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Comments from the Chair

By Guy W. Thomas

Welcome to FOGcon 4!

Once again we bring you the convention by the Bay. FOGcon has always been a convention by and for genre fiction fans. This is our party, our celebration. The theme this year is Secrets. The secret I learned about running conventions from the founder and chair of the first three FOGcons, the radiant and perspicacious Vylar Kaftan is: find cool, talented people who also want to put on a convention and that you like hanging out with anyway. Plan the convention that you want to go to, but leave enough space for people to find their own comfy place.

I'd like to thank everyone for their participation, their programming suggestions, volunteering, donating and helping in all the ways you have and will. This convention is what it is because of the generosity of everyone who chose to hang out here this weekend. Now let's have fun!

Convention Committee

Guy W. Thomas, Chair

Wendy Shaffer, Vice-Chair

Alan Bostick, Safety

Keyan Bowes, Writers Workshop and Dealers Room

Michele Cox, Programming and Honored Guest Liaison

Kerry Ellis, Publications

Sonja Haas, Treasurer

Alex Haist, Registration

Alyc Helms, Hospitality

Lynn Alden Kendall, Copywriting and Webmistress

John Kusters, Access and Logistics

Theresa Mecklenborg, Childcare Coordinator

Alison Moon, Publicity

Debbie Notkin, Hotel Liaison

Shannon Prickett, Baron von FOGcon

Steven Schwartz, Programming

Cindy Scott, Hotel Liaison

Liang Song, Short Story Contest Coordinator

Aaron I. Spielman, Programming

Michele Welck, Volunteer Coordinator

Honored Guest Tim Powers

By Cliff Winnig

When you look at the life and works of Tim Powers, you realize pretty quickly that some things just don't add up. Powers has authored more than a dozen novels and a number of short stories. Some of these, such as the devilishly clever *Dinner at Deviant's Palace*, are science fiction, but his most famous works are historical fantasies, including the widely acclaimed *Declare* and *The Anubis Gates*. He's also written (with James P. Blaylock) a cookbook based on the work of a nonexistent nineteenth century poet, as well as poetry by that same person.



He has regularly taught writing at a variety of venues, including several Clarion classes. He was friends with Philip K. Dick, and he appears as a character in one of Dick's novels. He's a devout Catholic. He's married to the charming and elegant Serena Powers. He's one of the three original steampunks. (The other two, for the record, are James P. Blaylock and K. W. Jeter.) His fabulous pirate novel *On Stranger Tides* inspired a Disney movie starring Johnny Depp, part of the Pirates of the Caribbean series.

Are you beginning to see what's not adding up? How likely is all that, anyway? Can one man really be and do so many odd and disparate things?

Perhaps we can find the answer in what Powers himself has said about his writing process. Certainly, his books and stories are known for their intricate plots, ones designed so well, in fact, that nothing is inconsistent. Yet to hear him tell it, creating these plots involves — even hinges on — the very inconsistencies not found in the works themselves.

These historical fantasies really begin with his thorough and, one might say, monomaniacal level of research on a certain figure or group of figures. This research invariably turns up inconsistencies. Now, a standard historian, laboring perhaps with the goal of obtaining a Ph.D. or tenure, might suggest that different chroniclers had gotten different parts of the picture, or that some inaccuracies are inevitable when writing down the details of a person's life, or that most people are simply inconsistent.

Not Powers. For him, these inconsistencies act like signposts, pointing the way to the dark and mysterious forces at work under the surface. Ah, you say, herein lies the fantasy part of his historical fantasies. Perhaps. But Powers doesn't stop researching once he uncovers the secret history behind the established facts. He keeps digging. And invariably — just ask him — he uncovers some further detail that supports the theory he's come up with. Something's clearly going on here, but how best to discover its nature?

I suggest that Powers himself can be approached as he approaches his characters. What eldritch powers (if I may use the word) underlie his success? What angels and demons clash in subterranean halls surrounded by the echoing laughter of a clown on stilts? What secret war rages even now, like the struggles of unseen leviathans, the only evidence of which is the bubbling on the surface that is the life of Tim Powers?

Nobody yet knows, but I daresay if you dig deeply into his works, his interviews, and even short bios such as the one you are reading now, you might just uncover the truth.

Honored Guest Seanan McGuire

By Tanya Huff

Caution, attempting to describe Seanan McGuire can result in infomercial tendencies as you find yourself announcing to all and sundry, "But that's not all!" while listing the full catalogue of her interests and accomplishments. Art, music, poetry, folklore, humor, horror, comics, television, politics, cats, spiders, reptiles, zombies, the vectors of infectious diseases both past and potential....

But it doesn't have to be that complicated. I can sum her up in one word.

Seanan is a Storyteller.

Sometimes she tells stories with line and color and shading, sending a friend riding a T-Rex rampaging through Toronto. As a non specific example....

Sometimes she tells stories with melodies that creep in under your skin and creep out again while you stand in line at grocery stores and banks

Sometimes she tells stories with a smile and a wickedly raised eyebrow.

But mostly, she tells stories with words. Hundreds of thousands of uncountable numbers of words, shaped into blogs and books and poetry and songs. Joy and injustice. Pretty little dead girls still driving. Politics and heartbreak and horror and hope. Metaphor and magic and mystery.



When the melody and the words combine, Wicked Girls get a voice and the Rose-Owl flies and Sarah Tapper will always love Harry Marshall. Word of warning though, Seanan's torch songs tend to come with actual torches, her laugh is an evil laugh, and exposing your mechanic to the black death may cause delays when it comes time to pay the bill.

The CDC knows her name. If you're lucky, maybe she'll tell you the story.

Because sometimes, Seanan tells stories the old fashioned way, weaving words in the air, painting verbal pictures of ravens and microwaves and plumbing and Alice and Lilly, and, occasionally, over lunch at Wendy's, about how parasitic infections are being

used to control severe food allergies. Sometimes the stories don't get finished because friends won't let her explore abandoned cement factories even if she's found a way in, but that's okay because she'll always have more stories to tell.

Storytellers hold up mirrors made of words so we can see ourselves more clearly. They take truth and give back Truth. They entertain. They teach. Sometimes they rip out their bleeding hearts and offer them on platters so, sometimes, be gentle with them.

Seanan tells us/draws us/writes us/sings us stories. Reflective, truthful, entertaining, bleeding stories. If the world ended, I'd want her sitting at my campfire.

But that's not all!

Sometimes, there are chainsaws.

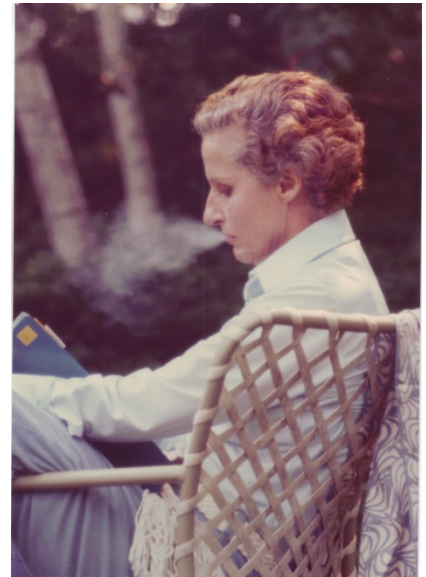
Honored Ghost James Tiptree, Jr.

By Jeffrey Smith

JAMES TIPTREE, JR., was a writer who tried to let his work speak for him. He wouldn't write commentary about his stories, he was always "out of town" when his editors would invite him out for a drink, and never even talked on the telephone. Asked about himself, he would volunteer that he was "a Midwesterner who batted around jungly parts of the globe when young and worse jungles with desks when old." He coyly dropped hints that he had a secret government job, so people would stop pressing him about it. But when too many rumors started circulating about who he might be, he responded with "I do not, repeat it, work for the CIA, the FBI, NSA, the Treasury, the narcs or the Metropolitan Park Police."

His first published story was "Birth of a Salesman" in the March 1968 issue of *Analog*, a humorous story about a bureaucrat trying to juggle interstellar shipping routes. Just a year later his first great story, "The Last Flight of Doctor Ain," about a man's overwhelming love for the Earth, appeared in the March 1969 issue of *Galaxy*. He started being nominated for, and then winning, awards: for "Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death"; "The Girl Who Was Plugged In"; "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" He refused a nomination for "The Women Men Don't See," for reasons he could not disclose.

Early in 1977 everything changed, when the fact that "James Tiptree Jr." was in reality Alice B. Sheldon became public. Many mysteries were illuminated. "Jungly parts of the globe when young"? Her parents had taken her on expeditions through Africa and Southeast Asia throughout the 1920s, when she was aged 4-15. "Worse jungles with desks when old"? Her career path as an adult was unique: artist, art critic, Army during World War II, working in photo-intelligence in the basement of the Pentagon, interrogating captured Luftwaffe officers in Germany, failing in small business after the war and then joining the nascent CIA, leaving that to obtain a Ph.D. in experimental psychology, teaching her specialty at George Washington University, writing a few science fiction stories on the side and seeing that blossom into a full-time profession. The problem with "The Women Men Don't See"? She couldn't in good conscience accept an award for what was generally considered a great feminist story by a man. (Under another, female, pseudonym, Raccoona Sheldon, she could - and did - accept a Nebula for her savage war-of-the-sexes story, "The Screwfly Solution.")



Tiptree's best stories were visceral bursts that moved like freight trains. She clattered her favorite themes like worry beads, returning to them and recombining them: Humanity's place in a vast, cold, but amazing universe. and each individual's attempt to find a home in it; the difficulties of understanding each other; man's mistreatment of his home planet; the mirroring of aliens and humans; the confluence of sex and death; the constraint of gender roles.

When her identity was discovered, when her secret life was over, she had trouble locating Tiptree's voice. It took her a couple years to start writing regularly again, and the stories had a different kind of energy. But they were still about the things that Alli Sheldon had always cared about, and they were still well received. She died in 1987: a twenty-year career in science fiction, half as Tiptree, half afterwards. Her legacy includes not only the Tiptree Award for science fiction and fantasy that explores and expands gender roles, but also the many writers who followed her by digging deep into their cores and writing sf about their own passions with their own fervor.

About Cons – Interviews with some of our guests

What was your first experience at a science fiction/fantasy con like?

Tim Powers: *My first convention was a Westercon in San Francisco in 1971, when I was nineteen — I went with long-time L.A.-area fan Roy A. Squires. I was already an omnivorous reader of science fiction and fantasy, and I had got my first rejection slip (from F&SF) four years earlier, and I was ... just dazzled! There in person were E. Hoffman Price, Fritz Leiber, Randall Garrett, Poul Anderson ... Norman Spinrad, Larry Niven, Robert Silverberg ... I went to a dozen parties and drank gallons of beer and bought as many books as I could afford. And if I hadn't by then already decided that writing fantasy and science fiction was the only career worth pursuing, I certainly decided it there.*

Sean McGuire: *My first real convention was a Dundracon (a gaming convention in San Ramon; it still happens every year) when I was fourteen. I walked through the door, and I was, if not home, at least in the right zip code. I stayed awake for four days, living on soda and bad hot dogs and gaming constantly. I had never been happier.*

Chaz Brenchley: *Ooh, I know this one! It's a part of my origin story. (I think every fan has an origin story; and every writer starts out as a fan. Some of us remain so.) Thing was, I'd known about fandom since I was a teenager, but it was mostly something that happened somewhere else, and required money I didn't have, and social skills that were not at my command. I had friends who were quite heavily involved with the BSFA and fanzines, and I did some work with them, but I never went to anything — until I moved to Newcastle and actor-friends from Oxford phoned to say they were involved with a play at this SF con in my new city and could they come and stay with me to save the hotel costs? And I said yes of course, and when they turned up they took me with them to their first rehearsal so I could meet the author, and he was some ridiculously tall fellow called Geoff Ryman, and that was that, really. I went to every rehearsal, became official prompter/scene shifter/gopher, and we lived at the con all weekend. That was Mexican in 1984. Which means, good lord, I've known Geoff thirty years come August...*

Mary Ann Mohanraj: *I was ten years old, and my dad, after I'd begged for some weeks, finally agreed to let me go to a Star Trek mini-con. He dropped me off around lunchtime, and picked me up a few hours later. I watched some bloopers, wandered around the dealer's room, and eventually ended up sitting on the floor next to a dealer's table, reading the zines stacked beneath his table. Which, it turned out, were fairly explicit Kirk/Spock slash stories. It was a memorable introduction to fandom.*

I feel bare. I didn't realize I wore my secrets as armor until they were gone and now everyone sees me as I really am.

— Veronica Roth, *Insurgent*

When you go, do you prefer being an audience member, a panelist, a moderator, or something else?

Tim Powers: *I suppose it's egotistical, but I prefer being a panelist, whether I'm moderator or not. It's fun to be in a fairly organized hour-long discussion of something worth talking about.*

Seanan McGuire: *I'm most comfortable as a panelist at this point, just because it's what I've been doing for so long. I do like to moderate, but I'm happier when I have an awesome moderator and can just go.*

Chaz Brenchley: *Mostly (see above!) I prefer being a barfly. I don't attend a lot of panels, though I do enjoy readings. I have this notion of myself as far less educated and articulate than anyone else in the genre, so panels stress me probably more than they ought to. I do not moderate (the first and only time I ever did, one panelist had a stand-up row with a member of the audience and stormed off in a huff; apparently this was neither the first time nor the last for that particular writer, but even so, it was enough for me). I'm professionally interested in marginalia, the stuff that happens on the side and at the borders; this gives me a legitimate excuse to hang out in the bar, in the conversation.*

Mary Ann Mohanraj: *I am afraid I have been accused (gently) of "paneling from the audience." If I'm not on the panel, I'm the person in the front row, with her hand up in the air, saying "Pick me! Pick me!" In my natural state, I'm the Hermione Granger of panels. These days, I've been a teacher long enough that I do, at least consciously, understand it's important to make space for the quieter people to speak too. So sometimes I sit on my unruly hands.*

What makes a convention special to you, and what makes you want to go back?

Tim Powers: *The people, mostly. What I mainly remember is who I met, or met again, and what we talked endlessly about. Then there's the dealer's room — I love digging among stacks of old books and magazines and worrying about how many I can afford or fit into the luggage.*

Seanan McGuire: *Oh, man. There are two sides to this: the side that is the con itself, and hence controllable, and the side that is entirely up to the whims of fate. A good, thoughtful, responsive staff, interesting program items, panelists who know what they're doing (which is something the con controls, on at least a macro level), a well-considered schedule, and a rockin' dealer's room will all make sure I have a good time. An intelligent, enforced harassment policy will make the con special. And the people I meet there, the awesome people in the lobby and the bar and on my panels, will elevate that con into something I desperately want to do again.*

Chaz Brenchley: *Partly it's wish-fulfilment: from the moment I heard that there was to be a new literary SF con in SF, I wanted it to be our con, the one we'd go to every year. And lo, 'twas so... Mostly, though, that's because FOGcon feeds me with everything I like: it's small, it's based in the literature and in the conversation, it attracts interesting people and invites interesting guests. Most of the friends I've made in the Bay Area come to FOGcon; some of them I first met there. This is my whole notion of con-going, that it leads to relationships that continue beyond the weekend, that knit the successive annual weekends together into something significantly more than the sum of their parts.*

Mary Ann Mohanraj: *I'm always happy to see friends again — for conventions I've been going to for years, that's the biggest draw. But for a new convention, the main thing I look for is interesting, thought-provoking programming. After twenty years in fandom, and hundreds of conventions, you'd think I'd have been to every possible panel — but there are always new topics, new books and shows to discuss, and new people to discuss them with. It's invigorating!*

Any tips for first time con attendees and/or shy fans?

Tim Powers: *Hang out in the dealer's room and/or the bar, and agree with something somebody says (sooner or later somebody's got to say something you agree with). Ask questions — everybody there has SF and fantasy in common with you. Find an author whose work you like and tell him or her that you like his or her work; they are not tired of hearing this. Go with a friend if you can, so you can compare notes.*

Seanan McGuire: *That feeling you get, that maybe this is home, that maybe you could belong here? It's real. The feeling that follows, the one that says we've all known each other forever and there's no room for you? It's not, not completely. Yes, many of the people you meet will have known each other forever, but we're all here to celebrate loving the same things. There is space for you. We are so glad you're here. Talk to people, or just listen. Respect the needs of others, and make sure they respect yours. Contribute. Absorb. Belong. Welcome.*

Chaz Brenchley: *It may seem obvious, but writers can be shy too, even after many many cons. We're there for the same reason you are, because we love the genre; talk to us. We most of us like that. Those of us who don't or can't will sidle off, so then just let us go. There's always someone else to talk to. Surviving your first con is just about being mannerly, really: neither barging in nor holding back unduly.*

Mary Ann Mohanraj: *Volunteer! Sitting at the registration table is a great way to start meeting people — your fellow volunteers, certainly, but also everyone you're registering. Volunteering in green room is a great way to meet pros. Attend panels that interest you, and don't be afraid to raise your hand and join the conversation. Sign up for programming! Hang out in the lobby and bar area if it seems like there's an open area where people are congregating, and join those conversations. Usually it's easy to tell the difference between a private conversation and an open discussion.*

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What is special about genre fiction readers & writers?

Tim Powers: *Well, in science fiction and fantasy, at least, they overlap a good deal; in fact nearly all of the writers are fans too. So we all meet with this enormous interest in common, whatever peripheral differences we may have, and there's plenty to talk about and find out about. And I think you have to be a bit smarter than average to appreciate this stuff, so it's a bright crowd.*

Seanan McGuire: *This is sort of a double-edged question. On the one hand, they engage with and think critically about the things they love, and that's magnificent. At the same time...so do romance readers. Mystery readers. Goldfish breeders. We are not unique in our ability to get excited; we are human. And that's brilliant.*

Chaz Brenchley: *Please see above, re: conversation. I think it was John Clute who first introduced me to this notion, that every new book in the genre is in conversation with what has come before; and cons by definition are in conversation with each other and earlier iterations of themselves. That's what fandom is, a cocoon of conversation that has grown up around the core, the books themselves. I don't think it happens in the same way with any other genre; I've worked in mystery and romance, and there just isn't that same envelope of attention. It helped, I think, that when I discovered SF in my teens, in the '70s, it was still just about possible to have read everything: so that the conversation was founded on a profound knowledge of where we were coming from. These days not even Clute can read it all, but that foundation still underlies everything we build.*

Who would be on your dream panel & what would you talk about?

Tim Powers: *I figure "dream panel" can be sort of outside of time, so I'd have Lester del Rey, Frederik Pohl and H. P. Lovecraft discussing what makes our genre worth reading.*

Seanan McGuire: *I'm going to go with "dream," rather than "fantasy," and say that I would love to be on a panel with Charlain Harris, Catherynne Valente, Amal El-Mohtar, Elizabeth Bear, and Amber Benson, where we would talk about feminism in genre. Once a day, every day, for the whole convention, with something like a drawing or door prizes or whatever to make sure the whole con came at least once. It could be magnificent.*

Dario Ciriello: *Oooh! I like high-energy, dynamic panels run by quick-witted, humorous people with strong opinions and the brains and experience to back those up. A little friendly friction over a contentious topic is also a plus.*

My panelists would be Robert Silverberg, Pat Cadigan, Mike Resnick, Bruce Sterling, and Larry Niven (Moderator). The topic would be "Design an interstellar empire that would be fun to live in, stand the test of time, and conquer anything it encountered."

Chaz Brenchley: *Oh, ask all the easy questions, why don't you...? Let's see, then: I'd want Geoff Ryman (why haven't you invited Geoff yet?), and Neal Stephenson, and Guy Gavriel Kay. And we'd talk about the weight of history going forward, and how that too feeds into the conversation; and how it's as important in science as it is in literature, that whole shoulders-of-giants thing; and how our own culture has and holds its shape because of others all around us, like cells in a honeycomb; and, and, and...*

Everything but the Signature Is Me

By James Tiptree, Jr.

Originally published in *Khatru* #7, Feb. 1978. Reprinted by permission

How great. At last it's out, and you're the first to know, as I promised long ago you would — although I didn't expect it to happen through your own initiative. But at least you're the first I can write to in my own persona.

Yeah. Alice Sheldon. Five-feet-eight, sixty-one years, remains of good-looking girl vaguely visible, grins a lot in a depressed way, very active in spurts. Also, Raccoona.

I live in a kind of big wooden box in the woods like an adult playpen, full of slightly mangy plants, fireplace, minimal old "modern teak" furniture strewn with papers, hobbies, unidentifiable and unfileable objects; the tool-room opens off the bedroom, there are six doors to the outside, and it's colder than a brass monkey's brains in winter, except when the sun comes out and shoots through all the glass skylights. We've added on porches (which turned into libraries), other excrescences — as somebody said, all it needs is a windmill on top. Not so ridiculous now. Ting (short for Huntington, my very nice more aged husband of thirty years who doesn't read what I write but is happy I'm having fun) used to raise thousands of orchids before he retired and started traveling; he gave them to the nation, i.e., the National Botanic Gardens, who wanted hybrids. So now in the middle of the living room sticks this big untended greenhouse I am supposed to be growing things in. What I'm growing is mealy bugs — must get at it. We built the place very modestly in 1959, when it was all woods here. Now houses, subdivisions, are creeping toward us. No more stags on the lawn — real ones. But lots of raccoons. Still private enough so you can sneak out and get the mail or slip a cookie to a raccoon in the buff if you want to.

If you'd asked me any time from age three to twenty-six, I'd have told you, "I'm a painter." (Note, not "artist" — painter. Snobbism there.) And I was. Oh my, did I draw, sketch, model, smear oils, build gesso, paint-paint-paint. (Age three I drew pictures of our bulldog, with lollipop legs.) I worked daily, whether I was supposed to be listening to lectures on Chateaubriand, whether my then-husband was shooting at me (he was a beautiful alcoholic poet), whether the sheriff was carrying our furniture out, whether Father was having a heart attack, whatever. And I wasn't too bad; I illustrated a couple of books in my early teens, I had a one-man show at sixteen, I exhibited in the All-American then at the Corcoran — and the painting, which used me as model, sold. Somewhere my naked form is hanging in a bedroom in North Carolina, if it hasn't been junked. I bought a shotgun, a Fox C-E double-barrel 12-gauge full choke, with the money. (Those were the three years when I was a crazy duck hunter, before I shot one too many cripples and gave it up never to kill another living thing, bugs excluded.) I believe the Fox is now far more valuable than anything I ever did.

The trouble was, you see, I was just good enough to understand the difference between my talent and that rare thing, real ability. It was as though I had climbed the foothills high enough to see the snow-clad peaks beyond, which I could never scale. This doesn't stop some people; it did me. What's the use of adding to the world's scrap heap? The reason people thought me innovative was that I was good enough to steal mannerisms and tricks they had never climbed high enough to study. But I knew where it was coming from.

And then came the dreadful steady unstoppable rise of Hitler — a great spreading black loin chop on the map — and I found out something else. There are painters who go on painting when a million voices are screaming in terminal agonies. And there are those who feel they have to Do Something about it, however little.

So I came back to Chicago — I'd been living in San Angel, near Mexico City, mucking around on the fringes of the Diego Rivera/Orozco/Siqueres crowd — and took a job as the Chicago Sun's first art editor, while waiting for the Army to open female enlistments. (I wasn't one of the famous first group of female potential officers; for

some reason it was important to me to go in as an ordinary G.I. with women officers.) Besides, I was having a great time discovering that Chicago was full of artists, who had to exhibit in NYC before they could sell to their Chicago neighbors. Chicago then had two art critics; one was a lethal, totally politicized Marxist (female), and the other was an elderly gent who knew art had died with Cezanne, and whose feet hurt. So when people sent works to Chicago shows they didn't get reviewed — or it was worse when they did. Anyway, I rooted out about forty producing groups, started what was then a new thing, a New Yorker-type calendar, told people interesting things to look for in shows. (One Art Institute guard, coping with a host of people with my “guide” clipped out, demanding to know which was the east room, asked me, “Did you do this?” Nobody had asked him anything but “Where is the toilet?” for twenty years.)

But this was all waiting, while the paper shortage cut me from a page to a half and then to a quarter. And then the great day came, and I trotted down to U.S. Army Recruitment Station Number 27 in three-inch heels and my little chartreuse crepe-de-chine designer thing by Claire somebody, and my pale fox fur jacket, and found a drunken second lieutenant with his feet on the desk. And when I said I wished to enlist in the Army, he caught an imaginary fly and said, “Ah, hell, you don't want to go in that goddamn thing.” And I said if it was all the same to him, I did. And so — but that's another, five-year-long, fairly hilarious story.

People tell me I've had an exciting or glamorous or whatnot life; it didn't feel like much but work and a few adventures. A few, ah oui . . . All I write is really from life, even that crazy duck-shooting boy breaking the ice naked at ten degrees below zero on the Apache reservation was me, once (“Her Smoke Rose Up Forever”).

As to science fiction: Well, you see, I had all these uncles, who are no relation at all, but merely stray or be-reaved or otherwise unhappy bachelors whom my parents adopted in the course of their wanderings. (That sort of thing happened much more in the old, old days. The fact that Father was an intensely lovable man of bewildering varied capabilities, and that Mother was a blazing-blue-eyed redhead of great literacy and gaiety didn't hurt, of course; and in their odd way they were both secretly lonesome — having nothing but peculiar me for family.) This particular uncle was what used to be called a Boston Brahmin, dean of a major law school and author of a text on torts so densely horrible that I still meet lawyers who shudder at its name. In short, he was dignified and respectable to an extreme — on the surface, as it turned out.

The summer when I was nine we were up in the woods of Wisconsin as usual, and Uncle Harry returned from an expedition to the metropolis of one thousand souls thirty miles away with his usual collection of *The New York Times*, *The Kenyon Review*, etc. (There was a funny little bookshop-hole there that ordered things for you.) Out of his bundle slipped a seven-by-nine magazine with a wonderful cover depicting, if I recollect, a large green octopus removing a young lady's golden brassiere. We all stared. The title was *Weird Tales*.

“Ah,” said Uncle Harry. “Oh. Oh yes. I, ah, picked this up for the child.”

“Uncle Harry,” I said, my eyes bulging, “I am the child. May I have it, please?”

“Uh,” said Uncle Harry. And, slowly, handed it over.

And so it all began. He would slip them to me and I would slip them back to him. Lovecraft — Oh, God. And more and more and more; we soon discovered *Amazing* and *Wonder Stories* and others that are long forgotten. We never discussed them; it was just Our Secret. But I'll tell you one thing: You haven't read fantasy or SF unless you have retired, with a single candle, to your lonely little cabin in the woods, far from the gaslights of the adult world, and set your candle stub up in a brass basin and huddled under about sixteen quilts — the nights were cold and drafty, the candlelight jumped and guttered, shadows everywhere. And then, just as you get to where the nameless Thing starts to emerge, the last shred of candle gutters out, leaving you in the dark forest. And a screech owl, who has silently taken up position on the roof above, lets loose with a nerve-curdling shriek.

That's *Tales of Wonder* as they should be read, man.

Well, of course I was hooked, from then on, permanently. By the time World War II came along, I had about 1300 mags and paperbacks stacked in that cabin alone. (I gave them all to the county library, despite the sneers of the librarian, who doubtless used them for doorstops. Alas, alas; rubies, pearls, emeralds gone to the gravel crusher.)

With the war came a break, after which I started all over again (having discovered the magic of subscriptions). I now have about forty running feet of them double-stacked, plus head-high shelves bulging in all bathrooms, plus miscellaneous deposits. In addition, there's another forty feet of philosophy and politics and history, sixty feet of my old professional specialty (experimental psychology), twenty feet of math, astronomy, and miscellaneous, twenty feet of fiction by dead authors and another twenty of same by live ones (horrible how quickly one seems to have to shift them), twenty feet of women's studies and related material, and twenty feet of mostly poetry. And something has got to give. (Oh well, who needs Das Kapital anyway?)

The painful part of starting like that is that you read, read, read — without, in most cases, noticing dull stuff like the author's name. Until I started to write it myself, of course; then names become acutely important. But I am still in the embarrassing position of not knowing who wrote some fantastic scene that is forever engraved on my liver. And then finding out, Oh my god, yes of course — he or she did that! (Worse yet, finding it out in his or her presence, whether in the flesh or in one of my Victorian correspondences.)

Now maybe this is the best place to lay to rest one last ghost — the business of the anonymity and the male pseudonym. First, the important part: Everything I've ever told you or anyone else is true, with one exception. David Gerrold came looking for me and I told him he was on a different street. If he'd waited before ringing the bell he would have seen through the glass a solitary figure staring at a Star Trek rerun in the dark, and I'm sure the jig would have been up. Other than that I have never told a lie or modulated my natural voice — I was very careful about pronouns, things like "child" instead of "boy," etc., etc. But it wasn't calculated. (I'm lousy at that.) All my letters have been just first draft typed as fast as I can go with my one finger. I can't help what people think sounds male or female.

You see, when I started, I was in rather a stuffy job atmosphere. A university. And I was something of a maverick; I kept having ideas that didn't jibe with the official academic outlook at my department. And when I started my own research it got worse. ("In this department we do feel rather strongly that recent PhDs do best when their work fits in with or amplifies some of the ongoing lines of research here.") Well, I wasn't about to fit in with or amplify anybody else's line; I had my own long-held desires, and I kept citing research nobody else had read, or had read and dismissed, and with great pain and struggle I set off on a totally independent tack, which had the ill grace, after four agonizing years, to pay off. (I still keep getting requests for it from obscure European universities, or behind the Iron Curtain.) With this background, the news that I was writing science fiction would have destroyed my last shreds of respectability and relegated me to the freak department, possibly even to the freak-whose-grant-funds-should-be-stopped division; those familiar with older academe will get the picture. Anonymity seemed highly desirable. The name "Tiptree" started by seeing it on a can of marmalade in the Giant; I was looking for a forgettable name so editors wouldn't remember rejecting my manuscripts. The "James" was one more bit of cover — and my husband threw in "Jr." for whimsy's sake. I was shocked when the stories all sold and I was stuck with the name. What started as a prank dreamed its way into reality.

You have to realize, this never was run as a real clandestine operation with cutouts and drops and sanitizing and so on. The only "assets" were one P.O. box, a little luck, and the delicacy and decency of some people who decided not to pry. Namely and chiefly one Jeff Smith.

When you wrote asking for the Phantasmicom interview was the first time I was approached personally by anyone, and I told myself, Dammit, say no. But then this business of really loving the SF world and wanting to say so welled up, and I thought I could kind of race over the bio bit without telling lies and start waving Hello. You'll note what I put in there about masks . . . So that's how it all started.

Then, from about the second year, when things began to get serious, "James" started to feel more and more constrictive. It was as if there were things I wanted to write as me, or at least a woman. (I still don't know exactly what they are, that's the odd part.) Meanwhile Tiptree kept taking on a stronger and stronger life of his own; if I were superstitious I'd say Something was waiting for incarnation there in the Giant Foods import section . . . maybe I do anyway. This voice would speak up from behind my pancreas somewhere. He insisted on the nickname, he would not be "Jim." And as to "Uncle" Tip — maybe I'm a natural uncle. See, I have no family, nobody ever called me Sis or Mom or even Aunt Alice.

And his persona wasn't too constricting; I wrote as me. Maybe my peculiar upbringing — where values like Don't-be-a-coward and Achieve! And Find-out-how-it-works and Fight-on-the-underdog's-side were stamped in before they got to the You're-a-young-lady stuff (which was awful) — maybe this resulted in a large part of me being kind of a generalized Human being rather than specifically female. (I am very pro-woman, though; once when dabbling in NY politics I had the opportunity to personally thank one of the original suffragettes, then a frail but vital eighty, for the privilege of the vote. It was a beautiful moment.) But still I wanted to write as a woman. By this point it became obvious that killing Tiptree off, say by drowning him out on the reef here, wasn't going to be that simple. He — we — had all these friends, see. So all I did was rather feebly set up Raccoona Sheldon with a Wisconsin P.O. box and bank, and I confess to giving her some of Tip's weaker tales to peddle. (Except for the one called "Your Faces, O My Sisters! Your Faces Filled of Light!" in the anthology *Aurora* by McIntyre and Anderson. Nobody much mentions that one, but I consider it as good as I can do.) Anyway, the upshot of all this was that where I lived I wasn't, and I didn't live where I was, and things were reaching some kind of crescendo of confusion. Frankly, I had no real plan. So I was really relieved as well as traumatized to have Mother's ghost do Tiptree in. But it left me with an extraordinary eerie empty feeling for a while; maybe still does.

One problem caused by having a male pseudonym was that there was the desire to rush (by mail) up to many female writers and give them a straight sisterly hug. (And to some male writers, too; especially those I knew were feeling down. I guess I wrote some fairly peculiar letters here and there.) Another problem that may seem trivial, wasn't to me; people kept saying how lifelike my female characters were, while all the time I was perishing to find out if the male characters were living!

Things like being hooted at in the Women in SF Symposium really didn't bother me at all, because I doubtless would have done the same myself. And also I am used to being hooted at for unpopular ideas — the struggle I mentioned in the university was just one of a lifelong series. And then, too, I'm a feminist of a far earlier vintage, where we worked through a lot of the first stages all by our lonesomes. There are stages in all revolutions of consciousness where certain things are unsayable, because they sound too much like the enemy's line. Then after some years, when everybody is feeling more secure about unity on the facts and the wrongs, those "unsayable" things can be looked at objectively again, and new insight gained. I refer, of course, to my real interest in why people are mothers. (I just saw an article in *Psychology Today* that triumphantly claims that Fathers Do It Too — but turns out on reading the data that what they "do" is quite different. They play with baby; mother takes care of it.) There were, of course, a lot more things I felt like saying in the Symposium, but I thought that one was safe for Tip. As indeed it was — typical "male" nonsense.

I've been amazed at the warm, kind, friendly reaction I've been getting, even from the most unlikely people. I worried deeply about what had unwittingly become a major deception. I wrote at once to everyone I could think of who might feel I'd let them go out on a cracked limb. They couldn't have been nicer. If someone does

feel griped, they haven't gotten it to me. The only problem seems to be that now I'm expected to produce something somehow grander, more insightful, more "real." Well, if I knew how, I would — the trouble is that the Tip did all I could in that line. If there is something — other than "Sisters" — which is going to burst forth from my liberated gonads, it hasn't peeped yet. In fact, I may be written out for a while. With each story I dug deeper and deeper into more emotional stuff, and some of it started to hurt pretty bad. "Slow Music" reads like a musical fadeout or coda to Tiptree's group of work.

Now, I've got one more thing to add to this terrible monologue. In a funny way, I found that as Tip I could be useful to my fellow female writers. There were times when Tiptree (male) queried anthology editors on why nothing from this or that female writer was being used. And as an old gent I may have been more helpful to sisters who were fighting depression than another woman could. They had to brace up and respond to my courtly compliments — Tip was quite a flirt — and they knew somebody quite different valued them. Whereas just another woman coming in with sympathy and admiration tends to dissolve in a mutual embrace of woe.

Now, adieu, dear Jeff and Ann. Outside the Caribbean is in roaring high tide, storms are chasing themselves overhead, the palm trees lit up olive and white by great bursts of lightning. And the generator is, as usual, failing. May you never be the same.

Gur Yrnht bs SBTpba Pelcgbcuvyrf vf ybbxvat sbe arj erpehvgf. Vs lbh guvax lbh unir jung vg gnxrf, or ba gur ybbxbhg sbe plcuref naq chmmyrf va pbairagvba fvtantr naq bgure choypngvbaf. Fbyir gurz nyy naq lbh'yy rnea fcrpvny erpbtagvba nzbatfg lbhe sryybj chmmyr fbyiref

Hotel

Debbie Notkin and Cindy Scott

Welcome to the Walnut Creek Marriott!

Your valet parking is free if you tell the valet you're with FOGcon. Your in-room wireless is also free; if the hotel makes a mistake and charges you for it, you can challenge the charge and they will take it off.

The convention function space is all one (whole) floor below the lobby, accessible by both elevators and stairs. Registration is outside the function space on that level. You'll find programming both directly beyond the registration space and down the hall. The UnAward Banquet is in the Contra Costa Ballroom, on the floor that is halfway between the function space and the lobby.

The hospitality suite (the Santa Monica Room) is on the second floor, close to the elevator lobby.

The hotel restaurant, Atrio, on the ground floor, is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Right by Atrio, you'll find the lounge, which is open until 12:30 a.m. or so, later if there's enough interest. Atrio's prices run from about \$10-12 for salads and sandwiches to \$15-25 for full dinners. There is fresh-brewed Starbucks coffee, as well as alcohol, in the lounge. Friday night there will be live music in the lounge for a few hours, which spills into the function space.

Hotel guests have access to the heated outdoor pool and the fitness center.

If you have questions or concerns about the hotel during the convention, please find the person on Safety shift, the con chair or vice chair on duty, or your trusty hotel liaisons, and we'll do our best to help.

Registration

Located in the Lobby on the Conference Level.

Alex Haist

Consuite

Santa Monica Room

Alyc Helms

The consuite is in the Santa Monica Room on the second floor. We'll have snacks and drinks to accommodate a fair range of diets; we'll be doing our best to have ingredient lists available and avoid cross-contamination.

Dealers' Room

Salon D/E

Keyan Bowes

The Dealers' room will have books, comics, jewelry, art, and ... a massage therapist! Please note the hours, nothing is more frustrating than leaving a planned purchase for later, after a panel, or when this reading's done — and finding the Dealers' Room locked.

Game Room

Salon F

Come and enjoy a friendly board or card game with your fellow convention attendees.

Safety Team

Alan Bostick

The Safety team is here to help FOGcon attendees have an enjoyable and successful convention. If you've got problems, we can help. The situation doesn't have to be a crime or an emergency, although we can help with those as well. If you find yourself in or near a situation which calls for assistance by the Safety team member on duty, look for the person wearing the day-glo vest, or call 510-520 6067. In case of an immediately dangerous situation, of course, call 9-9-1-1.

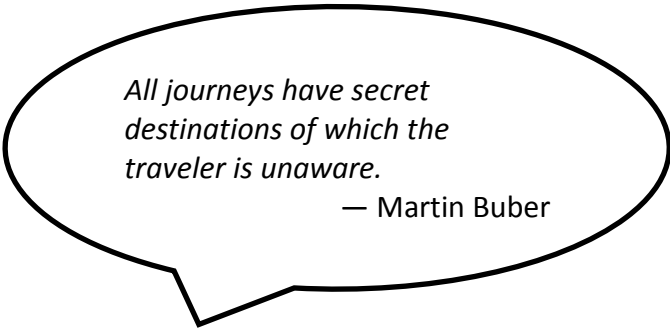
How can you tell who is a Safety team member?

The Safety person on duty wears a bright orange vest. However, you can also talk to any member of the ConCom. We'll be wearing brightly colored badges that identify us as CONCOM.

What Should I Report to Safety?

Safety isn't just for riots, floods, and zombie attacks. We can help with ANY mundane issues. Here is a brief list of plausible examples:

- You lost your cell phone.
- You left your backpack in a program area that is locked after hours.
- Some people are working out a relationship issue in the con suite in a way that is making other people uncomfortable.



All journeys have secret destinations of which the traveler is unaware.

— Martin Buber

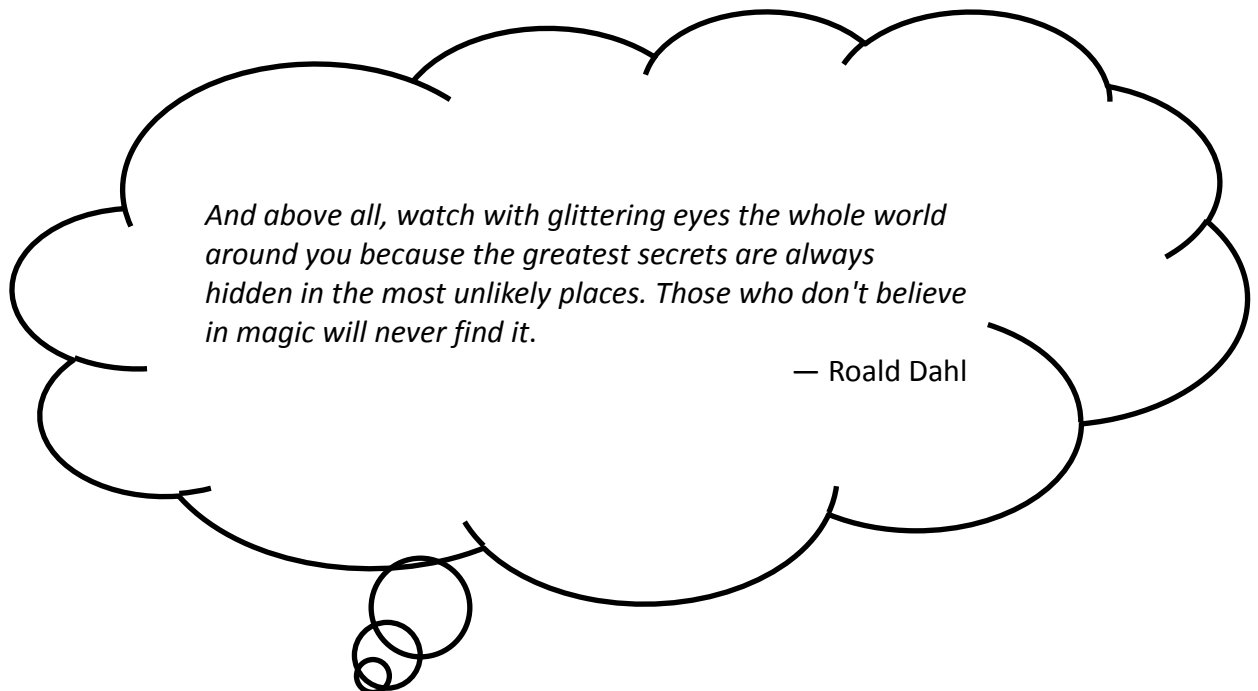
- People waiting for function space to open are blocking access to a staircase or other doorway.
- The hotel is getting noise complaints about a party, or you have noise complaints about one.
- Something unusual is happening—space aliens landing, volcano erupting in the con suite, a blocked toilet in the bathroom for silicon-based life-forms—that might affect the safety or satisfaction of convention attendees.
- An attendee is having an allergic reaction to something in the convention environment and needs immediate medical attention. (In that case, you should also call 9-911 on a hotel phone.)
- Someone is paying attention to you that you find unwelcome or excessive. This includes staring, following, touching, standing too close, blocking your exit, and talking suggestively or offensively. If it makes you uncomfortable, please feel free to report it.

If you have been harassed, you have several choices of people you can consult. If you do not feel comfortable bringing a concern to a particular staff member, for any reason, you will be able to work with another member of the convention staff to address your concerns. Perhaps you're uncomfortable talking with the Safety volunteer on duty because you're strangers (or friends), or for any other personal reason. You can always ask for help from one of the ConCom members or from a Safe Responder. ConCom members are identified by the word ConCom on their badges. Safe Responders will be wearing bright yellow badges.

The Safety team will be on the scene to be first responder in situations like these, to smooth things on to spot and to bring in the right people — be they convention staff, hotel employees, or outside response (police, EMTs, etc.) as needed.

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If you find yourself in or near a situation which calls for assistance by the Safety team member on duty, look for the person wearing the day-glo vest, or call 510-520-6067. In case of an immediately dangerous situation, of course, call 9-1-1.



Programming, Friday March 7, 2014

1:30-2:45 pm

A Secret is Something You Tell One Person at a Time

Salon A/B

Once, it was a secret if you didn't tell anybody — or if you asked someone to keep your secret. Secrecy has been changing ever since the invention of writing, but it's been changing faster and faster with the spread of on-line media. What's a secret now? What does it take to keep one? Panelists may discuss encryption, plausible deniability, verifiability, anonymity, or whatever else they can tie in to the subject.

Moderator: Shannon Prickett

Panelists: Griffin Barber, Catherine Hindersinn, Matt Maxwell, Andrés Santiago Pérez-Bergquist

The 75-Minute Writing Workout

Sacramento

Come do 75 minutes of writing exercises and get warmed up for FOGcon! Exercises are designed to help inspire stories for you to work on later.

Facilitator: Vylar Kaftan

3:00-4:15 pm

Narnia, Hogwarts, and Oz, Oh My!

Salon A/B

What are our favorite secret worlds? What do we love about them? Why is a secret world so useful for storytelling? What can we learn from the ways used to access these places? What about worlds which exclude some people from accessing them, such as adults or non-magical people—are these worlds problematic or necessary? Or somewhere between the two?

Moderator: Tim Susman

Panelists: Marie Brennan, Valerie Estelle Frankel, Naamen Gobert Tilahun

Secret Agencies of the Occult

Salon C

“Is that black as in off-budget, or black as in magic?” From Charlie Stross’ Laundry novels to Tim Powers’ *Declare*, it seems a natural pairing — the secret world of the spy and the secret world of the occultist. Where did this fusion start, what are some examples of it, and what does it tell us about how we think about the world we live in, and the things we don't know about it?

Moderator: Steven Schwartz

Panelists: Griffin Barber, Emily Dare, John Kusters, Tim Powers

Readings: Mary Anne Mohanraj, Cliff Winnig, FOGcon Writing Contest Winner Steven McDonald

Santa Rosa

4:30-5:45 pm

Fantastical Secret Histories

Salon A/B

Fantasy has a tradition of secret histories: hidden bloodlines with entailments of powers, old grudges that are inconveniently revealed, and age-old prophecies that finally come to bear. What kinds of secrets are more interesting to read about? What about their revelation makes them exciting?

Moderator: Daniel Starr

Panelists: Marie Brennan, Tim Powers, Naamen Gobert Tilahun, Juliette Wade

Invisible Disabilities

Salon C

Some disabilities are visible at first glance to an outsider, but many are not. These can include chronic pain, severe food allergies, joint problems, fibromyalgia, depression, and a variety of other health challenges. Invisible disabilities pose a slightly different set of problems because strangers assume that you meet the dominant standard for capability. How do you get the accommodations you need in the workplace? How do you handle quizzing the waiter about the menu and getting strange looks from your dining companions? How do you convince your friends that while you look fine, you're really not—and how do you keep your friends when you constantly have to rearrange plans around your pain levels? (By the way, being invisible is not currently considered an invisible disability.)

Moderator: Deb Taber

Panelists: Lynn Alden Kendall, Deirdre Saoirse Moen, Rowan Thunder

Readings: Vincent Jorgensen, Gary Kloster, Daniel Marcus

Santa Rosa

8:00-9:15 pm

Lesser-Known Writers That Deserve to Be Read

Salon A/B

Sometimes writers aren't read as often as they deserve—either because their work is tied up under estate law and therefore not printed, or simply because they are new on the scene and not well known yet. Come learn the secret writers you should be reading and may not know about, both old and new.

Moderator: Debbie Notkin

Panelists: España Sheriff, Caroline Ratajski, Terry Weyna, Isabel Yap

Queer Spheres: Revolutionaries and secret worlds in science fiction

Sacramento

The secret society in science fiction can often be both utopian and resistant. How are they created? What are their values? This panel looks at marginalized groups and their organizing codes and plans for revolution via queer and Afro-futurist comics and fiction.

Moderator: Alan Bostick

Panelists: Vidhu Aggarwal, Ian K. Hagemann, Nabil Hijazi

ConTention

Salon C

It's a tradition! We start off FOGcon with "ConTention" — a panel all about arguing; the sort of arguments that cause flamewars to erupt in newsgroups, or bring other discussions to a grinding halt. Here's where we can have them and have fun with them. What'll we argue about this year? Audience participation is what this panel's about, so bring your favorite arguments with you!

Moderator: Steven Schwartz

Readings: Vylar Kaftan, Cassie Alexander

Salon C

9:30-10:45 pm

When Is Your Heroine Finally Going to Be Raped?

Salon A/B

Honored Guest Seanan McGuire was actually asked that question by a fan, who was disappointed when the answer was "Never." The fan replied: "I thought you had respect for your work. That's just unrealistic." What secret purposes does the rape trope serve in speculative fiction? What do writers and readers gain from stories that include sexual assault? How can writers tackle themes of helplessness, exploitation, rage, and consent in fresh, meaningful ways?

Moderator: Allison Moon

Panelists: Seanan McGuire, Sasha Pixlee, Karen Williams

Karaoke

Sacramento

Readings: Jay Hartlove, Effie Seiberg

Santa Rosa

Programming, Saturday, March 8, 2014

9:00-10:15 am

Networking 101 for Writers

Salon A/B

You've heard you're supposed to go to conventions to meet people and make connections. How exactly are you supposed to do that? The panelists will discuss the best ways to meet the right people and make a good impression, as well as how to use social media and your web presence to connect with other writers, editors and publishers.

Moderator: Gary Kloster

Panelists: Alan Marling, Caroline Ratajski, Michael R. Underwood

10:30-11:45 am

My Baby's Got a Secret

Salon C

Genetic tests are becoming more widely available than ever before, yet they offer the possibility of opening family secrets or revealing information some people would rather have hidden. For example, a genetic test could uncover that someone's father isn't the person they think it is. Another thorny problem: when a person gets their genes tested, members of their immediate family arguably lose some privacy on their own genomes without their consent. How will genetic tests (either home-based or lab-based) alter the way we view heritage, diseases, and risk-taking in our society? What rights do people have to their genetic information, and what responsibilities should they bear?

Moderator: Sunil Patel

Panelists: Vincent Jorgensen, Vylar Kaftan, Colleen T. O'Rourke, Guy W. Thomas

This Book Lies To You — And Makes You Like It

Salon A/B

Main characters who die in the middle; unreliable narrators; crazy twist endings. What are the books that mess with your mind and make it wonderful?

Moderator: Alan Bostick

Panelists: Elsa, KJ, Suzanne K. Moses

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*The world to me was a secret, which I desired to
discover; to her it was a vacancy, which she
sought to people with imaginations of her own.*
— Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

Secret History and Alternate History; their similarities, differences, and how to write them

Sacramento

Tim Powers, in books like *Declare* and *The Drawing of the Dark*, has brought us into the realm of secret history — the events that really took place around known historical facts. Harry Turtledove, Philip K. Dick, and many others have brought us into the realm of alternate history — the what-if-things-had-been-different. (Indeed, one could argue that Mary Gentle's *Ash* is secret alternate history!) What about these works fascinates us, and how do we put them together?

Moderator: Bradford Lyau

Panelists: Marie Brennan, Tim Powers, Tim Susman

Readings: R. R. Angell, Darja Malcolm-Clarke, Deb Taber

Santa Rosa

1:30-2:45 pm

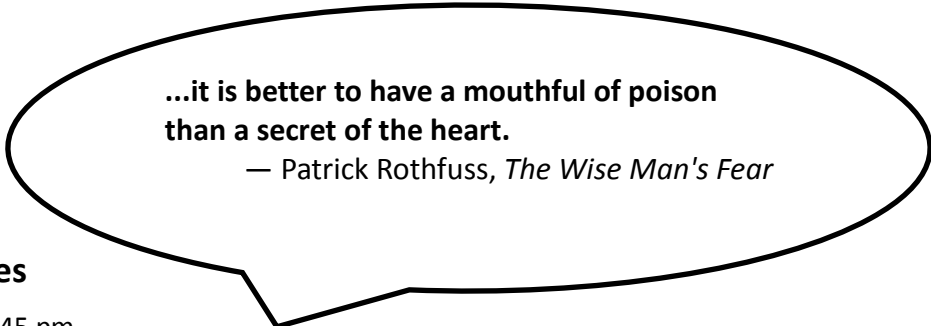
Secrets of the Writing World

Sacramento

What do writing professionals *not* want to talk about? Income, sales, unwritten stories, other professionals to watch out for, or other things? What things are considered improper or impolite to be public about, and what things are said at conventions that no one wants to put in writing? Does this harm newer writers, and is it necessary?

Moderator: Effie Seiberg

Panelists: Cassie Alexander, Michael R. Underwood, Isabel Yap



**...it is better to have a mouthful of poison
than a secret of the heart.**

— Patrick Rothfuss, *The Wise Man's Fear*

Cryptography and Codes

Salon A/B • Saturday, 1:30–2:45 pm

A panel devoted to the art of making and breaking codes and ciphers throughout history and in speculative fiction.

Moderator: Shannon Prickett

Panelists: Griffin Barber, Fred Curtis Moulton, Andrés Santiago Pérez-Bergquist, Deirdre Saoirse Moen

Readings: Chaz Brenchley, Ellen Klages, Karen Williams

Santa Rosa

3:00-4:15 pm

James Tiptree, Jr.: Secrets of Our Honored Ghost

- Salon C

James Tiptree, Jr. was the pen name of Alice Sheldon, but no one knew that for the first decade or so of Tiptree's writing life. Why did she keep her secret for so long? What changed when it was revealed? And secrets or no secrets, why should you read her work?

Moderator: Debbie Notkin

Panelists: Bradford Lyau, Pat Murphy, Naamen Gobert Tilahun

Why Aren't My Stories Selling?

Sacramento

It can be very frustrating when your critique group says the story is good, and you think it's good—but somehow you just can't sell it. Editors give you personalized feedback, but somehow they never say yes. We'll talk about some of the most common mistakes being made by newer writers, and how to make that good story *great*.

Moderator: Jed Hartman

Panelists: Daniel Marcus, Deb Taber

The Author's Body

Salon C

Unlike athletes, writers can do all their work hidden behind a screen of ink or pixels. Nevertheless, readers unconsciously approach fiction in the context of what they know or believe about the author's gender, race, ethnicity, age, looks, orientation, and dis/ability. How does an author's corporeal self influence the way we read the author's words? And what happens when readers find out an author is lying? We'll discuss such writers as James Tiptree, Jr. Last year we only scratched the surface of this fruitful topic.

Moderator: Ian K. Hagemann

Panelists: Vidhu Aggarwal, R R Angell, Phyllis Holliday, Suzanne K. Moses

Building a Magic System with Tim Powers

- Salon A/B

The magical systems in the books of Tim Powers are not Vancian or conventional, yet they are an essential part of his powerful and fascinating stories. Panelists and audience will collaborate on building a Powers-esque magical system and discussing the implications of the rules of magic on plot and theme.

Moderator: Tim Powers

Panelists: Chaz Brenchley, Lynn Alden Kendall, Steven Schwartz

Readings: Julia Dvorin, Matt Maxwell, Andrea Stewart

Santa Rosa

4:30-5:45 pm

Ultra Super Party Fun Revision Time

Salon C

Okay, maybe it's not quite that fun. Many writers dislike the revision process. How can you learn to be a better reviser? What are you looking for in early revisions versus late revisions? How many passthroughs should you take on the work? Should you revise the story sometimes after you've circulated it and it hasn't sold, or is that a trap? How do you know when you're done? How about REALLY done? Are there some balloons we could have to cheer us up?

Moderator: Cassie Alexander

Panelists: Gary Kloster, Lauren K. Moody, Deb Taber, Juliette Wade

The future is now: 3D printed organs, drones, and more

Sacramento

While we may not yet have flying cars, we have things that even 20 years ago would have been deemed suitable for space opera, let alone from the world of 50 years ago. What are some of those things, and how are we adapting them into a world that doesn't feel science-fictional to those of us living in it?

Moderator: Cliff Winnig

Panelists: Debbie Lynn Smith, Emily Dare, Effie Seiberg

Just because she's a manic pixie in black leather, doesn't stop her being The Angel in the House

Salon A/B

Most of us would agree that female characters in SFF should no longer be Ye Damsel, there to get menaced by the villain, kidnapped, rescued, and generally motivate the hero by having stuff done to them, etc. How much are the abilities and competences of 21st century female characters in the service of facilitating the Hero's Journey of, well, The Hero, rather than Manic Pixie Dream Hacker/Ass-kicking Ninja-Girl/Leader of the Resistance having her own agenda and her own story. What kinds of female characters and stories would you like to read? Which books and authors give female characters their own motivations? Which books and authors need to be slapped with a codfish for their treatment of "strong" female characters?

Moderator: Karen Williams

Panelists: Heina Dadabhoy, Daniel Marcus, Seanan McGuire, Mary Anne Mohanraj

Readings: Marie Brennan, Alyc Helms, Michael R. Underwood

Santa Rosa

6:15-7:55 pm

UnAward Banquet

Contra Costa Ballroom

8:00-9:15 pm

The Seanan Show, starring Seanan McGuire

Salon A/B

An open-format question and answer panel in which Seanan promises to answer all your questions! (She didn't promise to tell the *truth,* but she didn't say she wouldn't, either.)

Moderator: Seanan McGuire

Lascivious Feminist Book Club

Salon C

There's a large audience for books that offer well-written, hot feminist sex. This panel will discuss portrayals of sex that score high on all those attributes, with a particular focus on four works: *Nightshifted* by Cassie Alexander, *Bending* by Greta Christina, *The Stars Change* by Mary Anne Mohanraj, and *Saga*, Volume 1 by Brian K. Vaughan and Fiona Staples.

Moderator: Lisa Eckstein

Panelists: Heina Dadabhoy, Elsa, Mary Anne Mohanraj, Sasha Pixlee

Conspiracy History

Sacramento

The truth is out there, and the conspiracists have it! Our panelists reveal their favorite dark patterns and suspicious coincidences of our world, unfolding to you the secret truth that reputable historians fear....

Moderator: Catherine Hindersinn

Panelists: Alan Bostick, Emily Dare, Steven Schwartz

Readings: Mark J. Ferrari, Shannon Page, Sunil Patel

Santa Rosa

9:30-10:45 pm

Liars' Panel

Salon C

Four experienced liars will sit on this panel and lie their butts off — solely for your entertainment. We might be lying about there being four of them. Ask them anything! See what they say.

Moderator: Aaron I. Spielman

Panelists: Vylar Kaftan, Ellen Klages, Andrés Santiago Pérez-Bergquist, Effie Seiberg

Gur Yrnhttr bs SBTpba Pelcgbcuvyrf vf ybbxvat sbe arj erpehvgf. Vs lbh guvax lbh untr jung vg gnxrf, or ba gur ybbxbhg sbe plcuref naq chmmyrf va pbairagvba fvtantr naq bgure choypngvbaf. Fbyir gurz nyy naq lbh'yy rnea fcrpvny erpbtavgvba nzbafg lbhe sryybj chmmyr fbyiref.

Passing for Normal

Salon A/B

In recent times, members of particular sub-cultures learned how to “pass” in the greater society. This includes members of the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender community. In fiction, this might also apply to more varieties of communities — fae folk in urban fantasy, transhumans and androids in science-fiction, avatars of gods in high fantasy, and so forth. What hints, tricks, or lessons can our literary counterparts learn from the history of “invisible” minorities of our own world?

Moderator: Ian K. Hagemann

Panelists: Mark J. Ferrari, Nabil Hijazi, Crystal Huff

Open Filking

Sacramento

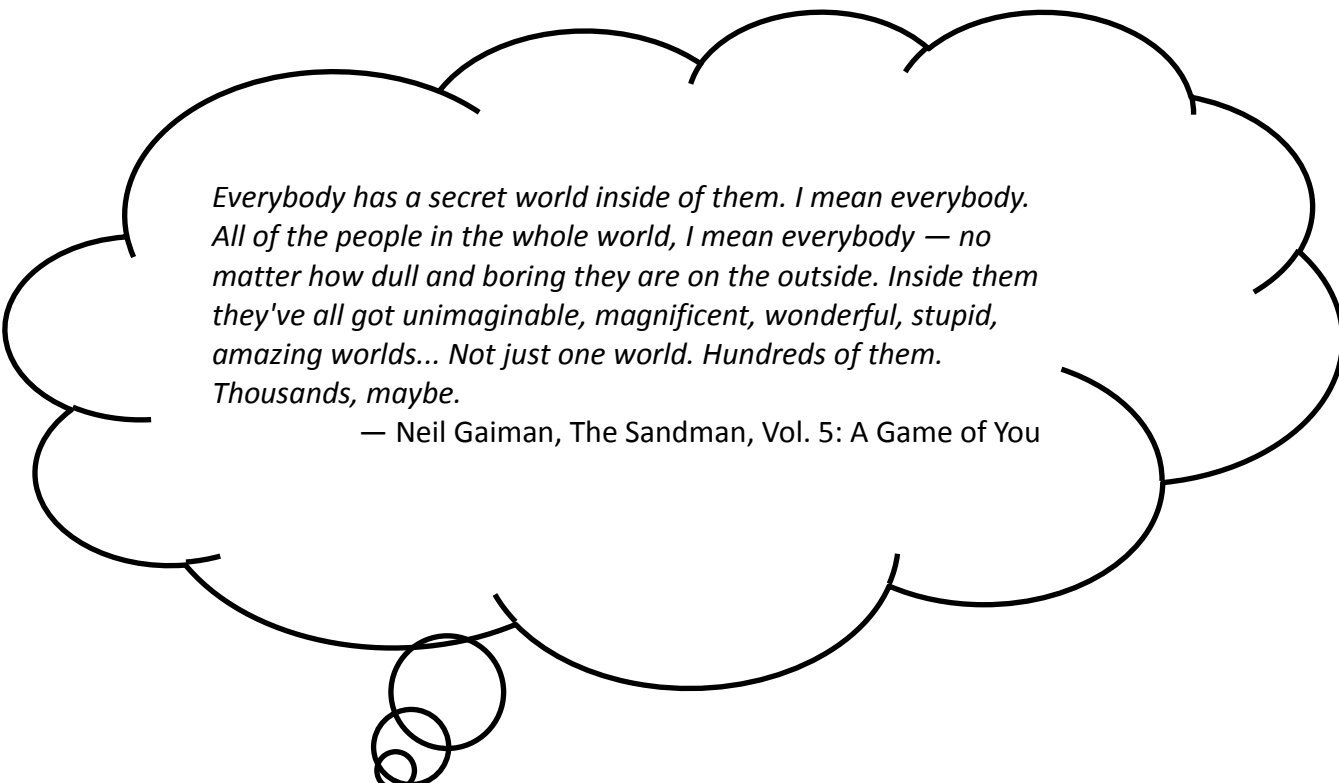
Filking with whoever shows up until we all fall over.

Erotic Readings

Santa Rosa

Readings by FOGcon's Resident Erotica writers

Allison Moon, Mistress Lorelei Powers, Steven Schwartz



Everybody has a secret world inside of them. I mean everybody. All of the people in the whole world, I mean everybody — no matter how dull and boring they are on the outside. Inside them they've all got unimaginable, magnificent, wonderful, stupid, amazing worlds... Not just one world. Hundreds of them. Thousands, maybe.

— Neil Gaiman, *The Sandman*, Vol. 5: A Game of You

Programming, Sunday, March 9, 2014

9:00-10:15 am

The Love That Dare Not Speak Its Name Says “Hi!”

Salon A/B

When did you first know you were gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transgendered? Was there anyone you could tell? What was it like to carry such a secret? When and why did you first start telling people? Are there still some people you won't tell?

Moderator: Crystal Huff

Panelists: Heather Rose Jones, Kaylia Metcalfe, Tim Susman, Rowan Thunder

10:30-11:45 am

From Inspiration to Draft

Salon A/B

Where does inspiration come from? How do you transform that moment into a full story idea? Once you have the idea, how do you develop a plot or characters or whatever else you need around it? What if you find the idea changing as you write it? The panel will discuss how to get from that vague sense of “something about goat eggs” to a full-fledged story, and how to recognize which paths will work and which lead to pitfalls.

Moderator: Cassie Alexander

Panelists: Alex Haist, Ellen Klages, Cliff Winnig

Do Pessimists Dream of Dystopian Sheep?

Salon C

Is the world worse than it was 30 years ago? Or better? Are we facing new problems beyond human solution, or will we just have to get more creative? What about the world 30 years from now: better or worse? What needs to change now in order to ensure a better future?

Moderator: Mary Anne Mohanraj

Panelists: Garrett Calcaterra, Alex Gurevich, Bradford Lyau

Secret Identities

Sacramento

In a world where Google and Facebook are enforcing “real name” policies for users, what does it mean to have a secret identity? What can a superhero do to keep their crime-fighting vocation distinct from their private life? How can YOU keep your own private life out of the view of supervillains, super-marketers, or your co-workers and boss?

Moderator: Guy W. Thomas

Panelists: Lauren K. Moody, Fred Curtis Moulton, Sasha Pixlee, Karen Williams

Honored Guest Readings (or anything they want to do, really)

Santa Rosa

Readings (or something) by Seanan McGuire and Tim Powers

Seanan McGuire, Tim Powers

1:30-2:45 pm

Secrets in Science

Salon A/B

Leibniz kept the calculus a secret — or so he claimed. Alchemists were notorious secret-keepers, writing down their discoveries in complicated code. From those antecedents has grown a long history of secrecy in science, whether to claim priority, or for more sinister reasons — such as the Manhattan Project. What kinds of secrets do scientists keep, and why? How have we seen this play out in the real world, as well as in fiction?

Moderator: Daniel Marcus

Panelists: Courtney, Heather Rose Jones, Colleen T. O'Rourke

Have Sheep, Want Wood

Sacramento

Many sf/f fans are board game geeks. Some games are more casual, such as Apples to Apples or Cards Against Humanity, while other games are intense strategy games that can last for hours (Arkham Horror, anyone?) Some games even remove the competitive element, allowing the players to cooperate against the board itself. What games are we playing and loving? What's the newest and most interesting games we've found?

Moderator: Michele Cox

Panelists: Alex Gurevich, Steven Schwartz

Hiding in Plain Sight

Salon C

A common element in many urban fantasy novels is something fantastic that looks utterly mundane in the eyes of the “normals.” It may be a hidden entrance to the faerie realms, a tourist attraction that is a portal into the minds of the gods, or even a cleverly disguised time machine. The panelists share their favorite hidden treasures, in their own works and that of others, and discuss their inspirations.

Moderator: Aaron I. Spielman

Panelists: Heina Dadabhoy, Seanan McGuire, Allison Moon, Madeleine E. Robins

Readings: Vidhu Aggarwal, Nabil Hijazi& Valerie Estelle Frankel

Santa Rosa

3:00-4:15 pm

FOGcon 4 Retrospective: The Good, The Bad, The Ugly

- Salon A/B

Come tell us what we did well, what we did badly, what you want more of next time, what you want less or none of — you'll make FOGcon 5 the best one ever!

Panelists: Guy W. Thomas, Wendy A. Shaffer

Good books don't give up all their secrets at once.

— Stephen King

Program Participants

Vidhu Aggarwal

Vidhu Aggarwal's poems, recordings, and criticism deal with how media from multiple arenas combine to produce new identities of alienation and connectivity in the digital age. Her poetry manuscript *Avatara*, blends poetry, prose, and digital theater. Her work plays with the turn of “avatar” from mortal embodiment of Hindu gods to digital embodiment of personal identity, as well as mythologies from Silicon Valley to Bollywood.

Cassie Alexander

Cassie Alexander is a registered nurse and author of the Edie Spence urban fantasy series.

R. R. Angell

R. R. Angell has been published in *Interzone 216* (The Mundane Science Fiction Issue), *Asimov's*, *The Baltimore Review*, and *Gargoyle*, among others, and his work has been translated into French and Chinese. FOGcon 2014 is the 10th year reunion for his Clarion West class of 2004.

Alan Bostick

Alan Bostick has been by turns a physicist, editor, baker, poker pro, writer, and chocolatier. Equally at home in the salon privée of a Las Vegas casino resort and the slums of Haiti, Bostick is the very model of a real-life Heinlein protagonist. Pour him a shot of single-malt scotch, and ask him about exploring the ruins of ancient civilizations, probing the secrets of gravity with laser light, or working with the vexing polymorphic crystalline structure of cocoa butter.

Chaz Brenchley

Chaz Brenchley has been making a living as a writer since the age of eighteen. He is the author of nine thrillers and five fantasies. As Daniel Fox, he has published a Chinese-influenced fantasy series, beginning with *Dragon in Chains*; as Ben Macallan, two urban fantasies, *Desdaemona* and *Pandaemonium*. A British Fantasy Award winner, he has also published books for children and more than 500 short stories in various genres. He recently married and moved from Newcastle to California.

Marie Brennan

Marie Brennan is the author of eight novels, including *A Natural History of Dragons*, the Onyx Court series of historical fantasies, and the urban fantasy *Lies and Prophecy*. She has published more than forty short stories in venues such as *On Spec*, *Beneath Ceaseless Skies*, and the acclaimed anthology series *Clockwork Phoenix*. More information can be found on her website: www.swantower.com.

Garrett Calcaterra

Garrett Calcaterra is an author of dark speculative fiction. His books include *Dreamwielder*, *Umbral Visions*, and *The Roads to Baldairn Motte*. When not writing, he enjoys hiking with his two dogs and quaffing good beer.

Michele Cox

Michele Cox found fandom (and filking!) in her teens and never left. Since then she has earned an MA in Church History and Theology, become a poet, and taught herself technical writing and business analysis by observation and practice. She is a polytheistic pan(en)theistic mystic working in web security. Among her favorite SFF authors are Edgar Pangborn, Lois McMaster Bujold, M. K. Wren, Madeleine L'Engle, and Theodore Sturgeon. She passes for normal among Bay Area SF fans.

Heina Dadabhoy

Heina (pronounced hee-na) holds two shameful Humanities degrees from a fine University of California institution but plays a scientist on the Internet. Her induction into the noble life of the nerd occurred at age ten, when she discovered the Internet through excessive amounts of time on Star Wars forums. As she is fierce femme who never wears t-shirts, she often expresses her geekiness in far less sartorial fashion, although she does enjoy the not-so-occasional cosplay. She blogs at Skepchick.

Emily Dare

Emily is a Cyborg Witch, Grinder, Comics Geek, and perhaps above all else, a Pretty Pretty Princess. She currently lives in Oakland where she works as a freelance writer and consultant.

Julia Dvorin

Writer, solipsistic storyteller, mom, artist, geek, SFF fan, Jew, cancer survivor, ex-Faire brat, teacher, entrepreneur, ex-web designer, sociologist, feminist, foodie, freak. Overeducated, underslept. Flying my freak flag high and glad to be alive.

Lisa Eckstein

Lisa Eckstein writes novels, and blogs about reading, writing, and revising at lisaeckstein.com.

Elsa

Reader primarily of fantasy, romance, and science-fiction novels (the exception being The Big Click's noir short stories, which is good enough to draw me out of my usual genre-haunts), I like to vivisect stories with friends.

Mark J. Ferrari

Mark J. Ferrari has been a commercial genre illustrator since 1987. His first fantasy novel, *The Book of Joby*, was published by TOR in 2007, honored as a Booksense Pick, made Booklist's 'Top Ten' for science fiction/fantasy in 2008, and was chosen as a finalist for the Endeavor Award. It was re-released as a mass market paperback in 2012, and will be published in China this coming year. He currently resides in Portland, Oregon. More info on his art and writing can be found at www.markferrari.com.

Valerie Estelle Frankel

Valerie Estelle Frankel is the author of 20 books on Doctor Who, Game of Thrones, Sherlock, Buffy, pop culture and the heroine's journey. vefrankel.com

Alex Gurevich

Born In St. Petersburg, Russia. Moved to the USA in 1989 at the age of 19. Received Ph.D. in Mathematics from the University of Chicago. Worked in financial markets in New York. Recently retired from Wall Street and live in Sausalito, California, focusing on writing SF/F.

Ian K. Hagemann

Ian K. Hagemann is a mixed-race fan and writer in Seattle. He helped start Potlatch and the Carl Brandon Society, and is currently doing and leading personal work with The Mankind Project and Inward Journey.

Alex Haist

Alex Haist is a writer and Viable Paradise graduate who is inordinately fond of animals. She lives in Walnut Creek with two large dogs and rides her Icelandic horse in the Mt. Diablo foothills.

Jay Hartlove

Author of award-winning supernatural thrillers *The Chosen* and *Daughter Cell*, and upcoming final volume in the series, *Isis Rising*. Also releasing fantasy romance *Mermaid Steel* in serial form online. Also wrote musical *Snow White*, sequel *Snow White and the Mirror's Revenge*.

Phyllis Holliday

Phyllis Holliday: Poet and Writer, Performer: Most recently, Author of fable, *Ickitwick* which became a musical, Johnny and the Thinking Machine, book by Michael Chimenti, music by Frank Sanchez. Won 2012 San Francisco Poets Elevin award, from District 6. Expect a poem in *Goblin Fruit*, Winter Issue. Member of Laborfest Writers, published in Laborfest Writers' site, Abalone Moon site.

Crystal Huff

Crystal Huff spends her time saving the world and chasing down conventioners. She was convention chair of Arisia 2011, Relaxacon 2011, Readercon 23, Readercon 24, and will be convention chair for Readercon 25 and co-chair of JOFcon I. Crystal's also heavily involved in trying to bring Worldcon to Helsinki in 2017, which will highlight the joys of Finnish fandom to the international community. Alignment: Chaotic Good.

Heather Rose Jones

I'm an industrial discrepancy investigator for a major biotech company, which has surprising amounts of overlap with writing fantasy novels, though not in the way you might think. My first novel *Daughter of Mystery* was published by Bella Books in Jan. 2014: a Ruritanian regency lesbian romantic adventure with swashbuckling and magic.

Vylar Kaftan

Vylar Kaftan has published about four dozen stories in places like *Clarkesworld*, *Lightspeed*, and *Asimov's*. Most recently she published an alternate history novella in *Asimov's*, *The Weight of the Sunrise*, in which the Incan Empire survives into the 19th century. She was nominated for a Nebula in 2011 for her short story *I'm Alive, I Love You, I'll See You in Reno*. She blogs at www.vylarkaftan.net.

Lynn Alden Kendall

Lynn Alden Kendall grew up in the backwoods, reading everything she could get her hands on from Reader's Digest Condensed Books to *When It Changed* by Joanna Russ. Her work has appeared under her own name in *American Writing* and *80! Memories and Reflections on Ursula K. Le Guin*. Under various pen names, she has published a novel, a collection of short stories, and four nonfiction books. At her house, the cat-to-lap ratio is greater than 1 and the book-to-human ratio hovers around 5000:1.

KJ

KJ is an academic librarian, lifelong reader, and more recently an avid gamer and active fan. Since 2005, she has journaled and published fanfiction under the handle "owlmoose" on LiveJournal, Dreamwidth, and Archive of Our Own. The first FOGcon was also the first con KJ ever attended, and she is happy to have become a regular. Her other hobbies include singing, travel, and eating at interesting restaurants. She lives the cliché in San Francisco with her husband and two cats.

Ellen Klages

Ellen Klages is the author of two acclaimed YA novels: *The Green Glass Sea*, which won the Scott O'Dell Award, the New Mexico Book Award, and the Lopez Award; and *White Sands, Red Menace*, which won the California and New Mexico Book Awards. Her short stories have been translated into Czech, French, German, Hungarian, Japanese, and Swedish and have been nominated for the Nebula Award, the Hugo, World Fantasy, and Campbell awards. Her story, *Basement Magic*, won a Nebula Award in 2005. She lives in San Francisco, in a small house full of strange and wondrous things. Her most recent story, *Caligo Lane*, can be read online at: http://subterraneanpress.com/magazine/winter_2014.

Gary Kloster

Gary Kloster is a writer, stay at home father, martial artist and librarian. Sometimes all in the same day, seldom all at the same time.

John Kusters

John Kusters has been involved in fandom from childhood, having fallen in rapture with Heinlein juveniles and classic Star Trek. As a teenager, he persuaded his parents to allow him to gopher for Bay Area conventions. Since then he has served in a variety of roles, from Convention Operations, to gaming chair, to eventually starting up and being chair for Conjecture, a small lit-con in San Diego. He has been secretly developing his own literary talents and hopes to eventually earn a seat on a panel as a professional novelist after getting his own writing published.

Bradford Lyau

Bradford Lyau has been a program participant for over 25 years. After teaching at universities in California and Europe, he now works for start-up companies and is also a political consultant. He publishes academic articles on American, British, and European SF. His book-length study, analyzing French popular science fiction, has been published by McFarland and Company: *The Anticipation Novelists of 1950s French Science Fiction: Stepchildren of Voltaire*.

Darja Malcolm-Clarke

Darja Malcolm-Clarke's fiction and poetry have appeared in *Strange Horizons*, *Clarkesworld Magazine*, *Fantasy Magazine*, and elsewhere. She is an editor for a university press and holds Master's degrees in Folklore and in English. Her critical work on spec fic-topics has appeared in the *Journal of the Fantastic in the Arts*, *Strange Horizons*, and *The New Weird*. She is currently working on a novel.

Steven McDonald

Steven is a junior this year at Homestead High School. Though he is mainly into doing oil painting, he's been interested in writing since his 5th grade teacher had everyone in the class write a story. Ever since he's done some writing on and off in his free time. He really enjoys the freedom of being able to do whatever he wants in a story, without having to care about little problems like reality.

Daniel Marcus

Daniel Marcus is the author of two novels and many short stories. Salon.com described his short story collection, *Binding Energy*, as “a cross between Raymond Carver and William Gibson.” Recent publications include *Bright Moment* (F&SF, Sep/Oct 2011), *After the Funeral* (F&SF, Sep/Oct 2013) and *Albion Upon the Rock* (F&SF, Mar/Apr 2014).

Alan Marling

Fantasy writer, dancer, law-abiding citizen, human being (in that order).

Matt Maxwell

Born between the Kennedy assassination and Apollo 11, Matt Maxwell is a longtime Californian, lover of unloved popular culture, writer (horror, science fiction, fantasy, suspense), reformed animator, and sometimes musician.

Kaylia Metcalfe

Kaylia Metcalfe is a writer, blogger and activist in Fresno. She is a cofounder of Skeptics Without a Cause and serves on the Gay Central Valley Board of Directors. She is a regular writer for the GCV Blog, a monthly columnist for The Community Alliance, and a weekly contributor to the Pride PAC blog. Her short story collection, *Links*, is available on amazon.com.

Deirdre Saoirse Moen

Deirdre Saoirse Moen is currently working on seven books. In addition to her work on clients' web sites, she also designs book covers. Deirdre lives in Menlo Park with her husband, their cat, and a glow-in-the-dark jellyfish. Travel is her drug of choice.

Mary Anne Mohanraj

Mary Anne Mohanraj wrote *Bodies in Motion* (a finalist for the Asian American Book Awards, translated into six languages) and nine other titles. Mohanraj founded the Hugo-nominated magazine *Strange Horizons*, and was Guest of Honor at WisCon 2010. She has taught at Clarion and is Clinical Assistant Professor of fiction and literature at the University of Illinois. She serves as Executive Director of the Speculative Literature Foundation (www.speclit.org). Mohanraj's newest book is *The Stars Change*.

Lauren K. Moody

Twice published and many times more hopeful, Lauren is a writer, a bookseller, and an amateur comic book historian.

Allison Moon

Allison Moon is the author of the Tales of the Pack series about lesbian werewolves. The first in the series, *Lunatic Fringe*, was nominated for a 2011 Golden Crown Award, and the sequel, *Hungry Ghost* released in Spring of 2013. Allison is currently writing a queer sex ed comic book called *Girl Sex 101*. A popular speaker and educator, Allison teaches publishing, creativity, art, writing and their intersections with social justice and sexuality. Read more at @TheAllisonMoon and TalesofthePack.com.

Fred Curtis Moulton

Currently employed doing Computer Infrastructure administering an ever increasing number of Linux servers for a large corporation headquartered in the state of Washington.

Pat Murphy

Pat Murphy is a writer, a scientist, and a toy maker. Her novels include *The Wild Girls*, *Adventures in Time and Space with Max Merriwell*, and *The Falling Woman*. Her fiction has won the Nebula, the Philip K. Dick Award, the World Fantasy Award, and the 2002 Seiun Award. Currently, Pat works for Klutz, a publisher of how-to books that come with cool stuff. Her Klutz books include *Paper Flying Dragons* (with dragons to fold and fly) and *Star Wars Folded Flyers* (with 30 foldable starfighters).

Debbie Notkin

Debbie has been at various times a science fiction editor, book reviewer, bookstore owner, convention organizer, fanzine publisher, award administrator and more. She was Guest of Honor at WisCon36 in 2012. She blogs about body image issues with Laurie Toby Edison at Body Impolitic (www.laurietobyedison.com/discuss), and does activist work with Strike Debt Bay Area. She works as a contracts manager for a medium-sized publishing company in its San Francisco office.

Colleen T. O'Rourke

Colleen has a Masters of Science in Biology and is currently working as an educational science writer. Since last attending FOGcon, she has been working seriously on her writing and currently has a couple stories out for submission. Her other hobbies include cooking, hiking, yoga, and bellydancing.

Shannon Page

Shannon Page has published several dozen short stories; her first novel, *Eel River*, appeared last December from Morrigan Books. She also works as an editor, copy editor, and proofreader. Shannon is a longtime yoga practitioner, has no tattoos, and is an avid gardener at home in Portland, Oregon. Visit her at www.shannonpage.net.

Sunil Patel

Sunil Patel burst onto the literary scene with *The Disastrous Dino War* at age 9 and has been writing ever since. He has been published in his high school and college literary magazines, as well as the Michigan Daily. At Rice University, he won the George C. Williams Prize in Fiction; unrelatedly, he ran around the campus wearing nothing but shaving cream. After a few years of writing plays, he has returned to fiction, writing about everything from rakshasas to psychic alligators.

Andrés Santiago Pérez-Bergquist

Andrés Santiago Pérez-Bergquist is a recovering roboticist, father, amateur author, game designer, lapsed mathematician, and Unicode support test case. He currently works on creating the Star Trek future, which you will find both creepy and awesome, and there is a 4% chance his software is in your pocket. Writing real stories is hard, so instead he posts microfiction on his website.

Sasha Pixlee

Sasha Pixlee is a blogger and a lifelong nerd. His cat is adorable and she is named Rupert because gender is a human construct.

Lorelei Powers

Lorelei Powers is the author of the erotica collection *On Display*, as well as the BDSM how-to classics *The Mistress Manual*, *The Charm School for Sissy Maids*, and *Getting Her Interested*. She is a lifestyle bi/poly/Domme/sadist, but she looks like a Sunday-school teacher. When not writing, she spends a lot of time drinking tea and trying to get the cat off her keyboard. Also when writing. Her website is <http://mistressmanual.com>.

Shannon Prickett

Systems Administrator. That's all.

Caroline Ratajski

Writer and software engineer.

Madeleine E. Robins

Madeleine Robins is the author of 11 novels, including three Sarah Tolerance alternate Regency-noir mysteries: *Point of Honour*, *Petty Treason* and *The Sleeping Partner*; and *Sold for Endless Rue*, a retelling of the Rapunzel fairy tale in a medieval setting. She lives in San Francisco.

Steven Schwartz

Steven Schwartz is a writer of spec fic, smut, and poetry both formal and informal; a letterpress printer; and a firm believer in experimenting with programming.

Effie Seiberg

Effie Seiberg is a science fiction and fantasy writer from San Francisco. She's a graduate of Taos Toolbox '13, and her stories can be found in the anthology *Fierce Family*, from Crossed Genres and in *Veux Magazine*. She's shopping around a snarky fantasy novel about Fate, Chaos, and an ostrich. In a previous life (as well as a parallel one) she worked in Silicon Valley tech. In a previous previous life, she was a lab rat with machinations to take over the world. Things change.

Wendy A. Shaffer

Wendy Shaffer began her literary career as the subject of her babysitter's Ph.D. thesis in child psychology. (She has never dared read the dissertation.) These days she works as a technical writer. Wendy's poetry has appeared in *Strange Horizons* and short fiction has appeared in *Paradox* and *Realms of Fantasy*. Her current ambitions are to run a half marathon and watch every episode of Doctor Who in existence. (Not concurrently, alas.)

Debbie Lynn Smith

Debbie Lynn Smith has spent most of her career writing and producing such television shows as *Murder, She Wrote*, *Dr. Quinn*, *Medicine Woman* and *Touched by an Angel*. In addition, Debbie has published short stories in various horror anthologies and magazines. She was nominated for a Scribe Award for her audio drama *The Lost Girl*, which is set in the world of the '60s classic television show *Dark Shadows*. She is currently writing the comic book series *Gates of Midnight*.

Aaron I. Spielman

Long time fan, conrunner and artist. Not a scary monster.

Tim Susman

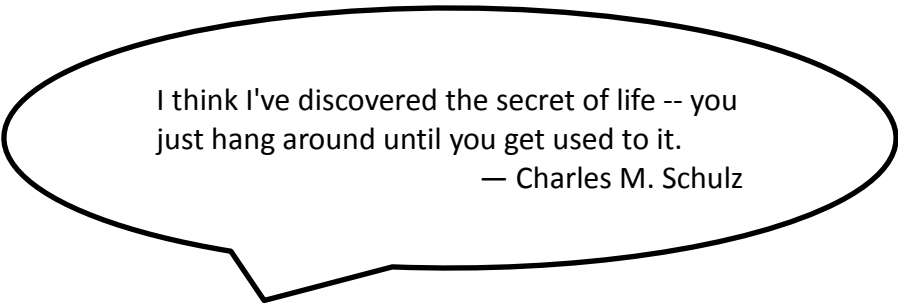
Tim Susman has been active as a writer and editor in small presses for over ten years. His work has appeared in *Anthrolations*, *Mythagoras*, *New Fables*, and *Apex Magazine*, and his novel *Common and Precious* was published by Sofawolf Press in 2007. He graduated from the Clarion Writers' Workshop in 2011.

Deb Taber

Deb Taber is a writer and editor for all genres of fiction and the occasional piece of nonfiction. She has edited for small and large publishers, first-timers and best-selling authors. Her own writing has appeared in *Fantasy Magazine* and various anthologies, and her first novel, *Necessary Ill*, was published in 2013 by Aqueduct Press.

Still round the corner there may wait
A new road or a secret gate
And though I oft have passed them by
A day will come at last when I
Shall take the hidden paths that run
West of the Moon, East of the Sun.

— J.R.R. Tolkien



I think I've discovered the secret of life -- you just hang around until you get used to it.

— Charles M. Schulz

Guy W. Thomas

Guy W. Thomas has been a genre fan for a distressingly long time, but it's better than the alternative. Read Heinlein as a kid; Guy has issues with his work now but *Waldo* and *Have Spacesuit, Will Travel* were a lifeline for him. With a BA from U.C. Berkeley in Dramatic Arts, he is naturally

unemployed. He's helped run many small SF conventions and a couple big ones. Some of his favorite authors are Pat Murphy, Nalo Hopkinson, and Kim Stanley Robinson. He likes to think of himself as a writer, SF fan, theater geek, policy wonk, lefty, disability rights advocate. He keeps himself busy writing the great American zombie novel, being book procurer for the James Tiptree Jr. Literary Award and being Chair of this convention and of the Center for Accessible Technology.

Rowan Thunder

Born and raised at the renaissance faires of California, with a great interest in both the historical and the fantastical. Occasional photographer, artist, performer, and currently a full time student; I am also active in both online and offline disability and gender activism.

Michael R. Underwood

Michael R. Underwood is the author of *Geekomancy*, *Celebromancy*, and the forthcoming *Attack the Geek*, *Shield and Crocus*, and *Younger Gods*. By day, he's the North American Sales & Marketing Manager for Angry Robot Books.

Juliette Wade

Juliette Wade writes science fiction and fantasy inspired by her studies of linguistics and anthropology, and by her years living in Japan. Her work has appeared in *Analog* magazine, where she has been featured on the cover twice, with art by Bob Eggleton and Michael Whelan. She blogs at <http://TalkToYoUniverse.blogspot.com> and runs the Dive into Worldbuilding! video hangout series on Google+.

Terry Weyna

Terry reviews books for Fantasy Literature (<http://www.fantasyliterature.com>) and Like Fire (<http://www.openlettersmonthly.com/likefire/>). Terry is an attorney, but would rather spend spare time reading.

Karen Williams

Karen Williams has had science fiction, steampunk, and fantasy stories appear in various anthologies. In her day job she plans for the innovative future of her company. She lives in Sunnyvale with her husband, fantasy writer Chaz Brenchley, two cats, and two turtles.

Cliff Winnig

Cliff Winnig's short fiction appears in the anthologies *When the Hero Comes Home 2*, *Gears and Levers 3*, *Footprints*, *Retro Spec*, and several other places. The twitterzines Outshine and Thaumatrope have published his very short fiction. Cliff is a graduate of the Clarion Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers' workshop and a three-time finalist in the Writers of the Future Contest. He also plays sitar, dances, and does tai chi and aikido.

Isabel Yap

Isa is a graduate of the 2013 Clarion Writers Workshop in San Diego. Her work has appeared or will soon be appearing in *The Best of Philippine Speculative Fiction 2005-2010*, *Lauriat: An Anthology of Filipino-Chinese Speculative Fiction*, and *Nightmare Magazine*.

Access Information

We at FOGcon take accessibility seriously. We take the approach of universal design: making schedules, communications, and the physical environment usable by as many people as possible. Detailed, up-to-date information will be posted at our accessibility web page: <http://fogcon.org/about-fogcon/policies/accessibility-policy/>.

You can always email access@fogcon.org, if you have questions, special needs, or requests.

Unfortunately, we can't make the entire con barrier-free. We are limited by finances, volunteer staffing, and the cussedness of reality: sometimes the accommodation essential to one person (a helper animal, for example) is a barrier to another (those allergic to animals). Let us know, please, if you encounter difficulties or if you can offer suggestions or help.

At a minimum, we expect to offer these accommodations:

- A highly accessible, nonsmoking hotel with a number of handicapped access rooms
- Reserved seats in meeting rooms to help those who need to see or hear
- Dealers' room aisles wide enough for two wheelchairs to pass
- An effort to reduce perfumes for those with scent sensitivities
- Lists of ingredients wherever possible for those with food allergies
- A wide array of edibles to maximize your chances to find food that is both safe and luscious
- Signs at different heights because not everyone's eye level is the same
- An electronic version of the con schedule
- A Quiet Room to help you minimize stress
- Accessible website design

Minimizing Stress and Maximizing Comfort

The weather both inside and out varies a lot. Bring layers to add in chilly program rooms, subtract in hot ones, and ensure you're comfortable in the wide range of weather both inside and outside the hotel.

Mobility

If you wish to rent a wheelchair or motorized scooter, we have found a service that will deliver rentals to the hotel's bell desk and pick it up after the con at no additional charge. Email access@fogcon.org for details. Reserve at least 48 hours in advance; a week is better.

Reading

FOGcon provides information in various formats. Our most important publications are the pocket program and this Program Book. In addition to regular print, the FOGcon web site hosts PDF and HTML versions of both publications, and we offer Android and iOS apps. A printed pocket program and the Program Book is included in the membership packet.

Listening

For the convenience of speech-readers, we set aside blue stripe seats front and center in every program room. Program participants may be able to use microphones in the larger program rooms. Contact us at access@fogcon.org to see if we can arrange any other accommodations you may request.

Eating

If you feel safer or more comfortable bringing your own food, you'll be pleased to hear that every room at the Walnut Creek Marriott Hotel features a minifridge.

The menu for the UnAward Banquet has been chosen to allow a broad spectrum of delicious foods. You should be able to find gluten-free, dairy-free, vegetarian, and vegan options. Sorry, not kosher. We will try to post ingredient lists and avoid cross-contamination, but we cannot guarantee it.

The Consuite is open Friday from noon to 2AM; Saturday from 8AM to 2AM; and Sunday from 8AM to 6PM. Every attempt will be made to supply ingredient lists and avoid cross-contamination.

Breathing

Our "zoned" fragrance policy balances two needs. For some members, fragrances trigger asthma, migraine, or illness. Other members need to use fragrance to manage pain and mood. Please leave scented products at home if you can do so without detriment to your own health. The Dealers' Room wares may include incense and dusty books. The hotel uses scented cleaning products. Those of us who react strongly to fragrances, dust, and particulates should bring an N95 mask.

Pets are allowed in the Walnut Creek Marriott Hotel.

Potential Barriers that Remain

Given our fiscal limitations, our commitment to our current conference venue, and the reality that sometimes one member's accommodation is another member's barrier, we can't make FOGcon perfectly accessible to everyone. We don't want to make promises we can't keep. We want you to know about these potential barriers so you can make informed decisions. "Sorry, we can't" is not the same message as "we don't care" or "we don't believe you" or "we're comfortable ignoring your needs." The Concom has and will continue to wrestle with these issues. Contact access@fogcon.org for background on these remaining barriers:

- Most of the programming rooms are illuminated with fluorescent lighting.
- Members bring a lot of reading materials only available in regular print. The "freebie" tables groan with info on events, zines, books, con bids, art shows, political theater, and much more. Party announcements and such decorate the walls.
- FOGcon is not scent-free.
- The toilet facilities are labeled "Men" and "Women," although humans don't divide that neatly.
- We cannot guarantee microphones in all program rooms.
- We have not yet found volunteer interpreters or captioning, and FOGcon just can't afford paid ones.

Allies: How Every Member Contributes to an Accessible Con

The most significant barriers can be created by thoughtless behavior and inaccurate assumptions about people with disabilities. Part of FOGcon's community values is to create a con that is accessible and a community that supports accessibility issues.

We all learn contradictory messages about people with disabilities. Disabled people are the archetypal "other": the fate-worse-than-death, the sainted and spiritual, the cursed and amoral, the sub-human, the super-human, the sexless and the over-sexed. These conflicting stereotypes support a weird stew of fear and fascination. All members create a universally accessible con by paying attention to our own behavior and attitudes.

Offer help—don't assume it's needed. Most of us are taught to “help the handicapped” but not to ask “does this person want or need help?” If you think someone may need assistance, just ask. If they say yes, don't make assumptions; instead listen to the details of what the person with disabilities wants. If they say “no thanks,” don't be offended. What might look overly complicated or inefficient can be what that disabled person finds works best.

Don't assume people with disabilities want or need fixing. Members with disabilities are here for the same reasons non-disabled members are: to think and talk about speculative fiction.

Bad ways to start (or continue) a conversation:

- “My nephew cured his fibromyalgia with a yak-milk diet.”
- “Don't they have a wonderful new medicine for that?”
- “Why take drugs when you just need a positive mental attitude and yoga?”

Better ways to start (or continue) a conversation:

- “Have you read Nalo Hopkinson's *The Salt Roads*?”
- “I see you've got an Android. How do you like it?”
- “Don't I know you from LiveJournal?”

Privacy. Please respect others' physical and emotional boundaries. Do not lean on someone's wheelchair or move it without permission. Be aware that sudden hugs, tickles, or touches from behind can be seriously triggering to someone with PTSD. Those with scent sensitivities or plant allergies may have severe reactions to having flowers or perfume thrust in their face. Do not ask how someone became disabled or assume their experience is the same as another person with a similar disability. The Access Team have chosen to be information resources about disabilities—ask us.

Respect Blue Zones. Chairs marked with blue are reserved for those who must sit up front in order to lipread or hear. Wheelchair spaces are also marked in blue. Blue zones in hallways and aisles, if any, must be kept clear for people entering or leaving. Don't create traffic jams, please.

Maintain clear paths. FOGcon provides fantastic opportunities to talk, but clogged doorways and hallways make navigation time-consuming for all, and impossible for some of us. Tuck your belongings in front of your feet or under your seat. Remind members gathered in doorways or hallways of the need to share the limited space so all of us can move freely.

Share the air. Smoke and scents travel quickly, and air won't move if you ask it to. Washing your hands after smoking makes a difference. We ask that you limit your use of scented products if you can do so without negatively affecting your health. For those of us with asthma, migraine, and chemical sensitivities, fewer fragrances, vapors, and particulates make the con a place we can attend. Some of us smoke, and some of us don't. The hotel is completely non-smoking. FOGcon is not, however, a fragrance-free con.

Spread the word. Universal Design simplifies life by making products, communications, and the built environment more usable by as many people as possible at little or no extra cost. Universal design benefits people of all ages and abilities. The Access Team is delighted to discuss how you can incorporate universal design into your conventions, buildings, instruction, publishing and lives: contact us now via access@fogcon.org or in person at the con.

Speak up! You don't need to have a disability to advocate for access. If you see barriers, feel free to suggest how to clear them—whether this means talking respectfully to other members, alerting Safety, or contacting the Access Team or another Concom member.

Many thanks to the WisCon Access Team, who very kindly gave us permission to use and adapt their fine document on accessibility.

Anti-Harassment Policy

FOGcon is committed to offering a convention experience as free from harassment as we can make it for our members regardless of characteristics such as gender, sexual orientation, disability, physical appearance, age, race, religion, nationality, or social class. We do not tolerate harassment of conference participants in any form. FOGcon attendees violating these rules may be sanctioned or expelled from the convention without a refund at the discretion of the convention organizers.

Harassment includes offensive verbal comments related to such characteristics, deliberate intimidation, stalking, following, unwelcome photography or recording, sustained disruption of talks or other events, inappropriate physical contact, and unwelcome attention. Attendees asked to stop any harassing behavior are expected to comply immediately.

If a FOGcon attendee engages in harassing behavior, the convention organizers may take any lawful action we deem appropriate, including but not limited to warning the offender or expelling them from the convention with no refund. If you are being harassed, notice that someone else is being harassed, or have similar concerns, please contact a convention staff member immediately. While we are primarily concerned with preventing harassment in FOGcon space during the convention, we will also respond to FOGcon-related situations that might occur outside that space, for example in local shops, bars, restaurants, or on the street, or in online contexts.

Convention staff will help attendees contact hotel security or local law enforcement, provide escorts, or otherwise assist those experiencing harassment to feel less unsafe for the duration of the convention. We value your presence.

Photography Policy

Almost everyone who has a cell phone has a camera, and almost everyone who comes to FOGcon has a cell phone. Video and audio recording and photography for personal archival use only is generally okay, unless individuals make it clear that they do not wish to be photographed or filmed, in which case any photography or recording of them is expressly forbidden.

Please be polite and ask before taking photographs or recordings. We suggest that photographs be taken before or after a program event to avoid distracting panelists and audience members from their discussion.

You agree to be solely responsible for clearing any and all rights and permissions for any use(s) you might make of the photographs, recordings, transcripts and similar material you take from the convention. Such material may not be posted to any commercial website or commercially operated streaming server including but not limited to YouTube, nor used for any commercial purpose whatsoever. Please ask permission of the subjects before posting to any generally available web sites including unlocked Flickr, Facebook, DreamWidth, or LiveJournal accounts. Your participation in FOGcon does not permit you to make use of FOGcon intellectual property. Other than for your purely personal, archival use, you may not use any FOGcon intellectual property for any purpose without the express written consent of FOGcon.

Thanks to our friends at WisCon for graciously sharing their policy with us.

FOGcon 4 – Hours and Useful Information

Registration

Thursday: 7:00pm – 8:00pm
Friday: 10:30am – 9:00pm
Saturday: 9:00am – 8:00pm
Sunday: 10:00am – noon

Dealers' Room

Friday: 3:00pm – 7:00pm
Saturday 10:00am – 6:00pm
Sunday: 11:00am – 3:00pm

Consuite (second floor, Santa Monica room)

Friday: noon – 2:00pm
Saturday: 8:00am – 2:00am
Sunday: 8:00am – 4:00pm
Dead Frog Party: Sunday 4pm – 6pm

Childcare

Friday: 1:30pm – 5:45pm
Saturday 9:00am – 11:45am, lunch break
1:30pm – 5:45pm
Sunday: 9:00am – 11:45am

Valet Parking

Is free to all FOGcon members; just tell the valet you are with FOGcon!

Important Numbers

Convention Safety Team: 510 520-6067
Walnut Creek Marriott hotel security: Dial "0"
Police and medical help: 911 (emergencies only)
National Sexual Assault Hotline: (800) 656-4673
(24 hour crisis line)
Yellow Taxi in Walnut Creek: (925) 934-1234

