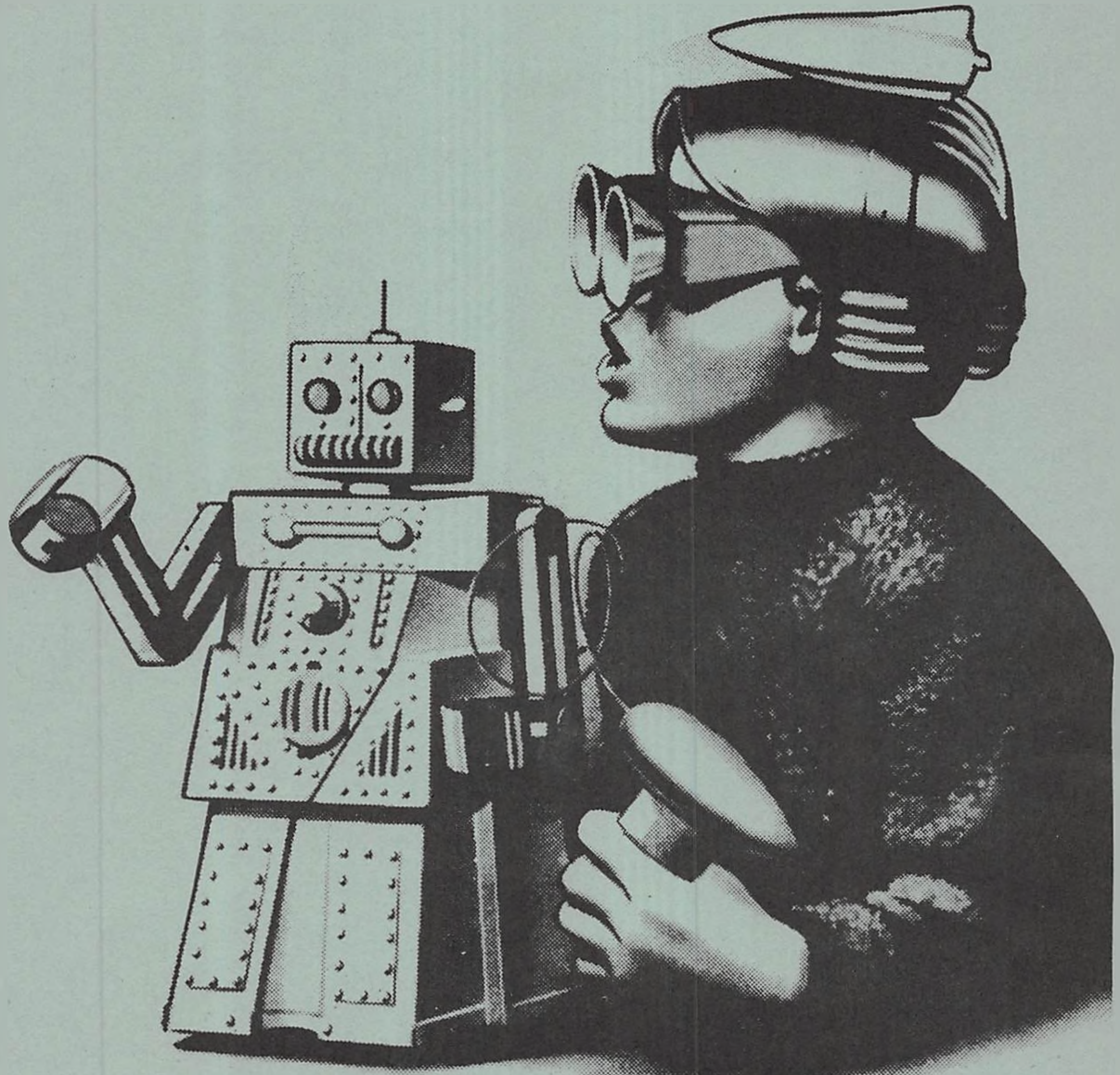


# OR Y CON '86



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# ORYCON '86

## November 7-9, 1986

### Red Lion Hotel, Portland, Oregon

**Guest of Honor:**

**Edward Bryant**

**Toastmaster:**

**George R. R. Martin**

**Editor Guest**

**of Honor:**

**Jessica Amanda Salmonson**

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Dave Meyer for the PSA's  
Marilyn Mork, for flyer and name badge  
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Program Book cover art by Dell Harris

Title: "The Dream Time"

Interior art:

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Questions? Lost & Found?

Come to the ORYCON OFFICE

We are open:

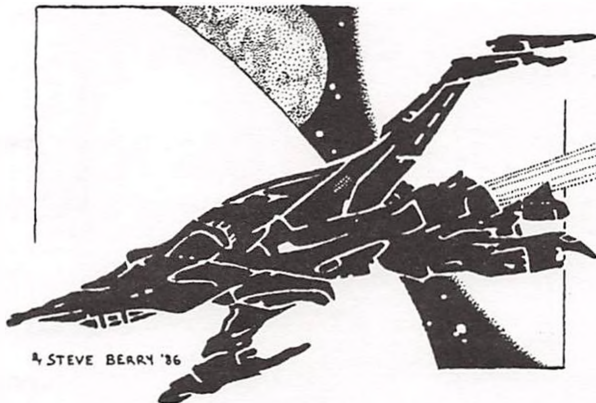
Thursday..... 6 PM to 10 PM  
Friday..... 9 AM to 8 PM  
Saturday..... 8 AM to 8 PM  
Sunday..... 9 AM to 5 PM

## ORYCON '86 CLOSING HOURS

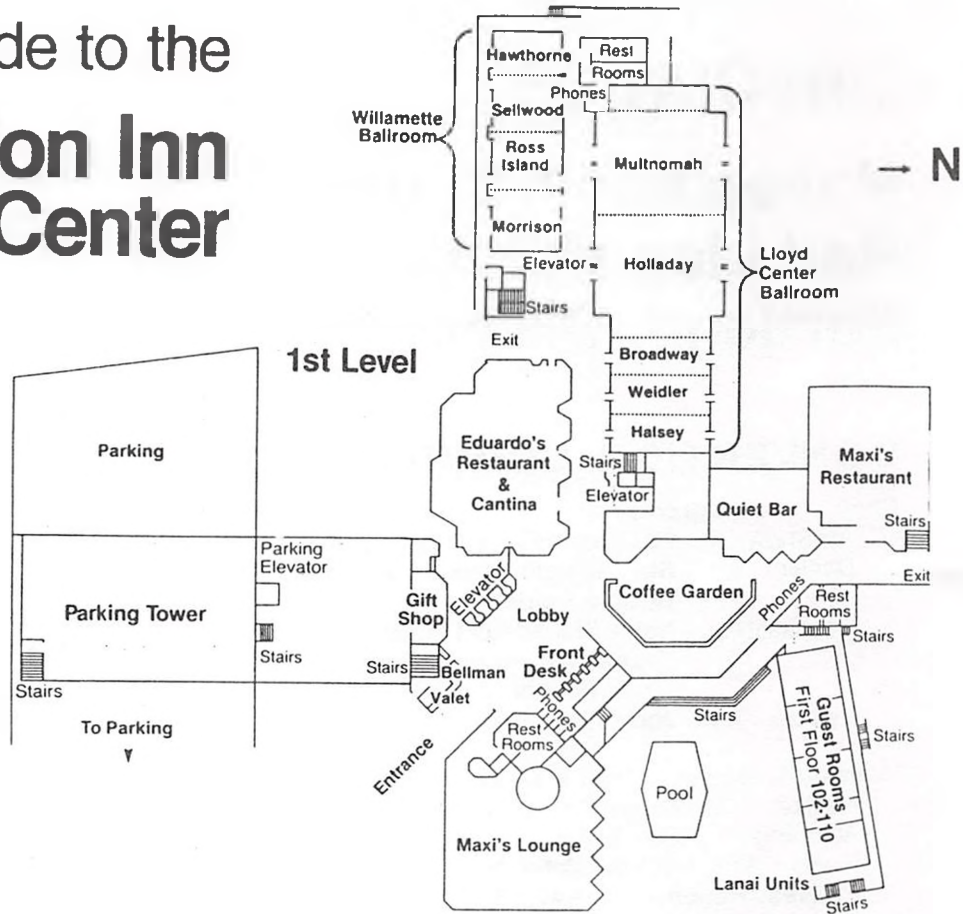
OryCon will close down each morning at 4 AM, to allow convention areas which see almost continuous use, such as the Gaming and Video rooms, and the Hospitality Suite, to be cleaned up and made ready for a new day. (The video program will continue to be shown over the hotel system.) The rooms will open again at 7 AM. For those of you not staying at the hotel, there is Night Owl service offered by Broadway Cab (fare is \$1 to \$3) hourly all night long, as well as busses and light rail running until after midnight, and starting again at about 6 AM.

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# Your Guide to the Red Lion Inn Lloyd Center



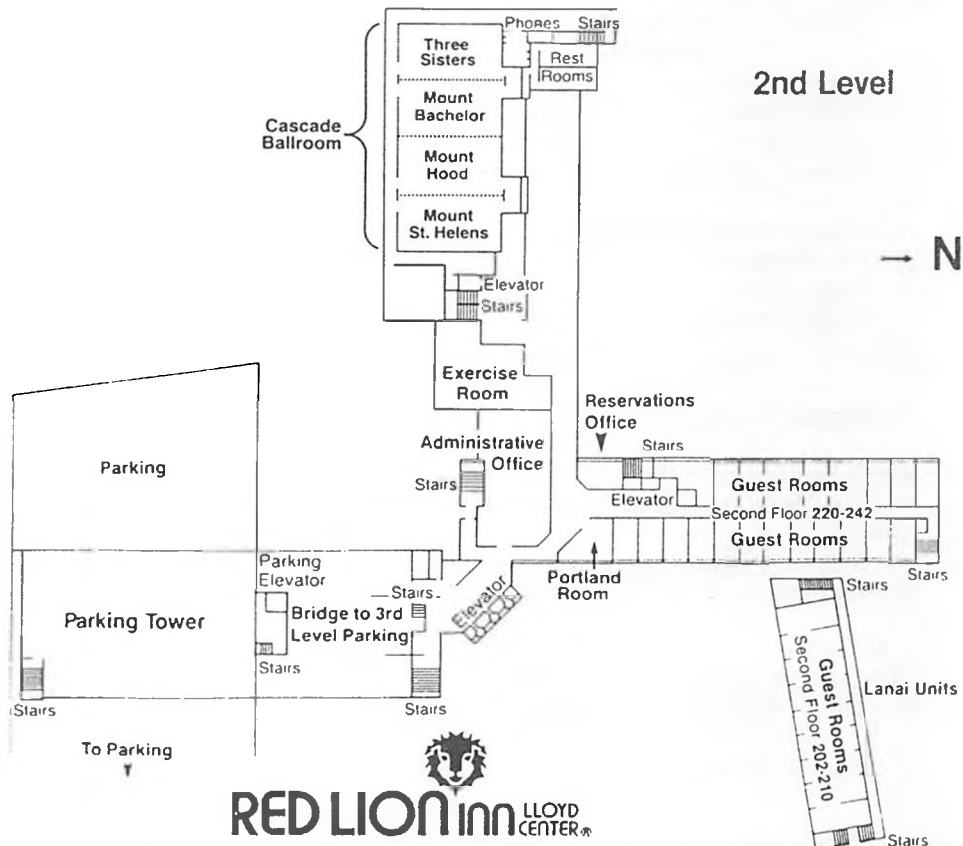
## HOTEL

A Few Guidelines to Enhance Your Enjoyment of the convention

1. Remember that masks which conceal your face are not allowed in the hotel lobby registration area and bars. It makes the cashiering staff nervous, which we can certainly understand from a security stand point.
2. No running or displaying weapons in public areas.
3. Attaching *anything* to walls by *any* means is strictly forbidden. Bulletin boards will be provided for notices.
4. Parties are to be held only on designated party floors (floors 15 & 16). Persons hosting parties are responsible for maintaining crowd and noise control, as well as monitoring that minors are not served alcohol. Oregon drinking age is 21.
5. Our official policy on room occupancy is that only guests registered with the hotel should be sleeping in the hotel, i.e., room stuffing is frowned upon. This means that you do *not* post notices advertising crash space. Of course, your sleeping room is your responsibility, including paying for any damages.
6. Maxi's Restaurant and Lounge has a formal dress code. However, other restaurants in the hotel will not object to costumes or casual attire.

The Red Lion staff have expressed their willingness to help make Orycon as pleasant as possible. We on the Orycon 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 recognizing good service.

Patty Wells



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# Guest of Honor: EDWARD BRYANT

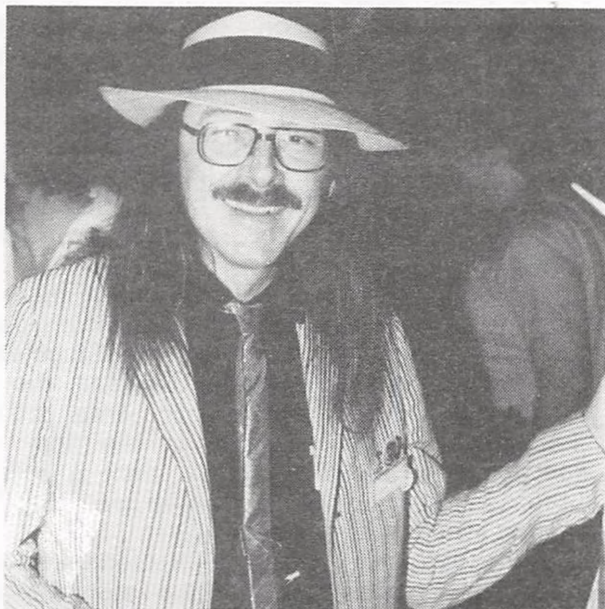


Photo by Rick Hawes

## ED BRYANT—MY HERO

by Somtow Sucharitkul

I have been asked to write about Ed Bryant because Ed wrote about me last year. The enterprising Ariel Shattan had managed to obtain Ed's services to write an introduction to me for last year's Orycon's program book—and found herself inviting him to be this year's Guest of Honor as well! I had no way of knowing what Ed was going to say about me until my arrival in Portland, so—just in case he was going to do something really insulting—I demanded the privilege of retaliating.

To my astonishment, Ed's article about me contained only praise. I am therefore bound by the Law of Backscratching Reciprocity to say nothing but good things about him. Unsavory speculation was out, too, which meant that I couldn't do a story about what Ed really does with those enormous, inflatable, anatomically correct sharks that he keeps within easy reach of his bed. I am forced to forego my traditional snide approach and write a cloying, sycophantic encomium. Well, here goes.

I first encountered Edward Bryant, though he doesn't know it, when I was a teenager, in the pages of *Again, Dangerous Visions*. I had returned to Thailand for the summer vacation (I was at school at Eton at the time) and, delighted to be free from the rigors of Latin conjugations for a while, I grabbed a copy of *A, DV* from an English-language bookstore in Bangkok, and took it to the beach. It was there that I met one of Ed's earliest stories—indeed his very first sale—**The 10:00 Report Is Brought To You By...** a very avant-garde story about future prostitution, written in a cross between the style of a story and the format of a film-script. It's a fascinating little story, and I was impressed by its author's high seriousness of tone as well as his literary skill.

Of course, I didn't know, in those days, that Ed Bryant is a man who does not balk at telling bad jokes while emceeing the Hugo Awards wearing roller skates—who believes, as I do, that **Earth Girls Are Easy** is the acme of human artistic achievement—who (as you can tell by his tonsorial splendor and personal couture) has never fully recovered from the Sixties...had I known all this, I might have thought twice before elevating him to my personal pantheon on the basis of that single story. Maybe not.

The achievements of Edward Winslow Bryant, Jr., are difficult to summarize. He's won various Nebula Awards and things, once, for example, for a brilliant, evocative rock 'n' roll of the future novella entitled **Stone** that appeared in *F&SF*. **Particle Theory**, his story collection from Timescape Books, has all but vanished from bookstores, which is an enormous pity, because few collections display this much sensitivity, this much consistent high quality. Tales such as the title story, which takes an idea common in pulp SF long ago and rejuvenates it, or **Shark**, which is one of the strangest love stories you will ever read, or **giANTS**, another award winner, all speak to us in Ed's unique voice: lyrical, compassionate, uncompromising. Perhaps someone will bring that collection back into print soon and I won't have to keep lending out my cherished copy.

Then there's **Cinnabar**. At Deepsouthcon, last month, I was told by a teenaged fan named Russell Marshall that **Cinnabar** is the finest book ever written (or words to that effect.) "I read it when I was nine years old," he said, "and it changed my life." This fellow was more impressed by the fact that I knew Ed Bryant than by any other single fact about me. So, you see, despite the fact that you can't find any of Ed's books anywhere, he has an all-pervasive influence in our field, and everyone knows him as one of the shapers of our generation of science fiction.

It's not surprising that I was too awestruck to utter a word to this Grand Old Figure—a man a full seven years older than me!—the first few times I ran into him. It was at Denvention that he presided over my winning the Campbell Award, but I didn't really say anything to him then. But as I got to know this August Figure, I realized that he's a laugh a minute, when he's not doing kinky things to sharks. I will always be grateful to him, since he was the first member of the infamous Labor Day Group to actually acknowledge my existence. I am honored to be asked to introduce him to you, and all you members of Orycon are about to discover what a splendid guest of honor you have chosen.

Run to the huckster room to buy this man's books! It may be the only chance you'll ever have!

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# THE OBSCURE BRYANT: A brief Anthology of Edward Bryant

## Author's Note:

What follows is a short and haphazard sampler of some of the projects I've been working on. A note seemed appropriate, since I've tried for a variety of materials.

First there's "Mulchasaurus Rex," a small piece of a new book called ED GEIN'S AMERICA. If you're not up on your recent American history, Ed Gein was a rather idiosyncratic Midwesterner who killed a number of folks in the '50s. Captured and judged insane, he died two years ago in a Wisconsin hospital. Though his name isn't terribly well-known, his reputation is. Gein's life was the trigger for such films as PSYCHO, DERANGED, and TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Colorful guy. ED GEIN'S AMERICA is a book of contemporary Americana, somewhat filtered through the lense of fiction. Imagine Norman Rockwell on acid, Charles Kuralt in a homicidal depression. I'm having a *lot* of fun...

Next, we have "The Joke." I hesitated long about including this. What the heck—silliness is an integral part of what we in SF all do. And this is silly. Bill Lee, the humor editor at *Omni*, wrote me a couple years ago and said the magazine would be running a feature comprising the favorite jokes "of famous scientists and science fiction writers." Right. Anyhow, I was invited, and this is the only joke I could think of.

Finally here's "Under the Double Nickle," a California tale, and another chunk of ED GEIN'S AMERICA. Enjoy.

## ED GEIN'S AMERICA: Mulchasaurus Rex

People that remember Rex generally knew him long before Cycad Center was Cycad Center. That was when the town was still on the maps as Goshen, a portentous name that had never panned out in the past, and so no one had any idea that the big new power plant they built sixty miles to the west near Stubblefield was going to change things mightily. This was back when Rex was what used to be called the town drunk, long before state-supported mental health centers started cleaning up people's terms. I remember Rexford Allyn Pugnell—he loved using all three dollar-fifty names when he was intoxicated—sprawled morning, afternoon and evening across the wrought-iron bench the Ladies' Aid had donated to the town square in 1946.

All this was before the steam plume, before Paleo State Park, before the tourists. It used to be that the only life in Goshen was Saturdays when the farmers and ranchers came into town to do their trading. Tourists? That was a joke. There wasn't an Interstate in sixty miles. Somebody once wanted to put up a billboard at the edge of town reading: GOSHEN—GATEWAY TO NEBRASKA, but somebody else took him seriously and so it never went anywhere.

But then came the energy boom and the bright fellow who decided to build their gigawatt coal-fired generating plant over in Stubblefield. The natives who'd bothered to read the environmental impact statements were a little shocked five years later when the first units went on line and the plumes went a mile or three up. The company pointed out that this was just steam, superheated but clean.

And then the prevailing westerlies started bending the plumes down to the east until they hit the ground right there in and around Goshen. Simply put, the climate changed. I remember one government scientist called Goshen "a vest-pocket climatic zone." It just got warmer than everywhere else around, and very wet.

At first all anybody had the imagination to consider was truck-farming. It took Rex to point out that ferns could grow in Goshen when they wouldn't thrive anywhere else close to a thousand miles south. The city council was not impressed. "I don't think there's much of a market for ferns," said the mayor. "Maybe florists could use them as packing with real flowers, but I don't think our fortune lies there."

"None of you has any imagination," Rex said. I know he said that, because I was there that night, ready to argue for a tighter leash law—my neighbor McGreggor's dogs had been at the roses in my front yard again. "I worshipped Roy Chapman Andrews," said Rex. Everyone stared at him like his porch light had finally quit flickering and gone totally out. I knew vaguely that that Andrews fellow had written something about dinosaurs. "You just won't understand, none of you." Rex turned with as much dignity as an unshaven old man in dirty coveralls with a fifth of Old Pondscum on his breath can muster, and stomped out. At the door of the meeting room, he paused and said, "You want a sign? I'll show you. I can save this stinking town."

No one said anything much for a while after Rex left. When they did, it was a while before I could get a word in edgewise about the leash law. From the edge of the room, I caught some of the muttered phrases: "...'bout as useless as his folks..." "...no artist worth his weight ever..." And "...goddamn dreamer..." as though "dreamer" were a sort of epithet.

When I finally could say something, the city attorney said he'd look into the matter. That gave me the feeling that probably I should give up on roses and plant yucca.

The next morning, Rex was at my door at seven, before I'd left for the school. "Mornin',

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"Author's Note," "Mulchasaurus Rex," "The Joke," and "Under the Double Nickle" are all Copyright © 1985, 1986 by Edward Bryant. They are used here through the express consent of the author. All rights are reserved.

Miz Devereaux," he said as I looked past him and saw the dogs nosing around the roses.

"Shool" I said.

Rex stared at me and started to turn away.

"Not you," I said. I gestured toward the dogs.

He smiled with comprehension. "There's something you can use that won't hurt either plant or beast." He gave me the name of a chemical I could buy at Deemer's Pharmacy.

"Thank you, Rex," I said. I remembered how early it was. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"You've got a lot of old chicken wire tangled up behind your garage. I wonder if I could use it."

I shrugged. "I expect so, Rex. I've got no use for it." I hesitated. "What's it for?"

It was his turn to pause. Finally he said, "I'm gonna build a sign."

Later on, I realized he wasn't talking about a billboard. What Rex had in mind was more theatrical; one might even say, more biblical.

Rex also asked if he could clean up the weedy lot I owned to the west of the house, and would I mind if he built something there which would make things better?

I looked into his eyes, the irises watery blue and the whites completely bloodshot, and I seemed to hear a voice pleading.

I shrugged again. "Of course. Do whatever you like."

He must have found some more chicken wire somewhere else. By nightfall, the mound of twisted, tarnished metal mesh in the lot by my house was immense. There were other materials piled there too, things I didn't remember having on my lot, a stack of irregular steel rods that I suspected had come from the State Highway Department yard.

Rex was at work the following morning when I left for the school. I asked him what he was making—the form meant nothing to me so far. All I could make out were what seemed to be a pair of large three-toed feet.

He grinned and said, "You'll see."

I thought I knew that night when I saw the body grow, and saw the tail. Rex had done an amount of work I hadn't suspected him of being able to perform.

The next night I saw the head starting to take form and I was sure. "You're building a dinosaur."

"Absolutely correct," Rex said, carefully bending a foot-long tooth into the correct curvature.

"It's not just any dinosaur, is it?" I could spell paleontology, but I didn't know much else about it.

"No," Rex said, "it's not." If honest pride were spit, Rex would have had to wipe his lips with a beach towel. He gestured proudly. "This is a tyrannosaurus, the big one, the king, the Elvis of reptiles."

"How do you know about all this?" I said. The wire form was taking shape well. This was no amateur job.

"You know what I was before I was a drunk?" Rex said.

I shook my head. "Not really." Rex had been a drunk when I moved here.

"A dreamer," he said, shaking his head as if sad. "This town can't stand for dreams."

"So what are you going to do?" I said.

"I'm not gong to tell you. I'll let the results speak for themselves."

The results spoke more and more eloquently as Rex erected a frame out of the rusted steel rods and laid the chicken wire mesh over that. I realized the dinosaur was going to stand close to twenty feet high.

"Why are you doing this?" I said one Saturday afternoon.

"I told you," he said. "I want to show Goshen a sign. The generating plant, the steam plumes, the climate changing just right here, it's all a gift they will squander out of ignorance. I want to show them a dream. I want them to learn." He grinned, but there was something forced about it, a painful tension along his jaw and the cords of his neck. "I don't think they'll mind getting rich."

No one minded much of anything until Rex started phase two of the dinosaur construction. He borrowed my wheelbarrow and brought it back full of manure. He started to fill in the form he'd made of wire. The hot, moist air didn't help. I got two calls from my neighbors that night. I said I'd try to do something about the smell.

When I relayed the complaints to Rex the next morning, he just said, "It's the smell of life, Miz Devereaux. This tyrannosaurus is coming back to life. It's as natural as just about anything I can think of. Just give me some time, please?"

I tried. The complaints mounted. A deputy came by to ask if I had a license for what I was doing on my adjacent property. On beyond the obvious, I had no answer.

"What *am* I doing on this property?" I said to Rex later. "What is it *you're* doing besides building a prehistoric monster that offends my neighbors?"

"Planting," he said quietly. "I'm just planting." He said more, but he seemed very tired and his voice dropped too low for me to understand.

"I'll do what I can," I said.

More mulch each day. Rex must have had a lot of friends on the farms surrounding Goshen. The dinosaur started taking on a sinister dark brown aspect; the smell grew increasingly evil.

I ran into the town's new GP, Dr. Silverman, in the parking lot of the Safeway. I'd started going to him because he seemed less hidebound than the other doctors in town. Since it was in the air—all too literally for most—the dinosaur and Rex were what we talked about mostly.

"I don't know where he gets the strength," said Dr. Silverman, shaking his head.

"You mean because he's old?"

Dr. Silverman became very quiet. "Rex has other problems," he said.

That night, Rex asked if he could come in and talk to me. I sat him down on the living

room sofa and got him some oatmeal cookies and black coffee.

"The tyrannosaurus," he said. "It's important not just to me, but to this whole town."

"I believe you."

"It will be a sign, an example."

I no more knew how to respond to that than I had any other time he'd mentioned it.

"I'm dying," Rex said.

Now I had an idea what Dr. Silverman had been getting at.

"I'm almost dead. The medicine can't hold things much longer."

I waited patiently, my heart silently going out to him.

"I need your help, Miz Devereaux. I need more than maybe you can give."

I listened to what he asked me then. I think he was surprised because I didn't argue. I simply knew he was right with the same sureness that had caused me to allow him to take over my vacant lot.

"Then you're sure?" he finally said.

"If you are."

"Tomorrow night it is, then," Rex said. He excused himself, and I noticed for the first time how painfully he seemed to move now.

The next day was Saturday and there was no school. I spend most of my waking hours watching from my window as Rex put the finishing touches on the dinosaur. I took in the reptile's massive body in its upright stance, the thick haunches and rear legs, the small, almost delicate upper arms, the heavy, tapering tail, and, especially, the jaws laden with rows of sharp, conical teeth. Heavy and brown—almost gravid-appearing, I thought the tyrannosaurus reared at least twenty feet into the humid air.

Not just a monument, I thought. Not just the embodiment of one man's obsession.

That night, Rex kissed me goodbye. It was tentative, curiously fluttering and on the cheek, but it was still a kiss. "Thank-you," I whispered.

We used the aluminum stepladder from the garage. Under cover of darkness, we dragged the ladder out by the base of the dinosaur's tail and set it firmly in the dirt of the lot. Rex climbed up while I held the ladder steady. In the darkness, I could see him doing something to the creature's frame. "If you don't know the panel's here, you wouldn't suspect a thing," he said. A whole hinged section of the reptile swung away from its body.

Rex came back down the ladder. "Ready?" he said.

"I guess so."

He kissed me again. This time I turned my head so that he touched me on the lips. "Goodbye," he said.

He went back up the ladder and used hand holds to lift himself up into the dinosaur. I think I heard him whisper goodbye. Then he swung the movable panel up and was gone. I never saw him again, at least not as Rexford Allyn Pugnell.

What I did see, over the next days, was the fertile skin of the tyrannosaurus as it

sprouted green, first light shades, then darker and darker, a satisfactory mossy hue of reptile.

Others noticed. It got into the weekly newspaper, with a grainy black-and-white photograph. The daily in Cheyenne sent a reporter and a photographer up. The dinosaur made the wire services. Two weeks later, I saw Rex's creation on a network news program. The tourists started to arrive. The city fathers were not entirely foolish. This was only the barest beginning.

It grew. The town. The community's ambition. But especially the tyrannosaurus.

I refused to cede the lot and the reptile to the town, But I allowed all who wished—and there were so very many—to look and to admire.

Each day now, I walk among the cycads and breathe the heavy, sweltering air. I feel the closeness of Rex, and know that once again, after so very long a time, the dinosaur lives.

As do we all.

## THE JOKE

So there were these two Martian carrots who had come to Earth to see the sights. Sentient creatures, the carrots were eager to capture the best of human civilization, and so came to visit Manhattan.

Being tourists and thus unaware of some basic rules of city behavior, they found themselves one midnight exploring the paths of Central Park. As they passed a dark clump of bushes between two broken street lamps, a man with a pistol jumped out and accosted them. "Hands up!" he said. "Give me your wallets."

"I'm terribly sorry, Earth person," said the first carrot, "But we can do neither of those things."

"Why not?" the mugger said.

"Terribly sorry," said the first traveller, "but, as you can see, we're carrots. We have no hands to put up."

"So just give me your wallets," said the human.

"We're carrots. We don't carry wallets."

"That does it," said the mugger in exasperation. He pulled the trigger six times. Six times the pistol flashed and six lead slugs plunged into the first carrot. That worthy lurched, cried out once, and then toppled over onto the path. Panicked at what he had done, the mugger threw down the empty pistol and dashed away, disappearing into the darkness.

The second carrot stared down with horror at his friend lying—and probably dying—there on the dirt path. Then he turned toward the lights of Central Park West and bellowed out, "Help! Help!" Carrots—at least the Martian variety—have enormous capacity to project.

Lights went on all over the west side. Alarms were turned in, messages phoned. People responded. In mere minutes, the park was deluged with emergency equipment: ambulances arrived, police cars, fire trucks, even towtrucks. Paramedics responded, EMTs, con-



cerned citizens, cops, even the Guardian Angels. Police helicopters hovered overhead, turning the darkness into daylight with their searchlights.

The medics lifted the injured carrot onto a gurney, and then slipped him into the back of an ambulance.

"Where are you taking him?" said the second carrot.

"Bellevue. The emergency room. Get in here with him."

The carrot got into the ambulance and stared down at his friend in concern as the vehicle screamed through the streets of Manhattan. In the Bellevue emergency room, the humans hooked up the injured carrot to all manner of shiny machines, and then whisked the patient into an operating theater. A nurse insisted the other carrot wait outside in the hall.

"But can you save my friend?" the carrot said.

"We'll do what we can," was the answer.

So the carrot waited. An hour went by. Two, four, and then six hours. Finally eight. The second carrot felt almost unbearable suspense. After a ninth hour, the door to the operating room finally swung open and the surgeon walked out, slowly stripping the rubber gloves from his fingers.

The carrot rushed up to him, saying, "Doc, Doc, how is he? Is my friend going to pull through? You gotta tell me."

The physician looked at the carrot soberly, his face lined with fatigue. "I'm afraid," he said, "there is some good news and there is some bad news."

"The good news!" said the carrot. "Tell me the good news first."

The doctor nodded. "The good news is that your friend is going to make it. He'll live."

"Oh thank God," said the carrot. He hesitated. "But Doc, what's the bad news?"

For the rest of his life, he'll be a vegetable."

## **ED GEIN'S AMERICA: Under The Double Nickle**

The door of mesh and metal bars slammed shut after him with a clangorous finality.

"You're McGill." The speaker wore an anonymous face and an equally anonymous uniform. It was more a statement than question.

"I am."

"This way, then." The uniform led him down a long corridor painted the gray McGill imagined his hair would look if he were to spend another forty years doing what he was doing.

They navigated another metal barrier. Their heels clicked and echoed on the hard concrete. I ought to get into another line of business, McGill thought. It would be nice to see the open sky and feel the freedom of the air. He saw a Pacific paradise overlaid on the sterile corridors. Coconut palms waved gently in a cooling breeze off the late-

afternoon sea. Every color of orchid imaginable beckoned, the fragrances combining and filling his senses. Waves crashed, becoming the sound of doors slamming.

The two of them rounded a corner and endured the scrutiny of another pair of guards. Both the latter were armed with automatic weapons. "Go on." One of them gestured slightly with the barrel of his gun.

"Not much farther," said the uniform. He stopped and stepped to the side so that McGill could go ahead. "In there." He pointed to an open door framing an oblong of darkness.

McGill paused in the doorway, trying to force his eyes to adjust to the lack of light.

A voice from in front of him said, "Just go on down to the front. There's a gentle slope to the aisle."

When McGill got to the front of the relatively small room, the voice said, "Here. Sit down." He gingerly maneuvered into the row of seats and sat down. He was comfortably cushioned by thick plush. From behind, he heard a whispered exchange, a cough on the other side of the room.

The whir of a projector started up; a bright beam of light cut through the air above his head; images coalesced on the screen in front of him.

From the first frame, he knew he'd seen it before.

A perfectly black screen. As the camera drew back, the familiar voice of an actor-turned-politician said: "The .44 Magnum is the most powerful production handgun in the world."

The camera revealed the blackness to be the bore of a large-caliber pistol pointed directly out of the frame at the viewer.

The scene dissolved to show the pistol in profile on the left side of the frame. "This is what the Magnum can do," said the voice. On the other side of the frame, a watermelon clamped in a test stand appeared.

Smoke clouded from the muzzle of the pistol. A bullet erupted in slow motion through the cloud as the distorted sound of the shot agonized on the soundtrack.

McGill had loved the echo effect. He'd argued for it when others had thought a perfectly silent track would be more effective. He'd been right.

The lead slug entered the watermelon with grace and deadly precision. As the bullet punched through, the melon rind began to buckle and burst.

McGill watched entranced as ever.

The bullet exited the melon in a terrible wound. A hole the size of a double fist opened up, shattered, green rind and red pulp spraying back like roses caught in a shotgun blast.

At the same time, the narrator's voice said: "The .44 Magnum is the standard sidearm of the California Highway Patrol."

Fade to black. Over the darkness, the narrator spoke the words as they appeared

in white block characters: OBEY ALL POSTED SPEED LIMITS.

McGill began to relax in his seat as the final frame held an extra second. God, it was good! He willed his fingers to release their deathgrip on his thighs.

The lights came up.

"Very good, Mr. McGill."

He turned to look. The general was impressive enough in his tailored uniform. On his shoulder were almost as many stars as McGill had fingers on one hand.

"Thank you," said McGill. He wondered momentarily if he should append "sir." The hell with it.

The general turned and scanned the other uniforms and the dark suits who crowded the rear of the screening room. "Gentlemen," he said, "you all know the uphill fight we have, selling the new binary nerve gas generational program to the Congress and, by extension, the public." He turned back toward McGill. "I believe we've found the man for the job." The suits and uniforms broke into applause.

McGill wondered if he would smile modestly, say something gracious. He looked on beyond the general and saw a milky cloud waft across his tropical paradise. The miasma pulsed evilly as it choked the foliage. Orchids withered instantly and ran like pus down along the spindly vines. Palm fronds blackened and dipped. The sunset above the ocean crimsoned into a glowing black.

McGill stifled an inner sigh. What the hell, it was a living.

**This copy of "The Obscure Bryant: A Brief Anthology of Edward Bryant" is one of a limited edition of 1200.**

## EDWARD BRYANT: A Selected Bibliography

### NOVEL

1. *Phoenix Without Ashes: A Novel of the Starlost*, Fawcett, 1975 (with Harlan Ellison)

### COLLECTIONS

1. *Among the Dead & Other Events Leading Up To the Apocalypse*, Macmillan, 1973
2. *Cinnabar*, Macmillan, 1976.
3. *Wyoming Sun*, Jelm Mountain Press, 1980
4. *Particle Theory*, Timescape, 1981

### EDITED

1. *2076: The American Tricentennial*, Pyramid, 1977 (with Jo Ann Harper)

### FILM & TV

1. *The Synar Calculation* (story and screenplay), CVD Productions, 1973
2. *The Hibakusha Gallery* (story), Frank De Palma Productions, 1981
3. *Prairie Sun* (story and teleplay), Walt Disney Productions, 1982
4. *The Baku* (story and teleplay), CBS Productions, *The Twilight Zone*, 1985

### CURRENT WORK

1. "Teeth Marks," in *Masters of Darkness* edited by Dennis Etchison, Tor Books, 1986
2. "The Transfer," in *Cutting Edge* edited by Dennis Etchison, Doubleday, 1986
3. "Presents of Mind," in *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, December 1986 (with Connie Willis, Dan Simmons, Steve Rasnic Tem)
4. "Down Deep," in *Wild Cards* edited by George R. R. Martin, Bantam Books, 1986 (with Leanne C. Harper)

### FORTHCOMING

30,000 words of new fiction in *Night Visions IV* edited by Paul Mikol, Dark Harvest, 1987

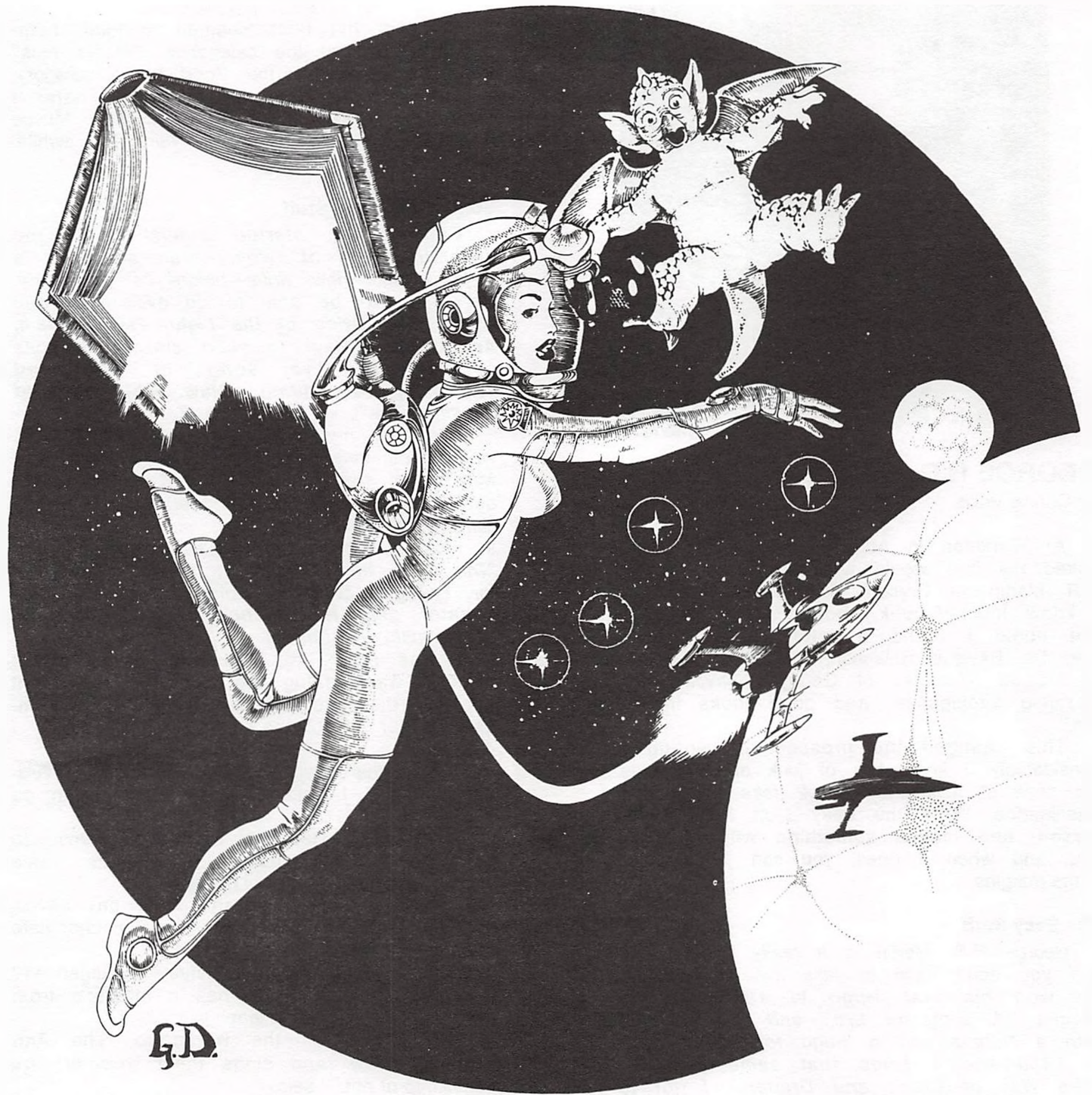
### IN PROGRESS

*Ed Gein's America*, novel

*Kingdom By the Sea*, novel



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# Toastmaster: GEORGE R.R. Martin



Photo by Rick Hawes

## GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

by Connie Willis

At Worldcon in August, Malinda McFadden asked me if I would write a bio of George R.R. Martin for Orycon. No problem, I thought. I know lots of junk about George. When I got home I found a letter, signed by a Georgina Raylene Rhiannon, that said, "Be sure to include examples of George's *savoir faire*, dazzling intelligence, and good looks in the bio."

This changed the prospect of writing it considerably. I know lots of junk about George, but none of it involves *savoir faire* or dazzling intelligence. Write the easy stuff first, I told myself, and maybe something will occur to you, and when it does, you can jot it down in the margins.

### The Easy Stuff

*George R.R. Martin is a really good writer, and you don't have to take my word for it. He won his first Hugo in 1975 for the novella, "A Song for Lya," and followed that with a Nebula and a Hugo for "Sandkings," in 1979 and a Hugo that same year for "The Way of Cross and Dragon." I got to present George with his most recent Nebula Award last spring in San Francisco when he won for the novelette, "Portraits of His Children."*

The easy stuff took no time at all, but I found to my dismay that I hadn't jotted down anything about George's *savoir faire* or dazzling intelligence in the margins. I decided to write down some of the junk I knew about George and see if it fit any of the aforementioned categories.

### Some Junk about George

- has two middle initials
- once nearly killed me because I had taken the last chocolate donut
- knows all the words to "Bonanza"
- wears hats

None of the facts seemed to lend themselves to any of the categories. "Wears hats" might have gone in the Good Looks category, except that I had seen George's hats. I decided to write some more Easy Stuff. Maybe if I got my mind off *savoir faire* for awhile, I would think of something.

### Some More Easy Stuff

*George R.R. started publishing at the disgusting age of twenty-three and was a major hotshot new writer before he was thirty. He seems to be able to do everything from novels (The Dying of the Light, Fever Dream, Armageddon Rag) to short story collections (A Song for Lya, Songs of Stars and Shadows) to editing (New Voices, Wild Cards) to television (The Twilight Zone.)*

*Three of my favorites are Fever Dream, which has vampires and the Civil War and Mississippi riverboats all rolled into a wonderful horror story, "Remembering Melody," a simply written but haunting short story about a woman who just won't go away, and "The Once and Future King," which he wrote for Twilight Zone in which an Elvis impersonator gets the chance of a lifetime, to impersonate Elvis for real.*

I was right. An idea had come to me while I was writing the Easy Stuff. I went and got the letter. There was a phone number under Georgina's return address. I called it.

"About this *savoir faire* and dazzling intelligence thing," I said. "I don't think I can do it."

"Why not?" Georgina said. We seemed to have a bad connection. Georgina's voice sounded high and somehow unnatural.

"Because George doesn't have any *savoir faire*," I said. "His favorite food is chocolate donuts."

"What about the incisive intelligence?" Georgina squeaked. "He has a master's from Northwestern. He used to teach journalism."

"He knows all the words to 'The Ann Sothern Show' and sings them whether you ask him to or not," I said.

"Well, then, what about good looks?" The squeak had turned into a squeal. "He has a Mazda RX7."

"But he knows all the words to 'My Mother the Car.' I can't compromise my principles for a convention bio."

"Well, try!" Georgina shrieked.

### An Attempt to Compromise My Principles

*George R.R. Martin is one of the handsomest, cleverest, and most sophisticated writers I know. He has a gorgeous Mazda RX7 and is a connoisseur of modern thematic music. His continental tastes run to belignets chocolat and chapeaus droles.*

I went and got the letter from Malinda. I called her.

"I can't do it," I said. "I'm sorry to let you down like this, but I just can't."

"Why not?" Malinda asked. "You said you knew lots of junk about George."

"I do. I know that he doesn't have any *savoir faire*, and there's no way you can make me say he has. I've seen him eat a chocolate donut as big as a frisbee. I've heard him sing all the words to 'The Addams Family.' When he has people to his house he shows them slides of science fiction conventions. You have to tell Georgina that I tried to..."

"Georgina who?" Malinda asked.

After I hung up, I went and got the letter Georgina had sent me. It had an L.A. postmark. I looked up the area code on the the phone number I had called. It was 505, the area code for New Mexico.

### The Rest of the Easy Stuff

George R.R. Martin is currently working as a screenwriter for *The Twilight Zone*. His most recent episode was about someone who impersonates other people. He divides his time between Los Angeles, California, and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

## GEORGE R.R. MARTIN Bibliography

### Novels

*Dying of the Light* Simon & Schuster, 1977  
*Windhaven* (with Lisa Tuttle) Timescape, 1981  
*Fever Dream* Poseidon Press, 1982  
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### Short Story Collections

*Song for Lya and Other Stories* Avon, 1976  
*Songs of Stars and Shadows* Pocket Books, 1977  
*Sand Kings* Timescape, 1981  
*Songs That Dead Men Sing* Dark Harvest, 1983  
*Night Flyers* Bluejay, 1985  
*Tough Voyaging* Baen, 1986

### Anthologies

*New Voices in Science Fiction* McMillan, 1977  
*New Voices II* HBJ Jove, 1979  
*New Voices III* Berkeley, 1981  
*New Voices IV* Berkely, 1982  
*John W. Campbell Awards, Vol. 5* Bluejay, 1984  
*John W. Campbell Awards, Vol. 6* Bluejay, forthcoming  
*Night Visions III* Dark Harvest, 1986  
*Wild Cards* Bantam, to be published January, 1987  
*Aces High* Bantam, to be published April, 1987  
*Jokers Wild* in progress

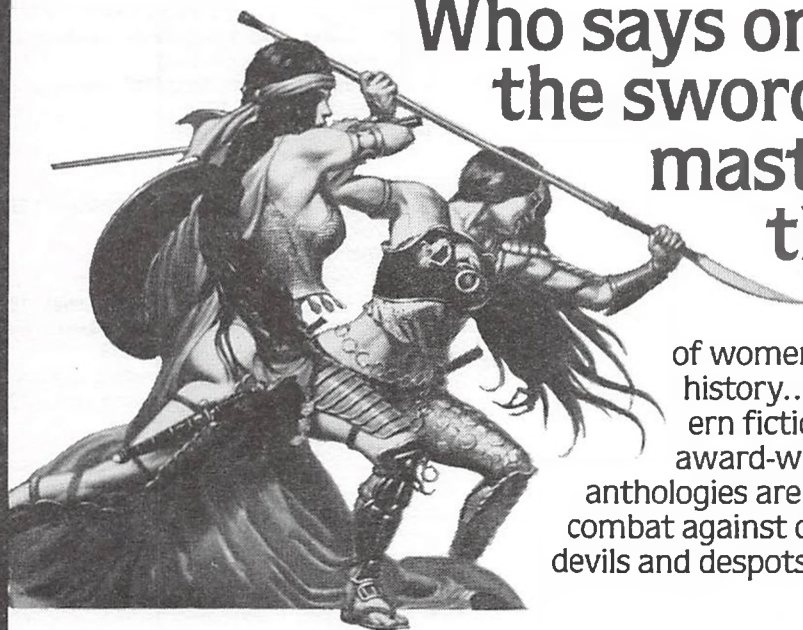
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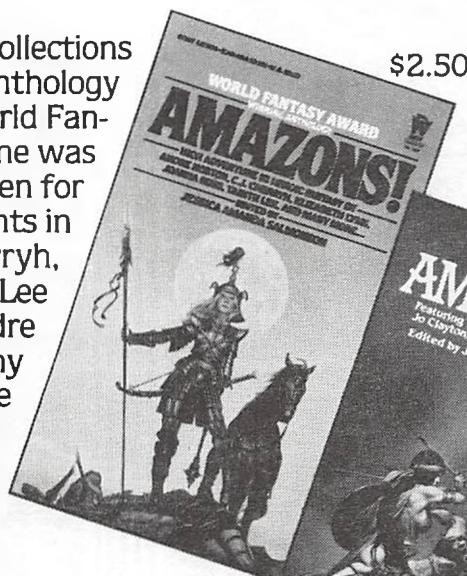
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# Editor Guest of Honor: JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Photo by Rick Hawes



## The real Jessica Amanda Salmonson

by Eileen Gunn

Jessica Salmonson, seven feet tall in her clear-plastic stiletto heels and wearing a leopard-print choeng-sam, had nailed Paul Novitski to the wall in an argument over feminist separatism. Licking his wounds later, Paul gave me the blood-and-guts details. Though he didn't actually describe Jessica, I could see pretty clearly. Where did she get the leopard-print choeng-sam, I wondered. I'd been looking for one for years.



Jessica was not the Dragon Lady I had envisioned.

Two days later, when I met Jessica for the first time, I could see no trace of this Amazon, or, alas, the leopard-print choeng-sam. Jessica Salmonson was a diffident woman in drawstring cotton pants and a djellaba, small of stature, with blonde hair like a Christmas-tree angel. She was quiet, and, if you didn't listen to what she was muttering under her breath, she was polite.

But which one was the *real* Jessica? Are people who they are in their living rooms? Or are they who they are in other people's



The real Jessica is a demure blonde.

imaginations? Or are they both? If the last is true, there are more real Jessicas than I, for one, am prepared to deal with.

There's the fierce Jessica. The Jessica who writes novels of bloodshed and dismemberment. The one who delights in third-rate yakuza movies. The one who, brandishing a samurai

sword, leaped into a pre-dawn gathering of chanting, drum-playing Krishna converts and demanded that they shut up and let her get some sleep, or she'd slaughter them all.

This Jessica, after finishing the third novel of her Naipon trilogy and putting her heroine through ever more-rigorous adventures, declared gleefully, "If anyone ever sees Tomoe Gozen again, she'll be limping rather badly."

The fierce Jessica should contrast with Jessica the vegetarian. But we have here Samurai Vegetarian, her long sword slicing into the table, splitting the plate of stir-fried tofu and snowpeas cleanly in half, the chicken-based sauce oozing slowly onto the tablecloth.

Even Jessica the gore-maddened antiquarian bookcollector—but I am running out of essay, without having discovered the quiet, demure Jessica that I need for literary effect to contrast with the Gojira-Jessica that we all know and love.

I need some help from the audience here. Quick! All of you who believe in the demure Jessica, clap your hands!...(Silence.)...Let me rephrase that. All of you who have seen Jessica Salmonson standing quietly, eyes downcast, waiting for an elevator maybe, clap your hands!...(A scattering of applause.) Good enough!

This quieter Jessica, when not waiting for elevators, can also be seen in some of her recent short stories and in her selection of some subtle, low-key stories in editing anthologies. And even the fierce Jessica can be painstakingly patient with 12-year-olds who are getting out their first awful fanzines, granting them interviews and writing letters of comment.

There are a few Jessicas that I have never seen, though I know by hearsay that they existed. A terrified five-year-old strapped into a carnival electric chair, with harrowingly explicit instructions on where to place hands and feet. A twelve-year-old wrestling with a 300-pound monitor lizard. (or was it a twenty-year-old toying with a 10-pound lizard? It sounded awfully big.) A seventies rock musician trailing groupies of various sexes.



Jessica's childhood companion

An important contender for the title of Real Jessica is Jessica as she sees herself. In an unsolicited statement, Jessica described herself as "a half-blind 400-pound double-amputee who practices iaido. I usually win," she said, "because the sight of me coming across the dojo floor wielding a sword intimidates most opponents."



Jessica does not wear leopard-print clothing.

I'd put money on there being lots more Jessicas. You may know some yourself. I wager that the real ones are all smallish, however fierce they get, and that none of them owns a leopard-print cheong-sam.

The End

## JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON Bibliography

### Novels:

TOMOE GOZEN (Ace)  
THE GOLDEN NAGINATA (Ace)  
THOUSAND SHRINE WARRIOR (Ace)  
THE SWORDSWOMAN (Tor)  
OU LU KHEN AND THE BEAUTIFUL MADWOMAN (Ace)  
ANTHONY SHRIEK (forthcoming, Arbor House)

### Anthologies:

AMAZONS! (DAW)  
AMAZONS II (DAW)  
HEROIC VISIONS (Ace)  
HEROIC VISIONS II (Ace)  
TALES BY MOONLIGHT (Tor)  
THE HAUNTED WHERRY AND OTHER RARE GHOST STORIES (Strange Company)  
IN THE DARK AND OTHER RARE GHOST STORIES (forthcoming, Strange Company)

### Edited:

FADED GARDEN: COLLECTED GHOST STORIES OF HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE (Strange Co.)  
SINISTER ROMANCE: THE GHOST STORIES OF MARY HEATON VORSE (forthcoming, Scream Press)  
THE WIND AT MIDNIGHT: THE UNCANNY TALES OF GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN (forthcoming, Scream)

### Collections:

HAG'S TAPESTRY (Haunted Library, England)  
INNOCENT OF EVIL (Strange Company)  
A SILVER THREAD OF MADNESS (forthcoming, Ace Books)  
JOHN COLLIER AND FREDRIC BROWN WENT QUARRELLING THROUGH MY HEAD (forthcoming, Ganley Press)

### Poetry chapbooks:

THE DARK CRUSADER AND OTHER POEMS OF FANTASY AND HORROR (Firestone Press)  
ON THE SHORES OF ETERNITY (Duck's-Foot Tree)  
FEIGNED DEATH AND OTHER SORCERIES (Duck's-Foot Tree)

### Magazines edited:

FANTASY & TERROR\* (1973 - present)  
FANTASY MACABRE\* (1983 - present)

(\*these two magazines published by Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teecomwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 06382; \$5 for one each pair of sample copies)

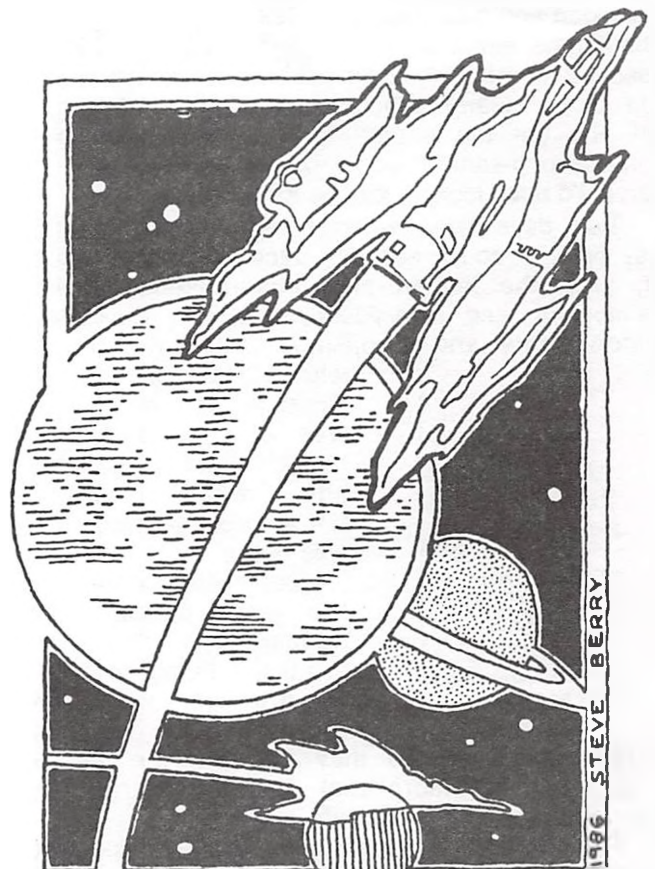
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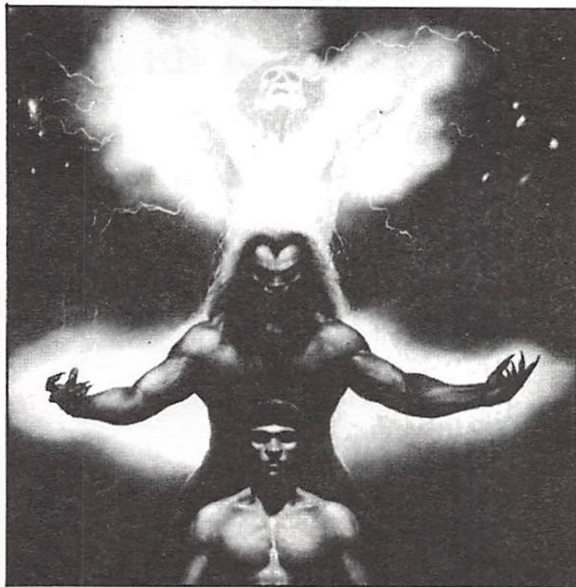
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# GUESTS

## CLIFTON AMSBURY

Clifton Amsbury learned to read 1914 from *The Swiss Family Robinson*, the equivalent in those days of "marooned in space" stories now. Discovered science fiction in the *Electrical Experimenter* early in 1919. Discovered AMAZING STORIES on newsstand in Spring 1926 and complained to Gernsback that he hadn't let me know, though I was subscribing to his *Science and Invention* for the stories. Summer 1928 Aubrey Mac Dermott, forming Eastbay fan club came to my door and asked "Is your brother in?" "Which one?" "Clifton." He got my address from the AMAZING letter column. And so I became a member of Very First Fandom. One-line mention in *All Our Yesterdays*.

## SHARON BAKER

Sharon Baker's first novel, *QUARRELLING, THEY MET THE DRAGON*, was published by Avon in 1984. Avon will bring out *JOURNEY TO MEMBLIAR* in July, 1987, and *THE BURNING TEARS OF SASSURUM*, both set in the same universe as *QUARRELLING* but with different main characters. She has contributed articles to the *Northwest Review of Books* and *SF & Fantasy Workshop Newsletter* and a disgusting poem to Steve Jones' English anthology of children's horror poems, *NOW WE ARE SICK*. She lives in Seattle, but attended high school in Beaverton, Oregon where she played a crazed senior citizen trying to murder everyone in the cast, and a snare drum (in a drum & bugle corps). The drum & bugle corps won first prize in the Rose Parade the year after Baker left Portland forever. She believes there probably was no connection between the two events.

## STEVE BARNES

Steve has written several teleplays for *Twilight Zone*, as well as for cartoons and theatrical productions. His novels include: *Dream Park* (with Larry Niven, Ace 1981), *The Descent of Anansi* (with Larry Niven, Tor, 1982), *Street Iethal* (Ace, 1983) and *The Kundalini Equation* (Tor, 1986). Forthcoming novels include *The Legacy of Heorot* (with Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle), to be published in spring, 1987, and *Medusa's Children*, to be published in summer, 1987. Steve has an extensive background in and is an active practitioner of martial arts. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife Toni and daughter Lauren, two dogs, a cat and a houseful of tame, invisible tyrannosaurs.

## MILDRED DOWNEY BROXON

Mildred Downey "Bubbles" Broxon was born in Georgia, grew up in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and has lived over most of the North and South American continents. She has travelled often to Greece, Ireland, and Canada, and occasionally to Mexico, England, and Egypt.

She holds bachelor's degrees in psychology and nursing, and has worked as an industrial painter, Alaska paint-crew cook, special education teacher's aide, and psychiatric nurse on the violent ward. Most recently she has been serving as assistant tour leader to Greece.

She attended the Clarion-West workshop at the University of Washington for two consecutive summers, sold her first story in 1972, and has served two terms as vice-president of the Science Fiction Writers of America. She is active in Sherlock Holmes fandom, for which she helps edit a newsletter; the local chapter of the Mystery Writers of America; and, peripherally, the Society for Creative Anachronism.

Her other interests include Irish history and mythology, languages, Egyptology, cats, reptiles, cetaceans, gourmet cooking, and world travel. The widow of well-known science fiction fan Dr. William Broxon, she lives in the Ballard area of Seattle with her cats, snakes, books, typewriters, and two computers.

## KATHLEEN BUCKLEY

Kathleen Buckley began her writing career as H.M. Major, pseudonymous author of a series about an alien bounty-hunter with a tail. In between attending science fiction conventions, working on her house, reading compulsively and sewing costumes, she is working on a novel set in 21st century Seattle. (And nearly done! Done! Done!) After that, she has a fantasy novel in mind. It will be set in Washington State, and will involve elves, among other things. 'Things' may be the operative word here. Among her favorite things are cats, oriental rugs, old houses and mystery novels.

## F.M. BUSBY

F.M. Busby lives in Seattle with his wife Elinor and their cat "Ms." He has written eight novels in the "universe" of Rissa Kerguelen and Bran Tregare, along with three in that of Barton (no first name given), and one, *ALL THESE EARTHS, IN THE MULTIPLE "Skip Drive" universes*. About three dozen of his shorter works have appeared in magazines and anthologies here and abroad, including translations into German, French, Holland Dutch, Japanese, and British. A number of these stories will appear in a collection, as yet untitled, contracted by Berkley.

His current novel in progress, *The Breeds of Man*, requires its own universe—and will feature some kinds of people the reader has never known before, since at this writing they exist only on diskette and as computer printouts.

## MARY CARAKER

Mary Caraker is a San Francisco writer who has had short fiction published in numerous periodicals. Her first novel, *Seven Worlds*, will be out from NAL at the time of this convention. She is awaiting word on the acceptance of her second novel, and is currently working on a third.

## FRANK CATALANO

Frank Catalano has written over 100 published articles and stories, including sales to OMNI, the magazine of fantasy and science fiction, ANALOG, WRITER'S DIGEST, RIGEL; nearly three years of book reviewing for AMAZING; and columns in several magazines and newspapers. He also has worked for four years on SFWA's Nebula Award, two of them on the Nebula Jury. He currently reviews SF for the SEATTLE TIMES and writes a column on health/science reporting for ASSOCIATED PRESS BROADCASTER, and is West Coast Sysop for the Science Fiction Roundtable on GENIE. He works full time as Health/science Reporter for KING-AM in Seattle.

## MICHAEL CONEY

After about sixteen novels and forty short stories, still rated as 'promising.' Compared favourably to Shakespeare by Analog. Compared unfavourably to Cordwainer Smith by the Times Literary Supplement. Balding rapidly. No other distinguishing marks although a slight, but definite tremor of the left hand can be detected. Employed with mutual reluctance, by the British Columbia Forest Service. Small-time publisher, failed bon vivant. Recent works: *THE CELESTIAL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE AND GODS OF THE GREATWAY*. (Houghton Mifflin) Currently working on two Arthurian SF novels for NAL, a steamy romance for anyone who will buy it, and this bio.

## LON CUDY

Lon Cudy has a wide range of experience in music. He studied music at Portland Community College (and before graduating was asked to stay on as instructor). He also attended Marylhurst College where he studied composition, counterpoint and orchestration. He specializes in composing and engineering music, with an emphasis on science fantasy.

Quote "I like to create music...music that tells a story...that takes you somewhere, more than just rhythm and harmony, a reflection of the spirit."

Lon has composed original music for: (to name a few) OMSI (Kendall Planetarium) Oregon Research Institute, Regulatory Management Incorporated, Portland Community College

He has composed, produced and engineered a solo release titled "Future Gardens" and is currently working on his second album.

## JOHN DALMAS

Originally from the midwest, John now resides in Spokane. His first story was published in 1969, but his writing has been most active in the past few years. He has had seven novels published, and two more will be coming out in 1987. Besides reading SF and history, he enjoys SF cons, good friends, recreational running, his family, playing with metaphysical cosmogonies, and watching sports.

## GARY DAVIS

A native Oregonian, though having spent many years in Idaho, artist Gary Davis now resides in Portland. His current project is a new magazine, *Starjongleur*, which will premier in November.

## JOHN DE CAMP

Though I'm primarily a mainstream poet, I've been writing science fiction. I've had a poem published in ASIMOV'S and a story accepted for what we are now beginning to call "The Last Wet Visions". Additionally, I've published a book, "In the Shadow of Atlantis". Recently, a travel book called "Rest rooms of the Northwest" has taken up all my time, but now I hope to get back to SF again.

## J. RAY DETTLING

Since 1983, he has published numerous science fiction stories and science fact articles. Recently, he has completed a series of articles and a book outline dealing with the future of technology and man's next step in evolution.

He has remained an active consultant to both the aerospace and the interactive video entertainment industries.

## MILO DUKE

Milo Duke is a visionary artist and one of the founders of the Dharmic Engineering movement. Milo's paintings are shown at galleries and conventions around the United States, and his art is representative in private collections and museums. Of his art he says, "In my work I attempt to communicate the beauty of the Visionary experience to as large and varied an audience as possible."

## G.C. EDMONDSON

Biography...I grew up on a reservation. At 14 I discovered that oatmeal and breakfast were not synonymous, and concluded that nowhere else in the world could be any worse. Time and travel have demonstrated the fallacy of this, but we still spend 6 months of every year hunting the perfect climate. I've built and sailed boats, shod horses, fabricated black boxes for mad scientists, and ground out +/- 60 books. Exact records were trashed several years ago by a defective hard disk.

THE CUNNINGHAM EQUATIONS, with C.M. Kotlan, was released by Del Rey in June. Unfortunately, it was set from the wrong galleys and averages one typo per page, not including my misspelled name on every header. The book promptly disappeared. Vol. 2, THE BLACK MAGICIAN should be released in November, and we're still writing Vol. 3, MAXIMUM EFFORT.

## ELTON T. ELLIOTT

His third novel, THE MASTER FILE, written with Richard E. Geis under the name Richard Elliott was published in September by Ballantine Books under the Fawcett Gold Medal imprint. He has finished another novel with Geis, THE EINSTEIN LEGACY, which will be published next fall. He is currently working on a solo novel, THE ISLE OF DREAMS. He lives in Keizer, Oregon.

## RU EMERSON

Ru Emerson's *Princess of Flames* was released by Ace Books in January 1986. The first book of her Nedao Trilogy is due out this coming January, when *Princess* will also be released in England by Unicorn press. She is currently juggling two books for young adults and a science fiction novel and finalizing the remainder of the trilogy.

She and Doug live in the hills above Dallas, Oregon. When not actively engaged in wearing out her Osborne computer, Ru runs an unruly hoard of cats, rabbits, ducks, geese and peafowl, and tries to keep a half-way decent set of delts from turning to jello.

## JAMES FISCUS

Following Navy training as a photographer, Jim Fiscus worked as a photojournalist between bouts of academic activity. His main areas of study involve international relations and military and intelligence matters, with an emphasis on Asia and Middle East. As a graduate student, he taught military history for two years at Portland State University, and studied in detail the intelligence organizations of the Shah of Iran. He is currently polishing an MA thesis in history, dealing with gun-running in Arabia (the introduction and effect of breech-loaders on the Peninsula). Islam, and its place in Middle East politics and the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story "A Time of Martyrs" in the recently released (June, 1986) anthology edited by Jerry Pournelle and John F. Carr, THERE WILL BE WAR, VOLUME V.

## MOLLY GLOSS

Molly Gloss lives in Portland, Oregon with her husband and two children. She is a graduate of Portland State College. Her stories have appeared in *Universe 14*, FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, Isaac ASIMOV'S Science Fiction Magazine, and *The Year's Best Science Fiction, Second Annual Collection*. Her first novel, *Outside The Gates*, has recently been released from Atheneum Publishers.

## JANET GLUCKMAN

Janet Gluckman is a journalist, fiction writer, lecturer, translator, editor, and literary consultant. She has written the novel RITE OF THE DRAGON and is currently working on DANCE OF THE PYTHON. She is also coauthoring a novella *Song of the Shofar*, a mainstream horror novel CHILD OF THE LIGHT, and an SF trilogy with George Guthridge. The first book of the trilogy is titled BLACK MANDRAGORA.

Her coauthored science fiction storyline, *Tintype*, is being produced by NBC as a television movie and potential series.

## STEPHEN GOLDIN

Stephin Goldin has been writing professionally since 1965 and has more than 20 published books to his credit, including *TREK TO MADWORLD*, *THE ETERNITY BRIGADE*, and *NOT MAKE DREAMS YOUR MASTER*, *A WORLD CALLED SOLITUDE*, *ASSAULT ON THE GODS*, and the ten books of the "Family d'Alembert" series created by E.E. "Doc" Smith. He's currently living in Sacramento and working on an as-yet untitled Star Trek novel with his fiancée, Mary Mason, and on an Arabian Nights fantasy trilogy, as well as several other projects.

## JON GUSTAFSON

Active in fandom for twelve years, Jon 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, *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*, is currently on the stands. Other projects include articles for James Gunn's new SF encyclopedia and a book on the life and art of Jack Gaughan.

## ELIZABETH HARROD

Born in 1920, Elizabeth has been writing all her life. She has had four books of poetry published, and is now working on stories. Elizabeth says: I love adult fantasy, but seem to write "factually" about odd/fantastic ideas, I suppose because I came to SF during Campbell's era." She was ordained as an Independent Catholic (St. Thomas) priest in 1984.

## NORM HARTMAN

Norm Hartman has been a member of SFWA for about ten years. His first published story appeared in *FUTURE Science Fiction*, an Australian magazine which was published in the early 50's. His next sale was to *Galaxy* (October '75), and he has since had stories in several magazines and anthologies. He is a free-lance computer programmer and technical writer, and lives in Tigard, Oregon with his wife and their three-computers.

## NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN

My short fiction has appeared in a variety of anthologies, including Jessican Amanda Salmonson's *Tales By Moonlight*, Damon Knight's *Clarion Awards*, Algis Budrys's *Writers of the Future*, and Charles L. Grant's *Shadows 8* and *Greystone Bay*. I have stories scheduled to come out in two more Grant anthologies.

And of course I have a story in the famous and eternally forthcoming anthology *Wet Visions*, edited by Cyn Mason.

I have also had stories in several magazines, among them *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Kalliope*, *Fantasy & Terror*, *Concept*, *the Argonaut*, and *Snapdragon*.

I have one young adult novel making the rounds, a first draft on a second novel, and a third novel in progress.

Presently I reside on the Oregon Coast, which is creeping into more and more of my work. I have a cat, a writer housemate, a job at a bookstore, and a mannequin named Elvira.

## JERRIE W. HURD

Jerrie W. Hurd has published science fiction in *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and won several awards for short stories. She teaches writing at Clark College. She had also written widely on the subject of how women are portrayed in scripture.

## JORDIN KARE

Jordin Kare was born in 1956 in Ithaca, NY, and graduated from Cornell in 1961. Cornell Nursery School, that is. His more recent academic credentials include MIT, where he majored in Electrical Engineering, Physics, and

Archaic Computers ("Ah, for the good old days, when Men were Men and Transistors were Germanium."), and the University of California at Berkeley, from which he received a PhD in Physics in 1984. He has worked on a wide range of physics problems, from automated astronomy (searching for supernovae, and for the elusive Solar companion Nemesis) to x-ray holography. These days, he is a Generic Handwaving Physicist in the Special Studies Group at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, developing, among other things, Giant Laser Space Frisbees.

In his spare time (huh?) Dr. Kare is a long-time science fiction fan, a folksinger, and a partner in Off Centaur Publications, publisher of SF and fantasy music, for which he acquires and operates Archaic Printing Equipment.

## JERRY KAUFMAN

Jerry Kaufman is one-half of Serconia Press, which publishes collections of essays about science fiction and other sf-related books. (Donald Keller is the other half.) With Suzanne Tompkins he publishes *Mainstream*, a fanzine.

## PAULA LINVILLE

Recently relocated to Colorado Springs, Paula's current projects include *The Goddess Trilogy* and a series of short stories. She belongs to two writer's groups in Colorado Springs, one of which is headed by Ed Bryant and includes John Stithe; the other includes Marion Morris (Alpha Bug). She has also published non-fiction.

## CYN MASON

Cyn Mason was born in the year of the dragon; this explains her sweet & lovable nature. Published in *ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE*, *SF CHRONICLE*, and numerous fanzines, she sees her mission in life as giving someone to gossip about. In the interests and pursuit of great gossip, she's giving porSFS lots to talk about by marrying Dave Meyer this past Halloween—all of a week ago.

Cyn is editor and now publisher of *Wet Visions*, the long-awaited anthology that she had to become a publisher to get done! She is also finishing her first book, a fantasy novel.

## MARY MASON

Mary Mason has a Bachelor's degree in Psychology from Cal State Sacramento, and will be starting her graduate work there in the fall. She has taught classes in brain dissection both at college level and at conventions, and has done research work for numerous writers, including Steven Barnes and Diana Paxson. She currently lives in Sacramento with her 9-year-old son Kenneth, and is working on a Star Trek book and other projects with her fiancée, Stephen Goldin.

## VICKI MITCHELL

Vicki 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. She is currently working on short stories and her second novel. She is married to Jon Gustafson, and is owned by a large, rather silly red dog.

## RAY FARADAY NELSON

Ray wrote the recently released fantasy novel, *Timequest*. He has won the Philip K. Dick citation, the Jack London Award, the Ina Coolbrith Award, and "Best Science Fiction of the Year." His cartoons established the propeller beanie as the international symbol of fandom.

## SHARAN NEWMAN

Sharan Newman grew up in Portland and has tried to come home at least twice a year since going into Californian exile. Her first publication was a poem in the *Oregonian* in 1967. She did nothing of interest until 1977 when her first book came out. This proved to be of interest only to her. Her series on King Arthur's wife, Guinevere, has attracted slightly more attention and gives her an excuse for going to OryCon. Some of you attending (or your parents) may have gone to school with Sharan. If you are willing to admit to this, she would be happy to see you."

## RAY PELLEY

Ray Pelley, artist and founding member of The Dharmic Engineers, is a popular favorite on the West coast, in and out of the Science fiction market. His work has shown at fairs, local galleries, The Illuminarium Gallery of Visionary Art in California, and recently at a successful one-man show at the Carolyn Harness Gallery in Seattle.

About his art Ray Says, "As an artist, I attempt to project an inner vision of the psychic and personal experiences of my individual existence in an aesthetic creation that enables those experiences to be generally recognized within the total framework of humanity and an ideal world.

## STEVE PERRY

Perry was born and raised in the deep south and has lived in Louisiana, California, Oregon and Washington. He is married to the former Dianne Waller, an executive business consultant. They have two teenaged children, Dal and Stephani.

Before turning to full-time freelance writing, Perry 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.

Along with fiction writing, Perry has taught classes in writing in the Portland and Washington County public school systems, as well as adult education classes at the University of Washington in Seattle.

Perry has sold about two dozen stories to various magazines, including: OMNI, ASIMOV'S FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, GALAXY, PULPSMITH, WINGS, WEIRD TALES and STARDATE. Other stories have appeared in assorted anthologies, both original and reprint. Additionally, Perry has sold articles to periodicals ranging from THE AMERICAN BLADE to PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, and to various newspapers.

## RICHARD PINI

### An Unauthorized Autobiography

At various times and in various situations, the following words, phrases, objects, places, dates and names (listed in no particular order) have had, do have, or mayhap even will have significance to Richard Pini. Their actual order and said significance is left as an exercise for the reader; however, with the application of sufficient time, controlled substances, or other negotiable inducement, the author may be made to explain some or all of it.

New Haven, Wendy Fletcher, IBM, .25 caliber ammunition, "a whole mess of hairs", 1977, 1969, 1950, 1983, 1972, Elfquest, PO Box 516, Yggdrasil, Cahuenga Boulevard, "hey", the other Hayden Planetarium, Silver Surfer #5, Sandusky Ohio, "When we think of birds...", Killers From Space, The Disappearance, Purp and Dondu, Elfquest, the speck, "Can I watch?,"

Poughkeepsie, Nini's Corner, the Feist, Vivarin and Life Savers, BMW, Wolf Park, Father Tree, astronomy, Fantastic Four #4, pizza and chocolate milk, Baker House, The Planets, dodge ball, mystery meat, "What am I bid?," hot tubs, "touche", CBS, The People, chicken diapers, "If it feels good, do it".

## RICHARD PURTILL

Richard Purtill was born in Chicago, Illinois. He studied philosophy at The University of Chicago, earning his Ph.D. there in 1965. He is currently a Professor of Philosophy at Western Washington University in Bellingham, Washington, a position he has held since 1962.

After a second honeymoon with his wife in Greece, Richard Purtill became fascinated with the country. He has since visited there six times, writing three fantasy novels based on Greek mythology for adults: *The Golden Gryphon Feather*, *The Stolen Goddess*, and *The Mirror of Helen*. Purthill has also written a science fiction novel, a mystery, and various short stories of fantasy, science fiction and mystery. His recent novel, ENCHANTMENT IN DELPHI (Harcorn & Brace Jovanovich September 1986), Richard Purtill's first novel for young adults and while purely fictional, it is based firmly on his extensive archeological and historical knowledge of Delphi and its oracle. Dick Purtill lives with his wife and the youngest of his three sons in Bellingham, Washington.

## ROB SCHOUTEN

Rob Schouten is a visionary painter from Rotterdam, The Netherlands who lives and works on Whidbey Island, WA. With fellow artists Ray Pelley and Milo Duke he is part of the Dharmic Engineers and dedicated to consciousness-raising art, expressing the oneness and interconnectedness of all life. His work has been exhibited in various galleries across the Westcoast, including Carolyn Harness Fine Art, Seattle, WA; Illuminarium Gallery, Marin County, CA and Arnesen Fine Art, Vail, CO. Notecards and a poster of Rob's work have been published by Visionary Publishing of San Anselmo, CA and are available in book and card stores across the country and beyond. He has shown and sold his paintings at major SciFi Cons for the past five years.

## JOHN SHIRLEY

John is the author of *Eclipse* (Bluejay Books, 1985), *City Come-a Walkin'* (Dell Books, 1980), *Cellars* (Avon, 1981), *Transmaniacon* (Zebra, a long time ago), and *Dracula In Love* (Zebra, a long time ago). He is also the lead singer of *Obsession* on Celluloid Records.

## BRUCE TAYLOR

Bruce Taylor has had stories published in *New Dimensions 9 & 10* (ed. Robert Silverberg), the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and *Matrix* (creative writing supplement of the *University of Washington Daily*). He was featured reader at the 1981 Bumbershoot festival in Seattle. His material has been translated into German by UTOPROP Literary Art Agency and he has had stories appear in *Tele-Match* and *Science Fiction Jahrbuch 1985* (Moewig).

## JULIE ZETTERBERG

Costuming is a dirty, lousy, no-good, thankless hobby, but Julie Zetterberg is proud to be one of the people doing it. She has been making and wearing costumes since 1974, first as a member of the SCA, then at SF conventions and other historical diversions. She has appeared as everything from an Orbiting Space Station to a Grand Inquestor. Costuming has given her many odd pleasures, including winning both Best in Show in last year's Orycon Masquerade, and Best Act in the Gong Show. She lives and works in Seattle.

# Orycon '86

## MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR

This year, I found myself one of the few people ~~foolish enough~~ willing to chair more than one OryCon. Having gotten it out of my system once, my plan this year was simply to act as coordinator for the committee. Thanks to a great group of workers, that's exactly what I was able to do. For some, it was their first convention as a worker; others have lost count of how many they've worked on. They all did a great job. Three have been exceptionally busy (but that comes from being on the Executive Committee). David Levine, the Programming Head, has spent months trying to fit panels together an ever-changing cast of programming participants. Patty Wells has had to sight in on the moving target known as a hotel contract. And Paul Wrigley has spent hundreds, if not thousands, of hours keeping track of memberships, dealer tables, art show information requests, and having the chore of keeping track of a convention budget of several thousand dollars, being received and spent in increments of only a few dollars at a time.

One more group deserves thanks in advance. This convention would not be what it is without the attendees. Thank you all.

John Lorentz  
OryCon '86 Chair

## REGISTRATION

Thursday 8 p.m. - 10 p.m.  
Friday 10 a.m. - 12 p.m.  
Saturday 9 a.m. - 8 p.m.  
Sunday 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

Welcome to OryCon '86. Since you already have your Program Book, you know where Registration is located. If you have any questions about your membership or would like to volunteer to assist us, do drop by.

Memberships are transferable, but a signed note from the original purchaser is needed before the transfer can be effected. To claim a "guest of" (shown as G/, both in our files & the Progress Reports) membership, a signed note from the original purchaser, or the presence of the original purchaser is required. "Table" (listed as T/, a membership sold with a Dealer's table for which we have not been supplied with a name) memberships can be claimed with the original receipt or by a representative of the firm who purchased the table.

More importantly, once you have arrived at the convention and claimed your membership badge, it becomes your proof of membership, and to replace it we will have to charge you the full at-the-door membership rate.

Many of you will have stood in line to buy your membership for the convention. This can be extremely boring. To avoid this you

can buy your membership in advance. (What a great idea.) You will also save money. (Aren't we good to you.) Memberships for OryCon '87 will, with all probability, be on sale on Sunday starting at 10:30 a.m. and will continue to be sold until we get bored and retire to the Drowned Duck at about 5:00 p.m. Memberships will be relatively cheap, so buy one now and avoid the line next year.

Have a great convention.  
Paul M. Wrigley

## ORYCON PEACE PATROL

We want you to have a good time at Orycon. To this end, we are trying to keep the number of "rules" to a minimum:

"Be considerate" and "Use your head."

We merely ask that convention goers not be obnoxious or do things which will make the convention less enjoyable for others.

We are not requiring peace ties, trusting that people will not brandish weapons about irresponsibly. However, peace ties will be available. If you carry a particularly realistic weapon, you may peace tie it as a courtesy.

If you abuse a weapon, we will: peace-tie it on the first offense; confiscate it until after the convention on the second offense; revoke your membership on the third offense.

At past conventions (both in Portland and elsewhere) there has occasionally been some controversy concerning the wearing of convention membership badges.

Since the convention occurs at a hotel where many non-convention goers are present, the only way we have of knowing that you belong at the convention is by your badge. A unique costume is not always enough to indicate that you have bought a membership. Because of this, it is a good idea to wear your membership badge at all convention functions.

While we won't necessarily feed you to the wombats, anyone running around without a badge will be repeatedly asked to provide some proof that they are, in fact, members of the convention. It is far simpler just to wear the badge where it can be seen.

Aaron Bodor

## GOFERS

We are building an army of extraordinary magnitude!!! And you can join!! (And SAVE SAVE SAVE a fist full of yen!) Be one of our Glorious Gofers for a mere four hours (or twice for two hours each) during Orycon '86 and yes—you will get a genuine Glorious Gofer certificate which will obtain, just for you, \$2.00 off your Orycon '87 membership. So...scamper on over to the Office to sign up or seek out The Dead One, our Glorious Gofer leader.

Bob Harland

# MASQUERADE

## 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 at 5:30 PM, Saturday.

## 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 presentations. Please talk to the masquerade organizers if you need longer.
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 don't screw you up. Anyone with tapes, props, etc. that will be handled by the masquerade organizers should have them clearly marked with the contestant's name and address.

8. The masquerade organizers can be contacted through the 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 OSFCI policies.

## Times

Prejudging and Photography Session: 5:30-7:00 PM

You must attend this session *on time* if you wish to compete in the costume contest. Also, this is your only opportunity for flash photography.

Costume Call: 7:30-10:00 PM  
For locations, see the Pocket Program.

## Awards:

We will present awards for:

- Best Fantasy
- Best Science Fiction
- Rising Star (Children ages 14 and under with self-made costumes)
- Nova (Children ages 8 and under)
- Venus on the Half-Shell Award (for most economical use of costume materials)
- Most Humorous
- Best of Show
- Best Group

Best Media Costume (sponsored by The Friends of the Doctor)

Best Presentation

Best Craftsmanship

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

Kris Demein

## SUSAN C. PETREY CLARION SCHOLARSHIP FUND

This scholarship is a memorial to Susan, a friend of ours, and a member of the Portland Science Fiction Society. Since her death, almost six 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 because of financial reasons.

Money to fund the scholarship has been raised mainly by auctions at science fiction conventions. We have auctioned manuscripts, signed books, galleys, original card stories, artwork, food items, posters, jewelry, backrubs, volcanic ash and just about anything you can imagine. Many of the items we have described will be for sale at this year's auction. (A flyer contained in your Registration Packet will have more details). Of course, we always accept additional items to be auctioned 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 for the first time a full scholarship instead of, as we have previously done, one only in the amount of tuition.

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 Clee—Austin, TX

1984 Kathe Mustamäa—Detroit, MI

1985 Leslie J. Howle—Seattle, WA

1986 Wally Metts—Horton, MI

We are pleased to report that William P. Knuttel has had a story published in *The Clarion Awards* and that Mona Clee has had stories published in *Universe 15*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Night City* and *Afterlives*.

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. Since the resumption of Clarion West we now award the scholarship to Clarion and Clarion West attendees in alternate years.

Now you can contribute to this worthy cause by attending the Auction, at which one of the auctioneers will be our Guest of Honor—Edward Bryant, on Saturday at 4 p.m.

We look forward to seeing you there.

Debbie Cross  
Paul M. Wrigley



## DEALER'S ROOM

Looking for that special book, button, weapon or costume accessory? Be sure to check out the Dealer's Room. Our hours are:

Friday ..... Noon to 6 PM  
Saturday ..... 10 AM to 6 PM  
Sunday ..... 10 AM to 4 PM

The following dealers will have many fine products available:

American Renaissance, Inc.—Artwork  
Apache Books—Books, Comics & Gaming  
Bryan Barrett—Books  
Basement Books—Books  
Steve Berry—Computer generated artwork & buttons  
Sam Butler—Jewelry & custom buttons  
Lon Cudy—Electronic music  
Dunlop's Polished Junque—Jewelry & small collectables  
June Edwards—Used Science Fiction books & magazines  
Eridani Productions—Fanzines & do-it-yourself buttons  
Dan Fiebiger—Private collection of film memorabilia  
Future Dreams—Comics, books & artwork  
Steve Gallacci—Artist  
Gryphon Armory—Knives, swords, etc.  
Hippogriff Armory—Knives, swords, etc.  
Dale Johnson—Books  
Lady Jayne—Books  
Mama's Prose & Steel—Knives, swords, etc.  
McNamara's Green—Celtic jewelry & cards  
Media Weavers—Books  
Mon Droit Studio—Jewelry, Costuming Notions, Exotica  
Odds Nends—Books, Costuming  
Off Centaur Publ.—Filk recordings & music  
Orion Unlimited—Costumes  
Margie Price—Jewelry & Costumes  
Quicksilver Fantasies—Tapes/Records, Posters, Jewelry  
Ed Tabler—Used Paperbacks & Classic Hardcover  
Bruce Thompson—Books  
Dan Tibbot—Star Trek Memorabilia  
Bill Trojan—Books  
Unusual & Unique—Tarot, Crystals, Fantasy Jewelry  
Markus Willis—Artist  
Thanks for your patronage!  
Sue O'Neill

## YOUR PLACE

A place to relax, sit and sip, munch a bite, leave a note, meet a friend. What place is this?

We are speaking of the Hospitality Suite, of course. It is housed in the Red Lion's "Bridal Suite" which is beautifully furnished and has a jacuzzi. To this convivial space we added good music and books to read.

To even further enhance your pleasure, we are serving our usual wonderfully good food and have added—by popular demand—*chips!*

We also have beer, wine and Pepsi products on tap.

Our "Alcohol Policy" follows the State Law, in that you must be 21 or older to consume any type of alcoholic beverage. We will NOT serve alcohol to anyone obviously already drunk, we stop serving alcohol at 2 AM, and any alcohol visible in the public spaces of the hotel must have been *purchased from the hotel*.

When it comes to checking I.D., we decided that it is unfair to discriminate against anyone, so...regardless of age, color, creed, sex, or lack thereof, *everyone* requesting alcohol will be carded—every time. (We are also providing an easy way out. Present your valid mundane I.D. once and get your skin stamped, in the place of your choice, by the Hospitality Suite Bartender—then just show the stamp each time.) This goes even for the people we already know, whom we expect to help set the example.

The jacuzzi is small (2 people MAX at one time) and is open to public view. The number of hours it is available to us is few. The number of convention members is many. Therefore, use of this delightful appliance is restricted to people who actually work to help make the convention run, which includes gofer and security type personnel. So sign up to help—help—and sign up to soak!

The Hospitality Suite will be open Friday 5 PM to 4 AM, Saturday 7 AM to 4 AM, and Sunday 7 AM to ? See you there!

Hahn and YaLeah

## ART SHOW

Science fiction and fantasy art express original thought, visions of possible futures, alternative pasts, dreams and nightmares, as well as illustrate written works. It is as integral to science fiction and fantasy as words. The science fiction convention without an art show is missing a vital element.

We are working to make this year's art show pleasurable for all members of the convention, be they artists, browsers, or buyers. Art show hours are:

Friday...6:30 PM to 9 PM, Reception...  
6:30 PM to 7:30 PM (Reception open to convention members)

Saturday...9 AM to 7:30 PM

Sunday...9 AM to 11:30 AM

Art Auction...12 noon on Sunday; pick up of purchased art will be from 12:30 PM to 6 PM on Sunday.

Come!

Enjoy.

Pat Steed

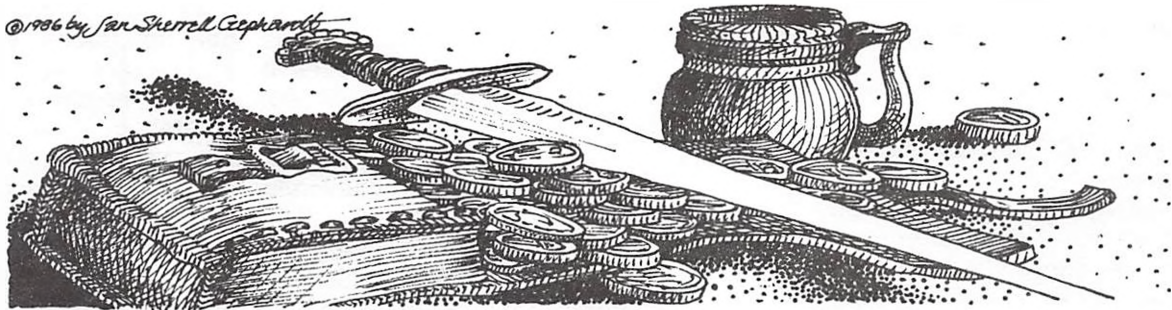


## GAMING

Gaming will include sessions of I.C.E., Champions, Twilight 2000, Bushido, Excursion Into the Bizarre, Chill, and Paranoia. Additional gaming sessions are still being organized, so check your pocket program for current information. Sign-up sheets for these games will be posted in the gaming area on the morning of the day the game is to be played. Novices are welcome. If you are interested in any of these games, please try to attend one or more of the character-creation sessions. Additional information on scheduling and other gaming is available in the pocket program and in the Ross Island room and the Morrison room on the main level of the hotel. Some of the games will

offer prizes—check the signup sheets. The Ross Island room will be available for open gaming. Orycon has provided copies of the following games which will be available in the Ross Island room for convention members' use: Car Wars, Cosmic Encounters, Dragonriders of Pern, Dungeons!, Illuminati, The Legend of Robin Hood, Toon, and Triplanetary. These games are NOT to be removed from the Ross Island Room (NOTE: Violation of this rule may result in loss of your membership). The Ross Island room will be closed between 4:00 AM and 7:00 AM. Any games still running at 4:00 AM will have to shut down until 7:00 AM or be moved to your own room(s), so BE WARNED!

Andrew Nisbet  
Cecilia Eng



## Where do you go after the con?

# PorSFis

The Portland Science Fiction Society

PorSFis meets alternate Saturdays at 2pm at the BPA Auditorium, NE 9th & Holladay. For more information call 281-8183 or 224-6427.

Next meeting: November 15.

Upcoming events include: talks with local authors, Star Trek IV movie party, book reviews, alien holiday carols, and a screening of "Grah, the Monster from Planet X." See you there!

*PorSFis: We're fun, we're friendly, we're fans.*

# L.A. IN '90

## THE PLACE

**LOS ANGELES:** A city that has the fans and facilities to hold a terrific Worldcon –and the track record to prove it!

A Los Angeles Worldcon unites an exciting cross section of science-fiction interests. Southern California is home to a large number of writers, artists, space scientists and engineers, and movie industry professionals. These people have always been enthusiastic program participants, adding their own imagination and fun. A Worldcon here also attracts one of the largest contingents of fans and professionals from other parts of the world.

## THE QUESTIONS

There are three major questions that fans ask when they examine a Worldcon bid:

- ① Is it the best site?
- ② Can the committee put on a quality convention?
- ③ Will it be fun?

## THE ANSWERS

For the Los Angeles in '90 bid, we believe the answers are:

- ① Yes.
- ② Yes.
- ③ ~~Yes~~ YES!

## THE SITE

- ▶ The Anaheim Hilton and the Anaheim Marriott hotels have committed 2,500 sleeping rooms to the bid.
- ▶ The Anaheim Convention Center offers three 100,000-square-foot exhibition halls, two 3,000-seat ballrooms, a 1,500-seat theater, and a 9,000-seat arena.
- ▶ The center and the hotels combined offer another 30 meeting rooms, ideal for special-interest groups.
- ▶ Located across the street from Disneyland, the convention site is readily accessible by all major forms of transportation.

## THE COMMITTEE

Los Angeles has literally dozens of experienced fans who have run departments at Worldcons and numerous Westercons, as well as the region's own Loscons. Every member of the Los Angeles in '90 bid contributed to the success of L.A.con II –and wants to do so again in 1990 (\*Ghod knows why\*). This recipe of experience, expertise, and enthusiasm would make for another successful Worldcon in 1990.

## THE FUN

You got it! • Panels, Films, & Special Events! • Disneyland! • Parties! • Indigenous Wildlife! • Literally Dozens of Masochistic Fans Whose Only Joy Is to Bring Happiness to Thousands of Fun-Loving Attendees! • More Stuff Than You Imagined Possible! □

## AND SO . . .

Let experience be your guide when you vote for the 1990 Worldcon. If you like a world-sized Worldcon, Los Angeles in '90 is your best bet.

P.O. BOX 8442 • VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA 91409

# Convention Schedule

All panels are 60 minutes long unless otherwise noted.

This is the latest information available at press time. However schedules do change, so please consult your Pocket Program for more up-to-date information, and be sure to check the daily newszine for last-minute changes.

The Pocket Program also has the Gaming schedule. The Video schedule is a separate sheet in your registration packet.

## FRIDAY

### 11:00 AM

Holladay **Worse than the Bomb—alternate demises for the Earth**  
Clifton Amsbury, Joel Davis, Elton Elliott, Jim Fiscus

Ross Island, Biological warfare. Changes in the nature of the universe. Species-wide psychic trauma. Solar eruptions. Giant meteors. The Greenhouse Effect. There are millions of ways for humanity to bow out. Why just worry about The Bomb?

Ross Island, Morrison **Gaming opens**  
The Morrison Room is available continuously (except 4-7 AM) for open gaming. The Ross Island Room is open for scheduled gaming only: see the Pocket Program and the schedule posted in the Open Gaming room.

### Noon

Holladay **Pros and Cons of Writers' Workshops**  
John Dalmas, Kristine Thompson, Julie Stevens

Some writers say that going to Clarion or some similar writing workshop made all the difference in their careers. Others wouldn't think of going to one. What are the possible benefits, balanced against the costs? Should you consider going to one? This panel should help you decide.

Multnomah **Dealers' Room opens**

St. Helens **Reading**  
Bruce Taylor

### 1:00 PM

Holladay **The Future of Religion**  
Steven Barnes, Milo Duke, Elton Elliott, Paula Linville

How will future technologies, new discoveries in the sciences, rising world population, and pollution affect the organized religions of today? Would current religions thrive in a universe with other sentient beings?

St. Helens **Reading**  
Janet Gluckman

Weidler/Halsey **History and Future of Arms, Armor, and Combat**  
Clifton Amsbury, John Dalmas, Jim Fiscus, Steven Gallacci

The world has been shaped by the technology of battle. Simple advances like the stirrup have affected the rise and fall of empires. How will future technologies affect our methods of combat, and will there really be that many swords in space?

### 2:00 PM

Broadway **Oregon Christian Fandom**  
Margaret G. Forsythe  
A meeting of Oregon Christian Fandom. All Christian fans and interested parties are welcome.

Hawthorne,  
Seilwood

**Video Rooms open**  
The video rooms are open continuously (except 4-7 AM) from this time on.

Holladay **Language and Its Effects on Thought Processes**

John Dalmas, G.C. Edmondson, Sharan Newman, Somtow Sucharitkul

Many SF works deal with invented languages such as Newspeak and Laadan. How does the language we speak affect the way we think? Can a translated work ever mean the same thing as the original?

St. Helens **Reading**  
Jessica Salmonson

Weidler/Halsey **The Care and Feeding of Editors**  
Ru Emerson, Ray F. Nelson, Mary Mason, Teri Lee

The job of the editor is to filter out the bad stuff and get the good stuff out to the public. The job of the writer is to produce something that the editor thinks is the good stuff. This panel examines the steps of the peculiar mating dance between editor and writer, which can result in a best-seller or a rejection letter.

### 3:00 PM

Broadway **Polyfidelity: a possible family form of the future**

Polyfidelitous Educational Productions  
Monogamy, although popular today, is not necessarily the best way to organize a family. Representatives from Polyfidelitous Educational Productions in Eugene, Oregon discuss polyfidelity: group marriages, line marriages, and other multiple-adult families. Would Valentine Michael Smith have had to take out the garbage?

Holladay **Debunking Pseudoscience and Mysticism**  
John Dalmas, Jim Fiscus, Stephen Goldin, Ray Pelley

It's not just the National Enquirer screaming about psychics, astrologers, dowzers, and other pseudo-scientists. Even reputable publications run astrology columns. This panel discusses how to show that these theories aren't all they're crack-potted up to be.

St. Helens **Reading**  
Steven Barnes

Weidler/Halsey **Trends in Horror**  
Ray F. Nelson, Jessica Salmonson, Ed Bryant

Plain old werewolves and vampires are old hat. Today's horror fiction is technological, psychological, and fashionable. Where is horror headed?

### 4:00 PM

Broadway **First Fandom and Fan History**  
Clifton Amsbury, Ray F. Nelson, Bruce Peiz

Once there were no conventions, no fanzines, no fan clubs. Science fiction readers were alone, reviled by society. And then came the lettercol, and the world was changed. Three long-time fans discuss the early years of Fandom and the intervening history.

Weidler/Halsey **The Artist/Writer and the IRS**  
Jon Gustafson, Jerrie Hurd, Stephen Goldin, Dean Wesley Smith

You've just sold the Great American Novel! Great! Now you have to deal with another great American institution... the Internal Revenue Service. This panel discusses the special tax problems faced by artists and writers.

St. Helens	<b>Reading</b> Ru Emerson				with children in mind. Do "juveniles" have to be juvenile? What values can SF instill? What criteria should you use when selecting SF for children?
<b>5:00 PM</b> Holladay	<b>Opening Ceremonies</b> Ed Bryant, Jessica Salmonson, and the Entire Cast "Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Fandom But were Afraid To Ask." OryCon opening ceremonies are not just your ordinary opening ceremonies. If you miss this one, you'll be sorry. Trust me.		Holladay	<b>ElfQuest Slide Show</b> Richard Pini Richard Pini of WaRP Graphics gives a presentation about ElfQuest, which started the current surge of alternative comics. The original storyline has ended, but it's not stopping yet!	
<b>6:00 PM</b> Multnomah	<b>Dealers' Room closes</b>		Multnomah Three Sisters	<b>Dealers' Room opens</b> <b>Lasers from Spectra-Physics</b> Bob Joll, Anne Davenport A demonstration and discussion of real, live, working, honest-to-Gosh lasers, from Spectra-Physics in Eugene.	
<b>6:30 PM</b> Mt. Bachelor/ Mt. Hood	<b>Art Show opens</b>		Weidler/Halsey	<b>Beyond Conventions—other things fans do</b> Kathleen Buckley, Ray F. Nelson, Ben Yalow So here you are at your first convention, or perhaps you've been to conventions before but haven't done anything else in science fiction fandom. What do all those people do the rest of the year? Would I enjoy it? Find out at this panel.	
<b>7:30 PM</b> Holladay	<b>Meet-The-Everybody Party and Autograph Session</b> Everybody! (90 min.) This is the big bash that really gets the convention rolling.				
<b>8:00 PM</b> Three Sisters	<b>Filksingng begins</b>		<b>10:15 AM</b> St. Helens	<b>Reading</b> Mary Caraker (45 min.)	
<b>9:00 PM</b> Mt. Bachelor/ Mt. Hood	<b>Art Show closes</b>		<b>11:00 AM</b> Broadway	<b>Sociological SF</b> Kathleen Buckley, Ray F. Nelson, Stephen Goldin, Mary Mason (90 min.) Traditionally, science fiction has been based on the "hard" sciences like physics, chemistry, and biology. In recent years, though, the social sciences have become much more important. This panel discusses SF whose themes are psychological, linguistic, religious, and humanitarian.	
<b>9:30 PM</b> Holladay (and others)	<b>Dance</b>		Holladay	<b>Dangerous SF</b> Clifton Amsbury, John Shirley, Elton Elliott, Frederick Mayer (90 min.) It used to be that you couldn't discuss sex in SF. It used to be that your politics had to be acceptable to the majority (or at least the editor). It used to be that you couldn't offend the major religions. That's no longer true...or is it? There are still stories that are Too Topical To Print. This panel discusses the taboos and strictures that make some stories...DANGEROUS SF!	
<b>MIDNIGHT</b> St. Helens	<b>Midnight Reading</b> Ed Bryant		St. Helens	<b>Reading</b> Frank Catalano (45 min.)	
<b>Saturday</b> <b>4:00 AM</b>	<b>Convention shuts down for the night</b> The entire convention is closed from 4 AM to 7 AM. No sleeping or any other activities will be allowed in function spaces during this time. Broadway Cab (227-1234) has special night service, replacing the "Owl" bus routes.		Three Sisters	<b>Costuming &amp; Textiles of the Middle Ages</b> Margaret of Bristow, Asha ap Myrddin, Aislinn of Cumbria, Morag Campbell, Hlutwige Wolfkiller, Laracia (90 min.) Members of the Society for Creative Anachronism display and discuss the things people wore and decorated with in medieval times.	
<b>7:00 AM</b> Hawthorne, Sellwood	<b>Video Rooms open</b>		Weidler/Halsey	<b>Writing Realistic Fight Scenes</b> Steven Barnes, F.M. Busby, Steve Perry, Jessica Salmonson (90 min.) We've all read books in which a main character gets out of a situation by doing something that, in real life, just wouldn't work. How do you make fight scenes that work dramatically, but fall	
Ross Island, Morrison	<b>Gaming opens</b> The Morrison Room is open continuously (except 4-7 AM) for open gaming. The Ross Island Room is open for scheduled gaming only: see the Pocket Program and the schedule posted in the Open Gaming room.				
<b>9:00 AM</b> Mt. Bachelor/ Mt. Hood	<b>Art Show opens</b>				
<b>10:00 AM</b> Broadway	<b>Teach Your Children Well: SF and Fantasy for children</b> Nina Hoffman, Richard Purtill, Molly Gloss, Frederick Mayer Reading SF has helped us become well-adjusted, responsible adults (or reasonable facsimiles). Now, as parents, we can start our children off right with quality SF and fantasy written for children. As writers, we can create works				

within the realm of the possible? Do you have to be able to do it to write about it? How do you find out about ancient styles of combat?

11:45 AM

St. Helens

**Reading**

G. C. Edmondson

(45 min.)

12:30 PM

Broadway

**SF as a Medium for Social Change**

Clifton Amsbury, Frank Catalano, G. C. Edmondson, Ray Pelley

(90 min.) Is the stuff we read just entertainment, or can it change the world? If enough people read and believed "1984", could it prevent another Hitler or Stalin from taking power? Can we really sway others with our words?

Holladay

**SF on TV—Is there any hope?**

Steven Barnes, Paula Linville, Craig Miller, George R. R. Martin

(90 min.) Many people believe that there hasn't been any decent SF on television since "Star Trek." Many others believe that there's NEVER been any decent SF on television. Others hold out hope that good SF can be presented on the small screen. Our panel includes writers for the new Twilight Zone.

St. Helens

**Reading**

Elton Elliott

(45 min.)

Three Sisters

**Armor Demo/D&D Reality Check**

Tjorkill Kanne, Steingrim Stellari, Manfred Kriegstreiber, Ludwig Von Lemminghaus, Orm Magneson, Gerald Grimwald, Gram Halfdane

(90 min.) Members of the Society for Creative Anachronism show how medieval-style armor really works, and dispel some myths (like the armored knight who couldn't get on his horse without a crane). The "D&D Reality Check" shows you whether your fighter could really wear plate mail, wield a halberd and a longsword, carry a chest of gold, and still fight effectively... or even walk!

Weidler/Halsey

**Dealing with Publishers and Agents**

Richard Pini, Jessica Salmonson, Ed Bryant, Michael Coney

(90 min.) So you've written a novel, or a short story, or a poem. Out there is a public that is desperate to read your magnum opus. First you have to get it published... The publisher and the agent can help or hinder your works as they proceed from your typewriter to the printed page. Contacts and contracts, residuals and royalties, and other gritty details will be discussed.

1:15 PM

St. Helens

**Reading**

Sharon Baker

(45 min.)

2:00 PM

Broadway

**Somtowism and an update on the Sucharitkul family**  
Somtow Sucharitkul

Somtow continues the soap opera of his family, which was such a hit at last year's Guest of Honor speech, and gives us a refresher in Somtowism. ("Totaliausom!") Bring a dime.

Holladay

**Making the First Sale**

Sharon Baker, Steve Perry, Michael Coney, Kristine Thompson

Most SF fans are frustrated writers. This panel discusses how to remove the word "frustrated" from that description and actually break into print.

Mt. Bachelor/

Mt. Hood

**Dharmic Engineering**

Rob Schouten, Milo Duke, Ray Pelley

Three Northwest-area artists and Dharmic Engineers discuss their works and philosophies while leading a tour of "Dharmic Engineering" art in the art show.

St. Helens

**Reading**

Richard Purtill

(45 min.)

Three Sisters

**Medieval Warriors Photo & Sketch Session**

Terence Irondragon, Steingrim Stellari, Tjorkill Kanne, Orm Magneson, Ludwig Von Lemminghaus, Korwyn Ariannade

Members of the Society for Creative Anachronism will be available in full armor and costumes to pose for artists and photographers. This is your chance to get some detailed views of how those warriors and damsels really looked. Especially valuable for Fantasy artists.

Weidler/Halsey

**Alternative Comics**

Richard Pini, Steven Gallacci, representatives from Dark Horse Comics

Richard Pini (WaRP Graphics, publishers of "ElfQuest," "Myth Adventures," and "A Distant Soil"), Steve Gallacci (Thoughts and Images, publishers of "Albedo"), and a representative from Portland's own Dark Horse Comics (publishers of "Boris the Bear" and others) discuss the recent splash of comics that aren't dirty and aren't from the Big Two publishers.

3:00 PM

Broadway

**Chocolate Tasting**

Friends of the Doctor

The Portland Friends of the Doctor (Dr. Who) present one of their ever-popular Chocolate Tastings. A small fee will be requested.

Holladay

**Guest of Honor Speeches**

Ed Bryant, Jessica Salmonson, George R. R. Martin

St. Helens

**Art Demonstration: Gary Davis**

Gary Davis

Local artist Gary Davis (he did the cover for our Pocket Program) presents a demonstration of his pen-and-ink techniques.

Three Sisters

**Single-Pro Session**

Richard Pini

4:00 PM

Broadway

**SF Toys I Have Known and Loved**

Kathlene Buckley, Nina Hoffman, Ray F. Nelson

Many of us grew up with astronaut dolls, toy laser pistols, and battery-operated (or wind-up) walking robots. This is a panel of reminiscences about those halcyon days of childhood, when a tiny spaceship was enough to take us to the galaxies and beyond.

St. Helens

**Sue Petrey Auction**

Ed Bryant, Debbie Cross

(2 hrs.) This auction of SF books, art, and memorabilia benefits the Susan C. Petrey Memorial Scholarship Fund, which each year sends an aspiring author to Clarion or Clarion West. Special guest auctioneer: Ed Bryant.

**Three Sisters** **Single-Pro Session**  
Steve Perry

**Weidler/Halsey** **SF Poetry**  
Elizabeth Harrod, John DeCamp and Frederick Mayer

Some poets don't think that technological or science-fictional subjects are appropriate for poetry. Some SF readers don't think that poetry is appropriate for science fiction. The people on this panel disagree with both of them.

**5:00 PM**

**Three Sisters** **Autograph Session #2**  
All the authors that couldn't make it to the Meet the Everybody party on Friday should be here.

**6:00 PM**

**Multnomah** **Dealers' Room closes**

**7:30 PM**

**Holladay** **Masquerade**  
(and others) See the Pocket Program for details

**Mt. Bachelor/** **Art Show closes**  
**Mt. Hood**

**9:00 PM**

**Three Sisters** **Filksinging begins**

**AFTER MASQUERADE**

**Holladay** **Dance**  
(and others) Hosted by Steven Barnes

This dance begins half an hour after the Masquerade ends.

**MIDNIGHT**

**St. Helens** **Midnight Reading**  
Somtow Sucharitkul

**SUNDAY**

**4:00 AM**

**Convention shuts down for the night**  
The entire convention is closed from 4 AM to 7 AM. No sleeping or any other activities will be allowed in function spaces during this time. Broadway Cab (227-1234) has special night service, replacing the "Owl" bus routes.

**7:00 AM**

**Hawthorne,** **Video Rooms open**  
**Sellwood**

**Ross Island,** **Gaming opens**  
**Morrison**

The Morrison Room is open continuously (except 4-7 AM) for open gaming. The Ross Island Room is open for scheduled gaming only: see the Pocket Program and the schedule posted in the Open Gaming room.

**9:00 AM**

**Mt. Bachelor/** **Art Show opens**  
**Mt. Hood**

**10:00 AM**

**Multnomah** **Dealers' Room opens**

**11:00 AM**

**Broadway** **How to do Research (sources and techniques)**  
Sharon Baker, Kathleen Buckley, Ru Emerson, Jerrie Hurd, Mary Mason

(2 hrs.) This seminar leads you into the dusty realms of Research. Some writers love it, some hate it, but everyone agrees it's the only way to get realism into

**Holladay** **Science Fiction, Speculative Fiction, and Supernatural Fiction**  
Norman Hartman, Ray F. Nelson, John DeCamp, J. Ray Dettling

"SF is what I point to when I point to something and say it's SF." This is an SF convention. But what is SF? Does SF have to be scientific? Can fantasy be SF? How about horror? This panel doesn't have the answers, but it should be an enjoyable debate.

**St. Helens** **Reading**  
Eileen Gunn

**Three Sisters** **Cosmic Strings: the Seeds of Galaxies?**  
John Cramer

John Cramer gives a presentation about Cosmic Strings, a concept on the forefront of physics.

**Weidler/Halsey** **Technology and the Right To Privacy**  
John Dalmas, G. C. Edmonson, Jim Fiscus, Jeff Frane

Modern communications technologies give us easy access to information miles or years away. The same technologies let others listen in on our conversations, deduce our personal habits from our credit card records, and target us for "personalized" junk mail. Can this be stopped? Should it?

**11:30 AM**

**Mt. Bachelor/** **Art Show closes**  
**Mt. Hood**

**NOON**

**Holladay** **What Makes Science Fiction Worthwhile?**  
Elizabeth Harrod, Paula Linville, Ray F. Nelson, Richard Purtill

This panel should give you a variety of responses for the next time someone asks you "why do you read that sci-fi crap?"

**St. Helens** **Art Auction**  
(2 hrs.) This is your ONLY chance to buy art at auction at this convention!

**Three Sisters** **Electronic Dreams**  
Lon Cudy

A hit at Con IV, Lon Cudy is back and better than ever. Come explore the magic of electronic music and the creative possibilities of the music synthesizer. With an excellent demonstration that includes hands-on audience participation, Lon promises a session of creative surprises tailor-made for the Orycon crowd.

**Weidler/Halsey** **Life As We DON'T Know It**  
Mildred Downey Broxon, Norman Hartman, J. Ray Dettling

Our space probes have been busy looking for "life as we know it." How about life that doesn't meet our definitions of "life?" What about living beings that are happiest in non-Terrestrial environments? How do you spot "life" on other planets if you can't define it except by Earthly examples?

**1:00 PM**

**Broadway** **Frank Catalano Interviews Ed Bryant**  
Ed Bryant, Frank Catalano

Holladay **Appreciating P. K. Dick**  
Jerry Kaufman, Ray F. Nelson, Eileen Gunn  
Phillip K. Dick was unique. Even after his death, his writings ignite controversy and debate among fans. This panel is an appreciation of his life and works.

Three Sisters **Fantasy, Myth and Archaeology slide show**  
Richard Purtill

Weidler/Halsey **America's Future in Space**  
Clifton Amsbury, Joel Davis, Jim Fiscus, Jordin Kare  
What will become of NASA and America's space program in the aftermath of the Challenger disaster? Will the military take over the Shuttle completely? Will private industry take up the slack? Will we engage in a new space race with the Russians?

2:00 PM  
Broadway **Buying, Selling, and Collecting SF Fan Art**  
Jon Gustafson, Craig Miller, Rob Schouten, Ray Pelley

That stuff in the Art Show isn't just pretty, it can be worth money. But how can you tell the real deals from the average works? What marks an unsung genius whose paintings will increase in value? If you're an artist, how can you make sure your work brings the price it deserves? SF artists and agents discuss the economic side of SF and fan art.

Holladay **Cyberpunk Progress Report**  
John Shirley, Elton Elliott, Eileen Gunn

Cyberpunk is an SF movement whose works deal with computers, software, and space technology in a gritty, hard-boiled world. Some people say that the Cyberpunk movement is SF's sole hope to avoid stagnation. Some people deny that Cyberpunk is even a movement. This panel is a snapshot from the ongoing debate.

St. Helens **Reading**  
Elizabeth Harrod

Three Sisters **Voyager 2 Uranus Flyby**  
Joel Davis  
Joel Davis gives a slide presentation about Voyager 2's encounter with the planet Uranus.

Weidler/Halsey **Small Press Publishing**  
Alan Bard Newcomer, Teri Lee, Jerry Kaufman, John Pelan  
Independent publishers are producing quality editions of little-known or under-recognized works. This panel will discuss the problems and special rewards of running a small press, or having your works published by a small press.

3:00 PM  
Broadway **Cliches of Science Fiction**  
Milo Duke, Jim Fiscus, Greg Cox  
The Bug-Eyed Monster and the Dedicated Scientist with his Beautiful Daughter have not been seen much in recent years, but everyone knows them. Do they still have a place in SF? Are we replacing them with other cliches? Are there old cliches that should be revived?

Holladay **The Line Between SF and Mundane Fiction**  
J. Ray Dettling, Kristine Thompson, Bruce Taylor

Some works of SF don't say "SF" anywhere on the cover. Some popular fiction and literature is using themes that would have been relegated to the SF ghetto only a few years ago. Is there any difference between "SF" and "fiction" in a world with lasers, atomic bombs, and gene splicing? Where does "1984" fall? How about "The Handmaid's Tale?"

St. Helens **Reading**  
George R. R. Martin

Three Sisters **Laser Propulsion: the Railroad to Space**  
Jordin Kare  
Jordin Kare gives a presentation about a new method of propelling spaceships.

Weidler/Halsey **Art In Space**  
Rob Schouten, Milo Duke, Ray Pelley

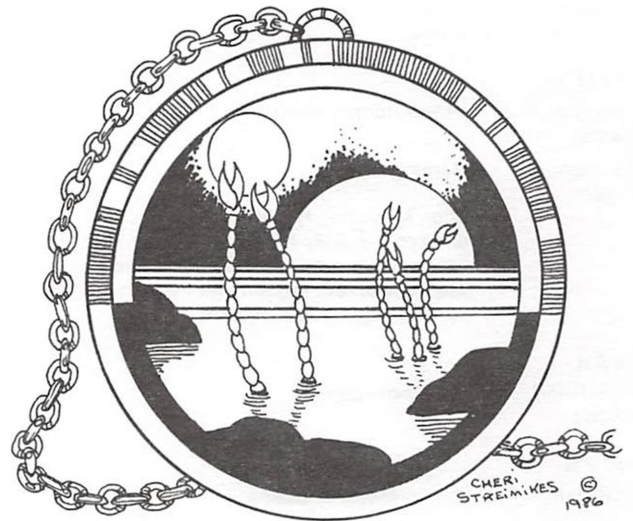
4:00 PM  
Multnomah **Dealers' Room closes**

St. Helens **Reading**  
Frederick Mayer

Weidler/Halsey **Putting together convention program books**  
Jeff Frane, Ben Yalow, Debbie Cross, Michael Pearce, Malinda McFadden

A modern convention program book is a professional publication involving considerable money, effort, and skill. Come to this panel and you might pick up a few tricks in typography, graphic design, pasteup, and dealing with schedules.

Hawthorne, Sellwood **Video Rooms close**





# CONVENTION SPECIAL!

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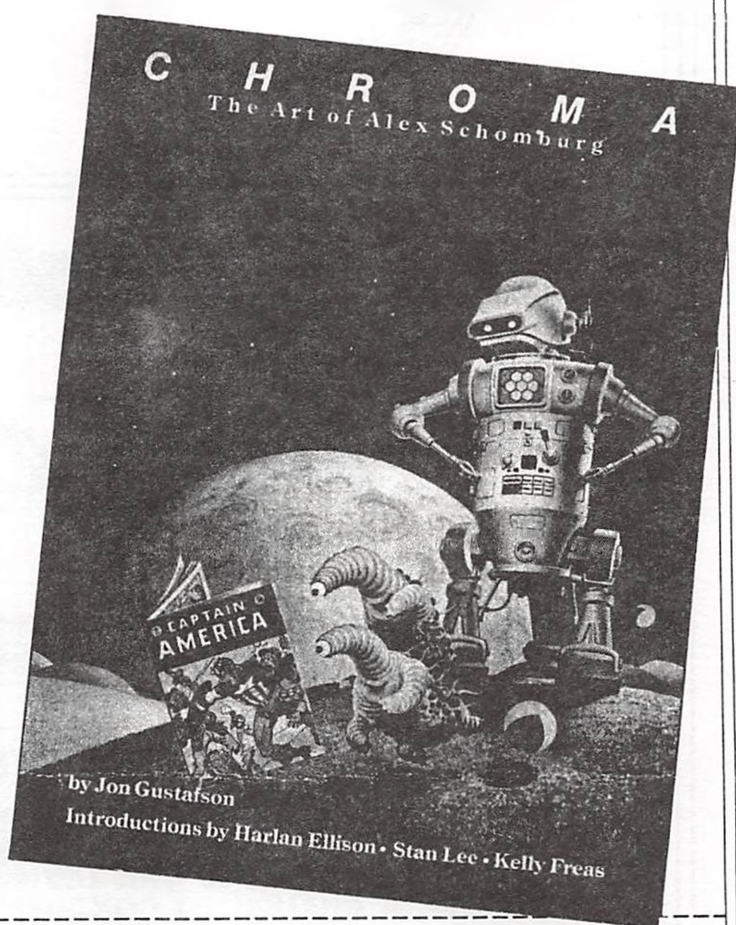
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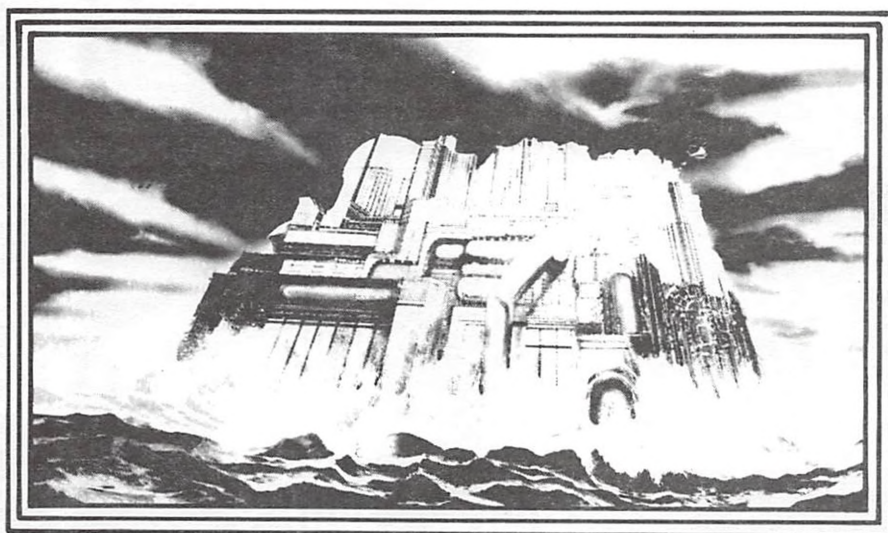
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# SKEEN'S LEAP

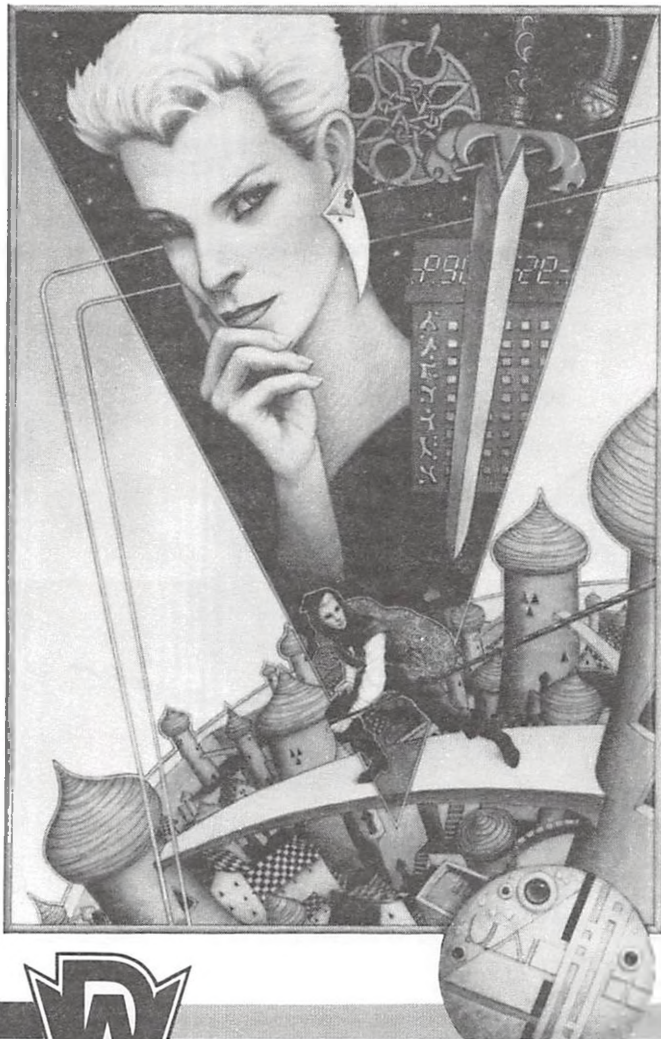
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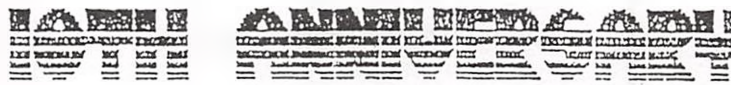
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281	T/Apache Books	621	Jeff Frane	593	Zal Malbrough	210	Greg Saller	255	Glen Teneyck		
152	Pat Apodaca	622	Rosalind Frane	46	Foz Malin	95	Jim Sanderson	256	Connie Teneyck		
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161	Kristopher Barrett	611	Ed Gloss	153	Char Meier	171	George Sexton	205	Kitty Tilton		
178	Bryan Barrett	594	Janet Gluckman	260	Paul Meier	53	Bill Seymour	206	Don Tilton		
179	T/Bryan Barrett	602	Stephen Goldin	290	Hans P. Meier	29	Ariel Shattan	207	James Tilton		
180	T1/ Basement Books	265	Joann Gorshkoff	61	Jeff Mentzer	257	Linda Shipman	109	Martha Todd-Prather		
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164	Gayle M. Brauner	537	Elisabeth Harrod	211	Jan Muntzel	23	Pat Steed	274	Anna Weathers		
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127	Holly Butler	30	Patty Havens	527	Ray Faraday Nelson	523	Deborah K. Strub	509	Kate Wilhelm		
134	Steven Cameron	251	Richard Havens	528	Kristen Nelson	244	Jayne Tannehill Sturgeon	580	Ray Williams		
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60	Matthew Chambers	187	Jamie Hunger	79	Barbara Oldham						
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248	Bernice Cohen	516	Elhan Hurd	186	Anne Olsolka						
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588	Michael Coney	104	Penny Hutchison	84	Shirley Olson						
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552	John Cramer	155	T/Lady Jayne	107	Cathy Ourada						
553	Pauline Cramer	261	Jude Ramsey Jensen	34	Michael Parker						
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170	Rolf Damon	246	Constance Jones	513	Dianne Perry						
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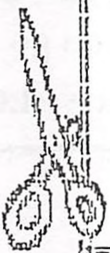


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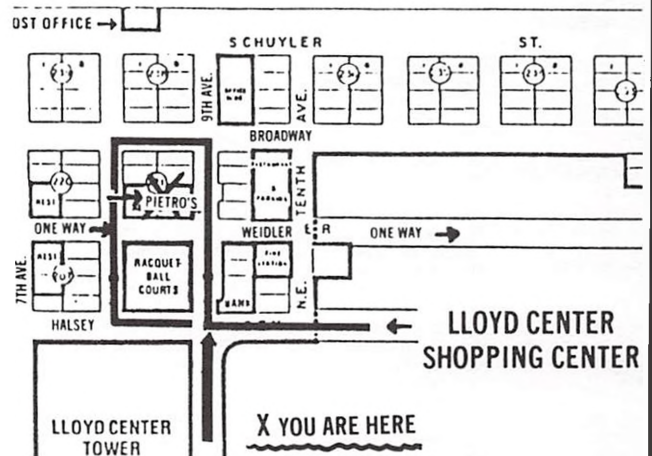
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