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Pulsar

The Portland Science Fiction Society Newsletter

Special!



Convention



Edition

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Issue 297

July 2003

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From the office of the President

By Debra Stansbury
president@porsfis.org

Greetings and Salutations! For this Special Westercon Issue, I thought I'd answer those burning questions that non-members (and some members) may be asking themselves--Who or what is the Portland Science Fiction Society and why do we exist?

These are excellent questions, and ones we've been working on ourselves for the last 26 years! So...what have we come up with?

Let's see. We are a group of like-minded individuals, intelligent, curious, fun-loving. We may not share the same beliefs, religions, lifestyles or even preferences for forms of SF, but we respect one another's choices. We enjoy getting together--at the business meetings, at the social functions, and on the email list.

Are we *just* social, though? Are we all talk and no do? No! We are currently raising money and gathering books that we can donate to the School Libraries of the Portland School District. We believe that it is important to nurture, encourage and, yes, corrupt today's youth so that they may become tomorrow's fans.

However, our numbers are small. We are not some sort of elitist, power-mongering, lord-it-over-those-who-are-not-us group, though! We want new voices! New stories! New people! If you aren't currently a member of PorSFis, I encourage you to join us!

Fractured Fairy Tales

Part 1

By Wendy Hubbard

The mob moved as if a single entity, pitchforks and hay rakes waving like odd, rigid tentacles, the cries of multiple throats blending together into one insane, rumbling sound. Torchlight flickered across the face of the woman they pursued as she ran, panting, eyes searching desperately for a route to safety. The forest, which so recently had been a haven to her, was now a trap; overgrown trails that in daylight had been friendly in their untamed beauty were now deadly, snagging her skirts and tearing at her hair as she stumbled over roots of trees turned menacing in the wavering light. Night pressed her on every side, the monstrous crowd of villagers harrying her towards her doom. "Burn her! Burn the witch!"

Read Part 2 in the up coming August Pulsar!

.....

This story is being brought to you by the official Witch Hunters of Greater Metropolitan Chicago... sponsored by Acme Torch Company and Billy Bob's Pitchforks and Hay Rakes. When you've got monsters to chase and witches to burn, Acme Torch Company and Billy Bob's Pitchforks and Hay Rakes will be right there with you, providing quality tools for discerning mobs.

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Featured Short Fiction

Exotics Files 2057: Colleen

By Kris Picio

Las Vegas. 45 years of Vandoran occupation hadn't changed the city much. Oh there had been hard times at first with the Sell Off happening and earth's population taking a hit. I should know I was 30 years old then and dealing Black Jack in the Mirage when it all went down. But the Vandoran's, they had a soft spot for Vegas. Our flashing lights and games of chance reminded them of the recreation stations down in the core Imperion worlds so we never had the devastation that the other large cities had. Hell we had thrived... the influx of Vandoran technology had transformed the casinos letting them become even more places where fantasy seemed to reign.

Yep 45 years and during that time I hadn't been idle. I had adapted and moved up the ladder till I was running the pit with some of the highest stakes tables around. The Vandorans themselves sat at my tables and bet against Royals in games of chance where lives hung in the balance. I've done well for my self and the nanite rejuvenation treatments will ensure I'll be able to enjoy my coming retirement with the same vigor and handsome virility I had in my youth.

Now all I needed was someone to enjoy that retirement with.

Her name was Erial. She was one of the Mirage's mergirls, an Exotic. She had been one of the first ones installed in the new lagoon and what had started as a harmless break time habit of watching her swim 20 years ago had become an obsession for me over time. She was the epitome of everything I thought beautiful and good in the world and I had fallen madly truly deeply in love with her.

You might say it would be impossible to fall in Love with a woman you have never spoken to and whom lives trapped in giant fish tank on display 24/7/365 for the public to ogle but damn it all I had. And

now I had the plan in place to make her mine. It wouldn't be long now.

I stood in front of the observation window that looked out into the lagoon from the lower levels of the Mirage and watched as handlers called the mergilrs to their feeding platforms and gave them their daily check up. I seethed with envy as Astrin lifted Erial's slender arm and took her pulse while Erial ate the treat from his other hand. Her lips touched Astrin's palm and I wanted to rip his hand off for touching her. But it was over in a moment as the feeding complete she rolled back into the water and with a flick of her tail dove down into the lower areas of the lagoon she had marked out as her own.

The five mergirls in the lagoon were intensely territorial and none liked the others. The research I had done said that all mergirl Exotics turned out that way and their behavior only changed if they ere allowed to bond with a male, either a human or merman. It was a quirk of the nanite programming evidently. And had never been over come.

"Mr. Rings?" I turned to my assistant.

"Yes Mr. Lords?"

"Have the other players arrived yet?" I asked.

"Yes Mr. Lords. Chtcl'sa has landed and the Regent itself will be arriving momentarily."

"Good." I gave Erial one more long in embrace with my eyes and went back to the tables.

The Regent arrived and Madam Winfry, the current owner of the hotel and a Royal herself, escorted it to the special table we had set up. I am of the underRoyal caste now. Its taken me 15 years of back stabbing, plotting, and doing a lot of things I found extremely distasteful to get here but finally I had the chance to sit down and play with my person stakes for the chance to win my fair Erial.

The Regent clicked its jaws at me in greeting as I took my seat at the table. Nine Royals and myself with the Regent making it the lucky number 11 for the game we had all come for.

Fosaa'tch was a game the Vandorans had introduced to the casinos early on in their occupation and we humans had shown an aptitude at it that impressed the giant insects.

Twenty-one balls rolled out onto the table and the game began.

The Regent lost a lot of credit early on as it got the feel for the game and the players betting then I noticed it change it's tactics and followed it's lead with my own play and betting. Soon only four players remained and 5 balls rolled over the table surface.

My plan was working perfectly. I knew Madam Wynfry's gambling tell's and watched for her bluffs avoiding loosing big buy a hairs breadth more than once. She wasn't smiling as we waged battle with credits on the table and balls in play and I couldn't recall a time when I had felt more alive as I took my plan to its final stage and attacked the Regent's bets and strategy with the system of my own that I had been developing these past 20 years.

I think Madam Winfry may have guessed my intentions as I slid my personal Citizen I.D. stylus into the betting slot that would complete my plan but the game was over too quickly for her to raise an objection.

The Regent stepped back from the table, its 10 legs clicking together as it turned and congratulated Madam Winfry for an entertaining afternoon before it left for the star port. I leaned back and stretched out my legs, wiggling my toes reveling in my success.

"Why Mr. Lords?" Madam Winfry asked finally after the last of the Royals had paid their debt or collected their winnings and left the room.

I looked over at her and shrugged. "Seemed like a good idea at the time." Was my only answer.

Her eyes went fully black as happens with any Royal when they experience an intense surge of emotion. It has something to do with the extra nanites that live in their systems. She stood up and snapped her fingers. The four hotel security guards that had been waiting came and collected me from my seat. They weren't rough with me and I think that may have been due to the fact that I was godfather to three of them and had hired the fourth when no one else would. And like the good men I knew them to be they followed the orders of their Royal and took me straight to the waiting van for transport to Las Vegas City Hospital.

I was secured for transport but it wasn't necessary. I knew what to expect and wouldn't fight it. I knew the price of my loss.

At the hospital I was processed and stripped and in short order I lay paralyzed on a gurney waiting for the doctor to sign the orders, which would consign me to the life of an Exotic. I couldn't even respond when the doctor stood over me and read through my papers before signing them.

"You can't come in here Madam." A voice said as I watched the ceiling while waiting.

"Step aside or I will have your caste stripped from you."

I sighed inwardly. Madam Winfry had come. And she was furious. I could just imagine the deep black of her eyes and wished I could smile as she dressed down the nurse for even thinking of getting in her way.

"Damn you Lords" She said. "You lost that bet on purpose so that you could be with that damn fish!"

Inwardly I grinned. 20 years of being her boy toy and I would finally be free to be with the woman I loved by losing my freedom in a game of chance. And there wasn't a damn thing Madam

Winfry could do about it. The law was the law and the Regent itself had been the one I lost to.

The gurney jerked and the robotic arm lifted me to position above the nanite bath. In moments I would be submerged. Madam's voice was silenced as I was slid into the bath and the tank cover closed.

I hadn't known it would be painful.

I came to floating in a small tank of water. I felt down my body and then looked down and saw my new lower body with its wondrous scaled tail and rejoiced at first. Then I realized what had been done to me as I really looked and realized my feminine form and perky breasts with fully erect and ringed nipples.

The tank rocked and I in my dawning horror I realized it was being lifted by the forklift at the loading dock of the Mirage and rolled over to the lagoon. I pressed my face to the glass and looked about.

There on one of the feeding platform was Madam Winfry. She waved and then mouthed words to me that I will remember to my dying day and that I should never have forgotten.

The forklift slipped my tank into the rack on the side of the lagoon. I could feel the whine of the hydraulics and my tank was tipped into the lagoon. Into my new home.

My plan to live out my life in this lagoon as the handsome merman to Erial's mergirl had crashed and burned when Madam Winfry played the houses card. I was to be one more mergirl in a lagoon full of them. In the reflection of the observation window I read the name on the collar around my gilled throat. "Colleen"

You see in Vegas it true as Madam Winfry had just reminded me.

The House always wins in the end.

Member Services

John Bartley is **GEEKING FOR DOLLARS**

He is offering to perform computer consulting and related services—and to donate the proceeds (when referred by a PorSFis member) to PorSFis. TFN, of course. ('Til Further Notice)

Phone is 503-BAR-TLEY (503-227-8539)

Or email john@503bartley.com

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alt.PorSFIS

On the fourth Saturday of the month the Portland Science Fiction Society commits alt.PorSFIS, a social gathering in varying locations. Usually, alt.PorSFIS involves movies, food, drink conversation and relaxation. All are welcome to attend.

Date: July 26th 2003

Time: 6:30...ish

(Note: if you come early you will be put to work on party prep and cleaning.)

Location: Kier Salmon

Theme: Mexican

Check the website at www.porsfis.org to find directions and a map. When it comes to snacks and things, as with most alt.PorSFIS's's's's's's, it's a bring your own and a bit to share kind of thing. If you have any questions feel free to email Debra at president@porsfis.org

So please come join us
At
alt.PorSFIS

alt.PorSFis Location Schedule

Every month Portland Science Fiction Society Members volunteer to host alt.PorSFis at their home. Here is the schedule as of this month.

January – Sue Renhard

February – John Andrews

March – Dave Moreland

April – Matt & Kris Picio

May – Shava Navard

June – Marc & Patty Wells

July – Kier Salmon

August – to be confirmed check www.porsfis.org

September – John Bartley & Lea Rush

October – Dave Moreland & Sue Renhard

November – Dave Moreland & Sue Renhard

December – Mike & Sharon

Updates and changes may occur. Check www.porsfis.org for the most up to date information.

If you don't see a month filled you are welcome to volunteer to host alt.PorSFis. Just contact Debra Stansbury at president@porsfis.org



Convention Calendar

WESTERCON 56

Date: July 3-6, 2003

Location: SeaTac Doubletree Hotel
SeaTac, WA

Tel: (206) 246-8600

Fax: (206) 431-8687

Email: info@wester56.org

Website: www.wester56.org

Greetings Con Goers!

FOOLSCAP V

Date: Sept. 19-21, 2003

Location: Bellevue Hilton
Bellevue, WA

Tel: 425-455-3330

(Call Hotel directly. Mention Little Cap Z & Foolscap for con rate)

Email: info@foolscap.org

Website: www.foolscap.org

ANGLICON XVI

Date: Oct. 3-5, 2003

Location: SeaTac Radisson Hotel
SeaTac, WA.

Theme: British Media

Tel: 206-789-BRIT

Email: anglicon@rocketmail.com

Website: www.anglicon.com

ORYCON 25

Date: Nov, 2003

Location: Double Tree Columbia River
Portland OR

Website: www.orycon.org

WORLDCON 61/TORCON 3

Date: Aug. 28 - Sept. 1, 2003

Location: Metro Toronto Convention Center, Royal York Hotel
Toronto Ontario, Canada.Email: info@torcon3.on.caWebsite: www.torcon3.on.ca**FUTURE CONVENTIONS:**

Worldcon 62/Noreascon 4

When: Sept. 2-6, 2004

Where: Boston MA

Worldcon 63/Interaction

When: Aug. 4-8, 2004

Where: Glasgow, Scotland

John Andrews, that's right the Portland Science Fiction Societies very own Treasurer, puts the Convention Calendar together every month. If you know of a convention coming up but don't see it listed send the information to John at john.c.andrews@att.net or to the editor at editor@porsfis.org for inclusion in the list.

All species, races, creeds, colors, and planets of origin
are welcome ☺

GIFT MEMBERSHIPS AVAILABLE

Introductory Memberships are still just \$10 a year!

What a deal!

Book Review

By Wendy Hubbard

Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix

by J.K. Rowling

Like most, I was eagerly awaiting the arrival of my very own copy of the newest Harry Potter book. I hefted it – I fancied I could feel the characters moving about inside there, awaiting their opportunities to enchant me.

The press released word that “a major character” would be “killed off” somewhere in the book. I was a bit apprehensive about this – which one would it be? They also released the teaser, several months ago, that Dumbledore would tell Harry “everything.” What was everything? I couldn’t imagine – and that very fact delighted me.

I read the 870 pages in 10 hours. I barely came up for air – J.K. had done it again.

There was an innocent charm to *The Sorcerer’s Stone*. Harry was an unusual child protagonist, to be sure, transported from an abusive home life with no prospects for escape to a realm of wonder and magic that set him free. But the premise was really no more unusual than that of Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy, who found themselves transported from a war-torn Europe where they were powerless to a magic kingdom where, eventually, they were beloved and respected. What made Harry Potter different was what happened next, what happened in *Chamber* and *Prisoner* – Harry matured, in ways that children in modern literature rarely do. He was not the ever-unchanging intrepid child hero. He grew older, faced situations that, despite being cloaked in fantasy, were very real, things that children

could identify with – but he also faced things that adults could identify with: fear, courage, loyalty, friendship, love, hate, loss. In *Goblet of Fire*, which took some criticism for its length, Harry faced not only the normal rigors of wizard school, but also new challenges – the accusations of dishonesty surrounding his inclusion in the Triwizard Tournament, his burgeoning interest in the opposite sex, and the death of a friend all added dimension to an already believable character.

The Order of the Phoenix is part of the logical, human progression of Harry's story. It gives us an adolescent Harry, full of doubt and frustration, who struggles with feelings of being unable to control his own life. His adventures once again range from the simple troubles of a young man struggling into adulthood to the extraordinary trials of a hero facing an implacable evil threatening everything he holds dear. This book is darker in tone than the last – if the Harry of *Chamber* or *Prisoner* had faced these same trials, the book would not have been so dark. But this is a teenage Harry who has seen enough horror to color his perspective, which gives us a book that conveys as much sadness as delight. He's definitely not the same Harry we've come to expect – but he is so quintessentially Harry that I never felt that I'd been cheated out of the innocent, pre-adolescent Harry. He is still, indisputably, Harry.

If your will is strong, start reading it as soon as you have a copy in your hands – if it's not, my suggestion is to wait until you have a good, long weekend, because *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix* is almost impossible to put down.

PorSFis Event Calendar

July 2003

- 2 Premiere of movies "Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas" (animated) and "Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines"
- 3-6 Westercon 56 at Sea-Tac, Washington**
- 3 Release of book *Ilium* by author Dan Simmons (see July 30th)
- 6 Premiere of season two of "The Dead Zone" on USA Network
- 9 Premiere of movie "Pirates of the Caribbean"
- 10 Ursula K. LeGuin at Powell's books for *Changing Planes: Stories* - 7:30 p.m.
Wil Wheaton (Wesley of ST-TNG) at Powell's Technical Books - 7:00 to 9:00 p.m.
- 11 Premiere of movie "The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen."
- 11 Premiere of new animated series "Spider-Man" on MTV at 10:00 p.m.
- 12 PorSFis Meeting at Portland State University (two p.m.)**
Lunar Viewing Star Party at OMSI
- 4 Earth at Apehelion (1.017 AU from the Sun)
- 15 Planned launch of European Smart-1 to the moon
Release on DVD of "Pinocchio" starring Roberto Benigni
- 19 Space Day at OMSI
- 22 Release of "Fear No Evil" and "Final Destination 2" on DVD
- 24-26 24th Annual Table Mountain Star Party - Ellensburg, WA
- 25-27 Anime Evolution Con - Vancouver, B.C., Canada
- 25 Premieres of "Spy Kids 3-D Game Over" and "Tomb Raider 2"
- 26 AltPorSFis hosted by Kier Salmon**
Near-Earth Flyby of Asteroid 54509 also known as 2000PH5 (0.012 AU)
40th anniversary of launch of Syncom 2 - First Geosynchronous Satellite
- 27-Aug 3 Assymetric Planetary Nebulae III Meeting - Mount Rainier, WA
- 27 Terry Goodkind signs new book *Naked Empire* at Powell's Books - 7:30 p.m.
- 29 Peak of the South Delta Aquarids meteor shower
Release of "Daredevil", "Solaris (new version)", "Highlander, Season 2" and BBC miniseries "Neverwhere" on DVD
- 30 Dan Simmons, author of *Ilium* at Powells in Beaverton - 7:00 p.m.

August 2002

- 1 Peak of the Alpha Capricornids meteor shower
- 5 Release of "Agent Cody Banks", "House of Wax (not in 3-D)", "Of Unknown Origin", "Soylent Green", "The Haunting (1963)", "The Omega Man", and "The Thing (50th Anniversary Edition)" on DVD
- 6 Peak of the Southern Iota Auquarids meteor shower
- 8 Premiere of movie "Ella Enchanted"
- 9 **PorSFiS Picnic hosted by Dancer Cloninger - 2:00 p.m**
Release of "Deep Space Nine, season four" on DVD
- 10-15 Workshop on Cometary Dust in Astrophysics - Crystal Mountain, Washington
- 11 Galileo enters Solar Conjunction
- 12 Release of "Babylon 5, season three", the TV remake of "Carrie", "House of 1000 Corpses", and "Rocky & Bullwinkle, season one" on DVD
OMSI Star Party at Rooster Rock State Park (weather permitting) - 9:00 p.m.
Peak of Perseids meteor shower
- 14-17 Sixth Annual International Mars Society Conference - Eugene, OR
- 15-17 Dragonflight (Gaming) Con - Seattle, WA
- 17 Release of "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" on DVD
- 19 Asteroid 2002 NY40 near-Earth flyby (0.004 AU)
Release of "Day of the Dead" collectors edition , "Iron Giant, special edition", three disc set on manned spacecraft on DVD
- 23 **AltPorSFiS hosted by ???**
Premiere of new animated Duck Dodgers series on the Cartoon Network
- 25 Peak of the Northern Iota Auquarids meteor shower
- 26 Release of "LOTR - The Two Towers", "The Brood", "Amazon Women on the Moon" special edition, "Stitch (direct to video sequel to "Lilo & Stitch")" on DVD
- 27 Mars Closest Approach to Earth in 60,000 years
- 28-31 Oregon Star Party - Indian Trail Spring, Oregon
- 29-Sep 1 WorldCon61 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada
- 30 Launch of Progress M-48 Supply Ship to International Space Station

Book Review

By Wendy Hubbard

Cerulean Sins

by Laurel K. Hamilton

I don't know about everyone else, but I was getting pretty fed up with Anita Blake. When I read my first Anita Blake novel about two years ago, I was blown away – here was a great, strong, butt-kicking female hero, with a load of insecurities and a really bizarre occupation. Then, as time and novels went by, Anita changed. She was becoming more like the heroines of contemporary romance novels than the tough vampire hunter who had so impressed me – the stories started revolving more and more around her conflicted love-life than around her dealings with the boggans and bogeymen of Hamilton's alternate reality.

With *Cerulean Sins*, though, I'm happy to say: Anita is back. She's still conflicted, she's still got a load of problems in her romantic life, but she's back to being her own woman, and it's a truly welcome return. She's kicking butt and taking names, though these days those butts and names are just as likely to include the law, and she's stopped taking crap from the men in her life.

Now, I know, this sounds like a feminist review – “I am woman” and all that. But what made Anita a great character that appealed to men and women both was that she wasn't wishy-washy, she wasn't a push-over, and she had a code that she lived by. Perhaps it was a bit unorthodox by most standards, but she followed it. We had to struggle with her while she made it through the transitioning of that code, while she adapted to the reality of a vampire lover and the

conflicts that caused within her, but she did it, and this is the book where you finally get to see her come through the other side. She's got her attitude back, and I say it couldn't have come at a better time.

As a bibliophile, and a connoisseur of the published page, I would like to point out that the biggest problem I had with this book was the copy-editing. Misspelled words, wrong words (spelled correctly, but definitely not the word that was intended), inconsistent punctuation – if I'm going to pay \$25+ for a hardcover book, I want to know that at least part of that money includes someone looking it over at the publishing house before the presses start rolling. Spell checkers just can't replace a good copy editor of the human variety.

Cerulean Sins is sassy and fun, in the dark world-of-the-undead manner we'd enjoyed so much in the early novels. I strongly recommend it to the Anita Blake fans out there. Enjoy!



Journal of a Evil Security Chief

Part 1

By `Dancer-chan Yomochi

Day 1: Got my new office. It's rather nice for a lava tub. Not too keen on the idea of the super secret hideout being an active volcano, tho'.

Day 2: Got to meet my new boss, or should I say *bosses*. Seems that a Mastermind, a Mad Scientist, and Evil Witch have all gone into together on this. Makes good business sense if you ask me. None of them could have afforded the rent otherwise.

Day 3: Got my first set of henchmen, and god are they dumb. Apparently the Mastermind wants *bishonen* (that's fancy foreign lingo for 'pretty boy') guards. We had a long conversation and she finally agreed with me that pretty boys were probably a bad idea as guards - she's going to keep them on as compound workers and I get to hire the sort of subordinates I need.

Day 4: The Mad Scientist unveiled the uniforms today, and I must say I am impressed. Not only are the uniforms sensible (Finally! A uniform designer with utility in mind! And it was a Mastermind no less.) and comfortable, they're water-proof, bullet-proof, lazer-proof, and stain resistant. Now, if she can only work out a way to make them wash and wear they'd be perfect! The Evil Witch says she can work out a spell to keep the wearer from falling under enchantments. I'm really beginning to admire these women.

Day 6: The Mastermind says all uniforms have to be tailored to fit each individual person. I like this idea, we'll be able to spot an intruder right away by the fact that the uniform doesn't fit, altho' I'd better start exercising more.

Day 13: The Ladies are out for the day, so it's been left to me to hold down the fort. *grin* I love my job.

Day 23: The Ladies are still out, must be their first step in global domination. Had intruders today - turns out they were pretending to be day hikes. Set the wolves on them (that scared them off) and spent the rest of the afternoon planting blackberry bushes along the perimeter. Nice thing about blackberry briars, I can harvest the fruit to supplement my budget.

[Read the next exciting entries in the August Pulsar!](#)

Ask Ed



Question: Why is it that major cities have different names in different languages: Aachen is Aix-la-Chapelle in French, Aken in Dutch; London is Londres in French; München is Munich in English, and so forth. Yet, any small town is the same in any language; Scappoose will be Scappoose in French, German, Spanish, or whatever. Why this special treatment for big cities?

- *Worried in, well, wherever*

Ed's Answer: Dear Worried, Stop your worrying. Just follow this simple rule: Always pronounce the name of the city in Klingon.

Question: Why does Oregon start the mileposts along highways in opposite directions for US and for Interstate highways? For example, milepost 1 along US 101 is at the northern end, in Astoria, whereas milepost 1 for I-5 is at the southern end, near the California border.?

- *Puzzled in Port Orford*

Ed's Answer:uhm....I suggest Beer. Large Quantities of it.



Next Months Pulsar Topic: **“Topic? We Don’t need no Stinking Topic!”**

Portland Science Fiction Society
 PO Box 4602
 Portland, OR 97208

Pulsar, the newsletter of the Portland Science Fiction Society, comes free with membership. It is also available in trade, and can be purchased at Future Dreams/Burnside and Looking Glass Books, both in Portland, Oregon.

The Editor is Kris Picio.

The Deadline for Pulsar contributions is 7 days before the end of every month. Contributions are always welcome, and may be sent to the PO Box above, or to the editor direct at editor@porsfis.org

PorSFIS meetings are open to everyone. Check the Calendar of Events for meeting times and places. Membership per year: \$20 individual, \$30 family (1 newsletter per family membership)

Current PorSFIS Officers:

President	Debra Stansbury	president@porsfis.org	503-620-3068
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PORSFIS WEBPAGE: www.porsfis.org

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