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Chairman's Letter

I've been attending science-fiction conventions since 1976 and working on them since 1979. I'm told that this makes me one of the official "old farts of fandom". I've certainly outlived a number of fannish generations. And as people come and go, you start to think about the dynamics of the process.

We come to cons because we expect to have a good time (and I'm hoping that all of you enjoy this year's WindyCon!). We expect to meet people with common interests in science-fiction and fantasy, to talk and laugh with them, to entertain and be entertained in ways that are often difficult to find outside of the confines of fandom.

But why is it that some people keep going to conventions for year after year, while others drop in for a while and then drop out?

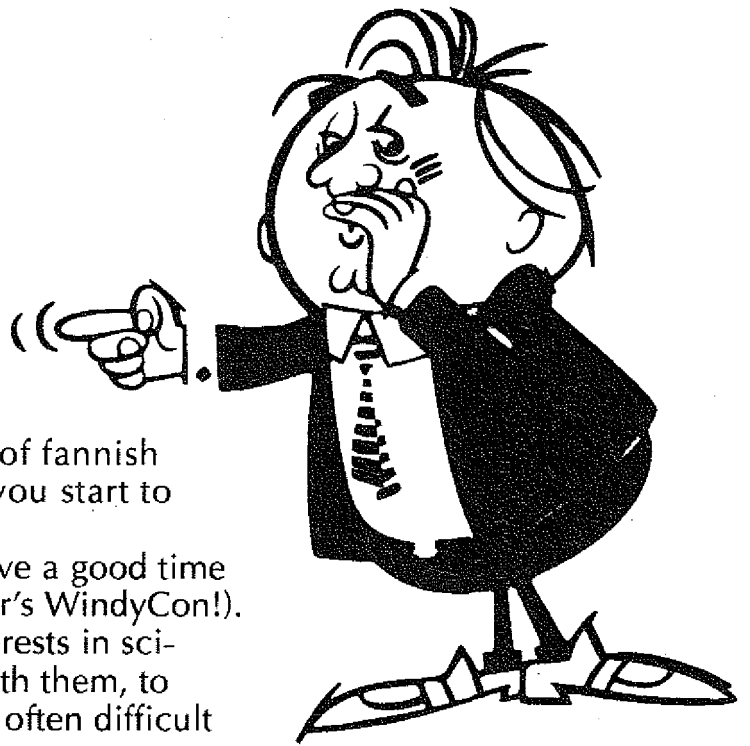
Some people find that fandom isn't what they're looking for right now and decide to do something else — or in the lexicon of fandom are gafiated (Getting Away From It All). Others are pushed out by the pressures of life and are fafiated (Forced Away From It All). And some grow up to be old farts of fandom like me.

And I look at why I stay and I realize that this is where my friends are. For a weekend at a time, we form a community of friends and potential friends who are not quite like any other group on the planet. We are not, as some have suggested, slans — uniformly brighter and better than the average person. (If you don't know what a slan is, pick up the book by A.E. VanVogt. A good read despite being written 50 years ago.) But we're a diverse group, an eclectic group, and, above all, a curious group. We are, in short, a fun group to hang out with.

Which is why I keep hanging around.

Those of us who do hang around for a long time frequently feel obligated to do some of the work required to keep these conventions running. Unlike many of the media or comics oriented conventions, WindyCon and other science-fiction conventions are run by unpaid volunteer labor in their copious spare time. (Ha!) And it's not possible to run a convention the size of WindyCon without a lot of help, some of whom are on the staff list elsewhere in the Program Book and all of whom I'd like to thank, because I never could have done this without them.

Not to slight anyone that I don't mention here (because I really appreciate the work you've all done), but I would like to thank a few people specifically: last year's Chair and this year's Hotel Liaison, Dina Krause, who showed me where the bodies were buried; Len Wenshe, who showed me how I could afford to bury some new bodies in the budget; k.T. Fitzsimons and Ross Pavlac, without whom the con would be awfully boring; John Donat, who did what I couldn't; and my wife, Gretchen, for helping (and letting) me survive the experience.



Guests of Honor

Guest List

Author GoH

Poul Anderson

Fan GoH

Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith

Artist GoH

Heather Bruton

Editor GoH

Stanley Schmidt

Toastmasters

Bob and Anne Passovoy

ISFiC Guests

Ben Bova

Harry Turtledove

Special Guests

Barry Longyear

David Lee Anderson

And the usual gang of other guests:

P.J. Beese, Elaine Bergstrom,

Bill Bowers, A.J. Budrys,

Darlene Coltrain, Glen Cook,

Buck & Juanita Coulson,

Phyllis & Alex Eisenstein,

Roland Green, Marty Greenberg,

Todd Hamilton, Betty Anne Hull,

Barbara Kaalberg, Erin McKee,

Steve Macdonald, Rebecca Meluch,

Jodi Lynn Nye, Fred Pohl, Mickey Zucker

Reichert, delphyne joan hanke-woods

Poul Anderson

In the late nineteen-forties, Poul and I had adjoining rooms in a home in north Minneapolis. It was the home of Norwegian couple whose children had grown up, and who had thriftily changed their bedrooms into rentable rooms for students, with a small hot plate in them, a bed and a closet, a chest of drawers with a mirror.

We were both at the University of Minnesota at that time, Poul about to finish up his physics degree at the University of Minnesota, and I in graduate school there. Our schedules, therefore were not much alike. However, at about nine or ten o'clock at night, if I was not hearing his typewriter through the wall between our rooms, I would, go over and knock on his door—or if the situation was reversed, he might come and knock on mine and together we would go to a beer-joint a couple of blocks

away, and sit there drinking very large glasses of relatively weak beer, and talking about many things, occasionally including the magazine stories we were currently writing,

So it could happen that I would say to Poul or perhaps he would say to me—

"I'm stuck part-way with this (short story, or novelette, or whatever) I'm working on. I'd like to do (such and so) with it, but I can't seem to figure out how to do it."

Whereupon the other would say—because to the writer listening, a solution was instantly obvious.

"Why don't you do (thus and so)?"

There would be a long pause while thus and so was mentally considered to what had been written so far, Then the answer would come—almost always in the same words.

"No. No. That could never work." (Pause.) "—but you've given me an idea!"

And, to the best of my memory, the solution that had been suggested never failed to trigger off an entirely different but workable creative concept that got the story off the particular sticky spot it was on.

All this has never happened for me with any other writer. The suggestion given invariably didn't answer, the inspiration it triggered off, did.

This was all the more interesting in that, back then, there were a number of reviewers and critics talking about the fact Poul and I were very much alike as writers.

We were not. Trying to compare any two writers is, by definition, trying to make comparisons between an apple and an orange. Anyone who has published at least a couple of books of fiction is already doing some things that no other writer will ever manage to do. These will be things beyond craft, where the idiosyncrasy of the individual has kindled something in his or her unique understanding of the art, which no one else writing was or ever will be able to imitate.

For example, Poul is a shockingly strong writer. That strength is not something that can be duplicated. The emotions he evokes, the actions he depicts, can strike with an unexpected force and remain with unusual tenacity in the reader's mind. Abilities like these are measures of a writer's stature; but they cannot be compared with their like in another writer's work, because the words on the page are only doorways to the reader's own creative reconstruction of what the writer has imagined in detail.

If any work of fiction is at all successful, the reader will fall through the words in the opening lines and into the living land and living people of the story itself.

This is why, incidentally, when you see the film version of a book you have prized, the actors playing the characters in the book's story are never the way you had pictured them. The only right ones, for you, are the ones your own mind brought into existence from the word set

down by the author. They are, always and forever, entirely and uniquely yours; not even the writer's, once you have read the book. They are the product of your own unique creativity.

This is why Poul's work—while it's universally liked and enjoyed—has not been, to my satisfaction, appreciated as it should be, at anywhere near its real value.

Behind Poul's strength in this area is the fact that he is, first and foremost, a Storyteller. He makes what he writes look easy, when it is anything but.

It is important to realize this for more than one reason. Probably the most important is the way the very word "Storyteller" is so often used, with its narrow connotation of meaning as "a mere storyteller", with the implication being that the writer has no literary abilities beyond the making of a sort of skeletal narrative, no other literary virtues worth mentioning.

Contrariwise, being a storyteller in the correct full sense of the word is to be a writer whose work all has the backbone of good, if not classic fiction. "Classic", of course, has itself been misused, even more so than "Storyteller". There has been a rush to slap it as a label on books that have merely gone into a second printing. Certainly, anyone is free to define the word as they want. My personal definition of a classical novel is one which can still be found in public libraries, a hundred years after its first date of publication.

But the point is that Poul's strength is only the backbone of his ability to write enduring stories; it is the rest of his combined craft and art, which makes possible their being found and read a hundred years after their first date of publication.

Of these, the primary ability required of a lasting author is that of being able to feel—and feel strongly—understand and experience what happens to each of his characters. If the writer does not actively live through these moments herself or himself, no cleverness of craft alone will make the reader live through them.

But, given that this requirement is satisfied, then comes the work of translating those internal, insubstantial elements of subjective experience into the medium of words that will evoke their quality and essence as within the reader.

Here we leave craft and go entirely into art. No two writers handle this work alike; but that it is one of the world's hardest forms of work can be believed if you have ever seen a writer bright-eyed, calm and enthusiastic as a passage of writing was begun—and soaked with sweat and exhausted two hours later, as it is finished.

It is this in this linkage of perception and translation that the field of would-be story-tellers begins to thin out. It is art—and all art is magic. How otherwise could black marks on white paper evoke everything from fury to tears in the person who does nothing but look closely at the?

Not everyone, frankly, can do this. There are many with the perception who cannot bring themselves to the learning and labor of translating it. Poul has done this.

But like all memorable writers he is unique—even as you and I. There is no way how what he does can be described, in the same tools called words he uses to build what he makes. The best that can be done is to talk about the effectiveness of his work.

No other writer in Fantasy or Science Fiction—or outside it that I know of—can make the reader as conscious of the tremendous depth of space above and around us at all times. Infinity can be felt in his writing, as surely as if we were sitting next to him in the co-pilot's seat of some small craft lost among the stars.

He can reach into Fairyland with one hand and at the same time stretch out to touch the end of the Universe with the other. He has said, and lived up to the promise, that he makes a conscious effort to appeal to all five senses; and the result is a vividness of memory in the reader that seems unexplainable.

I remember being told by one of the artists who did cover illustrations for his work that the stories posed an unusual problem in painting for them.

It was a practice among many such illustrators to read through the book at hand, highlighting with a yellow marker any passages describing characters or other elements that might fit into illustrations; and marking their places in the book.

But with Poul's writing, the descriptions were much less than expected. "—Still," this painter said, "I'd have this very clear, sharp picture in my mind of the character or thing I wanted to use in the cover painting—only there'd be almost nothing in the text to account for it."

This is as sure a sign as I know of literary greatness.

It is also the invariable hallmark of the stories and poetry we call "Classic"—though the hundred-year wait may still be there.

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Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith

Dick Smith is the person who, when I complained about not having enough time for all that I had to do, told me, "One thing at a time." Some months later, when reminded of these words of wisdom, he said, "Did I say that?" Because, of course, Dick has never done one thing at a time himself, which is why he runs on the notorious Dick Smith clock. If he says he'll be someplace, he'll be there — he's very reliable — but he'll be late, maybe half an hour late, maybe two hours late, because he had so many other things to do on the way. And since they got together, Leah has caught this disease. Fortunately for them, the Dick Smith clock appears to apply only to fannish activities and not to the world of Work, which for Dick is currently software engineering for a well-known pharmaceutical house and for Leah reporting on food topics for a small family of newspapers. Of course, as all their friends know,

these jobs are not truly relevant to Dick and Leah's real lives, being merely a source of support for their far more important activities as fans.

Dick is originally from West Bend, Wisconsin (home of the coffee maker), and entered fandom at a age which he refuses to divulge. He attended early WisCons and eventually gravitated to Chicago, where he quickly attained the distinction of being the computer guy who preferred not to talk about computers all the time. The date at which he first began his love affair with mimeography is unknown, but he was a founder of WindyAPA and in the early 1980's produced the notorious gossipzine *Uncle Dick's Little Thing*. In 1982, he worked ChiCon IV, his most visible job being to wear a tuxedo and escort nervous winners to the podium at the Hugo Awards ceremony. This meant that he was constantly scanning the audience in search of potential nervous winners, and it gave him a peculiarly alert air, like a secret service agent searching for presidential assassins.

Leah, who hails from a suburb of Detroit, is willing to admit that she attended her first con at the age of fifteen — TorCon in 1973 — and that she even forced her mother to go there with her. Later, she became active in Ann Arbor fandom, working on many a Confusion and even founding her own con, Autoclave. She, too, became enamored of mimeography (it was kismet!), producing her first fanzine in high school, a genzine called *Imp*. Subsequently, she and Larry Tucker produced a joint perzine, *Insufficient Funds*, she put out the Science Fiction Oral History newsletter, and she helped found the APAs APACORPS and MIS-HAP. Moving into the future of communication for a while, she also worked on early issues of *Uncle Albert's Video Fanzine* and crewed on that infamous video production, FAANS, in which she was also the stand-in for Roger Sims' feet.

But Leah couldn't stay away from the smell of mimeo ink for long, and as soon as she hooked up with Dick, she took over the writing of *Uncle Dick's Little Thing*, vying with Andy Porter, Charlie Brown, and Mike Glycer for the juiciest fannish gossip. Sadly, this venerable zine eventually vanished into fanzine limbo some ten years ago. But ultimately the true fruit of Dick and Leah's collaboration emerged in 1990 — STET, replete with the multi-installment saga of the Smith domicile (now demolished to make way for airport expansion) and a great letter column, and justly nominated for a Hugo. Leah says another issue will be coming out realsoonow.

Together on the convention front, too, Dick and Leah have worked many a WorldCon, as well as the Austin NASFiC. Most recently they have become deeply involved in Australian matters. Winning DUFF a couple of years ago meant not only the joy of a great (if long) trip but also the thrill of fund-raising, first for their own trip, and afterward, as DUFF Administrators, for

the next two winners. How could anyone forget their endless sales of tiny clothing for three-inch high toy koalas? Or their Australia in 1999 bid parties, where mysterious objects that looked like cookies were served? Now that new U.S. DUFF Administrators exist, they are off the hook for DUFF (hah!) but are continuing their support for the Australia in 1999 WorldCon bid. And because that can't possibly keep them busy enough, they'll be running fan programming at the WorldCon in San Antonio in 1997.

So Dick and Leah share a love of fanzines and cons — the twin pillars of fandom and of fannish togetherness. And nowhere is that fannish togetherness more evident than at RiverCon, where they have won the Oldyweds game two years running. They tell me that next year they're going to be disqualified so someone else can have a chance. Then maybe, resting on those laurels, they'll get back to STET. But maybe not, because there's always some new fannish endeavor to claim their energy, which from this observer's vantage seems just about boundless. Even if it does run on the Smith clock.

— Phyllis Eisenstein

Bob and Anne Passovoy

ANNE PASSOVOY has been a Faan since before she was Anne Passovoy. She began by being the only one of Don Blyly's friends at the U. of I who had a car. This meant that if Don wanted to go to a WorldCon in St. Louis (this is 1968) Anne got to go too. She's never told me just what it was that Don said to get her to make that drive, but StLouieCon was her introduction to Fandom.

She'd been singing and playing guitar for some years previous, indeed, it was in part her glorious voice that entrapped me in my young and impressionable days (along with other glorious bits, of course). She could do a version of Laarge Daark Aardvark that'd tear your heart out, (along with other bits of anatomy, but the less said the better). Filking was a natural step, especially after she met Juanita Coulson in St. Louis. For the next several years, she and Juanita were the Defenders of the Filk at a time when Con Committees were hostile to the art.

She's written Filksongs (Jurassic Washerwoman is her most recent, Harbors, I think, her best), adapted and improved others (Sentinel, Uncultured Dorsai), and set still others to music that has made them classics (Grand Canal, Mary O'Meara). She still sings when time and voice allow. She joined Dorsai Irregulars when I did (right after Yang got off the stage at DisCon in 1974) and remains active in that too. She helped develop the current "Chief Runner" technique for managing art auctions and continues to help train runners at Midwest conventions. All of this while

raising three kids, being a CNE/X 400 specialist for the Harris Bank and being married to me.

I'm still trying to figure out how I got so lucky.

—Bob Passovoy

BOB PASSOVOY has been a fan since I dragged him, scruffy and bewildered, through NoreasCon I in 19-um-70? 71? something like that. His impression was that this was Not Like Medical School, and also a Good Thing. At NoreasCon he saw his first auction, heard his first filk, and was introduced to the dizzying concepts of meeting scads of truly wonderful people. He returned to school twice as scruffy, with a determined gleam; there was going to be more of this fun, even if he had to marry me to find it.

Bob worked his first auction at TorCon II. His teacher was John Trimble, whom Bob considers the best auctioneer in Fandom. Bob continued to serve in any auction that would have him. From this point in history the Midwest style of art auctioneering began to develop; quick, expert and very very silly. As he perfected his own style, he began to train others. Fortunately, faans do silly extremely well. Auctions became entertainment as well as a way to keep starving artists in beanie weenies.

He has progressed through all the stages of Fandom and documented them. He has also invented and described a number of fannish diseases, suitable for explaining why Friday absences from work are quite legal and absolutely necessary. Bob's first stint on a WorldCon committee was for ChiCon IV. He was referee. Never again. He says even doctors are capable of learning. He also says he needs to hit the lottery so he can fan properly. Meanwhile, his mundane pleasures include HO-scale model railroading, his three children, gardening, and running around with me.

I'm still trying to figure out how I got so lucky.

—Anne Passovoy

Stanley Schmidt

Stanley Schmidt, born in Cincinnati and graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 1966, began selling stories while a graduate student at Case Western Reserve University, where he completed his Ph.D. in physics in 1969. He continued free-lancing while an assistant professor at Heidelberg College in Ohio, teaching physics, astronomy, science fiction, and other oddities. (He was introduced to his wife, Joyce, by a serpent while teaching field biology in a place vaguely resembling that well-known garden.) He has contributed numerous stories and articles to original anthologies and magazines including *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Rigel*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery magazine*, *American*

Journal of Physics, *Camping Journal*, *Writer's Digest*, and *The Writer*. He has edited about a dozen anthologies, including co-editing and writing several chapters of *Writing Science Fiction and Fantasy* (St. Martin's Press, 1991).

Since 1978, as editor of *Analog*, he has been nominated 16 times for the Hugo Award for Best Professional Editor. He is a member of the Board of Advisors of the National Space Society, and has been an invited speaker at national meetings of that organization, the American Institute of Aeronautics and astronautics, and the American Association of Physics Teachers, as well as numerous museums and universities. In his writing and editing he draws on a varied background including extensive experience as a musician, photographer, traveler, naturalist, outdoorsman, pilot, and linguist. Most of these influences left traces in his four novels, *The Sins of the Father's*, *Lifeboat Earth*, *Newton and the Quasi-Apple* and *Tweedloop*. His first nonfiction book, *A Science Fiction Writer's Guide to Aliens and Alien Societies*, will be published in 1996 by *Writer's Digest* books. He will be a Guest of Honor at BucConeer, the 1998 World Science Fiction Convention in Baltimore.

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Once upon a time...
 Heather Bruton was born in a trailer park in Halifax, Canada she grew up drawing pretty pictures and terrorizing shellfish...



She fell in with Toronto fandom

Jump! Jump!

Alhaha!!!

Although today - she lives in Kitchner



She devised a terrible plot to role Canada based on secret natural laws and drawing Japanimation

Later, she decided this was silly and gave it up for Lent



But by this time she found she had sold her soul to Anime House Press - run by the powerful Marg Baskin - who has sworn to only use the power for good

Draw faster Heather

Yes marg

Being a benevolent person, marg allows Heather time to draw pictures for her wildlife love, convention fans, gaming companies, fanzines, conventions, other people and all that.

This gets Heather into trouble.



CAUTION

Self-proclaimed Pushy Broad of the Midwest.

Heather loves art.
 + Heather loves to talk.
 Heather loves to talk about art.
 Talk to her - she always has a smile, she's always doing something.
 she's inspiring!



This cartoon the fault of Diana Hankin Stein


BAEN BOOKS

NOVEMBER 1995

SPACER DREAMS LARRY SEGRIFF

Become a Space Pirate—or Die!

Tom Jenkins didn't know where he came from, but he knew where he wanted to go: Space! Unfortunately for him, not many of the inmates of the Brighthome Youth Center, "last chance for the Galaxy's troubled youth," had much of a future, let alone a *romantic* one adventuring among the stars. If they were lucky, toed the line and kept their noses clean, they *might* get to be repair techs or maintenance supervisors. The only hope they had of something more was the wisp of a legend that spoke of space pirates visiting from time to time to recruit special chosen ones. Tom didn't believe that; he was just doing his best to survive on Brighthome until he "graduated." Then the space pirates came....

0-671-87696-1 • 256 pages • \$5.99 • SCIENCE FICTION



SOLOMON KANE ROBERT E. HOWARD

*Solomon Kane: Swordsman Without Peer,
and Implacable Foe of Evil*

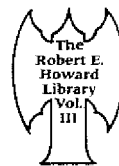
From the Creator of CONAN

★★ Introduction by Ramsey Campbell ★★

"While evil flourishes and wrongs grow rank, while men are persecuted and women wronged, while weak things, human or animal, are maltreated, there is no rest for me beneath the skies, nor peace at any board or bed."—Solomon Kane

In a city of the living dead, in a jungle empire ruled by a vampire queen, in a land where manlike things with the wings of huge bats prey on humans, Solomon Kane's indomitable will and limitless courage carry him into battle against inconceivable horrors. Driven by irresistible impulses he himself does not understand, fated never to call any land home, Kane continues on his endless quest, and cannot be swerved from it, even if it leads to the gates of Hell itself....

0-671-87695-3 • 320 pages • \$5.99 • FANTASY



Distributed by Simon & Schuster

Registration

If you have this Program Book in your hands, you're already registered! (The following information is for friends of yours who may not be yet.)

Registration is in the Mayoral Ballroom foyer, just outside the Dealers' Room. At the door, registration costs \$35. We will need to see proof of identity (and age), so please bring at least one photo ID. (Should you lose your badge, you may be asked to pay a \$5 fee at the discretion of the Registrar.)

Registration is open on Friday from noon to 11 PM and Saturday from 10 AM to 6 PM.

Con Suite Hours

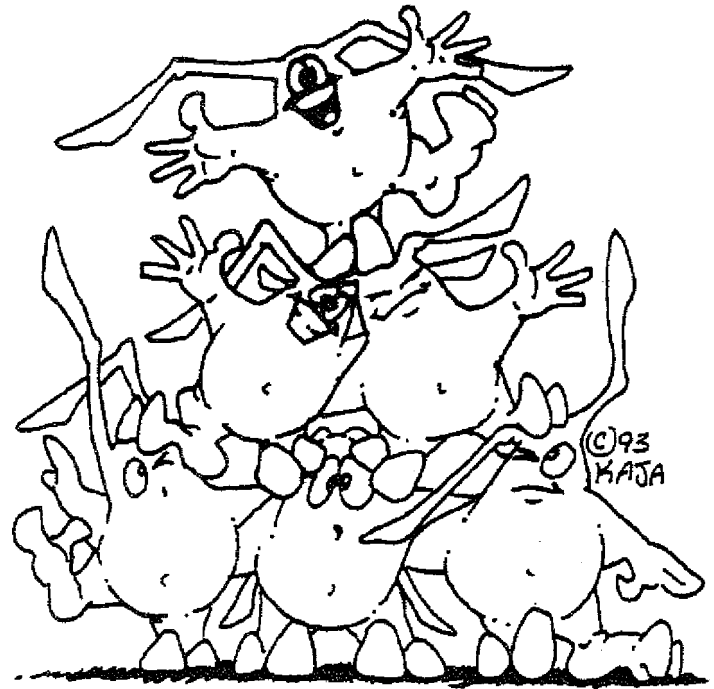
The WindyCon con suite will be open
Friday From noon until 5 AM, (closed for cleaning)
Saturday From 9 AM until 5 AM (closed for cleaning)
And Sunday from 9 AM until 3 PM
Dead Dog Time

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

The golden liquid (bheer) will be available from 3 PM until 3 AM on Friday, from 3 PM until 3 AM on Saturday and from noon on Sunday until the Con Suite closes (or until we have to get the tappers back). BE AWARE that the legal drinking age in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges will be color coded, but please don't feel offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; with the increased awareness of alcohol problems, we're just covering ourselves from problems with the Blue Meanies (and litigation). The Con Suite Staff would also like to issue an urgent plea for anyone who would like to work with our merry band of people; please see us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see Operations and tell them that you want to work in the Con Suite. Especially appreciated would be people over the legal drinking age to assist in the distribution of the bheer.

We will be in room 5321, the same suite that we have had in previous years, and it will remain a non-smoking Con Suite. Smoking will be allowed in the elevator lobby on the fifth floor. No smoking in Con Suite or Halls! If you must smoke the elevator lobby on the fifth floor is the **only** acceptable place.

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



Dealer's Room

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

Dealer Room Hours:
Friday 3 PM. - 7 PM.
Saturday 10 AM. - 6 PM.
Sunday 11 AM. - 3 PM.

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

A Listing of Dealers & Locations was not available at press time.

Operations

Got a need to see how a Con works?

Got a spare minute? or hour?

Got the itch to volunteer?

Then stop in At Operations...

We always have the need of a few good gophers.

We can promise you lots of fun, new learning experiences, and maybe even a member ship reimbursement

Stop in and check it out!

ASPECT



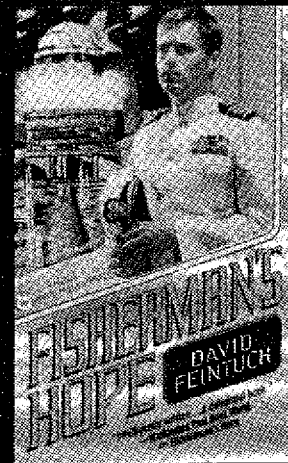
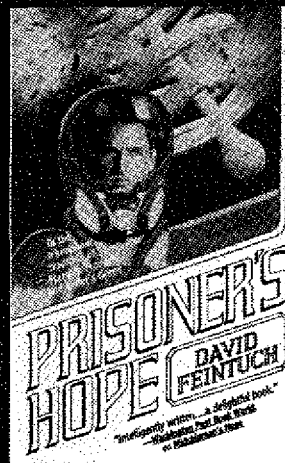
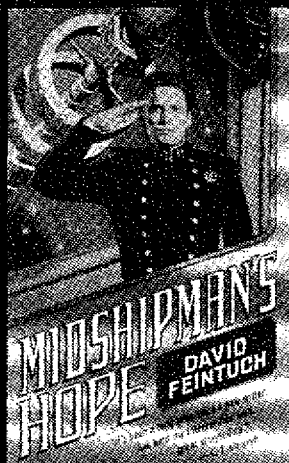
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-Locus

"Feintuch's the real deal as a storyteller...
an extremely clever plotter."

-Internet Book Information Center



COMING IN
MARCH 1996



Art Show Rules

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

Again this year WindyCon is going to be selling Recycled Art, or Previously Owned Art, or "I have run out of wall space and I must scream" art. The rules listed below are for artists with original work as well as those selling previously owned art.

1. Artist/Agent must be a member of the convention.
 2. All art subjects must relate to science fiction, fantasy or science.
 3. All art must be clearly marked with artist's name, title, medium, and minimum price and if previously owned art, the current owner's name.
 4. All flat art must be matted or framed.
 5. PRINT RULE. One (1) signed and numbered copy of a print will be accepted. There is a Print Shoppe, so put extra copies there. You may add a note to your panel in the art show informing viewers that prints are available in the Print Shoppe.
 6. No mail-in art will be accepted.
 7. Panels are limited to two (2) per artist or one half (1/2) table unless space becomes available. If you have special needs please see the Art Show Director. Panels are approximately 4x5 ft. Tables are 6ftx30in.
 8. FEES: \$0.50 hanging fee for each **For Sale** piece of art. \$1.00 hanging fee for each **Not For Sale** piece of art. (Hanging fees pertain to artists and previously owned art. NOT PRINT SHOPPE.)
10% commission on all sales (artists, previously owned art and print shop).
Hanging fees must be paid at check-in.
 9. Artist will be paid on Sunday after all pieces of art are accounted for; check will be issued 11 AM -1 PM. Agents must have a letter of authorization from the artist in order to receive the artist's check. The art show receipts and the print shop receipts will be paid separately.
 10. HOURS: Open to all:
FRIDAY: 9 AM - 7 PM
SATURDAY: 9 AM - 7 PM
- Voice Auction:
SATURDAY: 8 PM (or as soon as we can get ready for it)
- Pick-up only:
SATURDAY: 9 PM-until the auction is over.
SUNDAY: 9 AM - NOON. All purchased art must be picked-up by noon on Sunday. Artist/Agents must pick-up unsold art by 1 PM. on Sunday. Any art left at that time will be charged for shipping and a handling fee of \$20.00. Artists and fans are encouraged to pick-up their art during the auction.

11. Photography (and cameras) are not allowed in the art show.
 12. Bags and packages will be checked.
 13. All bidders must register with the art show.
 14. The silent auction: Write-in bids will be accepted until the close of the art show on Saturday at 7 PM.
- Pieces with:
- one (1) bid are considered sold to that bidder.
 - two (2) bids are considered sold to that bidder.
 - three (3) bids are considered sold to that bidder.
 - four (4) bids or more will go to the voice auction where bidding may/may not exceed the last bid.
- All bids must be \$1.00 increments or more.



Print Shoppe

The Print Shoppe is now in its 6th year at WindyCon. We grow larger every year. All artists are encouraged to sell their prints in the Print Shoppe. All con goers are encouraged to browse and BUY, BUY, BUY.

The WindyCon Print Shoppe is once again being brought to you by the same loyal suckers people as last year.

Roberta Jordan - Manager

Denise Clift - Asst. Manager

This years hours are:

Friday 12 PM - 4 PM Artist check-in

Friday 4 PM - 8 PM open for business

Saturday 10 AM - 8 PM open for business

Sunday 10 AM - 2 PM open for business

Print Shoppe rules are simple - Just Say NO

NO Smoking

NO Eating

NO Drinking

NO Picture taking

NO Bidding

NO Auction

Just say yes to Buying

Visa and MasterCard will be accepted this year \$10.00 minimum.

Artist Rules are as follows:

- (1) When checking pieces in or out all pieces must be counted by a Shoppe staffer.
- (2) There is no hanging fee. But there is a 10% commission fee on sold pieces.
- (3) If you wish to be paid at the con, please contact the Print Shoppe manager by Saturday night.
- (4) All others will be paid within 2 weeks.
- (5) Any time put in by the artist in the Print Shoppe will be heartily appreciated.

THE COLOR OF DISTANCE

Amy Thomson

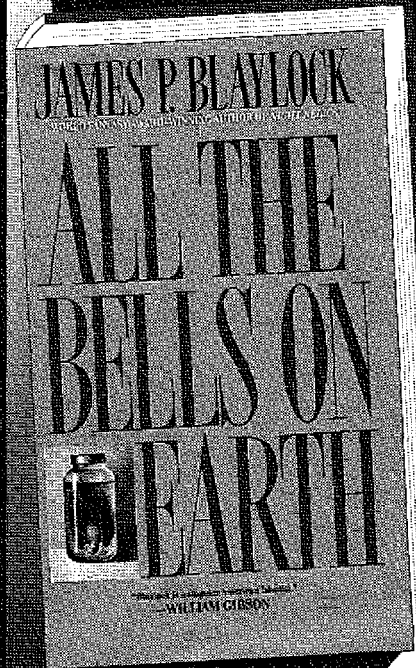
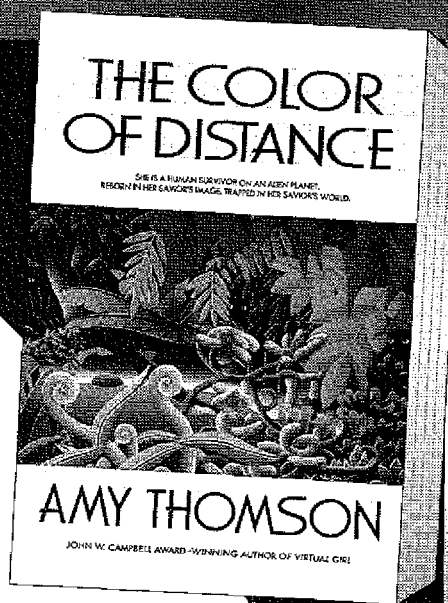
From the John W. Campbell Award-winning and author of *Virtual Girl* comes the ultimate tale of alienation.

Marooned in the dense and isolated Tendu rain forest, Juna's only hope for survival is the total transformation—and terrifying assimilation—into the amphibian Tendu species. Living as they live, Juna will come closer to her own human nature than ever before.

"Amy Thomson has written an energetic and entertaining first contact novel, complete with charming, strange, dangerous aliens and two intelligent, competent, imperfect heroines, one human, one not."

—Yonda McIntyre, author of *Nautilus*

November Trade Paperback/\$13.00



ALL THE BELLS ON EARTH

James P. Blaylock

"Blaylock is a singular American fabulist."—William Gibson

"Blaylock...is a gifted writer who spins plots of delightful contrariness."—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

From the World Fantasy Award-winning author of *Night Relics* comes a chilling novel of the influence of greed and the power of fallen souls. In Orange, California, a local minister has brokered the souls of three men to the devil. Consumed by guilt, he watches as two of the men succumb to insanity and death. The third man, successful businessman Robert Argyle, plans to renege on his debt. In desperation, he turns to the practice of centuries-old magic to save his soul, unleashing dark forces in the neighborhood. And only the good hearts of one ordinary family can save Argyle from eternal damnation.

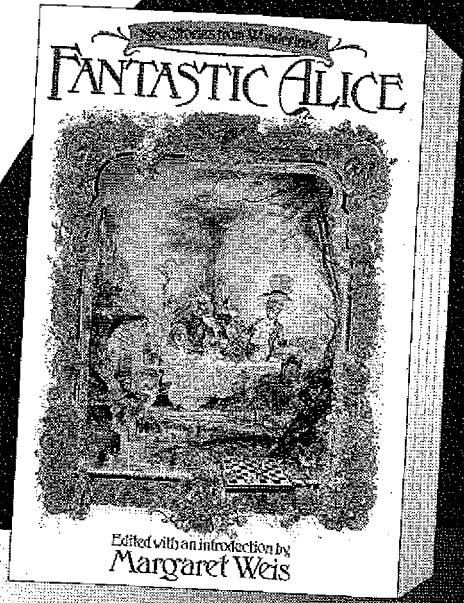
November Hardcover/\$21.95

FANTASTIC ALICE

edited with an introduction by Margaret Weis

Today's masters of modern fantasy pay tribute to Alice and her inspired creator—with brilliantly original stories from Wonderland. *New York Times* bestselling author Margaret Weis has compiled this collection of all new, first-time-in-print adventures from Janet Asimov, Robin W. Bailey, Gary Braunbeck, Peter Crowther, Esther Freisner, Connie Hirsch, Tobin Larson, Jane Lindskold, Lisa Mason, Jodi Lynn Nye, Janet Pack, Mickey Zucker Reichert, Bruce Holland Rogers, Lawrence Schimel, Kevin Stein, Lawrence Watt-Evans, and Roger Zelazny.

December Trade Paperback/\$12.00



The WindyCon XXII Masque

Time and Place:

The WindyCon XXII Masquerade will take place in the Main Ballroom at 8 PM on Saturday, November 11th.

Contestants Check In Time:

7 - 7:40 PM

Check In Location:

Rolling Meadows Ballroom

Registration

All persons who wish to enter the masquerade must be registered. To register, drop off the entry form at the Masquerade Desk before 3 PM Contestants meeting. No late entries will be permitted!

Cassette Tapes

If you have a cassette tape to be played during your presentation, it must be turned in with your registration form before 3 PM at the Masquerade Desk or at the 3 PM Contestants meeting. Make sure the tape AND it's box are labeled with your name and the name of your presentation. Mark the side to be played "PLAY THIS SIDE" and mark the other side "WRONG SIDE." Tapes should be cued and ready to play. (Please do not give us Commercial Tapes cued to your song. If they accidentally get played, we will not be able to find your cueing again.)

Documentation

If you are doing a re-creation costume from a Movie, TV Show, Bookcover, etc. Please do yourselves a favor and bring a picture of what you are re-creating as documentation. Don't expect the judges to know your source.

Divisions

WindyCon XXII will be utilizing the Division System. The divisions are defined as follows:
NOVICE: Anyone who has not won an award at a major regional convention.
JOURNEYMAN: Anyone who has won less than three awards at a major regional convention.
MASTER: Anyone who has won three or more awards at a major regional convention.

For purpose of these divisions, "Major regional convention" is defined as a WindyCon, MiniCon, WorldCon, etc. Basically any convention of about 2000 or more. Because of it's specialized nature,

Costume Con is also considered in this list. Any contestant may enter in a division higher than the one for which they qualify. For group entries, the division will usually be determined by the groups most skilled member. If you are unsure in which division to enter, ask the Masquerade Director.

Please note that there will be no separate category for re-creation costumes. Re-creation costumes will compete in the same manner as originals, using the appropriate skill divisions.

Presentations

There will be NO live microphone for the use of contestants. Special introductions and/or voice overs may be clearly printed on the masquerade form for the emcee to read. Alternately, it may be recorded on standard cassette tape for playing during your presentation. I strongly discourage trying to speak from the stage. Please remember that this is a costume competition, not a talent show. If you wish, a tape may be used solely for background music (strongly encouraged). If you are going to use a tape, bring it with you and turn it in with your registration forms. Make sure the tape is pre-cued, so that all our overworked sound technician has to do is pop it into a player and push a button. Clearly label the correct side with your name (leaving room for your contestant number), and label the wrong side as such. Don't forget to also label the tape box.

Time Limits

Presentations will be limited to 60 seconds for the first three persons in an entry; 90 seconds for up to six, and ten seconds more for each additional person. You are NOT required to use the full time limit for your presentation. If you really need more time, see me at the convention and we can negotiate. It will take an act of Ghod for me to approve a presentation over three minutes. Remember, the time limits will be strictly enforced.

Workmanship

In addition to the regular judges, contestants may choose to compete for Workmanship awards. These will be given for exceptional accomplishments in the crafting of a costume. Judging is entirely optional. If you think your costume or some portion of it exhibits exceptional craftsmanship, bring it over to the workmanship judge. The standard is excellence, so there are divisions.

Food Guide

By the Avenging Aardvark (aka Ross Pavlac) and Maria Pavlac

Since the previous edition (1993), many changes have taken place. Thirteen restaurants in the area have closed, and twentythree new ones have opened! Sample menus for some of the restaurants listed can be viewed at the Windycon Information Desk.

If you are on foot, your food options are less limited than they used to be. You have Baguetti's (the Hyatt restaurant), the restaurants in Woodfield Shopping Mall (immediately to the south of the Hyatt), and a handful of restaurants to the west, between the Hyatt and Meacham Road.

There is another option, though — two delivery services, Takeout Taxi (882-2525) and Elegant Express Delivery (397-6555) will provide delivery from a number of local restaurants. Takeout Taxi charges \$3.50 delivery charge (plus \$2.25 per restaurant if ordering from more than one restaurant) and \$10 minimum. Elegant Express charges \$1.75 delivery charge (with ZERO extra charge if ordering from more than one restaurant). With both, the charge does NOT include the driver's tip. They both accept cash, Visa, MasterCard, Discover, and American Express (Elegant Express also accepts Diners' Club). In this food guide, restaurants serviced by these companies will be noted with "TAXI" and "EXPRESS" respectively. Also: both of these service many restaurants not listed in this food guide; call them for details.

If you are buying for a party, the best large grocery stores are Dominick's and Jewel, near Golf and Roselle (see below). Restaurants that we particularly recommend for your consideration are marked with a * in front of the name. A very rough guide to cost is: \$ = under \$10/person, \$\$ = 11-20/person, \$\$\$ = over \$20/person (not including cost of alcoholic beverages). All area codes are 708 and are a local call from the Hyatt Regency Woodfield.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hyatt

(just to the west on Golf)

Bay Street.

2000 E. Golf Rd. 11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 517-1212.

Seafood. TAXI. EXPRESS. \$\$

Olive Garden.

1925 E. Golf Road. 11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 240-1123.

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

*Baguetti's.

In the Hyatt. 6:30am-12am Fri, 7-12 Sat, Sun. 605-1234 ext. 6930.

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

Houlihan's.

1901 E. Golf Road. 11-12 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 605-0002.

Yuppie food. TAXI. \$

Borders Books.

just west of Hyatt on Golf.

Cappuccino. Note: Dennis Franz of NYPD Blue will be making an appearance on Saturday of Windycon! \$

Schlotzky's Deli.

1564 E. Golf. 330-2867.

Sandwiches, pizza. Good rendition of a New Orleans style muffuletta. \$

Ben & Jerry's.

1562 E. Golf. 240-1818.

Yuppie ice cream. \$

Starbuck's.

1560 East Golf. 619-0599.

Yuppie coffee. \$

California Pizza Kitchen.

1550 E. Golf. 413-9200.

Yuppie pizza with offbeat ingredients. Can be excellent. TAXI. \$-\$\$.

Italianni's.

1695 E. Golf. 11-10:30 Mon-Thu, 11-11 Fri-Sat, 12-10 Sun. 517-8866.

Italian with a somewhat non-traditional menu; excellent desserts. TAXI. \$\$

Hooters.

Golf Road, just south of Italianni's.

Not yet open at presstime. The management insists it's all about owls, but it's really an excuse for men of high hormones and low social skills to take a stroll down mammary lane. \$\$

*Chevy's.

1180 Plaza Drive. 413-9100.

Mexican food with emphasis on fresh ingredients. Management loves giving tours of the kitchen. This is the best Mexican food we've found in the Northwest suburbs. \$\$

Pizzeria Uno.

1160 Plaza Drive (Golf & Meacham). 11-12 Mon-Thu, 11-1 Fri-Sat, 11-11 Sun. 413-0200.

The originator of deep dish pizza. Good, but Edwardo's (listed below) is better. \$-\$\$.

Kenny Rogers Roasters.

Meacham Road just south of Golf.

Not yet open at presstime. Competitor to Boston Market/KFC, with carryout and dine-in. \$

In Woodfield Mall

(General info: 330-1537):

Note that Woodfield Mall's recent expansion has recaptured its title as the world's largest shopping mall as measured by retail space; Mall of America still is #1 if measured by overall square footage (Woodfield has no amusement park) or number of stores.

*A&W.

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

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

Au Bon Pain.

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

Coffee, croissants, sandwiches. \$

Boudin Bakery.

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

Sourdough bread, sandwiches, soups. \$

Burger King.

Hamburgers. \$

*Cinnabon.

995-0715.

The best cinnamon rolls in the known universe. \$

Cookie Factory Bakery.

619-0121.

Cookies, muffins, rolls, bagels. \$

Door County Confectionery.

619-6460.

Candy. \$

Gloria Jean's Coffee Bean.

619-0690.

Coffee, iced cappuccino. Not as good as Joni's. \$

*Godiva.

619-1161.

Chocolate to kill for.

Healthy Express.

(part of Nordic Track store) 9:30-9 Fri, 9:30-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun. 995-9995. Fruit smoothies, pasta salads, fruit juice, etc. This food is just too, too good for you; do you really want to eat here? \$

Hot Sam's Pretzel Bakery.

995-8306.

Pretzels.

John's Garage.

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

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

*Joni's Cappuccino.

240-5044.

Cappuccino, gourmet coffee. \$

Long John Silver's.

Seafood, more or less. \$

Manchu Wok.

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

Oriental fast food.

Mandarin Express.

Oriental fast food.

Marshall Field's Gourmet Cafe.

(in the department store) 706-6004.

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



McDonald's.

bump Pass the bicarb. \$

Mrs. Field's Cookies.

619-2050.

Cookies.

Nordstrom Cafe/Pub

(in Nordstrom's department store) 605-2121.

American cuisine. \$

***Rainforest Cafe.**

10-10 Mon-Thur, 10-11 Fri-Sat, 10-9 Sun. 619-1900.

This has to be seen to be believed — a simulated rainforest in a shopping mall! Extensive gift shop, too. There are only two of these in the U.S. Beware: long waits. \$-\$\$.

Ruby Tuesday.

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

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

***Sbarro.**

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

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

***Vie de France.**

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

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

Villa Co. Cucina Italiana.

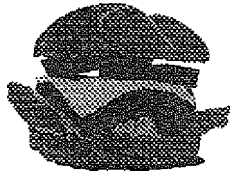
517-9112.

Italian. \$-\$\$

Vinny's Family Style Italian.

413-0990.

Italian. \$-\$\$

**Golf Road, West to Roselle Road**

(approx. 3 miles — turn right when leaving Hyatt):

House of Hunan.

1233 E. Golf. 11:30-10:30 Fri, 12-10:30 Sat, 11:30-9:30 Sun. 605-1166

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

Grisanti's Casual Italian.

955 E. Golf. 11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 240-2190.

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

Bob Evans.

935 E. Golf Rd. 6 am-10 pm 7 days. 605-8085.

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

***Sirloin Stockade.**

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

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

Copperfields.

795 E. Golf Rd. 11-2am Fri, 9-2am Sat, 9-11am Sun. 843-1956

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

Cousin's Subs.

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

Submarine sandwiches. TAXI. \$

***Portillo's.**

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

Includes Barnelli's Pasta Bowl. Excellent hot dogs. 50's atmosphere. Better beer selection than the other nearby Portillo's; it's served in frosty fishbowl schooners! \$

***Fuddrucker's.**

436 E. Golf Rd. 11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-10 Sun. 519-9390.

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

Carlos Murphy's.

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

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

Yu's Mandarin.

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

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

***Outback Steak House.**

216 East Golf. 4-10:30 Mon-Thur, 4-11:30 Fri-Sat, 3-10:30 Sun. 843-8884.

Excellent steakhouse; best steak in northwest suburbs. Warning: waits can be 1 1/2 hours during prime dinner hours. \$

In the Vicinity of Golf and Roselle

(approx. 3 miles from Hyatt — turn right when leaving Hyatt):

Dominick's.

Northeast Corner of Golf and Roselle. 7am-12pm.

Large grocery store.

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

27 E. Golf Rd. (next to Dominick's) 5-9:30 Fri, 12-9:30 Sat, 12-9 Sun. 882-8920

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

***Jan's Bagel's.**

1400 N. Roselle. 6:30-5 Fri, 7-2 Sat, 8-1 Sun.

Bagels, bagel sandwiches, soups. Best bagels in the Northwest suburbs. \$

Schaumburg Oriental Food.

1318 N. Roselle. 10-9 Fri, Sat; 10-7 Sun. 843-7877.

Chinese and other oriental groceries. Interesting selection.

***Richard Walker.**

1300 N. Roselle. 7-10:30. 882-1100

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

Medieval Times.

N. Roselle and I-90 exit. 843-3900.

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

Boston Market.

Golf & Roselle (northwest corner)

Chicken and all the fixins. \$

Church's Chicken.

1249 N. Roselle. 885-2595.

Denny's.

1175 N. Roselle. 885-1969

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

Ho Luck.

2 W. Golf. 12-10:30 Fri-Sat, 3-9:30 Sun. 882-4260.

Oriental food. \$\$

Black Pearl.

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

Oriental food. \$\$

Wendy's.

29 W. Golf. 885-4637.

Burgers. \$

Barnaby's.

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

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

Taco Bell.

Circa 211 W. Golf.

***Edwardo's.**

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

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

Smiling Buddha.

1220 Valley Lake Drive (off of Golf) 843-0095

Oriental. \$\$

Cesare's Italian.

Golf & Higgins. 882-7730.

Italian food. \$\$

Taste of Thai.

1029 W. Golf Rd. 11-10 Fri, Sat; Closed Sun. 490-9994.

Thai food. Pretty good for a suburban Thai restaurant. TAXI. \$\$

Also West of Roselle on Golf Rd.

(approx. 4 miles from Hyatt)

Baskin-Robbins, Subway, McDonald's, Taco Bell, Arby's, Dunkin Donuts.**Calomato's**

(southeast corner Golf & Roselle) 11-11 7 days. 885-0300.

Pretentious Italian. Sandwiches, pizza, chicken, etc. \$-\$\$

Jewel.

East side of Roselle (south of Golf)

Large grocery store.

Black Forest Foods.

1129 N. Roselle (south of Golf). 10-10 Fri, 10-9 Sat, 12-7 Sun. 882-5822



WINDYCON XXII

German food. Roast beef, goulash, pork, schnitzel. On Fridays, there is a \$10.95 all-you-can-eat pig roast; reservations for this are a MUST. \$-\$\$

Jockey Club.

1017 N. Roselle Rd. 11:30-9:30 Mon-Thur, 11:30-10:30 Fri-Sat, 11-9:30 Sun. 885-0888.

Chinese (chef is from Hong Kong Jockey Club, hence the name). We haven't tried it, but it's gotten excellent reviews. Dim sum brunch. \$-\$\$

Spring Garden Restaurant.

1000 N. Roselle (south of Golf) 882-4912
Oriental food. \$\$

Also South of Golf

(on Roselle):

Kentucky Fried Chicken, Burger King, Little Caesar's (southeast corner of Roselle and Higgins), Hot Dog Express, Zippy's Cheezy Beef.

In the vicinity of Golf and Algonquin

(approx. 2 miles EAST of the Hyatt; turn LEFT when leaving Hyatt):

Portillo's.

1900 W. Golf (Rolling Meadows). 10:30-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun. 228-0777.
Excellent Hot dogs; the other Portillo's in this listing has a larger menu. \$\$

Rupert's.

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

Chili's.

1480 E. Golf. 11-11 Fri, Sat; 11:30-10 Sun. 228-0072.
Upscale chain restaurant Mexican. Not bad, but not authentic. \$\$

Wendy's.

Golf.
Burgers.

*Old Country Buffet.

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

Prime Table Restaurant.

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

Arby's.

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

Grand Slam Bagel.

1327 E. Golf. 437-4040.
Bagels.

Gino's East.

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

Siegelman's Deli Restaurant.

940 W. Algonquin (north of Golf) 577-8949.
Deli food. \$-\$\$

May Fong's.

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

Jin Mee Oriental Food

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

Down the Hatch.

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

Little Villa Italian Cafe.

Not sure if still in business.

Oberweis Dairy.

1735 Algonquin Road. 9-10 Mon-Thur, 10-11 Fri-Sat, 10-9 Sun. 290-9222.
Premium ice cream, dinosaur cookies, pastries, refrigerated ready-to-bake homemade cookie dough. Better than Ben & Jerry's, but the flavor selection is not as exotic. \$

*Baker's Square.

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

*Zippy's Cheezy Beef.

1720 W. Algonquin. 10-10 7 days. 342-9797.
Burgers, hot dogs. Very popular. \$

Whole Mole.

1921 Algonquin Road. 10:30-10:30 7 days. 398-0040.

Mexican food, with emphasis on fresh ingredients. Less expensive than Chevy's, but the food is less elaborate, too. TAXI. \$

Italian Dragon.

1744 North Algonquin (in Plaza del Grato).
Italian-Chinese cuisine. Really. EXPRESS. \$\$

El Valle.

2216 W. Algonquin. 253-1550.
Mexican for the low-budget diner. \$

Ritzzy's Cafe.

2765 Algonquin. 6-12 Sun-Thur, 6-1 Fri-Sat.
Somewhat yuppie-oriented sandwiches and salads. EXPRESS. \$

*Russell's Barbecue.

2885 Algonquin Road. 10:30-10 Sun-Thur, 10:30-11 Fri-Sat. 259-5710.
Best Ribs in the Schaumburg area. \$-\$\$

Also in the vicinity: McDonald's, Burger King, Denny's, Pepe's, Taco Bell, Brown's Chicken, Hickory Roasters Chicken, Kentucky Fried Chicken. (all on Algonquin, north of Golf and mostly near the intersection with Wilke)

In One Schaumburg Place

(a mall just south of Woodfield)

*Applebee's Neighborhood Grill.

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

Candy Junction.

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

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

*Joni's Cappuccino.

240-5600
Excellent Cappuccino. \$

Chicago Smoothies.

995-0533
Frozen yogurt. \$

A Slice of Italy.

619-9296
Very good pizza slices. \$

Manchu Wok.

240-2570
Chinese. \$

Subway.

517-7827
Submarine sandwiches. EXPRESS. \$

*Johnny Rockets.

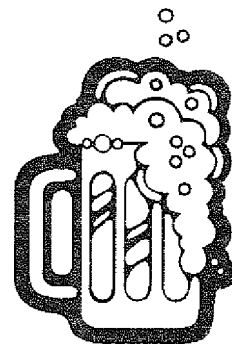
240-9100
Very good burgers, shakes, and pie. 50's theme. \$

Chicago Style Hot Dogs.

240-2515
Hot dogs. \$

*Smokehouse.

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

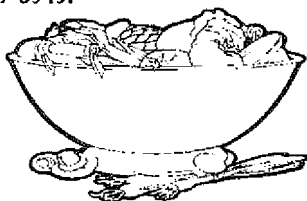


You might also want to consider:

*Yaohan.

100 E. Algonquin (at Arlington Hts. Road; take Golf East to Algonquin, then right/southeast on Algonquin; about 4 miles from Hyatt) 11-7:30 7 days. 956-6699

This is a small Japanese indoor shopping mall, which includes a grocery store loaded with strange Japanese food, a bookstore with some Japanese anime books, a toy store with LOTS of science fiction toys, and most interesting of all... a food court with about half a dozen different Japanese cuisines. Can be a lot of fun, but is only for the adventurous. \$



WindyCon XXII

**THANKS FOR
COMING...**

ENJOY YOURSELF!

COME BACK NEXT YEAR!

Masquerade Registration Information

Weapons

No dangerous or potentially dangerous props will be allowed. This includes anything which represents a possibility of damage to the health, well being, or costumes of the other contestants, or the audience. No sword fighting, unsheathed blades, weapons that fire any kind of projectile, real firearms, guns that fire blanks, or pyrotechnics of any type.

Technical and Staging Information

Please let us know on your entry form if you need any of the following: Two-sided entry, black-out or other special sound cues, unusual assistance in getting on or off stage, unusual effects that might startle our catchers, etc. In general, you may surprise the audience, but **DON'T SURPRISE THE CREW!**

The Green Room

The backstage waiting area will be the room next to the big one, Arlington Heights. We will have a den mother, a costume repair table, and Gatorade and munchies (pretzels).

Additional Rules

1. Deja Vu - If we saw your costume at a past WindyCon competition or you've worn it this year in the halls for more than four hours, it is ineligible for competition. Try to keep your costume fresh for the audience and the judges.
2. NO messy substances, wet, dry, or oily that might ruin the costume of any other contestants will be allowed in the green room or on stage.
3. Purchased or rented costumes may not be shown in competition.
4. This masquerade is rated PG-13. Please be discreet in your use of nudity. Remember: No costume is NO COSTUME!
5. The masquerade director has full authority to exterminate anyone from the competition on the basis of taste, danger to the audience or

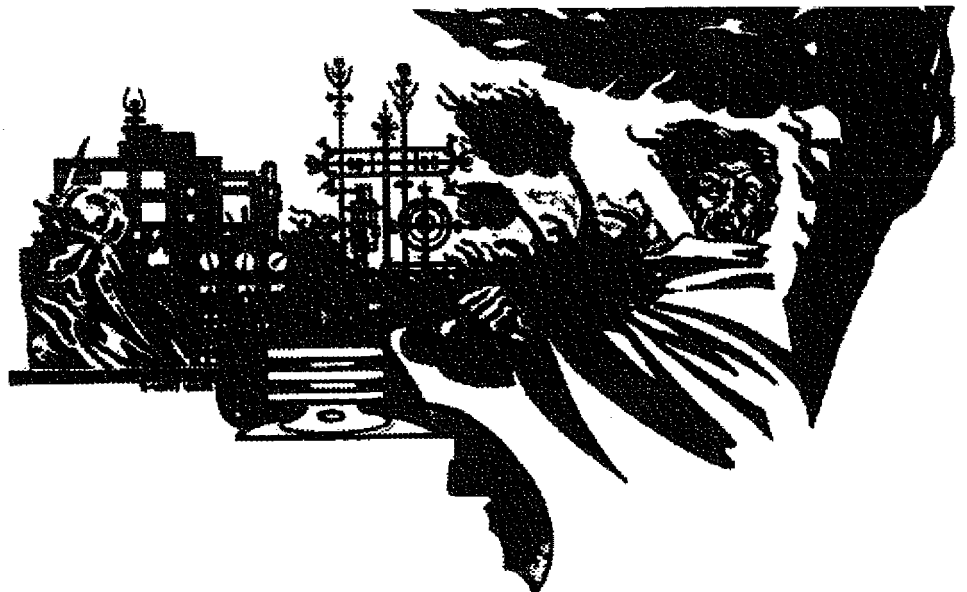
contestants, violation of the above rules, or any other reason deemed sufficient. We've never had to eliminate anyone yet, but this protects you and the convention from real "loons". There will be no appeal.

Some General Good Advice

Please be kind to yourselves before the competition. Get some sleep the night before. Register early, and turn in all materials properly labeled. Let the masquerade director know what you'll need for your presentation to run smoothly. Get a lot of practice in ahead of time. Don't forget to eat and drink something in the late afternoon. Remember, we will only have Gatorade and water backstage. Check in on time and let your den mother take care of you. If you need a sudden repair, ask at the repair table, and we will try to take care of you. If you have a problem, tell your den mother or the backstage manager.

When you go on, let the crew help you on and off the stage so you don't fall. Let your den mother take care of your excess belongings while you are on stage. The catcher crew will retrieve anything you leave on stage and get it back to you. After the photo line, you may go back into the ballroom and watch the rest of the masquerade, or go back to the green room. Don't forget to stick around for the awards — it just might be your name they call!

Glen A. Boettcher
Masquerade Director



Weapons Policy

We're trying an experiment this year with our weapons policy at Windycon—if everything works out, we hope to be able to continue this in future years.

Here's the gist of the policy: real weapons (or items that could be easily mistaken for real weapons) remain a no-no for safety reasons. Non-weapons that are part of costumes or your general con paraphernalia (for instance, a Proni blaster) are OK, as long as you aren't doing stupid things with them. Hang on for a second, and Uncle Bill will run you through the details.

- 1) Real weapons are right out. This includes things with sharp edges (swords, knives, and the like) and projectile weapons (guns, squirt guns, potato guns—you get the idea). These are items that can cause real injuries, and we'd really rather avoid that. (Yes, we understand that you're perfectly trustworthy. We just can't separate the sensible people from the careless by sight.)
- 2) Costume pieces that could be easily mistaken for real weapons are also right out. Got a Han Solo blaster? Looks a lot like a real Mauser. Unfortunately, it looks enough like a real Mauser that it could be mistaken for one by some armed security guard. And the story about some fool at a DC-area con pulling such a blaster on said guard and nearly getting blown away is not apocryphal. And a good gunshot wound could ruin your whole weekend.
- 3) If you use a replica weapon as a weapon, we're going to treat it like a real weapon. This means, for example, that you should not pull your Proni blaster on someone who isn't expecting it. (See number 2 above.) If you want to pose for a picture in the hall, that's cool. Just use your head.
- 4) If you use a non-weapon as a weapon, it becomes a weapon. So don't bash someone with your cane unless you want to lose it for the duration.
- 5) We reserve the right to intervene if we see something stupid going on that's not covered by the first four points here.
- 6) We like our Operations and Security staff, and we think they have eminently good sense. So we've given them authority to determine what's a problem and what's not. They also have the authority to determine how to handle a problem, whether it's "Put that thing away in your room" or "You must leave the convention". They're working hard to keep the convention running, so try to give them a break, OK?

Remember, the objective of the convention is to have a good time. Let's all be cool, not do anything dumb, and we won't have a problem.

Filksinging

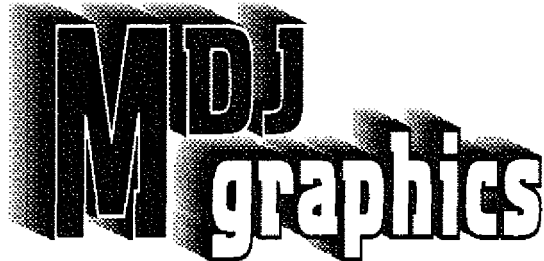
We're trying something a little different this year on the Filking front. Friday night after the show by the Old Time Radio Players, popular filker Steve Macdonald will give a concert in the Main Ballroom that will transmute into a jam that will evolve into the open filk. Saturday night, we'll be back in the same old place, the Arlington Heights room, for an evening of song and silliness.

Gophers

Thanks for all the memories, the fun, and all your hard-working help.

Without gophers, this Con couldn't run as well as it does. We in Operations appreciate each and every one of you (you know who you are).

Thanks again for all your help!



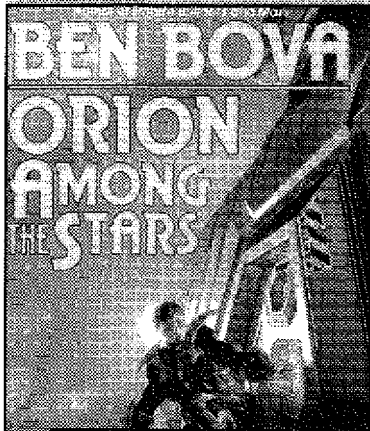
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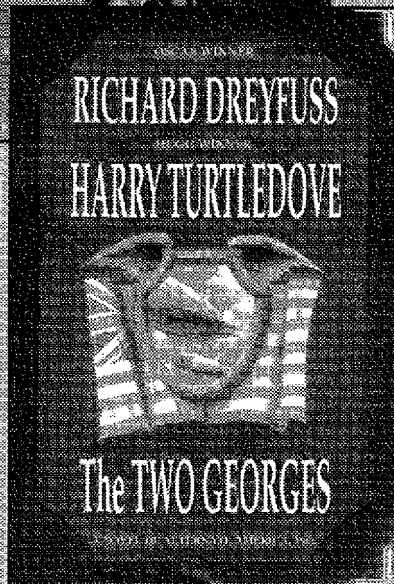


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THE TWO GEORGES

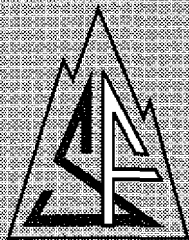
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Special Events

Friday

OPENING CEREMONIES

Starting the con on Friday evening is our Opening Ceremonies, including the usual fascinating and amusing speeches by our Guests of Honor.

OLD TIME RADIO RETURNS TO WINDYCON!

On Friday night in the main ballroom after opening ceremonies, we ask you to "return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear!"

The Northwest chapter of the Those Were The Days Radio Players will perform a series of recreations of actual radio programs from the 1940's, all taken from the original scripts. The Shadow will once again show that the weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Some comedy will lighten up the evening. And a bit of chilling horror will give you a final tweak before we send you on your way.

TWTD Radio players (Northwest Chapter) is run by Rosemary and Wally Cwik. The group was formed by Chuck Schaden, who has for 25 years played old time radio every Saturday from 1-4 PM on WNIB (Chicago) and WNIZ (Zion) — 96.9 and 97.1 on the radio dial. The group primarily provides entertainment for senior citizen groups, hospitals, nursing homes, and libraries. Windycon is delighted to welcome them to their first science fiction convention!

Saturday

From 10 AM till noon, watch for The Return of the Windycon Trivia Bowl, hosted by Dr. Bob Passavoy. Teams of four players will compete to display their knowledge (or lack thereof) of little known facts about science fiction, fantasy, and fandom.

CROSS-STITCH EXPEDITION

Hey, all you SF fans who are into Cross-stitch! A good stitchery store is hard to find, but the Windycon Hyatt is within six miles of the best-stocked store (in terms of thread selection and cloth/pattern selections) in the greater Chicago area. Windycon Special Events will lead an expedition from the Hyatt at noon Saturday; meet at the concierge desk in the front lobby. If you have questions, see Maria Pavlac.

Later in the evening is the ever-kaleidoscopic Windycon Masquerade. If you have entered, please remember to attend the Orientation Session (see Pocket Program for details).

And last but not least, Let's Dance! Come, celebrate the third planet in the solar system, Sol 3, Terra, Earth

or whatever you call this ball of dirt. So wear your dashikis, babushkas and dancing shoes and join the Saturday Night Dance with boffo DJ Jeff Sparrow.

Sunday

The festivities draw to a close with the ever-popular Closing Ceremonies, where we'll find out which committee members survived the experience. And lastly, don't miss the Dead Dog Party in the Con Suite!

WindyKidCon

General Policy: Any child or (kid at heart that is well behaved) may participate in WindyKidCon. They must have a badge. Under 6 years of age are welcome with a parent or one of the babysitters. Kids in tow must have an adult with at all times.

Finger Painting

A WindyKidCon favorite

David Lee Anderson and Erin McKee

Stuffed Animal / Puppy Pounder TEEN TOURNAMENT

A role-playing game using stuffed animals no bigger than 12 inches (we will have stuffed animals for you to use if you don't have one along). A game that must be played to be believed!

Andy Otto

Sock Puppets

Turn socks into puppets

Jenny Roller

Asteroid Painting

Use marbles (asteroids) to paint a space picture.

Liz Jones

Preschool Crafts and Games

Trudi Puda

Make It Move

Activities that meet the requirements of the Brownie Movers Try It Badge. Pinwheels, Paper airplanes, etc.

Lindalee Stuckey

Balloon Mania

Be amazed at the balloon animals and play some balloon games.

Mr. Bob

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1995 ISFiC Writers Contest Winner

In Memoriam

William McMahon, 1995

I try to record it all. I used a word processor at first, but computers were one of the first things to fade away. Then I tried a tape recorder, but after a while nothing would stick to the tape. Now I just use paper and a ball point pen. I know perfectly well that this is a futile exercise, but what else am I to do? What would you do?

I press hard when I write; I find that it helps a bit. Not that the words stay put. Every morning, the words on the first pages are gone. I saw it happen once, right in front of me. Like the words were a thread of blue ink I'd woven into the white paper, and some invisible hand had caught the thread by a loose end and was teasing it right out of the fabric of the paper and into nothingness. That's why I press down so hard. If I'm very lucky, I can feel the grooves in the paper with my fingertips, and I can retrace some of what I've lost.

I've tried to keep track of everything, but there just isn't any way to do that. There were pages and pages about things in the newspapers and in books. What a "pope" is and who had the job, some big wars from a long time ago, a program we had to send people up into space. All kinds of things. I made them into little bullet points, but they kept slipping away. Unraveling while I slept. Finally, I was forced to focus on just a few things. Such a very few. What had happened to the world. Anna and Josh. So few things.

There are other entries in my log, but for them I can't even guess at an explanation. No, that's a lie. I can think of an explanation, but the only way to account for the entries would be to accept as fact that, maybe, I'm a little bit insane and that I'm getting a little bit more insane as time goes on. And that is not an option I am willing to consider. Not yet.

The reason for my anxiety are these long passages in my journal. Pages and pages about impossible things. They are written in my hand; neat, compact, right-handed print. They feel like dreams when I read them, dreams about this city, but all different. Chicago as a burnt out shell. Old stumps of wooden buildings and the worn, stone remains of the Water Tower rising up out of the ruins, Black things like dominos flying through the air, a huge, black pyramid by the lake, a mile high or more, smooth and shiny like glass. Squat, blue buildings all around its base, and everything else stomped flat and crawling with dandelions and prairie grass.

I've never had any such dreams, ever, and I have absolutely no memory of ever writing these things down, but I am equally sure that I wrote them. Other than the most obvious thing — the simple fact that they are in my journal and in my handwriting — these is a flavor to the

writing. They have the feel of my dreams. I don't know how to explain it any better than that.

The style is as familiar as the touch of my hand on my own face, or the flavor of my mouth in the morning. It is a unique, individual thing, and I find myself reading and rereading page after page of very detailed, very specific information. The images of the flying rectangles, for instance, stayed with me for days. There was something so familiar about them. I found myself coming back to those images many times.

In my dreams — dreams I remember having; dreams I distinctly remember — I see those rectangles everywhere. In my dream, the windows of my apartment become black rectangles, leaving me in the cold and the dark. I run down black stairs — 17 flights — to get to the street, but there is no street. There are graves, mounds of freshly turned earth, stretching away towards every horizon. Above each grave is a blank headstone of pink granite. I walk through the graves, looking for something. I don't know what I am looking for until I walk across two graves dug very close together. One is big, but the one next to it is tiny, just a little pile of muddy, brown dirt. No more than a couple of shovels-full. These headstones are inscribed. Anna's name is incised into one of them and Josh's name is cut into the other. There are no dates on the stones.

Far away I hear someone calling my name, hissing my name is more accurate, like air is being let out of a balloon and the neck is being stretched to make a spitting, hissing approximation of my name. The sound is familiar and compelling. Eagerly, I turn to see who is calling me, and I see that all of the headstones are now flat and black and shaped like rectangles. I look back to the graves of my wife and my son, and I see that this has happened to them, too. Their headstones have been replaced and their names have been wiped away. I look back up and see that the graves themselves, the rows and rows of newly turned graves, have all become shiny and black, as if each headstone was perched over its own, private reflecting pool.

Then I wake up, and that is my problem. I read these entries in my journal, entries which I swear I did not make. Then the images show up in my dreams, and I keep track of my dreams in my journal, and I know that the world is fading away, one piece at a time, and that memories of these things that are ebbing away too, but slower, like the afterimage of a flashbulb. So, what is true? Will I wake up one day having forgotten my dream of the endless cemetery and the graves of my wife and my baby son? Will I read of it in my journal and wonder how it got there, and will it haunt me for days, to the point where it infects my dreams? Will I go through this cycle again and again and, if so, have I already gone through it before? A dozen times? A hundred?

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2001 – A Space Odyssey (almost): Yes, we've read our Arthur C. Clarke – we know that the third millennium starts in 2001 – but the big odometer will turn over to Two Triple Zero the year before. It's a great time for a rip-roaring, knock 'em out, last big Worldcon bash to set the stage for the next 1000 years. So we'd like to invite you to bring the 58th World Science Fiction Convention to Chicago, where the 2000s will roar like nothing before!

Methuselah's Children: A Worldcon is run by the fans, for the fans, and we've got a committee with years of fannish experience that's ready to bring you the Worldcon you've been waiting for. With dealers, artists, fanzine and APA publishers, costumers, gamers, filkers, and even a few SMOFs, we cover the fannish bases. (We're working on finding a cure for the deadly SMOF disease in this millennium – your support can help!) And we've got the experience to deliver a world-class Worldcon – we've held top-level positions at almost every recent North American Worldcon and numerous smaller cons across the continent, even in our own home town of Chicago!

All You Zombies: You can't run a Worldcon without a lot of local help. With five annual SF cons – all independently run – Chicago has the largest group of experienced, capable volunteers in the Midwest.

The Caves of Steel: Well, not exactly. But like Chicon IV and V, we are back at the Hyatt Regency Chicago, where 2000 sleeping rooms and 210,000 square feet of function rooms and exhibit halls mean you never have to go out into the sun or rain unless you want to.

The Naked Sun: But you will want to go outside. (*Trust us.*) Chicago boasts leading museums, thousands of restaurants, classic architectural landmarks, a vast variety of stores of all kinds, first-rate theater, cutting edge blues and jazz clubs, 20 miles of beaches, the Cubs and White Sox (playing again!), and hundreds of acres of parks, zoos and arboretums. Our Worldcon site is in the center of it all!

All the Myriad Ways: To get to Chicago, that is – we're the world's leading airline hub, which makes it both cheap and easy to get here by plane at either O'Hare or Midway. For nonflyers, interstate highways and Amtrak rail make Chicago a painless destination.

Venus Equilateral: Send us a message – let us know that you care! Presupporting memberships are only \$10 and they'll let you get started collecting our SF and fantasy author and artist trading cards! If you collect 20 cards and vote in the site selection balloting, we'll give you an attending membership – if we win, that is, so remember to vote for us...

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Bid Committee officers: Tom Veal, chairman; Becky Thomson, vice chairman; Madrene Bradford, secretary; Dina Krause, treasurer; Jim Rittenhouse, APA editor

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I believe that I remember the beginning of things, when this all started. I can offer no guarantees, but I have little splinters of memory that seem fresh and real, and I have the ever diminishing list of things that I copy and recopy in my journal. I piece it together like this.

First of all, when two people so close to me were disappeared, evaporated into nonexistence I started looking for anything that would explain it. It seemed natural. I'd been raised on the frame-by-frame analysis of the deaths of Kennedys and the mythology of album covers like Abbey Road and the Allman Brothers, and we had lots of pictures stuck away in closets and drawers, ones I'd never gotten around to pasting into albums, shoe boxes full, packets rubber-banded together. I took to looking for the signs in the photos. There was always a chance it would be there in the eyes — the little half-moons of white the Japanese call sanpaku — of something in the patterns of the shadows. Anything at all.

I would spill the pictures out on the hardwood floor. Not throw them or fling them into the air. Not desperate in that way. Just pick up a box and pour them out like pouring water over a campfire, when the bottle has been passed for the last time, all the stories have been told and you worm into sleeping bags for the night. I looked at them all and then gathered them back up and did the same With the next box, and then the next. Every shot of every Christmas; sleepy people in flannel pajamas in dawn-lit rooms exploding with gold and reds and greens. Thanksgiving shots of tables dressed in starched white staggering under the brown, steaming weight of every kind of food. Our honeymoon in the Rockies: me in my duster holding a too-long branch of corkscrew pine over my head and Anna consenting to let me shoot her against the massy face of a pink granite boulder, wearing her Loyola sweat-tops and jeans. Hugging herself against the early morning cool of the mountains.

Other people had already had faded away, of course. The whole floor of my building was vacant except for me; the old man — Kimbrough — and his cat, Roselyn. I helped out with making the rounds every morning and the super had given me pass-keys for all of the apartments on my floor. If nobody answered at 9:00, I'd try again at 10:00 and then let myself in to check the gas or turn off a coffee maker or whatever.

I could have investigated any of them. All of them, if I'd felt like it. I found some grass in one place and took it. Good coffee and good whiskey and a top-of-the line Sony CD system found their way back to my place, but nothing more. I didn't toss their places for cash or guns or credit cards, although I'm sure Kimbrough thought I did, and I was religious about purging refrigerators of stuff that would spoil. I was a good neighbor, in my own way, but I didn't know these people. I had no way of figuring out whether some home video of the couple across the hall had some detail missing, some clue.

But I knew Anna, and I knew Josh. Her pillow still smelled of her. I knew the way she tugged her lip when

she worked the Sunday crossword and the matter of fact way she handled Josh when she changed his diaper, so different from me and so different from the way she held him at any other time.

When I looked at the pictures, I thought of this. I had studied computer technology for years and still didn't understand a fraction of it. All my life I'd read in the same way a starved man lights into a well laid table, but the library still seemed packed to the rafters with books I'd always meant to get to and never had. But with Anna, I could tell you which way she would turn, clockwise or counter, when she asked me how she looked before going to work. I came to understand the complex relationships between earrings and necklaces and belts and ten different kinds of simple, black shoes. I could say with certainty how long it would take her to react to a really terrible pun. I knew her, in a way I've never really known anything or anyone else. Either the pictures had been cycled and recycled and numbered and named and matched up with my memories like pairs of socks, after that came the negatives. Sepia, tan and black with flashes of brighter colors. Held up in my living room to the light of the morning sun coming up over Lake Michigan and in the bedroom against the last mellow rays as the day escaped to the west, behind O'Hare airport.

There was even the night, very late, when I took out my old copy of the *I Ching*, a relic, but I never threw a book away. In the pinpoint glare of the halogen lamp, sipping Wild Turkey just a bit at a time, I took them, the negatives, and shook them out like you're supposed to do with yarrow sticks. They fluttered and rolled in the air. One time one got stuck in the baseboard, and I wondered if that counted, like a die falling off the table during a Monopoly game. I didn't know. I'd never seen a yarrow stick.

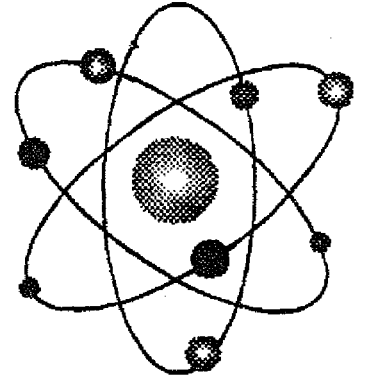
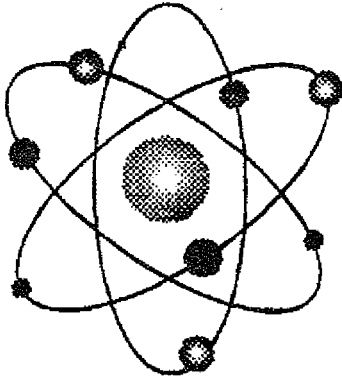
Once, when I'd been desperate in that special, 20-year old way, my friend Brad gave me the *I Ching* and showed me how to ask it questions using a candle and three pennies. As I recall, most of my questions were about a girl named Maureen, who I alternately despaired of never getting

together with and then never getting rid of. Brad left for Seattle and the last I heard he was a janitor, bag man and still played the sax. I didn't want to call him because I didn't want to know if he'd been taken, too.

There was no answer from the old Chinese book and the next morning I woke up in the middle of the day and spent an hour deducing how all of my precious negatives had been scattered all over my bedroom floor in groups of six, I gathered them up and sat on the edge of my bed, riffling them like a deck of long, narrow cards.

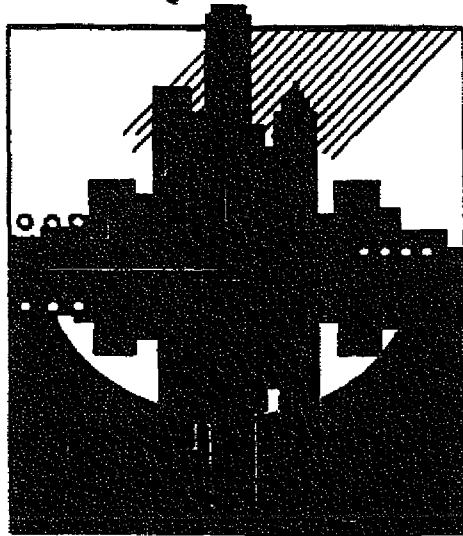
Things got worse after that. A lot of riots. Mobs of panicked people surging through the streets, smashing store windows and burning this building and that, but that died out pretty quickly. There was no one to direct the fear and anger at. A looter might return home to find a wife or husband or parent or child had faded away. The anger

WINDYCON XXII



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just collapsed in on itself, leaving a kind of residue of desperate grief, People stayed home, even after the Internet disappeared and television vanished off the air forever. Libraries got to be very popular.

We had a town meeting down at the Broadway armory one night. I'd guess three or four hundred people came. This was about the time that whole buildings had started to fade. Newer ones mostly, at least at first, there was a government guy at the meeting, and we treated him real friendly. We were all just glad to have someone come and tell us what was happening. We'd heard nothing but 'Don't Panic' kind of talk for months, and I guess we were all just so pathetically grateful for some real news. Some hard data.

You know the one about going back in time and shooting your own grandfather? It's a paradox, right? Simply impossible, except for the fact that it doesn't work that way. Not the way we all thought about. Not at all. Pictures remain, fade slowly. The negatives remain and fade slower still. And memory remains. We are not pinched away like the last bit of meat from a chicken bone, Memory remains.

The government man said that something was back there, back downstream of us in time, moving in and out of the time line at will. And whoever or whatever it was, was shredding the time line, husking it carefully and deliberately. The past was being reshaped, and human history was being peeled away like the layers of an onion.

We sat in silence for a very, very long time. No one stood up, outraged, demanding to know what the government was going to do about it. We were well past that point.

"Why?" someone finally asked.

The government man shrugged. He didn't know, and there was no reason not to be honest about it.

"There are lots of theories," he said. "Some people take the idea of a judgment day very seriously. Some people have played with the idea of an invading army from some other world. Invaders who can move through time as easily as a fish through water, and have let us human beings scout out this planet for them, so to speak. We spend a few thousand years digging up everything of value, they make a note of where it all is, and then snuff us out and come and take it for themselves." He shrugged again. "Some people think the Universe may be a dream, and that the Dreamer is waking up. As I say, we really just don't know."

The next day, Kimbrough was taken. I tapped on his door, then banged on it, then let myself in. I shut off the stove at the valve and cleaned out his fridge. I bundled his garbage into two bags and set them next to the door. I packed Roselyn's cat food up in a paper bag and wrapped her in an afghan Kimbrough kept draped across the back of his rattan sofa. The garbage would wait.

She flicked a paw out at me as I carried her back to my place. It drew a tiny line of blood across my arm and I hugged her closer to me. She made a low sound,

almost like a sob. I didn't know a cat could make a sound like that. I set her just inside my doorway and gently nudged her away from the door with my foot and she raked at it with her claws and butted at it with her head. She calmed down a little when I opened a can of Friskies Chicken-N-Tuna and came to me after she finished her meal. She laced in and out between my ankles as I sat in the chair by the window and looked out at the vacant city.

Kimbrough's face I could see. Clear as anything. But Anna was fading, and Josh, she was gone from the pictures. Her scent was gone from the secret places in her closet. Her clothes were thinning into spider webs. Her face was a shadowy thing at the edge of a circle of wavering candlelight and I could not will it to come any closer, I could hold it, compel myself to see it, like the fading wake of a distant ship. But a distraction, the crack of an ice cube or the lyric of a song, anything that called my attention away for even a moment made it that much harder to find the image of her face the next time I looked. Another night's sleep, perhaps two, and she'd be gone.

It wasn't like the pretty paradoxes in a freshman philosophy class. Not the snapping off of a light. It was the slow, slow setting of the sun, and the dusk crawling imperceptibly towards midnight. Stone becoming steam becoming memory becoming, at last, nothing at all.

* * *

I feel asleep in the traces. I had never done this and feared that it would undo everything, I was strong then, very strong, and unmated. I had accumulated many points towards a promotion to Third Bursar, which would permit me housing in the permanent shelter and a mate who would be selected for me. I was sick with sadness when I awoke. It could not have been for more than a few moments that: I was asleep. The guards woke me with a short burst of pain and then a long one, sent through my collar into my throat.

I awoke immediately. I knew what had happened; the pain in my head was still burning and my feet and legs were bloody from being dragged after I had fallen out of harness. I had not been disciplined since I was a youth, and falling out of harness is a death infraction. I caught the pace again and ran hard despite my feet and legs, but I wept and my harness-mates tried to pull away from me as far as their tethers would let them.

They sent a Comforter for me instead of a Hand of God. She drifted down in the black rectangle of her private car and before she had landed she was whipping her long tentacles this way and that, gesturing for the Guardians to sponge me off and place me in her car. We left immediately and without a word, I had never seen a comforter up close before and had never been in a private car before. I had been transported many places in the world for many tasks, but always under the hold of a drug, stacked in with many others of my caste.

We flew over the Supervision area, a city of short, blue cubes that the gods lived in and from which they administered all things in this part of the world. Beyond them I could see the shimmering gold plain of the Great Prairie, and even a glimpse of the mighty herds of bison that roamed the wide, empty ocean of grass like low, brown clouds.

Above the lake hovered the extraction disks. a lower group, Ninth Caste Workers, had already removed the fish from the all bodies of water, manning the trawlers provided by the gods and drawing the long nets through the water. Now the disks drew the water up in magnificent columns that sprang from the face of the lake and raced up and up and into the holds of the ships of the gods that hung high above, at the edge of Heaven. It was beautiful beyond my poor skill with words to describe.

We alit near a small building that was practically in the shadow of the pyramid that hugged the edge of the great Michigan lake. She led me inside and spoke to me.

"We have decided that you shall live, you shall retain your points and nothing more will be said of this," she said, Her voice hissed from the many small holes on her stomach through which she drew breath. It was difficult for the gods to speak in the tongues of men.

I was on my knees, then on my belly. My arms were tight around her many sinuous legs. I could say nothing, I was alive.

"But we must have same information from you."

Of course I agreed. I was alive and the gods wanted my help. My gods were asking me for my help.

"You had a dream. We took note of this, but you were not in the creche and we could not see it. Tell me, of which god did you dream? Hectim? Myrtet?"

I was ashamed, I remembered little of this dream. It was a small moment of sleep, But I told her all I knew, even the truth that there had been no god with me, guiding the flight of my dream.

I had been in this place, by this lake, but there was no pyramid. Many thin buildings, tall like the ships of the gods, but narrow like stalks of corn. They were untidy, scattered everywhere. I lived in the topmost part of one such structure, I was mated, but had lost my mate. There was but one other in this structure, and he was one such as myself. a *human*. There was much loneliness. There had been many, many of us; scores upon untold thousands of thousands of scores. We lived without the guidance of the gods. There were pyramids, but they were not in my dream. In my dream I knew of them and knew them to be ancient. Relics from the first days of the gods, But the gods did not walk among the people and the people had ceased believing in the gods. The people mined the ore from the earth and felled the forests and harvested the seas to service themselves and not the gods.

It was an evil dream, and I begged the forgiveness of the Comforter. I said that I could not comprehend the coming of such a dream into my head. A world stuffed like a pregnant belly with humans, with no gods to guide

their paths. I raged and shook my fist at the sky, telling her that it surely must be the work of Jeshua and his legion of demons.

"Hush," she said, "do not trouble your mind with such thoughts."

She led me to one of the small buildings. One instant there was a flat wall of blue metal, and the next there was a doorway. Inside there were lights and colors that stunned me the same way my collar stunned me, but with awe and not with pain. Gods lived here. Two hung from the ceiling, hissing long, even breaths. The musky perfume of them was thick here; I could taste it in my mouth. Miracles mounted atop other miracles. I stopped to put off my shoes, but she hurried me forward before I could unlace them.

She placed me on a soft shelf. Not a palette, not hard and stiff, but yielding and comfortable as if I were lying on summer grass, I wanted to praise her, thank her, but I was suddenly gripped by a deep drowsiness. An exhaustion as if I had been in harness for three days in a row. I fell into sleep burning with shame. How could I fall into sleep in a holy place?

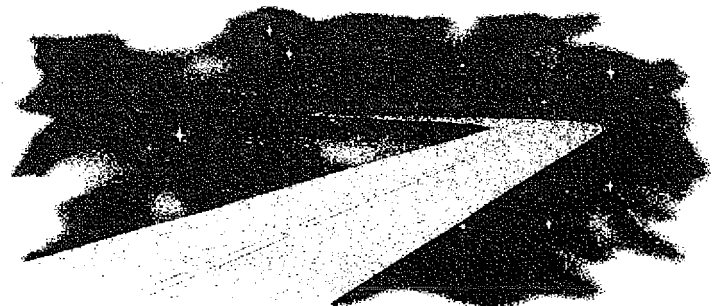
I dreamt, but strangely. Images came to me, the evil dreams of Jeshua, but they did not stay. It was as though the gods had placed a special kind of extraction disk above my mind, and as the images came, they were drawn off, drained away from me by wise, invisible hands. Of my dreams, I remember only the vision of myself. I was speaking, beseeching the gods to purge me of Jeshua's terrible apparitions. I was smiling, on the Golden Plain, laughing and dancing and praising their names.

I awoke high in the blue sky, curled on the floor the floor of the Comforter's swift vehicle, the intoxicating perfume of the god-place still clinging to me. The torn flesh of my feet and legs had been bound up in sweet-smelling cloth, and I was clad in the tunic of a Third Bursar. I rose to my knees.

"A mate has been chosen for you," the Comforter whistled, "and tomorrow, you — you, Third Bursar — shall take the lead position of your harness team."

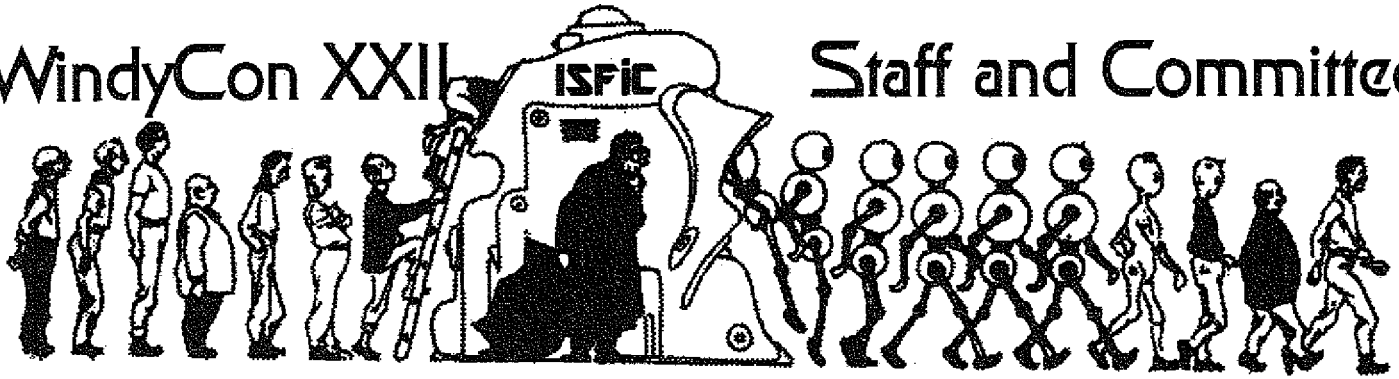
I bowed my head low, pressing it to the cool floor, both in deference and to hide my joyful tears. My head was clean and empty. I was purged, restored, forgiven. I was saved, forgiven, and once again fit to serve.

THE END



WindyCon XXII

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