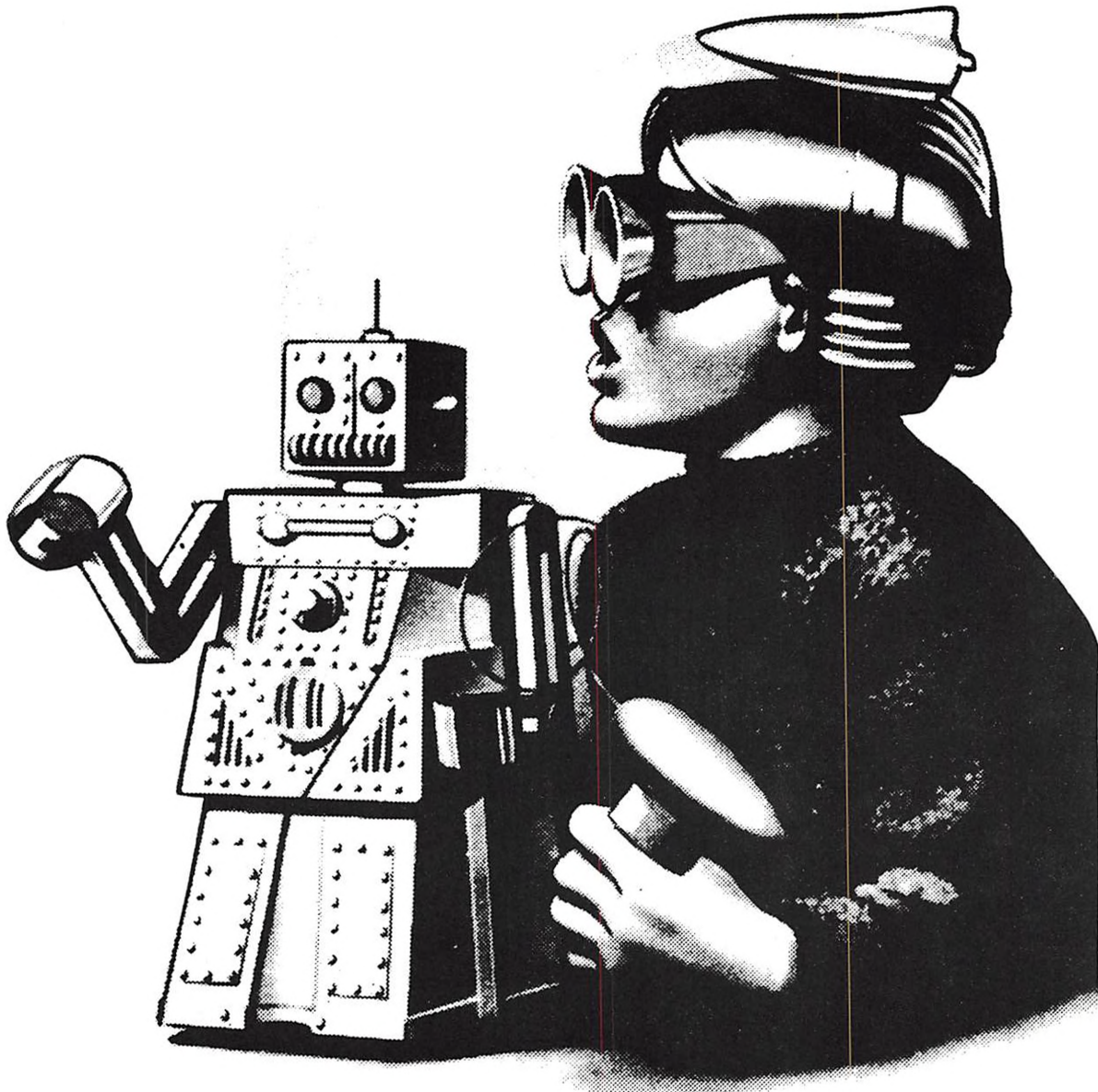




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O R Y C O N I O

November 11-13, 1988
Red Lion Inn—Columbia River
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Guests of Honor
Lucius Shepard **John Varley** **Connie Willis**

Special Guest
Mona Cleo

A recipient of the Susan C. Petrey Scholarship to Clarion

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G U E S T S O F H O N O R

Lucius Shepard

by Michaela Roessner

I first met Lucius eight years ago at the Clarion writers' workshop in Michigan. I'd taken a train from California. Arriving late on a balmy evening, I found an 'icebreaker' party for the participants already in full swing; if 'full swing' is not too strong a description for our generally tame little group, by Clarion standards.

I say generally, for in the next six weeks to follow there proved to be some notable exceptions. As I stood in the doorway of the party room that night I surveyed these strangers, my fellow writer-apprentices, and tried to guess just a little of what they were like from how I saw them interacting before me.

In the farthest corner of the room one very large fellow sat facing away from the rest of the party. All I could see of him was his back. From that limited perspective he looked like a counter-culture version of the Hulk. He was talking to... looming over... a lean, bearded young man with enormous eyes. The loomer turned out to be Lucius Shepard. The loomee was his suite-mate, Gary Shockley.

Very likely a misanthrope, I thought. Probably won't have two words to say to the rest of us. Possibly surly.

Of course, what I was actually seeing was behavior Lucius would become famous for. He fixes his total attention on one person, focusing all his considerable abilities as a raconteur on that both lucky and hapless individual. This experience has certain Rip-Van-Winklish effects when the listener emerges, hours later, bedazzled and dazed by contemporary tales as wild and brilliant as anything in the stories of the Arabian Nights.

Of course, this was not Lucius' only social talent. A cheerful anarchist, he set a record by deftly disassembling the interior of an elevator during a six floor trip. Robert Frazier bravely tried to match him by reassembling it, but that took quite a bit longer to complete.

The last few weeks of the workshop, Lucius virtually disappeared into his room to write during the daytime. (This was not particularly difficult—his room was also legend. In the 8' by 10' space he managed to lose his guitar and case for three days.) The author/instructors were both concerned and impressed by Lucius' devotion to his craft, as they should have been. But they didn't know that each night Lucius would eventually emerge, with his guitar in tow (this was after he'd found it again) and become ring-leader party-master for long evenings of singing, joking, and generally carousing in the halls.

Over the years since, other qualities have emerged. He's a wonderful singer; extemporizing witty, cutting lyrics, then rendering them with a clear, sweet voice. He is a fiercely loyal friend, which at times contrasts paradoxically with his nature as a knowledgeable, sophisticated observer of the world. He's a hell of a lot of fun. I'm glad that you have this chance to enjoy his company. •

Lucius Shepard: A Checklist

by Charles R.L. Power

Sa'adah: I'm trying to compile a bibliography to go along with the interview, for those that are completists, and are trying to track down those off-the-wall stories.

Shepard: I just throw them away, man. That's my problem. Because I move around and I don't keep anything.
—from "An Interview with Lucius Shepard"

Arcevalo, The

First publication: F&SF 8610

Aymara

First publication: IASFM 8608

Black Clay Boy

First publication: Whispers VI (anth., ed. Stuart David Schiff, 1987)

Black Coral

First publication: Universe 14 (anth., ed. Terry Carr, 1984)
Other publications: The Year's Best SF 2 (anth., ed. Gardner Dozois, 1985)

Book: The Jaguar Hunter

Challenger as Viewed from the Westerbrook Bar (poem)

First publication: IASFM 8610

Dancing It All Away at Nadoka

First publication: IASFM 8612 (mid)

Delta Sly Honey

First publication: In the Field of Fire (anth., ed. Jeanne Van Buren Dann & Jack Dann, 1987)

Other publications: Twilight Zone 8710

End of Life As We Know It, The

First publication: IASFM 8501

Book: The Jaguar Hunter

Etheric Transmitter, The

First publication: The Clarion Awards (anth., ed. Damon Knight, 1984)

Fire Zone Emerald

First publication: Playboy 8602

Other publications: IASFM 8611

Note: Not identical to section of novel "Life During War-time" with same name

Fundamental Things, The

First publication: IASFM 8507

Glassblower's Dragon, The

First publication: F&SF 8704

Green Eyes (novel)

First publication: Green Eyes (New York: Ace Science Fiction Books, May 1984). ISBN 0-441-30274-2. xii+275p. Introduction by Terry Carr.

Book: Green Eyes

How I Spent My Summer Vacation: A Student Perspective on Clarion (essay)

First publication: IASFM 8502

"... How My Heart Breaks When I Sing This Song..."

First publication: IASFM 8512

- How the Wind Spoke at Madaket
 First publication: IASFM 8504
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Interview with Lucius Shepard, An (interview by Rafael Sa'adah)
 First publication: Science Fiction Eye 8708 (Vol. 1 No.2)
 Note: This publication available from Science Fiction Eye,
 Box 3105, Washington DC 20010-0105
- Jaguar Hunter, The
 First publication: F&SF 8505
 Other publications: The Year's Best SF 3 (anth., ed. Gardner
 Dozois, 1986)
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Jaguar Hunter, The (collection)
 First publication: The Jaguar Hunter (Sauk City: Arkham
 House Publishers, Inc., 1987). ISBN 0-87054-154-4.
 xii+404p. Foreword by Michael Bishop. Illustrations by
 Jeffrey K. Potter.
 Contents: "The Jaguar Hunter", "The Night of White Bhairab",
 "Salvador", "How the Wind Spoke at Madaket",
 "Black Coral", "R&R", "The End of Life As We Know It",
 "A Traveler's Tale", "Mangele", "The Man Who Painted
 the Dragon Griaule", "A Spanish Lesson"
- Life During Wartime (novel)
 First publication: Life During Wartime (Toronto/ New
 York/London/ Sydney/ Auckland: Bantam Books,
 October 1987). ISBN 0-553-34381-5. vii+438p.
 Book: Life During Wartime
 Note: Novel in five sections: "R and R" (see "R&R"), "The
 Good Soldier", "Fire Zone Emerald" (not identical to
 novella of same name), "Crossing the Wild", and "Sector
 Jade"
- Man Who Painted the Dragon Griaule, The
 First publication: F&SF 8412
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Mangele
 First publication: Universe 15 (anth., ed. Terry Carr, 1985)
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Night of White Bhairab, The
 First publication: F&SF 8410
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- On the Border
 First publication: IASFM 8708
- Pictures Made of Stones (poem)
 First publication: Omni 8709
- R & R
 First publication: IASFM 8604
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
 Book: Life During Wartime
- Reeper
 First publication: IASFM 8412
- Salvador
 First publication: F&SF 8404
 Other publications: The Year's Best SF 2 (anth., ed. Gardner
 Dozois, 1985)
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Scalehunter's Beautiful Daughter, The
 First publication: The Scalehunter's Beautiful Daughter (Wil-
 limantic: Mark V. Ziesing, 1988), ISBN 0-9612970-8-5
 (signed edition 0-9612970-9-3), v+153p.
 Book: The Scalehunter's Beautiful Daughter

- Shades
 First publication: In the Field of Fire (anth., ed. Jeanne Van
 Buren Dann & Jack Dann, 1987)
 Other publications: IASFM 8712
- Solitario's Eyes
 First publication: F&SF 8309
- Spanish Lesson, A
 First publication: F&SF 8512
 Other publications: The Year's Best SF 3 (anth., ed. Gardner
 Dozois, 1986)
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Storming of Annie Kinsale, The
 First publication: IASFM 8409
- Sun Spider, The
 First publication: IASFM 8704
- Taylorville Reconstruction, The
 First publication: Universe 13 (anth., ed. Terry Carr, 1983)
- Traveler's Tale, A
 First publication: IASFM 9407
 Book: The Jaguar Hunter
- Voyage South from Thousand Willows
 First publication: Universe 16 (anth., ed. Terry Carr, 1986)
- White Trains (poem)
 First publication: Night Cry, Spring 1987



John Varley

Death of a Foam Cup

by Steve Perry

Jesus, has it been *ten* years? Oh, my. Seems like yesterday I was the toastmaster at the first OryCon, me in my bib overalls, and John (Herb) Varley as the Guest of Honor. The regular crew, confident after the Portland State science fiction symposium, decided to risk a con. Ten years later and it is what? thrice the size and still going strong, so I guess something must have worked. Happy birthday, OryCon.

At the time, Herb Varley was already an established pro, thick and powerful credits under his belt, and tall enough so even I had to look up. I ran around doing introductions, making speeches, and in general hamming it up. (Those of you who know me know I'm not the least bit shy about getting up in front of a crowd.)

But Herb was shy. He didn't know he would have to give a guest of honor speech and when I told him, he got rattled. Being on a panel was bad enough, he said, as I sat next to him on one and watched him nervously shred a foam coffee cup into pieces slightly larger than atoms. But a speech? All by himself? Nope, he didn't want to do it, thank you, no.

Hey, it doesn't show, I said. They don't know you're nervous, there's no big red letter on your chest or anything. Just be cool. You can fake it.

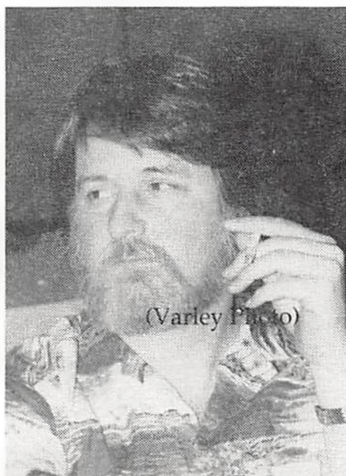
I tried to help. I made fun of his novel. Told him it violated McIntyre's rule about never naming a book something you can't pronounce. Called it *The Awful Yucky Hotline*. Or *The Okefenokee Hotline*. He laughed, but it didn't seem to help much. He wasn't going to do it, nossir.

But in the end, he got up and gave a great talk about his adventures in Hollywood. (They are finally making that movie, you know. The wheels grind slow down there.) He was funny, he was witty, and if he was shaky it didn't show, not in the least.

So now it's ten years later, Herb and you've had a chance to practice. You still jittery? Aloha shirts and all?

Not to worry. They'll never know unless somebody tells them—and I won't.

I swear I won't. •



(Varley Photo)

John Varley

Photo by Rick Hawes—© 1988 by Rick Hawes

Guests of Honor

Connie Willis

How to tell Connie Willis from Lucius Shepard

by James Patrick Kelly

Excuse me, but I just don't understand how people can get these two confused. But for some reason they do, no matter how often I explain the difference. Okay, I admit that when people talk about the most gifted short story writers of the eighties, their names always seem to be the first to come up. And in the past year, they've both published novels that are clearly masterwork. It's true both are about the same age and both are tall and both have the same color hair. You see their names all the time on the cover of *Asimov's*. Each has taught at Clarion and has won a Nebula. But take a closer look: Willis is the one with glasses, Shepard has the beard. Got it?

The reason I'm going through all this with you is because when the con folks asked me to write something about Connie, they said they didn't want the usual guest of honor screed. "Give us something different," they begged. "Maybe you could tell people why they might like to buy her a beer." Well, you can see what I was up against: they obviously had Willis and Shepard utterly confused. You want to buy someone a beer, look Lucius up. I'm not sure I've ever seen Connie Willis finish an alcoholic drink of any sort.

A User's Guide to Connie Willis

Now if you really want to schmooze with Connie, plan on a long day of shopping, maybe ending up in a restaurant sipping coffee and eating gooey desserts at 3:30 in the afternoon. And she likes to organize expeditions; she's always traipsing off to graveyards or wax museums or historic houses. Should you be lucky enough to run across Connie at a party, nip in beside her (before someone else does) and be ready to discuss Fred Astaire or Karl Schwarzschild or screwball comedy or the Black Death. Tell her she's willowy (because she is) and then ask her about her daughter, Cordelia, her husband, Courtney, or her bulldog—but not necessarily in that order. However, don't expect to chat Connie up in the wee hours of the morning. She begins to wilt, albeit with great charm, shortly after midnight. But then she's a terrific person to have breakfast with: bright as orange juice, sweet as grape jam and crisp as toast.

She doesn't mind talking about her work, but don't ask her to explain it to you. Although she can be relentlessly subtle, she's also a scrupulously fair writer. It's all there; you can be sure that if you pay close enough attention, you'll understand everything. And you must realize that it's the perfect time to be reading Connie Willis; she's been on something of a streak of late. "Schwarzschild Radius", which appeared in *The Universe*, was a Nebula finalist this year. If you haven't yet read her novel, *Lincoln's Dreams*, go straight to the huckster's room and buy a copy. It just won the Campbell Memorial Award for best science fiction novel of the year. Finally, if you want to read one of the novellas they'll all be talking about the next time they give out awards, find a copy of the July 1988 *Asimov's* and check out "The Last of the Winnebagos."

Say Hi for Me

Maybe some of you might be a little shy about just cruising up and talking to Connie Willis. Don't be. She doesn't bite -- unless you sneeze on her. She likes fans and she's tickled to be your guest of honor. But if you really feel awkward about it, you have my permission to tell her that Jim Kelly sent you.

Just don't forget to get her to tell you the chocolate story. •

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- "Capra Corn" in *Galileo*, Number 7, March 1978.
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- Light Raid*, Cynthia Felice and Connie Willis, Ace Books—
 upcoming.

Mona Clee

by Ardath Mayhar

Anyone meeting this extraordinary young woman for the first time is quite likely to be misled by her curly blond hair into thinking her less than she is. A major error—a brain the calibre of hers comes along seldom, and you can cut yourself on its edges.

A native Texan (born in San Antonio), she refuged out of a couple of advanced degree programs, finally finding that her interest lay in law—and in writing. She graduated from the University of Texas Law School several years ago, moved to California and passed the bar exam there on her first try. Only someone who has tried and failed at that several times can truly appreciate the magnitude of that achievement.

Along the way, she won a scholarship to Clarion (another major achievement) and attended that prestigious writers' workshop. Not only did she learn a lot about writing and attain a nice credit for her resume, but there she met her future husband, Mark. Three for three, as they say in baseball.

Now she has become one of the rising young stars in the science fiction field. Several of her short stories (in magazines and such prestigious collections as Terry Carr's *Universe* and Sargent and Watson's *Afterlives*) have been nominated for the Nebula Award given by the Science Fiction Writers of America. She is working on a novel that has already aroused interest in the marketplace, as well as selling two stories to the new incarnation of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Strangely enough, her roots lie in the same tiny hamlet in East Texas where my own are now planted. And even more strangely, this small Chireno is only just now climbing painfully out of the Nineteenth Century. It is a bit odd that a blip in the road that manages to count a population of three hundred by setting its boundaries a mile out in the woods on all sides has, in varying ways, nurtured not one but two science fiction writers. I often wonder what the normal population makes of us.

That East Texas background has cropped out in such stories as "Just Like Their Masters" (*Shadows 10*). And I recognized a couple of the characters!

With a rich background of Texas lore, a mind full of years of study and reading, and a brain that clicks along like one of the very best computers, Mona Clee bids fair to become one of the heavyweights in the science fiction genre, if not physically, at least artistically. Anyone meeting her for the first time would be well advised to keep his wits about him. •

Mona Clee Bibliography

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- "Just Like Their Masters," *Shadows*, Charles L. Grant, ed., 1987 (Doubleday)
- "Iron Butterflies," *Twilight Zone*, Tappan King, ed., December 1987

TV Sales

- "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Sold story on which teleplay "The Neutral Zone" was based (with D. A. McIntyre); aired May 21, 1988.
- "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Sold story to be filmed for 1988-89 season.

Novels

- After Eden* (working title). In progress; expected completion date 12/88.



Mona Clee

T H E

TEAM SPECTRA

R E P O R T

It turns out that everyone was right about Connie Willis's ability to write a great first novel. Though one was hardly taking one of the Major Risks of Our Time by suggesting that she would do so. After all, she had already proven with her short fiction that she was among the most intelligent and thoughtful writers our field had seen in years. Her story collection, *Fire Watch*, was even listed as one of the *New York Times* notable books of 1985. So even though some writers have a difficult time making the transition from short fiction to novels, no one doubted for a second that Connie would do so gracefully and brilliantly (at least no one told *us* so).

Well, as we said, everyone was right. This breathtaking novel of a young woman whose dreams take her on an emotional odyssey through the heartland of the Civil War was raved about from coast to coast when we published it in hardcover. The *San Francisco Chronicle* used words like "tantalizing" and "fascinating" and "impeccable." The *Washington Post Book World* called it "a novel of classical proportions and virtues." The *New York Times Book Review* said it was "a love story on more than one level, and Ms. Willis does justice to them all. It was only toward the end of the book that I realized how much tension had been generated, how engrossed I was in the characters, how much I cared about their fates." And the *Denver Post* commented that "the revelation at the end is the most poignant moment in a book crammed with poignancy."

Connie's fellow writers were quick to lavish praise upon her as well. Richard Adams called *Lincoln's Dreams* "moving and beautiful... a most original and fascinating novel." Cecelia Holland called it "a powerful reading experience. It moved me beyond my ability to say." "Suspenseful, thought-provoking, and poignant," were the words Michael Bishop used to describe it. And Harlan Ellison suggested that "to enjoy Ms. Willis's work is only common sense; to miss *Lincoln's Dreams* is to risk the loss of your immortal soul."

We are very happy to be the publishers of Connie Willis's first novel *Lincoln's Dreams*. It's as good as everyone knew it would be.



Proudly,
TEAM SPECTRA

LINCOLN'S DREAMS

by Connie Willis
now in paperback



F I C T I O N

The Father of Stones

by Lucius Shepard

How the Father of Stones came into the possession of the gemcutter William Dorios continues to be a matter of debate among the citizens of Port Chantay. There is no doubt that he purchased the stone from the importer Henry Sichi, who had traded several hundred yards of raw silk to its previous owner, the tailor Arden Musfahar, a native of Teocinte, and through Musfahar has never admitted to the fact, it has been established that he took the stone by force from his niece Aurelia, who had seen it glinting beneath Griaule's lip, central of a clump of ferns. But how the stone came to be there at that precise moment, therein lies the cause for the debate. Some will tell you that such a stone would not be a natural artifact of Griaule. The beast is indeed a marvel, they will say, the greatest of all marvels, a dragon the size of a mountain with forests and villages on his back, a kingdom within his guts, unmoving for millennia, and yet manipulating the lives of everyone who lives within range of the radiation of his thoughts, manipulating them to achieve the most subtle and complex of effects. But to think him capable of producing kidney stones or tumors that have the aspect of fabulous and enormous gems...well, that is stretching things. Doubtless the stone is a relic from the dragon's horde, left there inadvertently by one of the poor feeble-minded souls who have chosen to dwell within his body. Those who hold the contrary opinion will say, Yes, of course that is how it came to be there, and do you imagine that Griaule's control is insufficiently discreet to manufacture both an object of this sort and the consequent circumstance? Look at the result! Does not that signal that the stone was of Griaule and no mere bauble? Their opponents will respond by saying, So it may appear...but why? What purpose could Griaule have had in doing this? Can Korios be believed or was he merely using Griaule's existence to mask his own designs? To which the others will say, Do you claim to know all of Griaule's purpose? Eventually it will be made clear or it will not, but one thing is certain, as it stands the matter is unresolvable.

Now William Korios, the only possible abiter of the situation, was a man in his late thirties, stooped and nearsighted as are many practitioners of his trade, with pinched features and unkempt sandy hair that habitually fell into his eyes and the abstracted manner of a poet or a mathematician. Despite the fact that each day he handled a fortune in gems, he was himself a poor man, his poverty due to his daughter Kierry's obsession with Marko Zemaille, a priest of the dragon cult; Kierry had become so enraptured of the priest and his dark disciplines that she had donated her half-ownership in the gemcutting business—this a bequest of her mother, who had died shortly after giving birth to her—to the cult, and Zemaille's continual appropriation of stones for his ceremonies had nearly driven Korios into bankruptcy; only the day before he had demanded that Korios supply him with something exceptional for a ceremony of particular significance, and had threatened to sell his half of the store if his demand went unsatisfied. Thus his purchase of the stone might be seen as a desperate attempt to

placate Zemaille, but was—because of its high price—also an act of consummate recklessness.

On the evening he made the purchase, he hurried back to his shop, lit the lamp over his workbench and examined the stone once again. It was a chunk of corroded-looking orange material, a claw of which gripped a bulge of luminous and milky whiteness, the entire thing about the size of Korios' fist; the surface of the bulge showed signs of crystal formation, planes rather than curves, but something about it smacked of the organic, its pearl-like coloring, and something else, something that Korios could not quite put his finger on. He could not understand the excitement he had felt on seeing the stone in Sichi's office; here it seemed wholly unprepossessing, a curiosity and nothing more. He turned it over. The orange material, he thought, did not appear to be a mineral; its color came away on his fingers rather too readily, and its texture was flaky, like that of wood in an early stage of petrification. As for the milky bulge...studying it, he became once again fascinated by the stone, compelled to notice its foul geometries and its encysted fractions of profane light; the next instant, however, it struck him as beautiful, clouded and occult, with even greater beauty trapped within, beauty that he knew he must unlock, and acting in a kind of trance, he clamped the stone in a vise and reached for his hammer and chisel. Part of him, he was later to say, was alarmed at this haste, for it was his custom to live with a stone for weeks before making the initial cut; yet his anxiety was overborne by a strange confidence—he felt he knew the stone, that he had always known it, that its internal structures had the familiarity of the rigorous patterns of his thoughts. And so he began, placing the edge of the chisel against a slight indentation, then striking a swift sharp blow with the hammer, chipping away planes of the milky stuff, laying bare the icy perfection beneath.

With each blow, light seemed to fracture inside the stone, to spray forth in thin beams that penetrated Korios' goggled eyes, and it seemed that these blows of light were striking sprays of images from his brain, as if it too were a gemstone. The first image he now recalls was of Griaule, but not as he is, rather as he once was, alive and vital, spitting fire toward a tiny man in a wizard's black and silver robes, from whose rigid fingers detonations of energy were bursting, a man with a lean, swarthy face and a hooked nose. There followed another image depicting both dragon and man immobilized as a result of the magical duel, and then other images followed, flowing too rapidly to catalogue. Korios felt that his mind was alive with light, that the ringing in his ears was the music of light, and he knew, knew with every fiber of his being, that he was cutting a stone whose brilliant clarity would make it one of the great gems. The Father of Stones, he thought, that was what he would call it, and it would deserve such a name, for it would seem the archetype of mineral beauty. But when at last the fever of his work had passed, when he set down his chisel and considered what he had done, he was more than a little disappointed. The stone, he later said, was flashy, full of sparkle and glint, but it had not depth, no subtlety of color; indeed, it appeared to have a hollow center. But for its extreme weight, it might have been an intricate piece of blown glass, a thing all glitter and no substance.

Distressed by his waste of money, Korios decided to try to salvage something of the situation by presenting the stone to Marko Zemaille; the priest was a connoisseur of gems, but perhaps he would allow the superficial brilliance of the stone to blind him to its worthlessness. He placed the stone in one of his finest boxes, a little nest of ivory and velvet, and throwing on his cloak, for it was a cold and misty night in Port Chantay, he went out into the streets, walking at a brisk pace, his head down, his mind flocked with bitter remonstrations. Perhaps, he thought, he would at least be able to see his daughter—not that she would want to see him. Since falling under the priest's spell, she had become wanton and arrogant, and seemed to think of her father as someone stodgy and boring and beneath her notice.

Zemaille's house, which also served as the cult's temple, was a large rambling structure, actually a series of black wooden buildings with pagoda roofs connected by enclosed pathways, hidden away from the street by a high wall twined with creepers from which depended dozens of fleshy orchids with petals of a livid red, a color reminiscent of raw beef. The gate was locked, and when no one responded to Korios' knocking, he became uncharacteristically enraged; he was a man used to disappointments and had long since renounced the virtues of bad temper, viewing them as a futile and dismaying exercise. But now, now that he had walked all this way to please Zemaille only to be kept out, this seemed an intolerable affront. He paced back and forth along the wall, stopping occasionally to utter a shout, and finally, his rage having built into a towering frustration, using the creepers for handholds, he climbed the wall and dropped into a perverted garden, a luxuriant press of rank black growths, a poisonous vegetable disarray whose flowers gave off evil scents and whose leaves slapped wetly together in the salt breeze. He pushed through the foliage, growing even more enraged, and when he heard a chanting coming from a building at the westernmost corner of the compound, he hurried toward it, intending to fling the stone at Zemaille, to cast a scornful look at Kierry, and then, with a dramatic swirl of his cloak, to storm out, find the nearest tavern and drink himself senseless. He tossed aside the box, gripped the stone in his fist and strode up to the door, fuming, full of terrible spite. Once inside the building, however, his anger was muted by the barbarity of the scene before him. The chamber into which he had entered was pentagonal in shape; the floor, carpeted in black moss, declined into a pit where lay an altar of black stone worked with representations of Griaule; the altar was flanked by torches set in wrought iron stands of grotesque design, and hanging above it, suspended from the ceiling by dark ropes was one of the dragon's scales, a slab some five feet wide and six feet long, and polished to a mirror brightness. Zemaille, robed in black and silver, was beside the altar—a swarthy hook-nosed man with his arms lifted high in supplication, chanting in company with nine hooded figures who encircled the pit. A few moments later, a door at the rear of the chamber opened, and Kierry was led forth, naked except for a necklace from which depended a tiny fragment of scale. She was in an obvious state of intoxication, her head lolling, her long black hair plastered in curls to the sheen of sweat covering her breasts, her slitted

eyes showing crescents of white beneath the lids.

To this point much of Korios' story can be verified by witnesses. Henry Sichi has testified to his sale of the stone, and others have come forward to say that they passed Korios' shop and saw him working within; others yet passed by while he was pounding on the gate, and one man, a thief who had penetrated the temple grounds that evening with an eye toward stealing certain magical tomes coveted by his employer—a dabbler in the occult—was granted immunity, told of seeing Korios making his way through the garden. Kierry has testified that she was drugged, though for what purpose she has no idea, and there is a weight of medical evidence to support her claim. But since none of the nine hooded figures have offered themselves for interrogation, we must for the remainder of the story refer to the statement given that same night by Korios after turning himself in to the constabulary of Port Chantay.

"I was so stunned at seeing my daughter in this pitiful state," he says, "that for some time thereafter I was unable to rouse myself to act. It was as if the sight had ratified all the despair and hopelessness of my life, and I think for a while I fell under a self-imposed restraint. This was proper, I told myself, this end to everything. For some unfathomable reason I must be deserving of this fate. And yet this absolute despair was not like me. I would have done anything to spare my daughter the shameful and perhaps fatal process of her participation in this ritual. In retrospect I believe I was constrained from acting until the time was ripe by some greater power."

According to the statement, he hid behind a carved screen and watched as Kierry was stretched out upon the altar, her head tossing about, incapable—it appeared—of standing or even knowing what was happening to her. Zemaille intensified the pitch and volume of his chanting, and soon the polished scale above the altar began to glow, and there materialized at its center the image of a swarthy, hook-nosed man in wizard's robes, lying motionless in some ill-lit surround. Korios noticed immediately the striking resemblance between the man and Zemaille, and he also realized that the man was the exact double of the wizard he had envisioned while working on the stone. This, he told himself, must be the man who had incapacitated Griaule, who had himself been similarly incapacitated in that ancient battle.

"Father!" Zemaille cried, lifting his arms higher. "Oh, Father, now you will be free!"

He lapsed briefly into a tongue with which Korios was unfamiliar, but then spoke again to the image on the scale, saying "Look you upon my handmaiden! Is she not lovely? Soon your mind will move her flesh, and through her eyes you will see anew."

From this and other outbursts, Korios deduced that the image upon the scale must be that of Zemaille's remote ancestor, and that the ritual at hand was designed to resurrect him, to transfer his essence to Kierry's body, perhaps transferring her soul to the wizard's moribund and ancient flesh.

"Why Zemaille wished to bring his ancestor back to life in a woman's body," he says in his statement, "is something about which I can only hazard a guess. But given his vile usage of women, his overall perversity, it occurs to me that he may have wished to engage in a magical form of incest...and it may be that this sexual union of wizards posed some peril to Griaule."

Awakened by his comprehension of what was underway, he stepped from behind the screen and cried out, "Zemaille!" He had no idea of what to do, he only wished to stop the ritual.

Zemaille turned, his arms still uplifted, anger and disdain written on his face, and with a twitch of his head, ordered his minions to deal with Korios.

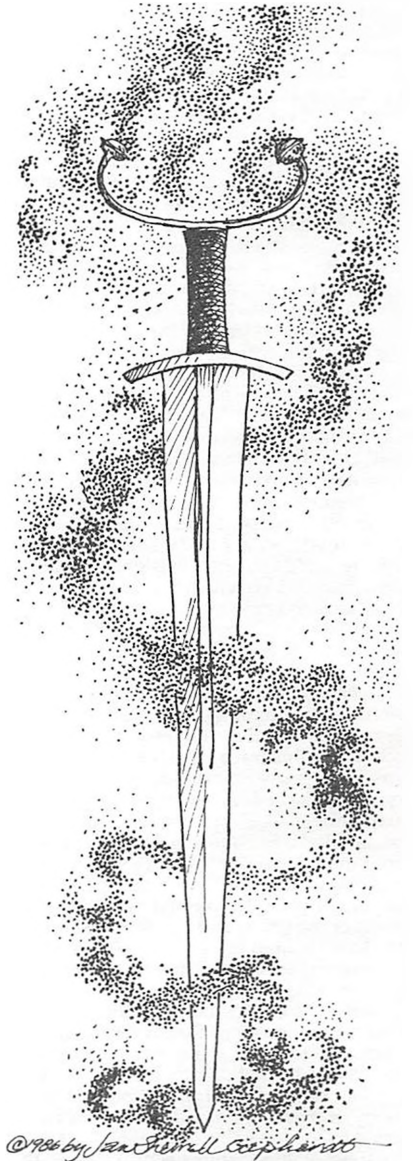
And Korios, afraid, unsure of how to proceed, was suddenly moved by an irresistible compulsion to hurl the Father of Stones, which had been clenched all this time in his fist. The stone struck Zemaille at the center of his brow, impacting with a crack, and he dropped to the floor. The nine hooded figures stared at their fallen leader, then at Korios, and then, as one, fled out the door through which Kierry had entered and into the night.

"As a child," reads Korios' statement, "I was always first among my friends in competitions that involved throwing stones. It was perhaps the only talent I ever expressed during childhood. I had not thrown a stone at a target in years, yet in that moment my youthful ability seemed reborn, and perhaps this in part explains why they fled, perhaps they sensed Griaule's anger in both my unexpected appearance and the accuracy of the throw. Or perhaps they feared that the interruption of the ritual, its energies still in play, might have terrible effect."

Never before had the manipulations of Griaule been used as a defense in a criminal case, and attempting to disprove it proved an elusive task, for the nature of Griaule's control over the populace of the region is best discerned in the process of years and decades, and not easily perceived in the particulars of any single event. The prosecutor located a witness who had spotted Korios hurling something at a sea gull, but this could scarcely be taken as proof of constant practice toward a premeditated end. To substantiate his tale, Korios offered into evidence the Father of Stones, whose central flaw was the uncanny semblance of a dark figure with its arms lifted in supplication; this flaw, he claimed, had appeared after the stone struck Zemaille, and though no one had seen the stone prior to the act of violence, that Zemaille's soul—for such the flaw was taken to be—would be trapped forever in this gemmy prison, immobilized as was his ancient predecessor, seemed in keeping with Griaule's subtlety. The jury was loathe to dismiss this evidence, loathe indeed to penalize Korios; if he was Griaule's agent, would not any punishment levied upon him reflect badly upon them? Zemaille, after all, had not been what any of them might call a pillar of the community. The prosecutor had anticipated this tendency on the jury's part and tried to counter it by summoning experts on the subject of the dragon to testify; but Korios' attorney called his own experts, and the trial degenerated for the main into a welter of theological dispute. Korios was found innocent. Following his release, he sold the Father of Stones—which as a gem had little intrinsic value, but as part of Griaule's lore was of inestimable worth—back to Henry Sichi for a small fortune, thus completing either a circuitous swindle or punctuating an act of mystical convulsion, and retired with his daughter to a modest yet comfortable house on the beach north of town. People watched the course of his life with interest. They reasoned that had he been lying, then Griaule might exact some vengeance for this false usage of his name; but others reasoned, with equally compelling logic, that even if Korios had lied, his scheme was of such magnificent subtlety and perfection that the dragon may well have approved of it and so blessed him with freedom and wealth.

And so the debate continues among the citizens of Port Chantay, and perhaps it will never be resolved. Occasionally someone, a journalist or an academic, will resurrect the subject and approach Korios with the idea of gaining some insight into the circumstances

surrounding the murder; but he will not speak of it other than to say that his part in the matter has been concluded, and that were he to venture an opinion, it too would be mere conjecture, for who is he to think that he understands Griaule's will. Even if I were to admit duplicity, he tells his interrogators, even if I believed that to be the case in my own mind, could I be certain that I did not act as the dragon's agent, that Griaule's instructions did not lie at the heart of my rage? It is a question none can answer. The sole clue that remains to be touched upon—and it, like every other facet of the affair, is subject to interpretation—is that once a year on the anniversary of the murder, William Korios will visit the Sichi Museum where rests the Father of Stones, and he will stand in front of the glass case that encloses it, perusing it as one might an intricate and profound work of art, as if seeking some hidden meaning, some ineffable truth; he will stand there until the closing bell is rung, and then, once the gallery has been cleared of all but himself, when he believes that no one is watching, he will laugh. •



Lord of Hosts

by Connie Willis

When Mr. Lederberg went into ventricular fibrillation, Dr. Janice Greene ordered the nurse to administer lidocaine, felt a sudden grabbing pain in her own chest, and fell to the floor. She left her body and hovered above the ICU team trying to save her. Autoscopic dissociation brought on cerebral anoxia, she thought. She entered a black tunnel, saw a white light, and heard voices calling to her. Automatic endorphin release in response to oxygen disruption, she thought.

The light and the voices faded, and she found herself in the hospital's ICU waiting room. Mr. Lederberg was sitting on a green plastic chair in his hospital gown, holding a Bible. Flash recalls due to temporal lobe seizures, Janice thought, and waited for it to fade, too.

When it didn't she sat down next to Mr. Lederberg. "That idiot ICU team were so busy working on me, they forgot all about you, didn't they?"

"I don't know," he said, clutching the Bible to his chest. "I seemed to leave my body and then I went into this tunnel and..."

"I know, I know," Janice said. "You're dead."

"Where are we?"

"My guess is that I'm being wheeled into the morgue. It only looks like the ICU waiting room because of random neural stimuli." She looked around at the waiting room. It was dark beyond the door to ICU. "I hate this place," she said. "I always had to come out here and give the patient's family bad news."

"Bad news," Mr. Lederberg said. "'And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.'" He opened the Bible. "I found them in here. After you asked me about them. The mitochondria."

"Oh?" Janice said, wishing some other dying synapse would fire. She didn't like Mr. Lederberg any more than she liked the waiting room. It wasn't that she disliked fundamentalists. She realized that dying people would cling to anything. She herself was still hanging onto the stethoscope she had been holding when she died. But Mr. Lederberg was a cellular biologist, and Janice thought he should know better.

"How can you believe man didn't evolve?" she had asked him the day after his heart attack, even though he wasn't being allowed visitors for fear they would say something that might upset him. "Look at cells."

"God created cells," he had said, tapping the Bible. "It's all in here."

"Are mitochondria in there, too? Does the Bible explain why God would create a part of the cell with a different DNA and RNA from the rest of it? It's obvious the mitochondria aren't even part of us. They're a prokaryotic cell that swam in at some point in the evolution of the cell and formed a symbiotic relationship with it. I dare you to find any mention of mitochondria in that Bible."

He had started thumbing through the Bible, looking upset, and two days later he had had another heart attack and died.

Final stage anoxial guilt, Janice thought. "You found mitochondria in the Bible?" she said.

"In Genesis," he said. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them."

"And this host is the mitochondria?"

"Yes. They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; and he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation'. The city is us. Once I started looking, I found dozens of references. 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' It's true. We couldn't live without them. And when Jesus asks the Gadarene man, 'What is thy name?' he answers, 'Legion'. Don't you see what that means?"

It means that people hang on to hare-brained ideas in death, too, Janice thought.

"No. What does it mean?"

"That the Bible wasn't written for us. It was written for them."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she snapped. "I thought God was supposed to be the God of everything."

"The fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and every creeping thing? The mitochondria are in everything."

Janice clutched her stethoscope. "Well, then, He's our God, too, because the mitochondria are inside us."

"The Bible says that on the day of judgment God will separate the righteous from the unrighteous and throw the unrighteous into ev-

erlasting torment. The sheep from the goats. What if the righteous are the mitochondria? They do unto others, they love their neighbors, they give us oxygen."

"And we give them a place to live," Janice said. "It's a symbiotic relationship. They can't live without us. If there is such a thing as eternal life, and God gives it to the mitochondria, he has to give it to us, too. Otherwise, where would they live?"







The waiting room began to fade. The door to ICU still yawned blackly, but beside it there was a white light. "Well, thank goodness!" Janice said.

"And when you depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet." Mr. Lederberg said. The white light was blurring his bare legs somehow, making them look like they were shaking. Spontaneous fading of the memory trace, Janice thought.

The white light became a man in a white robe. He spread his arms out, his hands open. "In my father's house are many mansions," he said. Mr. Lederberg backed toward the ICU door. He was looking at his hands. They were shaking, too. No, not shaking. Vibrating, as if every pore, no, every cell was in motion. You couldn't really see your mitochondria, Janice thought, not without an electron microscope.

Janice looked down at her own hands. Peptide-generated hallucinations, she thought desperately. Her mitochondria began to come out. •

NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LIKE PLAYING A ROUND...

Try a round of Cards or maybe
a round of Dominoes. Then again
there's Pigmania  for laughs,
Uno for fun... 221-B Baker Street 
when you're feeling keenly logical... or
Pente and Othello when you're strategically
inclined. Fall back on those favorites
 Backgammon and Chess or
charge ahead into  Dungeons & Dragons.
Relax with a Jigsaw Puzzle or 
 meet the challenge of a Cube Puzzle.
Maybe you just feel the urge, but don't
know what to play... Come to the experts!

Whatever your game is, we've got it!

Endgames

Eugene Downtown
110 W. Broadway 97401
484-9846

Downtown Portland
200 SW Salmon 97204
224-6917

Clackamas Town Center
652-1434
Washington Square
620-7196

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Just Another Perfect Day

by John Varley

Don't Worry.

Everything is under control.

I know how you're feeling. You wake up alone in a strange room, you get up, you look around, you soon discover that both doors are locked from the outside. It's enough to unsettle anybody, especially when you try and try and try to recall how you got here and you just can't do it.

But beyond that... there's this feeling. I know you're feeling it right now. I know a lot of things—and I'll reveal them all as we go along.

One of the things I know is this:

If you will sit down, put this message back on the table where you found it, and take slow, deep breaths while counting to one hundred, you'll feel a lot better.

I promise you will.

Do that now.

See what I mean? You *do* feel a lot better. That feeling won't last for long, I'm sorry to say. I wish there was an easier way to do this, but there isn't, and believe me, many ways have been tried. So here we go:

This is not 1986.

You are not twenty-five years old.

The date is

January February March April May
June

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

2006 2007 2008

A lot of things have happened in

~~twenty~~ ~~twenty-one~~ twenty-two

years, and I'll tell you all you need to know about that in good time.

For now... Don't Worry.

Slow, deep breaths. Close your eyes.

Count to a hundred. You'll feel better.

I promise.

If you'll get up now, you'll find that the bathroom door will open. There's a mirror in there. Take a look in it, get to know the

~~forty-five~~ ~~forty-six~~ forty-seven

year old who will be in there, looking back at you...

And Don't Worry.

Take deep breaths, and so forth.

I'll tell you more when you get back.

Well.

I know how rough that was. I know you're trembling. I know you're feeling confusion, fear, anger... a thousand emotions.

And I know you have a thousand questions. They will all be answered, every one of them, at the proper time.

Here are some ground rules.

I will never lie to you. You can't imagine how much care and anguish has gone into the composition of this letter. For now, you must take my word that things will be revealed to you in the most useful order, and in the easiest way that can be devised. You must appreciate that not all your questions can be answered at once. It may be harder for you to accept that

some questions cannot be answered at all until a proper background has been prepared. These answers would mean nothing to you at this point.

You would like someone—*anyone*—to be with you right now, so you could *ask* these questions. That has been tried, and the results were needlessly chaotic and confusing. Trust me; this is the best way.

And why should you trust me? For a very good reason. I am you. You wrote—in a manner of speaking—every word in this letter, to help yourself through this agonizing moment.

Deep breaths, please.

Stay seated; it helps a little.

And Don't Worry.

So now we're past bombshell #2. There are more to come, but they will be easier to take, simply because your capacity to be surprised is just about at its peak right now. A certain numbness will set in. You should be thankful for that.

And now, back to your questions.

Top of the list: What happened?

Briefly (and it must be brief—more on that later):

In 1989 you had an accident. It involved a motorcycle which you don't remember owning because you didn't buy it until 1988, and a city bus. You had a difference of opinion concerning the right of way, and the bus won.

Feel your scalp with your fingertips. Don't be queasy; it healed long ago—as much as it's going to. Under those great knots of scar tissue are the useless results of the labors of the best neurosurgeons in the country. In the end, they just had to scoop out a lot of grey matter and close you back up, shaking their heads sagely and opining that you would probably feel right at home under glass on a salad bar.

But you fooled them. You woke up, and there was much rejoicing, even though you couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86. You were conscious a few hours, long enough for the doctors to determine that your intelligence didn't seem to be impaired. You could talk, read, speak, see, hear. Then you went back to sleep.

The next day you woke up, and couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86. No one was too worried. They told you again what had happened. You were awake most of the day, and again you fell asleep.

The next day you woke up, and couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86. Some consternation was expressed.

The next day you woke up, and couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86. Professorial heads were scratched, seven-syllable Latin words intoned, and deep mumbles were mumbled.

The next day you woke up, and couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86.

And the next day

And the next day

And the day after that.

This morning you woke up and couldn't remember anything after the summer of '86, and I know this is getting old, but I had to make the point in this way, because it is

2006 2007 2008

and we've begun to think a pattern is established.

No, no, *don't* breathe deeply, *don't* count to one hundred, face this one head on. It'll be good for you.

Back under control?

I knew you could do it.

What you have is called Progressive Narco-Catalepti-Amnesiac Syndrome (PNCAS, or

Pinkus in conversation), and you should be proud of yourself, because they made up the term to describe your condition and at least a half-dozen papers have been written proving it can't happen. What seems to happen, in spite of the papers, is that you store and retrieve memories just fine as long as you have a continuous thread of consciousness. But the sleep center somehow activates an erase mechanism in your head, so that all you experienced during the day is lost to you when you wake up again. The old memories are intact and vivid; the new ones are ephemeral, like they were recorded on a continuous tape loop.

Most amnesias of this type behave rather differently. Retrograde amnesia is seen fairly frequently, whereby you gradually lose even the old memories and become as an infant. And progressive amnesias are not unknown, but those poor people can't remember what happened to them as little as five minutes ago. Try to imagine what life would be like in those circumstances before you start crying in your beer.

Yeah, great, I hear you whine. And what's so great about *this*?

Well, nothing, at first glance. I'll certainly be the last one to argue about that. My own re-awakening is too fresh in my mind, having happened only fifteen hours ago. And, in a sense, I will soon be dead, snatched back from this mayfly existence by the greedy arms of Morpheus. When I sleep tonight, most of what I feel to me *me* will vanish. I will awake, an older and less wise man, to confusion, will read this letter, will breathe deeply, count to one hundred, stare into the mirror at a stranger. I will be you.

And yet, now, as I scan rapidly through this letter for the second time today (I said I wrote it, but only in a sense; it was written by a thousand mayflies), they are asking me if there is anything I wish to change. If I want a change, Marian will see that it is made. Is there anything I would like to do differently tomorrow? Is there something I want to tell you, my successor in this body, to beware of, to disbelieve? Are there any warnings I would issue?

The answer is no.

I will let this letter stand, in its entirety. There are things still for you to learn that will convince you, against all common sense, that you have a wonderful life/day ahead of you.

But you need a rest. You need time to think.

Do this for me. Go back to the date. Mark out the last number and write in the next. If it's a new month, change that, too.

Now you will find the other door will open. Please go into the next room, where you will find breakfast, and an envelope containing the next part of this letter.

Don't open it yet. Eat your breakfast.

Think it over.

But don't take too long. Your time is short, and you won't want to waste it.

That was refreshing, wasn't it?

It shouldn't surprise you that all your favorite breakfast foods were on the table. You eat the same meal every morning, and never get tired of it.

And I'm sorry if that statement took some of the pleasure out of the meal, but it is necessary for me to keep reminding you of your circumstances, to prevent a cycle of denial getting started.

Here is the thing you must bear in mind:

Today is the rest of your life.

Because that life will be so short, it is essential that you waste none of it. In this letter I have sometimes stated the obvious, written out conclusions you have already reached—in a

sense, wasted your time. Each time it was done—and each time it will yet be done in the rest of this letter—was for a purpose. Points must be driven home, sometimes brutally, sometimes repetitiously. I promise you this sort of thing will be kept to an absolute minimum.

So here comes a few paragraphs that might be a waste of time, but really aren't, as they dispose neatly of several thousand of the most burning questions in your mind. The questions can be summed up as "What has happened in twenty years?"

The answer is: You don't care.

You can't afford to care. Even a brief synopsis of recent events would take hours to read, and would be the sheerest foolishness. You don't care who the President is. The price of gasoline doesn't concern you, nor does the victor in the '98 World Series. Why learn this trivia when you would only have to re-learn it tomorrow?

You don't care which books and movies are currently popular. You have read your last book, seen your last movie.

Luckily, you are an orphan with no siblings or other close relatives (It is lucky; think about it.) The girl you were going with at the time of your accident has forgotten all about you—and you don't care, because you didn't love her.

There *are* things that have happened which you *need* to know about; I'll speak of them very soon.

In the meantime...

How do you like the room? Not at all like a hospital, is it? Comfortable and pleasant—yet it has no windows, and the only other door was locked when you tried it.

Try it again. It will open now.

And remember...

Don't Worry.

Don't Worry. Don't Worry. Don't Worry.

You will have stopped crying by now. I *know* you desperately need someone to talk to, a human face to look into. You will have that very soon now, but for another few minutes I still must reach out to you from your recent past.

Incidentally, the reason the breathing exercises and the counting are so effective is a post-hypnotic suggestion left in your mind. When you see the words Don't Worry, it relaxes you. It seems that some part of your mind retains shadows of memory that you can't reach—which may also account for why you *believe* all this apparent rubbish.

Are the tears dry? It did the same thing to me. Even seeing my own face aged in the mirror didn't affect me like seeing the view from my windows. Then it became *real*.

You are on one of the top floors of the Chrysler Building. Your view to the north included many, many buildings that were not there in 1986, and jumbled among them were many familiar buildings, distinctive as fingerprints. This *is* New York, and it *is* a new century, and that view is impossible to deny and as real as a fist. That's why you wept.

Not too many more bombshells to go now. But the next one is a doozy. Let's creep up on it, shall we?

You've already looked at the three photographs on the table beside your breakfast. Consider them now, in order.

The big, bluff, hearty-looking fellow is Ian MacIntyre, who you'll meet in a few minutes. He will be your counsellor/companion today, and he is the head of a very important project in which you are involved. It's impossible not to like him, though you, like me, will try to resist at first. But he is too wise to push it, and you've always liked people, anyway. Besides,

he has a lot of experience in winning your friendship, having done so every day for eight years.

On to the second picture.

Looks almost human, doesn't he? If the offspring of Gumby and E.T. could be considered human. He *is* humanoid: two eyes, nose, mouth, two arms and two legs, and that goofy grin. The green skin you'll get used to quickly enough.

What he is, is a Martian.

See, fifteen years ago the Martians landed and took over the planet Earth. We still don't know what they plan to do with it, but some of the theories are not good news for *Homo sapiens*.

Don't Worry.

Take a few deep breaths. I'll wait.

That last thought is unworthy of you and unjust. I would *not* waste your time with a practical joke. You must realize I can back up what I say.

To illustrate, I want you to go to the *south* windows of your apartment. Go through the billiard room into the spa, turn left at the gym, and open the door beside the Picasso, the one that didn't open before. You'll find yourself in an area with a view of the Narrows, and I'm sure I won't need to direct you beyond that.

Take a look, and come right back.

All right, you just had to prove you could do things your own way, didn't you? I don't *care* that you brought the letter with you, but your having done so provides one last bit of proof that I know you pretty well, doesn't it?

Now, back to the bloody Martians.

It's amazing how on-target Steve Spielberg was, isn't it? That way that ship *floats* out there... and it's *bigger* than the mother ship in *Close Encounters*. That sucker is over thirty miles across. At its lowest point it is two miles in the air. The upper parts reach into space. It has floated out there for fifteen years and not budged *one inch*. People call it The Saucer. There are fifteen others just like it, hovering near other major cities.

And you think you have detected a flaw, don't you? How would you have seen it, you ask, if it had been a cloudy day? If it had been just a normal New York *smoggy* day, for that matter. Then you'd be reading this, scratching your head, wondering what the hell I'm talking about.

The answer will illustrate everyone's concern. There *are* no more cloudy days in New York. The Martians don't seem to like rain, so they don't let it happen here. As for the smog... they told us to stop it, and we did. Wouldn't you, with that thing floating out there?

About the name, Martians...

We first detected their ships in the neighborhood of Mars. I know you'd have found it easier to swallow, in a perverse way, had I told you they came from Alpha Centauri or the Andromeda Galaxy or the planet Tralfamadore. But people got to calling them Martians because that's what they were called on television.

We don't think they're really from Mars. We don't know *where* they're from, but it's probably not from around here. And by that, I mean not just another galaxy, but another universe. We think our own universe exists sort of as a shadow to them.

This will be hard to explain. Take it slowly. Do you remember *Flatland*, and Mr. A Square? He lived in a two-dimensional universe. There was no up or down, just right and left, forward and backward. He could not *conceive* the notion of up or down. Mr. Square was visited by a three-dimensional being, a sphere, who drifted down through the world of Flat-

land. Square perceived the sphere as a circle that gradually grew, and then shrank. All he could see at any one moment was a cross-section of the sphere, while the sphere, god-like, could look down into Mr. Square's world, even touch inside Square's body without going through the skin.

It was all just an interesting intellectual exercise, until the Martians arrived. Now we think they're like the sphere, and we are Mr. Square. They live in another dimension, and they don't perceive time and space like we do.

An example:

You saw they appeared humanoid. We don't think they really are.

We think they simply allow us to see a portion of their bodies which they project into our three-dimensional world and cause to *appear* humanoid. Their real shape must be vastly complex.

Consider your hand. If you thrust your fingers into Flatland Mr. Square would see four circles and not imagine them to be connected. Putting your hand in further, he would see the circles merge into an oblong. Or an even better analogy is the shadow-play. By suitably entwining your two hands in front of a light, you can cast a shadow on a wall that resembles a bird, or a bull, or an elephant, or even a man. What we see of the Martians is no more real than a Kermit the Frog hand puppet.

The ship is the same way. We see merely a three-dimensional cross-section of a much larger and more complex structure.

At least we think so.

Communication with the Martians is very frustrating, nearly impossible. They are so foreign to us. They never tell us anything that makes sense, never say the same thing twice. We assume it would make sense if we could think the way they do.

And it is important.

They are very powerful. Weather control is just a parlor trick. When they invaded, they invaded *all at once*—and I hope I can explain this to you, as I'm far from sure I understand it myself, after a full day with Martians.

They invaded fifteen years ago... but they also invaded in 1854, and in 1520, and several other times in the "past." The past seems to be merely another direction to them, like up or down. You'll be shown books, old books, with woodcuts and drawings and contemporary accounts of how the Martians arrived, what they did, when they left... and don't be concerned that you don't remember these momentous events from your high school history class, *because no one else does, either*.

Do you begin to understand? It seems that, from the moment they arrived here, in the late part of the twentieth century, they changed the past so that they had already arrived several times before. We have the history books to prove that they did. The fact that no one remembers these stories *being* in the history books before they arrived *this* time must be seen as an object lesson. One assumes they could have changed our memories of events as easily as the events themselves. That they did not do so means they *meant* us to be impressed. Had they changed both the events *and* our memories of them, no one would be the wiser; we would all assume history had *always* been that way, because that's the way we remembered it.

The whole idea of history books must be a tremendous joke to them, since they don't experience time consecutively.

Had enough? There's more.

They can do more than add things to our history. They can take things away. Things like the World Trade Center. That's right, go look for it. It's not out there, and we didn't tear it down. It never existed in this world, except in

our memories. It's like a big, shared illusion.

Other things have turned up missing as well. Things like Knoxville, Tennessee, Lake Huron, the Presidency of William McKinley, the Presbyterian Church, the rhinoceros (including the fossil record of its ancestors), Jack the Ripper (and all the literary works written about him), the letter Q, and Ecuador.

Presbyterians still remember their faith and have built new churches to replace the ones that were never built. Who needed the goddam rhino, anyway? Another man served McKinley's term (and was also assassinated). Seeing book after book where "kw" replaces "q" is only amusing—and very kweer. But the people of Knoxville—and a dozen other towns around the world—*never existed*. They are still trying to sort out the real estate around where Lake Huron used to be. And you can search the world's atlases in vain for any sight of Ecuador.

The best wisdom is that the Martians could do even more, if they wanted to. Such as wiping out the element oxygen, the charge on the electron, or, of course, the planet Earth.

They invaded, and they won quite easily.

And their weapon is very much like an editor's blue pencil. Rather than *destroy* our world, they *re-write* it.

So what does all this have to do with me, I hear you cry. Why couldn't I have lived out my one day on Earth without worrying about this?

Well... who do you think is paying for this fabulous apartment?

The grateful taxpayers, that's who. You didn't think you'd get original Picassos on the walls if you were nothing more than a brain-damaged geek, did you?

And why are the taxpayers grateful?

Because anything that keeps the Martians happy, keeps the taxpayers happy. The Martians scare hell out of *everyone*... and you are their fair-haired boy.

Why?

Because you don't experience time like the rest of humanity does.

You start fresh every day. You haven't had fifteen years to think about the Martians, you haven't developed any prejudice toward them or their way of thinking.

Maybe.

Most of that could be bullshit. We don't know if prejudice has anything to do with it... but you *do* see time differently. The fact is, the best mathematicians and physicists in the world have tried to deal with the Martians, and the Martians aren't interested. Every day they come to talk to *you*.

Most days, nothing is accomplished. They spend an hour, then go wherever it is they go, in whatever manner they do it. One day out of a hundred, you get an insight. Everything I've told you so far is the result of those insights being compiled—

—along with the work of others. There are a few hundred of you, around the world. No other man or woman has your peculiar affliction; all are what most people would call mentally limited. There are the progressive amnesiacs I mentioned earlier. There are people with split-brain disorders, people with almost unbelievable perceptual aberrations, such as the woman who has lost the concept of "right." Left is the only direction that exists in her brain.

The Martians spend time with these people, people like you. So we tentatively conclude this about the Martians: They want to teach us something.

It is painfully obvious they could have destroyed us any time they wished to do so. They *have* enslaved us, in the sense that we are pathetically eager to do anything we even *suspect*

they might want us to do. But they don't seem to want to *do* anything with us. They've made no move to breed us for meat animals, conscript us into slave labor camps, or rape our women. They have simply arrived, demonstrated their powers, and started talking to people like you.

No one knows if we can learn what they are trying to teach us. But it behooves us to try, wouldn't you think?

Again, you say: Why me?

Or even more to the point: Why should I care?

I know your bitterness, and I understand it. Why should you spend even an hour of your precious time on problems you don't really care about, when it would be much easier and more satisfying spending your sixteen hours of awareness gnawing on yourself, wallowing in self-pity, and in general being a one-man soap-opera.

There are two reasons.

One: You were never that kind of person. You've just about exhausted your store of self-pity during the process of reading this letter. If you have only one day—though it hurts like hell... so be it! You will spend that day doing something useful.

Reason number two...

You've been looking at the third picture off and on since you first picked it up, haven't you? (Come on, you can't lie to me.)

She's very pretty, isn't she?

And that thought is unworthy of you, since you *know* where this letter is coming from. She would not be offered to you as a bribe. The project managers know you well enough to avoid offering you a piece of ass to get your cooperation.

Her name is Marian.

Let us speak of love for a moment.

You were in love once before. You remember how it was, if you'll allow yourself. You remember the pain... but that came later, didn't it? When she rejected you. Do you remember what it felt like *the day you fell in love*? Think back, you can get it.

The simple fact is, it's why the world spins. Just the *possibility* of love has kept you going in the three years since Karen.

Well, let me tell you. Marian is in love with you, and before the day is over, you will be in love with her. You can believe that or not, as you choose, but I, at the end of my life here this day, can take as one of my few consolations that I/you will have, tomorrow/today, the exquisite pleasure of falling in love with Marian.

I envy you, you skeptical bastard.

And since it's just you and me, I'll add this. Even when a girl you *don't* love, "the first time" is always pretty damn interesting, isn't it?

For you, it's *always* the first time... except when it's the second time, just before sleep... which Marian seems to be suggesting this very moment.

As usual, I have anticipated all your objections.

You think it might be tough for her? You think she's suffering?

Okay. Admitted, the first few hours are what you might call repetitive for her. You gotta figure she's bored, by now, at your invariant behavior when you first wake up. But it is a cross she bears willingly for the pleasure of your company during the rest of the day.

She is a healthy, energetic girl, one who is aware that no woman ever had such an attentive, energetic lover. She loves a man who is endlessly fascinated by her, body and soul,

who sees her with new eyes each and every day.

She loves your perpetual enthusiasm, your renewable infatuation.

There isn't *time* to fall out of love.

Anything more I could say would be wasting your time, and believe me, when you see what today is going to be like, you'd hate me for it.

We could wish things were different... it is *not* fair that we have only one day. I, who am at the end of it, can feel the pain you only sense. I have my wonderful memories... which will soon be gone. And I have Marian, for a few more minutes.

But I swear to you, I feel like an old, old man who has lived a full life, who has no regrets for anything he ever did, who accomplished something in his life, who loved, and was loved in return.

Can many "normal" people die saying that?

In just a few seconds that one, last locked door will open, and your new life and future love will come through it. I guarantee it will be interesting.

I love you, and I now leave you...

Have a nice day. •



The Cabbage Leaf

by Mona A. Clee

On Monday the washing machine broke, and the family could find no one to fix it. On Tuesday the radio stopped playing, and on Wednesday the record player followed suit. There ensued a deceptive, comforting lull. The family had almost rallied when, on Sunday, the ancient television set went dead.

Everyone was strangely quiet at breakfast that morning. Melissa watched as her mother, silent and tight-lipped, filled chipped plates with grits and oatmeal and set them on the kitchen table. She saw her father fly upstairs to his study at the earliest possible moment, and her two older brothers slink through the back door the minute their mother's back was turned. Grandpa alone stayed at the table. He poured himself another cup of coffee and sat staring down at the steaming liquid. Melissa guessed he was pulling himself together before facing the long climb upstairs to grandma—dying Grandma—with her breakfast tray.

"Ma," said Melissa, breaking the silence, "let's do something fun."

Prudence, her mother, gave a short laugh. "Have you gone out to the vegetable garden yet today?"

Mother knew very well she hadn't. "No," said Melissa.

"Then do it. If you wait until later it'll be too hot."

Missela looked down at her lap. "I don't want to."

Prudence said nothing, but the thin line of her lips grew even thinner and she scrubbed the breakfast plates as if she wanted to grind them into powder.

"When will they fix the TV, Ma?" asked Melissa.

"When we have the money, dear, whenever that is."

"When, Ma, when?"

Prudence turned, slowly and deliberately, and looked at Melissa. "I don't know."

"I got that TV set back when I was in college," spoke up Grandpa, his voice full of the false heartiness grownups so often affected. "It was on its last legs anyway; too bad it had to pick right now to kick the bucket."

"There's nothing to do," said Melissa.

Prudence laughed out loud once more, and turned to fix Melissa with a brief, enigmatic stare. Melissa squirmed in her chair. As if sensing her discomfort, Grandpa got to his feet and picked her up. "Come on Missy, stop warting your mother."

He put Melissa down, and she drifted back to her mother's side. "Let's cook something, Ma," she said. "Something fun."

"Missy!" Prudence threw down the dish-rag she was holding. She wiped her hands on her apron and knelt down to glare at Melissa. "We don't have time to play now. Your Uncle Rodney and Aunt Ginna and all their children are coming to live with us today. Mother has to clean out a room for them. Mother has to cook a meal for them. We don't have time to make things like cookies, or cakes, and even if we did, there isn't any sugar."

"Will Uncle Rodney fix the TV?" Melissa asked, feeling suddenly hopeful.

"Maybe Uncle Rodney will give us the money to fix it, for rent. But then again, maybe he won't. Uncle Rodney doesn't have any more money than we do, or he wouldn't be coming to live with us."

"Then let's tell him to go away," said Melissa.

Prudence straightened up and put her

hips. "Don't be a brat, Melissa," she said in a tired voice. "They're family, and families have to stick together until times get better. You'll understand that someday."

"Pru," said Grandpa, "why don't you read to the child?"

Prudence merely looked at him, her shoulders drooping, and did not reply.

"I'll finish up the dishes and clean out a room for Rodney," Grandpa pressed.

"Pa, it wouldn't be good for you. Just let me do it."

"Well, then I'll read to her." Grandpa shuffled into the storage closet once more. Melissa watched him warily. She distrusted the dark closet and its arcane contents, and was not quite sure what Grandpa intended to do.

He emerged from the dark and the dust with a smile. "Bet you've never heard of Dickens, little girl."

"Dickens?" Prudence arched her eyebrows. "You're going to read her that old stuff?"

"I'm going to read it to both of you."

Grandpa said down at the table again with a look of satisfaction on his face. "This is what families used to do, 'way back before even I was born—before television. They'd read aloud to each other. You'll love it. Listen to how Dickens writes—listen to the rhythms, the tones, the cadences. He's magic. He sings to you."

Grandpa settled back into the chair and cleared his throat. A few silent flakes of paint drifted from the wicker back onto the farmhouse floor, like so much quiet snow.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us—"

"Shut up!" screamed Prudence. She jerked the book from Grandpa's hands and threw it across the room, where it struck and shattered a piece of glass in the dirty south window.

Missela stared at her. "Ma—?"

"Oh, god," whispered Prudence, "now look what I've done." She sat down at the table and put her face in her hands. She began to cry, and Melissa became quite frightened; whenever Mother cried, it meant something terrible was happening.

Grandpa went to her. "Pru, child, what's wrong? It's just a story."

"Leave me alone," said Prudence.

Grandpa tried to stroke her hair, but she pushed his hand away. "Look at us here," she said, hiccoughing, "miles away from anywhere, living in this dirty old farmhouse just because we don't have any money. Seven of us—and by tonight, twelve. I break my back in the garden, my hands are all red and raw from washing clothes in the sink, and I don't even have a husband who can fix things, let alone make a living!"

"Milt would get a job if there were any to be had, Pru. You know that. He just can't face the way things are now."

"What are we going to do, Pa?"

Grandpa sighed. "Wait it out, child. My parents used to talk about the first Depression—I'll bet it was a lot like this, even if it wasn't quite as bad, and people lived through it."

Prudence wiped her eyes with the hem of her skirt. "I swear," she said, "if it weren't for the money the boys bring home from doing chores, I don't think we'd eat. The last thing I need is for you to sit there reading me stuff from some old, sad book that makes me want to die."

Grandpa put his hands on her shoulders.

"It wasn't the book, Pru. It was you. Things are hard for everybody these days, but you've got more than your share to carry. Try and cheer up."

Prudence was silent for a short while longer; then Melissa heard her take a deep breath. "Well, at least we're not starving," she said, and smiled a little. "We are making it, aren't we? You hear such horrible things on the news these days, about the things people do because times are so bad. But those things aren't happening to us. We're surviving."

"That's the spirit. Why, compared to a lot of folks, we're rich. Think how many people must walk past this farm house and say to themselves how lucky we are. Look at us—the garden, the cow, three kids with flesh on their bones. We are lucky, daughter."

Prudence seemed to shiver. "You're right, Pa. That's just why I thank God we've got the dogs. No one would dare come near the house uninvited." She rose and crossed to the sink. "I've got to finish the dishes," she said. Please put that book away."

Grandpa sighed, and closed the book.

"Melissa?" Even with her back turned, Pru's tone was commanding. "Go out into the garden and get some vegetables."

Missela frowned; she hated being bossed. "No," she said.

"Hush, hush." Grandpa got up and addressed Pru's back. "How about if I let her go through one of the boxes in the attic? That'll keep her occupied for awhile."

"It's only junk up there."

Grandpa smiled. "Not to a child."

He took Melissa upstairs and into the attic, where he opened a window to let in some fresh air, and uncovered some of the dusty old boxes stored there. "We'll take one of these downstairs," he said. "Be careful with all the nice things inside, and be sure to put them back carefully."

He picked up a box, and Melissa peered inside. "It's just more books," she said, filled with disappointment.

"Oh, but look. This one on top is all about the stars and the moon and the planets in the sky. It must have been your father's when he was in college. Look, it even has pictures."

"Nice," said Melissa, looking at the book. "When was that? When was daddy in college?"

Grandpa considered. "Oh, it was in the nineteen seventies some time. Seems just like yesterday." He ruffled her hair, and together the two of them returned to the kitchen.

Downstairs, Prudence had finished the dishes, and had readied Grandma's breakfast tray. As Melissa settled onto a chair next to the box of books, Grandpa picked up the tray and headed back through the dining room toward the staircase. "I hope she won't be difficult today," Prudence called after him.

"She was better yesterday," Grandpa's voice floated back.

"Huh," remarked Prudence, to no one in particular, "I don't think so; he's just putting up a front."

Missela looked at Prudence over the top of a book. "What's a front?" she asked.

"Grandpa is just pretending to be cheerful," replied her mother, "so the rest of us will feel better."

Missela returned to her book. She had already learned to read a little, and she could spell out words and pronounce them, though she often had no idea what they meant. This book was called B-i-o-l-o-g-y, which meant nothing to her; but the pages were full of intriguing photographs and illustrations.

Prudence continued to work, talking to herself frequently. "I'd wax the floor," she said,

"but it's so scratched and splintered, it wouldn't do any good. Maybe I should wash the windows in the back bedroom—makes things cheerful for Rodney and Ginna. Do you remember Uncle Rodney, Melissa? You met him a year ago when they were going to Texas to look for work. They came through and stayed with us. You liked Uncle Rodney."

Prudence at length. "You sit here, Missy, and watch for Uncle Rodney. Come get me at once if you see him. Do you remember his car? It's a beat up little blue car—it says 'Toyota' on the front. Can you remember that?"

Again, Melissa nodded. "God, it'll be nice to have a car around again," said Prudence. "Even that old junk heap."

Prudence continued to read. By twelve noon there was no Rodney yet, but Simon and David came back with a clamor that brought Prudence hurrying from the back of the house. David put a ten-dollar bill on the table.

"What did you do for that, Davey?" Prudence asked. Melissa could tell from her tone that her mother was disappointed, but was trying to hide it.

"Knocked down a wasp's nest for Mrs. Regan," David said. "But I got bit, Ma." He held out an arm that was wasp-bitten in four of five places; it was a bright, ugly red color and was starting to swell.

"Oh, no," cried Prudence. "What if you're having a reaction? What if we need a doctor?" She spied Simon standing in the doorway, and yelled for him. "Simon! Run down the road to the Robinson's house and ask to use the phone. Tell the doctor just what Davey's arm looks like and ask if we need to get Davey into town. Hurry!"

There was a noise of feet on steps, and Simon disappeared. Pru bustled about the kitchen getting a cool cloth for Davey's arm. The bustle brought Grandpa downstairs; from the look on his face as he descended, thinking no one was watching him, Melissa could tell Grandpa was no better.

"At least the refrigerator's still working," said Prudence, clamping ice on Davey's arm. "Come along, young man, we're putting you to bed."

Several minutes passed, slow minutes, until Prudence returned to the kitchen. "I don't think he's in danger," Grandpa said. "Davey's just sensitive to the little beasts, like me; enough of them didn't bite him for there to be anything to worry about."

Prudence closed her eyes. "Old Mrs. Regan just gave him ten dollars, Pa, for something as dangerous as that. She's so cheap. It wouldn't even have paid for the doctor. We'd have been further behind than when we started. I think I want to die."

"Stop that," Grandpa hissed. "The child is listening."

Prudence buried her eyes in a book. Prudence hesitated, and then went to the pantry. Melissa heard the sound of two glasses clinking together, and heard liquid sloshing. Then Prudence returned to the table with two chipped glasses full of something amber in color.

"I'm going to have a drink," said Prudence. "How about you, Pa?"

"No," he said, his voice suddenly hard. "It never solved anything."

Prudence shrugged. "Then I'll have yours." She downed one of the glasses and then picked up the other; she sat staring at the liquid, turning the glass around and around in her hands.

Melissa slipped off her chair and sidled

over to Grandpa. "What are these pictures about?" she whispered.

He took the book from her and held it up to the light, for his eyes were bad. At that, Melissa quailed inside; she saw Prudence narrow her eyes and lean forward to look at it too.

Prudence's face grew stern. Her eyes sent a single, darting flash of anger at Grandpa, and she snatched it away. "These pictures are not for little children. What were you thinking of, Pa?"

"I didn't know it was in there."

"Why, Ma?" Melissa asked.

"Because I said so."

"But why? Because the people don't have clothes on?"

"That's all, Melissa." She put the book on a high shelf far beyond reach.

"Ma! It was about babies. I want to know about the babies."

Grandpa eyed her in turn. "I didn't know you could read, Missy."

"Daddy taught me."

"Reading!" Prudence laughed. "That's all your father's good for. Come on, I have work for you to do."

"No, Ma. Tell me where I came from. Did it happen like in the book?"

Prudence whirled. "Your father and I found you under a cabbage leaf in the garden," she said. "We brought you inside to be one of the family."

Grandpa snorted. "For Christ's sake, Prudence. It's been over three hundred years since the Puritans landed, and here you are filling up the child's head with this nonsense."

"Shut up!" Prudence cried. Her voice had a familiar, shrill tone to it that made Melissa want to cry. Prudence turned on Grandpa. "Puritans be damned—they're not the point. I simply cannot deal with this right now. Not today, not tomorrow, not the day after. When times are better I'll read to my child. I'll teach her what she needs to know. Until then, just let me hold onto my sanity, will you?"

She turned fierce eyes on Melissa. "This time you will go into the garden and get some vegetables. You'll go right now, or I'll make you very sorry you didn't."

Prudence backed out the door, grabbing a wicker basket as she went. Once down the steps, she was careful to stay well away from the two big dogs that lolled against the side of the nearby barn. She tiptoed past them, and took off at a run toward the garden.

Prudence reached the edge of the garden, and began her trek toward the wire fence that marked its far boundary. She always began picking vegetables there and worked her way back toward the distant house; the basket didn't seem heavy that way, or the task so unending.

The night had been cold, the morning only pleasantly warm, but now the afternoon sun beat down on her head and shoulders unmercifully. It was oppressively hot and dry. Her eyes watered from the dust her feet stirred up, and her tongue already felt parched and dry in her mouth. There had been no rain for weeks; if it didn't rain soon, the well water would give out and the garden would die.

When she was almost to the back plot, she stopped. Ahead was the fence, and beyond it the little rutted red road that marked the end of their property; there the garden ended too. Suddenly she was afraid; she wished the dogs were with her.

Someone was running, hunched over, between the rows of corn that paralleled the fence. Though it was difficult to make the figure out, Melissa thought it was not very big. A child, perhaps Davey's age. As she watched it

leaped over the wire fence in a single bound and sped down the red dirt road.

She narrowed her eyes, but could barely see for the blazing sun overhead. She thought it was boy. Had he been stealing, she wondered? She wouldn't tell anyone about it. Even she knew how hard times were.

She set down her basket and looked around. Far down the road, she thought she heard the sound of hooves receding into the distance, but she could not be sure. She shrugged, and planned how to proceed with her task. She would pick beans, and corn, and peas; she would gather nuts from the pecan trees beyond the road, since they were good to eat and easy to carry as well. She would pick a tomato or two, and a cabbage from the very back row along the road, even though it was heavy; she wanted to show her mother she was not shirking her duty.

She turned and looked back at the house for a moment, and suddenly, somehow, there came an unsettling shift in her perspective.

What was it Grandpa had said to Ma?

"Why, compared to a lot of folks, we're rich. Think how many people must walk past this farmhouse and say to themselves how lucky we are."

She shook her head, as if to clear it of confusion, and began picking vegetables. She had all but filled her basket when she reached the row of cabbages and stopped. The air hovered all about her, hot and unmoving, and she noticed a faint cloud of dust over the road. Perhaps it was the same as had been kicked up by the fleeing child, she could not tell, but it made her catch her breath and look about. Around her, the whole landscape seemed to be waiting.

She walked along the row of cabbages, looking for a good one. And then, when she got to the very last plant in the farthest corner, she stopped and drew in a deep breath—for there, cradled in newspaper, tucked under the cabbage plant, was a baby.

Her eyes widened. For a moment she felt fear, inexplicable fear, as if the rules by which the world worked had suddenly been changed.

Ma had said that she, Melissa, had been found under a cabbage leaf. But that was nonsense; Ma had said it in that tone of voice grownups used when they wanted to shut somebody up.

Prudence bent down and peered at the baby. The newspaper was already dry and cracking at the edges, and the baby's eyes were closed. But it still breathed. And it was perfectly formed—toenails, fingernails, eyelashes, all were there. Beyond any doubt, it was a real baby.

Was that the way it really happened?

Prudence's mind whirled. The sun was dreadfully hot, and she knew she must run and tell Ma quickly.

She started back to the house. Then, torn, she retraced her steps for the basket of vegetables. She took one last look at the cabbage plant, to make sure the baby was still there. She almost put the basket down to take the baby back instead. But she remembered her mother's anger, and was afraid to leave the vegetables behind.

The heavy basket slowed her down, yet she pushed herself as hard as she could. If babies really did come into the world this way, someone had to tell the parents, and no one knew about this particular baby except her. It was her responsibility.

The minutes seemed like hours, and the basket grew heavier with every step. Yet she was afraid to put it down and run, afraid of Prudence. She knew her mother's temper had stretched beyond a certain point, a point which meant a whipping at the next infraction.

When she reached the back of the farm-

house she saw a blue car there, with a strange man and woman talking to Ma. Three children were curled up in the shade of the old sweet gum tree. Ma's face was bright and smiling—her eyes danced, and she laughed, even as Melissa approached.

"Here's Missy!" she cried. "Hurry, Uncle Rodney's here!"

The strange uncle took Melissa's basket, set it on the ground and swept her high in the air in two immense arms. He set her atop one shoulder; from up there Ma's eyes looked bright, too bright, as she darted to and fro herding everyone into the strange, waiting car.

Uncle Rodney set her down, and she caught her breath. "Ma," she said.

"Hush, Missy, Uncle Rodney's going to take us for a drive." Ma's voice was filled with an excitement and a hysteria that frightened Melissa.

"Ma, listen to me. There's a real baby under a cabbage plant in the garden."

Ma gave a start. Melissa saw Grandpa turn and give her a look of reproach. "You asked for it, Pru," he said.

"Get in the car," said Prudence. "I'll deal with her."

Grandpa shook his head. Slowly and painfully, he climbed into the back of the old Toyota.

"Uncle Rodney's going to take us all for a drive," said Ma. "We're going downtown, and he's going to buy ice cream for you and a cold beer for Pa and me, and then we're going to go out to eat. When it's nighttime, we'll come back here and build a nice big fire!"

Her mother's hands closed on her shoulders in a grip that hurt, and steered her toward the car. "Ma," said Melissa, twisting in her grasp. "I saw a baby in the garden. I did."

David and Simon, standing by the car, yelled at her to hurry. Pa stood there too, looking at his brood with a tired, defeated expression on his face.

"Shouldn't you save the money, Rodney?" he asked in a soft voice. "I mean, if it's all you have? We don't have any savings. Let's not blow it on this luxury—"

"Be quiet," hissed Ma, looking away from Melissa temporarily. "A person's got to have a little fun. How long has it been, anyway?"

Pa shrugged. Moving as slowly as Grandpa, he too climbed into the blue car.

Ma bent down and shook Melissa. "I want you to shut up," she said in a low voice, "and not be drawing attention to yourself all the time. Babies do not really grow under cabbage leaves, and I think you know that. Don't make trouble, Melissa. Don't try to ruin this treat Uncle Rodney has planned for us. There's no telling if we'll even have enough to eat from now on."

"Ma," Melissa said helplessly, "there really is a baby in the garden."

Prudence opened and shut her mouth. She straightened up, took a step back, and looked at Melissa. Their eyes met for a split second, and Melissa knew Ma believed her.

Ma twisted her hands together. "Nonsense," she said. "Get in the car."

"Ma!"

"You're telling stories, Melissa." Ma spoke fast, much too fast. "Even if there is a baby there, what would we do with it? We couldn't feed it. Stop aggravating me."

"But, Ma..." whispered Melissa, and her voice trailed off.

Grandpa, she thought to herself. She would tell Grandpa.

But Uncle Rodney descended on her again. "See here, big girl, you can sit on my lap and help me drive. Wouldn't you like that?"

The rest of the family scrambled aboard

frantically, like animals suddenly let out of a cage.

"Put me down," said Melissa, trying to wiggle out of Uncle Rodney's grasp. But he only settled into the driver's seat and propped her on his lap, putting her hands on the steering wheel.

"You drive, sweetie," he said, "and leave your mother alone."

"Ma!" Melissa screamed, a piercing scream uttered at the top of her voice.

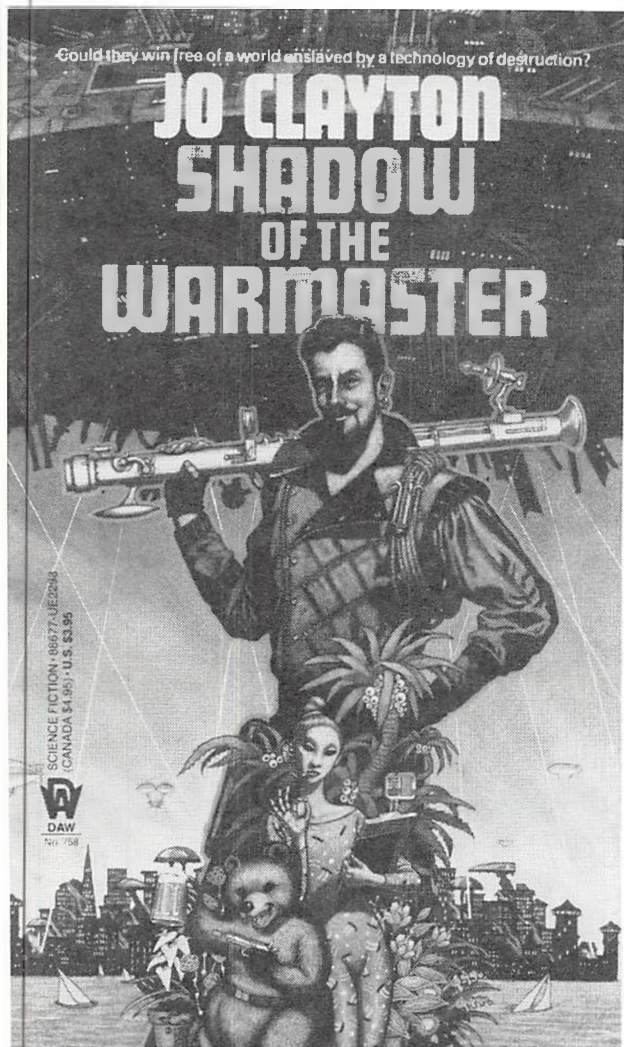
Prudence climbed into the front seat and put her face very close to Melissa's. "Shut up," she said.

The Toyota sped off toward the main road, raising a cloud of red behind it. Once, but only once, Melissa looked back at the shabby farmhouse, the two big dogs, the red dirt with heat mirages rising from it, and the garden where cabbages grew. As the scene receded she felt as if she, too, were dying. •





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—Science Fiction and Fantasy Book Review

A D E C A D E O F D R E A M S

The 1978 Science Fiction Symposium

November 11, 1978
Portland State University
Members: 125 (est.)
Chair: Debbie Cross
Essay by Debbie Cross

In the November of 1978, Portland fandom (in its current incarnation) held its first attempt at an organized event. We called it a science fiction symposium. The Portland Science Fiction Society (PorSFIS) had been meeting for roughly a year when we decided it was high time that we actually did something. I believe it was my suggestion that we run a one day symposium. Actually, I was inspired by a similar event I had attended, as a mundane, in Minneapolis.

In those days OSFCI didn't exist. PorSFIS was not incorporated, at least I don't think so. Memory is such a frail thing. Because we definitely didn't have a financial base, several of us pledged a specific dollar amount we were willing to pay if the Symposium lost money. In the end we each had to cough up about 50% of our pledges to cover the \$350 loss. I'm still grateful to Vonda McIntyre who, when she learned we were in the red, returned the check we sent her for transportation costs.

The biggest obstacle was that we were all neofans. I probably had the most experience because I went to a MinnStf meeting once. That and my big mouth must be what qualified me to coordinate the thing. Several of us had been to one convention, but we knew no pros or any fans who had ever run one of the things. In spite of that, with help from Carl at the Illustrated Store, we managed to contact a couple of local pros, who put us in contact with a couple more, and so on, until we had enough people to put on a program.

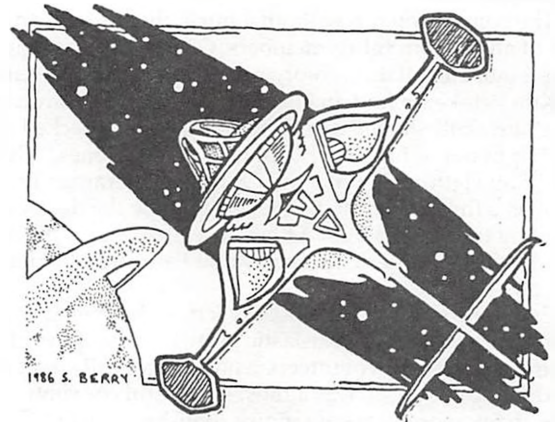
The final event featured three panels, some old movies, a music interlude by Steve Berry, a display of SF posters, and a couple of dealers tables. Guests included John Varley, Vonda McIntyre, F. M. Busby, John Shirley, Jesse Bone, Steve Perry, and Mildred Downey Broxon. Only about 125 people attended. I hosted a party at my house that evening for PorSFIS and guests. Everyone was relieved when John Andrews announced that we had only lost \$350.

In spite of lack of attendance, I believe the Symposium can still be considered a success. Although it may have been a bit unimaginative, it went smoothly. That's ignoring the fact that Busby's luggage, including medication, went to San Jose. We were not discouraged. In fact, when Roger Wells and Steve Berry suggested doing something the following year, I encouraged a full convention. By that time I was convinced that it couldn't be significantly more work. In retrospect, I think I was right. And so OryCon was born. But that's another story....

OryCon*

November 9-11, 1979
Sheraton Hotel (now the Red Lion Lloyd Center)
Members: 525**
Guests of Honor: John Varley (Pro GoH), Steve Perry (Toastmaster), Richard Geis (Fan GoH)
Chairs: Steve Berry and Roger Wells
Essay by Steve Berry

In late 1978, Roger Wells and I dared each other into co-chairing Orycon 1. Initially we had in mind a convention of about 300 people. We hoped it would break even. Roger and I worked with the finest of committee members, who overcame skepticism that so few people could put on a full-scale convention while not going crazy. After a lengthy search of Portland for suitable meeting space, we settled on the Sheraton (which today is the Red Lion) at Lloyd Center. The convention began to seem real once John Varley agreed to be our Guest of Honor. I arrived at Norwescon 2, the first convention I'd attended, throwing flyers left and right and frantically taking notes. "Oh, so *this* is how its done..." I spent most of Orycon itself running the office, chatting with people (including Richard Geis) who passed through. We shared the hotel with a group of religious businessmen, but there were no conflicts (though many comments). I remember exhaustion and a profound sense of relief after the convention was over. There were hugs and kisses at the Dead Duck party and lots of clean-up to do on Monday morning. I'll keep you in suspense no longer—the convention drew close to 600 people and (gasp) a small monetary surplus. There are many survivors of Orycon 1 running around the halls—many are still working on Orycons—stop and listen to their stories if you want to know more. It turned out to be, as we had originally envisioned, a big party for all of our fannish friends. Has it really been ten years?



* OryCon '79 was not called "OryCon '79" until there was an OryCon '80, just as Elizabeth I was not called "Elizabeth I" until 1954, even though she reigned during the 16th century.

** All membership figures include only *paid* memberships.

OryCon '80

November 14-16, 1980
Portland Hilton Hotel
Members: 1010

Guests of Honor: Fritz Leiber (Pro GoH), Steve Perry (Toastmaster), Elton Elliott (Fan GoH)
Chair: Bryce Walden
Essay by Bryce Walden

The first OryCon was a resounding success, with attendance 150% over breakeven. OryCon co-chairs Roger Wells and Steve Berry stepped down after the convention, and I was elected chair for OryCon '80. The committee was eager to get to work and positions were filled quickly. Our first crisis was the hotel: the Lloyd Center Sheraton priced itself out of the market, but the downtown Hilton was very competitive and won our endorsement for 1980 (and several more years). The Sheraton has since gone out of business and was replaced by the Lloyd Center Red Lion.

The committee got right to work. Pam Davis did an excellent job negotiating with the Hilton, winning concessions in our favor and preparing the hotel staff for the unusual aspects of a science fiction convention. Sam Butler worked long and hard to put together a multi-track program featuring the many authors, artists, and other professionals invited to the convention. Debbie Cross organized a beautiful art show, and Anthony Pryor rode herd over a full dealers room. The program book was a very professional production with a Signe Landon cover, edited by Diana Tuttle. Kris Reinke organized a masquerade with "invisible judges," so persons in costume had to appear *in persona* all the time against the chance that that last hall encounter was with a judge.

Dwight Lay presented a varied program of movies during the convention, and for the first time we hooked video into the hotel cable system so everyone in the hotel could enjoy Dennis Reeder's 24-hour-a-day video extravaganza. Patty Smith (now Wells) sent volunteers hither and yon as requested ("Now!") by various committee members. Chuck Leon operated the office, known as "Panic Central," and David Lohkamp organized a crack security team. John Lorentz saw to the needs of our guests as guest liaison, and John Andrews kept track of everyone as registrar. Many other volunteers gave valuable assistance to these department heads.

The convention ran without a hitch, thanks to the dedicated work of all the committee members. Guest of Honor Fritz Leiber strolled into Hospitality, co-organized by Socialators Pam Davis and Kris Reinke, to find an albino dice girl (Anne Davenport) offering him skull-shaped dice to toss into a star-specked dice board right out of his story, "Gonna Roll The Bones." Our "slave pilot," Bob Flath, took Fritz and OryCon cameraman John Andrews on a flight over Mt. St. Helens to view the devastation caused by the May 18 blast. Other special guests of the convention were Toastmaster F.M. Busby and Fan Guest of Honor Elton T. Elliott.

Everyone had a great time. My job as chairbeing was made relatively easy by the enthusiastic participation of the many committee members and volunteers who deserve full credit for a job well-done. OryCon '80 was a most successful convention, thus assuring many more years of fannish foolishness in OryCons, CONs, and Westercons to come. "Thank you" to the fans from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, California, and points beyond who have been loyal OryCon attendees for these many years. It is your support that keeps us alive as a convention and allows us to continue this insane pursuit as long as ~~fools~~ fans are found to volunteer for committees.

OryCon '81

October 30-November 1, 1980
Portland Hilton Hotel
Members: 965

Guests of Honor: Frederik Pohl (Pro GoH), Steve Fahnstalk (Toastmaster), Kennedy Poyser (Fan GoH)
Chair: Roger Wells
Essay by Roger Wells

Come, if you will...once more I call upon my fictional relationship to "Cousin Herbert George" to borrow his time machine. This time...*all aboard!*...we head back seven years to OryCon '81 (seven years, hmmm...*statute of limitations*...how convenient...). From this vantage point we can see a young but maturing committee. The raw, frantic days of the first OryCons are gone. Look closely, do you not see a growing self-confidence and sophistication? See, names like Fred Pohl are suggested for guest of honor. Nobody flinches, nobody doubts. No, the committee is not fully organized. I remember the failed attempt to form a separate executive committee (now taken for granted)...there are no minutes...budgets are haphazard. But look at them...at us...at the us we were...the very week after wrapping up OryCon '80 when by rights we all should be comatose applicants for an asylum...the spontaneity, the enthusiasm...see Pam Davis' eyes gleam with excitement, Bryce Walden smile confidently, Steve Berry, Sam Butler, Debbie Cross, Paul Wrigley, David Lohkamp, Diana Tuttle, Kevin Nelson (and so many...I know, no matter how many I name, so many others who worked so hard feel left out) and, as always, the financial balance read in John Andrew's expression...where did we get that energy?

Quickly now we flit through the year...committee meetings...a vote is taken to require peace-ties to physically secure all weapon-like objects...the vote is close (seems tame now, compared to recent OryCon policy—at the time, it generated more controversy than the total ban did last year)...a PorSFIS meeting—something is wrong—Sue Petrey's death is announced—we collect money for flowers—no, the funeral arrangements preclude flowers—thus is born the Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship, *ars longa, vita brevis*...a flyer featuring our toastmaster Stephen Fahnstalk cracking a bull-whip over a parade of toasted bread...opening ceremonies...Steve with a real bull-whip and I with a walking stick fencing...but where's our guest of honor?...Fred Pohl walks calmly in off the street (having made his own travel arrangements)—he is handed a registration package. But wait, what is this? The regular package is set aside and our guest is handed what is made to look like a self-addressed stamped manila envelope. Look, inside, clipped to the usual collection of registration materials—the former editor of *Galaxy* removes a note of a type that is very familiar—to all appearances an OryCon form rejection slip...closing ceremonies—we made it!—I stand, giving the closing speech wearing a tie—in peace-tie colors—around my neck (glance briefly now at the committee roster—there, second from the last—perhaps the only convention ever to have the post of *chairman's bodyguard*)...

So, here we are...*everybody off*...back to the current OryCon. A decade of OryCon meetings have passed since Steve and I first uttered that word "convention." I helped chair the first and then (when I knew what I was getting into!) agreed to do it again for the third. Right here—today—OryCon and the people who put it on are stronger and more professional than ever. And so, looking back, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am among the ones who created this out of nothing more than youthful optimism and energy.

OryCon '82

November 12-14, 1982
Portland Hilton Hotel
Members: 979

Guests of Honor: Robert Silverberg (Pro GoH),
Jeff Frane (Fan GoH)
Chairs: Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley
Essay by Paul Wrigley

How does one get to chair one of these events? Well, in my case, I arrived in America in October of 1980 and was a registration assistant at OryCon '80. A few days away in San Francisco persuaded Debbie & myself that we wanted to run both the Art Show & the Dealer's Room at OryCon '81. So looking back on it, it does appear strange that in May of 1981, when I had only worked on one convention in a minor role, we were the only fools wishing to chair OryCon '82.

OryCon '82 premiered many now traditional aspects of OryCon. We had a real budget—which took a six hour meeting on that one topic alone to be hammered out. We began having meetings in people's homes after we ran out of bars & restaurants to host them. We had an elected executive committee. We had a weapons policy of peace bonding which caused a furor.

As always it's the disasters which are easily remembered. Luckily ours were all minor. Two thousand flyers with Robert Silverberg's name misspelt, spotted by Ed Bryant at the first Con. The failure to arrange for someone to introduce Silverberg's Guest of Honor speech. The guest who refused to peace tie her weapon. The wedding in the Pavilion with incense and thus the potential to set off the fire detector. The person who ran into the convention off the street with the police in hot pursuit. Our foolish decision to organize the Office and thus see almost nothing of the convention we chaired. And of course, the Hotel putting Silverberg into a room right next to the Hospitality Suite—and he never complained—at least, not to us.

OryCon '82 saw the first appearance of the "Not Ready For Sidereal Time Players" at Opening Ceremonies. Robert Silverberg & Jeff Frane were the professional & fan Guest of Honor respectively. Theodore Sturgeon would have been Toastmaster but had to cancel just before the convention because of other commitments.

Debbie & I enjoyed (?) chairing the convention and it couldn't have been too traumatic an event, as six years later we are both on the Executive Committee of OryCon 10.

OryCon 5

November 11-13, 1983
Portland Hilton Hotel
Members: 937

Guests of Honor: Octavia Butler (Pro GoH),
Terry Carr (Toastmaster),
Wilson Tucker (Fan GoH)
Chair: Sam Butler
Essay by Sam Butler

OryCon Five was the first OryCon to have a woman as the Guest of Honor—Octavia Butler; an old time real fan as the Fan of Honor—Wilson Tucker; and a true toastmaster fan/writer/editor—Terry Carr.

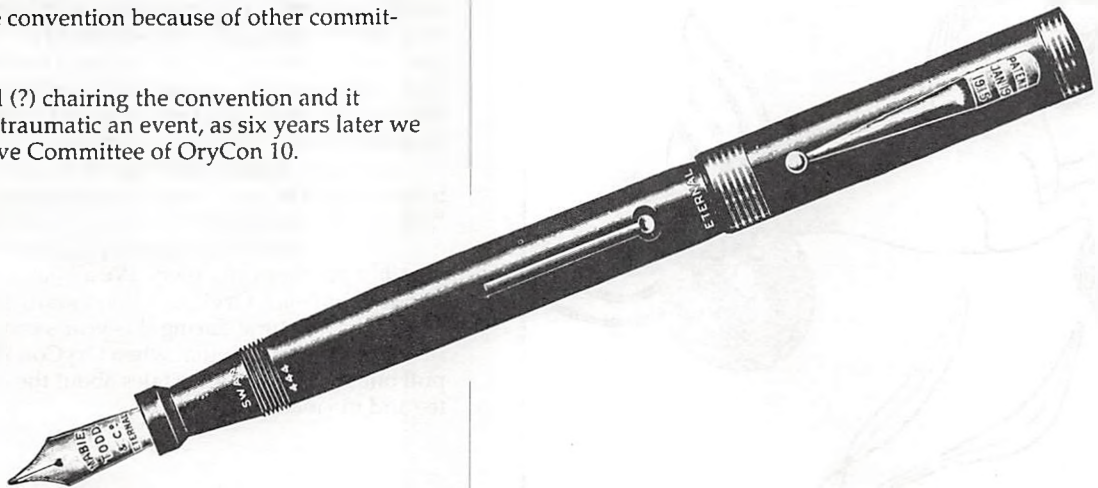
Memories of the gold-colored Program Book cover featuring the artwork of Ray Willams and The Newsletter of the Committee to Abolish Space Exploration return, evoking a sense of humor that was endemic to our Fan Guest of Honor. The Hilton Hotel was the site of this convention, but many minds were on the Westercon 37 that was to arrive screaming and kicking in Portland just a little less than 8 months later.

The programming schedule looks good from this viewpoint. Some highlights include "Fantasy Writers Killing the SF Field", "Geography & SF Worlds", "The Conglomerization of Publishers", costume workshops, and "Non-European Cultures In SF". The Bhig Bhang Bheer Bhar supplement to the Hospitality Suite still seems a good idea. The costume contest (Not a Masquerade!) was still growing. The Art Show and the Society For Creative Anachronism were both present and pleasantly received.

The various artists, writers and fans were a very varied lot. Keith Lofstrom presented his "Launch Loop" proposal for achieving an orbit more economically than rockets.

Hollywood displays/presentations included *Brainstorm* and the new Muppet movie.

All in all, OryCon Five brings back good memories for me, I hope that it does also for those who attended. Thanks again everyone.



OryCon '84

November 9-11, 1984

Cosmopolitan Hotel

Members: 424

Guests of Honor: Reginald Bretnor (Pro GoH),

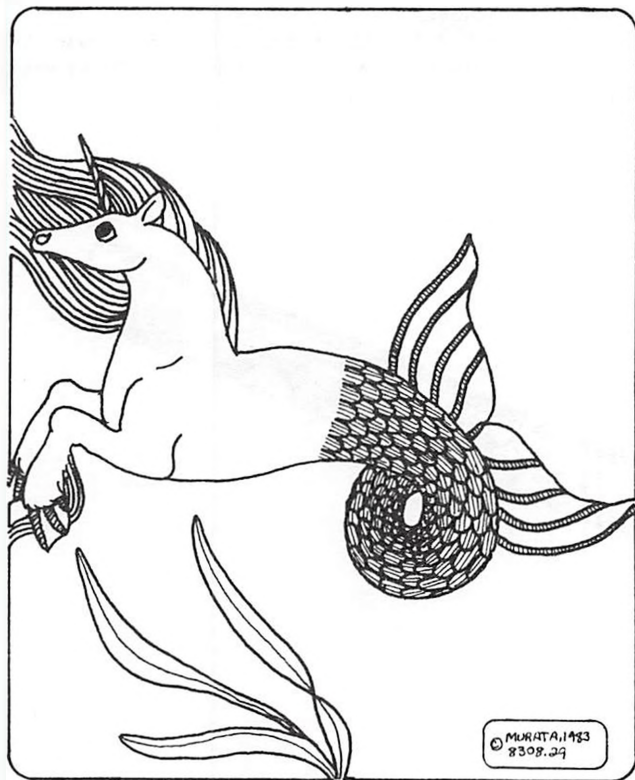
Steve Perry (Toastmaster)

Chairs: John Lorentz and Sue Renhard

Essay by Sue Renhard

We Came, We Saw, We Conquered

It was 1984, the year that Portland had the WesterCon. We couldn't do both—a WesterCon and a full-size OryCon. That much was agreed. What spurred hot and heavy debate was the choice—a small OryCon, or none at all? We decided to have a small convention with a limit of 450 people. John Lorentz and I co-chaired the convention. We left a lasting impression on the Cosmopolitan Hotel near Lloyd Center. Who could forget the Jetson-sytle decor in the lobby (a perfect backdrop for photo sessions)? The delightful Reginald Bretnor was our GoH. In an (ahem!) unofficial sense, the scintillating Steve Perry was our toastmaster. The space worked well, the fen were mellow, the disasters few. I'm sure I shall always have fond memories of haranguing the Burgerville people who, having printed a coupon on the back cover, wanted people to *cut up* their program books to redeem said coupon. (We worked it out.) At the end of the con the ever-efficient hotel staff booked a guest in the room right below the hospitality suite. It's difficult for me to look closely at my memories of the con, seen as they are through a blur of fatigue. But it went well, and John and I felt that the concom reached new heights of congeniality. Long live OryCon!



OryCon '85

November 10-12, 1985

Portland Hilton Hotel

Members: 889

Guests of Honor: Somtow Sucharitkul (Pro GoH), Steven Barnes (Toastmaster), William Rotsler (Artist GoH), Jon Singer (Fan GoH)***

Chair: Ariel Shattan

Essay by Ariel Shattan

OryCon '85 saw our last year at the Hilton and the return of the Not Ready for Sidereal Time Players. At Opening Ceremonies we had Ladies in Edwardian Underwear getting the audience to bark like seals, anchormen presenting News Briefs, a game show to introduce the Guests of Honor, and Stupid Fan Tricks.

However, what I remember most about OryCon '85 (no, I'm *not* going to give the behind-the-scenes dirt here; you still have to buy me beer to get *that* story) is the Guest of Honor speeches. Our guests in 1985 were Somtow Sucharitkul (I can *so* spell it!) as Pro GoH, William Rotsler as Artist GoH, and Steven Barnes as Toastmaster. As the time came on Saturday afternoon for the speeches, Bill and Steve appeared a few minutes early, got up on the platform, and settled in. But Somtow was nowhere to be seen. One minute, two minutes, five minutes, and still no Somtow. Bill and Steve were running out of stalling techniques, and we were going to have to start our GoH speeches without our Pro GoH. Suddenly there was a stir in the hallway. Several fans backed into the room bowing and making obsequies. Then, in strides Somtow, wrapped in one of the hotel's orange tablecloths with a quarter stuck to his forehead, chanting "totally awesome, totally awesome." It was a sight. As anyone who has seen Somtow can tell you, he is not particularly tall, nor is he emaciated. Draped in that tablecloth he looked like nothing so much as an orange waiting to be stamped "Sunkist."

Up onto the dias and the speeches begin. When Somtow's turn arrived, he regaled us with funerary practices in his native Thailand, including a description of how the Order of the White Elephant has the honor to be buried (In a golden cone. Decapitated. With a sharpened stick strategically placed to keep the load from shifting.) Then he continued with stories of his family. Foremost among these was the tale of the very rich, perhaps senile, family gentleman who married a woman of dubious repute but obvious charms, against the wishes of the rest of the family, and how the family was hiding him from his new wife to keep him from her influence, passing him from household to household. There were other tales, too. Tales that made the characters in Somtow's books (even his vampires) look tame.

[Actually, I hope I don't get in trouble for writing all this. Somtow does have a devious imagination, and if he decided to "get" me for this report, I'd be in BIG trouble...]

There are other stories of OryCon '85; so many that I couldn't possibly put them all down. We all have stories that stick in our minds about each OryCon. I don't know about you, but I'm going to spend some time during this year's convention collecting stories of OryCon 10, so that when OryCon 25 rolls around, I can pull out some really juicy tales about the guests, the con committee and the membership.

*** The Fan GoH was chosen by lot at the convention.

OryCon '86

November 7-9, 1986

Red Lion Inn—Lloyd Center

Members: 873

Guests of Honor: Edward Bryant (Pro GoH),
George R. R. Martin (Toastmaster), Jessica
Amanda Salmonson (Editor GoH)

Chair: John Lorentz

Essay by John Lorentz

In 1986, OryCon returned to its original site at Lloyd Center, though the hotel had since been remodeled and renamed. The convention got off to a good start with the Opening Ceremonies (this year's being "Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About Fandom, But Were Afraid To Ask"), and turned into a delightful weekend, with help from Ed, George and Jessica. (At least, that's what I've heard. One of the best ways to not see a convention is to work on it, especially to chair it.) OryCon '86 stands out in my mind in what it didn't have. There were no real problems, no unpleasant surprises. It was one of the smoothest running conventions we've had. And, after co-chairing the 1984 Orycon, this time my hope was to simply act as coordinator. With the help of some great committee people, that's what I was able to do.

OryCon '87

November 13-15, 1987

Red Lion Inn—Columbia River

Members: 954

Guests of Honor: Tim Powers (Pro GoH),
Michael P. Kube-McDowell (Toastmaster),
Ben Yalow (Fan GoH)

Chairs: Sam Butler and Patty Wells

Essay by Patty Wells

After volunteering at all the OryCons, I can see that there are many aspects of the cons that are consistent from year to year. We get together and party with our friends, and meet new people who become friends, because they have the same kind of warped sensibilities and interests as ourselves. Certainly this is one of the main reasons I attend conventions.

What made OryCon '87 stand out for me was partially due to my position on the committee. I usually do committee jobs that are behind the scenes work. I work with fans and hotel staff, not with the guests of honor. That, coupled with some shyness at approaching pros, has meant that I've never gotten the opportunity to work with the guests as closely as I did at OryCon '87. So, while I know that we've had marvelous guests at all the OryCons, the GoHs at OryCon '87 are the most memorable and exceptional part of the convention for me.

Tim Powers is certainly among the finest authors we've had as guests. His writing is fine science fiction that shows how invalid the claim that "science fiction is not literature" can be. Tim and Serena Powers are also two of the most erudite and civilized people I've had the pleasure to meet. The number of fans who commented on Tim's writing and his approachability as a guest showed that he had exactly the qualities we look for in OryCon Guests of Honor.

Michael Kube-McDowell writes "hard science" science fiction as well as being a science teacher. These are both areas that well deserve recognition in the SF community. I was very pleased that OryCon '87 could provide some measure of recognition of his talents. He is also a charming individual with the kind of sense of humor you hope desperately for in a Toastmaster.

Ben Yalow allowed us to recognize another aspect of the fan community, the fan who works to put on conventions in a professional manner so that convention attendees have the best possible experience. Of course, having a GoH who's spent his adult life working on major SF conventions does have the tendency to inspire you to stay on your toes. A GoH who's worked on more conventions than everyone on your committee combined is a little awe-inspiring. This could also inspire a little paranoia, but it didn't. Ben spent as much time working as most of the convention committee. Indeed, our only problem was trying to get him to relax and not work.

One other guest who was particularly memorable was Frank Catalano. Frank was gracious and foolhardy enough to agree to co-anchor Opening Ceremonies with me without reading the script. Given OryCon's tendency to produce truly demented opening ceremonies, this was remarkable. (Hey, all we promise is that they're not your typical dull opening ceremonies. We know we're sick.)

As always, working with the committee was a pleasure. This is my favorite part of all OryCons.

Finally, it turns out that the most memorable aspect of OryCon '87 was something that I didn't know until months later. An ultrasound revealed that my new son Sean was conceived at the convention. A convention can't get more memorable than that.

OryCon 10

November 11-13, 1988

Red Lion Inn—Columbia River

Members: Not yet known

Guests of Honor: Lucius Shepard,
John Varley, Connie Willis, and
Mona Clee (special Susan C. Petrey GoH)

Chairs: Debbie Cross, David Levine,
John Lorentz, Linda Pilcher,
Patty Wells, and Paul Wrigley

Essay by David Levine

This year we return to the Columbia River Red Lion... it feels good to stay in one place for a while. The committee is mostly the same people who've brought you so many successful OryCons in the past, too. As I write this, it's still a month before the convention, and we're all too busy to say what's happened so far that will be memorable in ten years. And, as to the convention itself... well, you'll have to write that part yourself! And we'll all be back next year:

OryCon 11

November 10-12, 1989

Red Lion Inn—Columbia River

Guests of Honor: Not yet announced
Chairs: John Lorentz and Paul Wrigley

PorSFIS

The Portland Science Fiction Society

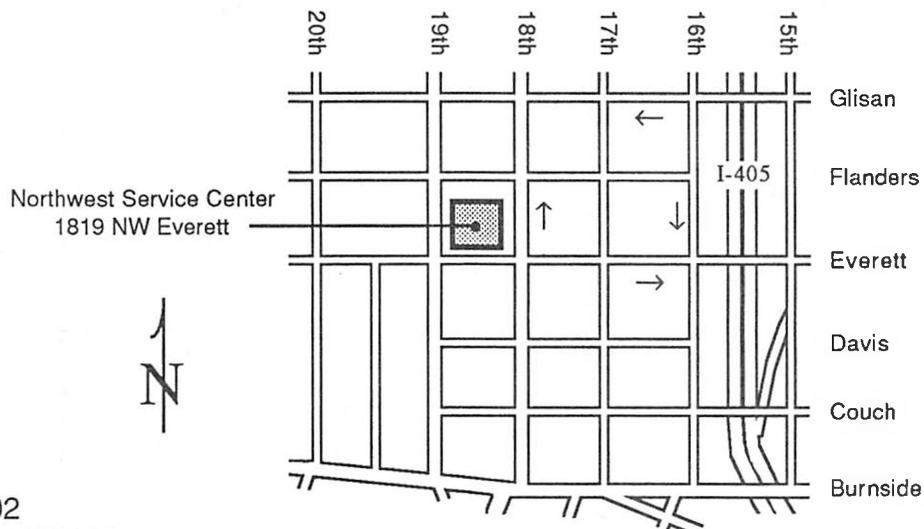
Wants YOU!

PorSFIS—the Portland Science Fiction Society—is a non-profit organization dedicated to providing an opportunity for people with a common interest in science fiction to meet, exchange ideas, and have a good time. Membership is open to all sentient beings, regardless of species, beliefs, environment of origin, or any other physical or psychological characteristics.

PorSFIS meets every other Saturday at 2:00 PM at the Northwest Service Center, 1819 NW Everett (map below). Non-members are always welcome. Each meeting features programming such as a trivia quiz, a science slide show, or a talk by a guest speaker, as well as announcements of local SF activities. Meetings usually last an hour or two, after which we adjourn to a nearby pub for refreshment and informal conversation.

In 1988, we meet on September 3 and 17; October 1, 15, and 29; November 26; and December 10. (There is no meeting on November 12 or December 24 this year.) In 1989, we meet on January 7 and 21; February 4 and 18; March 4 and 18; and so on. Feel free to drop by!

Our monthly newsletter, the *Pulsar*, comes free with membership. It is also available for 60¢ per copy at Future Dreams on Burnside and at Looking Glass Books. Each issue includes a Timeline of PorSFIS activities: pick one up and you'll know what we're doing when. We look forward to meeting you!



PorSFIS
P.O. Box 4602
Portland, OR 97229

PorSFIS Information
"Lightline"
(503) 283-0802

P R O G R A M

Friday

12:00 p.m.

Dealers Room Opens

1:00 p.m.

Tai-Chi Workshop—Klamath

Steven Barnes

This two-hour workshop will help you prepare your body for the rigors of the convention.

3:00 p.m.

Costuming Presentation Workshop—Umatilla

John Barnes

A two hour workshop on how to present a costume in a masquerade setting. This is an acting workshop, folks. Please DO NOT wear your costume. If you attend, be prepared to participate.

Plan 9 from Hollywood—Yakima

Steven Barnes, Mona Clee, James Fiscus

The continuing popularity of trashy SF.

4:00 p.m.

Reading, Dean Wesley Smith—Yakima

5:00 p.m.

Portland Space Projects—Klamath

Tom Billings, Jan Dabrowski, Anne-Marie Kiley, Michael Nelson, Bryce Walden

A number of Portland organizations dedicated to seeing the U.S. Space Program succeed get together to tell you about themselves and their activities.

Reading, Kim Antieau—Umatilla**Intro to Gaming—Yakima**

If you're interested in Role-Playing games, but don't know the hows, whys, and wherefores, come to this introduction for the information you need to get started.

6:00 p.m.

Fan Room Opens**Technology Gap—Klamath**

William Deitz, Jordan Kare, Vonda McIntyre

How do we make sure that technology is evenly distributed in our society, and what happens if we separate into Haves and Have-Nots?

Reading, Lucius Shepard—Umatilla**Animal Rights vs. Human Suffering—Yakima**

Luella Burrows, Elton Elliot, Cyn Mason

How much experimentation is needed? How much is cruel and extraneous?

Autograph, Connie Willis—Dealers Room

6:30 p.m.

Art Show Opens**Artists Reception—Art Show**

If you're an artist, if you buy art, or if you just like to hang around artists, this reception is for you.

7:00 p.m.

Operations Training—Yakima

If you plan to volunteer during the convention, in the office, as troubleshooter, or "just" gopher, Please come to this session to familiarize yourself with the Operations staff and the OryCon way of doing things.

Dealers Room Closes

7:30 p.m.

Opening Ceremonies and OryCon Birthday Party—Riverview

The Not Ready for Sideral Time Players return with another OryCon Opening Ceremonies. We'll introduce our guests, alright, but not in the usual way. Come see for yourself. The most amusing Opening Ceremonies on the West Coast! Afterward, we segue into a birthday party to celebrate ten years of OryCon. Wear a funny hat!

8:00 p.m.

Art Show Closes

9:00 p.m.

Fan Room Closes**Fanthorpe's Revenge—Klamath**

Debbie Cross

Come and hear some of the absolute worst prose you have ever heard in your life. If you think you can top this stuff, be prepared to defend your claim with some bad stuff from another author.

Filking—Umatilla

Filking spends one hour downstairs, then moves upstairs to the Klamath room.

Northwest Fan History—Yakima

Sam Butler, Michael Scanlon

If you have stories to tell of your years in Northwest Fandom, come and share them here.

9:30 p.m.

Dance, Dance, Dance—Riverview

Come dance your heart out and your feet off. Music from the 60's on to get your toes tapping and your hands clapping. We mean it—it's time to BOOGIE!

SMOFCon Game—Fan Room (Umpqua)

Ben Yalow

Being there is not enough; you have to play at being there, too! This game was very popular last year, so get there early to get a place in the world's only role-playing game that has you running the con!

10:00 p.m.

Filking—Klamath

Ok, folks, you can go upstairs now. Please don't disturb the people who are dancing in the hotel bar on your way.

11:00 p.m.

British-Style Science Fiction Charades—Umatilla

Paul Wrigley

Grab three buddies and form a team! This game combines your trivia knowledge and acting ability to test your science fiction knowledge. If you can't field a team come and watch. The audience gets points, too!

Saturday

9:00 a.m.

Cereal and Cartoons—Video Rooms

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

10:00 a.m.

Art Show Opens

Dealers Room Opens

Fan Room Opens

Electronic Music—Riverview

Lon Cudy

Musician Lon Cudy shares some of the amazing things one can accomplish with talent and a few thousand dollars worth of electronic equipment.

Space Academy—Klamath

Vince Kohler

The Oregonian's science reporter presents slides of his visit to the Space Academy in Huntsville, Alabama. Get a realistic taste of what training for space flight is all about. He will also bring forms so that you can sign up to go! This presentation was a big hit with the Portland Science Fiction Society.

Tai-Chi Workshop—Umatilla

Steven Barnes

Start your day right with the exercise and meditation provided by this dance-like martial art. Wear comfortable clothing you can move in.

Costume Construction Workshop—Yakima

Lita Smith-Gharet

This workshop teaches construction techniques for masquerade costumes, including the finer points such as make-up. Again, be prepared to participate.

Introduction to Science Fiction Art—Art Show

Marilyn Mork, Jon Gustafson

Learn about what media is available and what you should know about the art you are bidding on. A must for new collectors.

Autographing, Lori Ann White and Mary Caraker—Dealers Room

11:00 a.m.

Young Astronauts under the Earth—Umatilla

Bryce Walden, Cheryl Singer

The Portland chapter of Young Astronauts has been working on a moon base in the lava tubes outside of Bend in Central Oregon. Come see how they do it, and how their work can translate to the lava tubes on the moon.

60 Nanoseconds into the Future—Yakima

Frank Catalano, Ed Foster, Dave Meyer

How will people get their news in the future?

Autographing, Lucius Shepard and Megan Lindholm—Dealers Room

12:00 noon

Writing Short Fiction vs. Writing Novels—Riverview

Elton Elliot, Bruce Taylor, Lori Ann White, Connie Willis

What is the difference, and to whom does it matter?

Why is so Much of Today's Science Fiction Depressing?—Klamath

Frank Catalano, Lucius Shepard, Dean Wesley Smith

Is this trend just an affectation, or do today's writers really hold no hope for the future?

Taxes for Writers—Umatilla

The IRS

A representative from the Portland IRS Taxpayer Information Office discusses the new tax laws as they pertain to freelancers (writers and artists). Questions from the audience welcome.

Suspended Disbelief—Yakima

Carl Miller, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Ben Yalow

How much can an author ask of a reader?

Autographing, John Varley—Dealers Room

1:00 p.m.

The Seven Deadly Sins of the Future—Riverview

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, John Barnes, James Fiscus, Megan Lindholm, Cyn Mason

What will be a severe transgression against individuals and society in the future? Waste? Pollution? Abridgement of the right to privacy? Playing Christmas carols in October?

History of Fandom—Klamath

Jerry Kaufman, Teri Lee, Bruce Pelz

Three BNFs discuss the history of fandom.

Aftermath: Where will NASA go?—Umatilla

John Cramer, Jordan Kare, Vince Kohler

How has the future of the Space Program been affected by the Shuttle disaster almost three years ago?

Japimation—Yakima

Fred Patton

A presentation, including videos, of some of the more interesting Animation to come out of Japan recently.

Writer's Workshop—Fan Room (Umpqua)

Have a pro critique your writing. You must be preregistered to attend.

Buying Art—Art Show

Marilyn Mork, Jon Gustafson

How to be an intelligent consumer of art; is it really good art, or is it just high-priced.

Autographing, Kim Antieau and John DeCamp—Dealers Room**2:00 p.m.****Guest of Honor Interviews—Riverview**

John Varley, Lucius Shepard, Connie Willis, Mona Clee

Our Guests interview themselves and each other in front of an audience. You'll learn as much about them from the questions as you will from the answers.

Hall Costuming—Umatilla

Betty Bigelow, Julie Zetterberg

How to present your costume so that it catches eyes, not corners.

3:00 p.m.**Are Comics Really Science Fiction?—Klamath**

Donna Barr, Ed Foster, Bruce Pelz

Well, are they?

Reading, T. Jackson King—Umatilla**Christian Fandom—Yakima**

Organization and local activities will be discussed.

4:00 p.m.**If I were the Secretary of Education, I'd...—Riverview**

Steven Barnes, Mary Caraker, Megan Lindholm, Tony Wolk

Some of our guests discuss how they would structure the system of education in this country.

What's New in the World of Theoretical Physics—Umatilla

John Cramer, Elton Elliot, Jordan Kare

Quasars, Cosmic strings, and Einstein-Rosen Bridges. Come hear about things that nobody really understands.

Airbrush Demonstration—Yakima

Armand Cabrera

Armand shares some methods and techniques during this art demonstration.

Caring for Your Art—Art Show

Marilyn Mork, Jon Gustafson

How to care for different types of art to maintain its beauty and value.

Autographing, K.W. Jeter and T. Jackson King—Dealers Room**4:30 p.m.****Susan C. Petrey Memorial Fund Auction—Klamath**

Come, see, and bid on the treasures that have been donated to support the Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship Fund.

5:00 p.m.**Clarion—Riverview**

Luella Burrows, Mona Clee, Nina Kiriki Hoffman, Dean Wesley Smith

Graduates/Survivors of the country's most famous Science Fiction workshop discuss the Clarion experience.

Reading, Connie Willis—Umatilla**'Zines—Yakima**

Paula Downing, Fran Skene, Ben Yalow

Writing for and publishing your own fanzine.

Autographing, Vonda McIntyre—Dealers Room**6:00 p.m.****Dealers Room Closes****Masquerade Prejudging and Photography—Riverview**

If you are entering the Masquerade, you must be at this session.

The Making of Millenium—Klamath

John Varley

Herb shares a video tape he shot while on the set of the filming of his novel Millenium.

Do you Really need an Agent?—Umatilla

Elton Elliot, Carl Miller, Dean Wesley Smith

What is an agent good for, and can you live without one?

Reading, K.W. Jeter—Yakima**7:00 p.m.****Reading, Vonda McIntyre—Umatilla****8:00 p.m.****Art Show Closes****Masquerade—Riverview**

Meet the best aliens and barbarian warriors in the Pacific Northwest.

9:00 p.m.**Filking—Klamath**

Ha, ha. Fooled you. You thought you'd get the little room again, didn't you?

Scotch-Loving Aliens from Mars—Umatilla

Jim Fiscus, Ed Foster

The Alien Kidnapping story of the Century! National Enquirer would give their eye teeth to get their hands on this story!

Helium Readings—YakimaRead *The Eye of Argon* and other terrible prose with a lungful of helium. If you don't pass out from lack of oxygen, you'll pass out from laughing!**10:00 p.m.****Dance—Riverview**

Hey, we had the room, y'know, so we had to use it...

12:00 midnight**Fan Room Closes**

Sunday

9:00 a.m.

Cereal and Cartoons—Video Rooms

Same idea as yesterday, different cartoons.

10:00 a.m.

Art Show Opens

What You Say is What You Get—Riverview

Luella Burrows, Mary Caraker, Megan Lindholm, Lori Ann White

Does the language we use and the way we use it determine the way we see the world, or is it the other way 'round?

SMOFS—Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, Fran Skene, Ben Yalow

How to recognize a SMOF. How to find one when you want one. How to become one. What more could you want?

Science Fiction Poetry—Umatilla

John DeCamp, Teri Lee

Reading and writing poetry with Science Fiction themes.

The Current Middle Ages—Yakima

Local SCA

What is the Society for Creative Anachronism and how does one become involved?

Dharmic Engineering— Art Show

Milo Duke, Ray Pelly, Rob Schouten

Learn what it is from the people who originated the concept.

11:00 a.m.

Dealers Room Opens

Recurring Themes in Science Fiction—Riverview

John Cramer, Dean Wesley Smith, Lori Ann White, Connie Willis

This panel identifies and discusses some themes that seem to continually crop up in Science Fiction.

Breaking into Television—Klamath

Steven Barnes, Mona Clee, Steve Perry

How an absolute beginner can sell her/his writing to Hollywood and become rich and famous.

My Significant Other is a Weirdo—Yakima

Pauline Cramer, Ray Takeuchi

Important people in the lives of our guests discuss how it is to live with a Science Fiction professional.

11:30 a.m.

Art Show Closes

12:00 noon

Fan Room Opens

Literary Science Fiction—Riverview

Paula Downing, Lucius Shepard, Bruce Taylor, Connie Willis

Can Science Fiction be True Lit-tra-toor, and is it any shame if it isn't?

High Society on the High Frontier— Klamath

Norman Hartman, Jonathan Post, Amy Thomson
How will the idle rich spend their time in outer space?

Art Auction—Umatilla

Bring your bucks. Help feed a starving artist.

Two Masks of the Hero—Yakima

Kris Demien

Using Joseph Cambell's theories of the Hero with a thousand faces, Kris compares two heros, ancient and modern: Teseus and Luke Skywalker.

Autographing, Steve Perry—Dealers Room

1:00 p.m.

Claymation!—Riverview

Will Vinton Productions

Animators from Will Vinton Productions display and demonstrate the intricate and painstaking animation techniques that made them famous.

Science Fiction that Means Something— Klamath

Steven Barnes, John Cramer, Dean Wesley Smith

First it had to be Literary, now it actually has to say something important. What's next? Chopped liver?

Readings, Nina Kiriki Hoffman and John DeCamp—Yakima

2:00 p.m.

Video Dates and Phone Sex—Klamath

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe, John Barnes, Elton Elliot

In this age of alienation and dangerous diseases, how will we meet and mate?

Con Theory 101—Umatilla

Vicki Mitchell, Fran Skene, Ben Yalow

Covers running all aspects of a convention, from registration to artshow to dead dog parties.

Reading, Steve Perry—Yakima

Autographing, Pulphouse Magazine—Dealers Room

3:00 p.m.

Trends in Short Fiction—Riverview

Eileen Gunn, Lucius Shepard, John Pelan

What's happening in the world of short stories, novelettes and novellas?

Chocolate Tasting—Klamath

Friends of the Doctor

An OryCon tradition! The FotD charge a slight fee to cover their costs, but it's more than worth it!

Counterrevolution!—Umatilla

Come and attack the OryCon 10 executive committee at their own event. Complaints and compliments heard and responded to.

Gafiation for Fun and Profit—Yakima

Ed Foster, Ben Yalow

How to disentangle yourself fromfannish activities.

4:00 p.m.

Dealers Room Closes

Fan Room Closes •

D E P A R T M E N T S

Art Show**Pat Steed**

When: Friday: 6:30-8:00 PM
 Saturday: 10:00 AM - 8:00 PM
 Sunday: 10:00 AM - 11:30 AM
 Where: Willamette & Deschutes Rooms
 (downstairs)

Meet the Artists Reception: Friday 6:30-7:30 PM
 in the Art Show

Art Auction: Sunday 12:00 Noon - 2:00 PM
 Umatilla Room (downstairs)

What will you see in the Art Show? Stars and stars, moons and madness, imagination set free. I don't yet know what forms the ideas will take. Look for elves and aliens; spaceships, starships, and ships that sail strange world seas; moonscapes, landscapes, sea- and starscapes; daemons and dragons; dreamers and their dreams. Maybe you'll see your dreams too.

There will be two pieces of original animation art from *Heavy Metal*, and artists working and talking in the Art Show room. Come, see what you can see.

Birthday Party

When: After Opening Ceremonies on Friday evening
 Where: Riverview Room

It's OryCon's tenth birthday, and we're throwing a big party for you and a few hundred close personal friends. Wear a funny hat!

Charades**Paul Wrigley**

When: Friday 11:00 PM
 Where: Umatilla Room (downstairs)

In place of the more usual trivia contest, we will be staging an English Style Charades competition. (It's English Style because I'm running it! Actually, there are a couple of quirks from the usual charades.)

The competition will be for teams of four, and priority will be given to teams who register before the convention. I'm planning for four teams, but once again I'm flexible. If enough of you contact me before the convention, I'll arrange enough clues for eight teams to participate.

**Dances****Debbie Cross and Marc Wells**

When: Friday 9:30 PM - Whenever
 Saturday 10:00 PM - Whenever
 Where: Riverview Room

Following the OryCon Birthday Party on Friday, a dance will be held in the Riverview Room. Music will be provided by Hi-Tech Sound, who promise to have lots of good current music that's danceable. Music will run until 2:00 AM or until everyone dies.

Saturday's dance will commence following the Masquerade, with music provided by our own Marc Wells and a few of his friends. Once again, you can dance till the cows come home.

Dealers**Debbie Cross**

When: Friday: 12:00 Noon - 7:00 PM
 Saturday: 10:00 AM - 6:00 PM
 Sunday: 11:00 AM - 4:00 PM
 Where: Rogue & McKenzie Rooms (upstairs)

If this is your first convention, you may not be familiar with the concept of the Dealers' Room, AKA Hucksters' Room. For others, you already know you're going to spend much of your time and money there. This year we have 28 dealers all ready to sell you their wares which include books (new, used, and collectable), jewelry, costuming goods, comics, games, music, art, and much more. A map will be posted at the door.

In addition to dealers there will be a table displaying the items for sale at the Susan C. Petrey Clarion Auction. Some of these will actually be for sale by written bid in the Dealers' Room. Book signings will also be taking place throughout the day.; see the Programming schedule for more information.

Fanzine Salon**Kris Demien**

When: Friday: 6:00-9:00 PM
 Saturday: 10:00 AM - 12:00 Midnight
 Sunday: 12:00 Noon - 4:00 PM
 Where: Umpqua Room (Interstate Wing)

That's right—it's back by popular demand. The most crowded room at last year's convention will be in the same place, roughly the same times, and on the same channel. Fanzine fans never went on a writers' strike.

If you managed to visit the Great Northwest for OryCon '87, you found the busy room known as the Fan Room directly across from the Hospitality Suite. Hundreds came to sniff musty paper pulp and other fans still fragrant with corflu. Individuals exclaimed "Mighod! They even have real coffee!" Some played at, what else, the planning of yet another convention. Others browsed through Richard Geis' own collection of *Psychotic* or perused a broad (no pun intended, of course) selection of fanzines created by femfans. While neofans wondered when the panel

would start, others gathered OE addresses from the sample APAs on-site. Many purchased publications made available for the weekend, including *Science Fiction Review* and the scarlet emerald edition of *Eye of Argon*.

All this and more (with a little help from our friends) will be available again. This year we're adding:

- Access to a Macintosh SE with a hard disk, for the production of an on-site one-shot.
- A writers' workshop for previously prepared manuscripts.
- Another writers' workshop with prompts of jumping-off places to generate material on-the-spot.
- An APA exchange: "You give me your spec and I'll give you mine."

If you would like to display some back issues of fanzines, sell some extras, or expand an APA roster, drop off your stuff at the Fanzine Salon. If you're just interested in fanzines and APAs, come by any time and share the vibes. If you haven't understood a word of this, come by anyway... you'll find lots of people to explain what's going on.

Filksinging

John Andrews

Friday: 9:00-10:00 PM in the Umatilla Room (downstairs), then 10:00 - ? in the Klamath Room (upstairs)

Saturday: 9:00 PM - ? in the Klamath Room (upstairs)

Once again, we will have filksinging at OryCon. Filksongs are fannish folk songs usually, though not exclusively, devoted to Science Fiction and Fantasy themes. Everybody is welcome to perform, participate in group songs, or just listen. No talent or experience is necessary.

Those who attended last year's filksings will remember that the room we used, the Yakima, turned out to be below the bar whose loud music made things difficult. So, this year, we are moving to the Klamath Room, far away from other sources of noise. However, because of other programming, this room may not be available until later in the evening.

Gaming

Andrew Nisbet & Cecilia Eng

When: See Pocket Program for schedules

Where: Wallowa, Nestucca, and Tualatin Rooms (Interstate Wing)

Yes, there will be gaming! Big games, little games, old games, new games — we've got your Middle Earth Role Playing Game, your basic Car Wars Game, your Twilight 2000 Game, your Rocky and Bullwinkle Game (*with hand puppets!*), and, back by popular demand from the far reaches of the Dark Con Tenants at CON-V, we bring you another Fury of Dracula tournament! The schedule continues to grow (and change and mutate and seethe and...No, don't break the laboratory seal... AAAGGGGHHH!!!!) so check your pocket program for current information. Sign-up

sheets for the games will be posted in the Tualatin room on the morning of the day the game is to be played. Stop by the gaming area early to get the best selection. Novice gamers are *welcome*, so if you are interested in any of the games, please do not hesitate to sign up, attend one or more of the character-creation sessions and join in the fun!

Additional information on scheduled games and other events is available in the pocket program and in the Tualatin room on the main level of the Interstate wing. Many of the games will offer prizes (check the signup sheets).

The Tualatin room will be available for open gaming. Ory-Con has provided copies of the following games which will be available in the Tualatin room for convention members' use: Car Wars, Cosmic Encounters, Dragonriders of Pern, Dungeons!, Fortress America, Fury of Dracula, Illuminati, The Legend of Robin Hood, Mystic Woods, Sorcerer's Cave, Toon, and Triplanetary. These games are *not* to be removed from the Tualatin room. The Tualatin room will be closed between 4:00 a.m. and 7:00 a.m. Any games still running at 4:00 a.m. will have to shut down until 7:00 a.m. or be moved to your own room(s), so *let the gamer beware!*

OryCon convention space may not be used to run games for a fee, as this activity could endanger our non-profit status. No Laser Tag/Killer games have been organized and none can be permitted due to limitations on our liability coverage. Alcoholic beverages will not be permitted in the gaming areas of OryCon; however, gamers of legal drinking age may feel free to avail themselves of the facilities in the Hospitality Suite. Violation of any of the Gaming rules may result in loss of convention membership, so follow the rules, be polite, remember to share, wash your hands before eating, enjoy the convention, have fun, be happy and remember—the computer is *your friend!*

Hospitality

Linda Forsyth

When: 10:00 AM - 2:00 AM all days

Where: Kennedy Suite (Interstate Wing)

Ye Olde Hospitality Suite will be open during the convention from 10:00 AM to 2:00 AM, serving the finest (?) in drinks and snackables. Beer and wine will be available from 4:00 PM till closing, and *all drinkers will be asked* for ID; Oregon Law requires that anyone consuming alcohol be over 21. No food or drink may leave Hospitality, in compliance with hotel regulations. There will be a separate space set aside for committing air-pollution, or smoking, and plenty of space for conversation and the satisfying of the occasional case of munchies or dry-throat.

As always, people willing to smile and chat and play with food are needed to help out. Just show up and mention your willingness and we'll hogtie you to... I mean, find a time for you to volunteer that will fit your busy OryCon schedule. Any help will be appreciated. End of commercial.

Hotel

Patty Wells

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

1. Remember that masks which conceal the face are not allowed in the hotel lobby and public areas, registration, or bars and food outlets. It makes the cashiering staff understandably nervous.

2. No running in public areas.

3. Please read and abide by the weapons policy detailed on page 32. This also helps make the hotel staff feel more

comfortable with our convention.

4. Attaching anything to walls by any means is strictly forbidden. Check the registration area for a notice board or table.

5. Parties are to be held only in the designated wing. Persons hosting parties are responsible for maintaining crowd and noise control, as well as monitoring that minors are not served liquor. Oregon's legal drinking age is 21.

6. Our policy on room occupancy is that only guests registered with the hotel should be sleeping in the hotel, i. e. no room stuffing or sleeping in other areas of the hotel. There is *no* advertising of crash space.

7. Be sure to obey the dress codes for the individual restaurants and bars in the hotel.

The Red Lion Columbia River staff have expressed their pleasure at hosting OryCon for a second year. They have asked us to pass along how much they enjoyed hosting OryCon last year.

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

Masquerade

Tash Robb

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

Registration

We encourage all entrants to hand their forms in early so the costume call organizers have a good idea of how many people are entering. Entry forms may be picked up and handed in at the office on Friday or Saturday, or brought to the prejudging.

OryCon Masquerade Rules

1. All costumes should be science fiction, fantasy, or a related subject.

2. Each contestant is allowed 2 minutes only to display their costume and make their presentation. Please talk to the masquerade organizers if you need more time.

3. Avoid costumes that violate local indecent exposure laws for nudity. In other words, keep it *reasonably* decent.

4. No peanut butter costumes.

5. No flash pictures while contestants are on stage.

6. Contestants with costumes and/or props that are potentially hazardous to themselves, the people around them, or to the hotel's property must notify the organizers at least two hours before the masquerade.

7. If you have any special needs: chairs, microphone, music, marks on the stage, etc. please talk to the masquerade organizers at least two hours before the masquerade so we 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 convention office.

9. Anyone harassing or threatening the Master of Ceremonies, the costume judges or masquerade organizers either verbally, through body language or by brandishing weapons will be disqualified from the Masquerade and subject to *all* consequences prescribed by Security and the policies of Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc.

Awards

We 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 Group

Best Media Costume

Best Presentation

Best Craftsmanship

Best of Show

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

Opening Ceremonies

Sue Renhard

When: Friday 7:30 PM
Where: Riverview Room

Two years ago, Opening Ceremonies was at 5:00pm. Last year, it was 6:00pm. This year, Opening Ceremonies will be at 7:30pm Friday evening in the Riverview Room. (If this continues, in another ten years, Opening Ceremonies will be at 6:00pm on Saturday.) The Not Ready For Sidereal Time Players will again tickle your funnybone, provoke your thoughts and generally assault your senses. Dress will be informal. Thank you for not smoking or throwing tomatoes.

Operations

Richard Threadgill

The operations department at OryCon will again be handling all branches of Security, Troubleshooting, the Office, and our Gopher staff. We can also help you with information, answer many useful and useless questions (occasionally correctly), and are desperate for company. Anyone who would like to help should come down to the office and volunteer. Since our troubleshooting staff will be working out of the office, we will be open 24 hours a day during the convention, but we tend to be more awake (read sentient) during the day. Also, all volunteers become eligible for the Ben Yalow Award for Volunteerism above and beyond the call of Sanity.

Although the convention cannot at present provide child-care facilities, if you do need babysitting we *may* be able to help.

We are also trying to keep track of all trained medical staff on site. If you have any kind of current, valid medical licensing (or even minimal Red Cross training) please let us know. In the event of a medical emergency, please contact operations second—after calling 911, which is the Oregon Emergency Services dispatch number (i.e., Medical, Fire, Police). If you have a medical problem which is not severe enough to warrant a hospital trip or immediate paramedic care, we can probably be of assistance, and we have taxied people to the hospital before, when necessary. Regardless, let us know if any medical problems should arise.

For the sake of our troubleshooting staff, please let us know if you're throwing a party. That allows us to keep a friendly eye on things and be helpful if any problems occur; besides, I

want to know where to get a drink when I get off-duty! All party hosts should be aware that drinking age in Oregon is 21, and the host is considered responsible for any minors given alcohol under any circumstances.

Thank you for your help and enjoy the Convention!

Publications

David Levine

I'm the guy who did the Progress Reports and the Regress Reports leading up to the convention. I'm the guy who did this Program Book and your Pocket Program. And I'm the guy who will do the Daily Zine. Look to the Pocket Program for more up-to-date and compact information than this Program Book. Look to the Daily Zine for even more updated information. And if you have any information that needs to get out to the convention, look for me in the halls, or drop it off in the office (Clackamas Room, upstairs). I'll make sure it gets into the Daily Zine.

Registration

John Lorentz

When: Thursday: 8:00-10:00 PM
Friday: 10:00 AM - Midnight
Saturday: 9:00 AM - 9:00 PM
Sunday: 10:00 AM - 2:00 PM

Where: Hotel lobby

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

At-the-door rates are \$25 for the weekend. One-day memberships are also available:

Friday \$12
Saturday \$18
Sunday \$10

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

Remember, keep your badge on you at all times. It is your proof of membership, and you will be asked to show when you enter the convention areas.

OryCon 11 memberships will be available at the Registration area Sunday afternoon for \$12.

Security

Richard Threadgill

Due to circumstances beyond our control, OryCon 10 will be a weaponless convention. We must also ask people wearing full face masks to avoid the lobby, since masks, like mock weaponry, *really* disturb the cashiers. In spite of these two restrictions (my costumes normally include a boot knife—except at OryCon!), we will be doing our best to help you enjoy your convention, and volunteers are, as always, greatly appreciated. Anyone wishing to volunteer for security or troubleshooting duty should check in with the operations desk, and if possible attend the operations training session on Friday night.

Video

Scott Casebeer and Ron Dunevant

When: Friday 2:00 PM - Sunday 6:00 PM
Closed 4:00 AM - 7:00 AM

Where: Nehalem & Santiam Rooms (upstairs)

We've got a neat video program for you again this year, including *The Princess Bride* (this year's Hugo winner), a Big Numbers Festival (1984, 2001, and 2010), *Buckaroo Banzai*, *Fire and Ice*, *Brazil*, *Repo Man*, *The Brother from Another Planet*, a Dino De Laurentiis festival (*Dune*, *Flash Gordon*, and *Barbarella*), *Around the World in 80 Days*, and more!! Check the pocket program for details.

Note: The video program will be available on your hotel TV (two channels!) as well as in the video rooms.

Weapons Policy

In line with the Standard Practice at most major conventions, including recent World conventions, the carrying and wearing of weapons will not be permitted, except as part of a Masquerade contestant's costume, or as part of other designated events, and then only during the event, or in transit to and from the event. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event. Failure to do so are grounds for immediate expulsion from the convention.

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

Any weapons purchased in the Dealer's Room must be securely wrapped.

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



S U E P E T R E Y F U N D

The Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship Fund

Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley

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

This scholarship is a memorial to Susan, a friend of ours, and a member of the Portland Science Fiction Society. Since her death, almost eight 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. With the return of Clarion West, we have alternated scholarships between the two sites. Next year's scholarship will be awarded to an attendee of Clarion West.

Money to fund the scholarship has been raised mainly by auctions at science fiction conventions. For sale at this year's auction, to be held in the Klamath Room on Saturday afternoon at approximately 4:30 p.m., are galleys by Michael Bishop, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Charles Whitmore, Pamela Sargent, Leigh Kennedy, Richard Cowper, Paul Park, Brian Jacques, Harry Harrison, Sheri Tepper, Beth Meacham (Terry's Universe) & others. We also have signed manuscripts by Lucius Shepard & Steve Perry, and a photocopy of an early typewritten state of "Neverona" by Samuel R. Delany with hand written corrections. There will also be artwork, jewelry, Stephen King & Clive Barker memorabilia, a volcanic video, complete annual runs of F&SF, and more. (A flyer contained in your Registration Packet will have more complete 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 scholarship which paid not only the full cost of tuition but a partial payment towards room & board.

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

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

Mona is a special Guest of Honor at OryCon and tales of her exploits since Clarion will be found elsewhere in the Program Book. We are both extremely pleased that OryCon 10 & OSFCI are able to acknowledge one of the recipients of the scholarship at this year's convention. Mona has published many short stories since Clarion & also co-scripted one of the episodes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Susan Kray tells us that since Clarion she has been rewriting her werewolf novel and has submitted speculative scripts to both *Beauty and the Beast* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

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

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

John Bunnell	Debbie Cross
Jeff Frane	Future Dreams
Van Green	Ursula K. LeGuin
Looking Glass Books	Malinda McFadden
OryCon 11	Steve Perry
Quicksilver Fantasies	Jim Sanderson
Lucius Shepard	John Teall
Marc & Patty Wells	WesterCon 43
Wrigley-Cross Books	

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

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

We look forward to seeing you there.

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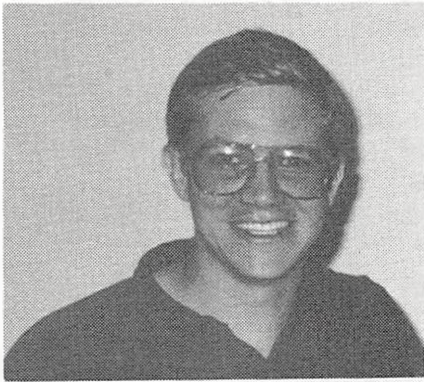
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G U E S T S

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe

William Affleck-Asch-Lowe has been involved in Fandom and Gaming since 1978. He has been in several APAs and published two zines, *C.F. Machiavelli* and *All Of The Above* (with Fran Skene). He has also designed and refereed a number of play-by-mail role playing games. He has published gaming articles in Canada, the U.S., and Australia. He has worked at a number of conventions, in particular V-Cons, where he has been the Gaming Coordinator since 1984, and co-chaired V-Con 14/Convention 6.

John Alvarez

"Soon To Be Famous Artist!"

This Portland artist maintains the philosophy that all artists should be worshiped as gods. John is a self-taught god with the addition of two years of study at Portland's Northwest College of Art. John's work appears in the *Horrorshow* magazine and *Pulp-house*, the hardback magazine. (John also enjoys writing his own biographies.)

Kevin Anderson

Kevin's first novel, *Resurrection, Inc.*, a cross between gothic horror and hard SF, was published in July. He has sold over 130 short stories, articles, and reviews to *F&SF*, *Amazing*, *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 13*, *New Destinies 4*, *Full Spectrum*, *Astronomy*, *Dragon*, *The Horror Show*, *Grue*, and others. Kevin has been very active in the small press, particularly with the Small Press Writers and Artists Organization. Nominated twice for the Best Small Press Writer award, Kevin has won the Dale Donaldson Memorial Award for Lifetime Service to the Small Press. With a background in physics, astronomy, and Russian history, he works full time as a technical editor for a large research laboratory.

Kim Antieau

Kim Antieau's fiction has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *The Clinton Street Quarterly*, *Shadows 8*, *Shadows 9*, *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 13*, *Doom City*, *Twilight Zone*, and *Fantasy Book*. She has several stories forthcoming and is currently at work on an SF novel, *A Vagabond for Genesis*. She lives with her husband, writer Mario Milosevic, in Goldendale, Washington, where she works as a librarian in the most beautiful library in the world.

Sharon Baker

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

John Barnes

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

Steven Barnes

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

Donna Barr

Donna Barr first got her hands on a pencil soon after birth. Since then, nothing (including your forehead if you stand still) has been safe from her drawings (or her writing). She has worked all over the sci-fi and fantasy community. Not because he's into either, but her work is so far out in left pasture that nobody knew where else to put her. She is presently doing her principal work with the comic-book industry (Eclipse, GraphXpress, Chrome Tiger). Look for her series in the anthology comic book "The Dreamery."

Betty Bigelow

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

Luella Burrows

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

Armand Cabrera

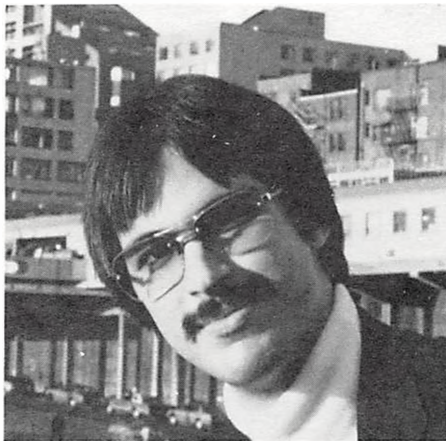
Armand Cabrera has been drawing for as long as he can remember. He began painting when he was given his first set of acrylics at the age of 15. The main influences on Armand's art style have been N. C. Wyeth, Howard Pyle, and the space art masters Bonestell, Pesek, and McCall. For the past year or two, Armand has been devoted to learning the technique of airbrush painting.

Mary Caraker



Mary Caraker has written both juvenile and adult science fiction. Her adult novels are *Seven Worlds* and *Watersong*, and her new young adult novel, *The Snows of Jaspre*, will be out in the spring. She has written a variety of short fiction for such periodicals as *Analog*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and *Cricket*. She lives in San Francisco with her husband and various of her four children, enjoys traveling, lunches, and most of all, creating strange and wonderful worlds.

Frank Catalano



Frank Catalano is a professional freelance writer and media consultant. He's written for *Omni*, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Analog*, and others, and has been publisher of *Macintosh Horizons* and *Call-APPLE* magazines. He's also spent 14 years in broadcasting. Currently he is Secretary of the Science Fiction Writers of America.

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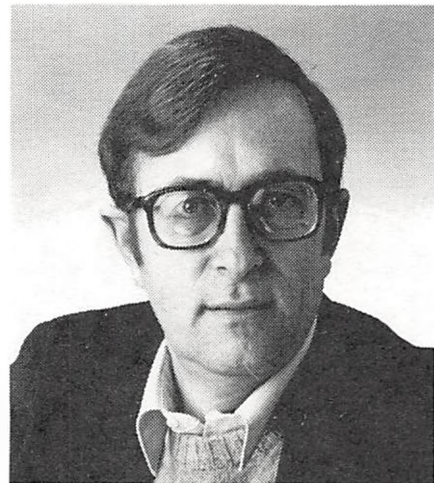
Photographer of the OryCon 10 Program Book Cover

Michael Coney



Michael Coney says that he has at last discovered how to shake off the "British Writer" tag: write fantasy instead of SF. Readers expect fantasy writers to have materialized out of God's subconscious, rather than to have been born in a specific country. After some fifteen SF novels (including *Rax*, *Cat Karina*, *Celestial Steam Locomotive*, and *Gods of the Greataway*) he turned to novels like *Fang*, *The Gnome* and its sequel *King of the Scepter'd Isle*, which with titles like that have got to be fantasy.

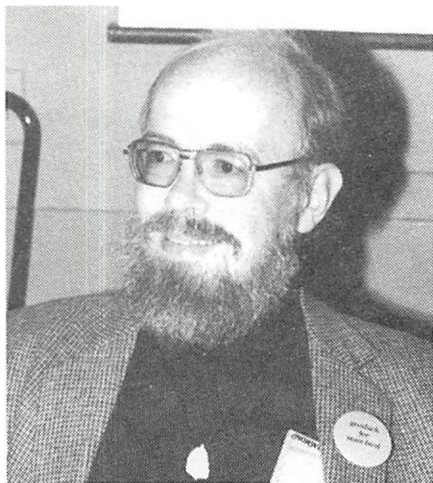
John G. Cramer



John G. Cramer's first novel *Twistor*, a near-future hard SF novel with a Seattle setting, is scheduled for hardcover publication by Wm. Morrow & Co. in March, 1989. Since 1984 John has written the bi-monthly science column, "The Alternate View," for *Analog* and recently completed his 32nd column. He also reviews SF books for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *NY Review of Science Fiction*. John is Professor of Physics and Director of the Nuclear Physics Laboratory at the University of Washington in Seattle. He was born in Houston, Texas and received his physics Ph. D. from Rice University. John, his wife, Pauline, and their daughters Kathryn and Karen, have been attending science fiction conventions since 1981.

Lon Cudy

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

John De Camp

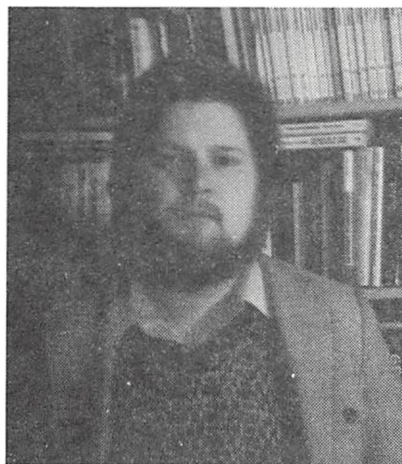
Credits include a book entitled *In the Shadow of Atlantis*, a poetic essay published by Heron's Quill; a short story, "Out in the Rain," published in the Science Fiction anthology *Wet Visions*; a substantial amount of poetry to various sources including *Asimov's*. Currently he is circulating an action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

William Dietz

William C. Dietz, a public relations manager in a large telecommunications company, is the author of *War World*, *Freehold*, and *Imperial Bounty*. He has also co-authored a book with David Drake, entitled *Cluster Command*, which is due to be published in late 1988 or early 1989. At the moment he is busy writing the third book in a series about Sam McCade, an interstellar bounty hunter a thousand years in the future. Bill lives in north Seattle, along with his wife Marjorie and two children.

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 represented in private collections and museums.

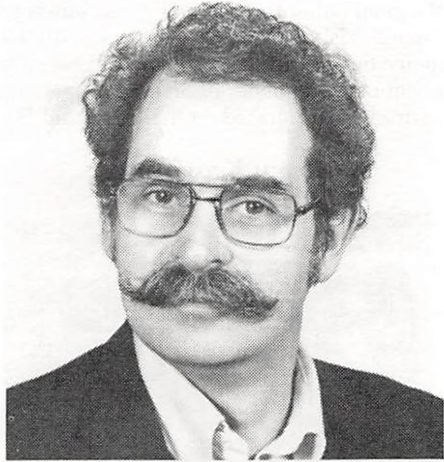
Elton Elliott

Elton Elliott has published four novels with Richard E. Geis under the penname "Richard Elliott." The latest, *The Einstein Legacy*, appeared in December 1987.

Ed Foster

Ed Foster, both a well known fan and author (as Edwin Foster or E.L. Foster), was a major force in the early days of the Portland Science Fiction Society. Since that time he has gone on to publish a number of novels, both S.F. and Mainstream, including the acclaimed *Star Lust*. He currently resides in Gorst, Washington.

James W. Fiscus



Jim Fiscus is a Portland writer and photographer. His work as a photographer has, however, been interspersed with bouts of academic activity. He taught military history for two years at Portland State University, and has recently completed a Master of Arts in middle east and Asian history. Islam, and its role in the Iran-Iraq war, is at the center of his SF story "A Time of Martyrs" in the anthology *There Will Be War, Volume V*. His latest story, "Toehold," now in submission, had a working title of "Toes of Lust." The story should not be taken as a metaphor for man's fate in the 1980's, nor does it accurately portray the relationship between writers and publishers.

Eileen Gunn



Eileen Gunn lives in Seattle where she writes short stories for fun and profit. Her most recent story, "Stable Strategies for Middle Management," appears in the June 1988 issue of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Earlier stories have been published in *Amazing* and in the anthologies *Proteus* and *Tales By Moonlight*. She hopes that she is more amusing in person than she seems in brief biographical blurbs.

Jon Gustafson



Jon Gustafson has been active in Fandom for twelve years. He has been Guest of Honor at various Northwest conventions and is an instrumental force behind MosCon. He operates JMG Appraisals, a professional SF/fantasy art appraisal service. His first book was *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*.

Norman E. Hartman



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

Nina Kiriki Hoffman

Nina Kiriki Hoffman has had short fiction published in the following places: *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*; *Dragon Magazine*; Charles L. Grant's anthologies *Shadows 8*, *Shadows 9*, *Greystone Bay*, and *Doom City*; Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Tales By Moonlight*; Algis Budrys's *Writers of the Future, Volume 1*; and in a number of small press publications, including *Footsteps*, *Kalliope*, *Snapdragon*, and *Fantash & Terror*. She has stories scheduled to appear in *Tales By Moonlight II*, *Pulphouse*, *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Grue*. Presently, she lives in Eugene amongst others of her ilk.

Nina Kiriki Hoffman**Marilyn Holt**

Marilyn J. Holt recently concentrated her efforts on fiction writing, business reorganization, and the ongoing battle against entropy. She writes science fiction, mysteries, non-genre fiction, poetry and criticism, but owes close friends several years of correspondence. She is a member of the Clarion West Science Fiction Writer's Workshop committee, and was Co-Director of Clarion West for two years. Her published non-fiction work includes critical studies of fiction by Joanna Russ, Rudyard Kipling, and Gertrude Atherton. She belongs to the Science Fiction Writers of America and the Mystery Writers of America.

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 Electrica 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 Ph. D. in Physics in 1984. He has worked on a wide range of physics problems, from automated astronomy

(searching for super-novae, and for the elusive solar companion Nemesis) to X-ray holography. These days, he is a Generic Hand-waving 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 filksinger, and was a partner of Off Centaur Publications (publisher of SF and fantasy music), for which he acquired and operated Archaic Printing Equipment.

Jerry Kaufman

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

Damon Knight**Megan Lindholm**

Megan Lindholm writes: "*Wolf's Brother*, the sequel to *The Reindeer People*, will be out from Ace Books in October 1988. I've recently sold a short story, 'Silver Lady and the Fortyish Man,' to Asimov's, and I have another short story, 'The Unicorn in the Maze,' in the children's anthology *The Unicorn Treasury* from Doubleday, edited by Bruce Colville. That last should be available in Fall of 1988. *Luck of the Wheels*, a Ki and Vandien novel, should be available from Ace sometime in 1989."

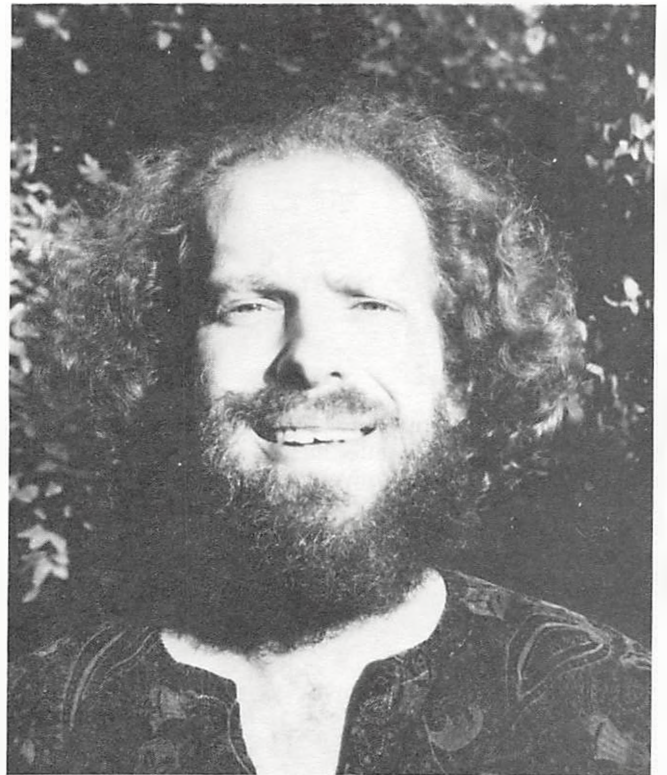
Vince Kohler

Vince Kohler reviews science fiction and reports on space and other topics for *The Oregonian*. He is shown here piloting the space shuttle simulator at the Alabama Space & Rocket Center, where in 1987 he attended Adult Space Academy and won the Outstanding Trainee Award. Kohler has filed stories from NASA Mission Control in Houston; from European Space Agency headquarters in Paris; and from China's Xichang Satellite Launch Center near Burma. He belongs to numerous professional organizations, including the British Interplanetary Society, the American Astronautical Society, the Aviation and Space Writers Association, and the Science Fiction Research Association. Kohler writes comic thrillers with science-fictional elements, set on Oregon's rainy South Coast, and fervently believes that one day his manuscripts will find a home.

Ursula K. LeGuin**Cyn Mason**

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

Guests

Cyn Mason**Carl Miller**

Carl Miller's education, regular and irregular, includes biology, geology, paleontology, anthropology, poetry, art, and alchemical hypnosis. His occupations and preoccupations include writing fantasy novels and reality poetry, playing acoustic guitar, camping in the Cascades, cutting firewood, petting cats, and occasional socializing at events like this one. His first novel, *Dragonbound*, is due in print momentarily from Ace Fantasy, and his second, *The Warrior and the Witch*, will appear near the end of 1989.

Mario Milosevic

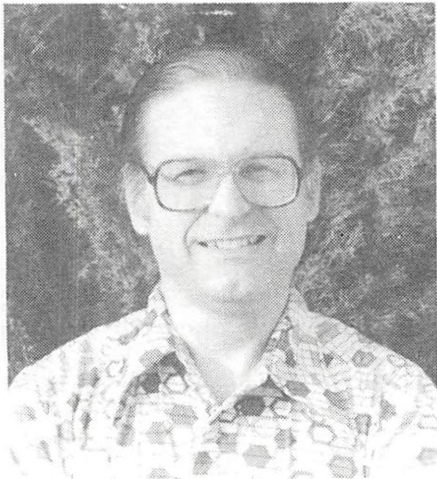
Mario Milosevic was born near Naples, Italy. He moved to Canada with his parents when he was a year old and was raised in Sadbury, Ontario. He settled in the Northwest about six years ago, and now lives in Goldendale, Washington with his wife, writer Kim Antieau. He has been a computer programmer, typographer, book reviewer, paste-up artist, and newspaper columnist. An alumnus of Clarion, his fiction has appeared in *The Clarion Awards*, *Space and Time*, and *The Bandon Undertow*.

Vicki Mitchell



Vicki Mitchell has been involved in science fiction since 1977. She's been a regular committee member of MosCon and has assisted at other Northwest conventions. In 1986, she won the *Amazing Stories* Calendar Story Contest.

Fred Patten

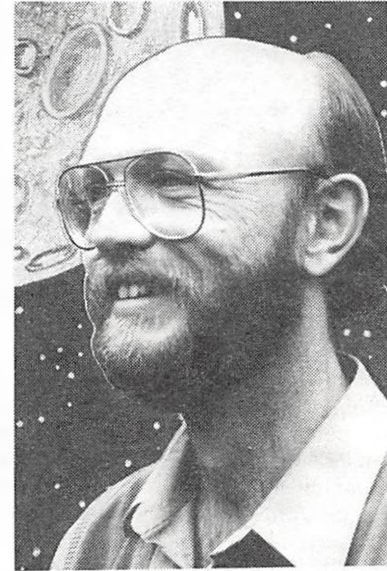


Fred Patten is a native southern Californian who has been active in Fandom since 1960. He's been a committee member of many local and regional conventions, and was Fan Guest of Honor at the 1971 DeepSouthCon and the 1984 ConQuistador.

John Pelan

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

Ray Pelley



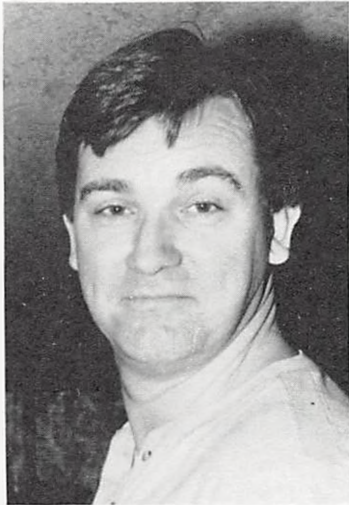
Ray Pelley, artist and founding member of the Dharmic Engineers, is a popular favorite on the West Coast, in and out of the science fiction market. His work has shown at fairs, local galleries, and The Illuminarium Gallery of Visionary Art in California, and he had a successful one-man show at the Carolyn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

Steve Perry

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

Perry has sold two dozen stories to various magazines, including: *Omni*, *Asimov's*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Galaxy*, *Pulp-smith*, *Wings*, *Weird Tales*, and *Stardate*. Other stories have appeared in assorted anthologies, both original and reprint. Additionally, Perry has sold articles to magazines ranging from *The American Blade* to *Publisher's Weekly*, and to various newspapers. He is currently working on his twentieth novel.

Steve Perry

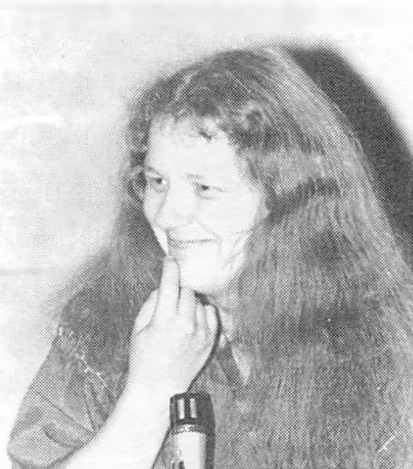


Jonathan V. Post



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

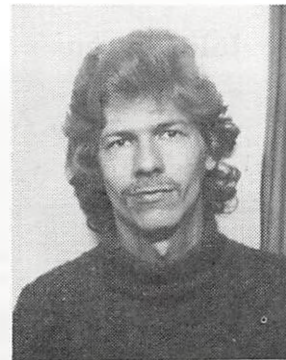
Jessica Amanda Salmonson



Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Jessica Amanda Salmonson is the author of *Tomoe Gozen*, *The Golden Naginata*, *The Swordsman*, and *Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman*. Jessica has also edited a number of important anthologies including *Amazons!*, *Amazons II*, *Heroic Visions*, and *Tales by Moonlight*. Recently, Doubleday has published *The Lost Room* volumes 1 and 2, which are collections of work by Fritz-James O'Brien edited by Jessica. Her short stories have appeared in dozens of magazines and anthologies of both heroic fantasy and horror. Not being a science fiction fan, Jessica is more interested in promoting classic and classic-style Fantasy and Horror.

Rob Schouten



Rob Schouten was born in 1956 in Rotterdam, The Netherlands, and has been living and working in the United States since 1979. As a painter, he has "been awake on the spirit path" for the past seven years. Several times annually he exhibits his work at various galleries across the country. He also works in close cooperation with a number of other artists under the name "Dharmic Engineers," as well as pursuing his own personal art career. The main purpose of his art is to bring its viewers in touch with their spiritworld through symbolic visual images.

Fran Skene



Fran Skene has been active in Canadian Fandom since 1973. She has published several fanzines, the most recent of which is *All Of The Above (AOTA)* with Willam Affleck-Asch-Lowe. She has chaired five conventions, including the Vancouver Westercon, and worked for a number of others. She is a public librarian, and has done a lot of storytelling, script and poetry writing, and literary criticism.

Dean Wesley Smith

Dean Wesley Smith has sold dozens of short stories to such widely varied markets as *Oui*; *Writers of the Future, Volume 1*; *Gambling Times*; *The Horror Show*; and *Night Cry*. He currently works on various book-length projects, writes a regular short fiction review column for Orson Scott Card's magazine *Short Form*, and is the publisher of *Pulphouse, the Hardback Magazine*.

Lita R. Smith-Gharet

Lita is a national and world recognized ivory carver, and has been featured in several magazines and more than 50 newspapers. Lita enjoys costuming and has been a guest at many conventions.

Julie Stevens



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

Bruce Taylor

Bruce Taylor has had stories published in *New Dimensions 9* and *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 UTO-PROP Literary Art Agency, and he has had stories appear in *Tele-Match* and *Science Fiction Jahrbuch 1985* (Moewig). He has a story accepted for publication in Germany in December, a story in the August 1986 publication *Image*, sponsored by the Seattle Arts Commission. His current goal(s): keep right on publishing and working on several non-Science Fiction novels.

Bruce spent the summer of 1986 traveling in Europe and was writer in residence at Shakespeare and Company, Paris. While there, he was filmed by NBC as he gave a reading of his short stories. A story of his was published in *Pulphouse*, September 1988, and he will have a short story appearing in *Twilight Zone* magazine in December 1988. He is also on the board for Clarion West.

Bruce Taylor



Lynne Taylor

Lynne Taylor has been participating in S.F. conventions for over 8 years and her humorous pen and ink drawings have attracted enthusiastic response. In 1986 her penguin cartoons were published as a calendar, and her artwork has appeared on the cover of *Signature* magazine and *Nor'wrestling* magazine. She has served as Art Director for a printing firm and two national outdoor magazines. She is the co-owner of *Northwest Fine Art Press* (a company specializing in printing limited edition fine art prints).

Amy Thomson

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

Lori Ann White



Lori Ann White

I am currently living in Sunnyvale, California, with writer Gary Shockley. Since OryCon '87, I've sold stories to *Full Spectrum II*, *Pulphouse I*, and *Pulphouse Report* (not to be confused with *Pulphouse*). Also non-fiction and poetry to other small markets. I am, of course, working on a novel.

Kate Wilhelm



Ben Yalow



Ben Yalow

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

Julie A. Zetterberg



Julie Zetterberg is glad that for her, costuming is *only* a hobby—not a way of life. (And if you believe that...) She has been making and wearing costumes since 1974, first as a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, then at science fiction conventions and other historical diversions. She has appeared as everything from the space station in 2001 to the Empress of the Universe. Costuming has given her odd pleasures and occasional rewards, and at this year's Nolacon II she won for the third time in a Worldcon masquerade. She lives and works in Seattle.

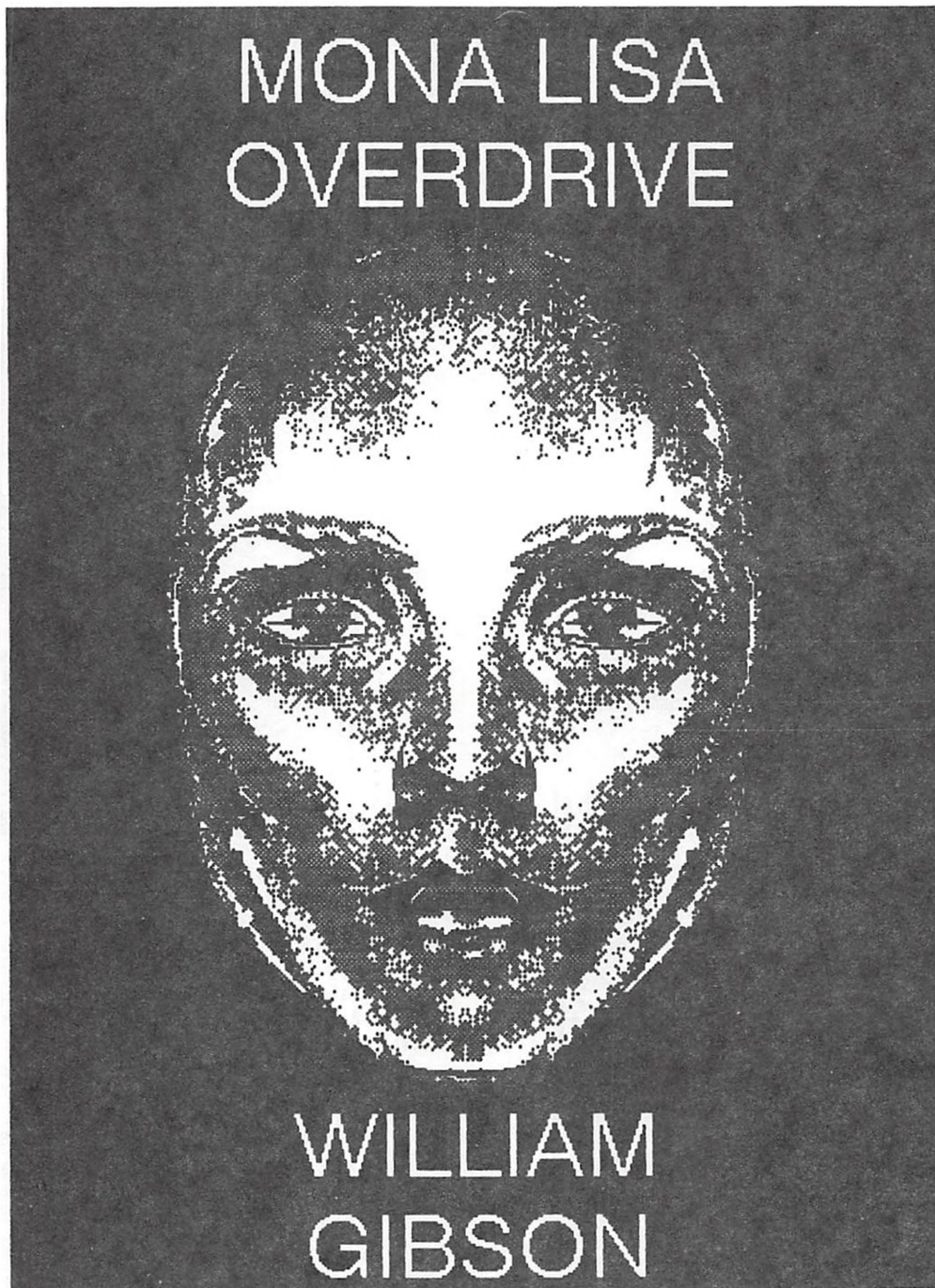
No information was received for the following guests:

- Jinx Beers
- John Berry
- Dale Hammell
- K.W. Jeter
- Teri Lee
- Marilyn Mørk
- Vonda McIntyre
- Tony Wolk
- Will Vinton

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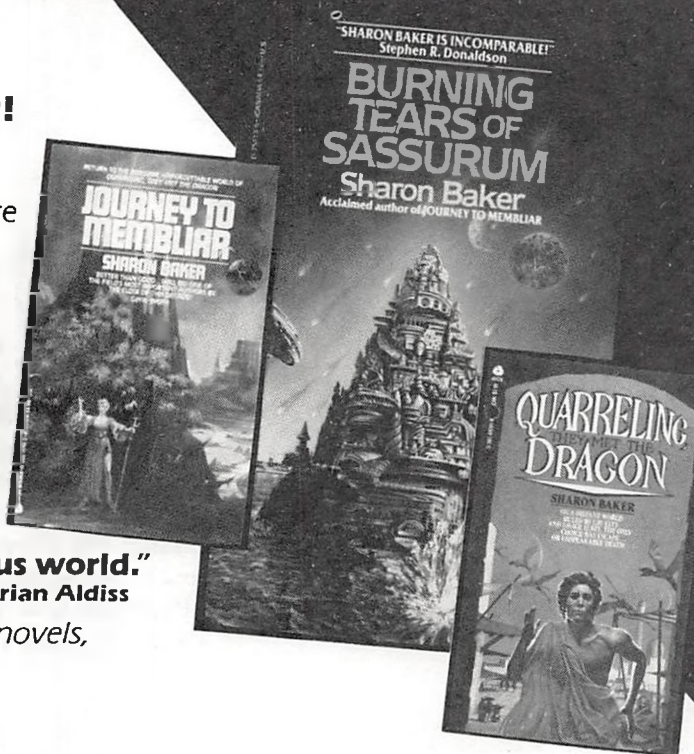
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Brian Aldiss

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