

PORSFIS NEWSLETTER

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE PORTLAND SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY OCTOBER-NOVEMBER ISSUE NO. 5

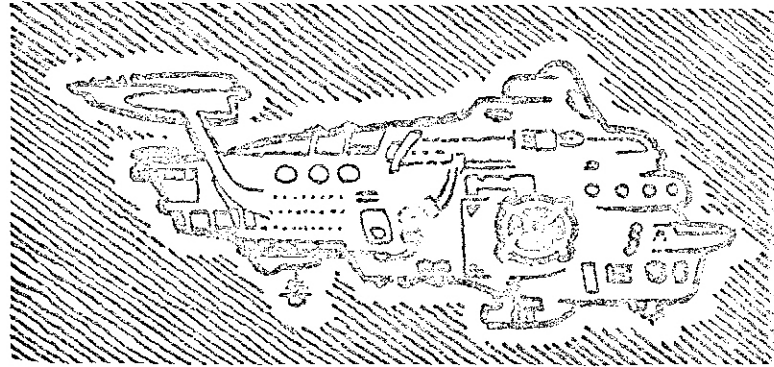
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Information given out at the last PorsFis meeting was incorrect--the next meeting will NOT be at The Long Goodbye. It will be held at the regular time at the library. The next meeting will be Oct. 28. It will be a very important one as it is the last before the symposium. Please remind other members or interested parties of this change in plans. Once again, the meetings are not being changed to The Long Goodbye, but will be at the Multnomah County Library!!!!

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WANTED: Trivia questions for the symposium program. If you have any good ones please submit them to Roger Wells at the next PorsFis meeting.



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THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS

The Illustrated Store is changing its format. Carl Bennett, the proprietor, is in the process of returning the majority of his stock of older titles. This will enable him to purchase mostly new titles. Patrons will not have to wait for the latest releases and will still be able to order any older titles in print. Carl says he hopes to build up a larger stock of used books, too. At the same time he will be adding some new items like T-shirts and games.

Harlequin Mass has finally released its first album with the cover illustrations by Carl Bennett. He has several copies available at the store. Many PorsFis members will remember that two members of the band used to meet with us regularly at the store. That was certainly back in the old days.

Carl will be at the symposium with some of his wares for sale. He has several hardcover copies left of The Ophiuchi Hotline by John Varley. The symposium will be the perfect opportunity to get one autographed.

The back of the store has been rearranged also. The PorsFis library has new shelving. Carl would like to see more members using it. The space is donated and we should utilize it for more than storage. If you're a new face to Carl, don't be shy about introducing yourself as a PorsFis member and asking how to get to the library. It's a cheap way to read and we don't even have overdue fines.



PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER AS A YOUNG FAN

John Lorentz

IguanaCon was the largest WorldCon ever--and was also my first (and possibly last) World Science Fiction Convention. A WorldCon is quite different from other Science Fiction Conventions. At the other Cons, there is a lot of mingling, partying and entertaining, informative programming. There is all this at a World Convention, too--but there is so much that it is impossible to enjoy it all and people, out of self-defense, congregate in groups familiar to them, causing an event such as IguanaCon to be more cliquish and and political than a smaller convention, especially in such things as the Hugo awards. During the presentations, the winners of the two fan awards (writer and artist) were booed by some groups. This all is why I may not bother to attend any other WorldCons. The politicking intrudes at all times, and really makes it hard to enjoy the Con with the joyful abandon that smaller conventions cause.

On the positive side, there was Harlan Ellison. (There are a few people that may disagree with this, but I wear a button saying "I believe in Harlan Ellison", so I may be accused of being a bit biased.) Harlan came to the Con saying that he was going to be a more visible GoH and he was--giving several readings, appearing on several panels and living part-time in a plastic pyramid, writing a story that was taped to the wall as he finished each page. He was visibly choked up as he gave his GoH speech at the Hugo awards, since he came up through fandom, but he was performing at his best while giving a "reading", that was really a three-hour show, with a few short readings tossed in. In the end, he asked to be let go, so that he could be other things than a science fiction writer--then he won still another Hugo (for "Jeffty Is Five") and auctioned a copy of the first-draft script of "I, Robot" (which he has written) to a lady from Toronto for \$1900. Whether he wants it or not, he will still be an object of SF fandom.

Other events included the Masquerade, where there were several outstanding costumes; the Virginia Heinlein "Power of attorney" Blood Drive; and a world premiere of the movie, Watership Down.

Other disappointments included: having to go back and forth between the Adams and Hyatt Regency hotels for the events, the ridiculously small Hyatt pool, the asininity of some of the hotel people and a particular security guard in the art room. And the heat. It is impossible to describe the heat, except maybe to say that the coolest it ever got, day or night, was about the same as the hottest day this summer in Portland. Though a bit more humid.

And then there was the Rocky Horror Picture Show, midnight at the Sombrero Theatre. We have decided that Rocky fans have been cloned and sent to all the theatres in the land. The audiences are identical--same lines and same reactions and same faces--wherever you may go. The print of Rocky that the Con was to have shown was recalled, along with the other 16mm prints. Word is out that Rocky Horror Picture Show will be soon re-released to the legit movie houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Begisadat were irreconcilable. Despite inflation in the 25th century, which had pushed the cost of interstellar visiphone connections out of this universe, their son Bob insisted that he needed his own phone. Mrs. Begisadat was adamant: their child was a growing young man; he needed his privacy. Mr. Begisadat was equally emphatic: the cost of even a simple transsolar hook-up would leave them hopelessly in debt. Meanwhile, while the parents bickered, their son was becoming a nervous wreck.

Ed Foster studied the situation calmly. It did not take him long to realize the true cause of the son's anguish. He had fallen hopelessly in love with a young Hynsian colonist, yet every time he wanted to call her in private, he had to use a public pay booth. Furthermore, the Hynsian colony was within the local solarian exchange.

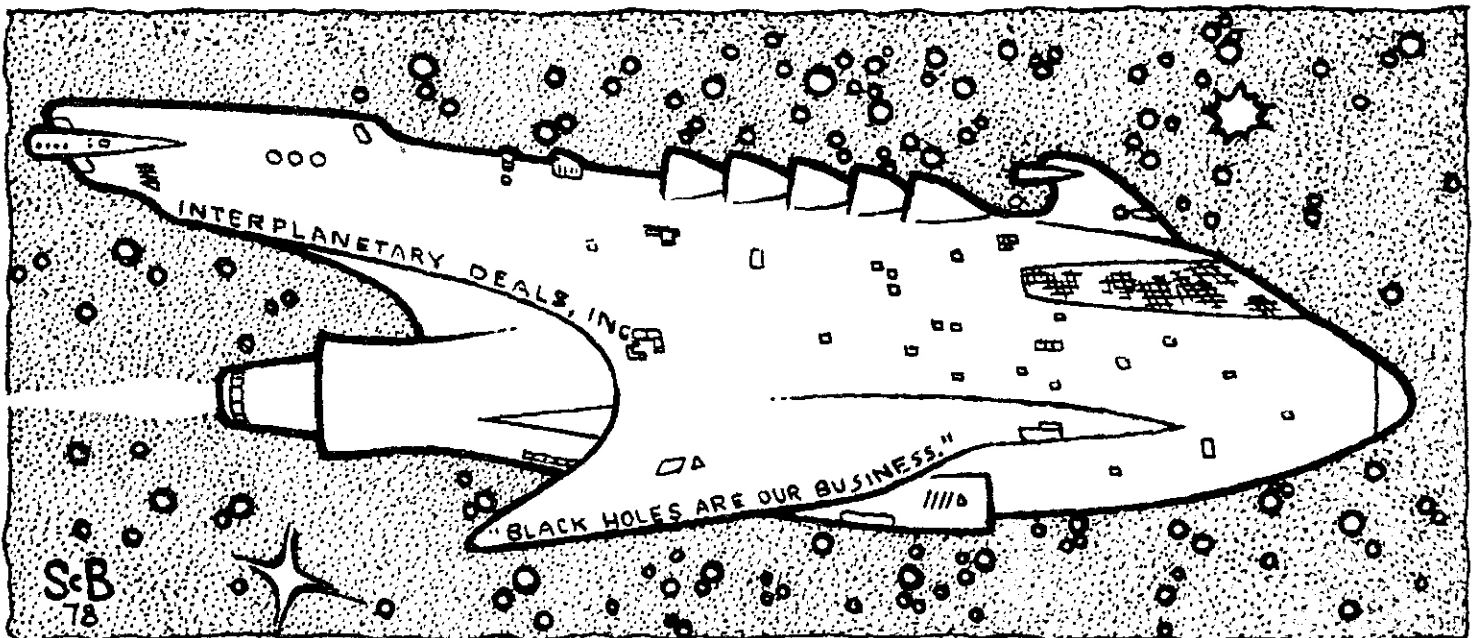
Ed approached the two feuding mates. "I think we can achieve a reasonable compromise," he suggested. "A full transgalactic interconnect would be exorbitant, and even a modest regional hook-up is probably beyond your means; but surely there can be no harm in giving Robert a Hyneline."

STRAIGHT FROM THE PorSFIS MOUTH
by Debbie Cross

It's TOO LATE! It's too late to tell the authors not to come, too late to decide it's too expensive, too late to recall the flyers, too late to back out of the movie commitment, too late to cancell the reservation for the PSU ballroom, and especially too late to tell the paying customers not to show up. The first PorSFIS science fiction symposium is really going to take place Nov. 11. My head swims with the details of planning a "simple one day affair". At night I'll be lying in the darkness then suddenly jump out of bed, rush to turn on the light and write down a possible title for a panel before I forget it. I receive so many PorSFIS related calls while I'm away at work that my roommate thinks she could be replaced by an answering service. At last, things seem to be coming together and the symposium is becoming a reality.

The pros who have agreed to come (John Varley, F. M. Busby, Vonda N. McIntyre, Jesse Bone, John Shirley, and Jesse Peel) have been more than helpfull. They've all made suggestions to improve the program, or to contact new participants. It's been a delight to be in touch with these people. Two local instructors of SF, Sam Yorks and Dale Edmonds, have shown great willingness to participate. Most of all, members of PorSFIS have contributed everything from money to hours of running around hanging flyers. To all of you, I thank you. I'm counting on you to make this a worthwhile experience for us and for those who come to watch.

Following the symposium there's going to be an unwinding party at my house. It won't be too fancy because I intend to be doing the unwinding. PorSFIS members and their friends are invited as well as other contributors to the symposium. If you want anything to drink other than a plentiful wine punch, it will be "bring your own". It should start around 7:30 pm. If you need directions, see me at the symposium. In the meantime, don't be surprised if you answer your phone and a voice says "guess who?".



The Lord works His will in strange ways; none could be stranger than the part Ed Foster played in reaching the Promised Land. After a wrong turn at the Red Sea and countless other pitfalls, the Israelites found themselves in what would someday be Europe. Ed, in exasperation, finally arranged river passage through Hamburg and Munich to Vienna. This was perhaps the most harrowing part of the journey, especially when they were almost seduced by the Lorelei. From Vienna, across the Balkans, and back to the Middle East was comparatively easy, but to this day it is with extreme frustration that Ed recalls the Days of Rhine and Moses.

Ed Foster and several companions were vacationing on the planet Kivving where the inhabitants are able to move about much like hot air balloons. They have a thin membranous appendage on top which they can fill at will with natural gases, thus lifting them into the air to drift with the air currents.

While out exploring Ed came upon a very bewildered-looking native who explained that he had contracted a very rare disease in which he lost control of the membrane-filling mechanism. He had uncontrollably filled his membrane so many times in the past few days and had traveled so far that he now had no idea where he was in relation to his home tribe. While still relating his sad story the strange appendage began to puff up and the wind lifted the creature up toward the sky. When asked by his companion what was happening, Ed explained "The lost of Kivving is rising due to inflation".

Nov. 4 -- RELAXACON will be held at the Red Lion Motor Inn, 18740 Pacific Hwy. So., SeaTac WA. There will be films, computer games and general merriment. Registration is \$2.00, the banquet is \$10.00, and the rooms are \$32.00, \$35.00 and \$39.00 for single, double and twin rooms, respectively.

Mar. 23-25 -- NOWESTCON will be at the Seattle Hyatt House. Guest of Honor will be Philip Jose Farmer. Registration will be \$7.00 until the end of Feb. Write for details c/o Northwest Science Fiction Society, PO Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP -- Sam Butler hosts a workshop for writers and people who have the urge to associate with Real Writers. It is held every other Friday night around eight, but you should call Sam first.

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