

WindyCon Twenty Three



WINDY DOOR



TASTE THE DIFFERENCE



BADERBRÄU PILSENER and BADERBRAU BOCK are world class, all natural draft beers that are brewed and bottled in our state-of-the-art brewery. Fire-brewed in a copper brewkettle in accordance with the most rigid, old world brewing standard, "Reinheitsgebot" (German Purity Law of 1516), which permits only malted barley, hops, yeast and water as ingredients. There are no additives, adjuncts or chemical preservatives.

BADERBRÄU Discover the quality and balance of these fine beers that are produced from only the finest two row and six row malted barley and only the finest aromatic hops from Germany and Czechoslovakia.

BADERBRÄU PILSENER has been praised by Michael Jackson (British journalist and international beer authority) in 1989 as, "the best pilsener beer I have ever tasted in America". "Chefs in America", a prestigious San Francisco based organization of elite chefs from across the United States and Canada has awarded Gold Medals to BADERBRAU PILSENER in 1990, '91, '92 and '93 and to BADERBRAU BOCK in 1993.

BADERBRÄU Taste the difference. Pour vigorously down the center of the glass and their unique flavor and character will deliver a fresh brewed, full-bodied beer so smooth and creamy that you'll swear they are the finest beers you have ever tasted.

Ken Pavichevich

Now available in bottles and kegs in selected markets around the country.

Chairman's Letter

Welcome to Windycon 23! If you were here last year (or at some earlier Windycon), welcome back. If you're here for the first time, welcome in. Either way, we're glad to see you made it.

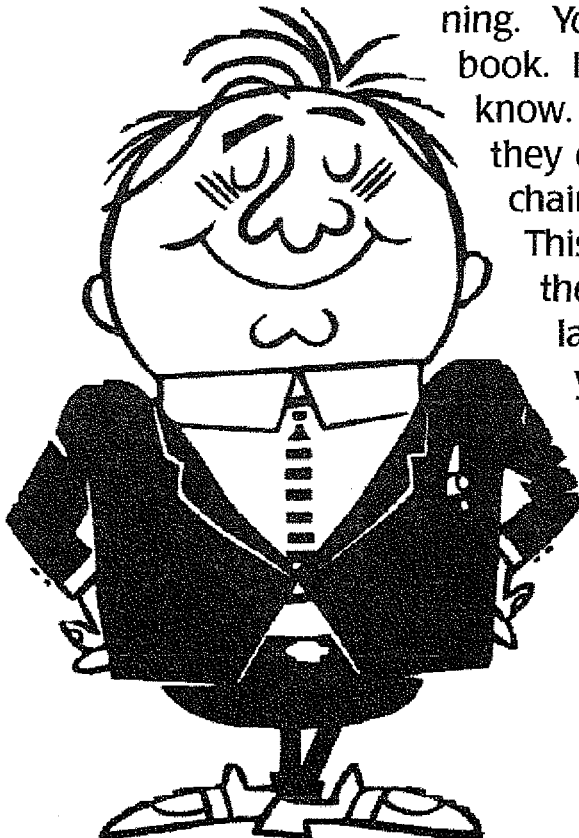
There's plenty to do at Windycon, as you'll see as you leaf through this Program Book and our Pocket Program. We've done our best to make this a con that you'll enjoy and want to come back to. (Come by the gripe session on Sunday and let us know whether we succeeded.)

Conventions like Windycon are a cooperative venture between our all-volunteer staff – who devote large chunks of their lives to keeping the con running – and you, the members of the convention. That's the big difference between cons like Windycon and conventions that are run for profit: they sell you a ticket, but we sell you a membership.

What you do with that membership is, of course, up to you. You may decide to go to the panels, see the films, drop by the dance or the consuite. That may be the extent of your involvement and, if that's what suits you, that's fine. Maybe you'll make some new friends and, if you do, you may start to recognize that there's a community here that extends beyond the bounds of this convention.

We call that community "fandom". It's an odd group, eclectic, creative, and curious. I find that fandom is a lot of fun. I hope that you will too.

I mentioned above that a lot of people have given up a lot of time to keep Windycon running. You'll find their names on the staff list in this program book. If you're having a good time, you may want to let them know. And, if there's a problem, tell them and they'll see what they can do to fix it. It's a good group and I could not have chaired this convention without their advice and assistance. This is my second year chairing Windycon and my last for the foreseeable future. That's been normal around here lately – one year to make your mistakes and a second year to see if you've learned anything. So there'll be a new Chairman next year. If you want to know who, come on down to Closing Ceremonies, catch the entertainment – we're planning a little special fun that we think you'll enjoy – and see who's next in line.



**Thanks, folks.
It's been fun.**

Guest List

Author Guest of Honor

Lois McMaster Bujold

Artist Guest of Honor

Randy Asplund-Faith

Fan Guests of Honor

Tom & Tara Barber

Science Guest of Honor

Christian Reedy

Toastmaster

Barry 🗡️

Longyear



Also Presenting

Special Guest

David Lee Anderson

ISFIC Guest

George Alec Effinger

Ricia Mainhardt

ISFIC Super Guest

Julius Schwartz

**And the Usual gaggle
of other Guests:**

Fred Pohl & Elizabeth Anne Hull, P.J. Breeding-Black, Barbara Kaalberg, delphyne joan woods, Todd Hamilton, Sue Blom, Jenny Roller, A.J. Budrys, Roland Green, Frieda Murray, Phyllis & Alex Eisenstein, Cathy H. Burnett, Melissa Clemmer, Darlene Coltrain, Glen Cook, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Jamie Egolf, William Fawcett, Valerie Freireich, Barbara Hambly, Jody Lynn Nye, Bill Reinhold, Kymberlee Ricke, David M. Stein and Diann Thornley

Author Goh:**Lois McMaster Bujold**

I was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1949. I graduated from Upper Arlington High School in 1967, and attended the Ohio State University from 1968 to 1972. I have two children, Anne, born in 1979, and Paul, born in 1981. We resided in Marion, Ohio, from 1980 to 1995, and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1995.

I've been a voracious reader all my life, beginning with a passion for horse stories in grade school. I began reading adult science fiction when I was nine, a taste picked up from my father. He was a professor of Welding Engineering at Ohio State and an old Cal Tech man (Ph.D.'s in physics and electrical engineering, magna cum laude, 1944), and used to buy the science fiction magazines and paperback books to read on the plane on consulting trips; these naturally fell to me. My reading tastes later expanded to include history, mysteries, romance, travel, war, poetry, etc.

My early writing efforts began in Junior high school. By eighth grade I was putting out fragmentary imitations of my favorite writers – on my own time, of course, not for any class. My best friend Lillian Stewart and I collaborated on extended story lines throughout high school; again only a fragment of the total was written out. The high point of my high school years was a summer in Europe at age 15, hitchhiking with my older brother.

I dabbled with English as a major in college, but quickly fell away from it; my heart was in the creative, not the critical end of things. But an interest in wildlife and close-up photography led me on a six-week biology study tour of East Africa. Eight hundred slides of bugs; much later I also borrowed the landscape and ecology I had seen for background of my first novel. That's one of the nicest things about writing, all of a sudden nothing is wasted. Even one's failures are reclassified as raw material.

After college I worked as a pharmacy technician at the Ohio State University Hospitals, until I quit to start my family. This was a fallow time for writing, except for a Sherlock Holmes pastiche that ran about 60 pages. It was however a very fruitful time for reading, as my Staff card admitted me to OSU's 2 million volume main stacks, filled with wonders and obscurities.

Then my old friend Lillian, now Lillian Stewart Carl, began writing again, making her first sales. About this time it occurred to me that if she could do it, I could do it too. I was unemployed with two small children (note oxymoron) on a very straitened budget in Marion at this

point, but the hobby required no initial monetary investment. I wrote a novelette for practice, then embarked on my first novel with help and encouragement from Lillian and Patricia C. Wrede, a fantasy writer from Minneapolis.

I quickly discovered that writing was far too demanding and draining to justify as a hobby, and that only serious professional recognition would satisfy me. Whatever had to be done, in terms of writing, re-writing, cutting, editorial analysis, and trying again, I was savagely determined to learn to do. This was an immensely fruitful period in my growth as a writer, all of it invisible to the outside observer.

My first novel, *Shards of Honor*, was completed in 1983; the second, *The Warrior's Apprentice* in 1984; and the third, *Ethan of Athos*, in 1985. As each one came off the boards it began the painfully slow process of submission to the New York publishers. I also wrote a few short stories which I began circulating to the magazine markets. In late 1984 the third of these sold to *Twilight Zone Magazine*, my first professional sale. This thin proof of my professional status had to stretch until October of 1985, when all three completed novels were brought by Baen Books. They were published as original paperbacks in June, August, and December of 1986, leading the uninitiated to imagine that I wrote a book every three months.

Analog Magazine serialized my fourth novel, *Falling Free*, in the winter of '87-'88; it went on to win my first Nebula. I was particularly pleased to be featured in Analog, my late father's favorite magazine – I still have the check stub from the gift subscription my father bought me when I was 13 (a year for \$4.00). "The Mountains of Mourning", also appearing in Analog, went on to win both Hugo and Nebula Awards for best novella of 1989, and *The Vor Game* and *Barrayar* won Hugos for best novel back to back in 1991 and 1992. My titles have been translated into thirteen languages (so far).

I broke into hardcover at last with *The Spirit Ring* in 1992, a historical fantasy, and returned to the universe and times of Miles Vorkosigan with *Mirror Dance*, published in March of 1994, paperback following in March 1995. *Mirror Dance* won the Hugo and Locus awards in 1995. My next novel was a lighter series prequel with the working title of "Miles and Ivan go to the Cetagandan State Funeral"; under the final title of *Cetaganda* it was serialized in Analog starting with the September '95 issue, then released in hardcover in January '96 by Baen Books. I had my first experience as an editor, along with Roland Green, putting together the anthology *Women at War*, published by Tor Books in 1995. Miles's sequel to *Mirror Dance*, titled *Memory*; is scheduled for hardcover publication October 1996. In

November '96 Baen is publishing a trade paperback omnibus edition of Shards of Honor and Barrayar, under the combined title of Cordelia's Honor. The Reader's Chair, a small audio company out of Hollister, California, is now doing a superb job of publishing my entire series on audio cassette, unabridged.

Artist Goh:

Randy Asplund-Faith

by Melody Asplund-Faith

Randy comes from Ann Arbor, Michigan. As a kid, he had an interest in science fiction (mostly in movies) and spent a lot of time playing army in the woods or building model airplanes. It wasn't until high school that he did much painting or drawing. In fact, Randy didn't decide to become an artist until he was a senior and needed to declare a major for college. In college he took science courses such as astronomy and archaeology to get better background for becoming an SF&F illustrator. He graduated with a BFA cum laud from the University of Michigan in 1985 and spent the summer building a SF&F portfolio. That fall he got his first hard-back book cover job for C.J. Cherryh's CUCKOO'S EGG and was on his way. In August of 1985 he also had the good sense to marry me!

Randy worked hard building his career by painting constantly and going to SF Conventions where he learned from the works and conversations with the best in the business. He got most of his jobs in the beginning from ANALOG magazine because they recognized that he was very conscientious about getting the details right and believable. Randy works as a freelance illustrator and does everything from Star Trek to Tolkien. His work has appeared on PBS TV, and on book covers in Europe, and has traveled in international exhibition. His clients have included TSR for game illos and AMAZING STORIES and DRAGON, Llewellyn Publications for magazine and paperback book covers, ISAAC ASIMOV's Magazine, Phantasia Press, Flying Buffalo, New Millennium, Companion Games, Task Force Games, The ERTL plastic model company, I.C.E., LaGrange Publications, Black Dragon, and Wizards of the Coast! His latest projects have included cards for the Dragonstorm game, a cover for the Neverworld game, and Battletech cards for the new Wizards of the Coast card game, and he is now working on Mythos cards for Chaosium.

Randy and I are members of the Society for Creative Anachronism. He is recognized as a master in the arts

of medieval calligraphy and illumination. He also studied the martial art of medieval combat and bears the rank of a Knight, which is a distinction of mastery of armed combat. Aside from meaning he knows what fighting with sword and shield is really like, it also means that Randy takes the concepts of honor and chivalry very seriously. Randy tries hard to bring these experiences and education into his art. It is very important to him that his paintings are believable. "I want them to be able to look at my art and be able to imagine they could really be there."

Randy enjoys playing guitar and singing. He also enjoys watching Babylon 5, and Star Trek in any of its variations. Randy still makes models, but now it is "strictly for business". Sure it is. Well, he does photograph them for paintings, and they are a business expense!

Randy feels very fortunate to have been one of the artist who has done MAGIC cards. From Antiquities to Alliances, "this past few years has felt a little like surfing the collectable card game waves", Randy says. "Because a friend of mine was very generous in getting me into GENCON, I was one of the lucky artists who caught this MAGIC wave. Riding that crest has opened doors I had never expected." The exposure from MAGIC has led to work for other game companies and given a serious boost to his career.

Randy has written technique articles, taught workshops in various media and techniques at conventions, and has been a guest lecturer at the University of Michigan. He has been a Artist Guest as far away as the Netherlands and Switzerland. Just as other artists have helped him make a place as an artist, he likes to pass that on to other young artists trying to get started. In fact, recently he helped me get my first professional piece published in the Dragonstorm game. He is happy to be at WindyCon as a guest and enjoys talking to people. So be sure to look him up, he is a pretty neat guy! (And I'm not just saying that because I'm biased!)

Fan Gohs:

Tom & Tara Barber

Tara Edwards Barber

by Tom Barber

I first met Tara Edwards at the 1980 Worldcon in Boston. We met at the Michigan party, being thrown with funds kicked in from various Michigan conventions. It was amazing to meet an Ann Arbor fan at a

Worldcon that I didn't already know. It turned out to be the second con that she had ever attended. She had driven to Boston by herself, her first solo car trip of any great distance, some of it through dense fog, and had not met any of the attendees prior to the con. This was dedication.

We talked up our local S.F. clubs and talked her into attending. She was willing to learn the ropes, and had many practical ideas. She tended bar at her first ConClave, back when we served hard liquor. She was such a good organizer and natural leader, I convinced her to run for Chair of ConFusion. She hadn't much con experience but I felt that she could get by with a good staff to back her. She won and the rest is history.

She has chaired three different conventions, most for multiple times, been an excellent treasurer, and a dedicated programming head. She has done publications, and been the hotel liaison on more than one occasion. I feel that she is one of the best workers our local conventions have ever had. She has a knack for getting people to work together that helps even when she's not chairing.

She became a Dorsal Irregular, which is not an easy thing to do. You have to be asked to join. She has stood duty posts for them even with a raging fever. She has served on their Board of Directors as their Treasurer for many years.

She has befriended many in her time, most with sympathy and sound advice, sometimes with acts of charity, taking a bag of groceries to someone out of work, or driving a friend to a clinic. She has a lot of friends because she has been a friend to many.

It came as little surprise to the fannish community that this woman would become my best friend. It was also no surprise that we eventually started dating and, when this firmly entrenched bachelor was finally ready to settle down, eventually to marry. In fact, I lost track of the number of people who said "it's about time" to us on finding out.

Our marriage has been good. The main downside were some fertility problems which, after years of consultations and a lot of money, were eventually overcome. Her fight to achieve motherhood has been an inspiration to other fannish women who have similar problems.

We were blessed with a daughter, Rhlanon Ruth Barber, on December 19, 1995. She has her mother's face, her father's mouth and long bones, and a personality all her own. She is a delight to us both.

There is no doubt that Tara is deserving of the honor of being WindyCon's Fan Guest. She has paid her dues in many ways.

Tom Barber

by Tara Edwards Barber

The first con I ever went to, at the suggestion of Robert Asprin, was ConFusion in 1980. I spent a lot of time hiding in corners, looking at all the strange people. (Did I mention I was incredibly shy?) The second con I ever went to, at the suggestion of Lynne Abbey, was the Boston WorldCon in 1980. Where I discovered you could hide in a lot more corners and look at a lot more strange people.

However, deciding that this was NOT what I'd driven hundreds of miles to do, I filled out a card for the message board, putting myself up for adoption. Luckily for me, a couple of Ann Arbor fans saw the card and decided I was worth the trouble to look up. One of them, Terry Harris, took it upon himself to escort me to the room parties that night.

And in one of them, while he and I were sitting on a bed, he suddenly said "I'd like you to meet my friend, Tom Barber." I looked up... and saw a belt buckle. I looked further up... and saw a skull-topped sword. Continuing up (and starting to lean back) I saw a bare chest, a necklace of human hair, and finally, high above me, a bearded face, out of which a deep voice said "Hello."

I was completely terrified. Scared to death, even after I figured out that the barbarian paraphernalia was printed on the T-shirt he was wearing.

Fortunately, I didn't let that stop me from coming, at his and Terry's suggestion, to the Waldo and Magic club meetings that fall. And I got to know Tom Barber. I got to know him as ConClave's founder, and a long-time member of the Stilyagi Air Corp. I got to know him as an established fan, a kind and gentle soul, a Dorsal Irregular ... and as the Whistling Ypsi Rover; a ladies' man, par excellence.

Which complicated things, 'cause at about that time, I also realized I was hopelessly in love with him. He, on the other hand, had rules about dating friends ... and I had become one of his best friends.

So we trundled on for a number of years, just being friends. He dated, I dated, and our fannish lives continued. He talked me into running for Con Chair for the first time, I watched and advised while he and a friend created Bronze Dragon Enterprises, his T-shirt company. Both of us ran departments at various cons, and I assisted him in Sales to Members at Chicon. He got to cap me when I became a Dorsal myself. Somewhere along the line, I realized I wasn't shy anymore. And I waited. And was the best friend I knew how to be. And never stopped loving him.

And one day, he suddenly realized that he was in love with me too. Patience IS sometimes its own reward.

There's a lot to love, as many know. I can't think of more than one or two times that a friend has called for help, and Tom hasn't been there immediately to do what he could. As I recall, one of those times he had pneumonia. And he still almost made it out of bed before I stopped him. I've watched him chair cons with ease, and help others chair them with sound and gentle advice. I've watched him do his duties to friends and family when others would have quailed.

Now, 16 years, later, after a marriage, and various job changes, after good times and bad, after years of fannish politics, con committee meetings, cons and hucking, DI contracts, the deaths of his parents and my mother, infertility treatments and, at long last, the birth of our daughter, Tom Barber is still one of the finest, most interesting men I've ever known. And the bravest; he's taken on raising our daughter AND going back to school to change careers. Not an easy two things to do, but he'll make it; I know him.

And I'm REAL glad I went to Boston.

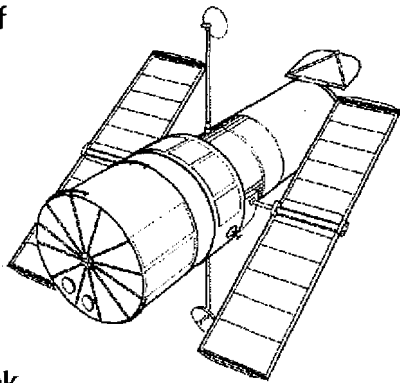
Science Goh: Christian Ready

by Cecilia Ready, Jeri Smith-Ready, Adrian Ready

From the beginning, Christian Ready knew his path lay in the stars. As a very young child growing up outside of Philadelphia, he was torn between the equally compelling fields of astronomy and UFO studies. Christian decided at the age of five to pursue the former to avoid being kidnaped by paranoid, antisocial aliens. So far, it's worked.

His earliest influences were Star Trek, Springsteen and the Grateful Dead. Christian got his first telescope at age 11 and two years later began working at Swarthmore College's Sproul Observatory. As a teenager, Christian took up acting and music, starring in several plays and eventually forming the, er, "eclectic" two-man band BWN (this week the initials stand for Beethoven's Worst Nightmare).

While at Villanova, Christian worked his brain to the stem getting a degree in astronomy and astrophysics.



His mother Cecilia, an English professor, shamelessly exploited him by forcing him to speak to her Literature of Science Fiction class. But the most important event occurred during his senior year, when his sister Adrian introduced him to his future wife and biggest fan, Jeri.

After graduation in 1992, Christian took a job at Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore. He began his speaking engagements less than a year later at the Shore Leave Convention in Hunt Valley, MD, and has given his very popular Hubble talks at ten conventions in the last twelve months, including his all-time favorite WindyCon. He has been interviewed for radio and television and has even helped devise astronomy questions for "Jeopardy!"

As much as he loves looking at the sky, Chris prefers to be a part of it. He dreams of becoming a pilot and is a lieutenant in the Maryland Wing of the Civil Air Patrol, the civilian auxiliary of the U.S. Air Force. In his county's squadron, he serves as Vice Commander in Charge of Cadets. This position enables him to work closely with impressionable youngsters, teaching them about leadership, aerospace, discipline and, when time permits, molding them in his own diabolical image.

For further insight on Hubble's latest discoveries, don't miss Christian's upcoming article in the January issue of Analog magazine. He'll know if you've read it because...he'll be watching.

Toastmaster:

Barry  Longyear

In 1977, at the age of 35, Barry B. Longyear decided that, although he enjoyed being a printer, he hated customers. He then sold his printing company and went into writing full-time, somewhat neglecting two areas: figuring out what to write, and figuring out how to write. He calls this the kamikaze school of career selection. Through an admittedly fortunate series of circumstances, he learned what he needed to learn and made his first sale, the short story "The Tryouts," to Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine the next year. Following that he sold numerous short works, with stories appearing in Analog, Amazing, Omni, Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine, Twilight Zone, and non-fiction pieces in Writer's Digest. His stories include the award-winning novella *Enemy Mine*, later made into a major motion picture by 20th Century Fox.

In his first year of publication he sold his first three books, *Manifest Destiny*, *Circus World* and *City of Baraboo* and a year later became the first writer to be awarded

the Nebula Award, Hugo Award and John W. Campbell Award for best new writer in the same year. In that same period, he published his acclaimed how-to on writing, "Science Fiction Writer's Workshop-I," as well as the sequel to *Enemy Mine*, *The Tomorrow Testament*, and the third work of his *Circus World* series, *Elephant Song*.

In December of 1981 he entered St. Mary's Rehabilitation Center in Minneapolis for treatment for addiction to alcohol and prescription drugs. This formed the basis for his novel, *Saint Mary Blue*, the story of a group of patients undergoing treatment at St. Mary's researched, as Barry says, "the hard way." He is very open about his recovery, and is always eager to share with anyone who is doing it one day at a time, or cares to give it a try.

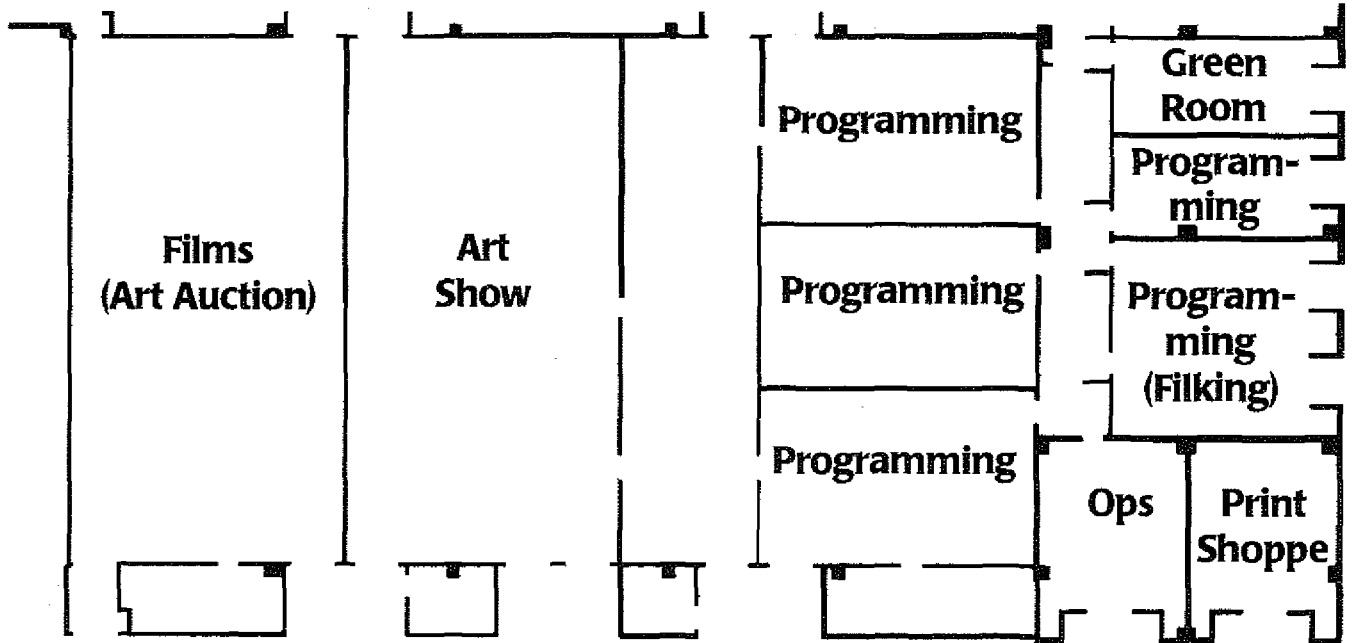
Since treatment he has published *Sea of Glass*, *Naked Came the Robot*, *The God Box*, *Infinity Hold*, *The Homecoming*, *It Came from Schenectady*, and his recently released "Alien Nation" novels from Pocket, *The Change* and *Slag Like Me*. Through an arrangement with a new electronic publishing concern, Bibliobytes, most of Barry's out of print works will soon be available to computer users (and their friends). There will also be made available four never before published works. They are *The Greek Cross* (the true story of St. George), *Dementia* (a collection of recent stories exploring the dark side of the mind and those who live and work there), and the sequels to *Infinity Hold: Kill All The Lawyers*, and *We The Jury*.

He has recently completed *The Last Enemy*, the concluding story to his acclaimed *Enemy Mine* trilogy. White Wolf will be releasing *The Last Enemy* in hardback in January of '97 followed approximately a year later by *The Enemy Mine Omnibus*, which will include the full trilogy: *Enemy Mine*, *The Tomorrow Testament*, and *The Last Enemy*.

In the works now are a number of things, including: *Yesterday's Tomorrow* (daily meditations for hard cases), and a non-fiction work, *Allen Runes* (an oracle for the now universe). He is also preparing an expansion of his well known writer's workshop into an all day writing seminar available to writing groups. A future work based on these materials is titled *The Write Stuff*.

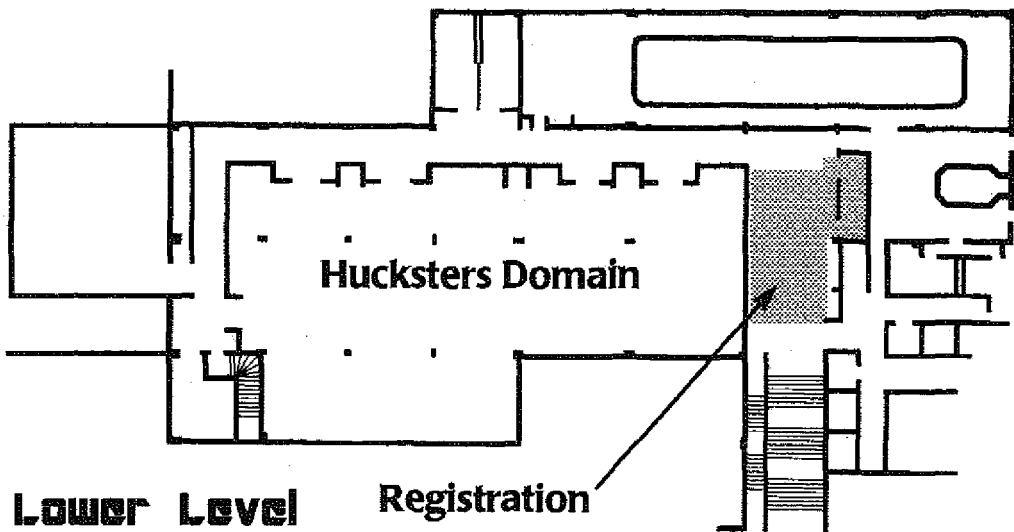
Barry currently resides in New Sharon, Maine with his lovely wife Jean and a used dog. His hobbies include wood carving, computer games, sailing, and especially downhill skiing, for which he will immediately drop whatever else it is that he is doing.

Where IS Everything?



Main Floor

Information



Lower Level

Other Places of Interest

ConSuite	5321
ISFIC Suite/ Programming	4321
Internet Room	5335
Computer Room	3335
Gaming	Nettie's (1st Fl.)
Programming	4335

Important Note!

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 here yet.)

Changes to Registration/Badge Policy - No blank badges will be issued. All badges will have a Badge Name. This Badge Name can be anything you want, with a 25 character limit (spaces included). If no Badge Name is specified, your First and Last Name will be used as a Badge Name. For security reasons, Real Names will be placed on the reverse side of the badge.

Regardless, you can pick up your membership packets at the usual place - in the Mayoral Ballroom foyer, just outside the Huckster/Dealer's Room. Just to make sure you are who you say you are (and who we think you are, or should be), please be prepared to show at least one ID (if it has your birth date on it, you'll probably only need one).

Registration hours:

Friday Noon - 11 PM

Saturday 10 AM - 6 PM (after that, see the nice folks in Operations).

If it's Sunday, you're way too late and need to join OSA (Oversleepers Anonymous)!

Children and Childcare

If you have children age 12 and up, congratulations! WindyCon is ready to treat your children as they deserve, like little adults - or at least like little non-drinking adults, which means they'll need their own memberships. (We like to think of it as a rite of passage.)

If your children are age 11 or younger, you have some options. If they're mature enough to wander the convention alone, you can buy them a full membership (see registration info above). Or, you can keep them with you at all times and you won't have to buy them a separate membership. (However, if we find them wandering the halls and functions areas without you, we will take them to Operations and charge you for Childcare at \$10 per hour or any fraction thereof.)

Or, for the cost of a membership you can register them for our Childcare service. You must pre-register for Childcare so that we know how many children to expect. We'll provide toys, games and light snacks. You'll need to make sure that they're properly fed (snacks are no substitute for real food, which we don't

serve) and that you give them any required medication. If your child is still in diapers, please bring a supply of the disposable type, and please bring a change of clothes for those who are not yet toilet-trained (or those whose toilet-training may inadvertently break down). Also, please mark legibly all diaper bags and other personal possessions (especially Fuzzy Bear and Binky Blanket).

The mostly highly successful and critically acclaimed Children's Program Track will return once again, coordinated by, as usual, those Ladies Extraordinaire, Trudi Puda or Lindalee Stuckey.

Puppets, finger painting and stories: all will return to entertain and amuse your child. Warning: no one over the age of 15 will be admitted without a child. If you're interested in organizing an activity or entertainment for the kids in Childcare, click here to let us know!

Childcare hours:

Friday 7 PM - 1 AM

Saturday 10 AM - 2 AM

Sunday 10 AM - 2 PM

WindyKid's Activities

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

Cookie Painting

Trudi Puda

Stuffed Animal / Puppy Pounder

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

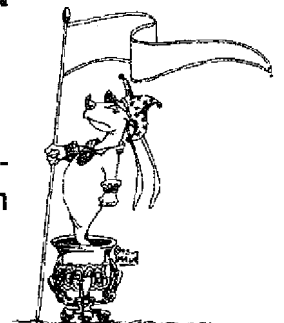
Storytelling with Milk and Cookies

Lindalee Stuckey

Balloon Mania

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

Nerf Juggle Kid Filk



WindyCon Programming!

We have a varied program for you, with both serious and silly topics.

Green Room hours:

Friday 2 PM - Midnight

Saturday 9 AM - 6 PM

Sunday 9 AM - 1 PM

Following is a list of program topics that were confirmed as of press time. Some of these are full; others are not. Please note that this is a tentative program; we expect some of these titles to be dropped and others added between now and the convention. Please check the pocket program for the final titles, times, and participants.

Programming Items

Adapting SF/Fantasy works for live theatre.

Representatives of various Chicago-area theatre groups discuss how it's done.

Agriculture of the future: how do you feed 10 billion people?

Airbrush Workshop

The Alternatives of Alternate Universes

How do you do an alternate universe story right? What are common mistakes?

Art and SF: How important is art in SF?

When accompanying a story, how can it influence people's perceptions of the story?

Aspiring SF Writers workshop

Conducted by Barry B. Longyear. This workshop will cover the fundamentals of storytelling, discuss concerns of participants, and will read and workshop (chew apart, spit out, and reassemble) what stories we can. Please do not send manuscripts in advance; bring them to the con. Short/shorts are best, but we can read and work on parts of novels, too. We want to know what the author's problem with the MSS is (if they don't have a problem with it, it needs to be in an editor's office, not a workshop). What we do is read the thing out loud until the problem and its solution become clear. Then we pounce. So, any size, and only one copy. The copy should be one the author doesn't mind having marked up. 10-12, Saturday and Sunday.

Babylon 5: The Story Thus Far

Confused about what the heck Babylon 5 is all about? Who is this Marcus guy? Who IS "the one"?

Why is Zathros the pivotal character of the series? Come to this panel to catch up. Jamie Egolf and Kymberlee Ricke.

Babylon 5: The Panel

Discussion of why Babylon 5 is such a terrific show and why people are addicted to it. If you're not a Babylon 5 junkie, the prerequisite for attending this panel is to attend the panel, "Babylon 5: The Story Thus Far".

The Business of Writing

You think writing is hard work? The paperwork is the REALLY hard part.

Balancing act: writing, day job, family, fandom

How do you do it? CAN it be done?

Characterization in SF writing

How to draw real characters that people will identify with. How to write about the gender that you're not.

Christian Fandom Meeting

Special Interest Group meeting. Christian Fandom is an interdenominational fellowship of SF fans interested in the courteous and accurate representation of Christian viewpoints in the SF community.

Cigars in SF

Starring the Sapriski Brothers.

Cities of the Future

Is the city doomed? Which city will self-destruct first (other than New York)?

Comic Books: Is the field stagnating?

Is anything new and interesting being done? CAN anything new and interesting be done? How have corporate buyouts and mergers in the last couple of years affected the state of the art and what is possible?

Costuming: how to do it?

Tips for beginners, including how to do a decent hall costume.

Doing art for gaming companies

Forgotten Artists

Even more than authors, SF/Fantasy artists who die have their work go out of print as publishers reissue books with new covers, and SF magazines molder away. Who should be paying homage to, and how can we obtain their work, either in original or reproduction form?

Forgotten Authors.

There are many authors whose work has gone out of print since their death. Some of these did important work, others just wrote darn good stories. Who

should you be tracking down? And how the heck do you find them?

Future of a Wired World.

Future Worldcons

What's a Worldcon and what does it mean for you? Representatives of future and potential Worldcons will be here to answer your questions.

G.K. Chesterton

It's been 60 years since his death. Is he still being read? Is he still worth reading? How effective was he as a prophet?

Generic Alternate History Panel –

Or a variation thereof.

The Graying of Fandom

Is it our imagination, or is the average fannish age getting higher and higher? Do the "younger kids" really not read the stuff? What is our response to the founders of our field dying off? To OUR dying off?

Homosexuality: Nature or Nurture?

Some scientists claim it's genetic; others insist it's due to relationship breakdowns in early childhood. Or is it both?

How to Organize Your Office?

Whether it's for writing SF or doing computer stuff, how do you bulldoze the chaos into something resembling enough of a semblance of order that you can get work done? Or is this fantasy?

Humor in SF: Why is it so difficult to do?

Is High Fantasy dead?

Has dark fantasy and horror driven it out in a sort of Gresham's Law of fantasy writing?

John W. Campbell

Was he the single most important influence in the field? What is his legacy? What was different because of him?

Just how DO I get started writing science fiction?

Leather & Lace - OR - Gentlemen Prefer Bonds

Windycon's first ever midnight bondage panel. Just how kinky do you want to get? A discussion, with some demonstrations of basic safety techniques. Note: this is NOT a "play party." Adults only; badges will be checked at the door.

Let's Build a Story – NOW!

A practical demonstration that it's not coming up with ideas that is the problem – it's what you do with the ideas that counts. Teams will write a story in front of the audience based on ideas drawn at random

from suggestions submitted by Windycon attendees.

The Life and Times of Miles Vorkosigan.

Just what is the appeal of Bujold's space opera series? Why does it seem to cut across a number of demographic groups?

Life in the Ink and Celluloid Mines

Representatives from a local animation studio discuss How It's done. TENTATIVE; PENDING CONFIRMATION.

Life on Mars?

Gee, we may finally be faced with the reality. What are the implications for our culture? For the future? For the space program?

Magic as Science in SF

Many authors do "magic" books within an SF framework. Is this playing fair?

Moebius Theatre 20th Anniversary Panel

Have they really been with us that long? Some of the grizzled survivors will limp onstage and swap war stories. Don't ask about the watermelon.

The NEXT Hubble Servicing Mission

Now that Christian Ready's told us what the Hubble Space Telescope has been up to lately, he's ready to let us know what'll be happening to the Hubble when the Shuttle heads up to service it this spring. Get the inside scoop so you can impress your friends when it happens.

Non-Genre SF. Tom Clancy, Michael Crichton, etc.

What's the difference? Why aren't we marketed like they are?

Party in honor of Miles Vorkosigan.

Melissa Clemmer.

Physics according to Chuck Jones

The Poor Hero

Villains nearly always get more attention and are considered more interesting, whereas heroes usually have to shake a bland, Boy Scout image. How can this be avoided without slipping into anti-hero mode?

Privacy and the Internet

Is it possible? What is the state of the art on monetary transactions? Encryption?

Regency Romances

Does anyone in SF fandom read them? Why? Also discussion of the recent trend in time travel romances (e.g., Diana Gabaldon).

Religion and SF

When you put the two in one sentence do you have

an oxymoron?

The Science Fiction Origins of Superman

Julius Schwartz

Sex in SF

How can it be handled tastefully? Should it be?

SF Art and the World Wide Web

Will the WWW become the new medium for dissemination of SF art (webzines, etc.) or is electronic publishing harmful to the SF art world?

SF Authors I have known:

from A (Asimov) to Z (Zelazny) Julius Schwartz

The SF Author as Prophet

SF claims to be prophetic, but what is its track record? What are the things that have been guessed "right on;" what were the guesses that were so far off they're now funny.

SF in the schools

Singles Mixer

An opportunity for single SF fans to meet one another and get acquainted. Meeting other single people at an SF convention is usually a haphazard event. Here is your opportunity to meet other singles of like minds and hearts. Please - no married or polyamorous, etc. allowed.

Slouching Towards Gomorrah?

Robert Bork's controversial new book claims that society's problems are due to liberalism's ideology of radical egalitarianism and radical individualism. Is he right?

Sneak Previews, Windycon style.

Glen and Mike's "sneak previews" panel with trailers from the studios.

So this is your first SF convention?

Just what have you got yourself into? And what is the #1 rule for males to follow at these things?

Teaching SF Survey Classes In Schools

How to integrate SF into non-traditional classes (e.g., physics and biology classes), etc.

Tour of the Art Show

Erin McKee takes a walk through the art show, and discusses the various pieces on display. An educational experience that helps novices to appreciate and critique art.

Tuning up a middle-aged convention

So your con is, say, 10 years old and the same stuff is being done every year. Can it be resuscitated from terminal boredom? When do you grit your teeth and pull the plug?

Who Lives, Who Dies?

Euthanasia: threat or menace?

Why bother with short stories?

Are they worth reading anymore? Is there enough of a market to make them worth writing?

What's New with the Hubble Space Telescope?

Christian Ready. This presentation will include a spectacular slide show. It was standing room only last year; come early! (2 sessions)

"Why does Windycon have a Dance instead of a Masquerade?"

A discussion of the kinds of trade-offs cons have to make in situations of limited space and finite budgets. How do you prioritize what items to have at a con? How do function space, funding, and available staff factor in? What are the trends in conrunning?

Windycon III: 20 years ago in Chicago

Windycon III, in the fall of 1976, was the gateway into SF fandom for a number of midwesterners. What led them to attend? What kept them in fandom afterward? What would be different if they were neofen today?

Xenolinguistics.

Given how easy it is to be misunderstood here, how can we avoid it with real aliens?

Ye Olde Gripe Session

Your chance to give feedback to the chairman. Will it be tar and feathers or a laurel wreath? This session is always full of surprises.

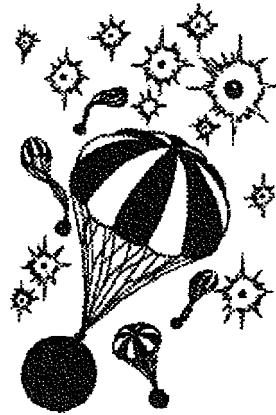
Program Participants

Following is a list of our expected program participants as of press time, in alphabetical order.

David Lee Anderson
 Randy Asplund-Faith
 Tom and Tara Barber
 Alice Bentley
 Bob Blackwood
 E. Michael Blake
 Sue Blom
 Glen Boettcher
 Patricia Breeding-Black
 Algis Budrys
 Lois McMaster Bujold
 Cathy H. Burnett
 Johnny Carruthers
 Melissa Clemmer



Darlene Coltrain
 Glen Cook
 Buck & Juanita Coulson
 Todd Dashoff
 Dermot Dobson
 George Alec Effinger
 Jamie Egolf
 Alex Eisenstein
 Phyllis Eisenstein
 William Fawcett
 Valerie Freireich
 Teri Goulding
 Roland Green
 Barbara Hambly
 Todd Cameron Hamilton
 Elizabeth Hull
 Barbara Kaalberg
 Phil Kaveny
 Joeli Kimpel
 Kymm Kimpel
 Dina Krause
 Dan Krotz
 Ann Ledden
 Mike Longcor
 Barry B. Longyear



David M. Stein
 W.A. Thomasson
 Diann Thornley
 Jon Trott
 Mike Vande Bunt
 Tom Veal
 Rick Waterson
 Mike Williamson
 delphyne joan woods

Special Events

Yes, we do have events and hoo boy, are they special! Our theme this year is The Ties That Bind (No, no, no those kind of ties!). First, of course, we start with the ever-popular Opening Ceremonies on Friday as 7 PM. Then there's a live Concert with Moonwulf on Friday at 8:45 PM. Then, at midnight, an extra special treat - the Moebius Theatre 20th Anniversary Show!

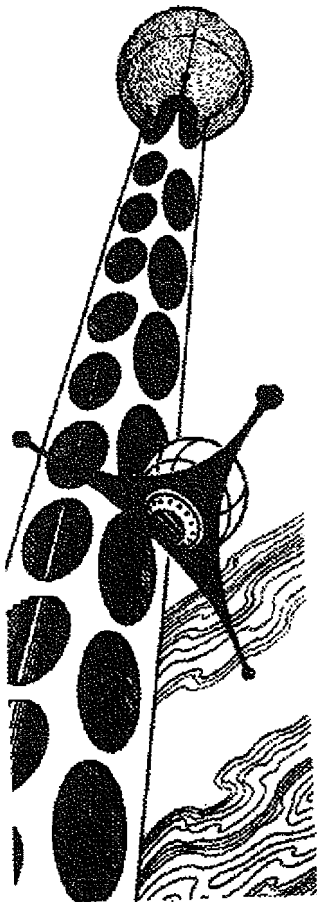
Saturday night we kick off (just an expression, folks!) with a Twister Contest, celebrating the 30th Anniversary of the popular game (Bonnie, are you sure it's the Ties That bind? Sounds like an Anniversary theme to me!), at 7 PM. You can sign up teams in advance when you pre-register, or check at the Information Desk. Of course, you can always just show up and take potluck. We would like to thank Milton Bradley for supplying us with Twister mats and a spinner.

Then, at 8:30 PM, we have a one hour '60's Dance class (except for all you old fogies who remember them!), followed by a Sock Hop with '60's music to practice the dances you just learned. Later, at 10:30 PM we do the Time Warp back to the present with our usual Excellent mix of music presided over by our rockin' D.Js. Again we have the talented Greg Mates and Jeff Sparrow working the sounds. There will not be a formal Masquerade, but there will be judging of Hall Costumes, with winners announced during the dance. A Special Category will be the *Best Use of Ties*.

Dealer's Room

Look for our forty-or-so friendly dealers with their seventy tables of merchandise at the usual location in the Mayoral Ballroom on the lower level of the hotel. Remember there's only 45 days of shopping until Christmas and Chanukah is even closer when buying for your fannish friends (or fannish family for you lucky few out there)! And there's no wrong time to buy for yourself!

Jean Longyear
 Marcy Lyn-Waitsman
 Ricia Mainhardt
 Thomas Manning
 Patricia McCoy
 Kathleen Meyer
 Nancy Mildebrandt
 Diane Miller
 Frieda Murray
 Jody Lynn Nye
 Ronald Oakes
 Grant Osborne
 Sam Paris
 Eric Pement
 John Peterson
 Frederik Pohl
 Trudi Puda
 Bill Reinhold
 Kymberlee Ricke
 Jenny Roller
 Bill Roper
 Alex Ross
 Julius Schwartz
 Steve Silver
 Dick Smith
 Leah Smith
 Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter



Dealer's Room hours:

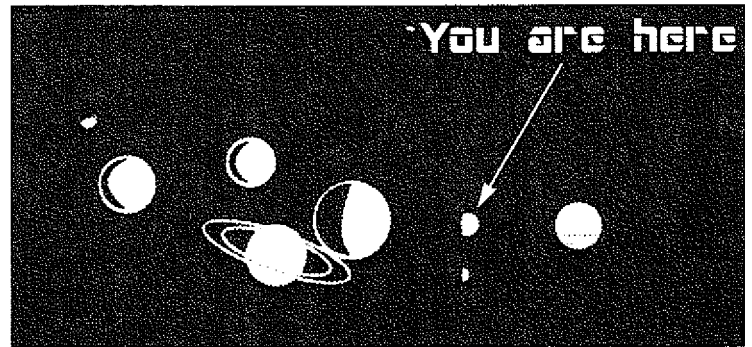
Friday 3 PM - 7 PM
Saturday 10 AM - 6 PM
Sunday 11 AM - 3 PM

Vendors

20th Century Books, SF/Fantasy Comics Magazines and Books
Art By Susan Van Camp Art Prints and Original Artwork
Atomic Possum Ent. Inc. Original Design T-Shirts, Small Publications, Exclusive Design Artwork
Beyond Reality Collectable Books, Buttons, Figures, Kits
Black Rose Enterprises Books
Bronze Dragon Enterprises T-Shirts
Cotton Expressions Ltd. T-Shirts
Coulson Publications Filk Tapes, T-shirts, Darwin Fish, Used Books
Creative Imagery, Pentad Jewelry, Dream Catchers, Used Books, Incense and Teas. Also Handmade Jewelry
Darlene Coltrain Jewelry, Fine Art Prints, Sketches, Greeting Cards
Djinn Enterprises Chain Mail Jewelry, Bead Amulet Bags, Bead Tapestry Jewelry
DreamHaven Books Books
Equine Customs & Embroidery Custom Embroidered Shirts, Jackets, Hats
Fo' Paws Productions T-shirts, Polo Shirts, Buttons, Collectors Books, Art Puppets
Glen Cook New & Used Books
Honeck Sculpture Bronze Fantasy Sculpture
Imagine That... Galleries SF/Fantasy and Renaissance Jewelry, Sculpture and Collectibles
James Wappel Studios/Pw Digital Designs Starship Designs, Original Watercolor Prints and Notecards, Stained Glass
K:BZ Designs Fine and Costume Jewelry
Larry Smith, Bookseller New Books
Larry's Comic Book Store Comic Books
Lion's Nest Trading Post Incense and Accessories, Jewelry and Tumbled Stones
Offworld Designs Airbrushed T-shirts
Outland Recreational Concepts Time on a Makoto Arena
Originals by Janet Jewelry, Leather Pouches
P.J. Silversmiths Sterling Silver, Fantasy Jewelry, Pewter Fantasy Figures, Brass Goblets
Pegasus Publishing Bumper Stickers, Music, T-shirts, Buttons
Queen to Queen's Three Fannish Flea Market
Reel Art Movie Posters, Toys, Comics, Books, Gaming Cards
The Secret Empire Filk Tapes and Books and Novelties
Stellar Impressions Art, Rubber Stamps, Used Books and

Magazines

Steve Scherer Glasswork Glass
Sundreams and Myths Soft Sculpture Creatures, Art Prints, Hand Colored Bookmarks
Terra Incognita Hair Styx
The Meddling Monk Memorabilia, Books, T-Shirts, Models, etc.
The Stars Our Destination Books, Magazines, Calendars
The Wizard's Wagon Games, Dice, Toys, Jewelry, Star Trek Collectibles
Traditional Facets Jewelry, Gems, Tapes, Tarot, Metaphysical Books, Giftware
Watson-N-Watson Custom Leather Work, Beadwork, Unique Items, Costuming Pieces



Information Desk

We are here to help you. If you need help locating a program item or the closest restaurant, or other vitally important topics, come by and visit us. We are located near the parking lot entrance in the hallway opposite the Print Shop.

Also, if you have perfect attendance at all WindyCons and you have not given Barry Lyn-Waitsman your name, drop by and let him know to add your name to this exclusive list. A surprise may be awaiting you!

Gaming

There will be numerous events, including a Magic tourney, to be posted in the game room, throughout the weekend. And of course the usual open gaming 24 hours a day (barring the occasional time for the hotel to shovel out the debris) Your hosts are Julie and Eric Coleman, so if you have any questions feel free to look us up.

Sorry, the Assassin Tournament has been cancelled (the organizers have met with untimely deaths!). Oh yes, the ever-popular Computer Gaming Room will be back.

Star Wars:

Customizable Card Game Tournament 12 Noon, Saturday November 9th, in the game room

If you loved Star Wars when you saw it on the big screen, you won't be disappointed as the adventure moves from a galaxy far, far away into your own back yard. With the Star Wars CCG, players battle to control the dual forces of Light and Dark. Opponents use their skill and cunning to manipulate the Force by selecting the locations, characters, starships, weapons and other cards that will test the limits of their talent and luck. This tournament is sanctioned by Decipher and the players will be rated on Decipher's world-wide standings.

There is no entry fee, save your badge cost, for this tournament and the prizes include boxes of Unlimited Premier and A New Hope cards, T-Shirts, and a certificate for the winners. This tournament will also include two player decided contests; the "Why didn't I think of that combo?" and the "What the hell were you thinking with that combo?" contests. See you there and may the Force be with you, always.

All Weekend Strego

Roleplaying taken to its pinnacle. A supernatural game, joining the undead, magic, werewolves and a plethora of types and races only seen in history and legend. Complete history, extensive information, planned out goals, and a game that has been written with thought and planning. Become immersed in your role, involve yourself into you character like no other LARP allows you to. Play Strego. Sign up in the game room.

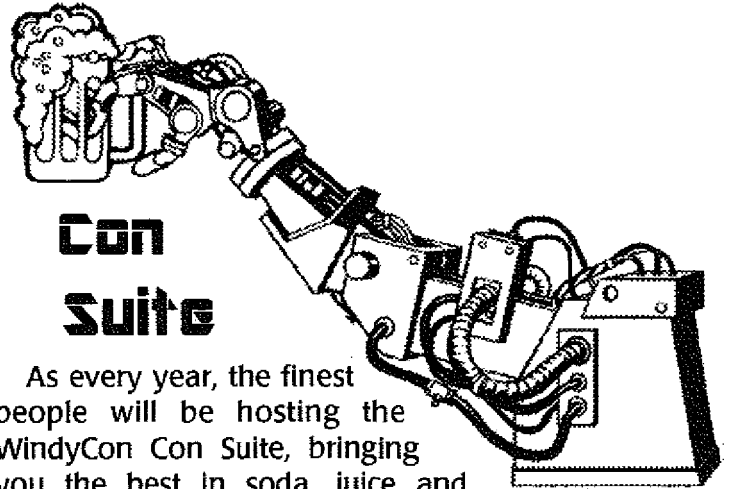
Filking!

Our filk schedule at Windycon starts this year with a concert by Michael Longcor (a.k.a. Duke Moonwulf of the SCA). Michael has one of the finest male voices in fandom and a repertoire that runs from filk back to folk. If you enjoy music, you'll want to catch his concert on Friday immediately following Opening Ceremonies in Regency Ballroom ABCD.

Later, starting at 10 PM on Friday and Saturday nights, drop by the open filk sing in Arlington Heights AB. We'll be singing until the wee hours of the morning - and possibly later! There'll be plenty of filk, fun, and chairs. (Hey, chairs are important to filkers...)

(For those of you who aren't familiar with filk, it's music with an SF and fantasy bent. Stylistically, we wander between folk and rock, with occasional journeys into stranger genres. Some filk is to familiar tunes;

other filk is entirely original. Some is silly and some is serious. What happens on any given night is entirely dependent on the mood of the group. Drop on by and see what's happening.)



As every year, the finest people will be hosting the WindyCon Con Suite, bringing you the best in soda, juice and Baderbrau and the finest in munchies, good conversation and fellowship (can't guarantee the last two, that's up to you!).

So that, we can continue our practice of serving bheer to our members, we will be checking IDs in the Con Suite against your real name (which appears on the back of your badge) and hand stamping, so that it isn't necessary to keep checking IDs every time you want a beer.

Con Suite hours:

Friday Noon - 5 AM

Saturday 9:30 AM - 5 AM

Sunday 9:30 AM - 4 PM, With the Dead Dog Party immediately after.

Y'all come on up now...

Room Parties

If you are planning a room party, please remember that the fifth floor is WindyCon's party floor. You can request a room on the fifth floor when you check in to the Hyatt.

The Hyatt has arranged use of the parking lot at the neighboring office building.

ISFIC Meeting

The ISFIC Board of Directors (WindyCon's parent organization) will hold an open meeting on Sunday at 12:30 PM in Room 4321.

Ever wonder where the dead bodies are buried or what happens? Come and watch the fun!

Help Wanted!

Once again, Operations is looking for a lot of good fen. We need help in all areas of the convention. If you're interested in offering your assistance (and getting a behind the scenes look at the working of WindyCon), stop by Ops to sign up. Thanks!

Weapons Policy

Here's the gist of the policy: real weapons (or items that could be easily mistaken for real ones) remains 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. Here's the details from Uncle Bill.

- 1) Real weapons are right out. This includes things with sharp edges (swords, knives and the like), projectile weapons (squirt guns, potato guns—you get the idea). These are items that can cause real injuries, and we would really rather avoid that. (No, we can't tell who is dangerous.)
- 2) Costume pieces that could be easily mistaken for a real weapon. That Han Solo blaster is based on a real Mauser and still looks like one.

- 3) If you use a replica weapon as a weapon, we're going to treat it like a real weapon. That just means don't pull it on someone who isn't expecting it! 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. If you do, you lose it for the duration.
- 5) We reserve the right to intervene if we see something stupid that's not otherwise covered as above.

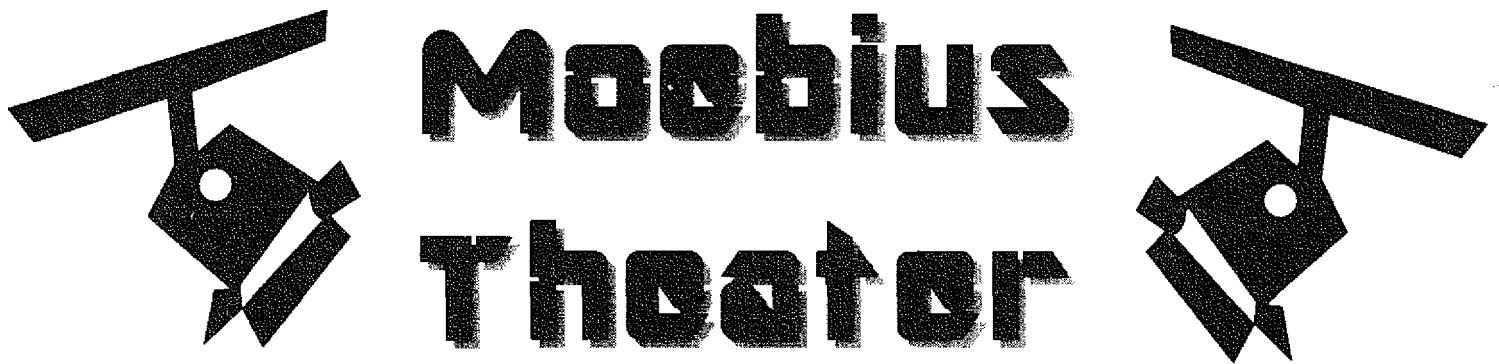
We have given the friendly and intelligent people in Ops and Security the authority to enforce these rules. Please cooperate and give them a break. Remember, the objective of the convention is to have a good time.

Announcements

Just a few... In order to accommodate the smokers and keep the non-smokers happy also, we are planning to install enough air cleaners in the fifth floor lobby to completely clean and recycle the air every 7 to 10 minutes.

Please do not smoke in the corridors on the fifth floor, as there's simply isn't enough ventilation there to keep the air clear if you do. Thanks!

We are looking for everyone who has a perfect attendance record at WindyCon. Watch for time and place in the Pocket Program.



The Moebius Twentieth Anniversary Show, to be held the night of November 8, is a gala retrospective of the first twenty years of Moebius Theatre, directed by John Wiseman, assisted by Donna Davis. Be prepared for some surprise cameos in this "best of" extravaganza.

Cast list:

Enzo Amitrano, Alice Cammon Susan Funk Dan Ley Charles O'Neill Robin Rothbard

Moebius Theatre is a comedy troupe specializing in science fiction, fantasy, and the unlimited possibilities that lurk on the fringe of reality. Since its formation in 1976, Moebius has played clubs, conventions, and special events with sketch comedy shows, plays, and other forms of entertainment (such as "murder mystery weekends").

We can tailor a play, revue, or other form of entertainment to suit any need, any audience. Contact us for details. We'll do lunch. Mail to: moebiusst@aol.com.

Art Show

The WindyCon Art Show is proud to feature the best in new and recycled fantasy and science fiction art. Remember it now takes four bids for a piece to be auctioned - we hope to save the voices of our hard-working (and talented) auctioneers! Come on down and see how little it takes to start your own SF/Fantasy art collection!

For those of you on more restricted budgets (what do you mean, your parents don't give you an allowance any more?), don't forget the famous Print Shoppe, going strong for six years.

Do Rules

HOURS:

Open to all:

Friday: 9 AM-7 PM

Saturday: 9 AM-7 PM

Voice Auction:

Saturday: 8 PM? (or as soon as we get ready for it)

GENERAL RULES:

Artist/Agent must be a member of the convention.

Photography (and cameras) are not allowed in the art show.

Bags and packages will be checked.

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

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.

All flat art must be matted or framed.

No mail-in art

Panels are limited to two (2) per artist or one half (1/2) table unless space becomes available. If you have special needs please let us know. Panels are approximately 4 x 5 ft. Tables are 6 ft x 30 in.

Let it be known that all patrons of the Art Show shall be called "Bruce".

The Art Show Director reserves the right to be arbitrary.

PRINT RULE:

One (1) signed and numbered copy of a print will be accepted. There is a Print Shop, 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 Shop. EXCEPTION: No photo prints.

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 SHOP.)

10% commission on all sales (artists, previously owned art and print shop). Hanging fees must be paid at check-in.

Artist will be paid on Sunday after all pieces of art are accounted for. Agents must have a letter of authorization from the artist in order to receive the artist's check. Checks will be issued on Sunday: 11:00am-1:00pm. The art show receipts and the print shop receipts will be paid separately.

BIDDING RULES:

All bidders must register with the art show.

Pieces with one (1), two (2), or three (3) bids are considered sold to that bidder.

Pieces with four (4) bids or more will go to the voice auction.

All bids must be in \$1.00 increments (or more).

If you are the last bidder, you are obligated to pay for the purchase.

The silent auction: Write-in bids will be accepted until the close of the art show on Saturday at 7:00pm.

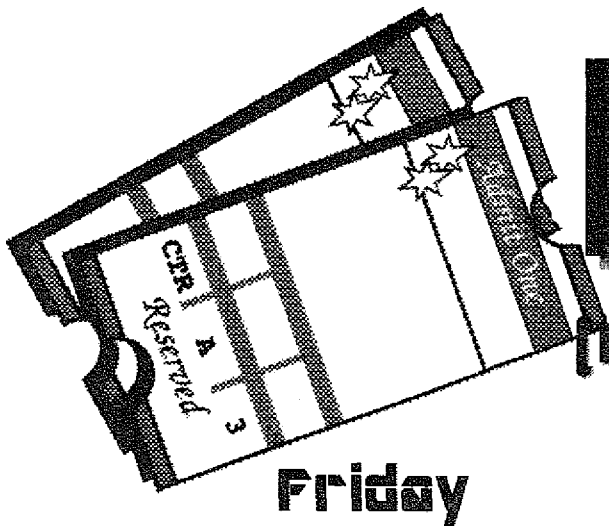
Pick-up only:

Saturday: 9 PM-until the auction is over or until

Sunday: 9 AM-NOON.

All purchased art must be picked-up by noon Sunday. Artist/Agents must pick-up their art by 1:00pm 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.



FILMS

[From a reel film projector]

Friday

2:00 p.m. Tron

Programs have feelings, too. And they wear really cool glowing outfits. This movie features what was, when it came out, ground breaking computer animation. Compare with Toy Story later today, and you can see why Disney keeps their animators chained to their desks. This film will be shown in wide-screen Cinemascope™.

3:40 p.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 7

We are continuing to show...

4:00 p.m. Hunchback of Notre Dame

(1923) This is for all you literature buffs who couldn't recall the part in the original book where the villagers danced and praised Quasimodo. This is the real thing with no singing gargoyles, but sadly also without Demi Moore's animated breasts.

5:30 p.m. Topper

It's bad enough when an annoying couple comes to visit and won't go away—worse when they're dead. This is a great 40's comedy classic.

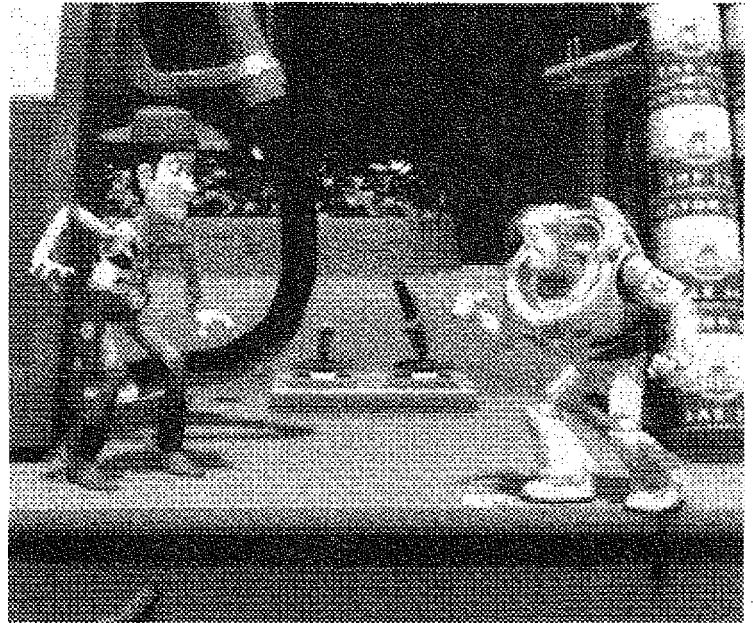
7:10 p.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 8

...this classic serial...

7:30 p.m. The Arrival

Charlie Sheen is the scientist who uncovers the plot by the "black hat" aliens to take over the Earth. Although similar enough to make a lawyers eyes turn to \$\$\$, it's NOT based on Heinlein.

9:30 p.m. Toy Story



Great story, incredible animation, and terrific voice talents make this a great film all around. We will also be showing short films by Pixar, the company that did the animation for Toy Story, before and after the feature: Luxo, Jr., Red's Dream, Tin Toy, and Knickknack.

11:00 p.m. 12 Monkeys

Terry Gilliam has moved on from Spiny Norman to bring us something more terrifying. This is a super cool film telling the story of a man who travels back in time to save the world, but no one believes him except a very attractive crazy guy and a very attractive psychiatrist.

1:10 a.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 9

...and so that you all know...

1:30 a.m. Raiders of the Lost Ark

The first film with that butt kicking archaeology profes-

sor, Indiana Jones. As if you didn't already know. This film will be shown in wide-screen Cinemascope™

3:30 a.m. The Absent-Minded Professor

One Word: Flubber.

Saturday

Arr! Avast ye mateys! To celebrate the theme of ties, we present a series celebrating those great knot-tiers, from battening down the hatches, running up the Jolly Roger, or just tying up some poor soul before he walks the plank. Yes, we're talking about Pirates! Yo ho ho and stuff.

12:00 p.m. Muppet Treasure Island

The Muppets swash their buckles and head to sea to seek buried treasure. Gonzo and Rizzo are the real stars, except of course where they are completely blown away by Tim Curry as Long John Silver.

2:00 p.m. The Princess Bride

One of our all-time favorites. This film demonstrates the difficulties of having a relationship while being the Dread Pirate Wesley.

3:40 p.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 10

...the end will be revealed...

4:00 p.m. The Princess and the Pirate

This is a truly silly film, starring Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo, and the bit actor from Paramount (arrrrrggg).

Break for Art Auction

11:30 p.m. Independence Day

Otherwise known as ID4. (Wonder what they'll call the sequel? ID42? ID8?) Aliens invade the Earth, causing havoc and expensive special effects.

2:00 a.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 11

...so don't miss any episode.



2:25 a.m. The Day the Earth Stood Still

Aliens invade the Earth, but the Fresh Prince isn't around to save the day. Klaatu couldda probably kicked his butt, anyway.

3:45 a.m. Something Wicked This Way Comes

In tribute to all those evil clowns, we show this film about when that demonic circus comes to town. This is not the RBBBGSOE.

Sunday

12:00 p.m. Toy Story

Reprise

1:40 p.m. Phantom Creeps Episode 12

Burma Shave.

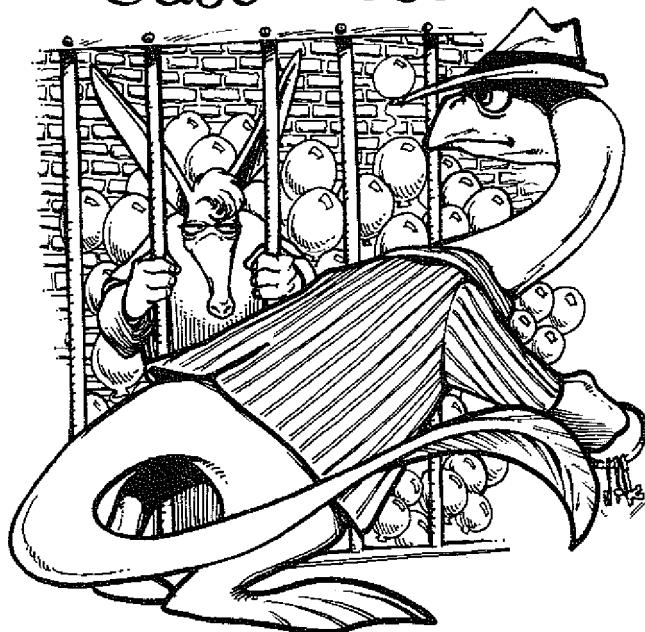
2:00 p.m. Independence Day

Again - See if the aliens win this time.



CHICAGO In 2000, presents *Scenes from the Rearing 2000s #4*

Case # 636



BOSS AARDVARK ARRESTED BY
ELLIOT NESSIE FOR SMUGGLING
CONTRABAND BALLOONS INTO DETROIT.
(SENTENCED TO 1982 YEARS IN THE HYATT FEDERAL PRISON)

Roar into the Next Millennium: with the last great Worldcon of this millennium. There's an entire century worth of fannish fun waiting for you in Chicago over Labor Day weekend in the year 2000 – and you can help us make it happen.

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You won't have to go *Between* to get here.

Windycan XXIII

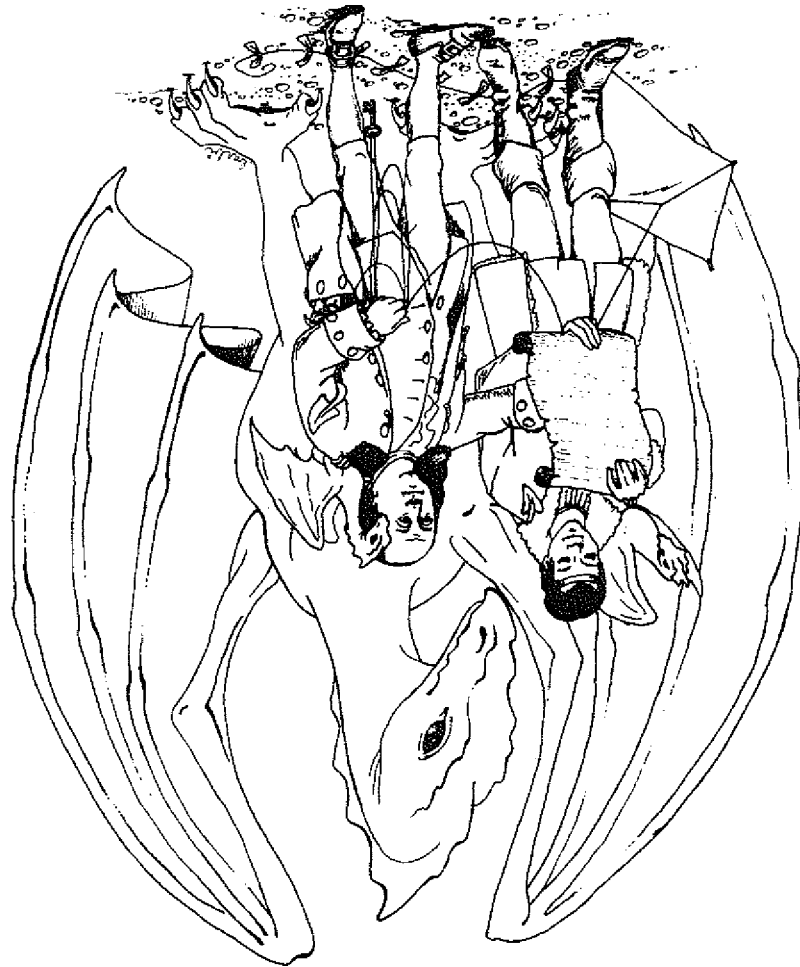
south and west converge in the city. And our Philadelphia International Airport allows fans to fly here directly from Europe and around the country. You can even come by cruise ship! It's just a hop and a skip with no jump Between to get here. We're not just fan friendly, we're also *feet* friendly.

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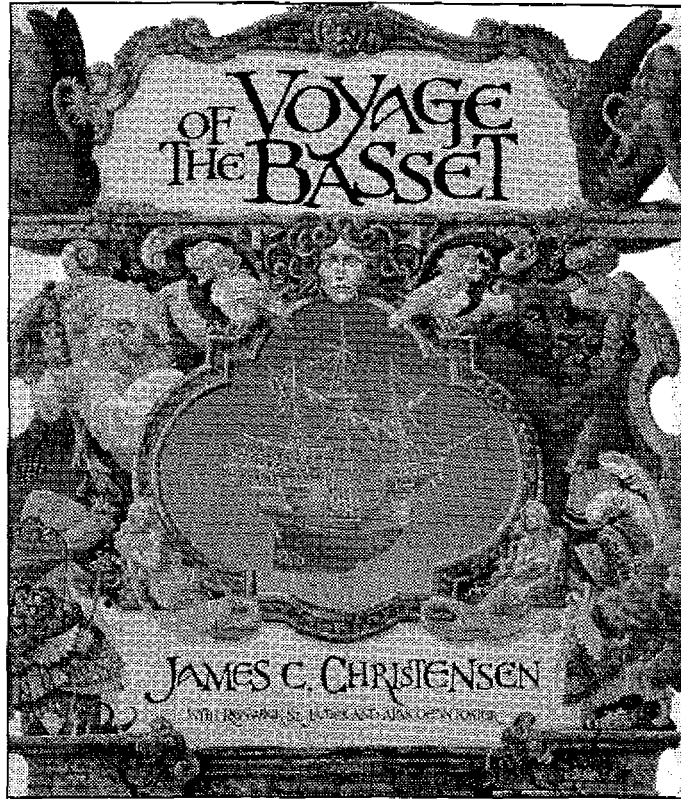
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ISFIC Story Contest Winner

All Through The House...

By C.T. Fluhr

Daniel crept through the pitch-black halls as quietly as possible, guided by touch and memory and occasional slices of light from under closed doors. He shivered. His thin nightshirt was poor protection against the chilly air, and the icy wooden floors numbed his feet even through two layers of socks. But in spite of the cold it was the fear of getting caught that froze his heart. He tried to imagine himself the hero of a radio serial, like the Shadow or Doc Savage, an adventurer exploring some unknown and forgotten ruin, but still the fear nagged at him. If he were caught by the sanitarium staff, there would be no cliff-hanger sequel next week, only punishment and failure.

Once he was beyond the kitchen hall did he relax slightly. The kitchens were as dark and quiet as the rest of the house, but none of the staff slept in this wing or ventured here except during meal times. Beyond the smallest of the stairwells lay a tiny door, unused and neglected like much of the house itself. Quickly and quietly, Daniel slipped through the door and closed it behind him. The stairs ran upwards past crypt-like alcoves that slithered endlessly into abandoned halls, up where attics sprawled in senile confusion. Guided only by intermittent moonlight through narrow windows, Daniel made his way upwards.

Like a museum of lost treasures, the many attics were a special attraction to the sanitarium's children. The staff had often forbidden the children to play there, but the warnings had only made the attics all the more exciting. It was there that some of the children had found the most secret of the attics, beyond the jungle of discarded memories of the sanitarium's previous lives, beyond a little door behind old dress-mannequins and spindle machines.



As Daniel climbed higher and higher, the stairs seemed to snatch the very breath from Daniel with every step. At the last hall before the last door, Daniel paused to rest and ease the pain in his chest. He was on his third inhalation when the disease finally caught up with him.

First came the coughing, a little at first, then cascading into a sudden torrent. Then came the heaving, moist, agonizing convulsions that hit him like a vicious bully. Unable to catch his breath or balance, he fell. It continued, on and on, beyond his measure. Blood hammered in ears, eyes burned with tears, pain reigned over every thought as he lay on the floor, choking. All he could do was feel the floor, concentrate on the hard oak wood and the numbing cold, and endure the seizure. At last, like a storm breaking, the attack subsided, leaving him wheezing and gasping, trying no to cry.

He tasted something like thick, salty soup in his mouth, and spit. He had bled again. In the darkness, he couldn't tell how much, but he could feel it on his lips, taste it in his mouth, feel it clogging his nose. Breathing came slowly and painfully. Daniel only thought of each breath, of each tiny taste of air, and each beat of his heart that echoed in his ears. Unbidden, memories of his father's words came to him, the words he had spoken last summer at his mother's funeral. "You have to be strong," his father had told him through his broken tears. "You have to bear up."

Daniel gently climbed to his feet, careful not to break the delicate rhythm of breathing. With the small victory of breath and balance, Daniel straightened his nightshirt and entered the Hidden Place.

Darkness lay inside. No candles, no sounds, only the rusty black of emptiness and despair. Was he the first? Had the others been afraid to come? He stepped inside, "Anyone here?"

By memory he found the candles and matches above the door ledge, and by touch lit one. Candlelight and shadows sprang together in a wild dance as if celebrating their newly created existence. The Hidden Place took shape before him. Low-beams and braces all around, and in the center were the chests. Dozens of large toy chests and trunks arranged like a circle of wagons, around the pillows where Daniel and his friends held their secret meetings.

The Hidden Place was warmer than most of the sanitarium, catching the heat which fled upwards from the floors below it, but still Daniel's tiny breath formed frost in the air. What if his friends were afraid to come? Could he do it alone? What if he failed?

"Guys? Beth? Anyone here?"

But there was no answer.



Earlier that evening, Daniel had been hanging his stocking at the end of the line above the huge fireplace when Mrs. Gerhardt's voice rang out, "Gather 'round, kinder-mittens, cookies!" Daniel ignored the announcement as he finished hooking his sock near the end of the upper row of two dozen other such socks, each

emblazoned with the yarn-and-glue name of its owner. After appraising his handiwork he then turned to see if there were really cookies. He mistrusted all the adults in the hospital. They all lied so easily, and Daniel had learned never to trust anything except his eyes. "Good medicine," often turned out to be a shot or castor oil. "A little sting," would often draw a bloody welt that lasted days. "You'll be better soon," was always followed by a funeral.

Standing at the arch of the Hall stood Mrs. Gerhardt, the kitchen lady, almost as wide as the huge silver platter she carried. "Cookies, fresh cookies!" The other kids were already flocking around her.

He rushed to join the other children as they all scrambled to be first. Behind Mrs. Gerhardt was one of the nurses bearing another tray, this one with small cups of warm milk. Daniel wormed his way to the front, competing with the dozens of others, all reaching the platter as if it were some holy blessing. He looked around for his friends, and caught a glimpse of Beth between two taller kids, but then suddenly, it was his turn before old Anna Gerhardt and her platter. Mrs. Gerhardt always carried with her the aroma of the kitchens, of cookies and breads and soups, as if the fragrance were an official badge of office. She bestowed a morsel to each of the eager hands, saying in turn, "Take a cookie, each of you, but only one! And the milk, don't forget the milk, then it's off to bed!" Daniel snatched at his cookie and forced all of it into his mouth, a hot, chewy confection of oatmeal and chocolate, savoring it even as a cup of milk was handed to him. He pretended to drink and sat it with the rest of the platter. He had once heard they put sleeping drugs in the milk, and he suspected it to be true.

Gerhardt discovered her plate empty, and announced, "Old Saint Nick's coming soon, but only if each and every one of you is asleep! Hurry now, to bed!!"

Children scurried to hand back their cups before running to their rooms, a river of shrieks and chattering as each delighted in the delicious chaos. Daniel followed the flow, still clinging to the sweet aftertaste of the cookie as the evening drew to its end. Behind him, he could see the adult patients rising from the chairs and couches around the Great Hall, all looking so sad, some waving after the children,

all leaving for their own wards in the hospital. Already, the orderlies were blowing out the candles on the tree, dimming the oil lamps along the walls, cleaning the Christmas Eve debris of cups and cakes from earlier.

He wondered if the hospital staff lied to the adult patients like they lied to the children. Probably, he decided. His world was a compass between adult and child, liars and victims.

The children lived four to a room, where each had their own bed, dresser, desk, and a toy chest. Climbing into his own bed, and between the pale gray covers and stiff pillows, Daniel could hear children laughing and playing in their bedrooms through the ward. The nurses swept through the rooms like mother hens, shushing and chiding the children, "You have to get to sleep as fast as you can, before Santa comes!"

In Daniel's room there was an empty bed, which meant only two roommates for him, but both were only six and were already burrowing beneath their blankets. The nurse passed by their door, gave each of the children a quick tuck of their covers, and dimmed the gas flame in its mount beside the door. Darkness and silence followed the nurse, leaving Daniel alone except for the sounds of his roommates' ragged breathing and small coughs.

Daniel climbed out of his bed and crouched near the air-vent in the corner of his room. It bordered on the adjoining hall, and from the vent he could listen to the nurses at their post. There were always two nurses on duty at night. They would pass the night checking on the children, reading, drinking coffee, and sometimes napping until the morning shift came on duty.

He had listened at the vent every night for the last few months, since inheriting the duty from his best friend Bobby. Maybe tonight, he told himself, none of his friends would die. Maybe tonight would be special, because of Santa.

The sounds of fabric, cups clattering, and soft whispers from the nurses wafted through the vents. Tonight was Christmas, and the nurses bore the holiday spirit with them as they saw the last of the children's rooms darkened for the night, but soon their hushed discussion turned to their duties and the children. They whispered about the children, about who might

die that night.

The nurse who always brought the medications spoke with an Irish quality to her voice, much as Daniel remembered his mother as having. The nurse spoke quietly so as not to be overheard, "Room eleven, bed four, the McCormick boy, Jerry passed just an hour ago. But wait until the others are asleep before confirming," said the older nurse who always smelled like old laundry. "What a shame, tonight of all nights," said the first.

Pressing against the vent, Daniel clung to the iron grate for support. Another of his club gone, the sixth in as many months since he had been here. Daniel had trouble remembering anything from before the sanitarium, not because the memories were dim but because of the stark contrast to his present life. It hurt more than the coughing, sometimes, to remember his mother and father. A year ago marked his mother's death of the disease which he now harbored, when his father had committed little Daniel into state's care before himself finding Jesus in the form of a thirty-caliber confessional. Daniel had overheard the nurses talking about that, too, when the papers had arrived from his dad's lawyer.

He spied on the nurses at night, just as his best friend Bobby had done months ago, before dying and leaving Daniel in charge of the Hidden Place. As second-oldest, Daniel had inherited the role naturally, without dispute from the other members. Listening at the grate, one could hear which of the other kids had been marked for dead. And if one acted fast enough, one could get to them before the orderlies made their rounds. "Before they feed 'em to the furnace for kindling!" Bobby used to say.

Daniel pulled back from the vent, his eyes stinging with old tears. Room eleven, bed four. Jerry Speckle, who had just lost his baby-teeth, who always shared his toys with Daniel and the other kids, Jerry, who was a member of the Hidden Place.

Daniel left the linen room silently, and made his way to the rooms of his other friends, to Terry, Mickey, and Beth, the last members of his secret club. At each room, he whispered to his accomplices, "Departure!"



"Anyone here?" Daniel repeated in the Hidden Place. The attic was small, possibly intended for auxiliary storage by the long-forgotten architect. Daniel sat the candle in its place in the center of the room, and sat down himself on a gold-and-red toy box covered with crayon-etchings. He idly played with the wax along the toy chest edging as he waited, nervously.

"Daniel?" called Beth, entering the room the way a fairy might enter some magical glade fearful of mortals lurking nearby. "Guys?"

Daniel rushed to Beth and hugged her tight, "I was so scared no one would come. So scared."

"Silly, I camel!" Beth was a year younger than Daniel, but in his esteem she was just as brave as any guy, no matter what age.

"I knew you would." Daniel stepped back, holding Beth's hands.

"Oh, blood! You been bleeding!" Beth used the sleeve of her nightgown to clean Daniel's face using spit to wipe the blood away. It reminded Daniel very much of the way his mother would clean dirt from his face long ago, when he was only a little kid. "Does it hurt?"

"Awww ... it's nothing."

"I heard you coughing down the stairs. There, better and clean. Keep clean and you'll get better."

"Thanks," Daniel wasn't certain Beth was correct about getting better, but he was grateful never the less. "Did you see any of the others on the way up?"

"Oh, Danny, they ain't coming. I talked to Mickey, and he talk to Terry, and they said Santa won't come if we ain't asleep, and they said to tell you to wait until after."

"But we can't. Jerry's dead. We can't wait."

"But Santa's coming, Danny! and like the laundry woman says, Santa turns the Departed into elves, and takes them back to the North Pole to build toys."

"That's a lie!" hissed Daniel. "Remember Bobby? He told us what they do. What they do in winter with Departures. They bundle 'em up and drop 'em down the chute, to the furnace house and use 'em for firewood!"

Beth's voice trembled, "Miss Missy said Santa takes us..."

"Bobby showed me!" Daniel broke in, "He showed me what they do. First the nurse tags your hand, and wraps you up in your sheets. Then the orderlies come, takes you to the basement, and down the chute you go!"

"Danny...." It was a low wail.

"Remember what Bobby said about the Bible? When the time comes, God will call out and we'll all rise up and be family. You, me, Bobby, my mommy and daddy, everyone! And we got to be ready. Not dumped down a chute into a furnace. We got to be together, and whole, not burnt up."

"But Danny...." a whimper.

"Bobby knew 'cause he was a big kid, twelve years old! We got to take care of each other, and believe Jesus will..."

"But DANNY! We can't risk Santa Claus not coming!" Beth cried, "We can't ruin Christmas for everyone! We can't!" With that she spun and ran back through the attic, leaving only the echoes of her tiny footsteps.

Daniel clenched his fists at his sides, determination burning in his cheeks. "We have to get Jerry. We promised him. We promised each other. No furnace for us."

But he was alone, except for the brightly hued toy chests.



The tree in the Great Hall was dark, smelling strongly of fresh pine sap and burned candles. Daniel crept by it carefully, as if afraid to disturb the spirit of Christmas lingering in its wilted branches. He made his way back to the children's ward, past the hall where the nurses read their books and sipped coffee, on to Jerry's room.

Jerry's room was very warm, much warmer than the halls, and sweat immediately soaked Daniel's night clothes. Hand-crafted decorations covered the old wall paper, and colored wooden blocks lay about the floor. Daniel tiptoed to the beds of the other three children and listened to their laborious breathing. Some twitched in their beds, and Daniel tried to imagine their dreams, perhaps sugar plums and

fairies while Jerry lay dead just a few feet away. All were swaddled in their blankets like gifts wrapped in his bedclothes like a small cocooned moth. A brown paper tag was pinned to the shroud, a note for the orderlies who would make their rounds before morning.

Daniel reached out and touched the still form of his friend. Jerry had been so sick, coughing so much the last month, always with blood. The last few weeks Old Doctor Fruwald had started giving Jerry so many shots, and he had slept in shallow bursts.

Reaching under Jerry's covered body, Daniel tried lifting him. Usually two of the Hidden Place members would carry their friend while the others watched out for staff. But Jerry was only six, two years younger than Daniel, and much lighter. Holding his friend around the chests, Daniel pulled him from the bed and dragged him to the door. When the orderlies made their rounds now, they would not get Jerry. And the nurses, checking in the morning, would assume the orderlies had already taken him away. Bobby had long ago perfected the timing.

As quickly as he could, Daniel half-carried, half dragged Jerry out of his room and into the hall. Moving out of the Children's Ward, Daniel was surprised Jerry was so light, so frail in his bed sheet-shroud. The wooden floor offered no resistance to dragging feet, and Daniel's determination blazed through his muscles. The most dangerous part was in getting through the Great Hall. Once beyond, and up the back stairs, Daniel could take his time. No one ever went there.

Down the hall, around the stairs, Daniel went as fast as he could without making noise. He was about to enter the hall to back stairs when he heard it, distinctly, sharply, clearly: the muffled sound of jingling bells, directly ahead of him, coming from the kitchen. No, thought Daniel, it can't be! Not Yet! Not Santa Claus! Not YET!!!

Heart pounding, Daniel reversed direction and pulled Jerry back towards the Great Hall. He had just made it when a heavy thump rattled the kitchen door. Looking around desperately he chose the closest hiding place he could. Pulling Jerry with him, Daniel plunged into the heavy green boughs of the Christmas tree. Covered with sticky pine and sharp needles,

he huddled with Jerry under the tree.

From the shelter of the tree he saw the kitchen door open. Much to his relief, Daniel saw not Santa Claus, but two of the Irish orderlies. Each carried a large bundle that Daniel at first took to be Departures from the adult wing.

"Ho, ho, bloody ho," moaned the big beefy one with the red face as he plopped his bundle down near the fireplace. Daniel could now see it wasn't a Departure. Red-Face pulled a flask from his jacket and upended it, taking many long gulps.

"Hey, now, best not to be sippin' too heavy, or Old' Gerhardt'll have a word or two to put in," said the other orderly. "Let's get on with it, then, and get some sleep before the brats come 'a shilly-shally squalling for their booty."

The beefy one winked, and replaced his flask in his jacket pocket, "Just a bit o' Christmas cheer."

Daniel could see that there were several other bundles piled beside the fireplace. The beefy orderly bent with a heavy sigh and reached into his bundle. With clumsy hands he began filling the rows of socks above the fireplace with nuts and candies. The lanky orderly began arranging brightly ribboned toys from his sack around the room. "Here now," called Lanky to red-Face, "Don't forget the milk and cookies."

With a grunt, Red-Face moved to the table where the children had arranged their offerings to Santa. Using care not to touch the cookies himself, he emptied the plates into a sack on his belt, and poured the milk back from its cup to the pitcher. The cookies and milk out of sight, out came the flask and another sip, Santa thanks the wee-ones kindly, he does." Another sip, "Ah, and I thank the Good Lord who gave us the vine."

"The Sisters have outdone themselves this year," said Lanky, admiring a porcelain doll from his bundle before placing it beside the tree. "A fine lot for Santa to be leaving his year."

Red-Face snorted as his flask vanished inside his jacket again, "They're lucky anyone sends them any gifts at all, times being what they are. Poor waifs, no families to care for them, dependent on the charitable graces of women's groups and the Church to play Santa. It's enough to break your heart it is."

Daniel huddled in the sticky boughs, hugging Jerry close, tears staining the sheets around his friend's shoulders. He took a deep breath, and gasped as his lungs convulsed. "Please Lord, not now," he thought as the first spasm shook his chest.

Squeezing Jerry's shoulder to his face, Daniel muffled the first coughs with the shroud. Then Red-Face tripped over his sack of gifts, sprawling amidst toys and crushed cookies. Lanky hissed, "SSSSHHHHHHH!!!!!! You bloody fool, you're making enough racket to wake the dead!"

Daniel fell to his knees, fighting the coughing, fighting for control, swallowing the blood each hack brought up, squeezing Jerry as tightly as he had squeezed this mother on her death bed.

"I heard something, startled me," Red-Face stammered, hauling himself awkwardly up from the floor.

"With all you've been drinking, I'm not surprised you're a'hearing things. You better clean up that mess of cookies before..."

Light filled the room, freezing the two orderlies as if they had turned to stone.

Mrs. Gerhardt stood holding an oil lamp. She was dressed in her flannel robe and night cap, and wore an expression of such disapproval that the room itself seemed to draw back from her wrath. She spoke low but forcefully, carefully allowing each word its own weight and proper respect before going on to the next, "What is going on in here?"

Both orderlies began to speak at once, apologies and excuses, only to be silenced by a shush from Gerhardt, "Quiet down before you wake the children! Get those gifts under the tree and be done before you disgrace Father Christmas and all he stands for! I'll not have such a shameful pair as you ruin the children's Boxing Day!"

Sheepishly, the orderlies muttered a chorus of apologies as they resumed distributing gifts around the large room. Mrs. Gerhardt watched a moment, "Once you're done, make your rounds for the Departures, then get some sleep. Morning's not far off."

"Yes 'm, right 'm," repeated the orderlies, moving as quickly as they could. Mrs. Gerhardt cast her gaze over the room like a searchlight, seeking anything amiss. "You've missed a sack

of toys, back there by the tree." With that she turned and went back to the staff quarters.

Daniel looked up in alarm. Could she have seen Jerry's shroud? No, there on the other side, was a sack like the others. But if one of the orderlies approached, and would be able to easily see both him and Jerry.

"Ah, I see it there," said Lanky, "Just a moment."

Daniel pulled Jerry with him around the tree base and stand, trying to keep the heavy branches between himself and Lanky. He succeeded, but in doing so exposed himself to view from Red-Face. But Red-Face was upending his flask again, and the moment he stopped drinking, he would have a perfect view of Daniel and Jerry.

"Got it," came Lanky's voice from the other side of the tree, and he pulled the last sack away from the hanging boughs.

Daniel hauled his burden back out of sight of both orderlies, back before the beefy orderly drained his flask. "Ahhh....Merry Christmas."

"Look here," said Lanky, "What's this, then?"

Daniel could see the orderly pull a shiny, brilliant zeppelin from the sack. A beautiful metal airship. A toy to be prized for some very lucky patient.

Lanky marveled at the toy as if it were the secret of the ages. "This must have cost all of three whole dollars! What do the church ladies think, getting such expensive toys? These kids can't use 'em long, and they just get burned up with the spring cleaning. It's a shame to waste it."

"A mighty shame. I know. It's also a shame what you make in wages here, having a kid of your own and all back home. It's a God-weeping shame to let a gift this good go to waste on these dying kids." He held the toy as if it were made of gold.

"And the ones who get better won't be allowed to take their toys with 'em."

"It's a shame."

"A waste."

Through tear-filled eyes Daniel watched Lanky force the shiny metal airship into his overcoat. The orderlies collected up their empty sacks and left, leaving behind the toys and silence.

Weak and despairing, Daniel dragged Jerry from the Christmas wonderland of toys and

decorations. He only half-noticed the fresh blood from his coughing had stained both his nightshirt and the shroud as he resumed his journey to the Hidden Place.

Up the back stairs, one step at a time, he pulled Jerry towards the attic. His frail lungs straining, he fought the despair that gnawed inside his heart.

Through the forgotten relics of the attic he went, sometimes carrying Jerry, sometimes dragging him, until at last they reached the door behind the silent dress mannequins. Stumbling wearily to the pillows before the toy-chests, Daniel lay his burden down gently against the larger pillows, then collapsed himself, exhausted. Amazingly, his breathing was shallow but steady. The disease had missed its moment.

After a while, he found the candle from earlier, lit it, then crawled to lay beside Jerry. "No Santa Claus," he said as if to Jerry. With difficulty, Daniel climbed to his feet, and went to one of the toy chests that sat apart from the inner circle, and dragged it alongside the rest. It was adorned with crayon etchings of haloed children playing, dancing around a tall figure with a robe and beard. Opening the lid, Daniel repeated, "No Santa Claus. They lied to us. Just a big lie."

Daniel carried his friend the last few feet to the toy chest, and like a parent laying a child to sleep, he tucked Jerry in the covers inside. "Until Jesus calls us," he promised, then closed the lid. Taking another candle from the door ledge, Daniel lit it from the flame of the first, and knelt beside Jerry's chest. Just as Bobby had taught him, to keep the smell from escaping the box, Daniel began pouring wax along the lid. Pale wax spattered hinges and crevices, sometimes mingling with silent, falling tears, until finally the toy chest was sealed.

Setting the candles aside, Daniel stood and looked at the chest, then the dozen other chests around him. His gaze swept over the murals he and the other kids had colored on each chest. Drawings of their friends, drawings of Jesus, drawings of their resurrections, when they would all play together. There, at the head, was Bobby's trunk.

"Bobby, there's no Santa Claus," Daniel said softly. "Bobby, you told us there was a Jesus, and he would take care of us. We're going to

rise up on Judgment Day and all go to Heaven. Was that a lie, too?" He embraced the dark trunk and wept. "You wouldn't lie, Bobby. You wouldn't lie. Would you?"

A rattling sound cut the air like a scalpel, and Daniel jumped up as the Hidden Place door swung open. Beth stole inside, her face glowing in the candlelight like an angel.

"Danny! Danny! He's come! Santa's come!"

"Beth..."

"Oh, Danny, Santa came and left toys everywhere. Candy, cookies, nuts and fruits, it's beautiful. No one knows but me! I just saw it!"

"Beth please..."

"I was coming up here to help you, I was, and I saw all the toys! Santa really came! We can get Jerry now!"

"I already got him. But Beth..."

"You've been bleeding more! Let me wipe it off, Danny. Then we can go downstairs and I can show you."

"Beth, just...just give me a hug, please?"

"Oh, Danny...you've been crying. Why are you sad? Santa came, and Jerry's safe from the furnace, and we'll be together."

"I...I..."

"Don't be sad, Danny. Jerry will be with us again. We'll all play together again, forever and ever, and we'll all be happy in Heaven."

Daniel held Beth tight, looking over her shoulder at Bobby's trunk, and at the crayon pictures of haloed children smiling. Then Beth's chest, with her own drawings she had prepared when she had joined the Hidden Place. Taking as deep a breath as his lungs would allow, he pulled back from Beth and held her hand, "I know, I just miss Bobby, Jerry, my mom and dad, I just miss them all so much."

"It's not forever. Bobby said it wasn't forever. You said we'd all be together again. Won't we?" Beth's voice held the slightest edge of doubt, a doubt Daniel recognized and understood.

He felt sick for a moment, but not in his lungs, and he hated himself as he said, "We will. All of us. We'll rise together again. Santa Claus is real, isn't he?"

He looked into Beth's eyes and saw the hope and life glowing there in the fragile candle light. Hugging her close, Daniel said, "Let's go see what he brought. I bet there's a beautiful porcelain doll there just for you."

The End.

A Forward Look... At WindyCons Past

74 WindyCon I

Location—Blackstone Hotel
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

75 WindyCon II

Location—Ascot House
GoH: Wilson Tucker
Fan GoH: Joni Stopa
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

76 WindyCon III

Location—Sheraton Chicago
GoH: Algis Budrys
Fan GoH: Beth Swanson
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

77 WindyCon IV

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: Bill Rotsler
Fan GoH: Meade Frierson
Chair: Larry Propp

78 WindyCon V

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: Bob Shaw
Fan GoH: George Scithers
Chair: Doug Rice

79 WindyCon VI

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: William Tenn (Philip Klass)
Fan GoH: Tony and Suford Lewis
Chair: Larry Propp

80 WindyCon VII

Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GoH: Robert Sheckley
Fan GoH: Gardner Dozois
Chair: Midge Reitan

81 WindyCon VIII

Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GoH: Larry Niven
Fan GoH: Mike Gíyer
Chairs: Ross Pavlac & Larry Propp

82 WindyCon IX

Location—("Purple Hyatt") Lincolnwood Hyatt
GoH: Frederik Pohf
& Jack Williamson
Chair: Dick Spelman

83 WindyCon X

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: George R. R. Martin
Art GoH: Victoria Poyser
Fan GoH: Ben Yalow
Chair: Tom Veal

84 WindyCon XI

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Alan Dean Foster
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Joan Hanke-Woods
Chair: Kathleen Meyer

85 WindyCon XII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: C. J. Cherryh
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Todd Hamilton
Chair: Kathleen Meyer

86 WindyCon XIII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Harry Harrison
Art GoH: Arlin Robins
Chair: Debra A. Wright

87 WindyCon XIV

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
S.F. GoH: Vernor Vinge
Fantasy GoH: Jane Yolen
Chair: Debra A. Wright

88 WindyCon XV

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Orson Scott Card
Art GoH: Erin McKee
Chair: Kathleen M. Meyer

89 WindyCon XVI

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Barry B. Longyear
Art GoH: David Lee Anderson
Chair: Lenny Wenshe

90 WindyCon XVII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Barbara Hambly
Art GoH: Robert Eggleton
Chair: Lenny Wenshe

91 WindyCon XVIII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Mike Resnick
Art GoH: P.D. Breeding Black
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan

92 WindyCon XIX

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Robert Shea
Art GoH: Todd Cameron Hamilton
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan

93 WindyCon XX

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Artists GoH: Kelly Freas & Laura Brodian-Freas
Chair: Dina S. Krause

94 WindyCon XXI

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Sharyn McCrumb
Artist GoH: Janny Wurts
Chair: Dina S. Krause

95 WindyCon XXII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Poul Anderson
Artist GoH: Heather Bruton
Chair: Bill Roper

What Is An ISFiC?

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

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

But there's more to ISFiC than that.

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

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

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

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

As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC's founders, notably Larry Propp, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a Worldcon bid. Their idea was to have WindyCon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a Worldcon bid. The other ISFiC founders, including Jon and Joni Stopa and Mike and Carol Resnick, supported the idea. Chicon IV, the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, came to fruition as a result of this (though Chicon IV and Chicon V, the 1991 Worldcon, are separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC).

The early WindyCons grew rapidly under such chair-

men as Mark and Lynn Aronson, Larry Propp, Doug Rice, and Midge Reitan. Most of the WindyCon staff worked on Chicon IV, and learned even more from that.

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

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

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

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

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

WindyCon is not the only activity ISFiC is involved in. Support has been provided to other Illinois conventions that have an SF, fantasy, or space travel theme. In some cases, the WindyCon art show hangings are rented for a nominal fee (to cover maintenance and upkeep costs). In other cases, grants are provided to bring in special guests. ISFiC is always interested in hearing from groups running Illinois conventions who have a specific project they would like some assistance with.

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

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



CAPRICON XVII



February 20, through 23, 1997

Pro Guest of Honor Robert J. Sawyer

Sawyer's most recent novel, *The Terminal Experiment*,
won the Nebula Award from
the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.

Analytical Chemist GoH: Jim Landis

3D Modeller GoH: Lee Staton

Fan GoH: Amy Schaefer

Come to the Capricon Room Party

Saturday night Room 5117

we will be taking pre-registrations at the party.

Membership for the convention is \$25.00 until January 27th.
At-the-door registration will be \$40.00.
This covers all activities for all four days.

**We have moved to a
New Hotel
Hyatt Regency Oak Brook,
1909 Spring Rd., Oak Brook, IL. 60521**

Room rates are \$75.00/night single through quad
Call (708) 573-1234 for Reservations
mention that you are with Capricon.

WWW.Capricon.org

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You are about to start reading the WindyCon

Food Guide

If you are able to eat solid food you may continue.

Beware The following contains graphic descriptions of food and places to eat and drink.



By the Avenging Aardvark (a.k.a. Ross Pavlac), Maria Pavlac, and Debra Wright

This covers the area for a couple of miles each way from the Hyatt Regency Woodfield (where WindyCon is held). Since the Hyatt Regency Woodfield is across from Woodfield Shopping Center (on Golf Road, which is the main east-west street in that area), this is essentially a guide to the Schaumburg area.

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, 5-9:30 Fri, 5-10 Sat, 5-9 Sun) and Elegant Express Delivery (397-6555, 11-12 M-Sat, 12-10 Sun) will provide delivery from a number of local restaurants. Takeout Taxi charges \$3.99 delivery charge per restaurant delivered from, with a \$10 minimum. Elegant Express charges \$1.75 delivery charge (with ZERO extra charge if ordering from more than one restaurant), also with a \$10 minimum. 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. Menus for both of these services should be at the WindyCon information desk.

If you are buying for a party, the best large grocery stores are Byerly's (on Higgins near Meacham) and Jewel, on Roselle, just south of Golf (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 847 and are a local call from the Hyatt Regency Woodfield.

In the immediate vicinity of
the Hyatt and just to the
west on Golf:

Bay Street. 2000 E. Golf

517-1212.

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

Seafood. TAXI. EXPRESS. \$\$

Olive Garden. 1925 E. Golf

240-1123.

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

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

***Baguetti's.** In the Hyatt Woodfield.

605-1234 x6930.

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

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

Houlihan's. 1901 E. Golf Road.

605-0002.
11-12 Fri,Sat; 11-10 Sun.
Yuppie food. TAXI. \$\$

Borders Books, just west of the Hyatt on Golf.

Has a good Cappuccino/Espresso bar. \$

Schlotsky's Deli. 1564 E. Golf.

330-2867.
Sandwiches, pizza. Good rendition of a New Orleans style muffaletta. \$

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

517-8866.
11-10:30 Mon-Thur; 11-11 Fri-Sat; 12-10 Sun.
Italian with a somewhat non-traditional menu; excellent desserts. TAXI. \$\$



Hooters. Golf Road, just south of Italianni's.

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).
413-0200.
11-12 Mon-Thur; 11-1 Fri-Sat; 11-11 Sun.
The originator of deep dish pizza. Good, but Edwardo's (listed below) is better. \$-\$\$.

Kenny Rogers Roasters. Meacham Road

(just south of Golf)
Competitor to Boston Market/KFC, with carry-out 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.**

619-1617.
8:30-9 Fri, 8:30-6 Sat, 10:30-6 Sun.
Excellent root beer (free refills!), very good hamburgers, salad bar. \$

Auntie Ann's.

995-8353
Sweet and savory pretzels, beverages. \$

Au Bon Pain.

995-1019.
8:30-9 Fri, 9-6 Sat,Sun.
Coffee, croissants, sandwiches. \$

Baskin-Robbins.

240-0088
Ice cream.

Boudin Bakery.

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

***Ethel M. Chocolates**

995-1940.
High-end chocolates, truffles, liquor-spiked goodies, etc. \$

Fannie May.

619-0565
Chocolate, the survival food of fandom.

Freshens Yogurt.

240-0711.
Frozen Yogurt.

Gloria Jean's Coffee Bean.

619-0690.
Coffee, iced cappuccino. Not as good as Joni's. \$

***Godiva.**

619-1161.
Chocolate to kill for.

Hot Sam's Pretzel Bakery.

995-8306.
Pretzels and soft drinks. \$

John's Garage.

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

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

Mandarin Express.

Oriental fast food.

Marshall Field's Gourmet Cafe.

706-6004.
In the department store American cuisine. Stop by for some Frango mints! \$-\$\$

McDonald's.

bunp Pass the bicarb. \$

Mrs. Field's Cookies.

619-2050.
Cookies.

Nordstrom Cafe/Pub

605-2121.
In Nordstrom's department store. American cuisine. \$

***Rainforest Cafe.**

619-1900.
10-10 Mon-Thur; 10-11 Fri-Sat; 10-9 Sun.
This has to be seen to be believed - a simulated rainforest in a shopping mall! Extensive gift shop, too. There are only a handful of these in the US. Beware: long waits. \$-\$\$.

Ruby Tuesday.

330-1433.
11-11 Fri, Sat; 11-9 Sun.
Yuppie sandwiches, pseudo-cajun, etc. Overpriced. \$-\$\$

***Sbarro.**

240-9756.
10-9 Fri, 10-6 Sat, 11-6 Sun.
Excellent New York style pizza slices, lasagna, etc. \$

Surf City Squeeze.

240-1496.
Power smoothies, juices, etc. \$

***Vie de France.**

619-6623.
9-9 Fri, 9-6 Sat, 10-6 Sun.
Croissants, sandwiches. Excellent food but a relatively small restaurant, so there may be a wait. They also have a small sidewalk cafe in the mall. \$

Villa Co. Cucina Italiana.

517-9112.
Italian. \$-\$\$

Vinny's Family Style Italian.

413-0990.
Italian. \$-\$\$

Higgins and Meacham

(go west on Golf to Meacham, south on Meacham, 1.5 miles):

***Byerly's. 1293 E. Higgins Road.**

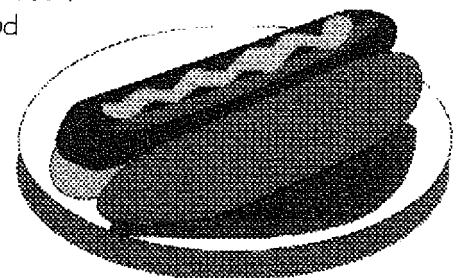
534-2500.
Open 24 hours.
This is an upscale grocery store and is truly a joy to shop in. Emphasis is on customer service and top-quality foods. If you just want to buy soda pop and chips, go to Jewel. If you are buying supplies for yourself or for a truly elegant party, you *MUST* shop here! It's slightly pricier than Jewel, but not by much (especially if you shop enough to know the typical prices for stuff). Highly Recommended.

***Bertucci's. 1261 E. Higgins.**

330-8900.
11-11 Fri, Sat; 12-10 Sun.
Italian, with emphasis on pizza, pasta. Their pizza is more of a Naples style, definitely not Chicago style, but is excellent nevertheless. The pizza is cooked in wood-fired ovens, and there is an emphasis on fresh ingredients. The fresh-baked rolls are wonderful. Highly recommended. \$\$

Benihana. 1200 E. Higgins.

995-8201.
5-11 Fri-Sat, 12-9:30 Sun.
Japanese steakhouse, where the food is chopped and griddle-fried in front of you. Best for groups of 4-8. \$\$.



Golf Road, from Meacham Road west to Roselle Road

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

House of Hunan. 1233 E. Golf

605-1166

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

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

Grisanti's casual Italian. 955 E. Golf

240-2190.

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

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

Bob Evans. 935 E. Golf

605-8085.

6am-10pm 7 days.

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

Diamondback Charhouse. 795 E. Golf

843-1956

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

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

Cousins Subs. 600 E. Golf.

882-0005.

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

Submarine sandwiches. TAXI. \$

*Pontillo'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 Pontillo's; it's served in frosty fish-bowl schooners! \$

*Fuddrucker's. 436 E. Golf

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.

884-6662.

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

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.

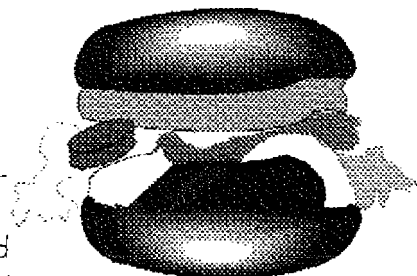
200 E. Golf.

882-5340.

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

Mandarin and

Szechwan cuisine. \$-\$\$\$



*Outback Steak House. 216 E. Golf.

843-8884.

4-10:30 Mon-Thur; 4-11:30 Fri-Sat; 3-10:30 Sun.

Excellent steakhouse; best steak in northwest suburbs.

Warning: waits can be 1.5 hours during prime dinner hours. \$\$\$

In the Vicinity of Golf and Roselle

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

*Genghis Khan Mongolian Barbecue. 27 E. Golf Rd.

882-8920

(next to Dominick's)

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

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

*Richard Walker's. 1300 N. Roselle.

882-1100

7-10:30.

Pancakes to die for, particularly their giant apple pancake.

The best place in the area to go for breakfast. Beware: long waits. \$.

Schaumburg Oriental Food. 1318 N. Roselle.

843-7877.

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

Chinese and other oriental groceries. Interesting selection.

*Jan's Bagels. 1400 N. Roselle.

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

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

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 fixin's. \$

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.

882-4260

12-10:30 Fri-Sat, 3-9:30 Sun.

Oriental food. \$\$\$

Black Pearl. 28 W. Golf.

843-1555
11:30-2 Fri,Sat; 11:30-10 Sun.
Oriental food. \$\$

Wendy's. 29 W. Golf.

885-4637
Burgers. \$

Barnaby's. 134 W. Golf.

882-3220
11-12 Fri,Sat; 12-10 Sun.
Yuppie food: sandwiches, pizza, etc. \$\$\$

Taco Bell. Circa 211 W. Golf.

Pseudo-Mexican food. \$

***Edwardo's. 216 W. Golf.**

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

843-0095
(off of Golf)
Oriental. \$\$

Cesare's Italian. Golf & Higgins

882-7730
Italian food. \$\$

Also West of Roselle on Golf Rd.

(approx.. 4 miles from Hyatt):

Calomato's

(southeast corner Golf & Roselle)
885-0300.
11-11 7 days.
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).
882-5822
10-10 Fri, 10-9 Sat, 12-7 Sun.
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. \$-\$\$\$

Azuma Restaurant. 1063 N. Roselle

882-3993.
5-10 M-F, 12-10 Sat,Sun.
Japanese and Korean food. Sushi.

Jockey. 1017 N. Roselle

885-0888.
11:30-9:30 Mon-Thur; 11:30-10:30 Fri-Sat, 11-9:30 Sun.
Chinese (chef is from Hong Kong Jockey Club, hence the name). Excellent food. Dim sum brunch. \$-\$\$\$

Spring Garden Restaurant. 1000 N. Roselle

(south of Golf)
882-4912
Coffee shop. \$

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, Baskin-Robbins, Subway, McDonald's, Arby's, Dunkin Donuts.

**Restaurants in the vicinity
of Golf and Algonquin**

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

Portillo's. 1900 W. Golf

(Rolling Meadows).
228-0777.
10:30-11 Fri,Sat; 11-9 Sun.
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.

228-0072
11-11 Fri, Sat; 11:30-10 Sun.
Yuppie Mexican. Not bad, but not authentic. \$-\$\$\$

Wendy's. Golf.

Burgers.

***Old Country Buffet. 1400 E. Golf**

(in Waccamaw Pottery mall)
981-8996
8-9 Fri,Sat; 11-8 Sun.
Buffet with mass quantities of food and selection. 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.

364-6644

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

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. 912 W. Algonquin

(north of Golf)

577-8949

Deli food. Open til 10. \$-\$\$

Moy Fong's. 932 W. Algonquin

(north of Golf)

Oriental. EXPRESS. \$\$

Jin Mee Oriental Food. 940 W. Algonquin

(north of Golf).

10-9 M-S, 11-7 Su.

This is another oriental grocery store.

Down the Hatch. 1414 W. Algonquin

(north of Golf)

259-6880

Italian food. Their pizza is OK but not outstanding. \$\$

Little Villa Italian Cafe.

Not sure if still in business.

Oberweis Dairy. 1735 Algonquin.

290-9222.

9-10 Mon-Thur; 10-11 Fri-Sat; 10-9 Sun.

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.**

342-9797.

10-10 7 days.

Burgers, hot dogs. Very popular. \$

Whole Mole. 1921 Algonquin Road.

398-0040.

10:30-10:30 7 days.

Mexican fast food, with emphasis on fresh ingredients. There is a salsa bar with 12 different salsas at various points on a 1-5 temperature scale. Less expensive than Chev'y's, but the food is less elaborate, too. TAXI. \$

Don Giovanni's. 1744 N. Algonquin

In Plaza del Grato

Italian cuisine. EXPRESS. \$\$

***1 Chop Suey. 2280 W. Algonquin.**

259-9100.

Like it says in the name. \$

Rockhouse Grill. 2212 W. Algonquin.

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.

Upscale coffee shop. Eye-catching bakery case as you enter. EXPRESS. \$

***Russell's Barbecue. 2885 Algonquin Road.**

259-5710.

10:30-10 Sun-Thur; 10:30-11 Fri-Sat.

Best Ribs in the Schaumburg area, but not top quality by Chicago standards. \$-\$\$

Also in the vicinity: McDonald's, Burger King, Denny's, Einstein Bagels, 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 New Wilke Road)

In One Schaumburg Place

(a mall just south of Woodfield):

***Applebee's Neighborhood Grill.**

240-1323.

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

Pasta, riblets, salads. Can be half hour wait at dinner hour. TAXI. \$\$

Candy Junction.

240-5677.

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

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 10pm 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. \$

**In the Woodfield Drive
and Higgins Road area**

(south of Woodfield Mall):

Garfield's Cafe. 1700 E. Woodfield.

517-1700.
11-11 Fri,Sat 10-9 Sunday.
Like a Houlihan's or Bennigans. Sunday brunch.

Also in this area: Denny's, Wendy's, Bennigan's, Red Lobster, Taco Bell, Chi-Chi's.

**You might also
want to consider:**

***Yaohan. 100 E. Algonquin**

(at Arlington Heights Road; take Golf East to Algonquin then right/southeast on Algonquin; about 4 miles from Hyatt)

956-6699
11-7:30 7 days.

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. \$



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Staff List

Chair Bill Roper	Green Room Glen Boettcher	Saturday Night Dance DJ Jeff Sparrow <i>Assistant DJ</i> Greg Mate	Kids Program Lindalee Stuckey
Vice Chair John Donat	Guest Liaison Amy Wenshe Len Wenshe	Con Suite <i>Manager</i> Joan Palfi <i>Assistant Manager</i> Cian Brenner	Babysitting George Krause
Treasury Leonard Wenshe Jim Malebranche	Programming <i>Head Programmer</i> Ross Pavlac <i>Assistant Head Programmer</i> Debra Wright	First Assistant Manager Joseph Merrill III <i>Hospitality Hostess</i> Fern Palfi <i>Trouble Shooters</i> Charles Bradford Peter Susfredin	Computer Room E.L.V.I.S.
Secretary Kelley Mathews	<i>Aardvark Flying Squad</i> Maria Pavlac <i>Track Manager</i> Jim Rittenhouse <i>Programming Staff</i> Yoel Attiya	Charles Bradford Peter Susfredin	Internet Services <i>Internet Wizard</i> Ben Lieberman
Registration Rick Waterson Marti Kinder Richard France Susette France Lois Ray Mary Kaye Shouse <i>Voodoo Doctor</i> Jonathon Stoltze	Kirby Bartlett-Sloan Marie Bartlett-Sloan Duke Boettcher Bill Higgins Joel Kimpel Kyym Kimpel Darrell Martin Nancy Mildebrandt Maria Pavlac Steve Silver Mike Vande Bunt	Dealer's Room Mike Jencevice Brendan Lonehawk Barbara Darrow Linda Jencevice Sally Kobee Larry Smith	Filking Steve Macdonald
Operations William Krucek Madrene Bradford Katie Davis	Mike Vande Bunt	Art Show Vicki Bone Tim Haas Terry O'Brien	Gaming Julie & Eric Coleman
Hotel Liaison Dina Krause Allan Sperling	Special Events Bonnie Jones Gretchen Roper William Leininger Sam Paris Steve Salaba	Print Shop Roberta Jordan Barbara Clift Lynn Fancher	Info Booth Marcy Lyn-Waitsman Barry Lyn-Waitsman Patrick Ralph
Films David Hoshko Mary Mascari Mark Mallchok Bernadette Burke Heath Denikas			Program Book Lanny Waitsman Michael Madaj Ted Blegen
			World Wide Web Publishing Rick Waterson Richard France Ross Pavlac
			Adult Supervision Bob Beese

