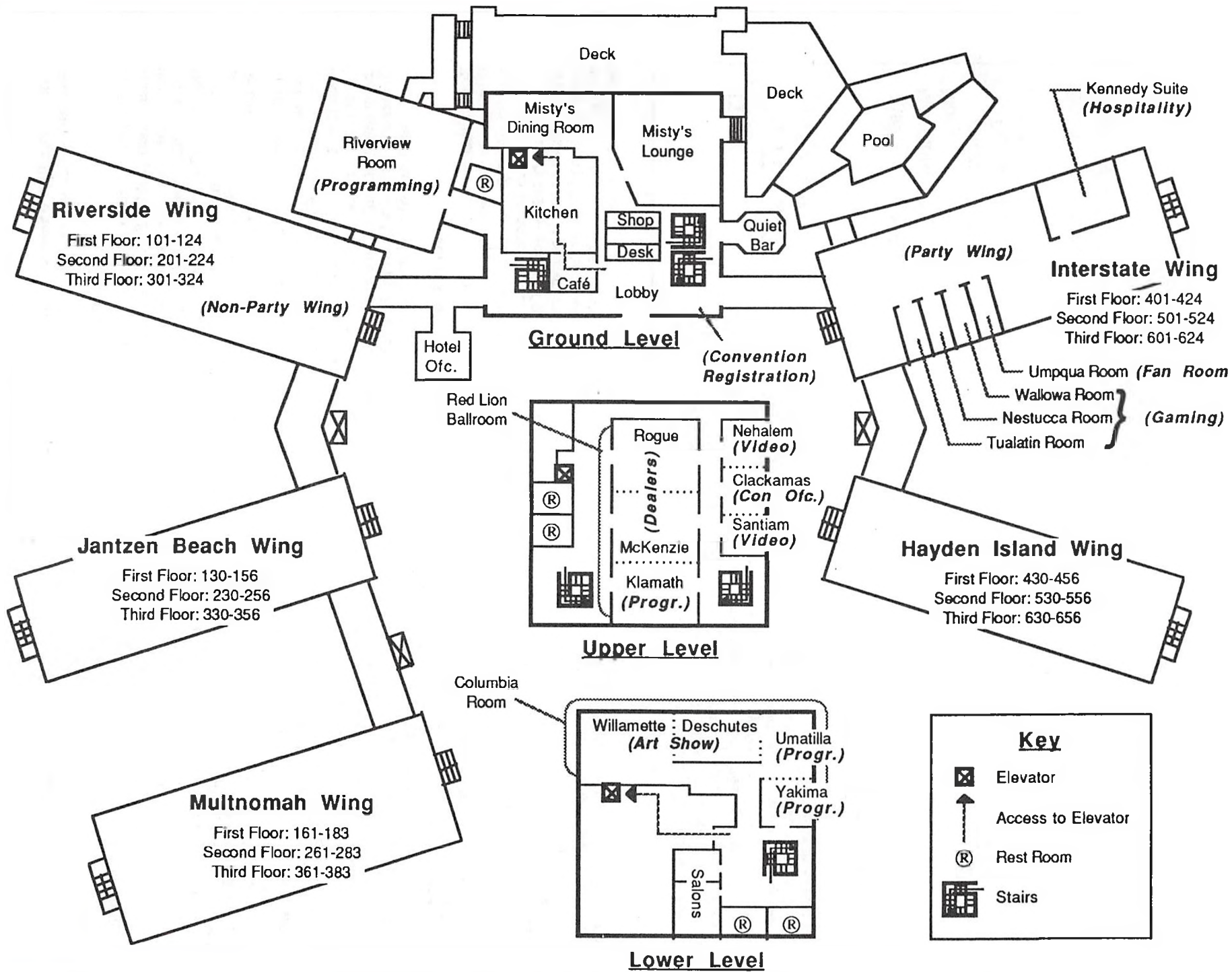
Ben has been to over 300 conventions, and worked on about 100, including over 15 Worldcons. He's Chaired/Co-Chaired Lunacon, SMOFcon, Codclave, and he's been a Worldcon division manager or deputy 4 times. He's a member of Lunarians (NY), Fanoclasts (NY), FACT (Texas), and President of Nesfa (Boston).

Julie Zetterberg

Julie Zetterberg has been making and wearing costumes since 1974, first as a member of the S.C.A., then at Science Fiction conventions and other historical diversions. She has appeared as everything from Judy Jetson to the space Station from 2001. Costuming has given her many odd pleasures and occasional rewards, but she is very glad it is, for her, only a hobby. She lives and works very mundanely in Seattle.

No Information Was Available For:

Walter Breen
Christine Carmichael
Melissa Hilton Carpenter
Webster Colcord
Howard Davidson
Hal Hickel
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