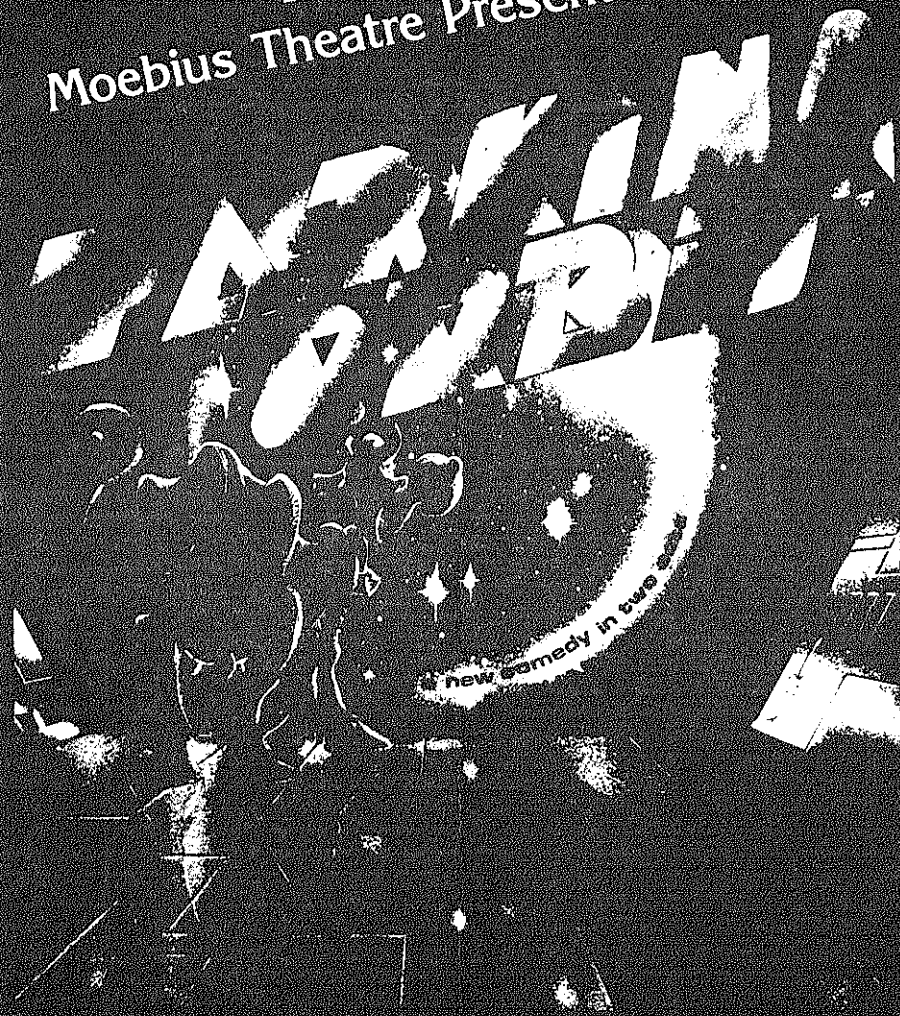


RICK-101 Bill-101
Neil-406 Didi-327

LIVE!
Saturday Night 9:30 P.M.
Durante A, B & C

LIVE
Moebius Theatre Presents



a new comedy in two acts



Windycon 5
Program Book

P. Faggio 78

Italian Service in Florence (after choice), lecture + doc + program

How to Successfully Get Conned

by Joni Stopa

If you have attended a lot of cons, you can stop reading right now. If this is your first or second, we'd like to acquaint you with WindyCon. There is a program for your enjoyment. If the panelists do not cover questions you would like to ask and didn't get a chance to during the allotted time, feel free to ask them (courteously) immediately after that program item. Don't ask Sunday morning; they will probably have forgotten what they had been talking about by then. The folks selling in the hucksters' room are mostly fans who hope to help defray their expenses by selling. They will be glad to talk to you about books, and fandom, and make a sale or two. The Art Show is also for your enjoyment, and incidentally, sales. If you wish to bid on any piece of art, please put your name and a bid on the bid sheet or that item will not go up for sale. If you can't afford the things that are up for bid, check the sketch table. The person manning the desk will try to answer your questions about the Art Show.

You probably feel all alone at the con. Everybody seems to know everyone else. You aren't alone. Making friends is up to you. Start a conversation between program items, talk to a stranger at the Art Show, or join in a conversation in the con suite. Those conversations are hardly private and there will be enough variety for you to find a topic you will enjoy and feel comfortable discussing.

The con suite and parties: The con suite is a large open party where fan can meet fan. Liquor is served. Please note that the drinking age in Illinois is 21 for hard liquor and 19 for wine and beer. Please observe that rule. Don't get drunk! Fans will forgive their friends, but no one has much sympathy for a drunken neo.

There will be other parties going on. They fall into two categories: open and closed. Open means just that. The door will be open and everybody is welcome. Closed parties are for close friends only. If you have been invited to one, please don't bring five other people you just met.

There will probably be smoking and no smoking sections in the con suite. Please observe which is what. Some of the open parties may not want smoking, so please check before you light up.

Remember, police take a dim view of smoking anything other than tobacco, and we don't want the con raided.

Fandom is a big family, and like all families it has its fights and jokes. Don't try to join right in until you are sure what is going on. Lou Tabakow may insult Mike Glicksohn and get a laugh. It won't work for you, you aren't family just yet. Don't try to impress folks with caustic wit, insults and aggressive behavior. They'll just make a note to avoid you in the future.

I hope you have fun at the convention and meet a lot of new friends. If you see my nametag somewhere, say hi.



Typical
Windycon
Attendee

WINDYCON 5

starring

BOB SHAW

as GOH

GEORGE SCITHERS

as FAN GOH

and

BOB TUCKER

as Master of Ceremonies

WINDYCON 5 is produced by:

Chairman—Doug Rice

Programming—Ben Zuhl, Marcy Lyn, Doug Price, Bill Hainley, Chip Bestler & Martha Soukup

Operations—Larry Propp, Curt Clemmer, Dave Johnson

Hotel Liaison—Yale Edeiken

Registration—Leah Bestler, Amy Woolard, Bill Hainley, Joni Stopa, Midge Reitan, Lisa Diercks, Mitch Goldstein, Marco Mendez, Linda Struwe, Mary Jean Homes, Carol Czamaky, Joy Harrison, Lisa Golladay, Betty Dugan, Neil Rest, Karen Trego, and the rest of the crew.

Treasurer—Susan Robbin

Program Book—Ben Zuhl, Phil Foglio, JDA Typesetting (Joan Bledig & Ed Sunden)

Huckster Room—Jim Fuerstenberg

Films—Rob Petrick and friends

Masquerade—Sarah Goodman, Arlin Robins, Susan Robbin, Geof Darrow

Trivia Contest—Elaine Ferris, Clyde Jones

Art Show—Phil Foglio, Chip Bestler

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An Announcement—(illo by Phil Foglio)

BACK COVER—(illo by Doug Rice)

*From YANDRO 59, Dec. 1957—George Scithers 1st submitted fan art

**Thanks to Rob Jackson who is publishing a collection of Bob Shaw's fan writing.

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ISFIC is the parent Corporation that puts on Windycon and is planning to offer other fannish activities in the near future. There will be a board of directors meeting open to all area fans, at the Arlington Park Hilton, November 12, 1978, at 1 p.m.

A Fan Artist At Work

YANDRO 78, July 1959

Item: comment by Dan Adkins—(George) "Barr does work from photos".

Item: SATA 10, illustration by Barr on page 20

Hey George—here's a letter from Pearson—He's ed of SATA, isn't he?

Yeah—wonder what he wants . . . looking for some artwork—Says he needs some illos for his magazine. What's a pterodactyl?

Damned if I know—I'll look it up. Why?

He wants an illo of a guy fighting one with a knife for his mag. Looks like we'd better warm up the old time machine and get out the camera . . .

Good lord, George! Do you know what one of these things looks like? It's a damn dinosaur, with a ten or fifteen foot wingspread and . . .

Let me see . . . Hmmm, it does have a mouthful of teeth. We'll have to make sure we've got a good sharp dagger.

How many years ago did you say?

I didn't and I'm not going to. If you think I'm going to get anywhere near one of those damn things—that critter doesn't have teeth, it's got a mouthful of swords! Do you realize how big it is? I'm not going to go around chasing one of them with nothing but a knife while you dance around with a camera; draw one from your imagination.

Now look—you know I do best working from a photo, and this is my chance to really break into fan illustrating. Besides, think of the picture it would make—there's the pterodactyl, swooping down, and there's you, dagger in hand, ready to . . .

Ready to get my head bitten off. George, don't you realize how big this thing is? It's got a fifteen foot wingspread and he's . . .

Got a mouthful of—of swords. I know. Don't you see, that's what will make the shot so good. Just think . . . I am thinking. About the time you wanted to draw knights in armour and I almost got skewered back in the tenth century. And the time you got interested in Indians and I got shot through my coonskin cap. And how about the time we went looking for the old Greek gods on that sculpture project of yours and I got my hair singed when Zeus threw a thunderbolt at me?

I know, I know, but think of the photos we got. Come on, I know you liked the drawing I made, "Daniel Boone and the Indians". And this is going to be better still. Think of it—artwork in SATA!

I tell you, I'm not going to fight any of those damn pterodactyls. Don't you realize they've got a twenty-foot wing . . .

Yes, yes, I know, but think of what a picture it'll make. Come on now; this is going to be my big chance—it'll even be better than that one of "A Mortal Defies The Gods".

It better be—You didn't get a thunderbolt thrown at you, you didn't get an arrow in your cap, you weren't riding around in that silly tin can when that crazy knight showed up and wanted to duel. I'm not going to fight a pterodactyl and that's final. That thing's got a twenty-five . . .

Okay, okay, then. I'll do the fighting and you hold the camera. You know how to work it? I'll get the loin cloth and the dagger. Time machine all set?

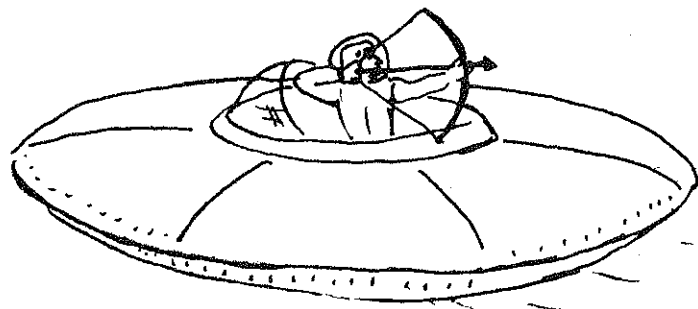
I'm making a mistake and I know it. A twenty-five foot . . .

Yeah, yeah. And in just about two seconds more we're going to see some live ones . . . There, here we are. What do you think of the place?

The air's hotter than a steam bath, and the whole place looks like a greenhouse, only more . . . Look, here comes one!!

Get your knife out, quick!

(continued on page 8)



Showing Scithers

by Robert Coulson

It was in January, 1957, that we got a sticky dollar bill (the price of 12 issues of YANDRO in those days) from a neofan in Albuquerque named G.H. Scithers. The initials remained his only identity for some time; eventually we learned that the "G" stood for George. (We never did find out what the "H" stood for, though Jim Cawthorn once speculated that it was for "Hinsatiable".) I'm not positive that this was George's first experience with fandom, but since later he credited (or blamed, if you prefer) YANDRO with getting him into fandom, it must have been one of his first ones.

Anyway, he survived the shock. (Though it took awhile, since his first letter of comment came in the Oct. 1957 issue. In true Scithers style, it contained items such as "What the devil is the ohrrighing ohf thhe ehxttra 'H' in fhannish remarks like Ghod, ghoodminton, ehlc.?") From there on, he got acclimated to our little society rapidly and was sending in artwork for the Dec. 1957 issue. (Much of the art included dragons; if he'd entered fandom some years later he might have become the head of Anne McCaffrey fandom.)

The written material came later; a definition of science fiction liberally sprinkled with quotes from Alice in Wonderland, a short humorous con report, and, quite a bit later, at the height of some crisis in comics publishing, a story of the exploits of a pair of caped crusaders for justice called Nude Man and his sidekick the NaKid. (I believe this is what drew the Cawthorn speculation.)

Fandom apparently agreed with George, because he began expanding his activities. Somewhere around December 1958 the first issue of his AMRA began dropping into mailboxes. (AMRA had been around previously; George Heap had produced some thin mimeographed issues, I believe as a Hyborian Legion newsletter. Scithers changed it to a general circulation magazine with offset printing, good art, and some quite good articles.) The term "swords and sorcery" first appeared in AMRA, and, having invented the title for the genre, AMRA promptly became its leading exponent. It won Hugos in 1964 and 1968. It might have won its first Hugo in 1963, but George was indulging in one of his other fannish pursuits that year—being on a Worldcon Committee. Due to a possible conflict of interest, he withdrew it from competition, despite enough nominations to get it on the ballot. (Proving George's singularity; other fan editors in that situation have resigned from the con committee so as not to miss any personal egoboo.)

In one way, however, George has failed with AMRA. He once said, rather plaintively, that he had intended to give it an "air of lighthearted lunacy". But there are few lighthearted lunatics in the bare-thewed heroics field besides George, so despite puns, limericks, satires, and at least one tongue-in-cheek critique of Conan from the orthodox Socialist viewpoint, the magazine retains an aura of seriousness.

George's interest in conventions started early, and by 1963 he was chairman of Discon I in Washington, D.C. That con was noted for being the first one to have a stage for masquerade contestants so even short members of the audience could see the contestants. (Previously, contestants had mingled with the audience, and were visible only to viewers over six feet tall or equipped with four elbows.) It was also the first convention in which a bagpiper was used to wake up the audience before the start of a program item. (Unfortunately, that hasn't quite made it as a tradition; it works beautifully.) Since then, George has served on several convention committees; conducting the business session at one con, running the masquerade at another, etc. Windycon will be his first try at being a Guest of Honor.

In fact, with the sale of a couple of stories and now editorship of two professional science fiction magazines, George Scithers has become that rare item; the Compleat Faan.



Scithers' first published drawings: YANDRO 59, December 1957 (traced from published copy by Juanita Coulson)

Swot Up On Your Britishisms

With the increasing numbers of British (and Irish!) visitors attending American conventions, you never know when you might need a translation of an unfamiliar expression. Then, too, there are the hordes of fans from this side of the Atlantic currently planning to throng Brighton Pier next year. So, never mind all those distracting panels and discussions and films and parties and such; now is the time to start memorising expressions commonly used by the natives of Great Britain & Northern Ireland (and Eire, of course). Below is an admittedly short list which will at least get you on your way; it excludes rather esoteric regional expressions, coarse terms and anything to do with beer (for reasons for the latter omission, see end of article). It is really a sort of basic primer, and it doesn't even begin to pretend to be exhaustive . . . besides which, I had only a week to prepare it! So, let's start swotting.

Banger—(1) Sausage, as in Bangers and Mash; (2) Old car
Bonkers—Insane
Bonnet—Hood of car
Boot—Trunk of car
Biscuit—Cookie
Bumper—Fender
Bun—(1) Bread roll; (2) Small individual cake, often sponge or similar mixture
Cheerio—Goodbye
Cheesed off—Fed up
Chemists—Drug store
Chips—French fries
Chippy—Shop selling Fish & Chips, hot pies, etc.
Cooker—(1) Range; (2) Baking apple, from 'cooking apple'
Cotton Wool—Absorbent cotton
Crackers—Insane, as well as the U.S. usage
Crisps—Potato chips
Cupboard—Closet
Dinner—(1) Supper; (2) The midday meal (which is also known as lunch(eon))
Film—Movie
Fish & Chips—Nearest equivalent here would be fish fillet and French fries
Fish Fingers—Fish sticks
Flannel—(1) Wash cloth; (2) To flatter
Flat—Apartment
Flog(ging)—Sell(ing)
Fortnight—Two weeks (said to come from 'fourteen nights')
Garage—Gas station, as well as the U.S. usage
Gets On My Pip (or Wick)—Annoys me intensely
Half & Half—Type of beer
Handbag—Pocketbook
Hoarding—Billboard
Icing Sugar—Confectioner's sugar
Jam—Preserves
Jelly—Gelatin
Jumper—Sweater
Ketchup—Catsup
Loo—(1) The bathroom or (more often) (2) The WC itself
Mash—(1) Pounded-up cooked potatoes; (2) The act of pounding the potatoes
Mince—Ground beef; (2) The act of grinding the beef
Motorway—Expressway

Mark—Police informant
Mark It—Stop it
Nick—Steal; thus **Nicked** for stolen
Nosh—(1) Food; (2) To eat; thus **Noshery** for restaurant, cafe, etc.
Pants—Used for underwear, rather than trousers
Pavement—Sidewalk
P./Pence—Five "New P" to the shilling, as opposed to the pre-decimal "Pence," of which there were 12 to the shilling. The old pence were abbreviated to d., the new is abbreviated to p.
Phonebox—Phonebooth
Pillarbox, Postbox—Mailbox
Pudding—Any sort of dessert
Puncture—Flat
Reverse Charge—Collect call
Road—Pavement
Sarkie—Sarcastic
Skirting Board—Baseboard
Snogging—Kissing
Snookered—(1) Finished; (2) Thwarted
Snuffed It—Died
Spud—Potato
Starkers—(1) Naked; (2) Insane; probably from 'stark staring mad'
Supper—A light meal taken last thing at night
Sweet—(1) Dessert; (2) Candy
Swot(ting)—Cram(ming), i.e., intensive study, as for an exam
TA—Thank you, Do not confuse with Tar, or sailor
Tap—Faucet
Tata—Goodbye
Tater—Potato
Toodleloo—Goodbye
Treacle—Nearest equivalent would be light syrup
Trunk Call—Long distance call
Tube—(1) Subway; (2) TV
Vest—Undershirt
Wallet—Billfold
Windscreen—Windshield

As mentioned at the beginning, words relating to beer, such as **Stout**, **Light**, **Bitter**, etc., have (with the exception of **Half and Half**) been omitted from this list. There are two reasons: (1) Being a non-drinker, I find them hard to define; (b) People keep saying learning is fun, and when you get to Brighton, you can enjoy learning by sampling just as much.

Now I think I'll have a cup of char.*

—Mary Long 17.9.78**

*Tea. It can also mean cleaning-lady.

**Or, as Americans would say, 9/17/78. — ML

Bob Shaw

by Walter Willis

It is a great handicap for a writer or speaker to be given an excessively fulsome introduction. Too often there is nowhere for him to go from there but down. So, if only for the sake of your enjoyment of the pieces which follow, let us agree that they are mere trifles, hastily scribbled on the back of plans for bits of aeroplanes for an obscure amateur magazine of doubtful legibility and miniscule circulation.

So that's enough about Bob Shaw; let's talk about me, and in particular how I contracted this obscure mental illness I have, which causes me to believe that everything Bob Shaw writes is funny or profound, or both.

Obviously it is a rare disease, because if it were common, Bob Shaw would be much richer than he is. He would be able to at least have a separate pair of braces (U.S. —suspenders) for each of his pairs of trousers, which he once confided to me was how he would know when he had become really well off.

I can pin-point the exact moment when I contracted my affliction. It was when I was stencilling one of Bob's early columns and I came on a phrase about someone being kind to "a poor but clean old man." With the ice-pick of that deadly little word "clean," Bob demolished the whole unstable edifice of my middle-class, patronising Left Book Club socialism. I was never quite the same again.

On another occasion I rashly exposed another facade by quoting Oscar Wilde's line, "Each man kills the thing he loves," unconsciously convinced that any statement so often quoted must be valid. Bob on the other hand considered it as if it had just been published in the letter section of the Belfast Telegraph. "That," he said, "is not true." I looked again; of course it was not true. It was romantic rubbish, like God knows how much other similar clap-trap I had believed just because it was fancy and famous.

Perhaps "profound" is not quite the right word for this quality in Bob's writing: it implies a portentousness which is foreign to him. So let's call in aid another remembered conversation. We were discussing the nature of humor, as we often used to do, and he mentioned with scorn the theory, often associated with the name of Chaplin, that there is an element of pathos in all great comedy. It was, I agreed, nonsense. Where was the pathos in W.C. Fields or the Marx Brothers? The pathos in Chaplin is a cop-out, like the sentimental song with which the old-style comic used to get himself off the stage.

But later I got to thinking there was a germ of truth in there somewhere. To be funny, humour must skate over the thin ice of pain, and this requires a mordant observation of the realities of the human condition: whether it is the discomfiture of a fat man slipping on a banana skin or that of the innocent reader tripping over a pun.

It is this element of realism which I detect in Bob Shaw's writing and which I am tempted to identify as the missing element which industrial Belfast has to add to the rather airy-fairy Celtic tradition of literature. The main characteristics of Irish writers of the tradition which culminated in James Joyce and Flann O'Brien, were fantasy and word-play, both well represented in Bob. But I also detect in his work the gritty reality of the industrial working class, always epitomised for me in the Belfast saying, "A borrowed saw cuts anything."

I see that by appearing to cast Bob in the role of a one-man Irish literary renaissance I am in danger of betraying the intentions of this introduction, but I must mention one notable remark of his. "When you've read a book and then forgotten it, you're left with a different kind of ignorance."

(continued on page 8)



Bob Shaw is the author of many fine novels, among them are:

Palace of Eternity

Light of Other Days

Night Walk

The Shadow of Heaven

The Two Timers

and his latest,

7 Who Goes Here.

A Fan Artist At Work

continued from page 4:

I see it, I see it. I'll take care of the knifing; just remember to keep that camera pointed straight. Here he comes; he's a big one. Hi! Hi! Come here, you overgrown lizard—that's it, make a swoop at me. You getting those shots? Well yes—this is great—if you can keep him from biting off you damfool head—lookout, he's going to bite! Yeah, yeah, I can see. Try to bite me, will you? Well let's see how you like a bit of knife—there! Don't like something that bites back, do you? Here, take that, and that!! Aha, backing off, eh? Let's see what happens when I start after you. Don't like that, either, eh?

Well, George, you did it. That was great—I got some good shots. I'll get one of it circling. Great. He doesn't seem to want to go away, though; he just keeps circling, circling. Get a shot of him coming towards you—Hey, look out!! He's diving towards you!

This viewfinder makes him look like he's right on top of me—Migod, he is! George! It's coming after me, now. Shoo, shoo, go away! George, quick DO SOMETHING! HELP! HELP!!! H*E*L*P!!!!

Quick, drop the camera—drop the camera before you're too high! Ah, just in time. Set the range—got it, light's just right; there—a perfect photo.

George—George—save me—he's carrying me off to his nest . . .

He's gone. Damn, he was a good assistant, too. Wonder if Pearson can use an illo of a guy being carried off by a pterodactyl?

Bob Shaw

continued from page 7:

I have been thinking over this remark for some 25 years now and my conclusion is that it says more about the nature of education than any single sentence ever written; and that is what I meant about Bob being profound. Just think: you go to school, secondary school, maybe university and then you get a job. A year after that, what is left of all that expensive education? What facts can you actually muster about the Austrian Succession or the exports of Tasmania or whatever? What is left, and what is really important, is a matrix, a framework, into which you can put the facts when you have occasion to require them again. So it is the matrix which counts and therefore no disconnected fact or subject should ever be taught. It follows that all education should start with cosmology and work inwards to the individual, or start with the individual and work outwards to cosmology.

Writing, of course, is a sort of education, and the same rules apply to it. And humour, of course, since it is concerned with the individual, must work from the individual outwards. You will find this in Bob Shaw's writings. They are all part of the matrix of his own life and experience, without extraneous falsity or pretension, and when you have read them you remember them. They have integrity.

But I see I am again in danger of overselling these inconsequential fragments.

Ladies and Gentlemen, in the unavoidable absence of the speaker we first invited, may I introduce Mr. . . . Bob Shaw, whose talk will I am sure be of interest to ah . . . those who are interested in his work, and who needs no introduction.

SPECIAL EVENT! WATERSHIP DOWN

SATURDAY MORNING, 10:30 AM, AT THE WOODFIELD THEATRE

Movie Program

We're doing something DIFFERENT this year. Many convention film programs have added non-genre (i.e. films that are not SF, fantasy or horror) to sort of break up the usual film fare and add a bit of dash to an otherwise typical show. Well, WindyCon 5 is going all the way . . . a total non-genre film program. This is proof-positive that fans are ready for any film that offers creative quality, imaginative concepts and weirdness in general . . . whatever the genre. The films presented here are held in high regard by large numbers of fen . . . if you haven't seen any of them, you're in for a treat.

WHAT'S OPERA, DOC?—(Warner Bros. short, 8 min.) Considered by many to be the greatest Bugs Bunny yam of all, & one hell of a cartoon. It is fast becoming a traditional film program opener. (Chuck Jones)

ROYAL FLASH—Scourge of 19th Century English History (and everybody else's), Harry Flashman, is brought halooing to the screen by directorial crazy Richard Lester, with G.M. Frazier adapting his own novel to film. This re-telling of "Prisoner of Zenda" has our favorite literary rogue involved with the notorious Lola Montez and the Young Otto Von Bismark. Starring Malcolm McDowell, Oliver Reed and Alan Bates.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS—George C. Scott portrays Justine Playfair, a man who is convinced that he is Sherlock Holmes; and has everybody else wondering if he really might be. Joanne Woodward as a psychiatrist, Dr. Watson, tags along as "Holmes" roams New York in a life or death search for Prof. Moriarity.

THE JOKERS—This classic "super-heist" film has two cocky sons of British aristocracy plotting to steal the Crown Jewels, for a lark, and then returning them. The caper is incredible, the plan is impossible, and the comedy irresistible. Starring Oliver Reed and Thomas Crawford.

ZULU—Possibly the greatest epic ever made, it is a multi-faceted gem capturing an incredible moment in history . . . the siege of Roarke's Drift military station, a remote British outpost, by an overwhelming native juggernaut: the Zulu nation. Starring Stanley Baker and Michael Caine.

START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME—Paris, France 1789 . . . a very funny place to be, according to director Peter Yates. A sort of homage to the Marx Brothers and *Duck Soup* on one hand, and fresh and very modern madcap on the other, as Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland team up to destroy French history and culture. With Orson Welles.

Leigh Brackett Tribute:

THE BIG SLEEP—Second only to *The Maltese Falcon* in the hard-boiled detective genre of filmhood, this ranks as a landmark in the careers of screenwriter Leigh Brackett and actor Humphrey Bogart. Private eye Phillip Marlowe takes a case to stop blackmail, but the game is much bigger . . . and so are the stakes. Based on the novel by Raymond Chandler.

THE BELLES OF ST. TRINIANS—Definitely NOT to be confused with the "Bells of St. Mary's"! This veddy British comedy is freely based on the devastating series of Ronald Searle cartoons depicting life (and death) at St. Trinians School for Girls. Alistair Sim, in drag, portrays the school's headmistress, where girls enter as mischievous imps and graduate as full-fledged demons; provided the school doesn't burn down first.

Film Shorts:

THE DOVE (deh doova)—An appropriate answer to art films. Director Ingmar Bergman, (late of Sweden) is the target of this merciless lampoon of his early films, most notably *The Seventh Seal*. Badmington, anyone?

WHAT'S OPERA, DOC? (see above)

THE PROTEIN PRIMER—A real side-step in the area to educational film. Very hard to explain, but a joy to see.

SUSPENSION—A superb parody of Alfred Hitchcock films. This all too rarely seen film is a MAD Magazine spoof come-to-life, and a film-within-a-film, as we also hear the voices of the director and a "guest" as the film is being screened for them.

SPECIAL FEATURES

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE—An Invitation: "Here at The Paradise we offer you a special blend of fantasy and fact. Atrocity and art. Music and murder twice nightly. And is the horror you witness mere theatrics, or is it real? The only way to be sure . . . is to participate. Trust me . . ." — SWAN

HARDWARE WARS—Aside from being a thorn in the side of Moeblus Theatre, this short is an extremely popular parody of you-know-what.

PLUS

WATERSHIP DOWN!!! Saturday morning at 10:30 a.m. at the Woodfield Theatre, Woodfield Mall.

Parking Orbit

a new SF play by
CHARLES OTT

WindyCon 5 marks the debut of Chuck's two-act comedy about a generation ship that seems intent on staying aloft forever and a young woman on board who tries to get it to land. Chuck has sold stories to *Analog*, *Universe*, and other markets, and has twice been cited on the "Recommended Reading" list of Terry Carr's *Best Science Fiction of the Year* anthology. Chuck's prior work for Moebius Theatre includes the "Last Man and Woman" and "Dinnertime in the 21st Century" sketches in the *Future Shtick* revue, and some large chunks of *Stage Wars* (or, "Who's Biggs?"). He also performed in the debut of *Stage Wars* at WindyCon 4. *Parking Orbit* is his first play.

Heading the cast is Marty Coady as Plain Jane Kane (who wants to land the ship and become a farmer) and Tim Allen as Ragtop (who runs a "downdecks" gang and mostly wants to make trouble). Supporting the status quo are the ship's Captain (George Stachnik) and its computer, the Monitor (Joy Harrison). Angel Insley and John J. Buckley, Jr., are Jane's parents; Ragtop's gang includes Dave Ihnat, Alice Insley, Marco Mendez, and Thalia St. Lewis. Phil Foglio appears as the tycoon who built the ship.

E. Michael Blake directs, assisted by Lisa Golladay. Chip Bestler is Stage Manager; Virginia Clancy designed and produced the costumes; Doug Rice designed the set decoration.

Saturday Night 9:30 P.M.
Durante A, B & C

Masquerade

The Masquerade will run contiguously with the Meet-The-Everyone Party in Durante B & C. There will be a formal Presentation of Costumes before the August Official and Identified Judges. There will also be several Sneaky Unidentified and Also Official Judges among the Party-Goers who will be surreptitiously judging not only your costume but also your ability to stay in character while enjoying the Party. Costumes should show the use of creativity, originality and imagination, not cash out-lay. Registration for the Masquerade will be open from 3 to 7 p.m. Friday in the Con Registration Area, and at 8-8:15 & 9-9:15 in Durante A. Contestants should plan to attend as much of the Party as possible so that the Unidentified Judges will have plenty of opportunity to judge them. Contestants **MUST** assemble in Durante A at 9:45 for the formal Presentation at 10 p.m. Prizes will be awarded for: Most Beautiful Costume; Best Non-Human Costume; Best Use of Humor in a Costume; Best Costume on a Science Fiction Theme; Best Costume on a Fannish Theme; Best Costume on a Fantasy Theme; Best Presentation and Characterization at the Party; Costume Demonstrating the Most Creativity; Best of Show. Detailed information is available at Masquerade Registration.

Program

— or —

How to while away your time
profitably while you wait for the
parties to begin.

FRIDAY

2:00 P.M.

Registration opens.

3:00-6:00 P.M.

Art Show and Huckster Room open.
Round Table 3 & 4

7:30 P.M.

Con Suite opens.

7:30 P.M.

Opening Ceremonies. Tucker makes it a
smoooooth welcome.

Durante B & C

8:00 P.M.

Meet the Everyone Masquerade
Durante B & C

10:00 P.M.

Formal Presentation of Costumes
Durante A, B & C

12 Midnight

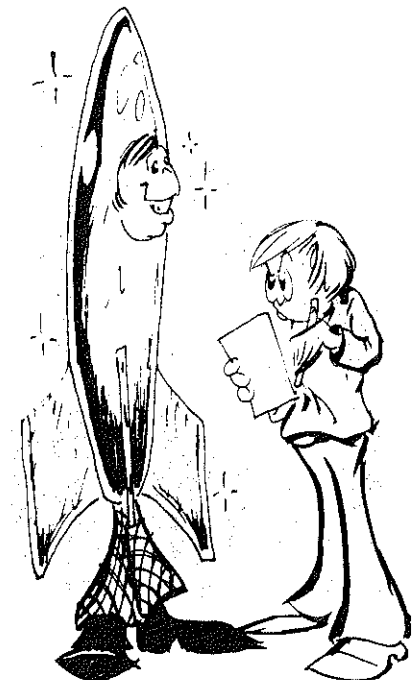
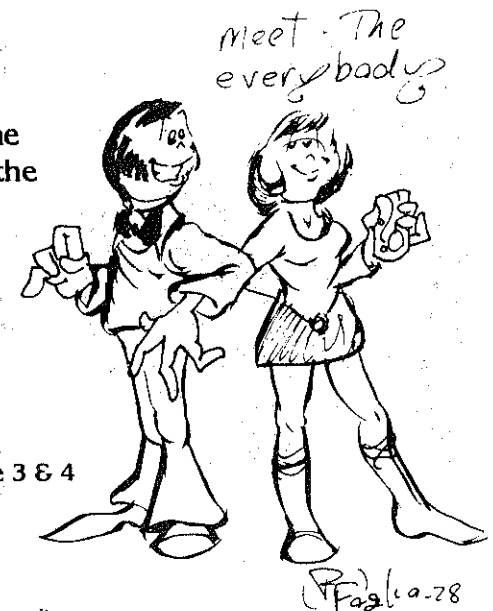
Film Program. Movies begin now.
Durante A

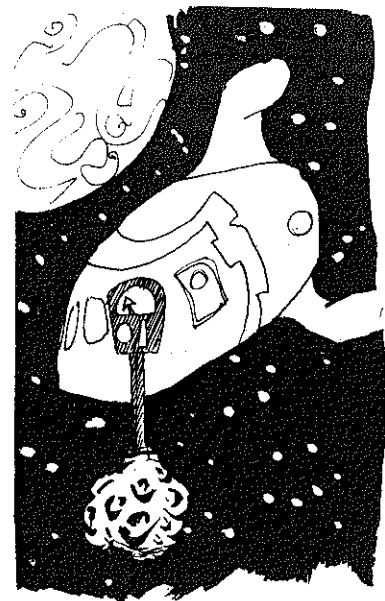
12 Midnight

Fan Fund Auction.
Durante B

12 Midnight

Filk Sing
Durante C





Program

SATURDAY

10:00 A.M.
Art Show and Huckster Room open.
Round Table 3 & 4

10:00 A.M.
Registration opens.

11:00 A.M.
Gadget Room opens.
Round Table 2

11:00 A.M.
Trivia Contest begins.
Round Table 1

11:00 A.M.
Writer's Workshops: The Helping Hand? A.J. Budrys, Gene Wolfe and Roland Green (moderator). Two veteran writers and teachers discuss writers workshops and other things intended to help writers.
Durante C

12:30 P.M.
Grill the Editor. George Scithers, Phyllis Eisenstein, Jeff Dunteman, Paula Smith, Gay Haldeman (moderator).
Durante A

12:30 P.M.
Robot In Fact and Fantasy. Robert Coulson, Freda Murray, R. Joseph, Beverly Friend (moderator).
Durante C

1:30 P.M.
Living In Space. Joe Haldeman and slides.
Durante A

1:30 P.M.
Techie Time. Steve Johnson, Tulio Proni, Jeff Dunteman (moderator). Gadgeteering for fun and profit.
Durante C

2:30 P.M.
SF History and Dreams. Dave Kyle and slides.
Durante A

2:30 P.M.
SF Laughs. Bob Shaw, Bob Tucker, Joe Haldeman (moderator). Fun and games as a professional.
Durante C

Program

SATURDAY (Continued)

3:30-5:00 P.M.
Build-A-Story. Gordon R. Dickson builds a story with help from the audience.
Durante A

3:30-5:00 P.M.
Fannish Legends. Bob Shaw, Bob Tucker, George Scithers, Rusty Hevelin (moderator). Four fannish legends on fannish legends.
Durante C

6:00 P.M.
Art Show, Huckster Room close.

8:00 P.M.
Parking Orbit. Moebius Theatre. An original SF comedy play by Chuck Ott and performed by Moebius Theatre.
Durante A, B & C

9:30 P.M.
Guest of Honor Speeches with introductions by Bob Tucker.
Durante A, B & C

11:00 P.M.
Art Auction begins.
Durante A, B & C

SUNDAY

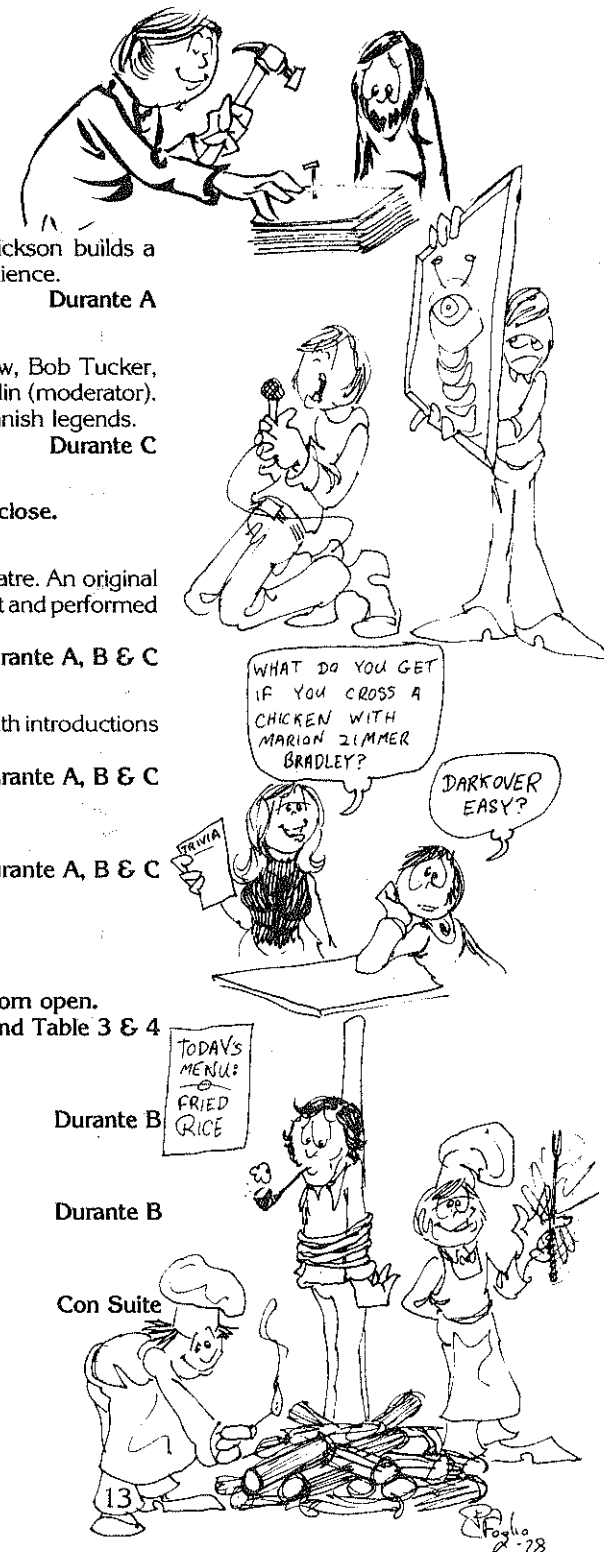
10:00 A.M.
Art Show and Huckster Room open.
Round Table 3 & 4

11:00 A.M.
Trivia Contest final rounds.
Durante B

2:00 P.M.
Gripe Session.
Durante B

Evening
Dead Doug Party.

Con Suite



In the tradition of last year's
Latvian Loganberry Festival

**The
Latvian
Loganberry
Festival**

On October 6-8
at

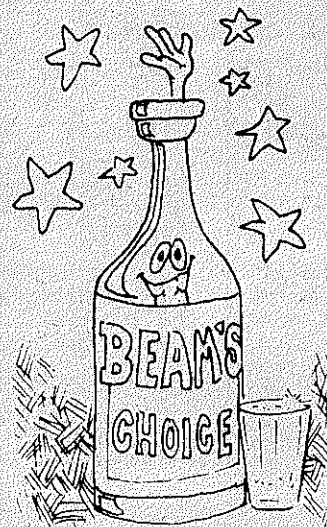
WINDYCON

But Mostly
In Your Mind

Enjoy this year's WindyCon!

*Chicago Fandom
Cordially Invites You to
Participate in the General
Hoopala & Carryings-on
As We Announce Our
Bid For*

**CHICAGO
IN '82**



R.S.V.P.