


WINDYCON XX

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From The Chair

WOW! 20 years! That's pretty impressive, and its probably only taken about 10 years in actual planning time.

Guests, Guests and more Guests. WindyCon historically and currently have had truly excellent guests. From our first author GoH Joe Haldeman to our current WindyCon XX author GoH... Joe Haldeman the WindyCon stage has been graced by a galaxy of wonderful and unforgettable characters. We are grateful for your sharing of knowledge, humor and friendship. So stick around, the next 20 or 30 years should be really wild... especially WindyCon L when the author GoH will be Joe Haldeman.

WindyCon is such a special convention. It always has a wonderful intellectual array of Guests and Programming as well as plenty of fun and Special Events; a delightful and creative Art Show and full-to-the-brim Print Shop and Dealers Room. There is Gaming and Filking and we even entertain and educate Children. We have actual Movies and a magical Con Suite (anything or anybody could appear at anytime). We have this wonderful Program Book and Pocket Program.

We also have lots of people working behind the scenes to make sure this goes as smoothly as any hurricane! There are Operations and Logistics people, also the Hotel and Guest Liaisons. We also have our very quiet but efficient Security, Treasurer and Green Room. There is our Data Base Manager and, of course, Registration. This year we have a special 20th Anniversary Reunion Specialist. Plus the Vice Chair and Chair and also anybody else I forgot.

All this takes work, a lot of work. This is the culmination of twenty years of effort. We thank all the people who have made the past twenty years a reality, especially you, the fen. I have rarely seen such dedication in making sure that all of you have a good time. So let's get out there and do it!

Have a Great Time
Dina S. Krause,
Chair, WindyCon XX

Staff Listing

CHAIR
Dina S. Krause

VICE CHAIR
Kathleen Meyer

ART SHOW
Manager
Vicki Bone
Liaison
Roberta Jordan
Auctioneer
Dr. Robert Passovoy, DI
Staff
Terry O'Brien

PRINT SHOPPE
Manager
Denise Clift
Staff
Lynn Fancher
Juanita Nesblitt

CHILD CARE
Manager
George E. Krause

COMPUTER SERVICES
Joy Waterson

DEALER'S ROOM
Manager
Michael Jencevice
Assistant Manager
Brendan Lonehawk
Staff
Linda Jencevice
Larry Smith
Sally Kobee
Dick Spelman
Barbara Darrow

FILMS
Manager
David Hoshko
Staff
Bernadette Burke
Mark Malchok
Mary Mascari
Wendy Zdrodowski

GAMING
Manager
Ken Hunt

GUEST LIAISONS
Amy Wenshe
Amy Theisen

HOSPITALITY SUITE
Manager
John E. Donat
Assistant Manager
Mark J. Anderson
1st Assistant Manager
Joan Palfi
Senior Hospitality Hostess
Fern Palfi
1st Assistant Department Manager
Joseph A. Merrill III
Senior Shift Supervisor
Greg Nowak
Troubleshooter Without Portfolio
Clan Brenner
Chief Beer Steward and
Troubleshooter With Portfolio
John Mitchell
And the usual gang of
slaves Idiots.....

HOTEL LIAISON
Dina S. Krause
Marie L. Bartlett-Sloan
Allan Sperling

OPERATIONS
Manager
Kathy Nerat
LOGISTICS
Bill Krucek
Staff
Madreen Bradford
Lark Underwood
Mike Blake
Bob Hillis
Liz Gross
Chris Young
and a cast of thousands...
except for Mark Herrup.

SECURITY
Bob Beese

PROGRAMMING
Manager
Todd Hamilton, DI
Program Ops
Curt Clemmer, DI
Children's Programming
Staff
Lindalee Stuckey
Trudy Puda

FILKING
Bill Roper

GREEN ROOM
Manager
Alice Medenwald
Staff
Rick Majcher
Michael Meyer
Joseph A. Nickence
Laurel L. Nickence

PUBLICATIONS
Kathleen Meyer

PROGRAM BOOK
Nancy Erdmann
Loretta Lowery
Michael Madaj
Lanny Waltsman

REGISTRATION
Joy Waterson
Kirby A. Bartlett-Sloan

SPECIAL EVENTS
Manager
Ross Pavlac
Assistant Manager
Tom Veal
Staff
Yoel Attiya
K.T. Fitzsimmons
Aardvark Flying Squad
Maria Gavelis

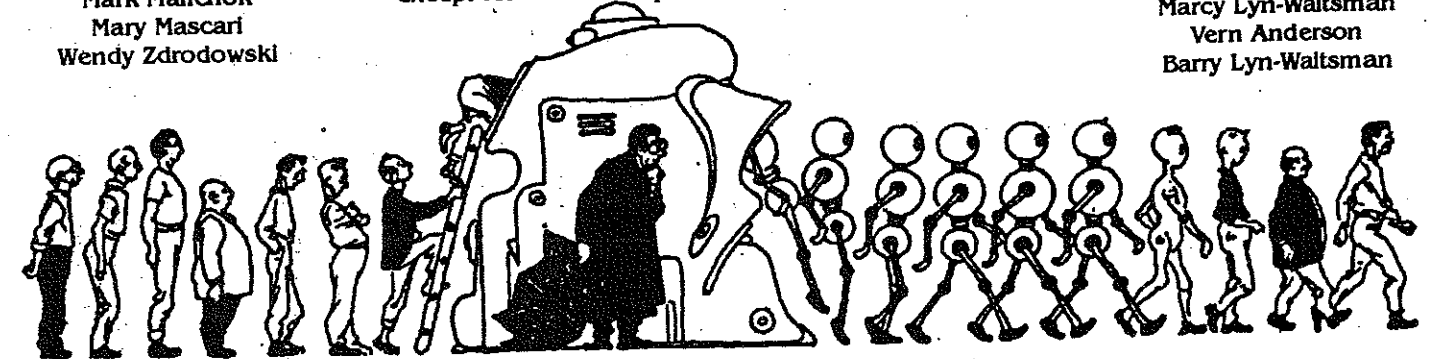
Masquerade
Director
Nancy Mildebrandt
Stage Manager
Henry Osier
House Manager
Glen Boettcher
Backstage Manager
Mike Vande Bunt
Lighting
Focal Point
Focal Point staff:
Lisa Getta
Brian Bero
Sound Chief
Jeff Sparrow
Sound staff
Greg Mate
Mark Christensen
In-House Photography
Kyym Kimpel
Check-In Clerk
Joel Kimpel
Polaroid
Bob Weissinger
Den Mom & Repair table
Karen Pauli

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE
DJ
Jeff Sparrow
Assistant DJs
Greg Mate
Mark Christensen

FOOD GUIDE
Editor
Ross Pavlac
Research Assistance
Maria Gavelis
Debra "Party Goddess"
Wright

COMPUTER WIZARD
Rick Waterson

20TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS
Marcy Lyn-Waltsman
Vern Anderson
Barry Lyn-Waltsman



Guests Of Honor

Author GoH: Joe Haldeman

By Phyllis Eisenstein

WindyCon I, 1974. The original philosophy behind the selection of the Pro Guest of Honor for WindyCon was simple: instead of bringing in someone from far away, which was the practice of most regional cons back then, WindyCon would honor a local, Midwestern writer. For their very first GoH, therefore, the con chose one of the bright new talents of the S.F. field, a young man who had published a flock of stories in the magazines, whose first science fiction novel was soon to appear, and who lived with his wife Gay in Iowa, where he was about to acquire a Master of Fine Arts Degree from the prestigious University of Iowa Writers Workshop — with that S.F. novel, *The Forever War*, as his thesis. That was Joe Haldeman.

Joe had a peripatetic childhood, courtesy of his doctor father, living in such exotic places as Oklahoma City, San Juan, Puerto Rico, Anchorage, Alaska, and Bethesda, Maryland. An early interest in astronomy led him to become the youngest person ever to have a pass to the six-inch telescope at the Naval Observatory in Washington D.C. (he was 15), and also, a bit later, to a B.S. in physics and astronomy from the University of Maryland. In 1965, he married Gay, and longtime fans may remember seeing them as C'Mell and Lord Jestocost at the masquerade of Tricon, the 1966 WorldCon in Cleveland. The following year, bachelor's degree completed, he was drafted and sent to Viet Nam, whence he returned with many a harrowing tale of jungle adventure—including malaria and shrapnel wounds — in 1969. Almost immediately, he dove into full-time writing.

He used his Viet Nam experience to produce *War Year*, his engrossing first (mainstream) novel of a young man doing his best to survive that bloody conflict. The experience of writing this book was no doubt cathartic, but it also helped him formulate his second (S.F.) novel,

The Forever War. Serialized intermittently in *Analog* and then gathered together and revised into a single coherent narrative, *The Forever War* drew on his scientific education as well as his military experience. It was the first S.F. novel by a veteran of Viet Nam, and was viewed by many readers as a gritty response to Robert Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*. It won Joe the Hugo, the Nebula, and the Ditmar (Australian) Awards, and made him one of the most important of the generation of S.F. writers who came into their powers in the 70's.

Other novels followed, including *Mindbridge*, *All My Sins Remembered*, *Buying Time*, *The Hemingway Hoax*, the trilogy of *Worlds*, *Worlds Apart*, and *Worlds Enough and Time*, the S.F. thriller *Tool of the Trade*, and *There Is No Darkness*, a collaboration with his brother Jack. He collected two volumes of his short fiction and edited half a dozen anthologies. His short story "Tricentennial" won a Hugo in 1977; the novella version of "The Hemingway Hoax" won both Nebula and Hugo in 1991.

While being a full-time writer, Joe has managed to leave his keyboard every now and then. He was a teaching assistant at the University of Iowa back in the middle-Seventies, where he became godfather to the Science Fiction League of Iowa Students, the fan group that started Icon. He has done yeoman service for the Science Fiction Writers of America, first as Treasurer and currently as President. For the past few years he has been teaching Science Fiction at MIT. For fun, he and Gay have explored large chunks of the world. He has even come nose-to-nose with a shark while swimming in tropical waters; he claims he doesn't remember what happened after that, only that he was suddenly running up the beach.

Joe is older than he was at WindyCon I, and possibly wiser, but he's still the sharp raconteur, the poet, the singer, the guitar player, and the guy with the raunchy sense of humor who was pro-GoH back then. The Midwest has missed him, and it's time to welcome him back.

Artists GoH: Kelly Freas & Laura Brodian-Freas

by Todd Cameron Hamilton

The first time I had the pleasure of writing a bio of Kelly Freas was many years ago at a Marcon in Columbus, Ohio. I waxed poetic about how Kelly had worked in the field of illustration since the days of the pulps. I told how he had probably done more illustrations for the science fiction and fantasy genre than any other artist... ever! I wrote about his ten Hugo Awards. I wrote about his service to the morale of our fighting forces, painting pinup girls on the noses of bombers. I wrote of his active roles in ASFA and the Dorsai Irregulars and his work for NASA. I even went into gushing sentiment about how the imagery that Kelly Freas has created over the decades has inspired scores of fledgling artists to dedicate themselves to whatever muse takes the rap for illustrators of fantasy and science fiction. I labored over that bio for days, foregoing rest and sustenance in order to properly do homage to this man who has meant so much to so many. I wrote and polished my prose until it virtually shone like Kelly's own trademarked stars. Nothing less would be appropriate for this man who inspired me at the young age of fifteen and gave my life direction! Do you know what I got for my trouble? RIDICULE!!!! He mocked me! Kelly claimed that I piled on the praise way too heavily and sounded far too sentimental. He claimed that he was only a simple artist and not the demi-ghod that I had portrayed him to be. I had tried in some small way to pay back this man to whom I owed so much and he shot me down with a couple of sentences! I was disturbed, distraught and depressed (that's a little like being bewitched, bothered and bewildered if you add Prozac). More importantly, I was also bent upon revenge.

Well now, Kelly and Laura Freas are our Artist Guests of Honor at WindyCon XX and I refuse to be abused by my ex-idol again. So I won't write about him at all. Nope, not at all. You can't force me. I won't do it. So there!

Take that! I'll show you! Instead I will now write only about our other Artist Guest of Honor, Laura Freas.

Besides being pleasing to the eye and married to a well-known artist who shall at this time remain nameless, Laura Freas is an accomplished artist on her own with illos published in *Weird Tales*, Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Fantasy Magazine*, TSR Games, The Easton Press, and *Analog Magazine* to name a few. Laura has a Ph.D. in music education and has been the Interim Director of Education of the Indiana Arts Commission. If you are not familiar with her artwork, you might recognize her during your next plane flight. She is the host on the in-flight classical music programs for Delta Airlines. In her spare time (she said laughingly) Laura is also currently working hard to help her fellow artists as the West Coast Regional director of ASFA, the Association of Science Fiction Artists. Or you may find her working with some of the costuming groups out in California, one or two of which she herself founded. In general, she is an amazing woman of seemingly endless energy and creativity and well worth talking to if you get a chance... I suppose it's alright if you talk to her husband too.

Editor GoH: Algis Budrys

By Kathleen Meyer

Algis Budrys, best known to Chicago fandom as our "toastmaster at large" has a long and outstanding career in S.F. He sold his first short story in 1951 to *Astounding*, his first novel, *False Night* sold in 1953 (though it wasn't out to the public til 1954), was quickly followed by *Who* in 1958, *Rogue Moon* in 1960, and, among others, *Michaelmas* in 1976. Altogether, Algis has sold 8 or 9 novels (depending on how you count).

Of the 200 short stories written by Algis Budrys, one, *The Master of the Hounds*, along with the novels *Who* and *Rogue Moon* (the subject of a student film) were immortalized on the big screen.

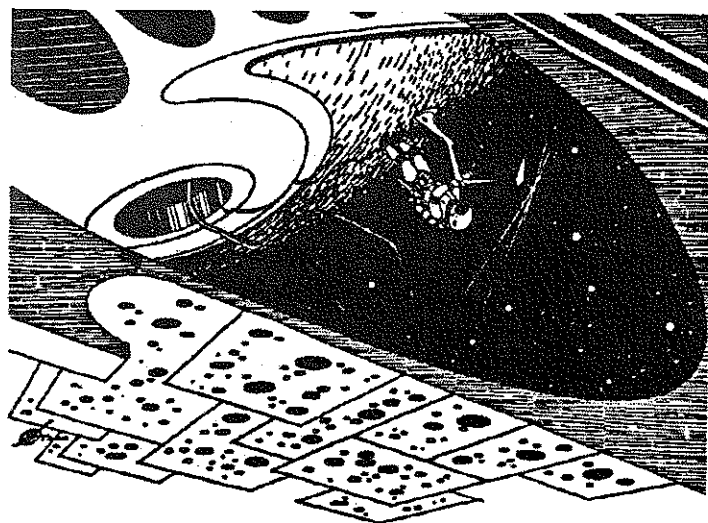
Ah, but you say, isn't Algis Budrys the Editor Guest of Honor? Yes you're quite right, your

memory isn't failing you. Algis' career as an editor goes back almost as far as his writing career. He was editor of *Gnome Press* in 1952, *Galaxy* in 1953 and assistant editor of *Venture SF* in 1954. Besides his formal editorial duties, Algis read manuscripts for various special interest groups, lending them his expertise.

Finally in 1961, Algis, accepting the position as Editor-in-Chief of *Regency Books*, brought his wife Edna and their 4 sons to Chicago (alright, to Evanston, Picky, Picky). There quickly followed a 2-year stay at *Playboy* as Editor-in-chief of *Playboy Press*.

Algis took a brief time off from writing novels and short stories and went into public relations. As an AE at Young and Rubicam, he had as an account the International Truck division of International Harvester. (If you've read his latest novel, *Hard Landing*, this explains a lot.) In 1974 Algis moved on to Woodall Publishing Company as their Operations Manager. When Woodall, publisher of *Travel Trailer Magazine*, was hard hit by the Arab oil embargo (they lost thousands of dollars in ad revenue literally overnight), Algis took the opportunity to stop working! At 43 he had enough financial stability to pick and choose his jobs!

One of the jobs he picked was to become Coordinating Judge for the Writers of the Future for Bridge Publications. He began writer's workshops and eventually brought our Artist Quest of Honor, Kelly Freas, in as the Coordi-



nating Judge for Illustrators of the Future. During Algis' tenure as Coordinating Judge, 130 to 140 new authors were brought to the attention of the reading public. A high percentage are still writing SF today.

These days, Algis is publisher of *Tomorrow*, an 8 1/2 x 11 speculative fiction magazine with stories of horror, fantasy and science fiction. (Algis buys what he likes.)

As the first recipient of the WindyCon Lifetime Membership Award (the second went to Mike Resnick), Algis is assured a place of honor in WindyCon's heart. His kindness, sense of humor, and ready wit has endeared him to the WindyCon staff and to ISFiC (WindyCon's parent organization). He's taken over for guests whose last minute cancellations threw us into a tizzy, and supported our efforts to promote S.F. in Chicago and the Midwest by being an ISFiC Writers Contest judge. What more can anyone say about this quiet, personable guy? I'm proud to call him a friend.

Fan GoH: Bill Higgins A Brief History of Higgins

By Gretchen Van Dorn

Oh my! "Do a page or so on Bill Higgins." Ahrrggg! I could say that he impresses me so much that I am speechless, and leave the rest of the page blank.

Not going to get off so easy, huh?

Seriously, Bill Higgins is quite a find — and one of my favorite people. I've known him nearly 15 years now and he still keeps coming up with things to impress me with.

For one thing, he's a working physicist, at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory. He used to make neutrinos for a living. Now he tells protons where to go (brave fellow).

For another, he plays the ukulele. And not just Aloha Oe, but Beatles and CSN and Steve Goodman. (I have no doubt that one of these days it will be Gershwin and Mozart.) He's perpetrated a lyric or two of his own as well.

He's also a natty dresser. To go with the ukulele he's got a pink and white striped ice cream

jacket and a straw boater. (I told you he's brave. But on him, it looks right.)

He has a charming and intelligent lady friend who plays the banjo. (It must be getting serious, I hear he's thinking about changing operating systems.)

When he can find the time, he draws cartoons. He invented the bandersnatch cartoon. (How many bandersnatchi can you fit in a Volkswagen?) In order to find a place to publish the above cartoons, he helped resurrect and publish *Pyrotechnics*, a fanzine for techie types. (Ask him about it. He'll send you a subscription.)

And when he's not playing, singing, drawing, writing, or pushing protons around, he's dancing. As most women will tell you, a man who likes to dance is a rare thing, a resource to be preserved and encouraged.

On the serious side, he's active in the National Space Society, an organization that **works** to promote the exploration and exploitation of space. (That's more than most of us can say.) Lately he's become very active in the Space Groups on the Internet. He managed to get himself invited to the second test launch of the Delta Clipper — something the rest of us only glimpsed on CNN.

He has been a frequent panelist and speaker at science fiction conventions (like this one) on topics that range from air cars to Armageddon. I suspect he can deliver at least five minutes on just about any topic scholarly or otherwise. (Oh, ask him about Pololo worms. He has this great story to tell about them and the rest of us didn't even know they existed.)

But the thing that amazes me most about him is how darn **nice** he is. He'll find something nice to say about just about anybody. (And he **means** it.) As you would expect from this, he has a lot of friends. I suspect he could visit every state in the union and stay with friends in each one. (Ask him about the Pope some time. But that's a different story.)

So do yourself a favor. Go up to him and introduce yourself. You'll meet a new friend, an invaluable resource, and one hell of a nice

guy. (Now if only he weren't so allergic to cats...)

Toastmaster:

Barry  Longyear

Barry Longyear—A Perspective

By Jean Longyear with Mary Ann Drach

Once upon a time, on a far off university campus, an elegant, ladylike coed was about to sit down at a table in the student union when a skinny whirlwind nearly ran her down and tried to establish a prior claim to the table. Before the year was out, he had staked a claim to her as well. And there we leave the world of fantasy.

For years we existed as Gypsies while I worked in a chem lab and Barry wrote idealistically about various social and economic goals, trying to "save the world." He now jokingly insists he must have succeeded, because the world is still there.

The greatest change occurred in Farmington, Maine, where we briefly owned a printing business. Barry decided to write for entertainment, his own as well as others'. For several years after that decision, I lived with a driven soul, who wrote for days at a time with no sleep, little food, and increasing dependence on alcohol. A heart attack in 1979 slowed him down for a few months, but then he went back to the old schedule. In 1981, following a wrenching intervention that I found nearly impossible to face, Barry entered St. Mary's Rehabilitation Center in Minneapolis for treatment of alcoholism and drug addiction. From that point on, in spite of my occasional resistance to change (if you hear someone roaring with laughter, it's Barry), a miracle happened in our lives; and our marriage, by that time fifteen years old, really began. The witty, fun-loving Barry I had fallen in love with returned and blossomed.

In the past eight years, I can't emphasize enough the wonder of watching Barry grow artistically and personally. His areas of interest when it comes to writing have expanded

to include fantasy, a techno-thriller, and a novel about alcoholism and recovery. Our new home on a lake is the greatest dream of all, and I see Barry's artistic talents put to use remodeling the house and landscaping our twenty-four acres.

My greatest thrill is reading Barry's stories hot off the computer, knowing that I am the first to see them. Because he now takes time off from work, it is truly fun. We brainstorm story ideas together. I find that conventions are no longer ordeals but wonderful adventures. We both love meeting people—talking to fans and encouraging beginning writers through workshops and good conversation.

The Barry I know and love is funny, charming, very nosy (especially about things he imagines concern him), loving and demonstratively affectionate, constantly busy with tasks or ideas, independent, and honest to a fault.

From the beginning, Barry has been open and honest about his addiction and totally willing to share the details of his own struggle for recovery. Barry is a very strong person, and I am more proud of him than I can express.

This tribute is reprinted from the WindyCon XVI Program Book

ISFIC Guest: George Alec Effinger

By Marie Bartlett-Sloan

This quiet, unassuming man from Cleveland (not his fault) is one of the finest writers in science fiction today. How has he done it? Practice! He's been working at it for a long time. Damon Knight took him under his wing and eventually bought his first story in 1970 for an Orbit anthology. He sold a couple of other short pieces and then in 1972, his first book — *What Entropy Means to Me*. It promptly garnered a Nebula nomination. Since then, he's managed to pick up both the Nebula and Hugo awards, and the Seiun award (the Japanese Hugo), among others.

Bon vivant, raconteur, writer, nice guy, gourmet, wit, rescuer of Worldcon Pocket programs, baseball fiend... a man of many facets and no facades... not only one of the finest S.F. writers today, but one of the finest men around... a man worth knowing.

Special Guests

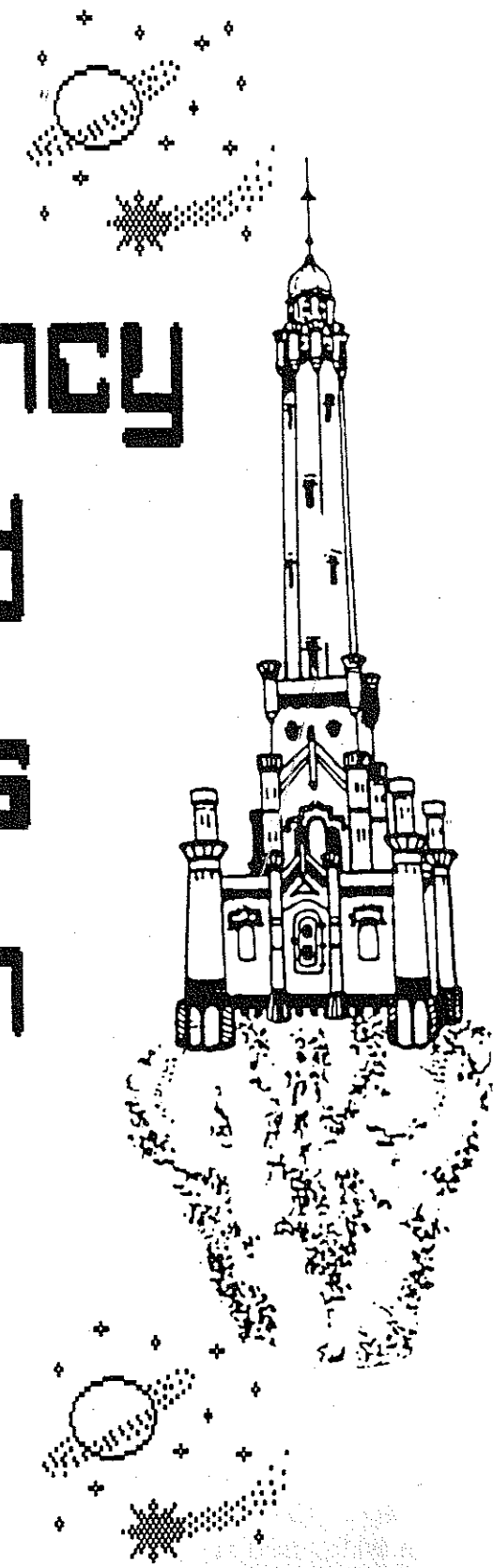
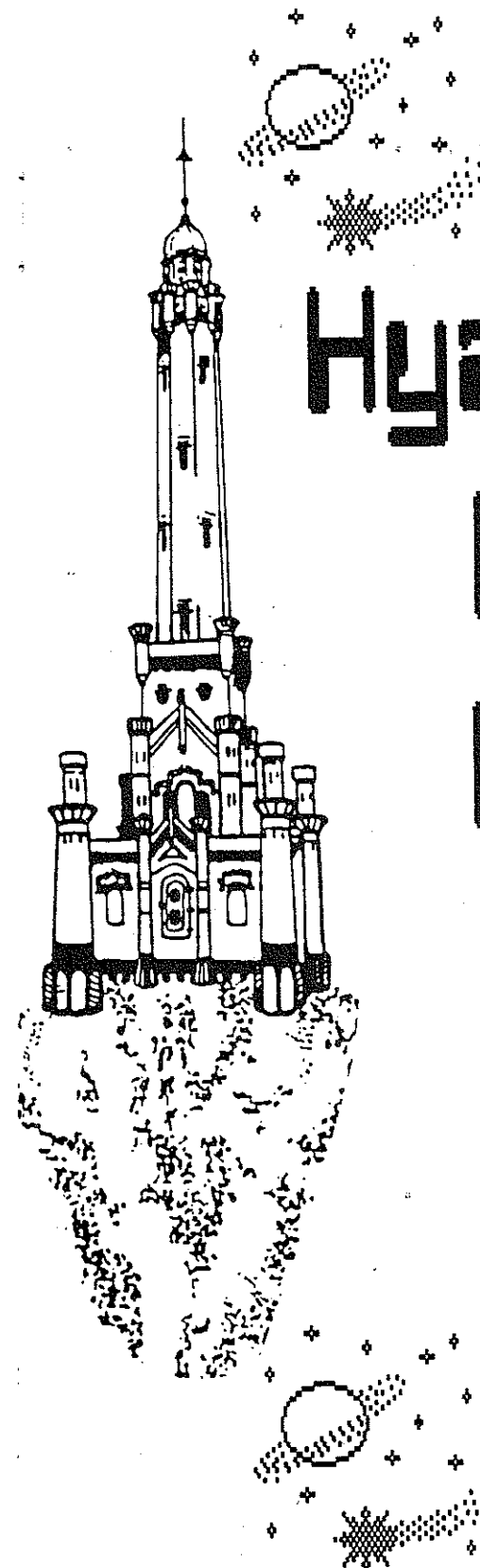
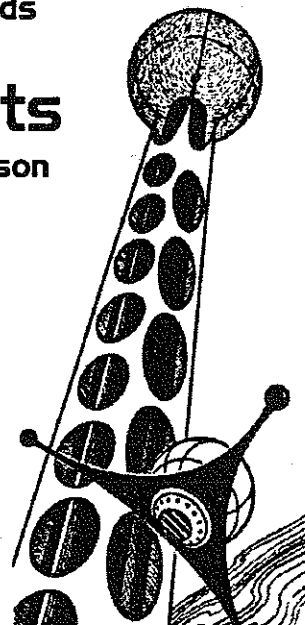
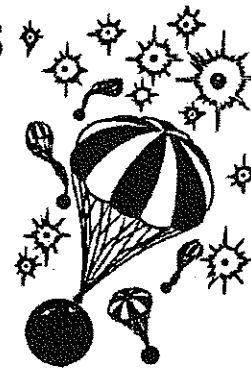
Octavia Butler
David Lee Anderson
Barbara Hambly
Lawrence Watt-Evans

Guests

P. J. Beese
Elaine Bergstrom
Sue Blom
P. D. Breeding-Black
Algis Budrys
Darlene P. Coltrain
Glen Cook
Buck and Juanita Coulson
Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein
Martin H. Greenberg
Todd Hamilton
William Higgins
Ricia Mainhardt
Jody Lynn Nye
Robert Passovoy
Frederik Pohl and Elizabeth Hull
Mickey Zucker Reichert
Michael Resnick
Lucy Synk
Brian Thompson
Joan Vinge
delphyne joan woods
Mike Glycer

ISFIC Guests

Lynne & Mark Aronson
Larry Propp
Doug Rice
Midge Reitan
Ross Pavlac
Dick Spelman
Tom Veal
Kathleen Meyer
Debra A. Wright
Lenny Wenshe
Marie Bartlett-Sloan
Dina S. Krause



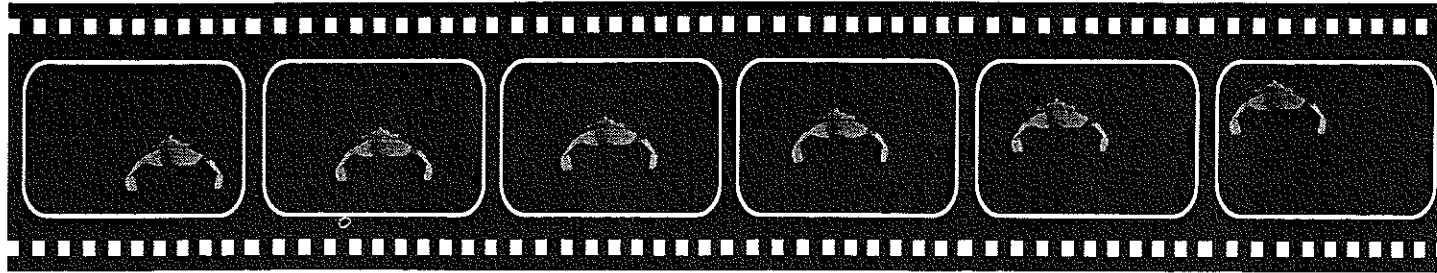
Hyatt Regency

Woodfield

Welcomes

Windycon

XX



The History of Films

Late in the 19th Century on both sides of the Atlantic, two different groups of people were revolutionizing the concept of photography to incorporate the use of moving pictures on film or "Movies". These people were in France, the Lumiere Brothers and here in the United States Thomas Edison and Edwin S. Porter.

So what does all this have to do with WindyCon? Not long after this invention of the motion picture, in 1902 to be exact, George Melies shot his most famous film "A Trip to the Moon" and with that Science Fiction movies were born.

Since that time, movies have gone through all the extremes. Science Fiction movies are no exception to that either. All different types of Science Fiction movies have been made. Good, bad, simple, incomprehensible, ordinary, twisted, multimillion dollar Duds, and low budget classics.

WindyCon has always devoted itself to bring-

ing as much and as diverse of a cross section of Film to the con-going public. Our taste has often been questioned and our reasoning is rarely revealed, but the WindyCon Film Program has always done its part to keep film as a part of Science Fictions unique culture and also to keep many films as a part of this culture that would otherwise be forgotten (Yes we know you want to forget, but we won't let you).

Over the last few years themes have appeared, our style has become apparent and hopefully our cross section of tastes have represented those of the con-going public, if that is at all possible. These first 20 years have brought us a great number of films, not only shown at WindyCon but all those we haven't had enough time to show or insanity to try 35 or 70mm formats. We can only hope that the future years are as kind to us as the 20 before and that the great Science Fiction films keep coming.

Film Schedule

Well, here it is! For one of the times in recorded history, the film schedule actually made the program book deadline... And here we go:

Friday, November 12

2:00pm *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* - Someone's out to get our herbivore hero (I'd lay odds on the sexy toon in the red dress). Shown, of course, with *Tummy Trouble*.

4:00pm *The Abyss* - Underwater adventures with a downed submarine, a psycho cast, and unknown life forms. Note: This is the original release version, not the Director's cut.

6:30pm *Aladdin* - Great music, great voice-overs, great animation, classic story. Can you tell we really love this one? If you need to know more, just ask any kid (or kid at heart) and they'll give you the five minute condensed version. Note: This print does contain the original lyrics deemed "offensive" and "stereotypical" and removed from the videotape. We think this should be called the Director's Cut.

8:15pm *Blade Runner* - This is not the Director's Cut, but it is still great. Harrison Ford hunting replicants, Rutger Hauer hunting Ford. If you wish to debate the benefits and draw-

backs of the two versions, please do so outside of the film room. We'll all be trying to watch the film.

10:30pm *The Addams Family* - Since the sequel is here, we felt it was time to show the original. Creepy, kooky, ooky... We're not exactly sure what "ooky" means, but come see the film and maybe you'll figure it out.

12:00am *Bram Stoker's Dracula* - Francis Ford Coppola's adaptation of the classic book. So far this is the closest version to the book we've seen.

Saturday 2:15am *Nosferatu* (1922) - Even more classic than the Stoker book is the original folklore on which this version of the vampire tale is based. This is the original 1922 Murrau version with Max Schreck as Nosferatu.

3:30am *Barbarella* - What better way to end the day than with classic campiness. Jane Fonda is our heroine agent off in search of the renegade Duran Duran. Presented in Cinemascope.

5:10am Film Room closes.

Saturday, November 13

The following titles are WindyCon XX's tribute to the early '70s. Boy, were they... different.

12:00pm *Soylent Green* (1973) - Charlton Heston finds out that ignorance is bliss. I'll just have the dinner salad, thank you. Presented in Cinemascope.

2:00pm *Young Frankenstein* (1975) - "Walk this way", "That's Eye-gor", "Abby Normal", "Nice grouping", "Sed-a-give", "I am a Fraunk-en-steen". If you know these, you'll know what you'll miss. If you don't understand, come find out.

4:00pm *Zardoz* (1974) - It's weird. Great, but weird. Sean Connery is the barbarian who's brought into paradise to kill everyone, because they've figured out eternal life isn't all it's cracked up to be. All this, but it's a lot deeper. Presented in Cinemascope.

Break for Art Auction

11:30pm *Last Action Hero* - Arnold is Jack Slater, film hero dealing with his latest problem: a kid from the real world who knows the plot too well, and has been magically placed in the movie. All is great until the villain escapes the Silver Screen and raises havoc in New York.

Sunday 1:30am *Forbidden Planet* - Classic Science Fiction. Or is it Science Fiction Classic. Or possibly a classic set in Science Fiction. All of the above, really. Not only is it great S.F., it's also an adaptation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* into the science fiction world of the mid-fifties. Presented in Cinemascope.

3:15am *Mothra* - Don't come to the film room to sleep—this one's loud. You've got the singing midget twins, the horrendous dubbing, and of course, the King himself, Godzilla. This is not a quiet, introspective film.

5:00am Film Room closes

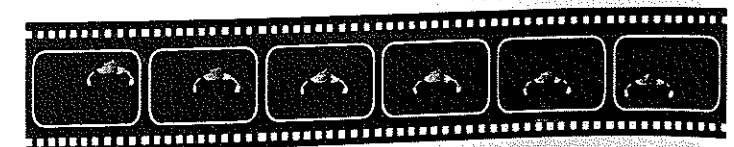
Sunday, November 13

12 noon *Aladdin* - See Friday 6:30pm

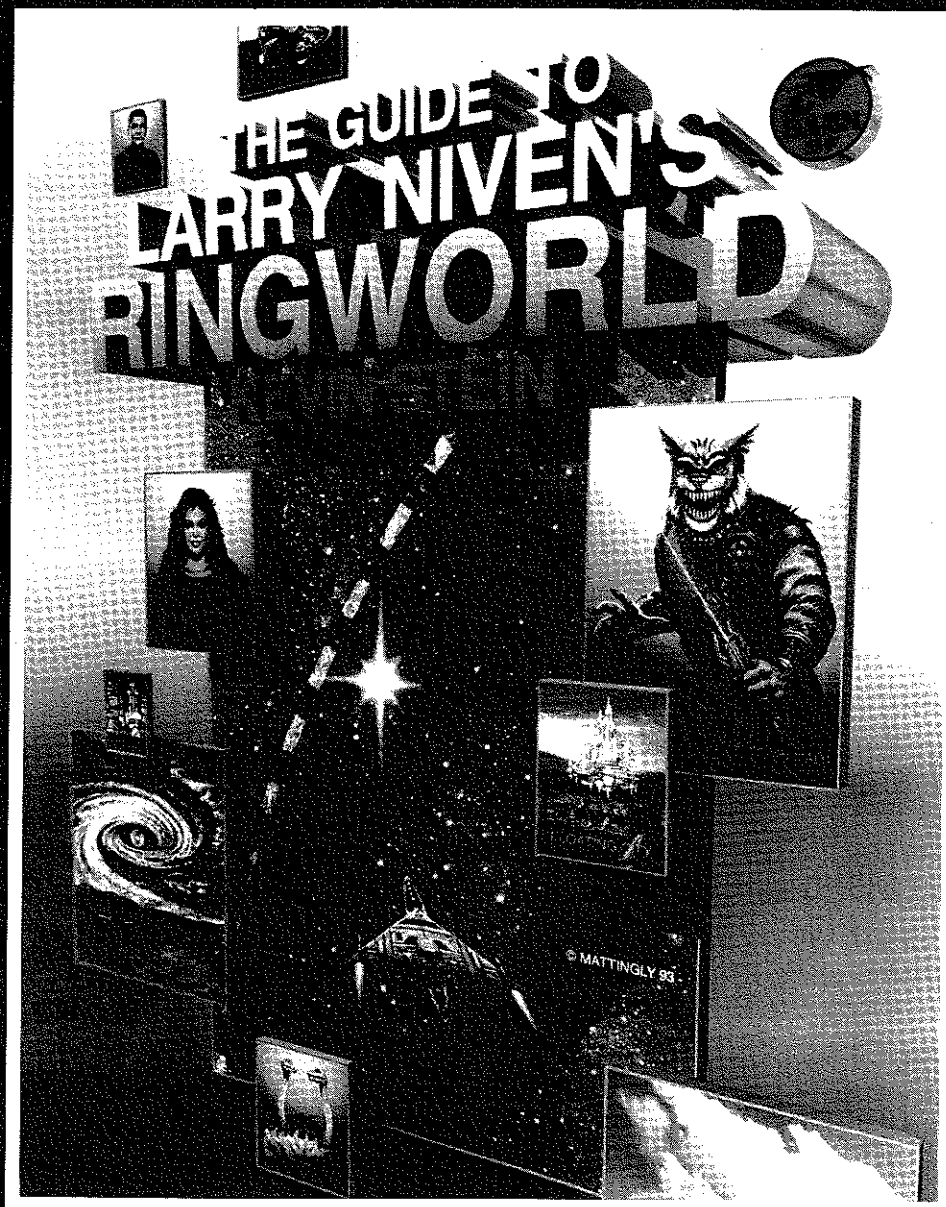
2:00pm *Beetlejuice* - Michael Keaton, pre-Batman and still having fun. Tim Burton directs. It's always good to see his earlier work, and then go see *Nightmare before Christmas*.

Well, that's this year's films. In addition to all of these, there will be many short films and unscheduled treats. As always, we will accept suggestions or even criticism (please keep it constructive, though). If you want to see something, please come up with a title if you can. We're good at trivia, but occasionally we do run across films we haven't seen before or memorized the plot lines and dialogue.

*Cinemascope is a patented wide-screen film format and is shown at WindyCon whenever prints are available.



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WindyCon Food Guide

By the Avenging Aardvark (aka Ross Pavlac)

If you are on foot, your food options are pretty limited. You have Baguetti's (the Hyatt restaurant), a few restaurants in the Hyatt vicinity, and the restaurants in Woodfield Shopping Mall, immediately to the south of the Hyatt.

There is another option, though — two delivery services, Takeout Taxi (882-2525) and Elegant Express Delivery (397-6555) will provide delivery from a number of local restaurants. Takeout Taxi charges \$3 delivery charge (plus \$2 per restaurant if ordering from more than one restaurant) and \$10 minimum. Elegant Express charges \$1.75 delivery charge (with ZERO extra charge if ordering from more than one restaurant). With both, the charge does NOT include the driver's tip. They both accept cash, Visa, and MasterCard (Elegant Express also accepts Discover and American Express). In this food guide, restaurants serviced by these companies will be noted with "TAXI" and "EXPRESS" respectively. Also: both of these service many restaurants not listed in this food guide; call them for details.

If you are buying for a party, the best large grocery stores are Dominick's and Jewel, near Golf and Roselle (see below).

Restaurants that I particularly recommend for your consideration are marked with a * in front of the name. A very rough guide to cost is: \$ = under \$10/person, \$\$ = \$11-20/person, \$\$\$ = over \$20/person (not including cost of alcoholic beverages).

In the immediate vicinity of the Hyatt:

*Baguetti's. In the Hyatt Woodfield.

6:30am-12am Fri, 7-12 Sat, Sun.

605-1234 x6930.

The Hyatt restaurant. Consistently has very high quality food for a hotel restaurant. Excellent Sunday brunch. \$\$

Bay Street.

2000 E. Golf Rd.

11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 517-1212.

Seafood. TAXI. EXPRESS. \$\$

Olive Garden.

1925 E. Golf Road.

11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 240-1123.

Yuppie Italian. OK food, but predictable. \$\$

Houlihan's.

1901 E. Golf Road.

11-12 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 605-0002.

Yuppie food. \$\$

In Woodfield Mall (General info: 330-1537):

*A&W.

8:30-9 Fri, 8:30-6 Sat, 10:30-6 Sun. 619-1617.

Excellent root beer (free refills!), very good hamburgers, salad bar. \$

Arby's.

11-9 Fri, 11-6 Sat, Sun. 330-1777.

Vaguely roast beast sammiches. \$

Au Bon Pain.

8:30-9 Fri, 9-6 Sat, Sun. 995-1019.

Coffee, croissants, sandwiches. \$

Boudin Bakery.

8:30-9 Fri, 8:30-6 Sat, 9:30-6:30 Sun. 330-1849.

Sourdough bread, sandwiches, soups. \$

Burger King.

Hamburgers. \$

*Cinnabon.

995-0715.

The best cinnamon rolls in the known universe. \$

Cookie Factory Bakery.

619-0121.

Cookies, muffins, rolls, bagels.

Door County Confectionery.

619-6460.

Candy.

*Gloria Jean's Coffee Bean.

619-0690.

Coffee, iced cappuccino. Wonderful

*Godiva.

619-1161.

Chocolate to kill for.

Healthy Express. (part of Nordic Track store) 9:30-9 Fri, 9:30-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun. 995-9995.

Fruit smoothies, pasta salads, fruit juice, etc. This food is just too, too good for you; do you really want to eat here? \$

Hot Sam's Pretzel Bakery.

995-8306.

Pretzels.

***Irving's for Red Hot Lovers.**

9-9 Fri, 10-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun. 517-1600.

Excellent hot dogs. \$

John's Garage.

10:30-9:30 Fri, 11-6:30 Sat, Sun. 619-0046.

American cuisine. Good food, but usually a wait to be seated. \$\$

Long Grove Confectionery.

330-1122.

Candy. \$

Long John Silver's.

Seafood, more or less. \$

***Lucky's Diner.**

11-9:30 Fri, 11-10 Sat, 11-6:30 Sun. 619-8900.

Burgers, chicken, ribs, shakes. \$-\$\$.

Manchu Wok.

10-9 Fri, 10-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun. 995-1734.

Oriental fast food. \$

Mandarin Express.

Oriental fast food. \$

Marshall Field's. (in the department store)

American cuisine. Stop by for some Frango mints! \$-\$\$

McDonald's.

burp Pass the bicarb. \$

Mrs. Field's Cookies.

619-2050.

Cookies. \$

Ruby Tuesday.

11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 330-1433.

Yuppie sandwiches, pseudo-cajun, etc. Overpriced. \$-\$\$

***Sbarro.**

10-9 Fri, 10-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun. 240-9756.

Excellent New York style pizza slices, lasagna, etc. \$

***Vie de France.**

9-9 Fri, 9-6 Sat, 10-6 Sun. 619-6623.

Croissants, sandwiches. Excellent food but a relatively small restaurant, so there may be a wait. \$

Golf Road, West to Roselle Road (approx. 3 miles)

***Sirloin Stockade.**

800 E. Golf.

11-9 Fri, Sat; 11-8 Sun. 884-0300

Like a Ponderosa, with a smaller buffet selection,

but much higher quality food. Fresh-baked rolls and desserts (made while you watch). Forget the steaks, you can get an all-you-can-eat buffet and soft drink for \$8 and fill up on ham, roast beef, chicken, and hot cobbler and rolls right out of the oven. Can be crowded during peak dinner hour; arrive early. Highly recommended. \$

House of Hunan.

1233 E. Golf.

11:30-10:30 Fri, 12-10:30 Sat, 11:30-9:30 Sun. 605-1166

Hunan-style Chinese. OK, but a bit overrated. TAXI. \$\$

Grisanti's Casual Italian.

955 E. Golf.

11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 240-2190.

Yuppie Italian. OK food, reasonable prices. TAXI. \$

Bob Evans.

935 E. Golf Rd.

6am-10pm 7 days. 605-8085.

Home-style food, well prepared. \$-\$\$

Copperfields.

795 E. Golf Rd.

11-2am Fri, 9-2am Sat, 9-11am Sun. 843-1956

Yuppie food, particularly steaks, seafood. \$\$

Cousin's Subs.

600 E. Golf.

10:30-9 Fri, Sat; 11-7 Sun. 882-0005.

Submarine sandwiches. TAXI. \$

***Portillo's.**

611 E. Golf.

10:30-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 884-9020

Includes Barnelli's Pasta Bowl. Excellent hot dogs. 50's atmosphere. Beer is limited to Bud/Miller, but is served in frosty schooners, making them taste almost like real beer. \$

***Fuddrucker's.**

436 E. Golf Rd.

11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 519-9390.

Excellent hamburgers with a superior toppings bar. Fairly good domestic beer selection. \$

Carlos Murphy's.

406 E. Golf.

11:30-12 Fri, Sat; 11:30-10 Sun 884-6662.

Yuppie Mexican food. Can be noisy; live bands. If you come in a group, there is an all-you-can-eat fiesta meal (served sit-down) for \$10/person that is an excellent deal. \$-\$\$

Yu's Mandarin.

200 E. Golf.

4:30-11 Fri, Sat; 12-9:30 Sun. 882-5340.

Mandarin and Szechwan cuisine. \$-\$\$

In the Vicinity of Golf and Roselle (approx 3 miles from Hyatt)

Dominick's.

Northeast Corner of Golf and Roselle.

7am-12pm.

Large grocery store.

***Genghis Khan's Mongolian Barbecue.**

27 E. Golf Rd. (next to Dominick's)

5-9:30 Fri, 12-9:30 Sat, 12-9 Sun. 882-8920

If you've never tried it, you should. Very crowded on Friday and Saturday evening — reservations strongly recommended. \$\$

Jan's Bagel's.

1400 N. Roselle.

6:30-5 Fri, 7-4 Sat, 8-1 Sun.

Bagels. \$

Pizza Pazza.

11-11 Fri, 3-11 Sat, 3-10 Sun. 310-8195.

Pizza. Offers delivery. \$

Schaumburg Oriental Food.

1318 N. Roselle.

10-9 Fri, Sat; 10-7 Sun. 843-7877.

Chinese and other oriental groceries. Interesting selection.

***Richard Walker.**

1300 N. Roselle.

7-10:30. 882-1100

Pancakes to die for, particularly their giant apple pancake. The best place in the area to go for breakfast. \$.

***Edwardo's.**

216 W. Golf.

11-10 Fri, Sat; 12-9 Sun. 882-7200.

If you've never had Chicago-style stuffed pizza, then you haven't visited Chicago. This is one of the two best. \$-\$\$.

Church's Chicken.

1249 N. Roselle.

885-2595

Denny's.

1175 N. Roselle.

885-1969

Open 24 hours. You've had it before. \$

Black Pearl.

28 W. Golf.

11:30-2 Fri, Sat; 11:30-10 Sun. 843-1555

Oriental food. \$\$

Barnaby's.

134 W. Golf.

11-12 Fri, Sat; 12-10 Sun. 882-3220

Yuppie food: sandwiches, pizza, etc. \$\$

Wendy's.

29 W. Golf.

885-4637

Burgers. \$

Medieval Times.

N. Roselle and I-90 exit.

843-3900.

Dinner theatre with a medieval theme. The food is so-so, and the show is mock combat. Recommended only if you like horsemanship (there is some excellent horse-back riding). \$\$\$

Ho Luck.

2 W. Golf.

882-4260

Oriental food. \$\$

Smiling Buddha.

1220 Valley Lake Drive (off of Golf)

843-0095

Oriental. \$\$

Cesare's Italian.

Golf & Higgins.

882-7730

Italian food. \$\$

Taste of Thai.

1029 W. Golf Rd.

11-10 Fri, Sat; Closed Sun. 490-9994.

Thai food. Pretty good for a suburban Thai restaurant.

TAXI. \$\$

Also West of Roselle on Golf Rd. (approx 4 miles from Hyatt)

Baskin-Robbins

Subway

McDonald's

Taco Bel

Arby's

Dunkin' Donuts

South of Golf (on Roselle)

Derby Street.

1185 N. Roselle

882-6663 Food.

Overpriced, slow service. \$\$

Jewel.

East side of Roselle

Large grocery store.

Spring Garden Restaurant.

1000 N. Roselle

882-4912

Oriental food. \$\$

Aloha.

Roselle

884-8887

Black Forest Foods.

1129 N. Roselle (south of Golf).
10-10 Fri, 10-9 Sat, Closed Sun. 882-5822
German food. Roast beef, goulash, pork, schnitzel. On Fridays, there is a \$9.95 all-you-can-eat pig roast; reservations for this are a MUST. \$-\$\$

Kentucky Fried Chicken**Burger King**

Little Caesar's (southeast corner of Roselle and Higgins)

Hot Dog Express.

Restaurants in the vicinity of Golf and Algonquin (approx 2 miles EAST of the Hyatt)

***Portillo's.**

1900 W. Golf (Rolling Meadows).
10:30-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 228-0777.
Excellent Hot dogs. \$\$

Rupert's.

1701 E. Golf. (In the office building on the south side).
952-8555

Ribs. Overrated. \$\$

Chill's.

1480 E. Golf.
11-11 Fri, Sat; 11:30-10 Sun. 228-0072

Upscale chain restaurant Mexican. Not bad, but not authentic. \$\$

Wendy's.

Golf Rd.
Burgers.

***Old Country Buffet.**

1400 E. Golf (In Waccamaw Pottery mall)
8-9 Fri, Sat; 11-8 Sun. 981-8996
Buffet with mass quantities of food and selection. If you want the most variety for not much bucks, go here. If you want higher quality (but a smaller selection), go to Sirloin Stockade (mentioned above) instead. If going at peak times, there will be a wait. \$

Prime Table Restaurant.

1401 W. Algonquin.
806-0100
American cuisine. The daily specials are usually an excellent deal; the other menu offerings are OK. \$\$

Arby's.

1331 Golf.
228-0790
Pseudo roast beef. \$

Grand Slam Bagel.

1327 E. Golf.
437-4040
Bagels.

Gino's East.

1321 Golf.
11:30-12 Fri, Sat; 12-10 Sun. 364-6644
Many consider this the best pizza in Chicago, but I'm at a loss to figure out why. It's very, very good, but the best? Nahhh. \$-\$\$

Big Kahuna.

798 W. Algonquin (southeast corner w/ Golf).
439-4594
Primarily a dance club, with some food available.

Ponderosa.

Algonquin (north of Golf)
392-5220
Steak and very good salad bar. \$

***Lindy's Chili.**

1400 Golf (at Meadows Mall; Algonquin)
Some of the best chili in Chicago. **Warning:** this restaurant was still under construction at press-time, so it may not be open by WindyCon. (How do I know it's so good? Because there are OTHERS in Chicago, silly!) \$

Siegelman's Deli Restaurant.

940 W. Algonquin (north of Golf)
577-8949

Deli food. \$-\$\$

May Fong's.

Algonquin (north of Golf)
Oriental. \$\$

Jin Mee Oriental Food

Algonquin (north of Golf)
This is another oriental grocery store.

Down the Hatch.

1414 W. Algonquin (north of Golf)
259-6880 Food.
Their pizza is OK but not outstanding. \$\$

***Baker's Square.**

1755 Algonquin (north of Golf)
392-7450
Good entrees at reasonable prices. Excellent pie. \$-\$\$

Also in the vicinity (all on Algonquin, north of Golf):

McDonald's**Burger King****Taco Bell****Brown's Chicken****Kentucky Fried Chicken.**

In One Schaumburg Place (a mall just south of Woodfield)

***Applebee's Neighborhood Grill.**

11-12 Fri, Sat; 10-10 Sun. 240-1323.
Pasta, riblets, salads. Can be half hour wait at dinner hour. TAXI. \$\$

Candy Junction.

10-9:30 Fri, Sat; 11-6 Sun. 240-5677.
This is a candy store that has it all, from wax lips to gummi penguins. \$

The following are in the food court at One Schaumburg Place, which is open from 10-9 Fri, Sat, and 11-6 Sun. Because it's next to the mall movie theater, some of the restaurants stay open as late as 10pm or so if the crowds warrant staying open.

***Joni's Cappucino.**

240-5600
Excellent Cappucino. \$
Chicago Smoothies.

995-0533
Frozen yogurt. \$
A Slice of Italy.

619-9296
Very good pizza slices. \$

Manchu Wok.

240-2570
Chinese. \$
Grand Slam Bagels.

995-1111
Bagels. \$

Special thanks for research assistance: Maria Gavelis and the Party Goddess (aka Debra Wright)

**Subway.**

517-7827
Submarine sandwiches. \$
***Johnny Rockets.**

240-9100
Very good burgers, shakes, and pie. 50's theme. \$
Chicago Style Hot Dogs.

240-2515
Hot dogs. \$
***Smokehouse.**

995-1836
Sandwiches, gyros, etc. Unpretentious but good value for the money. \$

You might also want to consider:

***Yaohan.**

100 E. Algonquin
(at Arlington Hts. Road; take Golf East to Algonquin, then right/southeast on Algonquin; about 4 miles from Hyatt)
11-7:30 7 days. 956-6699
This is a small Japanese indoor shopping mall, which includes a grocery store loaded with strange Japanese food, a bookstore with some Japanese anime books, a toy store with LOTS of science fiction toys, and most interesting of all... a food court with about half a dozen different Japanese cuisines. Can be a lot of fun, but is only for the adventurous. \$

Crossedwords

By Allan Sperling

ACROSS

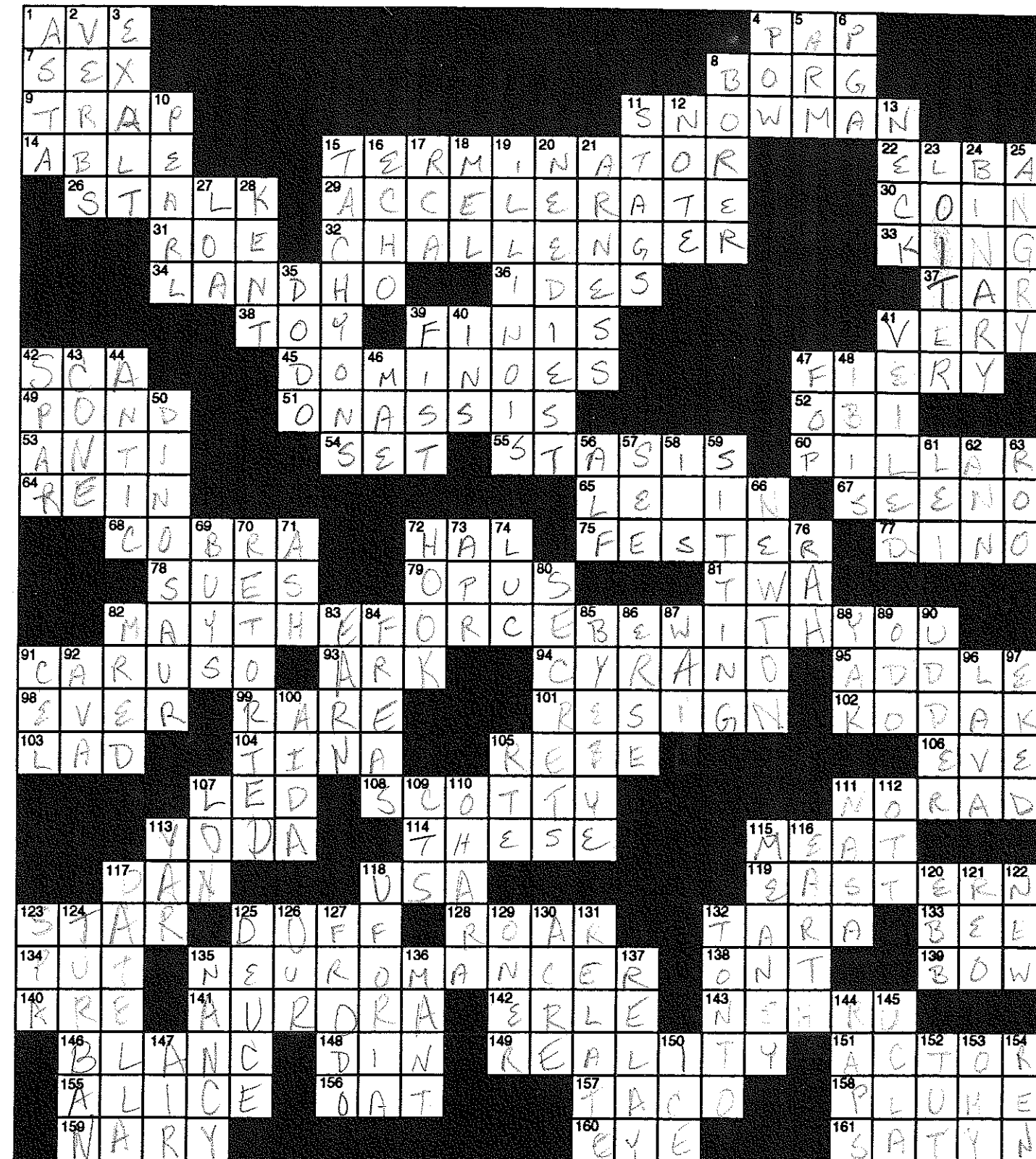
1. STREET (ABBR.)
4. BABY FOOD
7. IT'S TABOO FOR PRIESTS
8. PICARD'S METALLIC NEMESIS
9. IT'S NOT NICE FOR MICE
11. FROSTY THE _____
14. READY, WILLING AND _____
15. "I'LL BE BACK" CHARACTER
22. EXILE ISLAND
26. CELERY OR BEAN
29. GO FASTER
30. TWO SIDES OF THE SAME _____
31. WADE'S LEGAL OPPONENT
32. ILL-FATED SPACE FLIGHT
33. _____ KONG
34. SAILOR'S CRY
36. NOT A GOOD DAY FOR CAESAR
37. ASPHALT
38. PLAYTHING
39. THE END (FR.)
41. GOOD TO THE _____ LAST DROP
42. SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM
45. THEY ALL FALL DOWN
47. INCENDIARY
49. WHERE SCUM GATHERS
51. HE MARRIED JACKIE KENNEDY
52. WITH 82 ACROSS, HE SAID IT.
53. NEGATIVE MATTER
54. SUN ACTIVITY, ONCE A DAY
55. BALANCED ENERGY FIELD
60. OBJECT SAMSON COULDN'T HOLD UP
64. HOLD BACK
65. OPEN THE DOOR
67. _____ EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL
68. COILED SNAKE
72. IN "2001", HE'S NOT JUST VOICE MAIL
75. ADDAMS' ECCENTRIC UNCLE
77. EXUBERANT FLINTSTONES PET
78. BRINGS LEGAL ACTION AGAINST

79. PENGUIN OF COMICS OR MUSICAL COMPOSITION
81. TRANSWORLD AIRLINES
82. FAMOUS QUOTE OF 52 ACROSS
91. HIS VOICE WAS GOLDEN
93. RAIDERS OF THE LOST _____
94. HIS NOSE KNOWS
95. CONFUSE
98. ALWAYS
99. PINK MEAT
101. SOMETHING #6 DID
102. THEY MAKE CAMERAS
103. JUST A BOY
104. IKE LOST HIS "PROUD MARY"
105. "_____ WITHOUT A CAUSE"
106. FIRST LADY
107. ROCK GROUP ZEPPELIN
108. NO ENTERPRISE RAN WELL WITHOUT HIM
111. AIR DEFENSE AGENCY
113. SKY WALKER'S MENTOR
114. _____ ARE THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES
115. VEGETARIAN NO-NO
117. FRYING OR PETER
118. IT'S NOT ONLY A COUNTRY, IT'S A CABLE NETWORK
119. A PERMANENTLY GROUNDED AIRLINE
123. RED DWARF
125. TAKE OFF ONE'S CHAPEAU
128. LION'S CRY
132. BELOVED HOME OF SCARLETT
133. SPELLING OR BUSY
134. SHOT _____
135. WILLIAM GIBSON NOVEL
138. CANADIAN PROV.
139. CLARA OR RAIN
140. EXIST
141. _____ BOREALIS
142. CRIME NOVELIST GARDNER
143. FORMER INDIAN PRIME MINISTER
146. CARTOON VOICE MEL _____
148. NOISE
149. IT'S VIRTUAL OR HARSH
151. RONALD REAGAN, FORMERLY
155. HER ADDRESS WAS WONDERLAND
156. BRAN, MEAL OR CAKE

157. MEXICAN TASTE TREAT
158. FEATHER IN D'ARTAGNAN'S CAP
159. NOT A ONE
160. EVIL _____
161. SILKY FABRIC

DOWN

1. CANINE STAR, "THE THIN MAN"
2. ACTION, IRREGULAR OR INTRANSITIVE
3. REJOICE
4. BIFFI BAMI ZAPI _____
5. "THE FUGITIVE" BAD GUY HAD ONLY ONE
6. GOLFING ACRONYM
8. TERMITES-LIKE INSECT
10. OYSTER'S TREASURE
11. BACHELOR'S PARTIES
12. POST-IT
13. "DINING TABLE" FOR DRACULA
15. HIGHLY CHARGED PARTICLES
16. REVERBERATE
17. PIONEER IN ELECTRONICS
18. GIBSON OR BROOKS
19. WINDYCON STATE
20. MOST INDIGENT
21. "THE THING" ACTOR
23. HANG AROUND
24. CERTAIN STAR SYSTEMS
25. MAD AS HELL
27. MAUNA _____
28. "SUPER" DISGUISE
35. EXTINCT BIRD
39. BOXING WEAPON
40. THOSE ELECTED
41. THINLY COVERED
42. VERBAL JOUST
43. BELDAR HAS ONE
44. PRANK
46. MS. WEST
47. EGOTISTICAL FOOL
48. WADING BIRD
50. JURASSIC PARK ATTRACTION
56. TV ALIEN'S VISA WAS CANCELLED
57. "OH SAY CAN YOU _____"
58. POSSESSIVE
59. CUSTER'S WORST NIGHT-MARE, _____ BULL
61. GARLAND
62. _____ LANDERS
63. AUSTRALIAN MARSUPIAL (SLANG)
66. FIG OR SIR ISAAC
69. PURCHASES
70. RESPONDED SHARPLY TO
71. CIGAR LEAVINGS
72. HE WON'T LEND A HAND TO PETER PAN
73. SPRING MO.
74. JEAN _____ PICARD
76. COLLEGE CHEER
80. THE WORST ONES ARE SELDOM KEPT
82. A HORSE IS A HORSE, OF COURSE, OF COURSE
83. MAKE MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
84. A QUEST OF HONOR AT WINDYCON XX
85. _____ BIRDIE
86. GAELIC
87. SOB UNCONTROLLABLY
88. ASIAN BEAST OF BURDEN
89. CONSTABLE ON THE PROMENADE
90. COW-MILKING NECESSITY
91. ANIMATOR'S DRAWING
92. ACTRESS GARDNER
96. VOLCANO FLOW
97. SCRAPED BY
100. VERDI OPERA
105. A WAY TO GO (ABBR.)
107. MR. CHANEY
109. THESE MAKE DOLLARS (ABBR.)
110. JOHN WAYNE LEADING REDHEAD
111. THEY PUT PEOPLE INTO ORBIT
112. GIANT HALL-OF-FAMER
113. SECURITY CHIEF ON THE ENTERPRISE, ONCE
115. DEEP SPACE 9'S COLM
116. THIRD FROM THE SUN
117. KNEE BONE
118. OBSCURE SF FILM ABOUT ALIEN ENCOUNTER
120. KIND OF TIDE
121. VINTAGE CAR
122. NOT OLD, BORROWED OR BLUE



123. WHERE TO GO FOR THE HEALTH OF IT
124. EXOTIC HEADGEAR
125. TENNIS TERM
126. _____ DAILY BREAD
127. LORD OF THE RINGS

- CHARACTER
129. UNIQUE
130. LAND MEASUREMENT
131. DO TELL
132. SCOUT'S RIDER
135. SLUGGO'S GIRLFRIEND

136. HALF MAN, HALF ANT, ALL TERROR!
137. RACE USING BATONS
144. TREATS KNUCKLES UNKINDLY
145. CALIFORNIA INSTITUTION

147. SOME OF IT IS THIN
150. ADDED TO MANY A DRINK
152. EGYPTIAN KING
153. _____ GOD!
154. STIMPY'S CONFEDERATE

Art Show Rules And Regulations

(i.e. Don't play with your gum while looking at the perty pitchures)

This year WindyCon is trying something new. We are going to be selling Recycled Art, or Previously Owned Art, or "I Have Run Out Of Wall Space And I Must Scream" Art. The rules listed below are for artists with original work as well as those selling previously owned art.

RULES: 1. Artist/agent must be a member of the convention.

2. All art must relate to science fiction, fantasy or science.

3. All art must be clearly marked with the artist's name, title, medium, minimum bid and, if previously owned art, the current owner's name.

4. **PRINT RULE:** One (1) signed and numbered copy of a print will be accepted. Additional prints may be hung in the Print Shop. You may add a note to your panel in the art show informing viewers that prints are available in the Print Shop.

5. All art must be matted or framed.

6. No mail-in art will be accepted.

7. Panels are limited to two (2) per artist or one half (1/2) table unless space becomes available. Panels are 4 by 5 ft. and tables are 6 ft. by 30 inches.

8. **FEES:** \$0.50 hanging fee per piece of art. NFS art \$1.00 per piece (PERTAINS TO ARTISTS AND PREVIOUSLY OWNED ART NOT PRINTS IN THE PRINT SHOP). Hanging fees must be paid at check in. 10% COMMISSION ON ALL SALES (PERTAINS TO ARTISTS, PREVIOUSLY OWNED ART AND PRINT SHOP SALES.)

9. Artists will be paid Sunday after all pieces of art are accounted for. Agents must have a letter of authorization from the artists in order to receive the artist's check. Artist check out hours Sunday are 11am to 1pm. Art show receipts and print shop receipts will be paid separately.

HOURS OF VIEWING: FRIDAY - 9am TO

7pm.

SATURDAY - 9am TO 7pm.

AUCTION: SATURDAY - 8pm. TO ?

PURCHASED ART PICKUP - SATURDAY - 9pm. TO NOON

All purchased art must be picked up by noon on Sunday.

Artists/agents must pick up their art by 1pm. Sunday. Any art left over requiring shipping will be charged for shipping PLUS a handling fee of \$20.00. Art purchasers are encouraged to pick up their art during the art auction if at all possible.

10. Photography (and cameras) are not allowed in the Art Show.

11. Bags and packages will be checked.

12. **BIDDERS MUST REGISTER WITH THE ART SHOW**

13. **BIDDING** - Write-in bids will be accepted until the close of the art show Saturday. Pieces with one bid are sold to that bidder. Pieces with two bids are sold to the second bidder listed on the bid sheet. Pieces with three or more bids go to the voice art auction Saturday night at 8pm. **ALL BIDS MUST BE IN INCREMENTS OF \$1.00 OR MORE.**

PRINT SHOPPE: The Print Shoppe is now in its 4th year at WindyCon. We grow larger every year. All artists are encouraged to sell their prints in the Print Shoppe. All congoers are encouraged to browse and BUY, BUY, BUY!

SPECIAL EVENTS

Opening Ceremonies for this 20th Anniversary WindyCon will be very... well, special! Be sure to bring your gorilla suit! See the march of the WindyCon chairmen!! Friday 7pm. Sharp!!! Be there or bee Longyear.

Con Suite Open In Spite Of Odds

The WindyCon con suite will be open its usual late hours:

From 3pm until 5 or 6am, Friday

From noon on Saturday until 5 or 6am

and from noon on Sunday until ???

We will have the usual comestibles, and possibly some unusual ones, too!! We will be featuring the bheer that was served at Chicon V - namely Baderbrau, from Pavichevich Brewing in Elmhurst.. If you were at Chicon V, you know how good this stuff is —if not, come up and try some!!!!

The golden liquid (bheer) will be available from 5pm until 4am on Friday, from ??pm until 5am on Saturday and from noon on Sunday until the Con Suite closes (or until we have to get the tappers back). **BE AWARE** that the legal drinking age in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges will be color coded, but please don't feel offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; with the increased awareness

of alcohol problems, we're just covering ourselves from problems with the Blue Meanies (and litigation). The Con Suite Staff would also like to beg issue an urgent plea for anyone who would like to work with our merry band of maniacs people; please see us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see Operations and tell them that you want to work in the Con Suite. Especially appreciated would be people over the legal drinking age to assist in the distribution of the bheer.

We will be in room 5321, the same suite that we have had in previous years, and it will remain a non-smoking Con Suite. Smoking will be allowed in the elevator lobby on the 5th floor. (Hopefully the smoke detectors won't go off this year!!!) **PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE** don't stand under them!!!!!! It will lessen a major inconvenience if we can keep them from going off.

Come up and see us during the convention; it promises to be the usual crazy time!!!!!!

And Even More Rules For The Masquerade

WindyCon's Masquerade Costume Competition will kick off on Saturday at 8pm in the Main Ballroom, featuring lighting by Focal Point. Doors will open at 7:40pm for audience seating.

Saturday night's masquerade will follow the same display style competition as viewed at the past two WindyCons. We encourage contestants of all skill levels and ages to enter and compete for workmanship and presentation awards.

RULES:

1. Contestants can pick up entry forms and rules at the Masquerade information table (across from Registration) on Friday from 3pm until 6pm and on Saturday from 11am until 2:30pm
2. All contestants must attend the Masquerade meeting at 3pm on Saturday, at which all entry forms are due. See pocket program for location. No late entries will be allowed.
3. No open flame, projectiles, or peanut butter.
4. Costumes can be based on original de-

signs or be re-creations (based on a source which shows 2 or more views of the costume). 5. Costumes must have been made by a fan attending WindyCon, i.e., no purchased/professionally made or rented costumes allowed.

6. Presentations will be limited to a maximum of two minutes.

7. We will be able to play costumer-provided music or sound effects on cassette. The only on-stage microphone is the one in the possession of the Master of Ceremonies.

8. WindyCon does not assume responsibility for damage to cassettes or costumes used at the convention.

9. Weapons may only be worn as part of a formal masquerade costume. No weapons may be worn as part of a hall costume.

10. You **MUST** be present backstage by 7:15pm Saturday. Participants arriving after this time may be disqualified.

Filking

If you're familiar with filking, you'll want to look for the filk at 10pm on Friday and Saturday nights in the Arlington Heights room. We'll be holding forth with science-fiction and fantasy oriented music until the very wee hours of the morning.

If you're not familiar with filking, drop by WindyCon's Opening Ceremonies. After the flash, glitter, pomp, and circumstance, hang around to hear the concert by Tom Smith, one of the Midwest's leading filkers. And if you like what you hear, see the paragraph above...

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT:

This is a note of appreciation and thanks to that hearty breed of fan, the GOPHER. Without your help and hard work there wouldn't be a WINDYCON as we know it. Thank you from the bottom of our little fannish hearts!!!!

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Athens 90

Jurassic Kids Park

This Dinosaur Theme Park is not a baby-sitting zone. Kids are free to come and go. We are anticipating entertaining 5-10 year olds that need more than a few toys and a VCR. Children who can't behave (after 2 time-outs) will be asked to leave. We will have activity centers for those who like to work alone and several large group activities around a dinosaur theme. All kids without parents must have badges.

HOURS

FRIDAY HOURS: 7-10pm

SATURDAY HOURS: 10am-NOON 2-6pm 7-10pm

SUNDAY HOURS: 11am TO 1pm.

CAVE DRAWING (FINGER PAINTING) WITH DAVID LEE ANDERSON

Please have your child wear clothes that you don't mind a little fingerpaint on. We will try to buy washable paint, but you can't trust every fabric. David Lee Anderson has been a WindyCon tradition with young fen.

STICK THE HEART ON BARNEY GAME

Similar to "Pin the tail on the Donkey" with Jurassic Gummy Treats for Prizes. Grown-ups with sensitive stomachs and ears, BEWARE!!

DINO D&D WITH ROBIN SKAMSER

See if you can survive being a dinosaur. Can you avoid tarpits, hungry dinosaurs, and other

natural disasters?

DINOSAUR MODELING WITH JENNY ROLLER

Come and use clay to make your own imaginary dinosaur creation. You can take your new pet home. (Don't forget to feed it!)

DINOSAUR COOKIE PAINTING

Trudi's special frosting and your imagination can paint a colorful dinosaur cookie that you can eat.

DINOSAUR STORY HOUR

Hear Lindalee Stuckey tell Bill Harley's story, "Dinosaurs don't say please." This is the story of a boy who turns into a T Rex.

DINOSAUR SLIDE SHOW

See the slides made from the Golden Duck winning book "Time Train" about a class that takes the Rocky Mountain Unlimited Train to Colorado to see dinosaurs. The story is by Paul Fleischman and the marvelous pictures are by Claire Ewart.

DINOSAUR MASKS/MODELS WITH MIKE AND ROZALYN LEVIN MANSFIELD

Try your hand at making molding aluminum foil models or masks with the very pro-kids activities couple from Cary, IL. They are also planning on bringing their construction boys that were a hit at a previous WindyCon.

Anniversary Activities

Class photos will be taken Saturday afternoon in the fourth floor lobby. Memory Lane will be located in the ISFiC Hospital-ity Suite, room 4341. Please drop by to see our collection of memorabilia and to chat. Check your pocket program for hours.

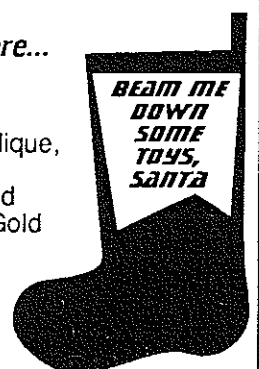
A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

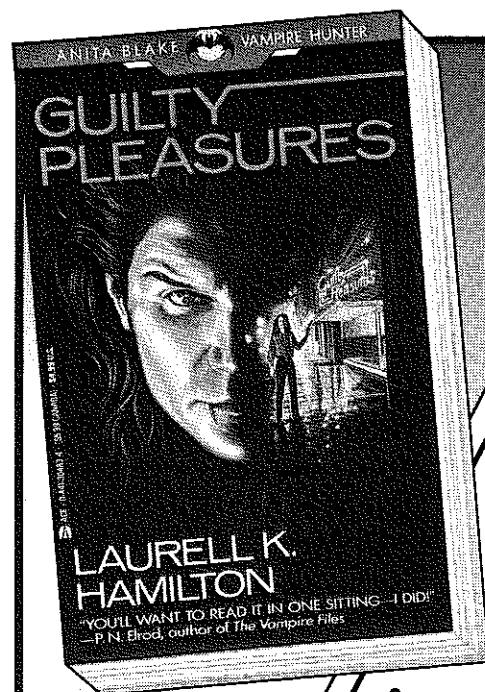
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"I would rather die than be a vampire's flunky," I said. Theresa never blinked, only nodded, very slowly. "You may get your wish."

The hair at the back of my neck crawled. I could meet her gaze, but evil has a certain feel to it. A neck-ruffling, throat-tightening feeling that tightens your gut. You don't have to be undead to be evil. But it helps.

— Excerpted from *Guilty Pleasures*

"Savvy, sassy, and tough. You'll want to read it in one sitting—I did!"—P.N. Elrod, author of *The Vampire Files*

Some people think the undead are just like anybody else. Vampire hunter Anita Blake—"The Executioner"—isn't one of them. But when a serial killer begins depleting the city's bloodsucker population, the vampires hire Anita to track him down. It's an offer she definitely can't refuse....

LAURELL K. HAMILTON

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At first it felt no different than the other kisses she'd given that I'd received with such joy, but it continued much longer and with no sign that she planned to stop. And the wonder of it only increased when she opened her mouth wide and her teeth dug deep and hard into my skin, finally breaking it....

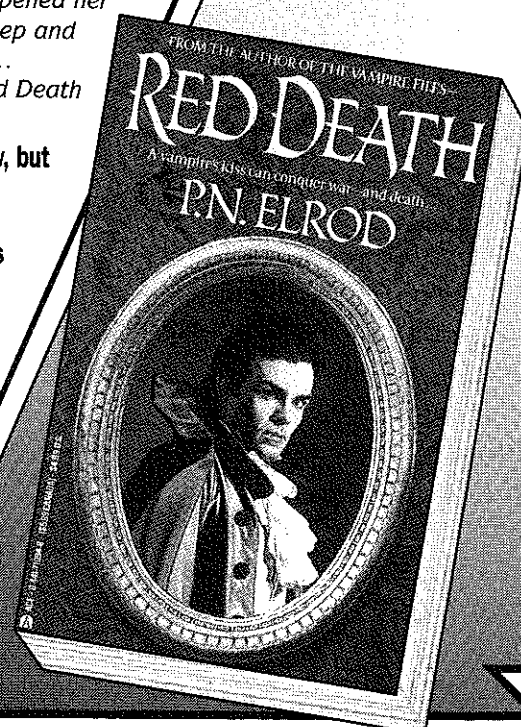
— Excerpted from *Red Death*

Jonathan Barrett is sent to Cambridge in 1773 to study law, but loses all interest in higher education after meeting Nora James. Seduced by her beauty, Jonathan gives her anything she wants—even if what she most desires is his blood. Only after the threat of war forces his return to America does he discover the dark legacy of Nora's kiss: a craving for the blood of others...for all time.

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WINDYCON XX

A Brief History Of Time

In the beginning there was a WindyCon... But that was before my time. WindyCons 1-4 were held and history before I ever heard about or attended an S.F. Con.

I first attended WindyCon 5 (Oct. 1978-Arlington Park Hilton). My program book says the "Huckster" Room was run by Jim Fuerstenberg. I spent maybe 20 minutes in that room during the entire convention (I was a gopher before I was a neo...). I have only faint memories of that room.

At WindyCons 6-10 the Dealer Room was managed by Dick Spelman; Dick actually was chairman of WindyCon IX but still spent mucho time in the Dealers Room (But then, dealers tend to spend much time in the Dealers Room.) Dick also managed the WindyCon XIV Dealers Room (I was vice-chairman that year—Silly Mel).

With that one exception I have been WindyCon Dealer Room Manager since WindyCon XI (My Ghod that's a long time....). WindyCon has also been in the Woodfield Hyatt

since that same year; the Mayoral Ballroom kind of seems like my second home. I have a good crew of people who work with me every year; I know I couldn't get it all done without them.

The Dealer's Room is on the lower level of the hotel (around the corner from registration). There are 69 tables where about 40 dealers will be trying to trade you trinkets for WAMPUM. Remember that Christmas is just around the corner and up the street... You can begin shopping for fannish family, fannish friends, and (of course) fannish you.

Dealer Room Hours:

Friday 3pm - 7pm

Saturday 10am - 6pm

Sunday 11am - 3pm

Smoking is NOT permitted in the Dealers Room. Eating and Drinking in the room are also a No-No (except for Dealers while they are behind their own tables). Free spending, however, is permitted and even encouraged.

Mike Jencevice

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WINDYCON XX

1993 ISFiC Writer's Contest Winner

Dead Chute

By C. T. Fluhr

The old man set out for the sanitarium before dawn. The air was bitter-cold, burning his lungs with each breath. Although he had less than a mile to travel, he had begun before sunrise, much earlier than usual. The night had delivered a fresh harvest of snow, and Thomas would rather face the frigid darkness than be late for his duties. He was the "Furnace House Man" at Bingham Hills Sanitarium, and it was his job to receive the Departures who were discovered on the morning rounds.

Shapeless mounds of snow marked his way like fresh graves. Beneath the pale drifts lay a thin sheen of ice, a brittle shell formed by yesterday's half-melted snow, making the path treacherous, especially for someone of Thomas' age. But he took comfort on his morning journey with neighbors he could not see. Faraway farms were stirring in the dark, the air tinged with the aroma of frying bacon and steaming coffee. The rattling of breakfast dishes carried through the cold air like wind chimes, underscored by the occasional cry of roosters heralding the coming dawn. Few farms had the newfangled electrification, but their distant oil lamps twinkled like eyes across the fields and in the woods. Thomas could name every family, an picture in his mind's eye the morning rituals at each house. This daily journey had become a previous thing to him, the echoes of his neighbors rekindling memories of his own family, lost so long ago to tuberculosis.

He pushed ahead, one foot at a time, facing the snow as he had faced his lonely life. Through the dark, he kept a true course for the sanitarium, its distant lights guiding him like the fixed stars of the ancient seafarers. His job awaited, and Thomas wore that responsibility like a heavy cloak against the

cruel morning cold.

"Thomas," said a voice only he could hear.

"Yessir, Poppa?"

"I fret for you, son. You be extra careful today. Don't go a 'gettin hurt. There's nary a soul to look after 'ya, ifin you's to get sick."

"Don't worry, Poppa. The sickness hain't got no hold on me. I nursed you, when you was sick, then Momma, and Sissy. If I was a'gonna catch it, I'd a surely had it by now. Them people at the sanitarium be needing me now, Poppa, and I can't go neglectin' them."

"Just take special care today, son. They's something bad 'bout today."

"I'll take care," said Thomas to the icy morning wind. Only his own footprints lay in the snow, and his father's words had echoed only in his ears. He paused, and looked to the distant hills, and the sanitarium towering at the summit. There were many patients within its walls, hundreds of men, women, and children who had the disease. What could it be, that troubled his father's ghost, wondered Thomas. What could be worse than the patients who lived every day under the death sentence of their disease?

Pulling his threadbare coat close against the cold, he continued on. Despite the hardship it imposed, the snow made Thomas smile. After each snowfall, numerous children invaded the lower slopes and meadows of Bingham Hills with their sleds. Although outside contact was forbidden to sanitarium patients, they would watch from their windows, taking strength from the sight of children playing in the distance.

Entering the lower gates of the sanitarium grounds, Thomas waved at the gate-keeper as he passed the administrative building, and the aromatic stables where the mares were housed. Adjacent lay the garage where the toolbox wagon and somber black funeral carriage were kept. Thomas went on, turning from the main path which lead to the sanitarium atop the hill,

instead heading to the furnace house nestled at the foot of the rear slopes.

As he reached the furnace house, the sky was tinged with deepest blue chasing away the black of night. With heartfelt relief, Thomas opened the heavy oak door, and stepped into its cloistered warmth.

Inside awaited the night attendant to the boilers. As usual, the Irishman was impatient. Once, there had been an early Departure, and the Irishman had no desire to see such a thing ever again.

Before he had hung his own coat, the Irishman had already gone, and Thomas was alone.

He couldn't blame him. Tuberculosis was a deadly and mysterious thing. Very few ever survived the contagion, and for those it was believed the infrequent few developed scar tissue in their lungs, scabbing over the infection until it could do no further harm. But for the large majority, there would be only a slow,

agonizing death. Thomas could vividly remember his father's last breath, sucked through liquid-filled lungs, and the long silence that followed the final exhalation.

Moving on to this morning check of the boiler pressure-gauges, his father's ghost appeared. "I recollect the day this here hospital was built, son. You and Sissy would fetch lemonade to the workmen up here, and listen wide-eyed as they spun tales about far-away places. This was a fine, brightful place then, son. A fine hospital."

"They ought not kept you out, Poppa, when you got sick. They had no right. You fought in the war, against the South. When you got sick, they should'a helped you."

"This here place was built for white people, son, not niggers. Anyways, when I caught the Consumption, this was a real hospital, not a sanitarium."

"Hospitals should help the sick. No matter color, or disease. It weren't fair."

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"Life ain't supposed to be fair, son. It just happens. You got to make the best of what you can, take the cards you is dealt, and keep God in your heart."

"When all's said and done, poppa, I guest I'm thankful you passed on at home, and not here at the hospital. I don't like to think of you as a Departure, and being dropped down the steam tunnel like a sack of laundry. It don't have no dignity."

"The dead have no dignity, son. The body is just used clay and dust. The soul don't have no need of it when the time comes, I promise you that."

After checking the gauges, Thomas had made his way to the steam tunnel. He kept a respectful distance from the mouth of the chute. "I still don't like the tunnel being used like this."

"Son, it did them patients no good at all to see the funeral wagon winding way up the hill every morning, a 'hauling away the night's dead. But the steam tunnel runs straight from the hospital basement, down here to the furnace house. And the patients can't see the furnace house down around the hill. So they's just slide the Departures down the steam tunnel. It don't make no difference to the dead."

"It still don't seem right," Thomas said, looking at the chute. Beneath the opening sat a large laundry bin to cushion the Departure as it fell from the tunnel. Thomas checked the wooden blocks beneath the wheels, securing the bin in place. On the wall beside the chute were pegs holding leather apron, gloves, and cloth mask, for Thomas's safety against infection. Stacked beyond the alcove were pine coffins for the Departures. Each would have an identity card attached to the shroud, to be affixed to the coffin lid.

Thomas noted the time by an old windup watch he kept handy, and fetched his leather gloves and apron. Death was a restless wanderer in the halls of Bingham Hills, and the staff had to work hard to remove the night's dead before the other patients awoke. A nurse would mark those who had passed

away, always cautious not to risk infection. Orderlies would then wrap the decedent in its own bed-shrouds to inhibit contagion. Then the shroud would be secured for Departure, and taken to the basement, where it would be dropped into the steam chute. There was a cord that led to a bell at Thomas' end of the chute. The bell would ring once for every body, and three times in rapid succession for the last.

Once an orderly had forgotten to sound the warning bell, and a Departure had arrived without the laundry bin to catch it. The shroud had burst upon impact, and the corpse had ruptured. The stench had lingered for weeks.

Standing ready, Thomas prayed there would be no Departures today, but knew his prayers were likely to be ignored. He held few hopes about the disease, and the souls it claimed every night.

Alone, waiting for the dead, Thomas found his thoughts turning, as they so often did, to his family. Often, when alone or just waking up, Thomas would hear his name called, as if they were alive and in the same room. The echoes of their sweet voices lived within him, and he cherished the memories of his lost family. Now, in his old age, Thomas was long past caring if his father's ghost was real, or just his own imagination. He missed his family profoundly.

The bell clanged, jarring his remembrances. His father's ghost had gone, as well. With a prayer on his dry lips, Thomas donned his mask while watching the chute.

The minutes crawled by, but nothing happened. No body appeared.

The bell rang again. But the chute remained empty.

The bell rang yet again. But still, no shrouded-corpse fell through.

After seven slow clangs, the bell rapped successively, signaling the end. Before the ringing echo had died, Thomas realized with horror what was happening. Snatching his coat, he rushed out the door and ran as fast as he could up the hill, towards the sanitarium. With cap in

hand, Thomas watched the assemblage gather before the entrance of the steam tunnel. They were in the basement of the sanitarium, at the top of the tunnel.

Johannis, the largest of the orderlies, swung open the heavy iron door of the chute. The darkness of the tunnel seemed tangible, waiting. He drew back from the shaft as the warm draft brought with it the stench of death.

Everyone backed a step, except Doctor Clarence who produced a handkerchief and held it over his mouth. "Gentlemen, any volunteers?"

The assembled orderlies tried hard not to look at the doctor, or appear in any way likely to volunteer.

Other than Thomas, the doctor, and Johannis, there were the orderlies O'Hare and McDonald. Thomas wrung his cap in agitation, quietly watching, his head cocked to one side as if listening to something the others could not. He had delivered the bad news, and now *watched silently as they investigated.

The Doctor produced a length of coiled twine and a metal cup. He tied the twine to the cup, then tossed it into the chute, letting the string uncoil as it fell. A moment passed, then two, and suddenly the coil went slack. The doctor tested the heft of the twine, and produced, "There they are." He began pulling the twine back up, measuring a yard with each turn over his elbow. The cup reappeared, and he measured several lengths from tip of nose to his outstretched hand, and announced, "Thirty yards or so."

There were murmurs from the orderlies. Doctor Clarence mopped the sweat from his brow, and loosened his collar button. "Gentlemen, we've got to keep this quiet. Not a word to the patients. We mustn't alarm them."

Turning back to the chute, Clarence filled his pipe with tobacco as he studied the dark opening. He struck a wooden match on the iron door, and puffed on the hickory stem as he considered various options. The aromatic smoke was a welcome relief to those standing closest to the chute.

The entrance to the chute lay in the laundry room, where steam pipes slithered from openings set in the blocks above the frame in the basement wall. The cloth-bound wires for the new electrification of the building ran along the walls like elongated worms, and the large bulbs cast glaring white light over the painted stonework.

Doctor Clarence smoked his pipe as he thoughtfully considered the problem. "I never seriously thought this likely," he mumbled, more to himself.

McDonald, an orderly who was always quick with a compliment to a superior, was quick to respond, "No one could've foreseen this, if you'll pardon my saying so, sir, when you decided last year to use the tunnel for this purpose, all agreed it would be best for the patients."

The Doctor didn't respond. He just continued smoking, and thinking.

At last, McDonald announced, "It's just an accident. One of the shrouds must have wedged in the chute, or caught on something, and the others are stacked up like logs."

The doctor said through teeth clenching the pipe stem, "That's obvious, thank you."

Johannis spoke up, "All we must do is unstuck them, yah?"

The doctor answered, "It's more complicated than that, Johann. Someone has to be lowered down by rope. Then they must fasten a spare rope to the topmost body. We'll have to haul up the bodies one at a time. The chute is three hundred feet in length, very narrow and very steep, like a coal chute, all the way to the furnace house. There's only about three feet clearance on a side. Steam pipes run the length of the chute, bringing heat up here to the hospital. Those pipes make the tunnel very, very hot. Hard to breathe, and you don't want to push against the pipes as they can burn you. Not only that, if any of the shrouds HAVE ripped open, the bodies will be exposed, and that means a chance of infectious exposure."

Johannis looked at the tiled floor, and

chewed his lower lip. No one said anything, but all were measuring the narrow chute opening with critical eyes. Johannis broke the silence, "How is a man to do that thing, with so little room? Perhaps we could get a grapple, and try hooking them, no?"

Doctor Clarence said, "No, we might hook a pipe by accident, or just rip the bodies up. McDonald, are any of your boys capable of going in there and taking care of this?"

"We can ask for a volunteer, but I'm not ordering anyone."

"What about you, McDonald? Will you do it?"

The orderly shrugged, "Doc, I'd barely fit in there, much less be able to work in there. Johannis, well, he's too wide at the shoulders. Like I said, I'll ask my boys for a volunteer, but..."

"I'll do it," came a dry voice from behind the. They were all surprised to see it was Thomas, whom they had all been ignoring.

The doctor hesitated. "You, Tom?"

"Yessir. The chute is rightly my responsibility, and I'm small enough to fit in there."

"You're... not young, Tom. Are you sure you can do this?"

"Yessir," said Thomas, looking the doctor in the eye. "I do."

"I don't seem to have any other volunteers. Good man, Tom." Then to the orderlies, "McDonald, go tell the staff to keep the patients in their rooms a bit longer, then get back down here. Johannis, get to the stables and fetch all the rope you can. Put it in the toolbox on the buckboard and get it up here as quick as you can, but take care. We don't want the patients to see what's going on. Have one of your orderlies wait in the furnace house, and instruct him to pull on the bell rope if anything... happens. Okay everyone, get going, and keep this quiet!"

As the orderlies raced to their tasks, the doctor turned back to Thomas. "The hospital won't forget this, Tom. You're doing a real service."

Thomas nodded as he looked at the dark shaft. He said nothing. In his heart, he doubted his strength, but he knew he had to

try. He was concerned about his age, whether or not he could physically climb down the narrow chute and dislodge seven corpses, but the Departures were his responsibility, and he would ask no other to do it. And there was the infection, a deadly, capricious thing. Although Thomas did not fear the infection as others might, he did feel apprehension about this thing he had volunteered to do. He had dealt with such bodies daily. But this was different. This would be intimate.

"Tom, you've been with us... how long? Thirty years?"

"Yessir, thirty-two years, since my sister Missy died in Eighteen Eighty-Two."

"She died of tuberculosis, didn't she?"

"Yessir, Doctor Clarence. So did my Momma, and my Poppa before her. Poppa brought it back from the war, against the South. He was a grave-digger, and hauled bodies after the fightin'. That's how he got the sickness."

"And your mother caught it when he came home?"

"Yessir. My sister and I took care of her, after Poppa died and she got sick. Then Momma went and died. Later on, my sister came down with it."

"Do you have any other relatives?"

"No sir, none I know of."

"Are you aware of the risks involved in clearing the chute?"

"Yessir. I believe so. I worked as a wood-chopper when this here was still a hospital. When it became a sanitarium for Consumption, and the old furnace man packed up an' left, I took his place. I has lived and worked around this disease all my life, and I ain't got no fear of it."

Doctor Clarence took another tone of voice, as if speaking to a child, "But this is different. There won't be much room in there, Tom. You'll have to handle the bodies, and they are infectious."

"Begging your pardon, Misser Clarence, I calls 'em Departures, not bodies. No disrespect, but I've been handling Departures every day since you started dropping 'em down

the chute. I box 'em up for the funeral wagon. I know what I'm doing. Anyways, Johannis and McDonald are too big. The man for this job has to be small, like me. Besides which, you'll need Johannis and McDonald to hold the ropes, one for me and one for the Departures who need hauling back up."

The doctor nodded, and went back to studying the chute as he chewed the stem of his pipe. They waited in silence until the return of McDonald and Johannis, and their heavy coils of rope.

The doctor took charge, "Johannis, help rig Tom with the rope, and anchor one end to those pipes. McDonald, get a bottle of spirits, and douse a bandanna for Tom to wear over his face, to filter the stench."

The rope was tied beneath Thomas's arms and wrapped twice for effect around his thin ribs. Thomas tucked his cuffs into his work boots and tied the reeking bandana over his mouth. The smell of mineral spirits almost made him retch, but he fought down the nausea by force of will. With his leather apron, gloves, boots, and bandanna-mask, he imagined himself quite a sight.

With the doctor supervising, Johannis and McDonald held firm the rope as Thomas mounted the frame of the chute. "We'll drop the extra rope when you get there, Tom. Tie it around the uppermost cadaver. We'll brace your rope up here, and then haul the body up," repeated the doctor. "If it gets too much for you, shout and we'll pull you up." Thomas nodded, and entered the chute.

And was lowered into the cramp darkness.

During the first few moments, the sounds and lights from above lingered with him. The steep chute was an almost vertical drip, and only by extending his arms and feet outwards could he control his descent. The pipes ran vertically along one side of the chute, about three feet in front of Thomas's face, their faint hissing growing louder as Thomas slid slowly down the chute.

Thomas was heartened by the constricting rope around his chest. Without it, he doubted

he could keep from falling, although he imagined he could hold onto the pipes, if need be. Thomas shuddered as intense heat enveloped him. The steam pipes radiated warmth in the brick tunnel, and the chute felt like a metal shed all closed up in the hot sun. Bundled as he was in the leather apron, Thomas felt as though he would smother. Already he was drenched with sweat, and each stifling breath had to be sucked from the humid darkness through the reeking bandanna. Looking overhead, the light of chute entrance began to recede above.

Thomas closed his eyes against the heat, the claustrophobia, against the stench, but still he was lowered.

Opening his eyes, Thomas found that he could no longer see the walls or pipes before him. Closing and opening his eyes made no difference except when looking overhead at light at the end of the tunnel. The sound of his own breathing echoed over the rasp of his boots against the stonework, and hissing of the pipes.

"YOU OKAY, TOM?" shouted the doctor from above.

Thomas was surprised at how well sound traveled here, how loud the shout. "Yessir, steady as she goes." He glanced downwards, seeing only complete darkness. He involuntarily flinched at the thought of contact with the bodies which lay somewhere below him. The jumbled, mangled Departures held by narrow walls and hot pipes. Thomas realized he had his eyes closed, and decided to keep them closed. There was nothing to see in the dark.

Lower he descended, jerking as the rope was uncoiled from above. Thomas thought back to his childhood, seeking a fair memory for solace. He thought of his father's strong shoulders, where he would ride high through the tall tassels of corn at summer's end, or the beauty of his sister, her amber skin shining like honey aflame by lamp light. In his mind, Thomas saw his family as they were before the ravenous disease left them as with-

ered husks, coughing blood and unable to eat or drink. He remembered his father's house with the eyes of a child, where his mother kept everything clean and proper, and his sister attracted suitors from around the whole county. He could see his father at the kitchen table, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette as he fashioned a leaping deer from an old piece of bramble. His mother worked at the stove, the aroma of her cooking filling the house with warmth and anticipation. His sister would dance before the fireplace, aglow with excitement over a boy who had smiled at her in church. He could almost hear them calling his name.

Thomas wondered what his family would think of him, now. Would they think of him as idle-headed, to be here now?

There was a soft jolt against his feet. "STOP! STOP LOWERING!"

He had found the Departures. It was still too dark to see, of course, so Thomas gingerly braced himself and called for some slack. Bracing his legs to either side of the tunnel, he worked around until he clung like a spider, supported by his legs and right arm, each extended to a wall and braced. The rope had a few inches of slack, allowing Thomas to reach downwards with his free hand. His gloved-fingers quickly brushed over the cloth shrouds below.

He probed gently, and determined that the first body simply lay crumpled atop the others, and was not stuck in any way.

"I NEED THE ROPE DOWN HERE, DOCTOR CLARENCE, SIR."

The slithering sound came incredibly fast, and Thomas made the mistake of looking up at the sound of the falling rope. The heavy coils struck him full in the face, and he lost his grip. He fell, but only the inches given in slack to his own tethering rope. He jerked to a halt, and dangled atop the corpses. He hung, dazed, tasting blood in his mouth, and feeling a loose tooth. He tried to spit it out, but the handkerchief was too tight. Pulling the bandanna loose, he spit out his broken

tooth.

The pain cleared the confusion from his mind, and he groped for the rope. He found it by touch, and pulled it up close. Bracing himself against the walls, he pulled himself back to a braced position. His feet pressed against opposite walls, he bent over in the cramped space. He traced the outline of the body beneath him, the curves and softness beneath the shroud he could not see. It was unmistakably a woman's body. With exaggerated gentleness, he looped the extra rope around its waist, and tied it secure. He shouted to signal the men above, and he felt the body jerk beneath him, like a puppet on string. The chute was narrow, and nearly vertical, so as the body was pulled upwards it brushed close against Thomas. Through the loosened bandanna, he caught the odor of death.

Thomas fought back tears as the Departure slid over his body and ascended overhead. He wept for the dead, and their lost lives. Each would have families, dreams, hopes, memories all left behind. These lost departures, suffering this last indignity in this hot, sightless place. Beneath the pungent handkerchief, Thomas sobbed softly as he waited for the rope to return.

It took longer than he expected, but this time the falling rope did not catch him unawares.

The second corpse was crumpled at a bad angle, and Thomas had to pull to wrestle it free from the narrow space. Although he could not see in the pitch-black gloom, he imagined the bodies beneath the linens, swelling in the heat and stiffening from rigor mortise.

Another tug, and it was free. Again the procedure with the rope, and the second corpse began its ascension. Thomas wished for some way to clear the perspiration from his face. Sweat pooled in the fingers of his gloves. He tried not to think about it, not to think about anything at all.

While waiting for the rope, he resumed prying at the corpses below.

And that was when he heard it. A whisper, a sigh, barely audible.

Thomas jerked around, listening. He held his breath, trying to will his heart to be still. He had heard... what? He thought he had heard a child's voice. A tiny child's voice whisper, "Thomas." How could that be? Thomas tried to peer through the darkness, but there was not light at all to see by.

Then He heard it again. A child's voice, muffled, barely a whisper, but it was there. Repeating itself. Thomas Pulled closer to the bodies, and pressed his ear against a shroud. There. It wasn't saying his name.

It was saying, "Help us..."

"Oh, Lord, please, no," Thomas tore at the mass of shrouds beneath him. His footing slipped, and he fell amidst the bodies. The morning nurses had marked a patient for departure, a patient who wasn't yet dead. A child's voice, weak and scared, "Help us."

"MISSER CLARENCE, GET THE EXTRA ROPE DOWN HERE, RIGHT AWAY!"

"WE HAVEN'T GOT THE BODY UP YET, TOM. WHAT'S WRONG?"

"THERE'S SOMEBODY DOWN HERE ALIVE!" Thomas frantically pulled at corpses, but they were stuck fast. He focused his searching, feeling through his gloves for any movement, any sign of life. "Say something, child. Can you hear me?"

There was silence, and Thomas almost despaired of finding the child. Then he heard the crying. A child's quiet sobs escaped from the shrouds.

Thomas listened closer, pressing his ear to each corpse, listening for the source of the crying. He found it, at last, just beneath another body.

He began to pull at the body when the clot of corpses shifted and fell away beneath Thomas's fingertips.

"NOI" Thomas cried, desperately reaching, snatching, but clutching only the darkness. He held his breath, listening, dreading the sounds of bodies hitting far below. He could hear their sounds as they fell, sliding against

stone, cotton against masonry, and a child's muffled scream, receding. Thomas squeezed shut his eyes, and again shouted, "NOI"

And all sound stopped.

Thomas found to hear above the echo of his own voice, but there was nothing to hear but silence. The sound of the shrouds slipping down the chute had lasted but a brief moment, then stopped. Then, just a few feet down the chute, the child began crying again. The tangle of bodies had fallen only a few feet before becoming stuck again.

Above him, the doctor and orderlies had hauled frantically at the most recent body, had pulled it clear, and were trying to untie the rope. The knots fought back with stubborn determination, denying freedom to the corpse.

Thomas still had slack in his own rope, and lowered himself, frantic to reach the child. Thomas continued his descent by bracing his hands on either side of the chute. He went slowly, afraid to collide and further dislodge the Departures.

There, his foot brushed cloth. He had found them again, just as his slack had run out. Thomas grabbed a hold of an overhead pipe for better traction, and nearly fell. The pipe had burned through his glove. But the pain was quickly forgotten as he braced himself again, and began probing again for the child. Unsure if the child could hear him, Thomas spoke anyway, "I'm going to take care of you, child. Just stay calm. Ol' Thomas will get you out. I took care of my family when they was sick, and I promise I'll take care of you. Just hang on, child."

The child's crying made it easy for Thomas to find him this time. Thomas fought for a better grip. With the youth bundled in the shroud, there was no way he or she could hang on, even if they had the strength. With the heavy leather gloves, and his age, Thomas didn't think he could hang onto the slick, cotton shroud, especially if the bundle of corpses began to fall again and the child was still trapped within them. There was only one thing to do.

Bracing his legs against the sides of the

chute, Thomas pulled off his gloves and hurriedly went to work on the knot over his chest. Pulling his own rope free, he then worked the rope through the tangle of bodies, beneath the youth, and around. Working by touch alone, he tied the rope secure, and then started work freeing the child of the other corpses.

The weight pinning the youngster was formidable. Using all of his strength, Thomas loosened the topmost corpse, and pushed it aside. He almost had the child free when the tangle of bodies gave way beneath them once more.

The corpses fell away again, and this time there was no reprieve to their departure.

Twisting, suspended, the child hung free, safe on Thomas's rope. The sudden shifting had caught Thomas off-balance, and he scrambled for his own hold as he began to fall with the bodies. Reaching out in desperation, he caught hold of the pipes with his ungloved hand.

His left hand caught hold of the steam pipe with a pain so hot that it seared like ice shot through his arm. Had Thomas the breath in his lungs he would have screamed. But in spite of the pain, Thomas held on for his life as his hand sizzled against the pipe. Reaching out with his right hand, he caught hold of the rope around the child, and found balance. Hanging there, one hand on the rope, and the other on the scorching pipe, Thomas cried out, "MISSER CLARENCE, I'VE FALLEN. PLEASE LORD, I NEED THAT OTHER ROPE RIGHT NOW."

"WE GOT IT, TOM HERE IT COMES," shouted the doctor, hauling free his end of the extra rope as he uncoiled it from the corpse. Johannis had been working at the same knots, and hauled up his weight of the unattached rope. Johannis picked up the remainder of the serpentine bundle, and the two moved quickly to the chute.

Acting under impulse, spurred by the news of a living victim in the chute, afraid that Thomas would fall to his death, the doctor didn't wait for Johannis to throw the rope as the

Swede had been doing, but instead threw his own end into the shaft. Johannis, who had thrown the rope into the tunnel after retrieving the two previous bodies, tossed his end at the same moment, with the effect that the entire length of spare rope was thrown into the shaft. The rope was simply gone, down the shaft, along with the shocked doctor's lit pipe. Both men looked at each other in astonishment. Johannis was the first to find his voice, "WATCH OUT BELOW, THE ROPE IS FALLING FREE."

Thomas ducked his head down and clung tight between the pipe and child just as the massive coils fell. The falling rope slammed into his left arm, the arm holding the hot pipe, and Thomas screamed as a crack jarred through his arm with a new, piercing pain. He lost his grip on the pipe, would have fallen but for his grip on the rope, clinging to the child with only his right hand.

They swayed, Thomas bounding against the walls, and from within the shroud the crying renewed. Thomas looked up, desperate, and was struck by the doctor's pipe which had fallen with the rope, spewing glowing embers and bits of burning tobacco. Thomas' left eye was stabbed with burning, stabbing agony.

Straining for each breath, Thomas tried to raise his left arm, but could not. He pulled with his right, but was unable to raise himself past the waist of the child. Instinctual, as if climbing a tree in his childhood, Thomas wrapped his legs around the child, and pulled himself up, slowly, until he clung with his legs around the child's waist, and his right hand on the single supporting rope.

His left arm broken, his left hand blistered, his left eye burning from tobacco ashes, Thomas clung with his legs and one arm to the shroud and rope.

"TOM, ARE YOU HURT?"

"PLEASE... PULL US UP... I'M A'BARLY HANGING ON," cried Thomas, his breath nearly gone.

"HANG ON, TOM, WE'LL PULL YOU UP!"

The doctor quickly arranged Johannis and

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the other orderlies at the single rope, and they began pulling as fast as they could, the doctor hovering at the opening, "Faster, but don't jerk it, pull it. That's it. Easy."

Clinging to the rope securing the shroud, Thomas whispered in the darkness, "Don't worry, child. We got you now. You'll be safe. Don't worry."

The rope, under the combined weight of Thomas and the child, was no longer being held away from the chute's edge by Johannis and the other orderlies were standing back, pulling as fast as they could. It was unexpected that the hemp rope, angled against the steel edge of the chute opening, would slice cleanly in half. So surprising, the entire crew fell as one to the floor when the rope gave way.

In the chute, the old man and shrouded child fell.

His one good arm flailing out, Thomas immediately realized what had happened. His legs tightened reflexively around the child, but there was nothing he could do as they fell.

Thomas reached out, blindly, praying for a miracle. What he found, was the steam pipe running vertically down the tunnel, and he clutched at them without thinking. They were falling so fast, and with such weight, that at first Thomas's grip had no effect on their descent. The skin on his palm was flayed away by the friction, but still he held. The searing pipe was scorchingly hot, but still he tried to hold on. The wrenching pain in his shoulder became a white hot curtain of misery, but still he fought to hold on.

All he knew, all that existed for him, were the steam pipes, the painful, scalding pipes, and forcing his blistering hand to tighten.

He screamed from the bottom of his lungs as they jerked to a halt, and his hand held fast to the steam pipe. Had he the breath, or the ability to think clearly through the pain, he would have thanked the Lord.

Suspended, hanging by one hand, never did it occur to Thomas to drop the child. Never

was that an option. If the child fell, Thomas would fall. That was the way it was. But Thomas held firm, and his own grip on the scalding pipe held true. Gasping for breath, Thomas listened to a strange sound. The rope which had been their sole support slithered by, hissing like a snake.

Bewildered, but in too much pain to cry out, Thomas looked up at the sound, with his good eye. He could see the light at the end of the tunnel. It was so very, very far away.

He could see, silhouetted against the chute opening, the doctor. The doctor was shouting Thomas' own name. But the frantic shouts of the doctor fell on exhausted ears, and Thomas did not have the breath, or physical energy, to yell back.

Above, with reluctance, the chute door closed, leaving Thomas alone in total and complete darkness. They obviously thought he had fallen to his death, and were leaving for the journey down the hill to the furnace house, to clean up the bodies. To clean up HIS body, Thomas realized. They thought he was a Departure.

He tried to call out, but the effort was beyond him. It was too hot, his lungs too burdened. He couldn't breathe beyond short gasps.

In desperation, Thomas tried to raise his left arm, and was able to sling it by its own weight behind the vertical pipes, where he pinned it by leverage.

He was far beyond the ability to scream. Each ounce of air sucked from the hot tunnel was too precious to waste screaming. With his last ounce of control, trembling under the weight of pain and exhaustion, he hung suspended only the leverage of his broken arm behind the pipes, and snatched at the rope dangling around the child. With the rope in hand, he let freed his legs and swung them around the pipes, gaining more support and leverage there.

Clinging to the pipes with his legs and broken arm, Thomas cried as the child swayed on the rope beneath him.

In a breathless whisper, Thomas said to the

child, "Don't worry, I got you. I took care of my family when they's was sick. I won't let go of you, little'un. I won't."

The child was very light, but Thomas' injuries were crippling. Silently praying for strength, Thomas hoisted the rope, raising it over his shoulder. Succeeding, he now had the main weight supported on his shoulder, and could control the rope by pressing his body against the pipes, exerting extra pressure on his hand and arm.

Releasing his hold on the rope by small degrees, Thomas let it slip slowly over his shoulder, and in this manner began to lower the child down the chute. How much rope he had, how much remained from the break, he had no idea. He could only pray it was long enough to do the job.

The rope slid painfully through his hand. The pain was like nothing he had ever experienced in his life, but still he held on. Despite the heat of the pipes, he clasped his legs tighter around them.

Slowly, inch by inch, he lowered the shrouded bundle.

The tether slipped, and he knew the lacerated flesh of his hand was failing him. Pressing his body closer to the pipes, he regained control and continued lowering the child.

His right hand refused to obey, but he tried not to think about that, but instead concentrated on the rope. Mustn't let it slip, he thought. Mustn't let go. Pin it against the body, let it slide slowly, lower the child to the bottom. It can't be much farther. We fell so far, there can't be much more to go...

Try as he might, Thomas could not stop his own tears, and his swollen eye itched horribly. What if his strength should give out? What if he should fail? He felt his body tremble, and suddenly, inexplicably, despite the suffocating heat of the dead chute, Thomas felt cold. Colder than this morning, in the predawn fields of snow.

Without warning, without pity, the rope began slithering over his shoulder like a wild snake. As the rope began its uncontrolled es-

cape, Thomas felt a bone-jarring reverberation through his hand, his arm, into his body. The could of the hemp-rope grating against bone shook through his head, and Thomas knew he was lost. The rope had torn the last of the flesh from his palm, and he knew he wouldn't be able to regain control.

But he tried, clutching, pressing his body against the pipes further still, trying to pin the rope with his frail frame. He fought to hold the rope, to save the child, but it was beyond his strength.

Silently, without the air to give voice, Thomas prayed to his God one last time. Not for himself, not for his life nor the intolerable pain, but for the child.

And then the rope stopped, it was slack. Thomas blinked in the dark, trying to understand this, but could not think clearly through his pain and exhaustion. He continued to clutch at the slack rope, refusing to give it up.

"You hear me, Thomas? You hear me, yah? I got the child, Thomas. He is alive! He is safe. You hang on up there. You hear me? I have the rope we dropped. I will run up to the house and lower it to you. Just hang on, Thomas!" Johannis' voice echoed up from below.

Thomas smiled, and released his grip on the child's rope. He vaguely realized that the severed end dangled against his leg. The rope had been just long enough, no more, to save

the boy's life.

Silently, he said a prayer of thanks to the Lord.

"Son," said his father's voice, softly.

Thomas wanted to answer, but he had no air in his lungs.

"You saved that child's life. You hear? You did good, son."

Thomas smiled, in spite of the pain.

"That child, his lungs were burned by the heat of the tunnel, son. The scars will stop the disease, son. You kept him from falling, from dying here, and he's gonna grow up healthy. You saved him, son. I'm proud of you. That boy will go on to a good life."

Thomas wanted to say, "Thank you, Poppa," But he couldn't. Yet, he knew his father heard the words in his heart.

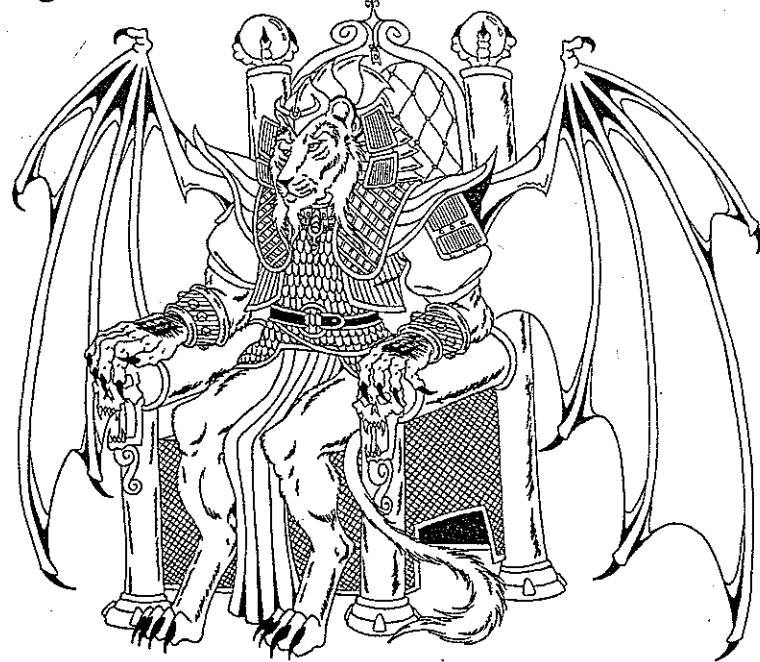
"Come with me, son. Let go of the pipe, and come on home. Your Momma's waiting, and your sister, too. We all love you, son, and you've done the best you could."

"I've always tried to be a good man, Poppa."

"You always have been, son. You are."

Thomas closed his eyes, and thought back to his childhood. His father, strong arms nurturing him close, carried him home, to his mother and sister, and they rejoiced together, healthy and happy. Thomas embraced the warmth and love that awaited him, and let the memory of his family carry him far away.

Thomas let go of the pipe.



Foreword

I first met Steve Gould in the summer of 1989, when he made a pilgrimage to Providence to examine the many sites associated with H. P. Lovecraft's life and work. Initially he struck me merely as an enthusiastic fan, but then he showed me some slides of his artwork—in particular his striking and carefully crafted painting of "The Outsider"—and I rapidly became aware that here was a promising new addition to the galaxy of Lovecraftian artists. The number of undisputed masters of Lovecraftian art is small—the list cannot be extended beyond Virgil Finlay, Hannes Bok, Frank Utpatel, and Jason Eckhardt—and many artists seem to have been confounded by Lovecraft's incredibly rich and detailed, but not always visual, writing style and the fatal attraction of his outlandish monsters, whom only the brave or the foolhardy have attempted to capture on canvas. The great virtue of Lovecraft's writing is atmosphere, a product of the cumulative web of words which Lovecraft surrounds the reader; and to capture this atmosphere in a single visual impression is no easy task.

But Steve Gould has risen to the challenge. He first encapsulated the essence of Lovecraft's achievement in a portrait of the master with vignettes from his stories in the background; this portrait (used as the cover of *Crypt of Cthulhu* #73) is without question the finest single depiction of Lovecraft the man; its only conceivable rival is Virgil Finlay's celebrated but somewhat fanciful rendering of Lovecraft as an eighteenth-century gentleman. Steve has gone on to paint a number of dramatic scenes from Lovecraft's stories; he has flatteringly listed me as "Art director" of these paintings, but in truth all I did was to suggest them and show Steve the passages in Lovecraft's stories on which they should be based. The entire working out of the scene—foreground and background detail, choice of emphasis, overall composition—is Steve's own.



Steve's expertise extends far beyond the Lovecraftian sphere, of course, and his paintings of other weird and fantastic scenes are by turns powerfully gripping or charmingly whimsical. The range of his technique and style is also impressive, and there is no fantastic scenario that seems beyond Steve's powers to illustrate with meticulousness and imagination. Steve Gould is at once a master of artistic technique and a student of literature, and that combination should take him far in this field.

—S. T. Joshi

Meet Steve Gould at one of art panels

What Is An ISFiC ?

By Ross Pavlac

"What's an ISFiC?" may not be the most popular party question at WindyCon, but it does make for an excellent trivia question. Most fans, even in Chicago, are only vaguely aware that ISFiC exists.

ISFiC is the Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago, and is best known in its role as the parent body of WindyCon.

But there's more to ISFiC than that.

ISFiC was formed in the early 1970's—a period of great change in convention-running in SF fandom. The number of regional conventions was exploding, and it seemed every couple of months a new city would announce that henceforth they would be hosting an annual regional convention. In the course of about five years, the number of SF cons more than tripled.

WindyCon was one of the conventions that led this surge. In 1973, Chicago fans felt frustrated at being in the second largest city in the country, right in the center of the Heartland, and nothing resembling a regional con existed nearer than Minneapolis. Since the Chicon III Worldcon in the early sixties, Chicago fandom had splintered, and there wasn't really a strong local club to serve as a focal point for a con committee, as was the case in Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities.

The Chicago fans then hit upon an idea -- if a coalition of people from the various factions and clubs could work together on a local con, then a large single large local club wouldn't be needed. Thus was born WindyCon. ISFiC was created as part of this process, to provide continuity in leadership and overall guidance.

But the vision for ISFiC and Chicago fandom went far beyond creating a regional con. Though the initial thoughts were vague, the idea was that ISFiC would act as a sort of clearing house organization for fan activities in Illinois, and do things to support fandom in general.

As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC's founders, notably Larry Propp, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a Worldcon bid. Their idea was to have

WindyCon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a Worldcon bid. The other ISFiC founders, including Jon and Joni Stopa and Mike and Carol Resnick, supported the idea. Chicon IV, the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, came to fruition as a result of this (though Chicon IV and Chicon V, the 1991 Worldcon, are separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC).

The early WindyCons grew rapidly under such chairmen as Mark and Lynn Aronson, Larry Propp, Doug Rice, and Midge Reitan. Most of the WindyCon staff worked on Chicon IV, and learned even more from that.

After Chicon IV, there was a lot of re-assessment of both WindyCon and ISFiC. Having attained the goal of building an ongoing committee that could run WindyCon from year to year (at least, as much as any local group can be said to do that), ISFiC thought about what could be done to make WindyCon a better convention.

One factor in this was that WindyCon's excess funds were starting to pile up. As a 501c(3) corporation, ISFiC is supposed to use excess funds for the benefit of fandom. So rather than let the money pile up or buy clubhouses, ISFiC decided to put the money back into WindyCon in creative ways.

One way was in providing grants to WindyCon to bring in special guests over and above the normal guests of honor. In this manner, WindyCon was able to compensate for the fact that most SF authors and editors live on the East and West coasts. Once we started bringing in authors and editors, many liked WindyCon so much that they have continued coming back of their own accord.

Another successful ISFiC project is the ISFiC Writer's Contest, which is to encourage new writers. It is unique in offering as first prize a one-ounce bar of gold, thanks to the brainstorm of former ISFiC board member Curt Clemmer.

Once each summer, ISFiC sponsors a picnic in a Chicago park as a gathering for Chicago fandom.

WindyCon is not the only activity ISFiC is involved in. Support has been provided to other Illinois con-

ventions that have an SF, fantasy, or space travel theme. In some cases, the WindyCon art show hangings are rented for a nominal fee (to cover maintenance and upkeep costs). In other cases, grants are provided to bring in special guests. ISFiC is always interested in hearing from groups running Illinois conventions who have a specific project they would like some assistance with.

The ISFiC board of directors has nine members, with three directors coming up for re-election each year for a three year term. Any Illinois fan is eligible to be elected; come to the ISFiC board meeting at WindyCon (held on Sunday afternoon) and nominate yourself.

Meetings of the ISFiC board are normally held at WindyCon and Capricon. The meetings are open to the public.

Operations

Conventions such as WindyCon don't work by themselves. They need able-bodied people to help run it smoothly. If you feel you would like to help, please stop by Operations and give us a hand. We are located in the Schaumburg Room. Workers will receive membership refunds as well as a few surprises. Come and be a part of the behind-the-scenes of a smoothly run WindyCon. We'd love to see you help us all enjoy the con.

Weapons Policy

Past incidents have forced us to adopt a strict policy concerning weapons. Consequently, no real or realistic-looking weapons will be allowed anywhere at WindyCon. Such weapons cannot be worn or displayed in any way, at any time, and their sale is prohibited.

Violators of WindyCon's weapons policy will be required to relinquish their weapons for the duration of the con, or surrender their memberships. In all matters regarding weapons and the enforcement of this policy, the WindyCon Committee reserves the right to be completely and viciously arbitrary.

Programming

Well here it is, the thing that you have all been waiting for with unbridled anticipation, with quivering forethought, with baited breath (get those worms out of your mouth), the LIST OF PROGRAMMING ITEMS! O.K. so you haven't exactly been "waiting" for this list. You've got it anyway.

This list (with a few exceptions) will not include the times and the locations of the items. For that information you will have to consult your handy-dandy pocket program. This list will give you the names of all the program items, a brief description of the subject matter that is to be discussed and at least a partial list of the participants.

TWO SCORE OF S.F. Kelly Freas and Laura Freas slide show chronicling 40 years of brilliant S.F. art that has the name FREAS on it.

ALL THAT GLITTERS... Fans like jewelry and other sparkly stuff. Darlene Coltrain, Deb Kosiba, P.J. Beese and Robert Beese

WHERE DO I START? A primer for new and would-be artists. Steven Gould, David Lee Anderson, delphine joan woods and P.D. Breeding-Black

POINT THAT PART. A down and dirty basics talk about how to get the pictures that you want out of your camera. Clyde R. Jones

PASSAGE TO SANCTUARY Michael Whelan, Ed Kramer and David Mogel have come to WindyCon this weekend just to show us their new project!

YOU SEW AND SEW! An expert seamstress has brought her machine to the con in order to answer your hardest questions about sewing that costume, garment, toy or yak. Carol Siegling

SCULPY DEMO Learn how to use this simple, versatile material with Jenny A. Roller

CALLIGRAPHY Let Corinna Taylor show you how to do it right!

ILLUMINATION AND GOLD LEAF A natural follow-up to the calligraphy demo. Rozalyn Levin-Mansfield

COLORED PENCILS I Everyone can use a pencil, right? Lucy A. Synk

FOAM TECH A quick, easy and inexpensive way to make models from scratch using...
STYROFOAM Mark Runyan

SELF PUBLISHING Many artists produce their

own prints and remove the middleman. P.D. Breeding-Black, Erin McKee

ASFA MEETING We have two regional directors and a few past president of the Association of S.F. Artists in one place at the same time. Of course we'll have a meeting! All are welcome to attend.

COMPUTER GRAPHICS DEMO David Lee Pancake

AUCTIONEERING How do they get up there and sell all that stuff? Robert Passovoy, Mike Short, Dave Stein and E. Michael Blake

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS Learning how the art business works... the hard way. Steve Gould, David Lee Anderson, Erin McKee and Diana Harlan Stein

COLORED PENCILS II You thought pencils were easy didn't you? Robin Wood will show you different techniques than the ones that are in our Lucy Synk demo.

NOT FOR KIDS ANYMORE Comic books are suddenly a respectable and semi-legitimate art form. Barbara Kaalberg, Charles Moisant, Terry Pavlat, Laura Freas and Todd Cameron Hamilton

Now for some items that aren't ART-RELATED! **THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT** S.F. and Fantasy have nasty stuff in them too. Richard Knaak, Barbara Hambly, Phyllis Eisenstein

A SPECIALIZED ART Learn why short stories are sometimes harder to write than novels. Barbara Delaplace, J.H. Ulowitz, George Alec Effinger, Lawrence Watt-Evans, P.J. Beese

THAT TIME OF MONTH Editing a magazine... of course. Barb Young, Kim Mohan, Algis Budrys and Kandis Elliot

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? Authors frequently write about plague and injury. Ask the experts: Mickey Zucker Reichart M.D. and Robert Passovoy M.D.

TALK TO MY AGENT A rare chance for would-be authors to talk to an agent one-on-one. Ricia Mainhardt

THE RED PEN OF DOOM! Editors! 'Nuff said. Kim Mohan, Brian Thomsen, Bill Fawcett and Mike Resnick

WHO ARE YOU? Some authors tell how to get the respect that you deserve from publishers, bookstores and fans. Jody Lyn Nye, Richard

Knaak, Lois Tilton

IT'S A LIVING Some of the day-to-day business aspects of S.F. Barbara Young and Ricia Mainhardt.

IT'S TOUGH TO BE A LEGEND! With this many legends of S.F. in one place, we just HAD to put them together and see if we could reach critical mass! Algis Budrys, Frederik Pohl, Kelly Freas and Joe Haldeman

WE ALSO HAVE READINGS BY: Richrd Knaak, Lois Tilton, Mickey Zucker Reichart, Frederik Pohl, Mike Resnick, Laura Resnick, Joe Haldeman, Octavia Butler

ALSO CHECK THE POCKET PROGRAM FOR A LIST OF AUTOGRAPHINGS.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT...

...SCIENCE IN THE BASEMENT COLLEGE Thomas Droege will make things like cold fusion seem simple. (I personally recommend this one.)

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR FIRST CONVENTION Gay Haldeman and Rusty Hevelin will help newcomers enjoy the insanity

WHAT GOES UP... Bill Higgins will give a presentation on the new experimental DC-X single-stage reusable rocket. It lands in a vertical position just like all of those movies and book covers from the 1940s and 1950s!

THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN BLACK You've probably seen them, might have heard of them, but do you know them? The Dorsai Irregulars.

ZINES What are they? Why are they? Melissa Clemmer, Bill Higgins and Mike Glyer

IN THE FANNISH KEY OF OFF Filkers explain their passion for staying up all night and abusing their vocal cords. Bill Roper, Bill Higgins, Tom Smith and Juanita Coulson

COMPUFUN Those microchips are getting into everything! Where will they end up next? Mel White, David Lee Pancake and Bill Higgins

BIG FISH Have you ever wanted to know how to be a big fish in fandom and work on a convention or even help run one? Talk to those who know. Kathleen Meyer, Dina Krause and John Donat

WHAT WAS I THINKING? All of the former Windycon and ISFiC heads that we can round up will try to explain their bouts of temporary insan-

ity. Dina Krause moderates

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY Van Siegling, Kevin Stein and Bill Fawcett

Take a breath now. We have more, but we're almost done.

We've got **CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING** in room 1321 just off the main programming drag. We thought it would be safer for the kids than having them roaming freely around strangers. This year's theme is Jurassic Kiddie Park. I can think of a few darling rugrats that I'd like to introduce to a velociraptor, but with the kids that I know that poor defenseless raptor wouldn't stand a chance. Enough of this silliness Lindy and Trudy have scheduled:

CAVE DRAWING (FINGER PAINTING) WITH DAVID LEE ANDERSON

DINO D&D WITH ROBIN SKAMSER
DINOSAUR MODELING WITH JENNY A. ROLLER
STICK THE HEART ON BARNEY GAME
DINOSAUR COOKIE PAINTING WITH TRUDI PUDA

DINOSAUR STORY HOUR WITH LINDALEE STUCKEY

DINOSAUR SLIDE SHOW

There you have it, our entire programming schedule.

WHAT? YOU WANT MORE? Very well, you gluttonous little piggies, we'll give you more! We have a number of special events scheduled for this weekend. We have our opening ceremonies for starters. At WindyCon, the opening ceremonies are quite a production number, with dancing girls and elephants and no less than TWENTY-THREE, count them, TWENTY-THREE GIANT PYGMIES! We also have Mobius Theater! If you're a local, you probably already know about these loons. If you're not, then you should do yourself a favor and learn about them on Friday night.

Is that enough for you? No? Well then, for just a few pennies more, we'll throw in a masquerade on Saturday, a dance, an art auction by the Midwest's finest auctioneers and for a limited time only, we'll also throw in a closing ceremony on Sunday! What more could a fan ask for? Don't answer that.

*All the above information is accurate as of the writing of this report. Check Your Pocket Program.

A Look Into WindyCon's Past

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>74 WindyCon I
Location—Blackstone Hotel
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson</p> <p>75 WindyCon II
Location—Ascot House
GoH: Wilson Tucker
Fan GoH: Joni Stopa
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson</p> <p>76 WindyCon III
Location—Sheraton Chicago
GoH: Algis Budrys
Fan GoH: Beth Swanson
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson</p> <p>77 WindyCon IV
Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: Bill Rotsler
Fan GoH: Meade Frierson
Chair: Larry Propp</p> <p>78 WindyCon V
Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: Bob Shaw
Fan GoH: George Scithers
Chair: Doug Rice</p> <p>79 WindyCon VI
Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: William Tenn (Philip Klass)
Fan GoH: Tony and Suford Lewis
Chair: Larry Propp</p> <p>80 WindyCon VII
Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GoH: Robert Sheckley
Fan GoH: Gardner Dozois
Chair: Midge Reltan</p> <p>81 WindyCon VIII
Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GoH: Larry Niven
Fan GoH: Mike Glyer
Chairs: Ross Pavlac & Larry Propp</p> <p>82 WindyCon IX
Location—("Purple Hyatt") Lincolnwood Hyatt
GoH: Frederik Pohl & Jack Williamson
Chair: Dick Spielman</p> <p>83 WindyCon
Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: George R. R. Martin
Art GoH: Victoria Poyser
Fan GoH: Ben Yalow
Chair: Tom Veal</p> | <p>84 WindyCon XI
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Alan Dean Foster
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Joan Hanke-Woods
Chair: Kathleen Meyer</p> <p>85 WindyCon XII
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: C. J. Cherryh
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Todd Hamilton
Chair: Kathleen Meyer</p> <p>86 WindyCon XIII
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Harry Harrison
Art GoH: Arlin Robins
Chair: Debra A. Wright</p> <p>87 WindyCon XIV
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
S.F. GoH: Vernor Vinge
Fantasy GoH: Jane Yolen
Chair: Debra A. Wright</p> <p>88 WindyCon XV
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Orson Scott Card
Art GoH: Erin McKee
Chair: Kathleen M. Meyer</p> <p>89 WindyCon XVI
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Barry B. Longyear
Art GoH: David Lee Anderson
Chair: Lenny Wenshe</p> <p>90 WindyCon XVII
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Barbara Hambly
Art GoH: Robert Eggleton
Chair: Lenny Wenshe</p> <p>91 WindyCon XVIII
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Mike Resnick
Art GoH: P.D. Breeding Black
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan</p> <p>92 WindyCon XIX
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Robert Shea
Art GoH: Todd Cameron Hamilton
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan</p> <p>93 WindyCon XX
Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Artists GoH: Kelly Freas & Laura Brodian-Freas
Chair: Dina S. Krause</p> |
|---|--|

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE



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Ken Pavičević

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