

WindyCon XXX

November 7-9, 2003



Space Station WindyCon

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"Nobody, but nobody, puts ketchup on a hot dog anymore!"
- "Dirty" Harry Callahan
"Sudden Impact," 1983

A Chicago hot dog is a unique culinary experience, and we feel a Chicago Worldcon is just as unique.

Starting with a bun, we add a variety of ingredients: tomatoes, peppers, pickles, onions, relish, mustard, celery salt, and, oh, yes, a hot dog.

Starting with SF&F, we add a variety of ingredients: literature, science, media, art, filk, gaming, costuming, and, oh, yes, fans.

Fees

	US\$
Pre-support	\$20
Corn Dog	\$50
Top Dog	\$75

Make Checks Payable to
Chicago Worldcon Bid



Come to our party to try a real Chicago dog and learn how you can be a part of the next great Chicago Worldcon.

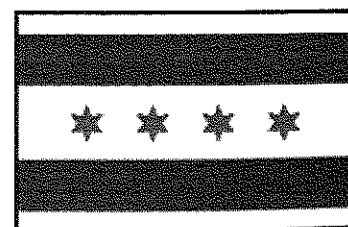
Our committee is made up of fans from Chicago and across the United States and Canada, including three former Worldcon chairs.

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Author Guest of Honor: Gregory Benford

Artist GoH: Vincent Di Fate

Publisher GoH: Tom Doherty

Science GoH: John G. Cramer

Fan GoH: Mark & Lynne Aronson

30th Anniversary GoH: Phyllis Eisenstein

Special Guests:

Kathryn Cramer, Jim Frenkel, David Hartwell, Christian Ready, Pamela Sargent, Jeri Smith-Ready, George Zebrowski, Dr. Robert Zubrin*

**Dr. Zubrin is able to attend thanks to a grant from the Chicago area chapters of the National Space Society.*

Other Guests:

Roland J. Green, Frieda Murray, Frederik Pohl, Elizabeth Ann Hull, Bill Fawcett, Jody Lynn Nye, Kristine Smith, Mark W. Tiedemann, Gene Wolfe, Aaron Freeman, Robert Weinberg

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A Message from the Chair

In 1974, *Rendezvous with Rama* won the Hugo for best novel, *The Dispossessed* took the comparable Nebula, Spider Robinson and Lisa Tuttle shared the John W. Campbell, Jr. Award for best new author, Joan D. Vinge published her first story and Michael Shea his first novel, and P. Schuyler Miller shuffled off this mortal coil. In Chicago, Mark and Lynne Aronson chaired WindyCon, a new science fiction convention.

30 years later, in 2003, *Hominids* won the Hugo for best novel, *American Gods* took the comparable Nebula, Wen Spencer won the John W. Campbell, Jr. Award for Best New Author. This year, we've said our last goodbyes to all too many fans and pros, plus seven astronauts on the space shuttle Columbia. In Chicago, well Schaumburg, I've been asked to chair WindyCon, a 30-year-old science fiction convention.

After a long absence from our halls, **Lynne and Mark Aronson** have rejoined us as our Fan Guests of Honor, without whom, we probably wouldn't have convened for this weekend in Schaumburg. Another person instrumental in that long-ago WindyCon, whose face is probably more familiar to many of us, is our 30th Anniversary Guest of Honor, **Phyllis Eisenstein**, who helped found WindyCon, and who has only missed a single convention since that first.

Our Author Guest of Honor, **Greg Benford**, could just as easily be our science guest, our fan guest, or an editor guest. He published the fanzine *VOID* and started Wetzcon, the first German SF con, in 1956 and Southwestern Con, the first SF con in Texas, two years later. He has written novels on the battle between flesh and machine in his Galactic Core novels, edited numerous anthologies, and published the Nebula Award-winning novel *Timescape*, which gave its name to a publishing imprint.

Our Science Guest of Honor, **John G. Cramer**, could just as easily be our author guest. When I invited John G. Cramer to attend WindyCon, he needed to check his schedule to see if he was scheduled for time at Livermore or CERN. Fortunately for us, WindyCon fit into his schedule. Not only is John a high energy physicist, but he is also the author of numerous "Alternative View" pieces for *Analog* and the author of two hard SF novels, *Twistor* and *Einstein's Bridge*.

Vincent Di Fate is WindyCon's Artist Guest of Honor, and is also an art historian, as demonstrated by his grand collection *Infinite Worlds: The Fantastic Visions of Science Fiction Art*. His own work has graced the pages and covers of a multitude of magazines and books, as well as the television screen, and has earned him a Hugo for Best Professional Artist in 1979.

The most important publisher in science fiction is **Tom Doherty**, who founded Tor Books in 1980 and now oversees not just Tor, but its imprints, Forge and Orb. In his long career, he has published practically all of the major science fiction and fantasy authors in one form or another.

As always, we have some special events planned for this year's con. On Saturday, there should be a science fair running for the day, and throughout the con, we'll be selling home baked items in the con suite as part of a James Tiptree, Jr. Memorial Bake Sale to help fund the James Tiptree, Jr. Award. To celebrate (?) WindyCon's 30th anniversary, we'll be running a Logan's Run LARP throughout the weekend. With luck, we'll all reach Carousel and rejuvenate at closing ceremonies. In the Art Show, we're

reinstating the Lewis Grant, Jr. Award, to let fans select their favorite piece(s) of art and will award those prizes (along with the masquerade winners, Logan's Run winners, and science fair winners) at Closing Ceremonies on Sunday.

Steven H. Silver

WindyCon General Info

What is WindyCon?

WindyCon is a general interest science fiction convention run by SF fans who volunteer their time and effort for the benefit of all the other SF fans who come to the con. We're not here to make money or for the glory involved. Our goal is to help create a place where 1,500+ potential friends, all interested in science fiction and fantasy, will have a chance to get together.

As far as what there is to do, it's practically endless! Check out the Art Show with art and prints from our honored guests and many other talented artists. There will be movies, old and new, in the film room. Many panels and discussions related to science fiction and fantasy are scheduled. The Con Suite offers a place to kick back with other fen while grabbing a bite to eat or drink. The Art Auction and Costume Ball are highlights on Saturday night. Check out the Dealer's Room for tons of science fiction/fantasy related merchandise. Filking can be found in the evenings and might spontaneously appear any time. Some of our guests will have book signing sessions. Room parties abound on Friday and Saturday nights. Gamers can find excitement in playing old and new games in our gaming room. Don't miss opening ceremonies which will introduce our esteemed guests and kick off the convention!

For the New Fen

Everyone who attends science fiction conventions had a first time. Few of us can forget what it was like at the first SF con that we attended. Don't be shy, you'll find that most of us are friendly folk and willing to talk - especially about science-fiction and fantasy which we're all here to celebrate.

You must have your badge with you and visible to get into any function: discussion panels, art show, movies, con suite, gaming, etc. Don't lose it and absolutely do not "lend" it to anyone else.

You may notice that we put a label on the back of your badge — where no one can see it — with your real name. This lets us know who you really are if we really need to (for instance, in the Con Suite where we need to make sure that you're actually old enough to have that bheer).

For you smokers, the policy is simple: no smoking is allowed in any WindyCon activity. Follow the Hyatt's rules of smoking that allow it only in the front lobby where there is plenty of comfortable lounging space and good airflow to keep your second-hand smoke from bothering others too much.

WindyCon on the WWW

If you haven't already, be sure to check out WindyCon's website at <http://www.WindyCon.org>. The web pages have the most up-to-date information at any given moment. There are online message forums for you to discuss the convention, books, and movies, or just to keep in contact with other convention members.

Registration

Adults remember, you must present a picture ID to pick-up or buy your badge. At the door registration is \$50.00. We accept cash, check, money order, Mastercard, and Visa.

For children under 12 years old, you have two options: (1) They can be a kid in tow, without a badge but permanently attached to an adult of their choice; (2) you can purchase a general membership badge and they will be allowed to attend the programming of their choice. There will be no baby-sitting space at the door.

Remember we do not issue blank badges. You may have a fan name on the front, up to 25 characters. But sometimes we really have to know who you are, so your real name is put on the back of the badge. Be sure to specify the name you want on the front of your badge, otherwise your legal name will be used.

Registration hours:

Friday Noon to 10 PM

Saturday 10 AM to 6 PM

After that, see the nice folks in Operations.

Con Suite

We have a lot of good news. We are still in the wonderful Terrace Room. The team has changed a little, but we are still raring to go all the way and even do a back flip or two — just to see the wonderful smiles on all of your faces. One the newest members of the team this year is only (sadly) going to be with us for one year. It is the new and wonderful DOOR. We will still have our door ghods, making sure that you are a member.

We still have the wonderful selection of foods to satisfy most anyone. So please come down and feast with us — we wait to serve you. As always, we will have a selection of fine bheers — served by our fine Ghods and Ghodesses. We still have our extremely strict policy of checking all IDs and your ID must match the back of your badge, or you will not be served. We have and still will recheck your ID and badge, if you look too young. We have been known to confiscate liquors if we have to.

As we said before, we have some changes to the staff. We must bid farewell to some, and a BIG HELLO to others. We still have the leading lady, Elizabeth S. Graham-Bishop also known as Unicorn. With her are her new recruits, all of whom are impatiently waiting to get the show on the road! They are M.J. Bucz, also known as Robe Guy, and Jessica D. Monaghan, also known as Temptress.

Con Suite Hours:

Friday: 5:00 PM to 4:00 AM

Saturday: 10:00 AM to 4:00 AM

Sunday: 10:30 AM to 3:00 PM (Dead Dawg to follow)

Bheer Hours:

Friday 5:00 PM to 2:30 AM

Saturday 5:00 PM to 2:30 AM

Sunday 12 Noon to 3:00 PM (Dead Dawg to follow)

We are a volunteer group and we will do our best to get the great hall up and running for you, but please be patient. More hands make lighter work. Thank you for your understanding. We deeply appreciate it. The Dawg runs from 3 pm to 10 pm. Then the room turns back over to the Hyatt, so it needs to be cleared out by then.

WindyCon XXX

Gofering and Volunteering

WindyCon is run entirely by volunteers and fans like you. Like all volunteer organizations, we're always looking for more help. If you'd like to put in some hours, drop by Operations (just around the corner from the Schaumburg Room) and they'll tell you how you can get your membership reimbursed by working as a gofer.

There will be special raffle prizes for gofers who help out at the end of the con.

Autographing

As usual, our guest authors and artists will be featured in autograph sessions each day (check the pocket program for times). Of course, you have to bring books with you for autographing, but should you forget them at home, you are sure to find a fine selection in the Dealer's Room.

Art Show and Print Shop

WindyCon's Art Show and Print Shop are once again together under one roof in Regency Ballroom DEF. (We've put the Standing Exhibits on hold for this year to make more room for the folks who want to show their artwork.) The Art Show and Print Shop hours for this year are:

Friday 1:00 PM to 4:00 PM (artist's setup)

4:00 PM to 9:00 PM (open to public)

Saturday 10:00 AM to 6:30 PM

Sunday 10:30 AM to 2:00 PM (art pickup/print shop only)

You'll be able to enter paper bids on pieces in the Art Show up until 6:30 pm Saturday evening when we close to prepare for the auction. Pieces with 1 to 3 bids are sold to the high bidder on the bid sheet; those with 4 or more bids go to the Art Auction. There will be no Sunday sales of pieces in the Art Show.

Also, after a lapse of a few years, we'll be reinstating the Lewis Grant, Jr. Award for the fan's choice of Best in Show. Take a look around, find the artwork that you like the best, and remember to vote!

The Art Auction will be at 8 pm on Saturday in Regency Ballroom G as our Film Crew takes a well-deserved break. It's some of the best entertainment at the con, so be sure to drop by and bring your wallet! You never can tell when you'll take a fancy to a piece of art...

If you're looking for art at a fixed price, check out our Print Shop area. They've got a selection of prints from a wide variety of talented artists available at prices that won't bust your budget. And, if you find you've got money left over at the end of the con, they'll be happy to take it right up until they close at 2 pm on Sunday.

You may also want to check into our small — but talented — group of artists in our Artist's Alley, right outside the Art Show and next to the Science Fair area. If you're looking for sketches, badge art, or other commissions drawn to order, they'll be happy to help you out.

In addition to the work of our Artist Guest of Honor, Vincent Di Fate, we're also looking forward to other special exhibitions at this year's WindyCon Art Show.

First, through the courtesy of Alex Eisenstein and Robert Weinberg, we'll be hosting a display of the work of Edd Cartier. We don't expect they're planning to sell any of these pieces, although you can always ask them.

Second, we'll be selling artwork from the estate of the late science-fiction author, Gordon R. Dickson, a friend of many of us on the WindyCon committee. As this is written, we're still waiting for a complete list of what we can expect to have available.

Finally, we expect to have an assortment of interesting pieces that we'll be auctioning off for the benefit of the American Cancer Society.

Moebius Theatre

Mostly known at WindyCon for its sketch comedy reviews, Moebius Theatre will offer different fare this year as it presents an hour of live staged audio performance with original dramatizations of a pair of classic science fiction stories: "*Help! I'm Dr. Morris Goldpepper*" by Avram Davidson and "*De Profundis*" by Henry Kuttner.

Moebius Theatre has been entertaining area fans for more than 25 years. In 2003 alone they have performed at Costume Con 21, OpCon, Marcon 38, Torcon 3, and now WindyCon XXX.

Moebius Theatre Participants

Tasha Avon
E. Michael Blake (Adapter, *Goldpepper*)
Larry "Dak" Chadderdon
Lisa Golladay (Asst. Director, *Goldpepper*)
Charles O'Neill
Pete Pollack (Asst. Director, *De Profundis*)
Katharine Graham Pollack (Director)
Kurt Sakaeda
Phill Strong (Music)
Alan Ziebarth (Adapter, *De Profundis*)

Filking

You know where it is - Arlington Heights/Rolling Meadows Rooms. You know what it is - music, with a science fiction twist. The filkers will be there ready to sing, laugh, and entertain. You can hang out in the hallway, talk with your friends, listen when the door opens or you can come in, grab a seat and enjoy a song or two.

Friday: Open Filk 10:00 PM.

Saturday: 9:00 PM Eric Coleman Concert. You have seen Eric running the gaming, or behind a radio set, now hear him behind a guitar. You will be glad you did.

Saturday: Open Filk 10:00 PM.

Costuming Events

Children's Costume Parade and Contest

Saturday, 7:00 PM

This event gives young fen (14 years or younger) a chance to show off their costumes and maybe even win a prize, without having to prepare a masquerade presentation. There is no advance registration, just show up at the masquerade "table" at 7:00 pm on Saturday night in your costume, which can be either made or store bought. The parade will start at 7:20 and will end with a walk across the stage to start the Grand Masquerade. The entrants will then get special seating for the Grand Masquerade. Young judges will present awards immediately following the Grand Masquerade presentations (around 8:15 pm or so).

Grand Masquerade—Saturday, 7:30 PM

Come see WindyCon costumers strut their stuff. Or be a WindyCon costumer strutting *your* stuff. Costumers with all levels of experience are welcome to compete and awards will be given. Entrants need to register for the Grand Masquerade no later than 1:00 pm Saturday, at the masquerade table. The Great LukeSki will be the entertainment during the masquerade judging.



The Dance

Come to the Carousel for the dance and twirl around the room all night until you explode. No Sandmen allowed.

Hall Costume Awards

Wear your greatest hall costume on Friday or Saturday night and you can win a prize. Our hall judge, Sunshine, will be looking for the finest, most eye-catching costumes to take pictures of.

Gaming

Come down into the gaming dungeon (formally known as the Con Suite). You will find your usual game company demos of all sorts, Battletech way too many hours of the day and of course as always, gaming 24 hours a day (well...we might close the doors to shovel the place out occasionally). Schedules and updates will be posted in the room as the weekend goes along, so show up early and often.

Computer Gaming

Yes, there will be computer gaming again. We will once again have at least six Macintosh computers for gaming, with the usual assortment of titles: *Doom*, *MechWarrior 2*, *Civilization 2*, *Starcraft*, *Warcraft*, *Shanghai*, *Spaceward Ho* and/or its successor, *Burning Monkey Solitaire*, *Enigma* and a host of other arcade style games. New this year, we will have *Alpha Centauri*! Check your Pocket Program or the Newsletter for updates.

No, we still don't and won't have Internet Access! Those of you who ignore this notice, or the posted signs, will be humiliated in the most creative ways we can think of!

So come get ready to play and enjoy the convivial atmosphere! We may (if there is a demand) have best score tournaments for a number of games. Which ones? You choose!

Hours: Friday 5:00 PM to 2:00 AM
Saturday 10:00 AM to 2:00 AM
Sunday 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM
Donate Toys to the

Chicago Force Toy Drive!

'Tis the season...well, almost. Before you know it, the Holidays will be here. To help put a bit more joy into the lives of needy children, Chicago Force (previous hosts of the Hoth and Trash Compactor parties, among others) is coordinating a toy drive to contribute toys to Toys for Tots on behalf of genre entertainment fans in Chicago! Bring an unwrapped, new toy to the CF fan table at WindyCon (Saturday and Sunday) or stop by the table for a flyer on where you can bring your toys outside the con. Thanks for helping us out, and have a great WindyCon XXX!

Room Parties

Hello everyone, and welcome back to WindyCon for the greatest year of room parties ever! Whether this is your first WindyCon or your 30th, you are in for a very special year for room parties.

There are a many great parties this year. Don't miss any of them.

Just remember to play nice with others and to leave the hotel in the same condition you found it. So grab your IDs and go check the party boards for all the room party listings.

Room Parties:

- MSFFA (Midwest Science Fiction & Fantasy Association)
- Chicago in 2008 Worldcon Bid
- Columbus in 2007 Worldcon Bid Party
- Capricon
- GT (General Technics)
- Marscon
- Guilty Pleasures
- Farshad
- DucKon
- Man Show
- Di Fate Party
- Marcon

What's An ISFiC?

"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 Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago and is best known for 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 60s, 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 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.

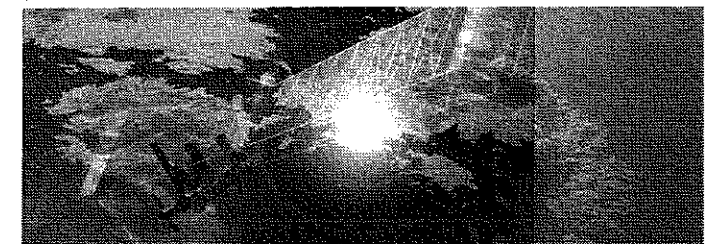
As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC's founders, notably Larry Propp, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a WorldCon bid. Their idea was to have WindyCon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to 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, as well as Chicon 2000, 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 reassessment 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) 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 501 c(7) 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 on their own accord. 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 conventions 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 that 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.

Ross Pavlac

(Ross died on the evening of November 12, 1997. He is greatly missed.)



WindyCannes: Film Schedule

Friday

3:00 PM: **Seconds** – Rock Hudson stars in this story of a man who gets a second chance at life through a rather unorthodox method. Wealthy clients of a mysterious company choose who they want to be. The company then kills that person and surgically alters their client to look just like them, and replaces them in their life.

5:00 PM: **Logan's Run** – Welcome to Carousel! Since WindyCon is turning 30, we offer this ode to living three decades. Logan 5 (Michael York) is a Sandman, a sort of policeman hired to capture those who run from the domed city (which resembles a suburban shopping mall rather suspiciously) to escape society-mandated death at 30. When Logan and his partner Frances 7 search for what those runners are seeking, he finds that the world is much larger (and older) than he suspected. **This film will be presented in Cinemascope widescreen format

7:00 PM: **Finding Nemo** – Pixar's smash hit of the summer. Marlin (voiced by Albert Brooks), a single father clownfish, goes in search of his lost son, Nemo. Aiding him is an absent minded fish, Dory (Ellen Degeneres). Nemo, meanwhile, is finding new friends in the dentist's office in which he is trapped. Funny, exciting, and rather touching.

8:45 PM: **Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets** – Part two of the young wizard's adventures at Hogwarts. Harry must find out who is freezing students and writing upsetting graffiti on the walls, while passing his classes with Professors Snape and Lockhart and starring on the Quidditch team.

11:30 PM: **X-Men 2: X-Men United** – All mutants join forces against a new foe: General William Stryker, who strongly supports the Mutant Registration Act after a possible mutant attempts to assassinate the President of the U.S.. Stryker, who has experimented on mutants, possibly including Wolverine, attacks Professor Xavier's school and everyone must work together to save it.

1:45 AM: **Sleeper** – One of Woody Allen's funniest films. In this slapstick comedy, Allen plays Miles Monroe, a grocer cryogenically frozen in 1973 and revived 200 years later to help an underground movement resisting the Big Brother-like government. Highlights include Allen imitating a robotic domestic servant and the Orgasmatron, a gadget which still isn't available on a PDA.

Saturday

Space Stations Depicted in Film

With Space Station WindyCon this year, we have chosen three films to depict various forms of space statons. After the showings, please join us and Artist GoH Vincent Di Fate to discuss these and other space station depictions from reality and pop culture.

12:00 Noon: **Outland** – Sean Connery stars in this retelling of the classic western High Noon in outer space. Connery plays a marshall on a mining station who discovers that the boss has been drugging his workers for better performance, until they burn out and die. When the boss sends henchmen to kill him, Connery has difficulty finding allies who will help him fight. Finally, Grace Kelly and Opus arrive to save the day. All right, I made that last part up.

2:00 PM: **Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan** – Kirk has a midlife crisis and takes the Enterprise on a training mission. He runs into Khan, an old enemy with terrific abs and a taste for revenge. Chekov has that icky ear-bug scene, and Spock goes all melty. **This film will be presented in Cinemascope widescreen format

4:00 PM: **Conquest of Space** – Imagine! A crew of brave, brave spacemen actually go into space! All the way to Mars! Jeepers! This retro film is a bit dated (hence some of the unfortunate stereotypes), but that's the fun of it. Return to a time when space travel only existed in people's imaginations.

5:30 PM: Panel – **Space Stations as Shown in Film**
With Vincent Di Fate

Closed from 6:30-11:30 PM for Art Auction

11:30 PM: **Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl** – Will Turner and Captain Jack Sparrow (Orlando Bloom and Johnny Depp...sigh) must work together to achieve their ends: Will to rescue his beloved Elizabeth, and Jack to retrieve his beloved ship the Black Pearl from his mutinous crew. Geoffrey Rush chews the scenery as the evil pirate Barbossa, and the special effects are quite cool. But Depp really owns this movie, savvy?

1:45 AM: **Edward Scissorhands** – Second in our Johnny Depp double feature, this allegory of adolescent awkwardness stars Depp as Edward Scissorhands, a boy created with scissors for hands. When he is rescued and brought to the storybook suburbs, he finds acceptance and love, as well as rejection and fear.

Sunday

12:00 Noon: **Finding Nemo** – See Friday 7 PM.

1:45 PM: **Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl** – See Saturday 11:30 PM.

Logan's Run LARP

In honor of WindyCon's 30th birthday, we are planning a Logan's Run game. In the movie, at the age of 30, you are "reborn", i.e., killed. Or you can run away to sanctuary. We haven't worked out all the details for the game yet, but we hope everyone finds sanctuary by the end of the con. Watch out for the Sandmen.

Weapons Policy

It's like this: we know you'd never do anything stupid, but with 1,500 people around, we can't know everybody personally. So we make some simple rules that will help ensure that no one gets hurt.

1) No real or realistic weapons or props. Real weapons can hurt people; realistic fakes can be mistaken for a weapon by police who are already nervous about things like terrorism. Let's not encourage them.

2) Props that don't look like real weapons — say, for instance, your Proni blaster — are fine as long as you don't use them as a weapon. Hit somebody over the head with your cane and it just miraculously morphed from a harmless object into a weapon.

3) We reserve the right to be arbitrary in our quest to avoid stupidity.

Noreascon 4

FACILITIES

- Hynes Convention Center
- Sheraton Boston Hotel
- Boston Marriott Copley Place

MEMBERSHIP RATES (Through Feb. 29, 2004)

Attending membership: us\$ 180

Supporting membership: us\$ 35

Upgrade existing supporting membership to attending: us\$ 145

Child's admission: us\$ 105
(12 & under as of Sept. 6, 2004; Child's admission does not include publications or voting rights.)

Installment plan available; write installments@noreascon.org

QUESTIONS

To volunteer, write to volunteers@noreascon.org

For information about registration, contact prereg@noreascon.org

To advertise in progress reports, email progress@noreascon.org

For general questions, ask info@noreascon.org

ADDRESSES

Noreascon Four/MCFI
P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA 01701-1010
United States of America

Fax: +1 617.776.3243

Web page:
<http://www.noreascon.org>

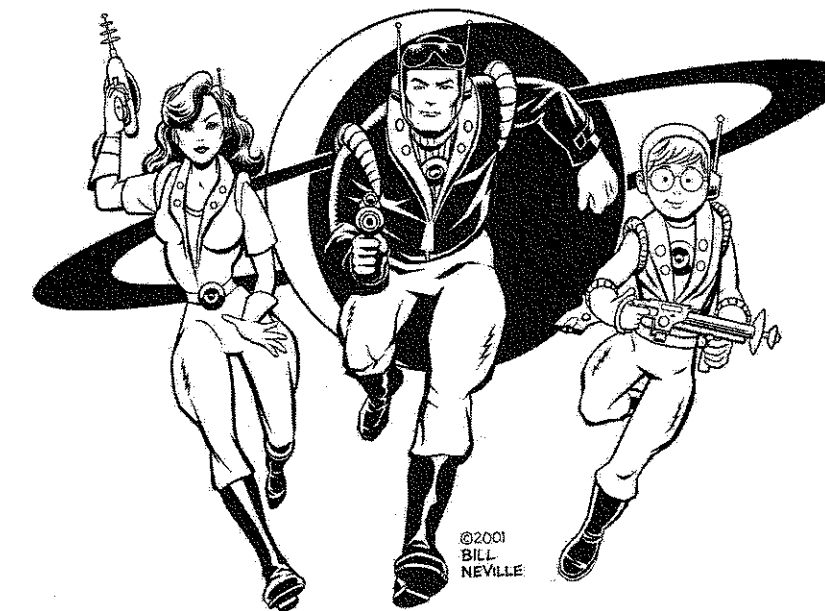
Online registration available

"World Science Fiction Convention" is a service mark of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

"Noreascon" is a service mark of Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. The Noreascon 4 logo uses a picture taken by the Hubble Space Telescope, made available by NASA and STScI.



September 2-6, 2004
Boston, Massachusetts, USA

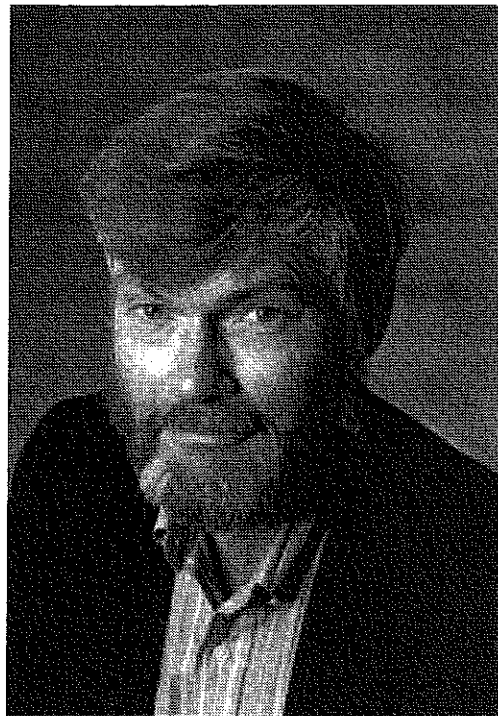


We're charging forward...and looking back
Noreascon 4 will feature Retro Hugo Awards for 1953
and a retrospective exhibit of classic SF/F art.

Pro Guests of Honor:
Terry Pratchett William Tenn

Fan Guests of Honor:
Jack Speer Peter Weston

Author GOH: Gregory Benford



Gregory Benford is a professor of physics at the University of California, Irvine. He is a Woodrow Wilson Fellow, and was Visiting Fellow at Cambridge University. In 1995 he received the Lord Prize for contributions to science. His research encompasses both theory and experiments in the fields of astrophysics and plasma physics. His fiction has won many awards, including the Nebula Award for his novel *Timescape*. Dr. Benford makes his home in Laguna Beach, California.

Burnable Benford: or Attack of the Clone by David Brin

Under normal circumstances, we simply would not put up with it.

There have always been people like Gregory Benford, popping up like mutant purple flowers, spoiling the symmetric uniformity of a field of yellow daisies. They appeared now and then, scattered across human history, disturbing every complacent society, culture, ideology. And most civilizations dealt with them in a common-sense manner.

They hung em. They put em against a wall and shot em. If they found out early enough, they would throttle a kid like Greg in his crib, before he could rock a much bigger boat.

Some made the mistake of using fire. But that would have left him free to stand there, tied to a stake, criticizing their choice of fuel, speculating on the prospect of rain - on the deeper *meaning* of rain - and then commenting on the rattled executioner's ineptness at striking a match.

Yes, our ancestors had a sensible, pragmatic approach. But these aren't "normal circumstances." All of the usual defense mechanisms - protecting the masses against strange ideas - are turned off. Oh beware, ye 21st Century citizens - especially Yankee-northern types - for this son of Alabama is unleashed! Moreover, life is long. He plans to rattle us for a while yet.

To which science fiction fans reply - *oh, goody!* We like our authors to be burnable. Provocative. Questioning. And hardly anybody from our species has asked questions as tenaciously as Gregory Benford.

Greg and his twin brother Jim displayed this trait when, as teenagers, they served a long stint creating landmark fanzines. Unlike some of us who were only dimly aware of conventions till we sold a novel, those two military brats wallowed in the ferment of 1950s fandom. They paid dues, sniffing enough ditto fluid to daze an elephant.

Gregory is a *parallel clone*, of course, a duplicate or spare copy of his much-nicer brother James. Identical? I cannot tell them apart over the phone, but as "mirror twins", they have every birthmark on opposite sides. Just learn right from left. Moreover, while Jim became a high energy plasma physicist working for *industry*, Greg pursued a very different life path as a high energy plasma physicist in academe. So much for nature vs. nurture. No wonder Greg says that we all worry too much about cloning.

Last year, with the death of Charles Sheffield and Robert Forward, Gregory Benford became *the* central archetype of the physicist science fiction author. I may have my union card, but my dissertation was kindergarten stuff compared to realms where he travels daily. Try on some titles from his many articles:

"Elastic, Electrostatic and Spin Deployment of Ultralight (solar) Sails."

"Lighting Up Radio Galaxies in Clusters with Magnetic Turbulence."

"Advanced Technology Paths to Global Climate Stability."

"Desorption-Assisted Sun Diver Missions"

Hey, wait a minute! "Sun Diver?" That reminds me of how I first met Greg. I was taking courses at UC Irvine. Someone said, "you want to write sci fi? There's this prof here who's published a couple novels." Indeed, I had enjoyed *DEEPER THAN THE DARKNESS*. So I went to see this fellow who was affable and kind enough to spend time with a brash, unpublished wannabe. That is, till I told him about this idea I had for a book about travelling to the sun. Greg raised an eyebrow. *How do you plan going to the Sun?*

By using all kinds of arm-waving "galactic" technologies, I replied. Why? Does it matter?

His reply, which entered folklore and legend, both shamed and invigorated me. Here's a polite-and-distilled version.

Make it as real as you can. Make your people and your technologies and your worlds seem to come alive.

He has done that in his academic profession, becoming a Woodrow Wilson Fellow, a member of the National Academy, and recipient of both the United Nations Medal and the famed Lord Foundation Prize in Science. He does it as a teacher.

But above all he lives by that credo in his science fiction. From the gritty, searing tension of *Great Sky River* - with humans no longer lords of creation but living as vermin, in the cracks of a machine civilization - all the way to the deep philosophical ponderings of *Cosm* and the Nebula Award-winning *Timescape*, Benford explores the full range of human foolishness and wisdom, thoughtfulness and sensuality. He takes the familiar, extrapolates it to some far horizon (sometimes WAY far!) and then brings it back to gut-level, making it all seem real. So real.

Horizons are a theme of Greg's. The event horizon of a black hole or the horizon of distant human destiny. Or the close-in horizon of seeing an alien in your own reflection. With his nonfiction book, *Deep Time*, the question is "how might human civilization last?" Or, failing that, how might we leave something worthy or lasting in our place?

Impatience is another Benford theme. His characters are often in a hurry. They need answers, and seek them as if time itself were an enemy, as indeed, it is for us all. In real life, Greg may express ornery impatience with stolid ideologies, with opinions that seem to be recited by rote, rather than thought out carefully by the person expressing them. He demands evidence, points to counter-examples. No time for vagueness or arm-waving. There's much to do, so back it up.

Be resigned that he'll find some flaw you never thought of. Take it home. Ponder it. And notice the wisdom of a culture that at last treasures, cherishes, listens to iconoclasts - the idol breakers who make us all question what we had thought true.

We used to burn them.

It's a lot more interesting and fun this way.

Works by Gregory Benford

Fiction:

The Martian Race

Eater

The Stars in Shroud

Jupiter Project

If The Stars Are Gods (with Gordon Elklund)

Find the Changeling (with Gordon Elklund)

Shiva Descending (with William Rostler)

Heart of the Comet (with David Brin)

A Darker Geometry (with Mark O. Martin)

Beyond the Fall of Night (with Arthur C. Clarke)

Against Infinity

Cosm

Foundation's Fear

Artifact

Timescape

In Alien Flesh

Matter's End

Worlds Vast and Various

Immersion and Other Short Novels

The Galactic Center Series

In the Ocean of Night

Across the Sea of Suns

Great Sky River

Tides of Light

Furious Gulf

Sailing Bright Eternity

Nonfiction:

Deep Time: How Humanity Communicates Across Millennia

More Than Human: Living With Robots and Cyborgs (with Elisabeth Malartre)

Excerpt from "Introduction: We All Live in the Sky"

by Gregory Benford & George Zebrowski, in *Skylife: Space Habitats in Story and Science*, Harcourt Brace, 2000.

First there was a flying island.

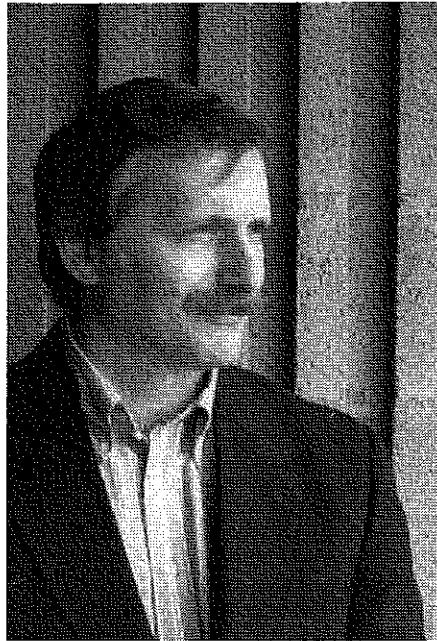
Then there was a brick moon.

The inventors, Jonathan Swift (*Gulliver's Travels*, 1726) and Edward Everett Hale, were not entirely serious, but the significance of their visions reached well beyond the engineering inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In Hale's alternative to living on Earth, "The Brick Moon" (1869), and its sequel, "Life on the Brick Moon" (1870), people set up housekeeping inside Earth's first artificial satellite and did quite well. Hale's artificial satellite, the first known presentation of the idea, called attention to a technological innovation implicit in our observations of the Earth-Moon system and that of the other planets that possess moons. What nature could do, we might also do. For Hale, the artificial satellite represented not only a technological feat but also the expansion of human possibilities, a vision of social experimentation beyond the confines of Earth. Space exploration has ever since carried the hope of a social and cultural renaissance resulting from the continuation of human life beyond the planetary cradle.

Such visions increased toward the end of the nineteenth century and throughout the twentieth, as if humanity were trying on one after another. They make an impressive library of both fiction and nonfiction. Their foresight in the development of space travel and other technological advances is well known to generations of scientists and engineers, for whom works of imagination provided the inspiration and pioneering discussions from which to make practical what seemed fanciful. This anthology highlights some key works of the past, together with fresh visions, and provides a context in which to grasp their immediate and long-term significance. If humankind survives and is not hobbled by

Continued on page 17...

Artist GoH: Vincent di Fate



For more than three decades Vincent Di Fate has held an international reputation as one of the world's leading artistic visionaries of the future. *People Magazine* has said that he is "one of the top illustrators of science fiction...Di Fate is not all hard-edge and airbrush slickness. His works are always paintings — a bit of his brushwork shows — and they are all the better because of it." And *Omni Magazine* has made the observation that "...moody and powerful, the paintings of Vincent Di Fate depict mechanical marvels and far frontiers of a future technocracy built on complicated machinery and human resourcefulness. Di Fate...is something of a grand old man in the highly specialized field of technological space art. Stirring images of far-flung environments have been his trademark..." In his prolific career, he has produced art of science fiction, astronomical and aerospace subjects for such clients as IBM, Reader's Digest, the National Geographic Society, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Di Fate has received many awards for his paintings, including the Frank R. Paul Award for Outstanding Achievement in Science Fiction Illustration (1978), the Hugo Award (Science Fiction Achievement Award) for Best Professional Artist (1979), the Skylark Award for Imaginative Fiction (1987), the Lensman Award for Lifetime Contribution to the Science Fiction Field (1990), and the Chesley Award from the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists for Lifetime Artistic Achievement (1998). He was also Guest of Honor at the 50th World Science Fiction Convention in Orlando, Florida in 1992 and has been an honored guest at numerous regional SF and fantasy conventions throughout the U.S. since the late 1960s.

The artist has had his paintings exhibited in numerous group and one-man shows at museums and galleries throughout North America, Europe, Asia, and Japan. These include important solo exhibitions at the Reading Museum in Pennsylvania, the Museum of Science and Natural History in St. Louis, Missouri, and at the Hayden Planetarium (American Museum of Natural History) in New York City. His work is included in the collections of the National Air and Space Museum (Smithsonian Institution) and the U.S. Air Force Art Collection in Washington, D.C., the Society of Illustrators in New York, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Cape Canaveral, Florida, the New Britain Museum of American Art in Connecticut, and at the University of Kansas' Center for Science Fiction Studies at Lawrence. He was commissioned by NASA in 1985 to create the official painting of the International Space Station currently being assembled in Earth orbit. That painting, completed in 1987, is now on display at the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral. His art is also included in many corporate collections.

Di Fate has published three major books, *Di Fate's Catalog of Science Fiction Hardware* (Workman Publishing Co, 1980), *Infinite Worlds: The Fantastic Visions of Science Fiction Art* (Penguin Studio Books, 1997), and *The Science Fiction Art of Vincent Di Fate* (Paper Tiger, 2002). The award winning *Infinite Worlds* is the first comprehensive history of science fiction art in America. In addition, Di Fate has lectured extensively about the history, methods, and meaning of his craft and has been a consultant for MCA/Universal, 20th Century Fox and MGM/United Artists. He is a professor at the Fashion Institute of Technology (State University of New York) in New York City, where he teaches courses in the history of illustration and in science fiction and fantasy art. He served two terms as President of the Society of Illustrators (1995-1997), an organization of which he is a life member, chaired the Permanent Collection Committee for the Museum of America Illustration (SI) from 1985 to 1995, and has served on the Illustration Committee for the Sanford Low Collection of the New Britain Museum of American Art since 1993. He is also a founding member and past president of the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists.

Publisher GoH: Tom Doherty

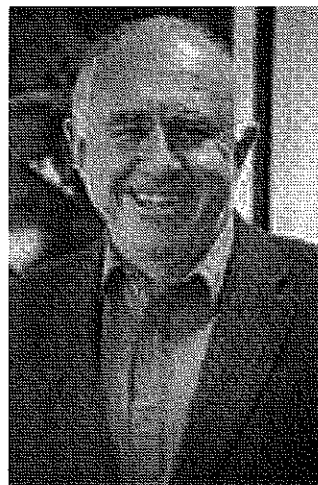
Tom Doherty has been in publishing for 45 years. He started as a salesman for Pocket Books and rose to be division sales manager. From there, he went to Simon and Schuster as National Sales Manager, then became publisher of Tempo Books. He was publisher and general manager of the Ace and Tempo divisions of Grossett & Dunlap before founding his own company, Tom Doherty Associates, LLC (publishers of Tor/Forge Books) in 1980.

Tor became a subsidiary of St. Martin's Press in 1987, both are now subsidiaries of Holtzbrinck Publishers. Tom Doherty continues as president and publisher of Tom Doherty Associates, LLC, publishing under the Tor, Forge, Orb, and Aerie imprints.

Many authors of the Tor and Forge lines have won honors as diverse as the Nebula, Hugo, Edgar, Spur, Tiptree, Stoker, and Western Heritage awards.

In 1993 Tom Doherty was the recipient of the Skylark, awarded by the New England Science Fiction Association for outstanding contributions to the field of science fiction.

For the last 16 consecutive years, the Locus poll, the largest reader survey in fantasy and science fiction has voted Tor "Best Publisher" in these categories.



WindyCon XXX

Science GoH: John Cramer



John G. Cramer is a renaissance man: nuclear physicist and novelist, he has recently expanded his range to become trainer to three shelties who win ribbons for their agility. He has been a professor of nuclear physics at the University of Washington since 1964. As an experimental physicist, he works in the areas of ultra-relativistic heavy ion physics. As a theoretical physicist, he is the author of the Transactional Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics and also does work in the areas of Bose-Einstein interferometry, heavy ion physics, astrophysics, computational physics. For decades, he has written Alternate View science columns for *Analog*, covering such topics as quantum mechanics, neutrinos, cosmology and astrophysics, gravity and general relativity, wormholes, mega-projects, space drives, evolution and catastrophe, communications and virtual reality, flashes in the pan (things that didn't work), and science policy. He is the author of the novels *Twistor* (1991) and *Einstein's Bridge* (1997) and was nominated for the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. (He may be the only Campbell nominee to have been rejected by Campbell personally.) He and his wife Pauline Cramer are the parents of Kathryn Cramer (41), Karen Cramer Shea (36), and John Cramer (38), and now have six grandchildren. He lives in Seattle, Washington with his wife Pauline and a brace of dogs.

Fan GoH: Mark & Lynne Aronson

Mark and Lynne Aronson are both natives of Chicago who currently reside in Cincinnati, OH, home of CFG and Midwestcon. Lynne graduated from South Shore HS (as did Phyllis Eisenstein, by the way) and Mark from Mather HS. Lynne has a BA and MA from Northeastern Illinois University and a BA from Northern Kentucky University. Mark attended the University of Chicago. They have been married for 34 years, having met at a science fiction meeting at the home of George Price, long time Chicago fan and publisher of Advent Books.

Even though it's how they met, science fiction fandom is the least of their shared interests. Mark was a radio broadcaster at the University of Chicago station, and both were active at Kingston Mines Theatre, site of the original production of *Grease* — yes, before New York — where Mark was the sound designer and Lynne was actress and vocal coach.

Mark is a published fiction writer as well as a writer and creative director in the advertising industry. Lynne was a long-time high school teacher in Chicago and, although she taught for a time in Cincinnati, is now a talent agent with CAM Talent, Inc.

They are known in Chicago fandom (or used to be known, anyway) as the founders of WindyCon all of those years ago, and Mark is remembered, by some, as an editor of the fanzine *Tomorrow And...*

Mark is also a musician who sang with the Fourth Presbyterian Church Choir for more than 20 years and was a member of the Oriana Singers. He occasionally picks up a violin and is an accomplished composer of choral music.

Lynne is a musician in her own right. She taught vocal/choral music in Chicago, founded and directed the Chicago Semi-Pro Musica Vocal Ensemble, and performed all over the Chicago area as a singer and choral director in local synagogues and churches.

The theatre plays an important part in Lynne's life. She is currently the Kentucky State Director of the International Thespian Society, and works as an actress, director, and producer at a number of community and professional theatres in Cincinnati.

30th Anniversary GoH: Phyllis Eisenstein

by Alice Bentley

I first met Phyllis Eisenstein so many years ago at the weekly gathering we North-Siders called Thursday Night (so named because even though it was held in a different person's house every time, it was on Thursday, at night, and...I think you get the picture). From the first I could see that, while topics would range with wild abandon, spiraling around the central topic of science fiction, Phyllis was a steady source of useful, interesting input. She not only understood how the publishing world worked (she had novels and numerous short stories in print), she thought writing wasn't just an art form, but something that could be examined and discussed. Even the mysteries of running a business turned out to be something she had spent her teenage years doing for her family.

But more than the font of information, I was impressed by the casual willingness to chat with such an awkward, socially-inept person as my 15-year old self, all the while sitting comfortably cross-legged on the floor. And despite the endless tide of new students and new faces at conventions, Phyllis is still one of the most friendly, accessible and knowledgeable people you might encounter, which is fairly likely since she spends a lot of time at conventions hanging out in the Con Suite, Dealers Room, and Art Show. Just look for the tall, distinguished woman with long, straight black hair, and a gathering of people having an active conversation.



Special Guests

Kathryn Cramer

Kathryn Cramer is a writer and anthologist, website designer, and housewife, presently doing suburban renewal, and co-editing *Years Best Fantasy*, *Years Best SF*, and a forthcoming Space Opera anthology. She won a World Fantasy Award for best anthology for *The Architecture of Fear* co-edited with Peter Pautz; she was nominated for a World Fantasy Award for her anthology, *Walls of Fear*. She co-edited several anthologies of Christmas and fantasy stories with David G. Hartwell and now does the annual *Year's Best Fantasy* with him. The huge anthology of hard SF, *The Ascent of Wonder* was also co-edited with David G. Hartwell. She is on the editorial board of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, of which she is also the art director (and for which she has been nominated for the Hugo Award seven or more times). Her dark fantasy hypertext *In Small and Large Pieces* was published by Eastgate Systems, Inc. She lives in Pleasantville, NY.

Jim Frenkel

James Frenkel has been an editor for more than 30 years. He's edited fantasy, science fiction for such publishers as Dell Books, Macmillan's Nucleus line, and Grosset & Dunlap's Tempo Books. He has edited SF/Fantasy for Tor Books, where he is a senior editor, since 1983. His own company, Bluejay Books, published 90 books between 1983 and 1986. An editor is only as good as the authors with whom he works; he has edited fiction by dozens of authors with diverse talents, including Greg Bear, Ben Bova, Orson Scott Card, Jeffrey A. Carver, Jack Dann, Diane Duane, Harlan Ellison, Loren D. Estleman, Terry Goodkind, Anne Harris, K.W. Jeter, Andre Norton, Frederik Pohl, Robert Reed, Spider Robinson, John Shirley, Theodore Sturgeon, John Varley, Joan D. Vinge, Vernor Vinge, Jack Williamson, and Timothy Zahn. He has edited anthologies as well, including *True Names* and the *Opening of the Cyberspace Frontier*. He packages the long-running *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* series edited by Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling. He's edited a number of media tie-in novels as well, most recently *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*. Born in the Borough of Queens in New York City, he survived the 1960s and graduated from S.U.N.Y. at Stony Brook. He has lived with his wife Joan D. Vinge and their two children in Madison, Wisconsin for the past 11 years.

David Hartwell

David G. Hartwell is a Senior Editor of Tor/Forge Books. He is the proprietor of Dragon Press, publisher and bookseller, which publishes *The New York Review of Science Fiction*; and the president of David G. Hartwell, Inc., a consulting editorial firm. He is the author of *Age of Wonders* and the editor of many anthologies, including *The Dark Descent*; *Masterpieces of Fantasy and Enchantment*; *The World Treasury of Science Fiction*, *Northern Stars*, *The Ascent of Wonder* (co-edited with Kathryn Cramer) and a number of Christmas anthologies, among others. Recently he co-edited his eighth annual paperback volume of *Year's Best SF*, and co-edited the new *Year's Best Fantasy*. John

Updike, reviewing *The World Treasury of Science Fiction* in *The New Yorker*, characterized him as a "loving expert." Currently he is revising the history of SF, working on four anthologies and attending lots of cons. He has won the Eaton Award, the World Fantasy Award, the Science Fiction Chronicle Poll, and has been nominated for the Hugo Award 28 times to date. He also has theories about fashion in clothing, especially men's neckties. A lot more info is available at his website, always badly in need of updating.

Christian Ready

Christian Ready spent his childhood near Philadelphia watching "Star Trek" and reading science fiction. At age 5 he came to a critical crossroads when he had to decide whether to become an astronomer or a UFO researcher. He chose to study the planets and stars in order to avoid becoming a target for alien abduction, and so far this plan has worked splendidly.

At 13, he was hired at the nearby Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College, helping to create star catalogs (no, you can't call up and order your favorite one). He earned his degree in Astronomy & Astrophysics from Villanova University and went to work at the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore, Maryland. There he oversaw the implementation of observations with the Hubble Space Telescope. He later worked at NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center conducting flight operations on the Fast Auroral Snapshot Explorer (FAST) and on the Transitional Region Coronal Explorer (TRACE), both capturing data on solar activity. A short while later, Christian returned to the business of observation planning and scheduling on the X-Ray Timing Explorer spacecraft. As with most of NASA's missions, budgets run out and astronomers have to start looking elsewhere for work. Currently, Christian is working as a project manager and web developer for a medical education software company, pursuing a little something he likes to call "employment." Here he applies his other hobby (web design) to teach doctors about icky diseases and how to fight them.

Christian lives in Maryland with his wife, author Jeri Smith-Ready. He is also a Major in the Civil Air Patrol, the civilian auxiliary of the U.S. Air Force, taking part in search and rescue missions, disaster relief, mentoring youth in the cadet program and, best of all, aerospace education.

By far, Christian's most satisfying work in astronomy has always been giving talks like the ones here at WindyCon. He loves to share his wonder at the universe with audiences around the country and hopes that his presentations can inspire others to learn, create, or even just dream..

Jeri Smith-Ready

Jeri has been making up stories in her head since she was 5, but waited another 20 (until the night she had her first double espresso) to write them down. Growing up outside Philadelphia, she created an array of imaginary friends, complete with complex relationships and storylines. This endeavor ended when real kids moved into the neighborhood.

After pretending for 10 years after college that she actually wanted to do anything else, Jeri became a full-time writer and editor. Time Warner published her first novel, *Requiem for the Devil*, in

2001. Set in modern-day Washington, D.C., the novel depicts the end of the Devil's ten-billion-year career. Lucifer falls in love for the first time, and this event threatens to transform his identity and perhaps even his destiny. *Requiem* has won several awards, including First Place in the National Writers Association Novel Contest. *Library Journal* called it a "tale of redemption, written with flair and style" and a "delightful first novel."

Jeri lives in Maryland with her husband, astronomer Christian Ready, and despite the interference of her dog and cats, is working on two novels, one of which is a sequel to *Requiem*. You can find out more about her work at www.jerismithready.com.

Pamela Sargent

Pamela Sargent has won the Nebula Award, the Locus Award, and has been a finalist for the Hugo Award. Her novels include *Cloned Lives* (1976), *The Sudden Star* (1979), *The Golden Space* (1982), *The Alien Upstairs* (1983), and *Alien Child* (1988). Gregory Benford described her novel *Venus of Dreams* (1986) as "one of the peaks of recent science fiction." *Venus of Shadows* (1988), the sequel, was called "alive with humanity, moving, and memorable" by *Locus*. *The Shore of Women* (1986), one of Sargent's best-known books, was praised as "a compelling and emotionally involving novel" by *Publishers Weekly* and will soon be reprinted by BenBella Books. Michael Moorcock has said about her: "If you have not read Pamela Sargent, then you should make it your business to do so at once. She is in many ways a pioneer, both as a novelist and a short story writer...She is one of the best."

Sargent is also the author of a historical novel, *Ruler of the Sky* (1993). Gary Jennings, bestselling author of *Aztec*, commented about this novel: "This formidably researched and exquisitely written novel is surely destined to be known hereafter as the definitive history of the life and times and conquests of Genghis, mightiest of Khans." Sargent's *Climb the Wind* was published by HarperPrism in 1999 and was a finalist for the Sidewise Award for Alternate History. *Child of Venus*, the third novel in Sargent's Venus trilogy, called "masterful" by *Publishers Weekly*, came out in May 2001 from Avon/Eos. Two more books, *Behind the Eyes of Dreamers and Other Short Novels* (Thorndike Press/Five Star) and *The Mountain Cage and Other Stories* (Meisha Merlin), were published in the spring of 2002. Her forthcoming books include the anthology *Conqueror Fantastic* (DAW), and the collections *Eye of Flame* (Thorndike Press/Five Star) and *Thumbprints* (Golden Gryphon).

George Zebrowski

George Zebrowski's nearly 40 books include novels, short fiction collections, anthologies, and a book of essays.

Science fiction writer Greg Bear calls him "one of those rare speculators who bases his dreams on science as well as inspiration," and the late Terry Carr, one of the most influential science fiction editors of recent years, described him as "an authority in the SF field." Zebrowski has published more than 70 works of short fiction and more than a 140 articles and essays, and has written about science for *Omni Magazine*. His short fiction and essays have appeared in *Amazing Stories*, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Asimov's*, *Analog*,

Science Fiction Age, *Nature*, the *Bertrand Russell Society News*, and many other publications.

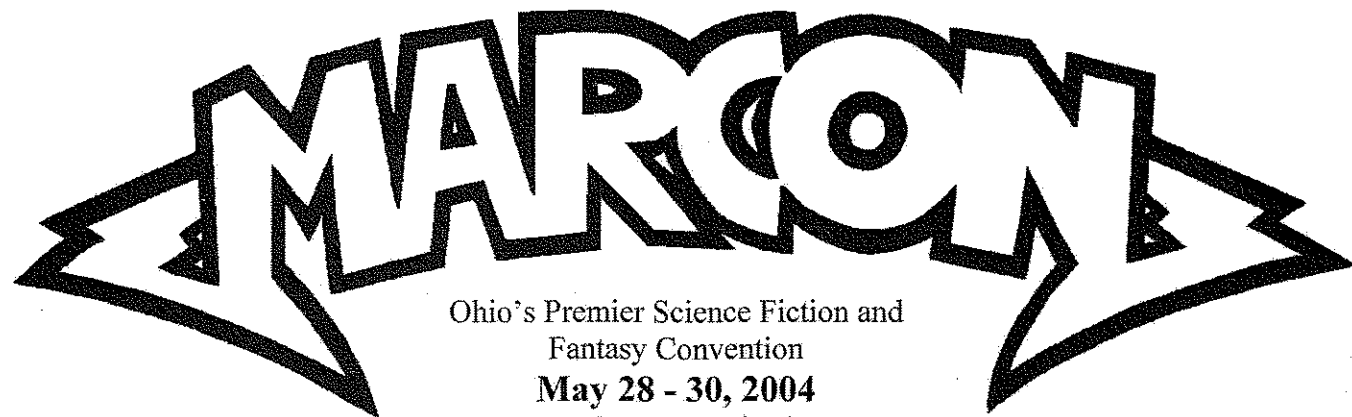
His best known early novel is *Macrolife* (Harper & Row, 1979), which Arthur C. Clarke described as "a worthy successor to Olaf Stapledon's *Star Maker*. It's been years since I was so impressed. One of the few books I intend to read again." *Library Journal* chose *Macrolife* as one of the 100 best science fiction novels, and The Easton Press included it in its "Masterpieces of Science Fiction" series. Zebrowski's short fiction has been nominated for the Nebula Award and the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award. *Stranger Suns* (Bantam, 1991) was a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year.

The Killing Star (William Morrow, 1995), written with scientist/author Charles Pellegrino, received unanimous praise in national newspapers and magazines. *The New York Times Book Review* called it "a novel of such conceptual ferocity and scientific plausibility that it amounts to a reinvention of that old Wellsian staple, [alien invasion]..." The *Washington Post Book World* described the novel as "a classic SF theme pushed logically to its ultimate conclusions."

Brute Orbits (HarperCollins, 1998), an uncompromising novel about the future of the penal system, was praised for its characters, originality, and thought. Paul Di Filippo, in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, said that "Zebrowski never ceases to invest his individual characters with three-dimensional roundness... Startling, sobering, provocative," while *Publishers Weekly* called this novel "boldly speculative." The book was also honored with the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best Novel of the Year in 1999.

Cave of Stars, a novel that is part of his *Macrolife* mosaic, was published by HarperCollins in 1999. *Skylife*, an anthology edited by George Zebrowski with physicist and writer Gregory Benford, was published by Harcourt Brace in 2000. *Swift Thoughts*, a hardcover collection of his stories, came out in 2002, and received a starred review in *Publishers Weekly*. A second hardcover collection, *In the Distance, and Ahead In Time*, was also published in the same year. 2004 will see publication of the next volume of his legendary *Synergy* series of original anthologies.





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Excerpt from "Introduction: We All Live in the Sky"
Continued from page 11...

setbacks, the attempts to realize these and other visions may exceed all past accomplishments and may redefine our ideas of what are and are not practical expectations.

It does not seem strange in hindsight that the idea of space colonies should have become so prominent in the U.S., a nation that has itself been described as a science-fictional experiment. The American attempt at a dynamic utopian vision—based on a constitutional separation of powers and the intended, orderly struggle of those powers with one another as a way to deal with a quarrelsome human nature—is still in progress. But it is also held back by the limits of planetary life.

The first major twentieth-century vision of humanity in space was set down in all seriousness, and with extraordinary thoroughness, by the deaf Russian schoolteacher Konstantin Tsiolkovsky (1857-1935). He did not try to match Jules Verne and H. G. Wells as a writer of stories, but his fiction and nonfiction set out with great imagination and technical lucidity the scientific and engineering principles to be applied in leaving Earth, and presented nearly all the reasons, cultural and economic, why human capabilities should be expanded beyond Earth. He saw that the entire sunspace was rich in resources and energy and could be occupied. Every step from space capsule to moonship was itself a small habitat, a way of taking a bit of our home world, its air and food, with us into the cosmos.

From its earliest beginnings, the concept of space travel is already heavy with possibilities, developing from small vessels to large space stations orbiting Earth, the Moon, or the Sun, and onto the surfaces of planets and their satellites, to the sweeping visions of skylife. It is a large achievement in imagination, and even larger in the doing, to go from these small exploratory steps to the idea of seriously planning permanent new homes for humanity—ones capable of growing, reproducing, and proliferating throughout our sunspace, and beyond.

It was not long before science fiction writers, scientists, and engineers started exploring, in both dramatic and engineering exercises, the myriad possibilities in the idea of space travel. For many years the concept of space habitats lived in science fiction stories about space stations and large ships, and in a number of novels featuring the "generation ship." Olaf Stapledon's *Star Maker* (1937) described the use of whole worlds, natural and artificial, for interstellar travel and warfare. Edward E. "Doc" Smith, today called the father of the *Star Wars* movie saga, used planets similarly in his *Skylark* and *Lensman* series of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s. Isaac Asimov, in his *Foundation* stories of the 1940s, showed us Trantor, an artificial city-planet that rules the galaxy.

In general, writers of the golden age of modern science fiction (roughly the late 1930s to the late 1940s) made great advances beyond the idea of the simple spaceship and space station. Don Wilcox's "The Voyage That Lasted Six Hundred Years" (1940) introduced the idea of the generation starship as a means of reaching the stars, in the form that was to be often imitated, one year before Robert A. Heinlein's more famous stories, "Universe" and "Common Sense"—gritty realistic dramas of travelers aboard a space ark who learn, in the manner of a Copernican-Galilean revolution, that their world is a ship.

The understated lines that close "Universe," after the major

characters have learned the truth about their world's nature and purpose, are memorable in their implications: "I'm going to show him the stars, prove to him that the Ship moves...We've got to do it, you know."

The uneasy familiarity of generation starship stories springs from our seeing the Earth as a ship, the stars as other suns. Many people either know this fact or are dimly aware of it; but the realization can still startle us in the midst of practical daily life, which tends to push larger truths from our minds. In generation starship stories we see something of how our view of the universe changed in the last thousand years, and how we have come to know our place in it. Any grasp of space habitats must start by our understanding that Earth is a giant biological ark circling its sun. As in Heinlein's "Universe," the dispelling of illusion and misconception lays the groundwork for surprising hopes and the expansion of human horizons.

Behind the science fiction stories stood visionary nonfiction such as J. D. Bernal's 1929 *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil*, which pictures an urban ring of worlds around the Earth. In the 1950s, Arthur C. Clarke and Wernher von Braun envisioned space stations as giant wheels spinning to maintain centrifugal "gravity." Such stations would orbit the Earth to observe weather, refuel interplanetary spaceships, and train astronauts who would later set up bases on the Moon and Mars. These were conservative proposals that even today are far from realization.

The engineer Dandridge Cole, in his bold and comprehensive visions in the early 1960s, called space settlements "Macro-Life." These might be new habitats constructed from advanced materials, or nestled inside captured asteroids, which would be hollowed out by mining their metals. Asimov described the same concept as "multiorganismic life" and coined his own term, *spome*, for space home. Cole envisioned Macro-Life as the ultimate human society, because of its open-ended adaptability, and delved into its sociology. Asimov proposed the scattering of spomes as insurance for the survival of humankind. Both thinkers saw space settlements as a natural step, as significant as life's emergence from the sea. Cole wrote:

Taking man as representative of multicelled life, we can say that man is the mean proportional between Macro-Life and the cell. Macro-Life is a new life form of gigantic size which has for its cells individual human beings, plants, animals, and machines....Society can be said to pregnant with a mutant creature which will be at the same time an extraterrestrial colony of human beings and a new large-scale life form.

He defined his habitats as a life-form because they would think with their component minds - human and artificial, move, respond to stimuli, and reproduce.

Residing in space's immensities offered a unique extension of the human community, an innovation as fundamental as the development of urban civilization in the enlightened Greek city-state. Yet living in the rest of the space around our sun also recreated some desirable aspects of rural life, since habitats would have to be self-contained and ecologically sophisticated, with the attentiveness to environment that comes from knowing that problems cannot be passed on to future generations.

The arguments that have been presented for such a long-term undertaking are economic, social, and cultural. Few would deny

that the solar system offers an immense industrial base of energy and materials, enough to deal with all the problems facing humanity. We live under a sky full of wealth, but our technological nets are too small to catch what we need from the cornucopia above our heads.

Science Fiction and Foresight

Any review of the justifications for the human use and occupation of space beyond our sky must also examine our methods and motives. Logical argument has become so sophisticated in the twentieth century that it has also examined itself, demonstrating that argument alone decides very little beyond its own rules. At the same time, rough analogy and deduction, both sound and unsound, from carefully chosen premises and misstated, often incomplete facts are about as far as most people get, rarely examining what it is they do when they argue. Arguing for the exploration of space is not of the order of deciding how much change we have in our pocket; it involves self-fulfilling prophecies—the creative principle by which new things happen. One might say that creativity is given to us by a universe that is capable of novelty and in which we can, through knowledge and its applications, make new things happen. This is a great and often happy power, but one that is still developing and is not yet free of our inner demons.

We can find all the assumptions we need to reach whatever conclusion we wish—in the sense that it follows correctly from those premises; if the conclusion does not follow, then we adjust the steps and, if necessary, enrich the premises. There will be a rabbit in the hat, because the rabbit was put there. But the great innovation of science and its philosophy is that assumptions are constrained by physical law and the reality that stands outside “the freedom of argument.”

The reality of our future(s) in space will not be decided by argument. Therefore, we must leave our minds open to complex realities that will outrun all our mental models. Humankind may fail at skylife, and the arguers will justify that after the fact.

Why do we not have space exploration and expansion at the level of past imaginings? Are recent human generations simply too tired and unequal to the task? Perhaps. But most of the answer comes down to money and fear. A true opening of the sky would rearrange the social and political power centers of Earth. The same may be said for permitting more advanced ways of generating energy. Today’s centers of power are not in a rush to put themselves out of power. They know enough of what many developments will mean for them, so they fear those innovations and work to neglect them, to delay them until they can be brought in under the right auspices.

Space exploration, like SETI (the search for extraterrestrial intelligence), needs a time scale greater than a human lifetime to show its potential; SETI may require the scale of human history to date, and even that may not be enough. The disappointments of one lifetime are merely noise in the instruments. Only the doing will reveal the reality—and we may still fail, if humanity is not a breakout species.

One irony waiting to happen is that human civilization may be destroyed by an asteroid strike (there was a near miss in 1989) because we failed to develop the spacefaring capacity to prevent it. Space travel leading to skylife is vital to human survival, because the question is not whether our planet will be hit by a fatal asteroid

but when. A planetary culture that does not develop spacefaring is courting suicide. All our history, all our social progress and growing insight will be for nothing if we perish. No risk of this kind, however small it might be argued to be, is worth taking, and no cost to prevent it is too great. No level of risk is acceptable when it comes to all or nothing survival. As Larry Niven put it humorously, “The dinosaurs died because they didn’t have a space program.”

Imaginings must precede all doing, or we risk having nothing to do and will do nothing to ensure our welfare or our very survival. Worse still, the lack of open, visionary minds may bring on the worst failures, the ones from which we cannot recover. This is the most deadening possibility of all. Lack of imagination, by which we grasp possibilities, is a black tide that drowns civilizations.

That science fiction has not done full justice to the difficult task of imagining skylife’s vital innovations is not surprising, since that task is all but impossible on epistemological grounds. No one can see the future, literally. But science fiction can cast narrow beams of light into possibility. It is in itself remarkable that we have foresight of any kind, that we live so much of our lives looking forward rather than back. Foresight clearly tells us that we will look even farther ahead as our lifespans increase.

To return for a moment to the limitations of argument and discussion about possible futures: as in the conduct of science, one must make sure that one’s instruments are not making noise that will skew the observations; yet this is what happens routinely in nearly all discourse. The endlessness of premise selection that tempts us with “the freedom of argument” prevents the narrowing down of assumptions to those that belong to reality’s constraints. Anything goes, and most people believe and imagine what they wish, often simply taking their premise as their conclusion.

As any science, science fiction takes as a given that if it is well anchored at one empirically trustworthy point, it will be able to see its way to others. We rush ahead in our minds even as we build new realities, but we are rooted in the past and present of our human nature and social histories. Science fiction hungers to include, to wrap itself into the process of becoming, to pull even its own uncertain speculations into the great look back of history. And yet science fiction is a wave breaking from the past and through the present, striving to outrun both but caught in the struggle of brute reality with human creativity. Reality is causal; creativity finds ways through the probabilities.

It is this conflict that has created the loop of self-fulfilling prophecy, and this loop is the engine at the heart of science fiction. A century of science fiction devoted to space travel reveals to us how science fiction dates. Stories and novels may already be judged by how well they have come to grips with the human, historical, and technical implications of skylife; how they have succeeded in seeing and failed to see the expansion of humankind into the galaxy. James W. Valentine, a geologist and biologist, wrote in 1985:

I fearlessly predict that within 2 million years the descendants of Homo sapiens, scattered across the Galaxy, will exhibit a diversity of form and adaptation that would astound us residents of today’s Earth and that even then our evolutionary potential will hardly have been scratched.

The astronomer Alan Dressler paints a grimmer picture of a humanity splintered by genetic engineering:

We are most likely near the end of what we have known as humanity. Nature’s gifts to us have led us to the secret keys of evolution, and we are not likely to long refrain from unlocking the box of treasures and troubles.

The synergy of skylife and genetic engineering threatens—or promises—to be potent. When that combination is realized, the reader might say, the science fiction of the twentieth century will be merely a piece of antiquarian cultural history, if that, and of no interest to our farseeing successors.

But stop and consider that the above paragraphs are themselves scientific speculation and science fiction—proving only that among us there are those who see possibilities without guarantees or the means either to make them happen or to prevent them from happening. Seeing possibilities is still so much bound up with earning a living—individually and collectively—that it puts a brake on vision. Most of us have no time to see past ourselves; yet insights continue to sprout, good, bad, and indifferent. “Science is my territory,” writes Freeman Dyson, “but science fiction is the landscape of my dreams.” We imagine that we can look back on ourselves from decades, centuries, and even millions of years hence, as if we can see in this way, and perhaps sometimes we can. The loop of science fiction, speculative foresight, and the sciences is the way we dig out what is implied by nature and by our human natures. Our creativities attempt to invent, predict, and prevent what may happen, while time unfolds and hurls us forward, and we strive to swim rather than be pulled along by the current.

The Joy and Wonders of Space Stations

Reprinted with permission from www.sfsite.com, April 1999

by Steven Silver

Last night, I stood on my front porch in the chill March air and scanned the darkening skies for a glimpse of the International Space Station as it flew overhead. The scene reminded me of my own childhood, when my father and I would stand in the dark backyard watching for the light moving across the sky, too slowly for any aircraft, that would be Skylab. In some ways this was different, my daughter was inside, too young to appreciate what I was looking for, but in other ways it was the same, for I had the same sense of wonder that mankind could put an environment into orbit. Moreso, this time, because rather than being built by a single country, the ISS is the achievement of several countries working together.

While looking for the small dot, several thoughts and memories raced through my mind. The most recent memory was of something that occurred at the beginning of February, when my wife, daughter and I were visiting a friend in Houston. My friend has a friend who works at NASA, perfecting the robotic arm which will eventually be able to maneuver across the exterior of the space station to perform repair work and scientific experiments. We were able to go into her lab and watch them run some tests on the robotic arm. It was nothing you couldn’t see in any of hundreds of factories around the world, except for the knowledge that these tests were being conducted for something that would be a part of mankind’s journey away from the home planet.

Later, we were able to go into the room just behind her office. This enormous hangar, which can be seen from an elevated observers’ gallery during tours of NASA, houses two full-size replicas of space shuttles, two additional full-size replicas of the shuttles’ living quarters, and a full-size replica of the International Space Station. This is one of the rooms in which the astronauts, cosmonauts and mission specialists train for their missions into space. Just being on the floor of that room was staggering as the enormity and smallness of these spacecraft was brought home. Enormity because they are huge when you stand next to them and merely look at them. Diminutiveness because you realize that people (plural, more than one, a whole bunch) are going to be living in these overgrown tin cans for weeks and months on end and they can’t go down the street to the 7-11 when they need a break from their cohabitants.

We did a lot on that trip to Houston and saw many friends, but our few hours at NASA will always be the high point of our trip.

The last space station America built was Skylab. I remember watching Skylab fly overhead when I was a young boy, envisioning myself flying weightless in space as the astronauts were doing. Pete Conrad and Alan Bean, who had walked on the moon together during Apollo 12, Joe Kerwin, Paul Weitz, Owen Garriott, Jack Lousma, Gerry Carr, Edward Gibson, and Bill Pogue, after all these years, I remember their names.

I have personal links to Skylab as well. I’ve had the privilege to meet Alan Bean, who is now an artist trying to capture the beauty of space in his work. For anyone interested in space exploration, I would highly recommend tracking down his recent collection of artwork, *Apollo: An Eyewitness Account*. On July 11, 1979, when Skylab returned to Earth, I was working on an archaeological dig in Southwestern Illinois, wondering where the spacecraft would impact. A few years later, I was able to see portions of the charred wreckage as NASA sent the remains on a tour of major museums.

A third space station is located relatively near where I live. A couple of years ago, an entrepreneur in Wisconsin purchased an unused *Mir* module from the Russian government. The public can now tour this piece of space hardware in the Wisconsin Dells, hundreds of miles below earth orbit. Two other manned space stations have orbited Earth: the *Salyut 6* and *Salyut 7*.

One of the things all these space stations have in common is their appearance. They all look like they were put together from leftover modules of other spacecraft. In many cases, this is what happened. Skylab began life as an S-IVB stage with a docking adapter attached. *Salyut* was put together from pieces of the cancelled *Almaz* Space Station and proven *Soyuz* systems.

All of these stations, no matter how successful, are, of course, a betrayal. Everyone has seen the image of a space station from “2001: a space odyssey”: a giant ring connected to a central spindle which would house the docking station. Kubrick’s vision was much more elegant and futuristic than the mazes which the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have managed to orbit over the years. These are the platonic ideals after which all real space stations are modeling themselves, in the public’s mind if nothing else.

No matter what the space station looks like, the fact that humans are able to design a craft which can be launched into orbit and maintain the lives of men and women—the fact that men and women would entrust their lives to those crafts—demonstrates that our race is progressing.

Skylab, Salyut, Mir, and ISS are all stepping stones on our

quest to understand the universe around us. They give life to the science fiction we read, and hope that we can carve out our own interplanetary civilization.

About four minutes into my vigil, I saw a brief bright flash of light in the West Southwest, about where I expected the station to be at that point. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to track it after that flash. Perhaps I saw it, perhaps I didn't. I do know that as the International Space Station continues to grow, in size and brightness, over the coming months, many clear evenings will find me on my front porch, straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of mankind's latest, and greatest, achievement.

BUILDING ON WHAT WE KNOW: The History of Space Stations

Reprinted with permission from www.maiannedyson.com

by Marianne J. Dyson

The Soviet Union launched the world's first space station, *Salyut 1*, on April 19, 1971. Since then, we have learned a lot about living in space. Many of the procedures and systems on the current space station reflect this history.

The first space station crew, Nikolai Rukavishnikov, Vladimir Shatalov, and Alexei Yeliseyev, arrived at the *Salyut 1* three days after its launch. But they couldn't get in. Something was wrong with the hatch. Running low on supplies, they had to leave after six hours. You can be sure that later hatch designs were easier to open.

The second crew, Georgi Dobrovolsky, Vladislav Volkov, and Viktor Patsayev, got in okay and stayed for 24 days. They were the first people to spend that long in space.

But on June 30, 1971, tragedy struck. The ground team sent to greet the returning heroes opened the hatch of their spaceship to a terrible sight. The three men were dead. A valve had opened by mistake in space and let all the air out of the ship. With no space suits to provide air, the cosmonauts died before reaching the ground. Now, all cosmonauts wear suits for launch and landing.

The world's second space station, *Salyut 2*, launched in April of 1973. It had been in space less than two weeks when the engine exploded. The space station tumbled out of control and crashed to Earth in May. Luckily, there were no cosmonauts onboard.

The next space station was a secret one called *Cosmos 557*. Its main job was to provide spy photos of the ground as it flew overhead. But before a crew got there, it too went out of control. It burned up in May of 1973. The Soviets then designed more reliable engines.

That same month, the U.S. launched its first space station. This was *Skylab*, an orbital workshop for three people.

To save money, the Americans used leftover *Apollo* boosters, called *Saturn V's*, for their space station. The *Saturn V's* were gigantic, so *Skylab* ended up three and a half times bigger than a *Salyut*.

Skylab's first crew, Charles Conrad, Joseph Kerwin, and Paul Weitz, showed the value of having human problem-solvers in orbit. During a rough ride to orbit (the crew rode up separately), *Skylab* was damaged. It was short of power and unable to get rid of its heat. Unless the crew could fix things quickly, the space station was doomed.

A NASA technician with a reputation as a "fix-it" man, started thumbing through the yellow pages. He found what he was looking for – fishing poles that would telescope down to 18 inches. Using the poles as ribs, NASA engineers designed a collapsible nylon umbrella to shade the station from the sun. The crew took it with them when they launched a few days later. Like a parasol out a car window, they popped it out an 8x8 inch scientific airlock. The station was then cool enough to function. Further demonstrating the importance of having humans on the job, they did a spacewalk to free a solar array to restore power. *Skylab* was fixed.

The next crew (July - August 1973) set a record of 58 days in space — the first time the U.S. had a crew in space longer than the Soviets. One of the astronauts was Alan Bean, the first person to both walk on the Moon and live on a space station. The other crew members were Owen Garriott and Jack Lousma.

The third crew of *Skylab* (Carr, Gibson, Pogue) were in orbit and away from their families for 84 days. (Count 84 days back on your calendar. If you had been in space, what holidays would you have celebrated there?) A mission this long was a new challenge for the ground team as well as the crew. For example, *Skylab* crews brought back 175,000 pictures of the sun and about 40 miles (64 km) of electronic data tape to process. The current space station uses real-time computerized data sets and digital cameras whose images can be automatically processed by the space station control center.

Also, astronauts returning from these long missions were too weak to stand, let alone escape if there had been a landing emergency. As a result, exercise equipment became a requirement of all long space missions.

The U.S. abandoned *Skylab* in February 1974. There simply was no way to get there. (The last *Apollo* ship was used for the *Apollo-Soyuz* mission and the space shuttle was not ready until 1981.) The current space station is reached by space shuttles as well as Russian rockets.

The Soviets launched *Salyut 3* in June of 1974, *Salyut 4* in December 1974, and *Salyut 5* in June of 1976. Because of the new rule to wear space suits, crews were limited to two men each until a new design in 1979. They tried to break the American's record of time in space, but technical problems kept them from it until *Salyut 6*.

A limiting factor on time in orbit was how many supplies the crew could bring with them. The Soviets solved this problem by designing *Salyut 6* with two docking ports. One was always occupied by their return/escape ship. The other was used for visiting ships. Supplies were unloaded from unmanned cargo ships. Then the rocket was used to 'take out the trash,' solving another problem of long missions.

Sometimes the extra port was used for manned ships. The first visitor to a space station was Vladimir Remek of Czechoslovakia who visited *Salyut 6* in 1978.

Salyut 7, launched in 1982, had lots of problems. The radios broke, the power failed, and the water pipes leaked. The Soviets added new solar panels and chemical batteries and fixed the water pipes.

However, there was one problem they could not solve. The sun was in a cycle of increased activity. This caused the Earth's atmosphere to get hotter and expand. Like steam lifting the lid off of a pan on the stove, the expanding atmosphere ran into *Salyut*

7. The Soviets boosted it to a higher orbit. But like an old car, it used a lot of fuel. After operating far longer than any previous station, it was abandoned in 1986. It fell to Earth over Argentina in 1991.

The next space station was called *Mir* which means 'peace' in Russian. This space station was launched in February 1986. Unlike the *Salyuts*, it was designed for expansion. New modules were docked and moved to ports using a robot arm. Two modules were added to the *Mir* core before 1990, and four more by 1996. Improved engines were able to keep this biggest-ever station from being dragged down like the *Salyuts*. This capability plus continued use of supply ships allowed *Mir* cosmonauts to become the first humans ever to spend more than a year in orbit.

After the break up of the Soviet Union in 1991, Russia decided not to replace the aging *Mir*. Instead they joined the U.S., Canada, Japan, and 10 European countries as partners in the International Space Station program. *Mir* became a place to test new station procedures and equipment.

In March of 1995, American Dr. Norman Thagard spent three months on *Mir* with two Russian cosmonauts. The mixing of cultures had some unexpected results. Doctors decided that Dr. Thagard had lost weight in part because he didn't care for pickled perch, a standard item on the Russian menu. This prompted both countries to add more variety to their menus. The next year, Shannon Lucid set a world duration record (188 days) for women in space, apparently satisfied with space station food.

Five more Americans gained valuable experience by living on the *Mir* between 1996 and 1998. These were John Blaha, Jerry Linenger, Michael Foale, David Wolf, and Andy Thomas.

A dangerous fire erupted during Dr. Linenger's flight in February, 1997. The crew donned oxygen masks as the station filled with smoke. They put the fire out without any long-term damage. Because of shift schedules, NASA wasn't told of the accident until the next day. As a result, ground communications were improved.

In June 1997, a Progress supply ship crashed into the *Mir*. Air rushed out of a hole in the *Spektr* science module where Michael Foale spent most of his time. The crew cut power cables and sealed the hatch, plunging the station into darkness. Only their quick actions prevented a total loss of the station and an emergency crew return. Weeks later, Foale and Anatoly Solovyev did a space walk to regain power. This proved the wisdom of having modular designs. Even though the *Spektr* module was permanently damaged, the rest of the station kept working.

The first piece of the International Space Station - named *Zarya* for sunrise in Russian - was launched unmanned from Kazakhstan in November, 1998. A few weeks later, the crew of space shuttle flight STS-88 arrived to connect the second piece, Unity.

However, because of financial woes in Russia, the critical third module, *Zvezda* (meaning star), was delayed, and then delayed again. The delays cost NASA millions of dollars. Politicians called the partnership between the U.S. and Russia a mistake. Yet the U.S. did not have a booster powerful enough to keep a large space station in orbit. And Russia couldn't afford to build and maintain a station alone. The partners needed each other.

Zvezda finally launched successfully in July of 2000. Several space shuttle flights quickly followed to provide equipment. Then the first Expedition crew rode a *Soyuz* rocket to their new home, arriving in November, 2000. American Bill Shepard and Russians

Yuri Gidzenko and Sergei Krikalev christened the new station, Alpha. The second Expedition crew, Russian Yuri Usachev, and Americans Jim Voss and Susan Helms, replaced the first crew in March of 2001.

Meanwhile, time ran out for *Mir*. Efforts to raise enough money to maintain it failed. After 15 years in orbit, the abandoned *Mir* met a fiery end over the Pacific Ocean on March 23, 2001.

We have certainly learned a lot since the days of *Salyut 1*. Some of the lessons have been costly and painful. But we continue to explore because history has taught us we can only achieve if we keep trying.

Artificial Gravity: Which way is Up?

From *Analog*, February 1987

by John G. Cramer

Author's Preface:

I wrote this column in 1986, but the physics haven't changed. What perhaps has changed is that young readers may not know what a phonograph turntable is. (Imagine a horizontal flat disc about 24" in diameter rotating at a fixed angular velocity...)

I must confess that I am not a fan of NASA's space station. It's a money pit in the sky that has consumed enormous resources without accomplishing any noticeable science. Most space-based science experiments work better in dedicated satellites and would be disturbed by having to share quarters with astronauts that clump round and shake up the apparatus. And low Earth orbit is already most of the energy-distance out of the Earth's gravity well, so there is no big energy advantage in having a space station as a stopover point on the way to the Moon or Mars.

However, it will eventually be desirable to create a fixed or moving human habitat far from the Sun, and at that time a rotating environment should be the way to go. This column brings up some interesting aspects of life in such an environment that have been largely ignored by most SF stories placed in such settings.

JGC

09/21/2003

The space station doughnut of 2001 and the O'Neill space-habitat cylinder have become part of the furniture of science fiction, so much so that we take spin-generated artificial gravity to be interchangeable with the Earth-normal variety in which we live. But there are differences that would be quite apparent to anyone living in the spin-generated variety. The subject of this Alternate Views column is an exploration of the differences between the "natural" gravity of Earth and the "artificial" gravity of a rotating space station.

My interest in the physics of space station gravity developed because last year Vonda McIntyre was writing a book with a space station setting, and she asked my advice. The book, *Barbary*, is about a teenager who leaves Earth to live in a space station with spin-generated gravity. I helped Vonda in a very minor way by identifying the physical effects that the heroine would experience in that environment. What's it like to ride an

Continued on page 34...



SPRINGTIME
 IT MPLS MEANS
MINICON
 Easter Weekend:
 Minicon 39 Science Fiction Convention
 will be April 9 - 11, 2004
 at the Millennium Hotel in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Our Guests of Honor
 will be Walter Jon Williams, Sharyn November and Deb Geisler <http://www.mnsth.org/minicon/minicon39/register.html>

Dealers Room

The Dealer's Room is located in the Mayoral Ballroom in the lower level of the hotel (around the corner from Registration). There you will find about 40 eager sellers willing and able to trade treasures for your money. Remember that the Holiday season is just down the road (and creeping rapidly up on us), and that it is NEVER too early to begin shopping for fannish family, fannish friends, and (even) fannish you!

Dealer Room Hours

Friday 3:00 PM to 7:00 PM

Saturday 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM

Sunday 11:00 AM to 3:00 PM

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE DEALER'S ROOM. Eating and drinking in the room are not permitted in the room (except for Dealers while they are behind their own tables). Browsing, shopping, perusing, and free spending are permitted and also encouraged!!

A listing of Dealer's currently having confirmed tables as of 10/01/03 is shown below. This list is current as of this date and is subject to change due to cancellations and additions to fill the room. Specific table locations have not been determined as of this date. We will ATTEMPT to have a room layout and dealer location guide available outside the Mayoral Ballroom at WindyCon.

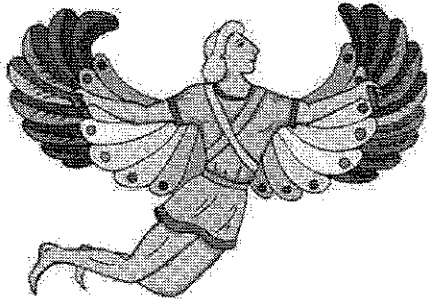
Business Name	Proprietor(s)	Types of Merchandise
American Fantasy Press	Robert & Nancy Garcia	Books
<i>Art of the Goddess</i>	<i>Ilene Satala</i>	<i>Original art, prints and jewelry</i>
<i>Autumn Leaves Books</i>	<i>Charles Spohrer</i>	<i>Used, rare, and collectible books</i>
Ann Beeching	Ann Beeching	Paintings & Prints
Black Dragon Workshop	James Inkpen	Costumes & accessories/wooden boxes
Black Gate	John O'Neill	Black Gate Magazine
<i>Celtic Knotworks</i>	<i>Gail Sanders</i>	<i>Cloaks, costumes, pewter, jewelry, and more</i>
Creative Imagery Pentad	Patricia Vilmur	Used books & some collectibles
Darlene Coltrain, Artist	Darlene Coltrain	Jewelry/silks/greeting cards
Dreamhaven Books	Greg Ketter	Science Fiction books
Dreamweaver	Susan Powell	Handmade jewelry
<i>DVD World</i>	<i>Kevin O'Malley</i>	<i>DVDs from around the World</i>
<i>Earth Wisdom</i>	<i>Minda Hart</i>	<i>Clothing and t-shirts</i>
<i>Ed Tabler Books</i>	<i>Ed Tabler</i>	<i>Used books & videos</i>
Fantasy Fashions	Larry Ulrey	Used books/costumes/jewelry/misc. items
Firefall Comics & Games	David Hansen	Comics & games
Glen Cook, Bookseller	Glen Cook	Books: new & used
<i>Golden Gryphon Press</i>	<i>Gary Turner</i>	<i>Books</i>
Hedwig's Corner	Hedwig Hoover	Incense & accessories/sarongs/jewelry/tarot boxes
Honeck Sculpture	Butch Honeck	Bronze fantasy sculpture
Horizon Music	Dave Kaufman	Compact discs
<i>Imagine That... Galleries</i>	<i>Mark Worrell</i>	<i>Custom cast jewelry</i>
KBZ Designs	Barbara Zapke	Hand crafted jewelry
Larry Smith, Bookseller	Larry Smith & Sally Kobee	New books
Meisha Merlin Publishing Inc.	Alan Siler	SF/Fantasy/Horror novels (hardcover & trade paperback)
<i>Mike & Marie Creations</i>	<i>Mike Kulis & Marie Perkins</i>	<i>Jewelry</i>
Offworld Designs	Barb & Ray VanTilburg	Custom airbrushed t-shirts
<i>Orionworks</i>	<i>Steven Vinc, Johnson</i>	<i>Digital paintings, greeting cards, prints</i>
Pegasus Publishing	Scott Merritt	Silk screened & embroidered appare
Queen to Queen's Three	The Members of Q-Q3	Used books & fannish flea market
<i>Ravenwing Wearable Art</i>	<i>Darlene Ney</i>	<i>Handmade jewelry, buttons, and paperbacks</i>
<i>Second Hank Silk</i>	<i>Marty Coady Fabish</i>	<i>Vintage Japanese kimonos & textiles</i>
The Secret Empire	Bill & Gretchen Roper	Filk albums & song books
Softwear Toys & Tees	Steve Salaba	T shirts, audio books, puppets, Vorkosigan Merchandise
Space Shuttlecrafts	Mark W. Bailey	Ceramic figurines/costume lace peieces
<i>Speculation Press</i>	<i>Winifred Halsey</i>	<i>Small press</i>
The Stars Our Destination	Alice Bentley	SF, horror, and fantasy books
Stellar Impressions	Betty Dugan	Rubber stamps/used books/unique buttons
Twilight Tales	Lisa Lawrence	Books/few t-shirts/asst. Twilight Tales merchandise
20th Century Books	Hank Luttrell	SF Magazines/comics/books/new media
Wizard's Wagon	Sam & Jill Bromet	Anything I can fit in my van!!!
		posters/toys/trading cards/games/plush, etc.
		Books
Zebrowski & Sargent	George Zebrowski & Pamela Sargent	

NEW dealers are listed in Italics

CAPRICON XXIV

CHICAGOLAND'S ONLY FOUR DAY SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

JANUARY 29-
FEBRUARY 1, 2004



SHERATON CHICAGO
NORTHWEST

WWW.CAPRICON.ORG

EMAIL:
INFO@CAPRICON.ORG

PREREG \$35
AT-DOOR \$60

PRO GOHS
SPIDER AND JEANNE ROBINSON

ARTIST GOH
KIM RECK

NASA GOH
BRYAN
PALASZEWSKI

SENSAWONDAH!

Past WindyCons

WindyCon

SUPER SUPER OFFICIAL POCKET-SIZE PROGRAM

Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, October 25-27

Pro GoH: Joe Haldeman
Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow
Toastmaster: Bob Tucker

WHERE TO FIND THINGS

The MAYFAIR ROOM, where all the major programming takes place, is on the mezzanine of the main lobby.

The ART HALL (registration), FRENCH ROOM (24-hour hospitality area) and ENGLISH ROOM (movies) are on the "A" level, upstairs from the Mayfair Room.

The EMBASSY ROOM (hucksters) and REGENCY ROOM (art show) are on the "1" level above the "A" level.

FLAMING SALLY'S (Sunday buffet) is on the east side of the hotel at ground level.

For those who care to indulge, the freebie table has information on touristy things to do, where to eat yourself silly and so forth. Also, don't miss the sheet explaining the MYSTERIOUS PROGRAMMING EVENT.

People wandering around with COMMITTEE and STAFF badges will answer any questions and *effie* expedite problems. Enjoy, enjoy!

FRIDAY, 10/25

Registration	3-5 PM	ART HALL
Huckster Room	5-9 PM	EMBASSY ROOM
Art Show	5-9 PM	REGENCY ROOM
Con Suite	11-1 PM/AM	(Dark)
Files	11-4:40 PM/AM	ENGLISH ROOM

1974 WindyCon I

Blackstone Hotel

October 25-27

GoH: Joe Haldeman

Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow

TM: Bob Tucker

Chairs:

Lynne & Mark Aronson



1977 WindyCon IV

"The Latvian Loganberry Festival"

October 7-9

Arlington Park Hilton

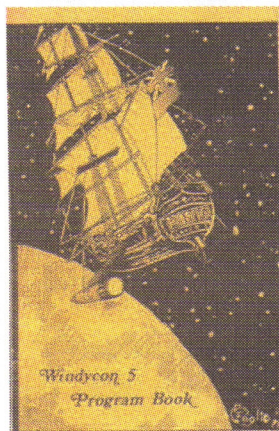
GoH: Bill Rotsler

Fan GoH: Meade Frierson

Chair: Larry Propp

Program Book Cover:

Geoffrey Darrow



1978 WindyCon V

Arlington Park Hilton

October 6-8

GoH: Bob Shaw

Fan GoH: George Scithers

TM: Bob Tucker

Chair: Doug Rice

Program Book Cover: Phil Foglio



1975 WindyCon II

Ascot House

October 3-5

GoH: Wilson Tucker

Fan GoH: Joni Stopa

TM: Bob Passovoy

Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

Program Book Cover: Mike Stein



1979 WindyCon VI

Arlington Park Hilton

October 5-7

GoH: William Tenn (Philip Klass)

Fan GoHs: Tony And Suford Lewis

Chair: Larry Propp

Program Book Cover:

Joan Hanke-Woods



1976 WindyCon III

Sheraton Chicago

October 15-17

GoH: Algis Budrys

Fan GoH: Bev Swanson

TM: Mike Resnick

Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

Program Book Cover: Doug Rice



1980 WindyCon VII

Hyatt Regency Chicago

October 24-26

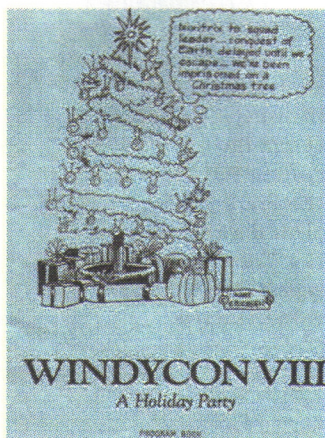
GoH: Robert Sheckley

Fan GoH: Gardner Dozois

TM: Bob Tucker

Chairs: Midge Reitan,

Marcy Lyn-Waitsman



1981 WindyCon VIII
"A Holiday Party"
 Hyatt Regency Chicago
 GoH: Larry Niven
 Fan GoH: Mike Glycer
 Chairs: Ross Pavlac, Larry Propp
 Program Book Cover:
 Kurt Erichsen



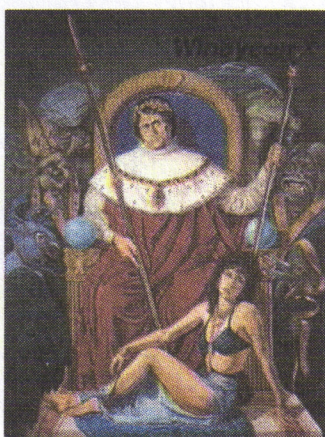
1985 WindyCon XII
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: C. J. Cherryh
 Art/Fan GoH:
 Todd Cameron Hamilton
 TM: Algis Budrys
 Chair: Kathleen Meyer
 Program Book Cover:
 Todd Cameron Hamilton



1982 WindyCon IX
 Lincolnwood Hyatt
 GoHs: Frederik Pohl, Jack Williamson
 Chair: Dick Spelman



1986 WindyCon XIII
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 November 14-16
 GoH: Harry Harrison
 Artist GoH: Arlin Robins
 Editor GoH:
 Donald & Elsie Wollheim
 TM: Marta Randall
 Chair: Debra A. Wright
 Program Book Cover:
 Arlin Robins
 ISFiC Winner:
 Richard Chwedyk,
 "Getting Along with Larga"



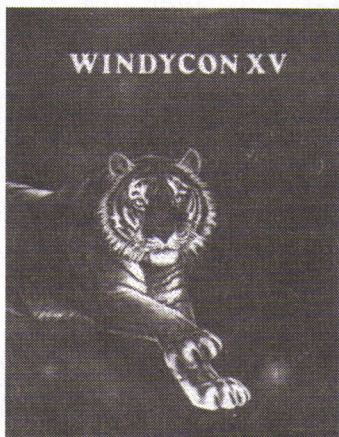
1983 WindyCon X
 October 7-9
 Arlington Park Hilton
 GoH: George R R Martin
 Artist GoH: Victoria Poyser
 Fan GoH: Ben Yalow
 Chair: Tom Veal
 Program Book Cover:
 Victoria Poyser



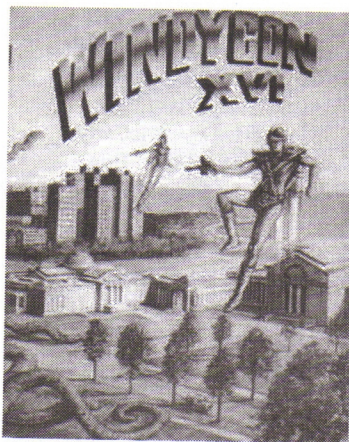
1987 WindyCon XIV
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 November 6-8
 GoH: Vernor Vinge
 Fantasy GoH: Jane Yolen
 Editor GoH: Beth Meacham
 Artist GoH:
 Darlene P. Coltrain
 Fan GoH: Dick Spelman
 TM: Mike Resnick
 Chair: Debra A. Wright
 Program Book Cover:
 Darlene P. Coltrain
 ISFiC Winner:
 Eugenia M. Hayden,
 "The Library"



1984 WindyCon XI
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: Alan Dean Foster
 Artist GoH/Fan GoH:
 Joan Hanke-Woods
 TM: Algis Budrys
 Chair: Kathleen Meyer
 Program Book Cover:
 Joan Hanke-Woods



1988 WindyCon XV
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 November 11-13
 GoH: Orson Scott Card
 Artist GoH: Erin McKee
 Editor GoH: Lou Aronica
 Fan GoHs:
 Lynne & Mark Aronson
 TM: Bob Tucker
 Chair: Kathleen M. Meyer
 Program Book Cover:
 Erin McKee
 ISFiC Winner:
 Richard Chwedyk,
 "A Man Makes a Machine"



1989 WindyCon XVI

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 10-12
GoH: Barry B. Longyear
Artist GoH: David Lee Anderson
Fan GoH: Mike Glycer
Editor GoH: Beth Fleischer
TM: Bob Tucker
ISFiC Guests: Yuri Kagarlitsky,
Kathy Tyers,
Mitchell Burnside-Clapp
Chair: Lenny Wenshe
Program Book Cover:
David Lee Anderson



1993 WindyCon XX

Hyatt, Regency Woodfield
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Artist GoHs: Kelly Freas,
Laura Brodian-Freas
Editor GoH: Algis Budrys
Fan GoH: Bill Higgins
TM: Barry B. Longyear
ISFiC Guest: George Alec Effinger
Chair: Dina S. Krause
Program Book Cover: Kelly Freas
ISFiC Winner:
C.T. Fluhr, "Dead Chute"



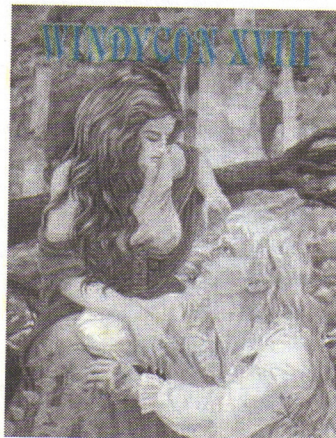
1990 WindyCon XVII

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 9-11
GoH: Barbara Hambly
Artist GoH: Bob Eggleton
Publisher GoH: Brian Thomsen
Fan GoH: Martha Beck
TM: Mike Resnick
ISFiC Guests: Mark Rogers
Chair: Lenny Wenshe
Program Book Cover: Bob Eggleton
ISFiC Winner:
Robin Leigh Michaels,
"Ailin's Castle"



1994 WindyCon XXI

Hyatt, Regency Woodfield
GoH: Sharyn McCrumb
Artist GoH: Janny Wurts
Fan GoH: Alice Bentley
TM: Barbara Hambly
Scholar GoH:
Dr. Clark E. Wilmarth
ISFiC Guest:
George Alec Effinger
Chair: Dina S. Krause
Program Book Cover:
Janny Wurts
ISFiC Winner:
Emmett Gard Pittman, "Packers"



1991 WindyCon XVIII

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 8-10
GoH: Mike Resnick
Artist GoH: P.D. Breeding Black
Editor GoH: Robert Weinberg
Fan GoH: Howard DeVore
TM: George Alec Effinger
ISFiC Guest: Del Harris
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan
Program Book Cover:
P.D. Breeding Black
ISFiC Winner:
Vanessa Crouther,
"Soul to Take"



1995 WindyCon XXII

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Poul Anderson
Artist GoH: Heather Bruton
Fan GoHs: Dick Smith,
Leah Zeldes Smith
Editor GoH: Stanley Schmidt
TMs: Bob & Anne Passovoy
ISFiC Guests: Ben Bova,
Harry Turtledove
Chair: Bill Roper
Program Book Cover:
Heather Bruton
ISFiC Winner: William McMahon,
"In Memoriam"



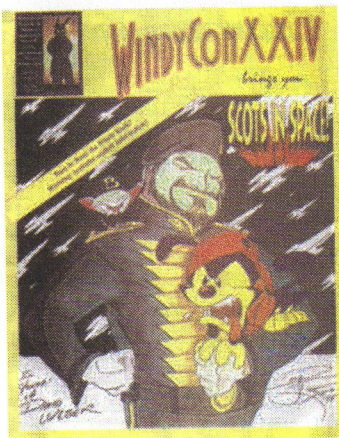
1992 WindyCon XIX

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 6-8
GoH: Robert Shea
Artist GoH:
Todd Cameron Hamilton
Super GoH: Julius Schwartz
Fan GoHs: Wolf & Rick Foss
TMs: Rick & Wolf Foss
ISFiC Guests:
John Varley, Dean Ing,
Spider & Jeanne Robinson
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan
Program Book Cover:
Todd Cameron Hamilton
ISFiC Winner:
Sheila Insley, "Make-Up Magic"



1996 WindyCon XXIII

Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Lois McMaster Bujold
Artist GoH: Randy Asplund-Faith
Fan GoH: Tom and Tara Barber
Science GoH: Christian Ready
TM: Barry B. Longyear
ISFiC Guests: George Alec Effinger,
Ricia Mainhardt
ISFiC Super Guest: Julius Schwartz
Chair: Bill Roper
Program Book Cover:
Randy Asplund-Faith
ISFiC Winner: C.T. Fluhr,
"All Through the House"

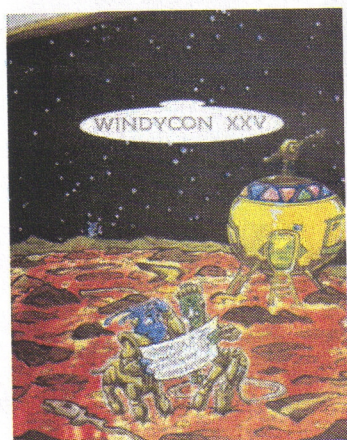


1997 WindyCon XXIV
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: David M. Weber
 Artist GoH: Doug Rice
 Fan GoH: Tim Lane,
 Elizabeth Garrott
 Editor GoH: Charles Ryan
 TM: Yale Edeiken
 ISFiC Guest: Christian Ready
 Chair: Ross Pavlac*
 Program Book Cover: Doug Rice
 ISFiC Winner:
 David W. Crawford &
 Carol Johnson, "Little Girl Lost"

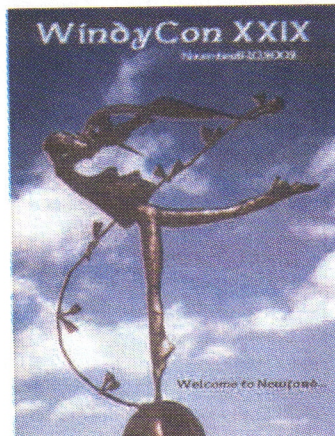
**Rick Waterson served as at-Con
 Chair when Ross was hospitalized
 two days before the con.*



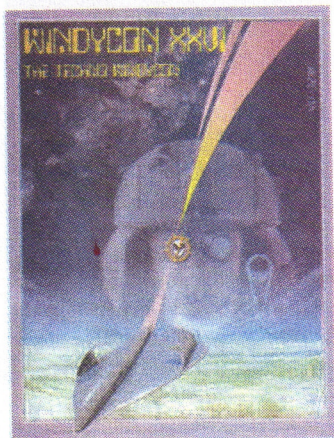
2001 WindyCon XXVIII
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: Kevin Anderson
 Artist GoH: David Egge
 Fan GoH: Dave McCarty
 ISFiC Guest: David Brin
 TMs: Jody Lynn Nye,
 Bill Fawcett
 Chair: Amy Wenshe
 Program Book Cover:
 David Egge



1998 WindyCon XXV
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: Allen Steele
 Artist GoH: Phil Foglio
 Fan GoHs: Marcy &
 Barry Lyn-Waitsman
 Editor GoH: Martin H. Greenberg
 TM: Christian Ready
 Science GoH:
 Mitchell Burnside Clapp
 Silver GoH: Frederik Pohl
 ISFiC Guest: Christian Ready
 Chair: Rick Waterson
 Program Book Cover: Phil Foglio
 ISFiC Winner:
 Susan L. Wachowski, "Grandpa"



2002 WindyCon XXIX
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: Charles de Lint
 Artist GoH: Lisa Snelling
 Editor GoH: Betsy Mitchell
 Fan GoHs: Mark & Evelyn
 Leeper
 TM: Bob Eggleton
 Chair: Steven H Silver
 Program Book Cover:
 Lisa Snellings



1999 WindyCon XXVI
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoHs: Kris Rusch,
 Dean Wesley Smith
 Artist GoH: Steven Vincent Johnson
 Fan GoH: Chaz Boston Baden
 TM: Barry B. Longyear
 Science GoH:
 Mitchell Burnside Clapp
 Chair: Rick Waterson
 Program Book Cover:
 Steven Vincent Johnson
 ISFiC Winner: Sharon L. Nelson,
 "Passing Through"

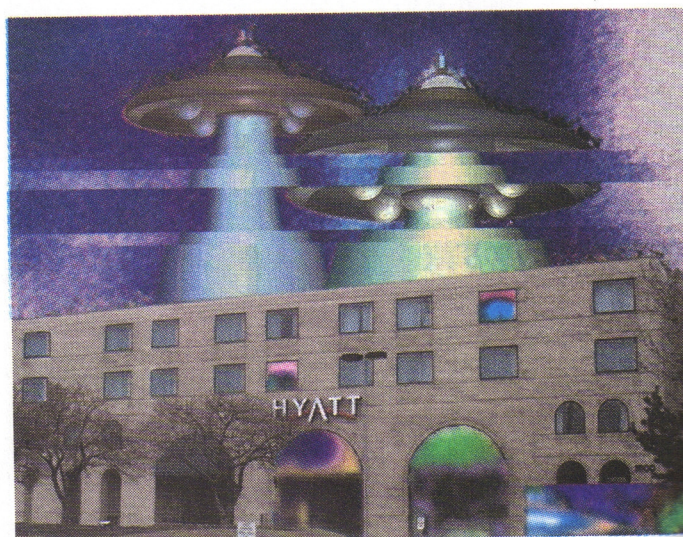
WindyCon Perfect Attendees

These are the folks who have managed, one way or another to
 attend every single WindyCon. Give them your congratulations!

Barry Lyn-Waitsman
 Lanny Waitsman
 Alex Eisenstein
 Dr. Bob and Anne Passavoy
 Unicorn
 Phoenix
 Jim Fuerstenburg



2000 WindyCon XXVII
 Hyatt Regency Woodfield
 GoH: Terry Brooks
 Artist GoH: Lubov
 Fan GoHs: Larry and Sally Smith
 Editor GoHs: Patrick & Teresa
 Nielsen Hayden
 TM: Phyllis Eisenstein
 Chair: Amy Wenshe
 Program Book Cover: Lubov



DUCKON 13

TRISKAIDUCKAPHOBIA

JUNE 4-6, 2004

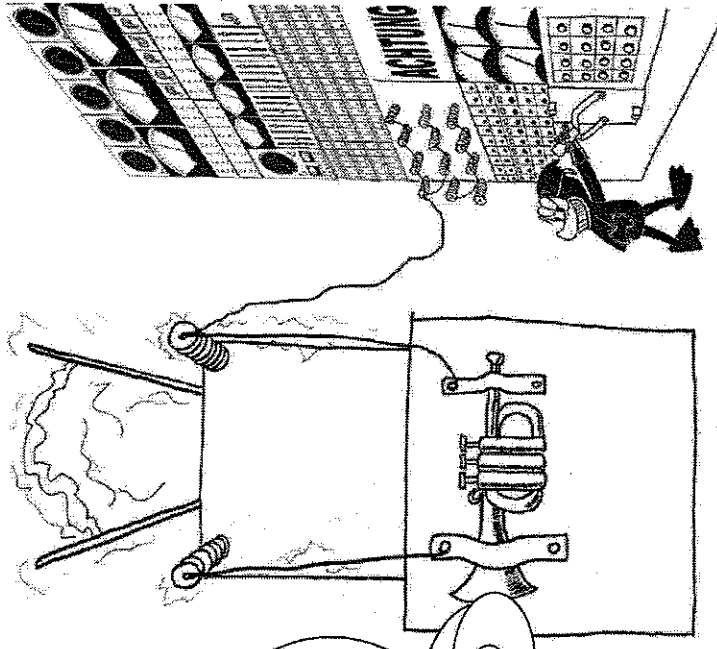
RAMADA PLAZA - NORTHSORE

ERIC FLINT-LITERARY GUEST OF HONOR
BUTCH HONECK-ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR
STEVE MACDONALD-FILM GUEST OF HONOR
ROXANNE MEIDA KING-FAN GUEST OF HONOR

SPECIAL GUESTS: JD ILLIAD FRAZER, NICK POLLOTTA

REGISTRATION - \$35
'TIL MAY 1, 2004

DUCKON
PO BOX 4843
WHEATON, IL
60189-4843



TRIS·KAI·DEK·A·PHO·BI·A An abnormal fear of the number 13

TRIS·KAI·DUCK·A·PHO·BI·A An abnormal fear of the 13th Duck

Restaurant Guide

Our thanks to the fine folks at DucKon, who we shamelessly stole these restaurant descriptions from...

Houlihan's 0.07 miles

1901 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg, IL (847) 605-0002

A few ethnic offerings but generally determinedly American cuisine, ranging from burgers & sandwiches to ribs, steaks & pasta. The baked potato soup is good...but everything else is pretty mundane. The service has been less than stellar of late, as well. No reservations but call ahead for priority seating.

Joe's Crab Shack 0.15 miles

2000 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-1212

They do not accept reservations, so there's always a long wait; so long, in fact, that none of us has ever stuck around long enough to set foot inside the door. We suggest you bring a good book to pass the time.

Ram Restaurant & Brewpub 0.16 miles

1901 E. McConnor Pkwy, Schaumburg, IL (847) 517-8791

A passable selection of beers brewed on site; the food tends toward the pricey side. The general consensus is that the chef needs to be recalibrated; in particular, stay away from the steaks, which tend to be overpriced, overspiced, and overcooked. Dessert portions are generous, however.

Sweet Tomatoes 0.17 miles

1951 E McConnor Pkwy, Schaumburg, IL (847) 619-1271

Good value for the fannish dollar; it's an all-you-care-to-eat salad, soup, and pasta buffet. The salad section has both prepared salads as well as build-your own; note that this latter has almost every ingredient ever considered for inclusion into a salad...and they're all remarkably fresh.

Hooters 0.18 miles

1705 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg, IL (847) 619-4668

Who are we going to kid? A lot of people come here for the T-shirts. No, not the ones they sell.

Timpano Restaurant 0.20 miles

1695 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg, IL (847) 517-8866

Upscale Italian chophouse, seeking to recapture the opulence of the martini-fueled restaurant scene of Chicago and New York in the 1950's and 1960's. The menu spans the spectrum from lobster and steaks to pasta.

Cheesecake Factory 0.34 miles

Section H, Woodfield Mall (847) 619-1090

Very long waits, but the food is excellent and the portions are generous. Can't really handle groups larger than 6 gracefully. If you're expecting traditional New York-style cheesecake, you won't find it here. However, their cheesecake is very tasty...even tastier if you get topping.

John's Garage 0.34 miles

Section O, Woodfield Mall (847) 619-0046

Good food-mostly American with some assorted ethnic twists thrown in; very kid friendly (they even serve Kraft Macaroni & Cheese). The buffalo wings are excellent. Better than average old-time motoring décor. Go early (4:30-5:30) to avoid the dinner rush.

Rainforest Cafe 0.34 miles

Section P, Woodfield Mall (847) 619-1900

A bit on the pricey side as far as the food is concerned, but you're paying for the animatronic animals (kids love the elephants) and the spectacular aquarium. They frequently have live animal demos in the gift store area as well.

Red Robin 0.34 miles

Section M, Woodfield Mall (847) 517-4476

A decent upscale burger joint, which means that a lot of the toppings on the burgers & chicken sandwiches are fancy. They feature "bottomless" steak fries, which means they'll keep throwing soft, fried potato wedges at you until you simply can't face eating them any more.

Ruby Tuesday 0.34 miles

Section I, Woodfield Mall (847) 330-1433

Good salad bar, decent steak and chicken dishes. Service is sometimes spotty; a good value for the money.

Stir Crazy 0.34 miles

Section S, Woodfield Mall (847) 330-1200

Very tasty pan-Asian stir-fry cuisine. You can build your own or order off the menu; their Thai selection is particularly good. Not a particularly kid-friendly place to eat, however.

Schlotzky's Deli 0.36 miles

1564 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 330-2867

A relatively recent import into Chicagoland, their original sandwich is a tasty blend of nearly every kind of sandwich meat known with about 100 kinds of cheese. They have other tasty sandwiches as well.

California Pizza Kitchen 0.38 miles

1550 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 413-9200

If you're a pizza purist, you won't like CPK, where yuppified California cuisine meets a thin pizza crust. On the other hand, if you go expecting to eat an interesting variety of things piled on a crispy flat round base, you'll be all right.

Chevy's Fresh Mex Restaurant 0.48 miles

1180 N Plaza Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 413-9100

One of the best Mexican restaurant chains we've encountered, even if it is Tex-Mex. They brag that they have no canned food in the kitchen, and the food tastes like it; every thing is exceedingly fresh and tasty. They have a particularly deft touch with the peppers, so that dishes which need heat are spicy, but not excessively so. The kids & the techies will love the tortilla-making machine, which pops out fresh, piping hot pieces of nirvana every minute or so.

Panera Bread 0.49 miles

1140 N Plaza Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 969-9110

A combination bakery/deli, which serves sandwiches, salads, and a few soups in bread bowls. Most sandwiches are made fresh when you order them, although the baked sandwiches (Panini) are frequently made ahead of time for the rush periods and thus cannot be customized. Soups are served in sourdough bread bowls - very tasty, but they tend to be on the salty side.

Pizzeria Uno 0.49 miles

1160 N Plaza Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 413-0200

Great pizza, one of the first to do deep-dish and still one of the best. The thin crust is better for the lunch specials. Note that parking can sometimes be a problem as it is shared with Chevy's and Panera. If there's no parking close by, park at Timpano's and hike over.

Corner Bakery 0.51 miles

1901 E Woodfield Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 240-1111

A decent place to get upscale sandwiches, soups, pasta and pizza. The breakfast selections are pretty tasty too. It can get pretty expensive if you're not careful.

Maggiano's Little Italy 0.51 miles

1901 E Woodfield Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 240-5600

Pretty good food in huge quantities-by "family style" they mean that most entrees will amply feed more than one person. The food is good, but perhaps not quite as good as its reputation might indicate. Not a place to go for a quick meal. Reservations accepted for large groups, but count on a wait anyway.

The Curragh Irish Pub 0.57 miles

1700 E Woodfield Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 706-1700

Authentic Irish atmosphere, some authentic Irish cuisine (and a lot of very tasty Irish-inspired food), great selection of drinkables and outstanding service. Go hungry, and prepare to be stuffed; the Guinness Cheese Soup is a meal unto itself.

Morton's of Chicago 0.58 miles

1470 McConnor Pkwy, Schaumburg IL (847) 413-8771

One of the finest steakhouses in the country, even if it is a chain, and priced accordingly. Every item is a la carte, so you build your own dinner. The side dishes are all excellent and very large; come with a large appetite and a hefty credit card balance. The baked potato is a meal unto itself. Fine wine selection. This is NOT the Outback-appropriate dress and decorum are expected. A great place to go on someone else's expense account. Reservations accepted and recommended.

Prairie Rock Brewing Co. 0.64 miles

1385 N Meacham Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 605-9900

A mostly unimpressive selection of site-brewed beers, accompanied by unimpressive food. They've done a nice job of making a brand-new building look like a disused warehouse, though.

Taco Bell 0.71 miles

650 Mall Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-8320

Thoroughly adequate Mexican fast-food. Not authentic Mexican cuisine by a long shot, but often still the subject of random cravings.

Chipotle Mexican Grill 0.72 miles

601 N Martingale Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-8670

Upscale Mexican fast-food (burritos, etc.) A touch yuppified, but it is excellent food at decent prices. Some entrees can be surprisingly spicy.

Meacham Street Grill 0.78 miles

1939 N Meacham Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 397-4840

New Orleans cuisine, featuring crawfish & jambalaya; reservations not required but suggested.

House of Hunan 0.81 miles

1233 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 605-1166

Chinese cuisine, centered on Hunan specialties. Reservations are suggested during the weekend.

Smokey Bones BBQ 0.81 miles

680 Mall Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 605-0889

Service is pretty good. The menu hits most of what us folks in the North think of as barbecue. Both St. Louis and baby back ribs, brisket, pulled pork, etc.

Gaylord's India Restaurant 0.82 miles

555 Mall Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 619-3300

Someday we're going to struggle past the lunch buffet and actually order something off the menu; the buffet is so good and there's so much on it that we never get that far. There's spicy food and mild, vegetarian & meat; something for everyone. The buffet also features a salad bar-mostly Indian, but a tossed salad is also available-and dessert...frittery things in a honey sauce, cheesy things in a milky sauce; also rice and rice fresh, warm naan at your table. We regret getting full there, because we then have to stop eating.

Franco's Cucina 0.86 miles

204 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 781-3900

Fast-food Italian deli/cafe.

Bennigan's Grill & Tavern 0.88 miles

1770 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-7785

To quote the Simpsons, "A lot of deep-fried goodness, with a bunch of crazy crap on the walls!" Average food centered around burgers and Americanized pasta and stir-fry dishes. Reservations accepted.

Barbecue Pit / Elegant Express 0.88 miles

4003 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 397-8666

Carryout barbecue-note that they stop taking orders about half an hour before closing time.

Stadium Sports Club & Pizza 0.89 miles

4015 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 397-2440

Pizza, burgers, lots of pasta. Reservations are appreciated.

Big Bowl 0.89 miles

1950 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-8881

Pan-Asian (Chinese, Thai & Vietnamese). Similar to Stir Crazy in that you can order stir-fry off the menu or mix & match your own, but more rushed and crowded. Reservations accepted.

Denny's 0.89 miles

1700 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 706-9775

Good, solid American diner fare. Breakfast skillet are an especially good way to kick off those long drives home after the con. Reservations accepted, and appreciated for large groups.

Shaw's Crab House 0.89 miles

1900 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 517-2722

Seafood; also steak, chicken & pasta. They can fudge vegetarian. Reservations recommended on weekends.

TGIFriday's 0.91 miles

1893 Walden Office Sq, Schaumburg IL (847)397-2433

American (burgers, pasta, chicken etc.); reservations not accepted but they do have call-ahead seating.

Chicago Prime Steakhouse 0.92 miles

1370 Bank Dr, Schaumburg IL (847) 969-9900

Steaks & seafood. Reservations are suggested.

The Ballpark 1.04 miles

1925 N Meacham Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 397-2666

Rotisserie chicken, burgers, steak, pizza. Reservations accepted.

Connie's Pizza 1.08 miles

1261 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 413-9913

Pizza, sandwiches & soups. Reservations requested for large groups; also suggested on weekends.

Woo Lee Oak 1.09 miles

3201 Algonquin Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 870-9910

Korean cuisine.

Benihana 1.11 miles

1200 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 995-8201

The big Japanese steakhouse chain, with chefs flinging sharp objects and food around for your entertainment. Probably worth going to once, for the show, but other Japanese steakhouses offer better food and more generous portions. An excellent place for a salesman to take clients to impress them-if the clients are less than 13 years old or were raised in a hut. Does not handle large groups well.

Champs Americana 1.15 miles

955 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 240-1333

Sandwiches & hamburgers. Reservations recommended after 8:00pm.

Russell's Barbecue 1.19 miles

2885 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 259-5710

Fast-food barbecue beef & pork. The general consensus is that you get a better meal if you eat the menu and skip the food.

Ming's Chinese 1.22 miles

1941 E Algonquin Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 303-6667

Mandarin cuisine. Nice décor, reasonable serving sizes, but service and cleanliness are unreliable.

Ritz's Cafe & Backerei 1.30 miles

2765 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 253-8027

Could be considered an upscale version of a traditional diner, with an unusually wide selection of bakery desserts. There is often a wait in the evenings-and yes, you can just stop in and buy bakery goods.

Red Lobster 1.34 miles

800 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 843-2743

Generally reliable seafood chain-not the best you'll get by any means, usually good, and nice-sized portions. (Don't ignore the cheesy rolls which come with the meal.) Plan on a wait at most meal hours-quite early or late is best.

Greek Village Taverna 1.35 miles

795 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 885-4950

Pretty darned good authentic Greek fare; good variety, very attractive atmosphere. They are very accommodating to groups. Worth a visit.

El Valle 1.42 miles

2216 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 253-1550

Mexican, mostly takeout (they have 20 seats).

Einstein Bros. Bagels 1.42 miles

685 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 310-9882

Wonderful bagels, with a wide variety of savory and sweet flavors. Some of the sweet types could be considered as doughnuts with substance. They also feature flavored cream cheese spreads and serve sandwiches.

No. 1 Chop Suey 1.44 miles

2208 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 259-9100

Mandarin cuisine; delivery or carryout.

Portillo's 1.53 miles

1900 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 228-0777

Good hamburgers, Chicago-style hot dogs, chili dogs, tamales and Italian beef sandwiches. The ribs, available in the evenings, are outstanding.

Jake's Pizza 1.58 miles

5999 New Wilke Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 952-3278

Pretty good thin-crust Chicago pizza, other reasonably good Italian stuff. Beer on tap, traditional middle-class Italian restaurant seating area (i.e., don't go for the romantic ambiance.)

Pepe's Mexican Restaurant 1.58 miles

5153 New Wilke Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 577-7373

Lackluster Mexican food, aimed at the American mass-market palate.

Hickory Roasters 1.59 miles

5440 New Wilke Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 290-8530

Better than average barbecue chicken & fixin's in a fast-food setting. The corn muffins and cole slaw are also above fast-food standards.

Papa John's Pizza 1.60 miles

704 E Higgins Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 885-7272

Sauce is somewhat sweeter than Domino's or Little Caesar's. For you garlic fans, the garlic sauce is seriously addictive.

Barnelli's Pasta Bowl 1.61 miles
611 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 884-9888

Magnum's Prime Steakhouse 1.69 miles
1701 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 952-8555
Steaks & seafood.

Fuddrucker's 1.73 miles
1701 Buttonwood Circle, Schaumburg IL (847) 519-9390
Great burgers (cooked to order, which is fairly unusual) and onion rings. Most of the salads and chicken dishes are good as well. The chili dogs are among the best in existence, but are so unmanageable they have to be eaten with a fork and knife. A topping bar, which resembles a salad bar, is available. Skip the steak entrees, but the steak sandwich is passable.

Baker's Square 1.74 miles
1755 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 806-1165
Very good pies and worth considering if you just want dessert (they do French Silk better than almost anyone else). The rest of the menu is not as notable; standard American family restaurant fare.

Oberweis Dairy 1.75 miles
1735 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 290-9222
5 stars out of 4. The most wonderful ice cream in the world; stupendously rich but not stupidly sweet. All the ice cream and yogurts are made on the premises, so the freshness can't be beat. A smaller selection of flavors than some, but who cares?

Zippy's Restaurant 1.77 miles
1720 W Algonquin Rd, Arlington Heights IL (847) 705-9797
Variety of fast food, none of it terribly notable.

Baja Fresh Mexican Grill 1.80 miles
1655 Algonquin Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 228-0178
Yupified Mexican fast-food chain. A far, far, far cry from Taco Bell, for which we must all be grateful. Specializes in the 'baja style' taco, which is made on a small corn tortilla and contains meat, mild salsa & cabbage. One of the few places to get good fish tacos in Chicagoland.

Chili's Grill & Bar 1.87 miles
1480 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 228-0072
Decent Tex-Mex food at decent prices. Selections range from sandwiches to entrees to ribs; although the 'Chili' in the name refers to the peppers more than the dish, they have that too, and it's good!

Panda Express 1.88 miles
1454 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 427-9716
Fast-food Chinese cuisine. Expect to find beef & mushrooms, a chicken dish, and the usual accouterments. A very small, very fast Chinese buffet.

Old Country Buffet 1.89 miles
1440 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 806-6299
Stupid amounts of food for not a lot of money; if you have hungry teenagers, you will not find a better deal. Good place to go if you have a group of people with a wide spectrum of tastes &/or diet requirements; everyone will find something edible here. Quality-wise, the food holds its own with most diners. Nothing spectacular, but then again, no dismal failures either.

Pizza Hut 1.94 miles
2131 Plum Grove Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 397-0339
The quality of their pizza has improved considerably in the face of competition from Domino's, Little Caesar's, & Papa John's. The pizza buffet makes for an interesting lunch.

Gino's East 1.95 miles
1321 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 364-6648
Big-name deep-dish Chicago-style pizza. Known for its extra-casual atmosphere, including graffiti on the walls. If you like sausage pizza, this is the place to go-their sausage pizza contains a solid slab of sausage which covers the entire bottom crust.

Moy Fong's 1.96 miles
932 W Algonquin Rd, Arlington Heights IL (847) 259-9422
Chinese cuisine

India Garden 1.98 miles
855 E Schaumburg Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 524-3007
Southern Indian cuisine, somewhat small but very friendly.

Silver Lake Chinese Restaurant 2.00 miles
837 E Algonquin Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 925-1818
Some of the best pot stickers we've found anywhere! The menu has a wide variety and, overall is very good. There are a few klunkers to watch out for (avoid the curry chicken). The wait staff is very attentive, friendly and quick. Note of caution - may lack consistency in quality from one location to another.

Giordano's 2.01 miles
823 E Algonquin Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 397-8800
Good mid-road Italian; the pizza (deep dish and other) do not meet Gino's East or Uno's standards but are well above Little Caesar's and (by most people's taste) Pizza Hut. Service is sometimes slow.

Cajun Kitchen 2.02 miles
1155 Golf Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 290-5500
A real gem-don't let the fact that it's owned by Popeye's deter you. Very good Cajun cuisine at very reasonable prices, including red beans & rice to die for, huge, light, fluffy biscuits, and a wondrous rack of ribs simmered to perfect tenderness in a piquant Tobasco-based sauce.

Great American Bagel 2.03 miles
3240 Kirchoff Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 797-8686
Very good bagels. They have bagel sandwiches and soups as well.

Little Caesars 2.04 miles
3106 Kirchoff Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 255-6688
The best buy of pizza take-out or delivery places.

Pappadeaux Seafood Kitchen 2.06 miles
798 W Algonquin Rd, Arlington Heights IL (847) 228-9551
Very good Cajun-oriented seafood restaurant. Mostly not very spicy; they cater to mass market. But the fish is fresh, service is professional, atmosphere is good (not quiet, good). The Alligator nuggets are fine - but not all that different from chicken ones. Wide range of prices; \$15-\$35 per complete meal per person. Reservations accepted and often necessary.

Domino's Pizza 2.06 miles
738 E Schaumburg Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 490-1111
Cheap, mass-produced pizza...good but uninspired if you need a pizza fix fast... but there's lots better out there.

Rosati's Pizza 2.07 miles
2913 Kirchoff Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 577-0088
Chicagoland chain of pizza places...not bad; a step up from the cheap national delivery chains, but not up to the level of a Gino's East or Pizzeria Uno.

Wa-Pa-Ghetti's Pizza 2.11 miles
2641 Kirchoff Rd, Rolling Meadows IL (847) 259-6638
Good traditional Neapolitan pizza, more or less New York style. (That's hard to find around here.) Take out only.

Outback Steakhouse 2.13 miles
216 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 843-8884
Good steak, good rack of lamb (not fatty!), good bloomin onion, hmm...let's just shorten that to everything we've ever had there is good. Sometimes it gets noisy, but not too bad, and not too much cr...er...kitsch decoration. Decent service. Where we go when we want good steak, but don't want to pay for the atmosphere of the fancier steakhouses.

Yu's Mandarin Restaurant 2.19 miles
200 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 882-5340
Mandarin cuisine, most things on the menu are quite good.

European Crystal 2.31 miles
519 W Algonquin Rd, Arlington Heights IL (847) 437-5590
Wonderful Pan-European cuisine, with emphasis on German and Polish specialties.

Mongolian Stir Fry 2.34 miles
16 E Golf Rd, Schaumburg IL (847) 882-7268
Restaurants like this one are a lot of fun, because if you don't like what you get, it's your own darn fault! You mix and match meats, veggies, sauces & flavorings, and the restaurant cooks it for you. They have some pretty nifty side dishes as well.

Note: There are many fast food places in the Mall not mentioned here!

Area Maps



elevator in a space station? How would a ball game look if it were played there? If you woke up in a strange location, what simple tests would tell if you were in a rotating space station rather than at rest on the ground? And so on...I found that there are some interesting side-effects of artificial gravity, perhaps well known to NASA experts but obscure to the rest of us. And I was surprised to find that some recent SF hasn't been too accurate in describing the space habitat environment.

Looking at the world from a rotating vantage point (be it a merry-go-round or a space station) is odd and confusing. So let's start with a simple concrete example. Suppose that we are on a doughnut space station, about half the size of the big one in 2001, providing living and working space at earth-normal gravity (1 g) for about 150 people. Such a station might take the form of a "wheel" 15 m wide and 160 m in diameter, rotating on its axis so that it makes a full rotation every 18 seconds. Because the floor of the space station rotates through its full circumference in this time, it has a speed (called the *tangential velocity* because the velocity lies along the tangent of the circle of travel) of 27.9 m/s. A note here on scaling to other sizes: If the station had *four times* this diameter, the rotation period to give 1 g of artificial gravity would be *twice* as long and the speed of the floor would be *twice* as large.

Let's do a simple "Mr. Science" experiment in this space station. Place a phonograph turntable on floor and use it to spin a cake pan filled with water. Let's use a cake pan 40 cm in diameter and spin it at the 78 RPM setting of the turntable. The outer edges of the spinning cake pan will be moving at a speed of 1.6 m/s with respect to the floor. Therefore, the edge of the cake pan towards one outside wall of the station is traveling at an absolute speed of $(27.9+1.6)=29.5$ m/s, while the opposite edge of the pan has a speed of $(27.9-1.6)=26.3$ m/s. The pull of artificial gravity depends on the square of this tangential speed, so the "fast" edge experiences an increased pull of 1.12 g, while the pull on the "slow" edge decreases to 0.89 g. The water in the pan will tend to tilt, climbing higher on the slow edge and dropping lower on the fast edge. A spinning gyroscope would tumble in the same way, making the toy top a poor gift for a space child. And so we see different physical effects in the artificial gravity of a space station than would be found if the same experiments were performed in the "natural" gravity of Earth.

This simple experiment has an interesting implication for the psycho-physiology of human balance. Our equilibrium and our perception of vertical orientation come from the interaction of the fluid in the semicircular canals of our inner ears with the nerve fibers there. The vertigo experienced during and after spinning in an amusement park ride demonstrates what happens when this mechanism is disturbed. Seasickness is another example. Now suppose that you stand looking spinward down the long upward-curving hall along the rim of the space station, and then rapidly turn your head clockwise so that you are looking at the side wall to your right. Your head has made a rotation similar to that of the pan on the turntable. The fluid in your semicircular canals will therefore rise on one side and drop on the other as the water did. The subjective consequence is that you will "see" the floor tilt to the left, with the right side wall "rising" and the left side wall

"dropping" momentarily. The amount of perceived floor tilt depends on the ratio of ear-velocity to floor velocity, but for any but the very largest of space stations the tilt sensation will be a quite unmistakable. This effect is likely to be fairly disorienting and may be a source of nausea and vertigo for the "greenhorn" who has just arrived from "natural" gravity. For the experienced space station inhabitant, however, the "floor-tilt effect" will become a useful aid to orientation because it will allow the user to tell whether he is looking "spinward" (in the direction that the floor is moving due to the spin) or "anti-spinward" (against the floor velocity) down the hall.

Head twisting and nodding will also produce other subjective effects. Facing a wall at right angles to the spin direction and doing a similar head twist will make the floor seem to tilt up or down. Nodding or wobbling your head will produce similar effects. Placed in a small closed room, the experienced space station dweller can establish his orientation with respect to the spin of the station with a few twists of his head.

The memorable jogging scene of 2001 when astronaut Frank Poole runs in what we see as a vertical circle brings to mind another effect. The jogger running spinward down a hall along the rim of the station increases his tangential velocity, thereby creating a slight increase in the centrifugal pull he experiences and giving the impression of running uphill. Running anti-spinward will decrease the pull slightly and create the impression of running downhill. The change in pull will depend on the ratio of running speed to floor speed, and the effect would be less in a big station than a small one.

The mysterious "force" that makes the water tilt in the pan, moves the fluid in the semicircular canals, and changes the pull on the runner is called the *Coriolis force*. Like the "centrifugal force" which makes spin-generated artificial gravity, the Coriolis force is not a real force of nature, but rather a sort of illusion or pseudo-force which appears to observers in rotating systems. But if the Coriolis force is an illusion, its effects are nevertheless quite real. Its actions on air flow on the Earth's surface are responsible for the circular weather patterns visible in satellite weather pictures: the ragged spiral of the hurricane and the gentle swirl and counter-swirl of high and low pressure areas.

Another Coriolis effect appears when we ride the space station's elevator. There are good astronautical engineering reasons for arranging the station so that arriving shuttles dock at the station hub, matching velocity and spin with the station before establishing tight mechanical contact. Arriving passengers exit the shuttle in the zero-gravity zone of the hub and then ride an elevator to the 1 g zone at the rim where the living and working areas are located. But what is the elevator ride like? The elevator must travel 80 m from hub to rim, the rough equivalent of the elevator in a 25 story building. Let's assume that the elevator is set to accelerate to a speed of 5 m/s in a period of 2 seconds, then travel toward the rim at that speed for 14 seconds, and finally decelerate to zero velocity in the final 2 seconds of the trip.

With this arrangement, the elevator riders will be pushed against the ceiling of the car for two seconds with a force of 0.25g. During that 2-second period, a pull toward the anti-spinward wall of the car will build up to a force of 0.22 g. During the 14-second ride, this sideways force will remain constant, but added to it will be a downward force which builds up to 1 g as the centrifugal

force of the station's spin builds. Finally in the last 2 seconds of the ride, the downward force will rise to 1.25 g and the pull toward the anti-spinward wall will diminish to zero. As the car stops and the passengers step out the constant 1 g downward pull of the station is all that remains. And so the passengers have had a very peculiar ride. Their perception of "down-ness" has migrated from the ceiling to the anti-spinward wall and finally to the floor, as if the car had rotated 180° during the trip.

The source of the sideways pull in the elevator is the Coriolis force. An equivalent view is that the riders in the elevator must travel from the hub, where they have zero tangential velocity, to the rim, where they must match the 27.9 m/s tangential velocity of the floor. Clearly during the elevator ride they must not only be taken "down" along a radius from the hub to the rim, but they must also be accelerated up to the speed of their new environment. The sideways push of the elevator wall accomplishes this. A similar ride in the upward direction from rim to hub would reverse these forces, and now the sideways pull toward the spinward wall removes the rim's tangential speed to match the hub environment.

Finally, let's consider space station sports. How would a baseball pitch or a basketball pass be changed in the environment of the space station? The answer depends on the direction of travel of the ball. Movement parallel to the station's axis of rotation, across the long hallway for example, shows no Coriolis effects. But a ball thrown spinward will seem to drop, and an anti-spinward pitch will rise due to Coriolis effects. Similarly a falling object will curve antispinward, a rising object will curve spinward due to the Coriolis effects, as we saw in the case of the descending elevator. Athletes after sufficient practice will begin to view these distortions of trajectory as natural and will automatically include compensations for them as a part of optimum performance. However, the size of the compensations needed depends on the tangential velocity of the space station floor, with higher velocities leading to smaller Coriolis effects. In an Inter-Orbital Olympics where participants from a variety of stations of different sizes are assembled for athletic competition, there will be a definite "home-court" advantage. Participants from smaller-diameter space stations will tend to overcorrect for the Coriolis effects and participants from larger diameter stations will undercorrect. I wonder how the Inter-Orbital Olympic Committee will handle that one?

My Fleeting Life in Science

by Pamela Sargent

Good fortune granted me a scholarship to college, and destiny, as well as economics, decreed that I attend Harpur College of the State University of New York. I arrived at its campus in 1964, in a naively befuddled state of mind that seems appalling in retrospect.

At that time, Harpur was a small liberal arts college of some 2000 students, and was known as "the public Swarthmore." Before I graduated, it had transformed itself into a larger, more crowded, and more complicated institution called the State University of New York at Binghamton. Recently, the name became simply Binghamton University. But that metamorphosis lay in the future during my freshman year. We strolled across a grassy campus

surrounded by woods to classes that rarely had more than 20 students in them; the lectures required for various courses were delivered to groups of a 100 or so. This was one school where you wouldn't get lost in the crowd, or so we thought.

If you really meant business, you were pre-med. To ask "what's your major?" was, as it is now, a way of sorting people out, and an answer of "pre-med" or "biology" guaranteed that people wouldn't think you were frivolous. Something like a third of us were allegedly pre-med, at least in the beginning. However eccentric, messy, drunken, drugged out, or radical we became—and Harpur's social and political environment encouraged all these tendencies—nobody could accuse us of being in college just to fool around. We were ambitious and *serious*, even if a lot of us went to classes in our bare feet, without shoes, during warmer weather. We were *pre-med*.

I sometimes wonder if parental influence had something to do with this. It's a lot easier to tell parents that you're pre-med (in other words, at college to master something that might eventually yield social status and big bucks—medicine did in those days, anyway) than that you've decided to major in, say, Italian literature of the Renaissance. In my case, I had a mother with an extremely practical bent.

During my childhood, my mother decided to go back to school and get a Master's degree in chemistry, her undergraduate major. Her Master's thesis had something to do with crystals. I don't recall much about this project except that our kitchen countertops, for some time, were cluttered with test tubes filled with substances in various stages of crystallization. Since the kitchen had been taken over by this experiment, we also ate a lot of frozen chicken pot pies, TV dinners, hot dogs, and take-out pizzas, a diet that my brothers, my sister, and I didn't much mind.

As it happened, chemistry was not my mother's first choice as a subject for study. Her early ambitions were to go to college, study Latin and ancient history, and then become a globe-trotting journalist—or "girl reporter," as they were called in those days. But she was also a child of the Depression who had grown up with no money and few prospects until she won a scholarship. Foolish, she thought, to waste this largesse on something as impractical as Latin. Chemistry was practical. It also seemed a lot less ambiguous than other sorts of studies. My mother was never a big fan of ambiguity.

So it was easier to tell her that I was majoring in something practical and unambiguous. Unfortunately, the problem with being pre-med at Harpur was that you were required to take Biology 111, a course that had brought academic disaster to many. (Biology 112 was both easier and more pleasant, since it involved more botany than did Bio 111, but you had to take the 111 course first.) At the end of my first semester in college, three of my friends had flunked out, including my roommate Ruth, and all of them had been taking Bio 111. Seeing them flame out made me feel that it had been wise to avoid Bio 111 during my first semester, when there was enough to do simply making the adjustment to college life. Instead, I signed up for the required courses in literature and social sciences and electives in philosophy and French. In moments of soul-searching, I admitted to myself that I much preferred these courses to those I was supposed to be taking.

But inevitably the yoke of Bio 111 would hang around my neck. My first problem was choosing a laboratory period. We had to

put in lab time twice a week, and all the labs were scheduled for early morning (8:00 A.M.) or afternoons at 2:00. Taking an afternoon lab meant you'd be inside, unable to enjoy the few days of pleasant weather that came our way—it was my experience that sunshine and good weather always came on lab days, except during the semester I took astronomy, when you could count on a cloudy, rainy, or overcast night sky whenever you were scheduled to use the telescope. But taking a morning lab was risky, especially for somebody who hated getting up in the morning. Ruth had suffered a lethal blow by getting stuck in a morning lab, which she regularly missed; I decided on afternoons.

The biology lectures, given by Professor Posner, were scheduled for mornings, which meant a struggle to get to them. I soon found that I could catch up on my sleep there; even now, during bouts of insomnia, I can sometimes soothe myself into slumber by recalling the dulcet, monotone sound of Dr. Posner's voice as he lectured. The truth was that he wasn't any more thrilled by Bio 111 than many of his students; his specialty was botany, but along with us, he was doomed to suffer through 111 before entering the garden of 112. We had our textbooks, and Dr. Posner assigned a lot of *Scientific American* articles for outside reading, so it was possible to get through the course even while snoozing through the lectures, especially if you borrowed someone else's lecture notes. Anyway, the lab quizzes and tests were going to count for almost half of our grade.

My lab instructor was a young woman named Miss Lyon. On the first day, as we took our seats at the lab tables, I found myself between two guys named Bill and Steve. Miss Lyon told us to pick a lab partner for certain experiments, although she assured us that we would each have our own compound microscope and our own fetal pig to dissect later on.

Had I known then what I know now, I would have begged Steve to be my lab partner, and perhaps my life in science would not have been so brief. Steve was destined to graduate *magna cum laude* and go on to an illustrious career in biochemistry. But Bill, who was suddenly asking if I'd be his lab partner, was gregarious and looked like the young Tony Curtis, while the morose Steve more closely resembled a young and extremely dour Elliott Gould. With my usual sense of priorities, I decided to accept Bill's offer.

The first order of business was checking out our microscopes and learning how to prepare slides. Miss Lyon suggested that we begin by viewing a strand of our own hair.

At the time, I was streaking and bleaching my hair with various chemical products, and had finally achieved a reddish-blondish-brownish sort of shade that resembled nothing in nature. I had inherited my father's hair, which was dark, thick, and coarse, as mine had been before its hue was altered. I plucked a hair from my head, made a slide, and popped it under my microscope.

What a sight! My hair looked huge, and I discovered, after looking through the microscopes of a few classmates, that my hair was twice as thick as anyone else's. "Pam's got fat hair!" Bill shouted to the rest of the students. "You gotta look at this!" Pretty soon everyone, including Miss Lyon, was peering through my microscope and marveling at the dimensions of my hair.

That was how I started out in Bio 111, winning renown for having the fattest strand of hair in my lab section.

The first weeks of Bio 111 were deceptively pleasant, but many

obstacles still lay ahead, calculus being one of them; the introductory course was taught by Professor Hall, whose sonorous tones induced drowsiness almost as rapidly as Dr. Posner's lectures did. There was Comparative Anatomy, or "Comp Anat," as it was called, in which you had to dissect a cat. The cats came from a lab supply company, but at least once a semester, someone would call the biology department to accuse them of sending students out to kidnap cats for experimental purposes. "My cat's been missing for a week," such a caller might say, "and she'd better not be there!"

But the most wretched and deeply feared course, one from which there was no escape, was organic chemistry, taught by a tyrant named Professor Norcross who refused to grade on the curve. There were students who racked up 4.0 averages only to flounder on the shoals of organic chemistry, hardworking students who considered themselves fortunate to escape Norcross's classes with a D.

I refused to think of that. I was having too good a time making slides, staining cells to get a better look at them, and watching the antics of various forms of microbial life. I developed a special affection for the euglena as it lashed its flagellum while darting through its tiny watery realm, and later the hydra when we got to multicellular life forms. We had to draw what we observed, and write out reports. I did pretty well at this kind of lab work, mostly because I enjoyed drawing and writing.

But disillusionment lay ahead. I was about to make some unpleasant discoveries in my lab section.

Bill, my lab partner, didn't show up on the day we were supposed to do an experiment involving permeable and semipermeable membranes. As it happened, Steve's lab partner was also absent, so he offered, rather loftily, to give me some help.

We were supposed to fill tiny membrane pouches with saline solutions in varying concentrations, put them in tubes of water, and measure pH levels or some such thing to determine how permeable each membrane was. I have forgotten the purpose of this experiment, but soon realized that my membranes and saline solutions were not cooperating with me. Steve's were not doing much better, but the numbers he was writing down for his lab report made a lot more sense than mine.

"They're leaking," I said, staring dolefully at my tubes and the membranes floating in them. "I didn't tie them off tight enough. That has to be it."

"Well," Steve said, "you can do the whole thing over again, or you can just fudge the figures."

This wasn't exactly a revelation. Of course I could fudge the figures. I had taken enough science before college, including chemistry, physics, and an odd course my school offered called "The Development of Science," in which we replicated various classical experiments, and I had done plenty of fudging then. I had, in fact, become convinced that Galileo must have fudged his figures when working with inclined planes, since it seemed impossible to reproduce his reported results. But, in my naivete, I had thought people got beyond fudging in college, that they actually tried to follow the ideals of science.

How wrong I was! Instead, fudging reached the level of high art, since you had to come up with results that a) proved what you were supposed to demonstrate and b) didn't look too perfect.

All of which may — or may not — provide some insight into a few of the scandals that have plagued researchers in the biological sciences.

Fudging wasn't the worst transgression. Students cheated too — passing answers to one another when they thought they could get away with it or writing them down on slips of paper or inside their arms. I probably never caught on to all of the tricks, but was shocked that so many of my classmates (Steve was one of the few exceptions) saw nothing wrong with cheating—not that I dared say anything about it to Miss Lyon. Cheating is one thing, and being a fink is another.

Now I knew perfectly well that there was a lot of cheating in other schools. But students didn't cheat at Harpur, not then anyway. This had nothing to do with morality or ethics; instead, it was the result of arrogance. Cheating was beneath us; smartasses like us didn't *have* to cheat.

Except, maybe, in Bio 111 and other such grueling courses. In retrospect, it doesn't surprise me that people did cheat. These were guys (they were mostly guys in such courses) who were desperate to get into med school, who in many cases were being unduly pressured by parents, who knew that a bad grade, especially in an introductory course, could ruin their prospects for all time. Some of them had no other purpose in life except getting admitted to med school.

So they cheated. I sometimes think of that when I'm in a doctor's office.

The last seven weeks of lab time in Bio 111 were spent dissecting a fetal pig. We began by studying the fetal pig's outside features before wielding our scalpels and cutting away skin to view the muscles. One problem, which became a serious one for me, was that you had to be neat and tidy at each stage of dissection if you weren't to end up with a carcass so messy that you couldn't figure out what anything was. A slip of the scalpel at an early stage, or a messy job of pinning aside skin and muscle to see what was underneath, could screw up things later on; I soon discovered that I wouldn't make much of a surgeon. Another problem was that a lot of muscles, veins, and organs didn't look the way they were supposed to, judging by my workbook, or were in some spot where they weren't supposed to be. Things were especially confusing when you were a messy dissector, as I was; I found myself studying Bill's fetal pig instead of my own whenever I had the chance.

A third problem, a social one, was the formaldehyde. The fetal pigs reeked of this preservative, and so did my hands after a while; you could scrub for ages without getting rid of the odor. Until I got used to the smell, it was almost impossible to eat; no matter what was on my plate, the food smelled like formaldehyde by the time I lifted it to my mouth.

After a while, I didn't notice the aroma, but others did. "What's that smell?" my roommate Patty suddenly cried out in the middle of the night. (We had become roommates after Ruth flunked out.) "What's that awful smell?" I struggled into consciousness before realizing what she meant. "It's the formaldehyde," I admitted. "I can't get it off my hands." "God," she said, lighting a cigarette to mask the odor, "now you know why I'm taking geology. At least rocks don't stink."

But reeking of formaldehyde was soon the least of my problems.

My inability to distinguish certain muscles from others, or to tell the difference between a liver and a pancreas, soon had me racking up low grades on the lab quizzes, which involved looking at numbered pins stuck into fetal pigs in different stages of dissection and identifying the indicated parts. The slovenly state of my own fetal pig didn't help me in preparing for the tests.

The lab final was approaching. I feared that even more than the regular final exam, which you had a chance of getting through if you crammed and memorized as much stuff from the textbook and the *Scientific American* articles as you could. The lab final would have a few questions on microbiology and such, but most of it was going to be fetal pig anatomy. I could stare at my workbook and memorize everything, yet still fail if I couldn't connect what was in the workbook's charts and drawings with what was in front of me.

About two nights before the lab final, I got a call from Bill. "Meet me downstairs," he said, sounding conspiratorial and out of breath.

"In the lounge?" I asked.

"No, in the basement, and bring your dissecting kit." He hung up before I could ask him what was going on.

I went to the basement, dissecting kit in tow. Bill met me in the corridor outside the laundry room with a sack in his hands. "Just keep your voice down," he said. "I got us a fetal pig."

Some guys bring you flowers, and others boxes of candy. Bill had brought me a fetal pig. I didn't dare ask how he got it; I was just grateful that he had. My prospects for passing the lab final had suddenly improved.

We spent the rest of the night in a corner of the basement, with Bill's workbook and my kit, dissecting that fetal pig and studying every bit of its anatomy.

I got through Bio 111, to put it as delicately as possible, then spent another couple of semesters flailing around before taking a leave of absence on my scholarship and dropping out. I moved off-campus to a rundown apartment and got a job as a solderer on an assembly line.

This job was boring enough to give me time to think about my future. Eventually I reached the conclusion that it made more sense to do something you enjoyed, however unrealistic it seemed, than to do things you didn't like and weren't that good at just because they were allegedly more practical. This probably doesn't seem like exceptional wisdom to some, but I've always been a slow learner. When I went back to college, I signed up for philosophy, ancient history, Near Eastern history, and Greek—and astronomy, maybe partly because it struck me as the most cosmic and impractical of sciences.

Medicine and the biological sciences surely suffered no loss from my decision.



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TRUEWORTH

by John D. Nikitow

"Don't touch that!"

The girls who had been reaching for the carved statuette jumped backwards, shocked by the anger in the voice.

"We just wanted to..."

Zarak Dun limped over, his anger increasing his hunched posture. Gods he hated browsers, but browsing rich brats especially.

"I know what you wanted," his voice low and growling. "You just wanted to *look at it*. Maybe see how heavy it was, how the stone felt in your hand. Perhaps even to determine if it was gritty with dust, so you could later share a laugh at the untidiness of the old shopkeeper."

He yelled suddenly, "What you didn't 'just want to' was to buy the damn thing! And if you're not going to make a purchase, then you have no business being here."

The girls stood, open-mouthed, staring at him, as if too frightened to move, fearing he might attack them if they made a sound.

Suddenly, another girl was at Dun's side—his niece, Julana—and she wasn't intimidated by him at all. In fact, her scowl caused him to hesitate. Then she turned to the other girls and her smile shone like a lamp in the dimly-lit shop.

"I apologize for my uncle," she said. "Sometimes his old war wound troubles him and makes him irritable. Please, stay and look as long as you like. I'm sure you will find something that pleases you."

Dun admired the musical tones of her voice, its calm assurance. *To hell with healing*, he thought. *She'd make a helluva storyteller.*

Buffered from Dun's fury by his niece, the other girls regained their composure. And their contempt, Dun noted, which they freely shared.

"Old war wound," the one said to her friend with a sneer. "More likely he injured himself falling off a bench while in his cups."

Grabbing her partner's hand, she turned with a flounce and said, "Let's go, Isena," and led her to the door. Before she left, however, feeling more secure away from Dun's glowering form, she added, "I don't even know why we came into such a cave. That's probably why they keep it so dark—so good people won't notice the garbage they're trying to sell." They exited, laughing together.

Dun started after them, his limp worse, as if the ache in his leg had been invoked by his niece. *I thought healers relieved pain*, he thought with an ironic grimace.

She stopped him with a word. "Uncle!"

Her voice, though still melodious, had lost the calm assurance present when she addressed the two girls. The single word held a mixture of anger and frustration.

He turned. The tight-lipped frown matched the emotions in her voice. He rolled his eyes, knowing what was to follow.

"Must you chase all our customers away?"

"Customers?" he said. "Bah! They were—"

But she continued as if he hadn't spoken. "If you chase people away, there will be no one to buy from us. If no one buys, we have no money."

"I'm not a fool, Julana."

She ignored him. "Without money we cannot buy food, and without food, we will starve." She held up a hand as he opened his mouth. "Worst," she hissed the "s" and spit the "t", then followed with clipped words as sharp as those of his old drill master: "I. Won't. Have. Money. To. Study. Healing!"

Vessi, he thought of his dead sister, not for the first time, *this is harder than either of us realized*. But he'd promised her that he'd look after the shop and take care of her daughter. The latter was no real problem, despite Julana's temper. Gods knew, he had a nasty enough one himself. And if it made the girl happy to feel she was in charge it cost him nothing.

Her silent glare told him she'd finished—for the moment, anyhow. He answered her slowly, as if addressing a young child, even though she was now 15 years past her name day. "Money comes from those who spend it, Julana. Those high-born trollops were not 'customers.' At best, they were empty-headed time wasters with no intent to spend any of their fathers' money. At worst," he mimicked her stressed pronunciation of the word, "they were thieves, hoping to distract us with one object while sweeping a smaller item into their pockets."

"Do you see anything missing?" She sounded a little concerned, but still accusatory.

"I didn't say they succeeded. Besides, I haven't looked yet."

She held up the statuette. "But this," she said, "can't be worth more than a handful of coppers, yet you acted as if it were priceless."

Dun took the figure from her hand gently and examined it, then looked at his niece. "The problem with you, Julana, is that you insist on monetary value alone."

He held up the figure. "This *could* just be 'garbage,' but she reminds me of a goddess I'd heard about while working aboard the *Tailwind*. She was quite a powerful deity, too. Look how she holds out her arms, as if dispensing boons to her worshippers."

He examined the statue again. Did it feel a bit warmer all of a sudden. No, he decided, he was just getting excited as he always did at the start of his best stories.

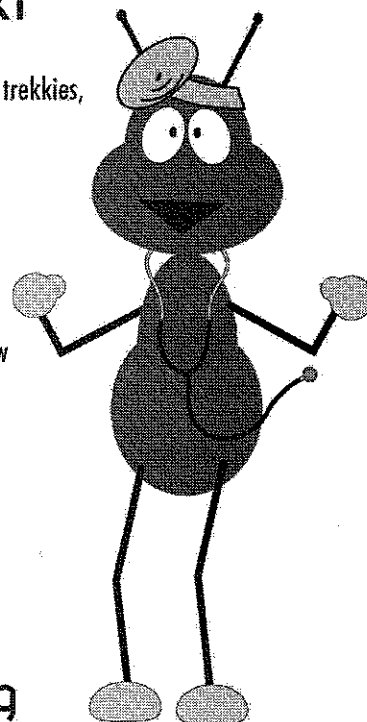
Julana's frown stopped him. At least it wasn't a scowl anymore.

"I love your stories, Uncle, but they won't sell anything." She paused, then her face brightened slightly. "Why don't you try telling them to our customers? You might sell more. And we could keep the shop."

She hadn't mentioned her dream of becoming a healer, Dun noticed. He'd succeeded in calming her down again.

Julana looked around the shop, then moved her hands in a dismissive wave of tired frustration. She started walking toward the back. "I've can't take anymore today."

"How about we get some dinner? I can tell you more about the



goddess," Dun said.

She stopped at the curtain, dropping her head and shaking it. "I'm not hungry. I'm just going to go to my room to read." She gave him a wry smile, then flicked the curtain aside and left him.

Quick tempered she might be, but it usually dissipated quickly as well. Rather like a sudden storm—hard and fast, but the day always seemed brighter after its passing.

He saw he still held the statuette. He set it down gently, almost as if he believed his own story about the goddess.

For a moment, in the increasing dimness in the shop, the statuette seemed to glow faintly as if with its own light. But it was gone when he looked closer.

We do need more lamps, he thought. But we need more coin, too. He'd just have to try harder, as Julana had suggested. It'd be tough, but he'd promised Vassi. He shook his head. *To hell with it. The day's fading and I need something to eat.*

He limped to the front door. He left, pulling it closed behind him more forcefully than necessary, then locked it and pocketed the key. He'd get *something* at the inn to fill his belly—food or drink. "Tomorrow will be better," he said. "I promise, Vessi."

* * * *



A loud voice awakened him the next morning.

"...to you. I want to talk to the old man who insulted my daughter and her friend yesterday."

Dun groaned. The drinks he'd had made him logy and reluctant to get up so early. At least his head wasn't pounding.

Julana's made some reply, her tone polite but so soft he couldn't make out the words.

"I don't care!" the man shouted.

Dun swung his feet out of bed and stood up. His head spun briefly, but he ignored it and moved down the hall toward the curtain. After all, he admitted to himself, he'd caused this problem. It wouldn't be right to make Julana face it for him.

He paused when he reached the curtain and ran a hand through his hair, trying to make it more presentable. Taking a deep breath, he passed through.

Julana stood with her hands out at her sides facing a large bearded man in rich-looking robes. They did little to hide his girth, however. Behind the man stood the girl Dun remembered from the previous day. She smirked at him. Dun wished he could remove with the back of his hand. Instead, he smiled politely.

Damn, thought Dun. Tell me this is the wench's father. That's all I need.

The fat man was Councilor Belodos Xar. Generous to his friends and cronies; ruthless to his enemies. And rich beyond measure—he could buy and sell them six times before breakfast. Or make them disappear from Marlake. Dun understood where the daughter's arrogance had come from.

Today wasn't going to be better than yesterday. If anything, it was worse. He forced his smile wider and moved forward, his arms spread in welcome.

"Councilor Xar," he said, oozing congeniality and offering his hand. "This is quite an honor. What can we do to help you?"

The fat man turned toward him, with a scowl that had sent many of his opponents running for cover in the council meetings. He looked at the outstretched hand with disgust until Dun dropped it to his side.

"That's him, Daddy," the girl said in a voice so sugary it made Dun sick to his stomach.

Gods be thanked that I'd missed breakfast, he thought. I'll puke if I have to listen to that much more.

Xar's scowl deepened, which Dun would've thought impossible. He advanced on Dun, his robes puffing out with his steps. "My darling Deena tells me that you insulted her yesterday while she was in your," he paused, looking around him, "*shop*." His lip curled in distaste.

Like father, like daughter. Dun held up his hand when he saw Julana open her mouth to answer. "Let me explain this, niece, since the fault is entirely mine."

Xar's face reddened. "So you admit—"

"I admit to being, perhaps, overprotective of our merchandise, Councilor." Dun spoke calmly. "I also admit to communicating poorly. I would like to apologize, however, for whatever misunderstanding occurred."

Xar looked at his daughter, whose smirk had been replaced by a scowl of her own. Dun could imagine her in thirty years, as rotund and obnoxious as her father. She already had the latter characteristic down pat.

"Misunderstanding?" she cried. "You threw us out of this dung heap!"

"Is that true?" the fat man asked, clenching his jaw.

"Not at all," Dun replied smoothly. "In fact, my niece politely asked this young lady and her friend to stay as long as they wished, suggesting they might find some bauble that interested them."

"As if we'd buy this garbage!" the girl shouted at him. She turned to her father. "He was *rude* to us!" Deena whined. "He insulted us!"

"Again, I apologize if I might have spoken a bit harshly," Dun explained. "But when my leg pains me," he patted the limb, "my temper shortens. Please accept my apology, young miss."

The quiet confidence of his voice seemed to have the effect

Dun hoped for. Xar had clearly been expecting him to defend his actions with a loud argument or try to evade blame with a simpering manner. Instead he was met with Dun's polite speech and deference.

Xar held up a fat-fingered hand when his daughter tried to speak and matched Dun's tone with his cultured one that held only slight disdain.

"Words are cheap, Master ..."

"My manners have escaped me, Councilor Xar," Dun answered, holding his hand to his chest. "I know who you are, of course. You're fame precedes you." The fat man almost smiled at the compliment.

"And you've shared your daughter's lovely name with us," he said, nodding his head in the girl's direction. *Dunga would be more appropriate, he thought.*

Returning his attention to the councilor, he bowed, deeply, as if he were at court. "My name is Zarak Dun, and this is my niece, Julana. And this," he waved his arm in an encompassing gesture, "is our humble shop, Hidden Treasures."

Xar's gaze followed Dun's motion. Many was the night Dun had calmed and distracted belligerent drunks who'd sought to interrupt his tales. The councilor was not drunk, but he'd surely been angry. Now, not only was the man's ire dissipating, he even appeared less appalled by the assortment of items surrounding him. Dun could see his shoulders visibly relaxing.

He laughed in his head. *Before long, he thought, I'll be making him a sale.* Then Deena spoke again and the spell was broken.

"He cursed at us, Daddy."

"Y' damn..." The words came out in a growled whisper, but the councilor's ears were sharp. His eyes widened and red once again crept up his neck.

"I don't appreciate such language used in front of, let alone *to* my darling girl," the councilor said. "And don't try to deny it. I heard you."

Dun saw Julana shoot him an anguished look that said "Your damned temper. For once I wish you could control your tongue."

He'd have to talk fast to get out of this. He bent and grabbed his leg, letting it buckle slightly beneath him. "I'm sorry, Lord Xar," he began, but the councilor was having none of it.

"Perhaps if that leg was gone, it would trouble you less." His eyes narrowed. "Perhaps if this... *shop* was gone, you'd trouble me less."

Julana spoke up, trying to be calm. "My lord councilor—"

"Quiet, girl!" the man thundered, then turned back to Dun. "I've a mind to buy this, what did you call it, Deena?"

"A dung heap," she answered from behind him, her smirk returning.

"This dung heap," Xar continued. "Just to be able to throw you out on the street."

Dun's eyes darted around the shop. He needed a distraction. Maybe if he offered a gift, something that might appeal to the fat slug. His eyes fell on the statuette and he reached out to grab it. *Goddess, if that is you ... he prayed.*

As his hand closed around it a lightning bolt shot up his arm, through his body and down his leg. He cried out as this time it really did give way. He landed heavily on the floor and darkness swallowed him.

* * * *

When he opened his eyes, he was in his own bed. *A dream?* he wondered. The depth of the shadows around him indicated the truth. The day was almost gone. He'd been out for hours.

"Julana," he called out, then swung his legs over and sat up. A wave of dizziness washed through him, then disappeared just as quickly. The pain seemed gone from his leg, but he decided not to tempt it by standing just now.

His niece came in, wearing a worried look. "Uncle," she said, concern plain on her face. "Are you all right?"

"Seem to be," he replied with a slight grin. "First time I'd felt that, though."

"Felt what?"

He described the lightning that had traveled from his arm to his leg before he'd passed out. "But it doesn't seem to be hurting now," he finished.

"Good," Julana said, her voice suddenly sharp and abrupt. Her face hardened, all sympathy gone. "Because I'm not a healer. Yet," she added.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?" Dun asked.

"It means that I may finally get the money I need if Councilor Xar decides to buy the shop."

Dun jaw dropped. "You can't mean that, Julana. I thought we'd decided—"

"We haven't decided anything," she snapped. "And besides, decisions can change." The worry was back in her face. "I'd rather sell the shop than have you injured. Or worse."

"I told you my leg—"

"I'm not talking about your leg, you old fool! He said he'd be back to talk to you tomorrow, when you're *feeling better*. Except the way he said it, you could see he didn't really care how you felt. He just knew he couldn't talk to you while you were insensible."

Dun saw how tightly she held her shoulders. "There's something else, Julana. What is it?"

Julana's lips tightened briefly. He could see she was scared, but determined. When she spoke, the words came out in a rush. "If he offers to buy the shop, Uncle Zarak, I'm thinking of taking the money."

Dun stared at her, speechless. Finally, "We promised your mother," he began.

"That's all I ever hear: She made you promise! *You* promised her! Nobody ever asked me." Julana's voice broke as her eyes filled with tears of frustration. "All I've ever wanted to do was be a healer. Now I've got my chance."

"Your mother knew about your dream, Julana," Dun replied softly. "Why do you think she asked me to keep the store? She knew I was no shopkeeper, but she also knew this shop could support us. It could give us a home. Eventually it will pay for your lessons."

"I don't want 'eventually!'" his niece snapped. "We can get the money *now*."

"Do you really think that bloated gourd and his bitch of a daughter will pay you what this shop is worth? How long do you think we'd survive on his pittance?"

"How long are we going to survive with the way things are going?" she replied, waving her arms wildly. "You keep chasing away customers. Hell," she said, "I'd be happy if you just made a sale occasionally."

"I'm not a merchant!" Dun yelled. "I'm an old soldier and sailor, used to telling stories in taverns for free drinks or food." He stopped, seeing his niece's face flush with anger.

My damned temper does it again. He took a deep breath, then forced himself to continue in a quieter voice, "Don't pin your hopes on Xar. He'll buy the shop just so he can ruin us."

He stood and grasped her by the shoulders. "We can do better, Julana. I can do better." And he would, too, he promised himself. Julana deserved her dream.

He couldn't tell if it was his touch, or because he'd controlled his voice, but she calmed, although he could feel her body trembling.

"I—I don't want to lose mama's shop," she said with a quiver. "I just want to become a healer. And I don't want anything to happen to you."

He hugged her and stroked her hair. "I'll get this straightened out, Julana." Putting a hand under her chin, he tilted her head up so she could look him in the eye. "And I promise you we'll get you into the healer's school."

* * * *

"And remember: don't wash it for two weeks or the birds will not return," Zarak Dun called after the woman. She'd just purchased the dull brown shawl he'd been thinking of tossing in the rags pile.

The gods had apparently heard his promise and had smiled on him. Customers came into the shop as they usually did—some with specific requests and others that were "just looking." The difference was that they *all* left with *something*, sometimes more than what they'd planned on purchasing. In all, he and Julana had sold more today than they had the previous month. And it wasn't even quite midday, yet.

I could get used to this, he thought.

There had been some tense spots with the browsers, particularly two boys who looked like they'd break anything they got close to. But he'd remembered his vow of the previous night and kept his temper. Instead of raging, he'd amused them with a short tale about how the colored river stones they'd been coveting had been instrumental in the location of a lost key which, in turn, had led to the saving of a far-off kingdom. Their eyes grew wider as the story spun out and even before it had ended they were searching their pockets and combining their coins for the purchase.

"Be sure to keep your eye on where you throw them, so they don't get lost," he warned them.

All lies, of course, but entertaining, nevertheless. And they'd believed him, even the two gutter rats. Other customers, intrigued by his tales grouped around him, asking if there was any history to *their* items.

So, he'd spent the morning talking—more than he'd had on his busiest tavern nights. In fact, his throat felt so leathery he

thought he could swallow a Wistrian cactus whole. The spikes would never penetrate.

Thankfully, the shop was empty for the moment. Dun glanced at his niece and saw her smiling at him. He answered with a grin of his own and said, "I need a drink."

"Your voice is sounding a bit raspy," she said. "I made some tea." She walked over, handed him a cup and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"How are you doing it, Uncle?" she said, looking up at him. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"It's simple, really. I just did what you told me—tell stories to the customers."

"I heard. I'd never imagined you'd traveled so far and seen such interesting things."

Dun's grin widened. "Now, you know, Julana, a story doesn't have to be *true* to have power. Belief, or even willingness to believe, sometimes, is all that's needed."

But if the fools want to believe lies, he thought.

He drained the cup and sighed, letting her go. "Well, we'd best be getting back to business."

"Speaking of business," a voice said from the front of the shop, startling them both, "ours is still unfinished."

They separated and turned to look at the speaker. It was Xar, wearing his ever-present scowl.

"We haven't settled the matter of our rudeness to my daughter, yet, shopkeeper." His voice was soft, with an underlying tone of menace. "And then there's the matter of this *shop*," he continued.

Dun's good mood vanished, but he forced himself to keep smiling. If he could handle those brats from this morning, he'd surely be able to handle this oaf.

"Before anything else, Councilor, I want to apologize for passing out yesterday, like some common drunk. Such a thing has never happened to me before."

"Apologies rise easily to your lips, old man, but as I've witnessed, so do curses. You tell me to ignore the one because of your 'injury.' How am I, then, to believe the other?"

Dun decided to match the fat man's controlled, formal speech pattern. "Once I'd recovered from my faint, I thought long and hard about that very thing, Councilor. I agree that words without actions have little value." So he limped over to where the statuette stood and picked it up. "I would like to make amends by offering you something special."

"What would I want with a cheap piece of sculpture?" Xar asked with a sneer.

"Ah, yes, Councilor." Dun took on a knowing air. "Sculptures can be obtained anywhere." His voice lowered to a conspiratorial whisper. "But not the favor of a goddess."

"Goddess? This?" Xar waved his hand doubtfully at the figurine. "She looks like no goddess I've seen in Marlake."

He's no longer thinking about his daughter or buying the shop, Dun noticed with satisfaction. *Time for one more story.* He hoped his string of success would continue just a little longer.

"Not just any goddess. I wouldn't expect you to recognize her, Councilor Xar. Not unless you've traveled as widely or as far as I have." The warm glow of a good story was beginning to fill him. But this time it seemed to start in the hand that held the

statuette. *That's only fitting,* he thought. *As long as there's no lightning.* He regarded it, then looked back at Xar.

"It was during my time as a mate aboard the Tailspin," he said. "We'd just docked at Yala. A beautiful city. The capital, in fact, of the country of the same name." He paused, nodding to Xar. "Of course, a knowledgeable man such as yourself already knows that."

Xar also nodded, though Dun was certain he'd never heard of Yala. It hadn't existed until just this moment.

"We were allowed shore leave to explore the city and I took full advantage of the opportunity." He raised his eyebrows and sighed. "The stories I could tell of that place—"

He broke off as if embarrassed, looked quickly at Julana, then back at Xar. "But perhaps they'd best left for another time, wouldn't you agree?" He gave the councilor a knowing wink that said "There are some things that men can talk about best when women are absent."

Xar gave a brief nod of agreement, and Dun thought he saw—wonder of wonders—the briefest hint of a smile twitch the man's thick lips. It figured that base interests would most greatly appeal to him.

"To be quick, then," he continued, "I'd just finished exploring some of the, shall we say 'local entertainment'," another wink and a grin, "when I stumbled across a small shop, rather like this one, in fact. It was full of oddities and wonders to make your eyes bulge, your head whirl, and your palms itch."

He stopped and smiled again, this time ruefully, then lowered his head slightly and shook it. "And that's where I made the mistake of purchasing this." He held out the figurine.

"Mistake?" asked Xar. "If it was a mistake, then why are you trying to sell it to *me*?"

"But that's the point," Dun said. "My mistake was in *buying* her." He turned the statuette so that her arms opened toward Xar. You see, this is Zateeya." He waited, to see if Xar recognized the name. He couldn't, of course, since Dun had just invented the name, along with the rest of the story.

"I *don't* see," the councilor finally said with a slightly petulant tone.

"The Giving Goddess?" Dun prompted. A pleasing warmth seemed to grow within Dun. Or did it emanate from the statue?

Xar shook his head, still ignorant.

"As the goddess of *giving*," Dun explained, "Zateeya cannot be bought or sold. If she is, any chance of receiving her favor is lost."

"I'll ask again, then: why are you trying to sell her to me?"

Dun clasped both hand around the statuette, brought her to his chest and looked at the ceiling. He spoke as if to himself. "Now I understand. I really must work on making myself clear."

He dropped his gaze to Xar. "I don't want to *sell* her to you, Councilor Xar." He held the statuette out again. "I wish to *give* her to you."

Now, the gamble. If the story had worked... "As amends for my earlier behavior." He held his breath and prayed.

Xar was quiet for a time, staring at him without expression. Then he slowly reached out and took the figure from Dun's hands. The

warmth seemed to pulse in the storyteller's hands for a moment, then was gone. Xar looked at the statue, then at Dun.

"Tell me more," he said.

And Dun did.

* * * *

A week had passed and business remained good. Better than good—unprecedented, in fact. Word had spread of the unique, almost magical items for sale at Hidden Treasures—each one with a special story explaining just how unique or magical it was.

Of course, it was coincidence that the lady who'd bought the shawl had returned home to find the trees in her yard filled with the birds whose chirping she'd missed. She wore the shawl every day and Dun suspected that she even slept in it.

Just as it was blind luck that the gutter rats had found a cache of coins while searching for the thrown river stones. A small cache, to be sure, but a treasure to them.

And the richer clientele didn't hurt, either. Many of them had been referred to the shop by Councilor Xar, following his successful conclusion of a business deal he had begun to consider hopeless. He attributed the resulting increase in his fortune to the favor of Zateeya. His daughter had not yet returned to the shop, for which Dun was grateful.

"But how could you give it up?" Julana asked again. "If the goddess could bestow such wealth on Xar, why couldn't she have done so for us? You could've given the statue to me and..."

Dun laughed. "You want *more*? The way the money's coming in we'll have no trouble keeping the shop *and* sending you to that healer's school. Maybe you can learn something to help this leg of mine."

"But," she repeated.

Dun decided to give in. He didn't know why he'd kept it from her. Maybe so he could enjoy his own private joke for a while.

"Don't you see?" he said. "I *did* buy that statue, but not in Yala. And if she has a name, I surely don't know what it is. There is no Yala. And there is no Zateeya. It was just a story, like the others I'd made up."

Are you sure? a voice inside him asked.

"Then how—" she said.

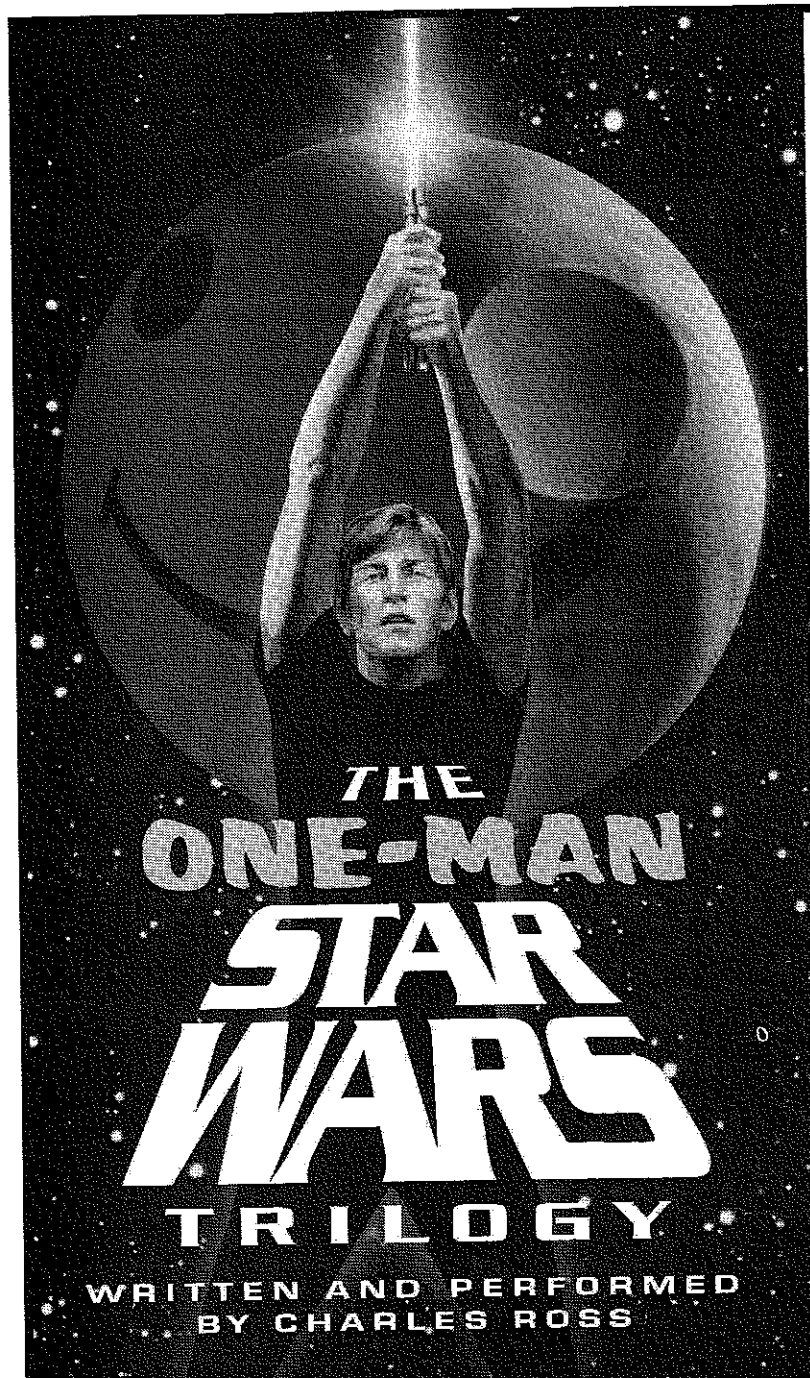
"Like I told you that day — sometimes a story's power comes from the belief or even the willingness to believe, of the listener."

Julana reached out and grasped his hand. "And sometimes," she said, giving it a squeeze, "it's the magic of the storyteller."

He wondered, recalling first the shock and then the warmth that had seemed to spread from the figurine on the day he'd told Xar the tale. Was it a mistake to have given her up?

Then he laughed again and shook his head. "Magic of some sort, anyway. Let's close up already. My throat's dry and my leg hurts. Your job is to learn how to fix my leg. Mine is to get a drink at the tavern and maybe listen to some stories for a change."

THE END



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WindyCon Programming

Disclaimer: Not all programs may be available at the con. Valid list as of 10/03.

ART

Character Assassination

Artistic and legal views on "reusing" characters from both the originator's work and others' works. What can you do, what should you do?

SF Art Retrospectives

Panelists discuss the history of SF art and illustration and its status as "real" art.

Great Ideas I Didn't Do

Panelists discuss (and illustrate?) their ideas they liked better than the ones that were ultimately chosen, and tell why the final one was chosen anyway.

Future Art Forms

What are the art forms and media of the future and how close are we to them now?

When Artists and Writers Meet

Panelists discuss artist/writer collaborations and how the artists communicated the authors' thought.

Capturing the Look of Space

What techniques and media are best for capturing a realistic look of space?

The Influence of Edd Cartier

Panelists discuss the works of Edd Cartier and explain the importance of this seminal artist, whose work is appearing in the art show.

I Wish I Had Painted That

Artists talk about their favorite works of art. They explain why they wish they had created them and talk about why they feel they couldn't have created the same piece of art.

Commissioned Work

Artists discuss how publishers commission cover art, what is provided by the publisher, and how much information they are given. What is the artist trying to convey with the cover art work and what do they do with commissioned works that are rejected?

FAN

WindyCon XXX Retrospective

Title says it all. Hear from WindyCon's first fans what it was all about.

Alien Jokes

How many Wookiees does it take to change a light bulb?

Being a Fan and Being a Gourmet

These things are related? You may be surprised. Join our panelists in a gastronomic tour of fandom.

Tales of Chicago Past

Hear from our "first fans" about the first 30 to 35 years of Chicago's fandom and what it was about. What has changed and what has remained the same. Dishing the dirt allowed, bribery accepted.

Fans on Game Shows

Join our fan contenders and hear all about what it's like to be a game show participant? Has their SF knowledge helped them on the show?

Rubber Stamp Workshop

A make and take workshop. Come and learn how to make your own holiday or special occasion cards and what materials are available for use. Addictions not WindyCon's fault!

Fandom for New Fans

So you weren't born when WindyCon began and don't know all the good old days (or guys). Tell us about your more recent experiences. Which ones will someday be the "good old days?"

Collectors Tips and Tricks

Panelists discuss building a collection (of anything, remember three is a collection), how to add to it, and how to care for it when you have it.

The Future of Cons

Younger fans (all under 25) discuss their visions of what cons — such as WindyCon should do, and how they would change them to fit their image of what they should be.

Forget Slans, Are Fans Mad Scientists?

Fans talk about the joys of science, creating things, and more spectacularly, blowing them up.

LITERATURE

Building Successful Societies in Confined Spaces

Space stations, starships, and dome colonies. How do the inhabitants live in confined spaces for long periods of time. Does it help if you're not human? Join our panelists and find out.

Far Flung Empires

Do space empires complete with kings, counts, and nobles really have a future? Is this a practical way to govern a system-wide or larger group? Why aren't there many democracies (or meritocracies or oligarchies?) in space opera? Is it just more fun if you get to be queen, or is there a real basis to this idea?

Merchants in Space

Will space commerce ever be cost effective? Mining asteroids and harvesting comets have been suggested as practical uses for space travel, but are they? Is there any way to judge the costs of making a living in space?

The Rise of Space Opera

Space opera has undergone a rebirth recently. Panelists discuss what's behind this and who are the authors and books you shouldn't miss. From oldies and goodies to new authors, come and find out all about them.

Is Military SF Strictly an American Phenomenon?

Recent Usenet discussions have centered on the question above. Answers seem to agree it's true and the reasons include the fact that the last war on U.S. soil was the Civil War. Having our war so long ago seems to make military SF more acceptable than it is in Europe. Is this true? Does our lack of a recent war affect modern SF that much?

WindyCon Programming

Grunts in Space

Modern military science says all the fancy technology in the world won't win a war if you don't have ground soldiers to occupy territory. Is this true in future warfare? Will we still need ground troops if wars are truly galaxy wide? If not, what will we do?

Well-Rounded Large Planets

Earth is not a mono-culture, yet so many SF novels assume other planets are. How can a writer develop a believable Earth-like cultural planet, and why should they?

Politics of SF Research

Big "P" Politics (government relations) and little "p" politics (interpersonal relationships and corporate pressures) as they are/ could be portrayed in science fiction.

Writing in Other People's Worlds

Panelists discuss not just "shared-world" writing, but also homages, pastiches, and continuations "after death" of the original author. What's involved, what's it like, and can you ever write your own stuff again?

Readings by Surprise

Secret selected readings by our authors. No hints available so you'll just have to come and hear them. Fun for all.

The Hard SF Renaissance

Panelists discover the renewal of "hard" SF stories and what lead to their popularity.

Science Fiction for the Fantasy Reader

Even if you think you don't like SF because you love fantasy, there probably is some SF you'd like. Panelists will discuss what fantasy readers like about fantasy and suggest SF novels that fantasy readers would like.

Building a Publishing House

SF publishing houses often began as small establishments that later developed the genre niche. Hear how some of them in SF got their start.

Great Marketing Disasters and Unexpected Successes

What do marketing disasters and successes teach us about what SF readers want? If a book that is really junk sells lots of copies, or a brilliant one hardly sells at all, it seems that readers want something different from what publishers think they should want. Or maybe publishers' priorities are different. So what does make a book sell and can readers have any influence?

Are Anthologies the SF Magazines of the Future?

SF magazines are having lean times now, but anthologies seem to be picking up some of the market, especially the non-themed ones. Is this the wave of the future? Will magazines last to the end of the 21st century?

Writing Historical Perspectives that Appeal to the Modern Reader

Historical fiction is most like SF in that it tries to take the reader to a new world with new ideas and attitudes. Unlike SF, it doesn't have lots of space age stuff to work with, and history can be dull and dry if presented badly. How can an author write historical fiction and still attract the modern reader? How historical do you have to be?

Writing for Writers of the Future

Several local writers have submitted their work to writers of the future and several locals have served as judges. Hear what they have to say about it and clarify some misunderstandings (you really don't have to sell your soul to Scientology, do you?)

The Three-Foot Shelf

Panelists are asked to explain which three feet of books they would want to have with them if they knew those would be the only books they could ever read for the rest of their lives.

SCIENCE and TECHNOLOGY

Biosphere Projects — A Passing Fad?

Biosphere projects were seen as practical for non-Earth colonies, but they haven't worked out too well. Is the idea a problem or just the execution? If it's the idea itself, what could take its place?

Weird SF Animals

If you put these animals in a book, no one would believe them, but they're real. You can't make up animals stranger than these.

Mars Crossing

Is it possible to go to Mars in the near future? Is future Mars exploration going to be manned or only unmanned robots. Should humans try to live on Mars? Join our panelists for their ideas.

Deep Time

In our nuclear age, one of the biggest problems is labeling our radioactive waste so people will stay away from it until it is safe, several million years in the future. How do we communicate the danger when language, alphabets and symbols could change beyond recognition? What level of communication is possible with our distant descendants?

From Lab to Field

Panelists discuss the difference between basic research and applied technology, how the difference is not usually represented in SF and how it could be. Engineering types especially welcome.

Christian Ready's This Year in Pictures from Space

Living in a Space Station—Physical Reality

What does living in a space station really involve? Where does the oxygen, electricity and water come from (and where does it go)? What can you actually take with you? Can you raise a family on one? Find out from our panelists.

Living in a Space Station—Mental Reality

You couldn't pay me enough to live on a space station (or planet) when I couldn't go for a walk (and you couldn't pay my fellow inhabitants enough to let me come in the first place!) So what kind of person can live in space? Does it make a difference if you're traveling in a shuttle capsule, living on a station or planet side in a domes colony on a non-Earth like planet? How can anyone tell who will make it? And what happens if they are wrong?

Twins—Natural Clones?

Distinguished panelists (some of them twins) discuss the reality of daily living as part of a pair.

WindyCon Programming

Meeting Your Clone Unexpectedly

Most of us assume we are unique. What would you do if you suddenly discovered you had a clone and he/she/it was standing right in front of you. What do you say?

Planet Building from the Core Up

Find out how to make your planet livable and believable. What kinds of planets can we realistically expect to colonize? What about living on giant planets' moons—is there a difference between that and the main planet living? Come find out.

Prove You're an Alien

How would you convince someone you are actually an alien? Putting aside the ones who will never believe anything, what evidence would the average fan accept? How is this different from the average person—or is it?

Alien Aliens

You don't have to convince anyone you're an alien if you're one of these! Everyone knows it. Maybe it's the tank of mustard gas you sniff, or maybe the elastic bones give it away, but you can't hide. So how and where would we meet you? Would we survive the encounter? Would you?

Warfare in Space

The U.S. is very close to using space in fighting its modern wars, and newer technology could make it a reality sooner than we might believe. What's possible, what's probable and what's going on right now? Join our panelists and find out.

Internet Law

Discover the latest attempts to regulate the Internet and how it might affect you. This is for all creative and generous types—creators to see what's happening to their stuff and generous (too generous?) types who just want everything to be free.

Whither Copyright?

Panelists will discuss the rosy future (or not) of where copyright should go, and a more realistic view of where it is going—terms of copyright, what can be protected, how copyright does and doesn't protect original work, and why writers, artists, and fans should care.

Mechanical or Biological Future

Will "hard" technology lead the way into the life of the future, or will biological advances win out? Panelists discuss what possible futures may be like and how soon they may be the present.

Weapons Review Board 2203

What will we fund this year in weapons technology? If the civil war on the gas giant gets out of control, what weapons will we need to end it? What about the asteroid colonies—are they adequately protected by the satellite grid? What else do we need to consider?

The Future of High Energy Physics

Join our science panelists and find out just exactly what's going on in high energy physics and how it will affect us.

Next Big Accelerator

Accelerator physicists in the U.S., Germany, and Japan are proposing large linear accelerator colliders that would represent the next generation of accelerators. What are they up to and do we really need a bigger accelerator? And can they really make a black hole?

Carbon Nanotube

The new super-conductive material on the scene is the carbon nanotube made from ordinary soot. What is its future?

Quantum Computing, 5 Q-Bits and Counting

The U.S. National Security Agency (federal code-breakers as well as other things) is spending quantum dollars to promote the theory and development of quantum computers, which have recently reached 5 Q-bits in prototypes. What are quantum computers, what can we expect from them and why are code-breakers so interested in them?

The New Recycling Universe

Recent proposals for the cosmological model propose that the universe begins with two "extradimensional branes" (not my misspelling) "clapping" together and generating a universe full of energy that expands and contracts. This explains dark matter and energy and suggests that our universe is constantly recycling itself. Buddhists may well be familiar with this model, the rest of us should be sure to show up and find out what's going on.

Warp Drives and Wormholes

Does Einstein's general theory of relativity provide ways of working around the light-velocity speed limit of the universe? How close are we to "metric engineering?"

The History of Space Stations

From Salyut to ISS: What space stations have humans actually put into space and how have they evolved?

MEDIA

Why Fantasy Films Now?

Ten years ago it was common knowledge that you could make a good SF film, but not a good fantasy one. Today the reverse is true. Why has this happened?

From Book to Film to TV Series

Panelists discuss works such as Dune, that went from book to movie to TV series. Topics can include the adjustments non-written media require, how to script from a book and what (if any) works might be good to adapt next.

Are Media Stars SF Stars?

Can today's SF actors also be SF stars or is there too much separation between acting and SF to bridge the gap? Panelists debate and you decide.

Make a Film Now!

Audience participation encouraged. Participants will develop an SF film, with story line, casting and the like, based on some audience suggestions, with two conditions. 1) The film must be SF and, 2) Adam West and William Shatner must star. Instant cult classic!

WindyCon Programming

SF on the Radio

Although the great days of radio drama are in our parents' (and grandparents' past), there is still SF radio available if you know where to find it. Panelists discuss the pros and cons of SF radio and the best programs to listen to.

Does It Work in Other Media?

Panelists discuss having their written works adapted for film, radio or TV. Find out what they liked and didn't like and wish they had known before they signed that contract.

Vincent Di Fate Discusses

Join artist Vincent de Fate for a discussion of his selection of films. The films he selected will be shown in the Film Room on Saturday afternoon.

FILK

Filk Practicum

Filkers discuss the methods of filking, including examples from their work and/or others.

The Midwest Style

How does filk in the Midwest differ from filk as performed elsewhere? Is there a Midwest style of filk song or just a Midwest style of filking?

The Seminal Collection

Which filk albums should be in every filker's collection and which albums are the best to introduce the neo to the glories of filk?

Desolate Asteroid Disks

Which 10 tunes would I bring with me to a desolate asteroid?

Album and Book: Filk Albums (or Are They)

Which Accompany Novels

Filkers discuss the albums created specifically to accompany an author's novel, such as Heather Alexander's "Inshallah," Edgar Winter's "Battlefield Earth," Ursula Le Guin's "Always Coming Home," and/or Point of Ares's "Enemy Glory."

Filk Terms Explained

For new comers, the language of filk is strange and hard to translate. Learn from our panelists the common terms and how the filk communities across the country differ.

COSTUMING

Costuming From Your Closet

Costumes don't have to be hand-made and elaborate. Some regular things in your closet can be put together creatively to make a costume. Learn from our pros what to do.

Proper Props

Yes, it's not just the costume, it's also the props! What kind of props make a really great costume and how do you get them?

Other Costumings

So you really like your costume, but can only wear it a couple of time because you can't afford to travel to lots of cons. Our costumers will tell you about in other places you can wear it and fit right in.

Not Just the Fabric

Masquerades can include short performances. How can a costumer create a short, memorable skit to best highlight the intricacies of his/her costume and capture the hearts and soul of the audience?

Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Costumes

Federalist is usually used as an architectural term, but it corresponds to the English regency or French empire when it comes to clothing. The federalist style represents an revolutionary (pun intended) style of women's dress. Find out what Jane Austen's American cousins wore.

Not Just for Halloween

Between the *Lord of the Rings* and Harry Potter books and movies, people are getting into costuming beyond Halloween. Lots of superheroes and pirates also encourage people to costume. Panelists discuss this phenomenon and why it's happening now.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING

Craft and Costume Workshops

Aimed at providing participants with appropriate costumes for a Harry Potter presentation (if they wish) in the Masquerade and/or Hall Costuming, the workshops will work on wands, brooms, wizard capes and hats, and similar props, as well as assistance in creating a script for such a presentation.

Danger Dinosaurs!

Based on sections of "Walking with Dinosaurs" with commentary about the "real" inspiration for Indiana Jones and other intrepid paleontologists/archaeologists, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews; a section about the brontosaurus got it's name and lost it; and a comparison of human and dinosaur timelines, illustrating how the death of the dinosaurs long pre-dated the rise of humans.

Harry Potter Jeopardy

How much do YOU know about Harry, Hogwarts, and the wizarding world? Compete in this contest, for fun and prizes!

Writers Workshop

Presented by a professional writer and teacher experienced working with younger writers, this will offer guidance and tips on your writing!

World of Kelnahr

Fantasy Role-Playing, with 25mm figures dioramas, and computer effects! Explore the most treacherous city in the world of Kelnahr, where everyone plots against everyone else!

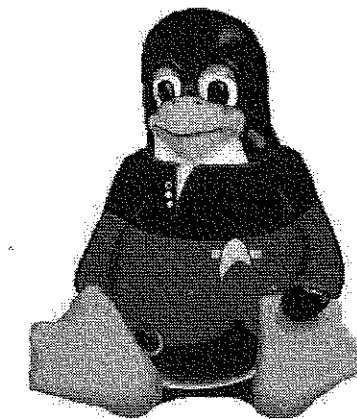
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WindyCon XXX



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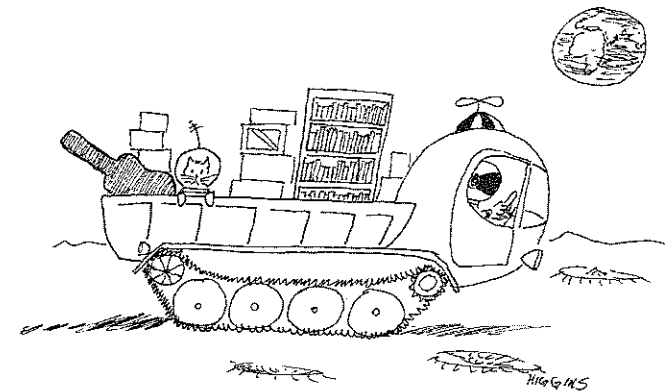
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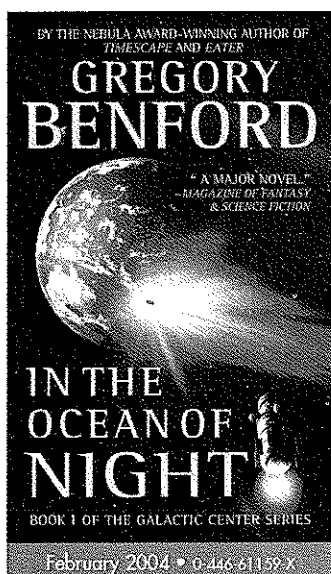
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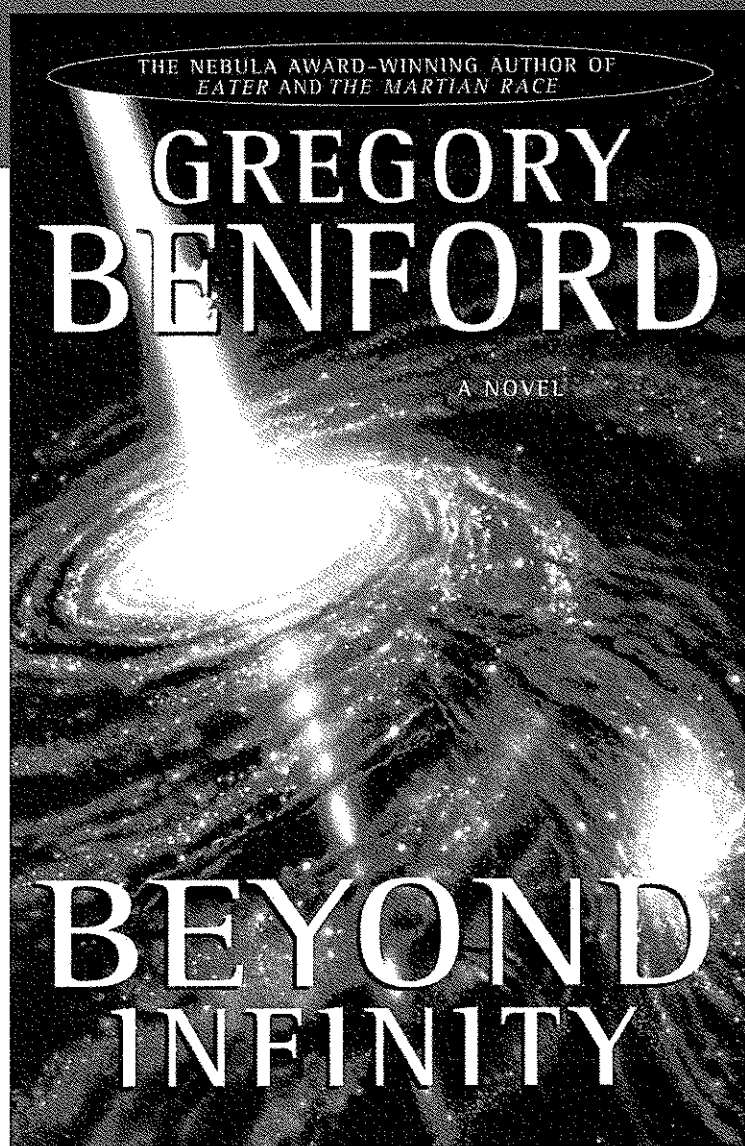
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