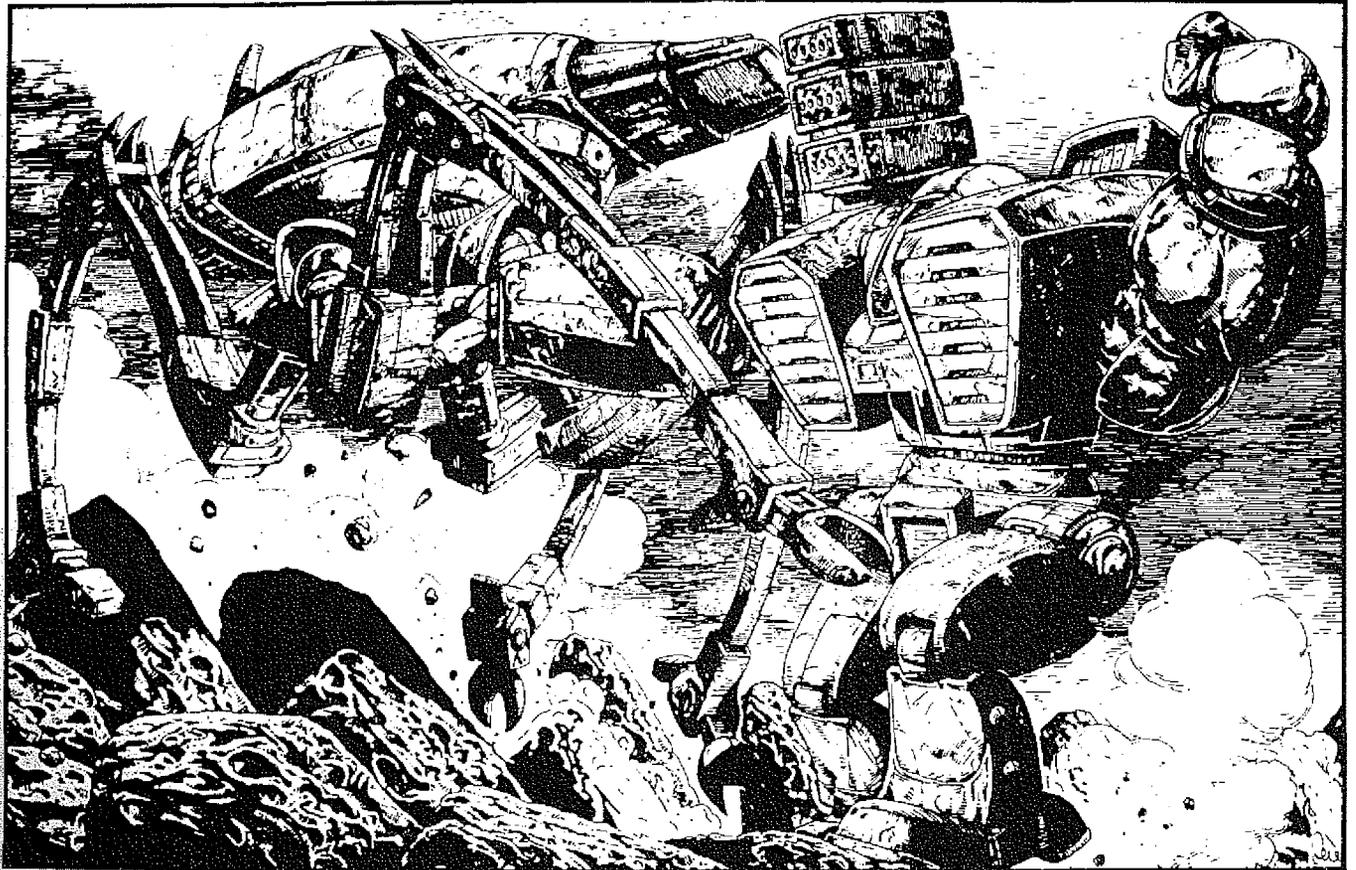




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# WELCOME TO WINDYCON XIX

First off, I'd like to thank our Guests of Honor for gracing us with their presence this year. Be sure to search them out and say hello at some point this weekend. They're not only beautiful and talented, but friendly as well. Thanks also to all the other guests, the program participants, and the concom for all the blood, sweat and tears they've dripped all over this convention. We all appreciate it, but hope you clean up after yourselves.

As I sat down to write this, I realized that I've been in fandom for 14 years. I've been to over 65 conventions, for a total of more than 214 days spent wandering around strange hotel corridors. That's over 7 months...a not inconsiderable amount of time! But when you add in all the rest of the time spent doing fanzines, organizing cons, and general fannish running around, well, the mind boggles.

It's the people, of course. You're a fascinating group...cranky, easygoing, serious, silly, curious, maddening, open minded, hilarious, kind, loving, fun. You're some of my best friends in the whole world. You're where I found my husband. So, if you're a long time fan, pause a moment and think of your friends, then tell them how much you appreciate them. That's something we don't do often enough, and if this is your first con, jump right in—we're friendly and we don't bite (much).

Enough of the maudlin. I'm going to stand on my prerogative as Chairman now and insist that you adhere to the following:

1. No important body parts in the fish pond. Those goldfish bite HARD!
2. Do good.
- ~~3. Avoid evil. *Drink Concentrated Evil*~~
4. Throw a party.
5. Have a very, very good time.

**Marie L. Bartlett-Sloan**  
**Chairman**



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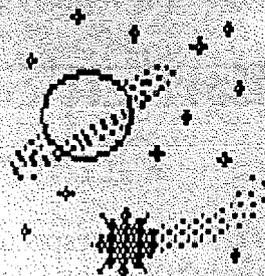
A.M. - Breakfast Buffet & A la Carte  
Lunch - Salad Bar & A la Carte  
P.M. - Specialty Buffet beginning at 5:00 p.m.

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7**

A.M. - Breakfast Buffet & A la Carte  
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P.M. - Specialty Buffet beginning at 5:00 p.m.

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8**

7:00 a.m. - 12 noon - Breakfast A la Carte  
9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. - Country Breakfast Buffet  
12 noon - 12 midnight - A la Carte Menu



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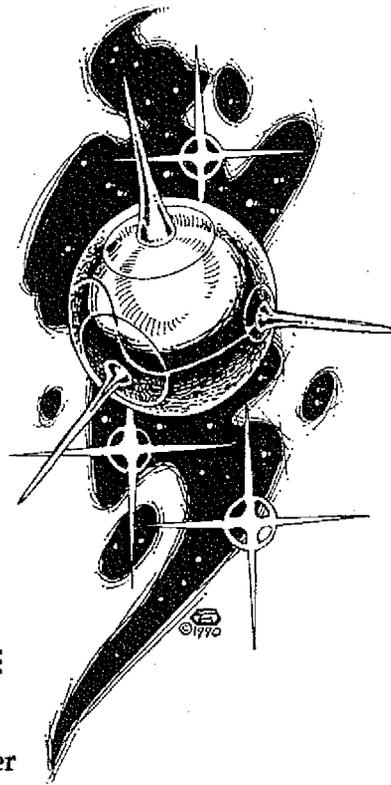
Jeff Berry

Janet Moe

and the members of THE GALACTIC LEAGUE

## COMPUTER WIZARD

Rick Waterson



# Guests of Honor

## A Brief, Incomplete, Biased Biography of the Foss Brothers, by themselves.

As I sit down to write this, I am confronted by a sudden, unwelcome thought: this is the most important writing I've done in at least half a decade. Every other piece I've done in the last five years has been for fun or money; this one is introducing my twin brother to over a thousand people who have never met him.

I often wonder what it's like to meet my brother the very first time. I've never exactly met him, you see; so far as I'm concerned he's always been there, even just as background noises in the womb. For this reason, I can only imagine what kind of first impression he might make.

I regard him as sort of a gentlemanly whirlwind, spreading chaos all around himself in the politest way possible. As any student of tornadoes could tell you, they can have strange results; live cows get deposited miles from where they started, refrigerators are driven through walls with the eggs intact. I've never seen my brother transport a cow anywhere or gently lob a refrigerator through a wall, though he did once own some escape-artist goats that kept transporting themselves to the local police station. (Perhaps they had guilty consciences.) Refrigerator moving isn't his specialty either, though I remember the sofa he manhandled to a second floor apartment by some means nobody was able to reconstruct. We got it out by throwing it off the balcony, but we're almost sure that isn't how it got up there.

As I remember, tornadoes don't move in straight lines, either. This would match my brother's awesome career path, which has been less directed by what has been profitable than what looked interesting. He started out as a machinist for a missile manufacturer, moved to an artificial limb factory, tried a stint as a door to door meat salesman, then became an armed guard, furniture rental agent, and car salesman. About this time wanderlust hit, so he moved to Northern California to successfully operate a radio commercial production stu-

dio, raise wolves, and be a nursing home maintenance man. This was insufficiently challenging, so he moved to Alaska to work on the oil pipeline. The Alaskans knew what to do with a man of his personnel skills and marketing genius: they put him to work gutting fish at a local cannery. Millions of eviscerated salmon later, he became night DJ at KVAK (The Voice of Prince William Sound), a station listened to by dozens of bored Eskimos and three or four insomniacs waiting for their radiators to thaw so they could leave town. He was thrilled to have a job that no longer required him to become covered in blood, until he discovered that collecting his paycheck took exactly that.

This was idyllic time for him. In between shooting black bears in his front doorway, almost burning down his cabin when his heater exploded, and trying to borrow enough money for a one way ticket to some place warm, he ran for mayor of the hamlet of Valdez Heights on the slogan, "Rock and Roll On The Radio, And A Barbecue At My Place Once A Month." Amazingly, he fulfilled his campaign promise once he was elected. The barbecue was pot luck, and the leftovers from one sometimes carried him all the way to the next one. In between mooching from his constituents, he started a recycling program, actually conning the U.S. Navy into taking the cans to an aluminum plant in Seattle aboard their ships.

Tiring of Alaska, he returned to Southern California, where corporate memories are short enough that he found a place as an accident management specialist. Contrary to snide comments, he doesn't arrange them, but helps prevent them. At least this is what he claims, though in the last year LA has had major fires, earthquakes, a flood, and a riot. Wolf admits all were good for business, but claims alibis for everything.

Where he is best known for disaster planning is at SF conventions, where he had a part in a celebrated debacle that was held in New Orleans. He hit on a unique visual aid to running the complaint desk; a large sign in ornate calligraphy that said, "Thank You For Not Screaming Hysterically Or Foaming At The Mouth." Putting it as his desk was a mark of genius, as no matter how made anyone was, once they saw the sign they calmed down

considerably. It helps that Wolf has a face that is impossible to stay mad at; I know, because I've tried.

Nowadays, Wolf's days of regarding employment opportunities as an art form to be savored and discarded are gone. He has been in the accident management business for almost five years, but has kept life interesting with other diversions. One of these is his household, which currently consists of his wife Eileen, child Madeline, and a small army of cats. In his free time, he has had bit parts in TV shows such as Golden Girls, written articles for the L.A. Reader newspaper, done calligraphy, and acted as Town Constable and traveling chastity belt salesman at the local Renaissance Faire. This is of course in addition to his budding career as a professional storyteller, which trade he has plied at fairs, Hollywood nightclubs and coffeehouses, and most recently at masquerade halftime at MagiCon in Orlando. He also continues to be active in con running fandom, generally working exhibits, programming, or MCing masquerades.

This is in brief what Wolf has done, but it's not who he is, and no amount of written details can convey that. He is a raconteur and artist, a warm and friendly man who loves people, jokes, and good whiskey, and who works tirelessly at any convention he ends up at. That's as good a reason to honor him as any.

## **A Brief Biography of Richard Foss, by an alleged "brother" who chooses to remain anonymous, on the advice of his lawyer**

Richard Foss lives in the city of Manhattan Beach, a California community kissed by the warm sea breezes off the Pacific ocean. (The community has since sued the breezes for sexual harassment, and that will be the last time they kiss any community without written permission. Use a permission for intimate contact form on your next date. Available from your local attorney's office.)

He earns his humble living managing a travel agency, able to leaf through towering airlines schedules

in a single bound and knowing the locations and nightly rates of headhunter hotels deep in the Amazon rain forest. This skill has earned him a place in the Jerry Pournelle novel "Fallen Angels", where he is mentioned by name. He has also been lionized by science fiction writers in other publications, none of which has actually noticed that he really is a lion. The walls of his office are festooned with letters of appreciation from the likes of Paul Andersen, Carl Lundgren, Amelia Earhart and Judge Joseph Crater.

However, being a great travel agent is not enough to get you invited to Windycon. Or perhaps it is. As a matter of fact, just pick a great travel agent from Chicago, and invite him instead. This will give you TWICE the amount to spend on me, consider it, I'll be waiting by the phone.

No, it's the many other things he does that are the reason he is Fan Goh at Windycon. He does them with fans and pros in a small locked room in his house, where I've never gone in. I don't know what they all do in there.

Richard Foss is also an often-published writer, sometimes as a restaurant reviewer. This allows him to not only be paid for eating. But also take the bill from every restaurant he goes to and deduct it from his taxes. The next time you are filling out your 1040 form, must be comforted that not all of your money is going for unworkable weapons systems, federally funded lingerie foreign aid programs for Peruvian brothers, and research grants to count the number of atoms in Oprah Winfrey; somewhere at your expense, Richard Foss is eating.

He somehow wangled a position reviewing books, having beaten an editor in a showdown as to who could use the most obscure word in a pompous manner while giving no clue as to what they were talking about. This qualifies him to be a reviewer about as well as the next man, and since the next man had just left to find the restrooms, Richard got the job.

As though he had any free time left. He has also been called on to be a music critic. This leaves him in the enviable position of being paid for eating, seeing, and hearing. His other senses are available for a price; if you see an advertisement that says "WILL PAY GOOD MONEY FOR BREATHING AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME". He will accept your collect phone calls.

Writing, however, is not the only outlet of his creative potential. He has participated, with some assistance from his wife Jace, in the construction of two fine children, both of whom were conceived at WorldCons. He is currently engaged in molding them from mere lumps of protoplasm into thinking human beings, and seems to be doing a pretty fair job at the moment considering that thinking beings are getting a very bad press these days.

This busy calendar of his makes a gentleman named Godot look like a fairly predictable fellow. Much of Richard's time is spent trying to remember what part of his schedule he is already late for.

In order to relax from this impossibly busy schedule what does he do? He takes up several time-intensive hobbies! Richard is a Guildmaster of the Renaissance Pleasure Faire, which recreates the life of a country village in Elizabethan England. In this pursuit he manages a 80-person acting troupe, giving them stern lectures on the importance of punctuality and time management.

He also attends and works at science fiction conventions, some weekends he doesn't know in advance whether he has a date with the past or the future. His interest in science fiction comes naturally! He's looking for a time-travel device that will allow him to get everything done each day in a 24-hour period and still have some time for sleep.

In addition, his experience as a travel agent has accustomed him to the job of dealing with erratic travelers, surly hotel workers, and ludicrous scheduling. Therefore, he is a natural at running Cons. His favorite post is running programming and he delights in broadening the definition of what kind of person should be invited to a convention. His past picks have included theologians, poets, politicians, tank commanders, rock and roll composers, and street-fighting instructors.

Richard also is a veteran at the delicate art of being an MC of masquerades. Having served in this capacity at the recent WorldCon in Orlando, CostumeCon8 and at several LosCons and ComiCons.

He meets the inevitable snafus and last-minute schedule changes which characterize such events with an invariable good humor, quick wit and gentle helpfulness.

If you see him around the convention - and you will - ask him any questions you happen to have about conventions, how they are run, and how

they should be run. And ask him about that great brother of his, he'll undoubtedly have something nice to say.

## Todd Cameron Hamilton

Every year for a decade now they've gathered in Stockholm, the Swedish Academy, and tried to figure out a way to make him accept. "What difference does it make," they plead, "if we don't have a Nobel Prize for science fiction illustration? Please say you'll take it, and we'll create one!" He just smiles modestly and shakes his head. It wouldn't be right. The word is, he's working on something sure to win the prizes for Physics, Economics, Literature, and Peace. All in the same year. We lesser folk can only hope.

He went to Calcutta recently, it's said. The way I heard it, the people dropped Mother Teresa like a hot chapati and flocked in their masses to follow a real humanitarian. They say the blind saw, the halt walked, the mute spoke, and lepers experienced a dramatic rise in their self-esteem. That's what they say.

At the Vatican, the mere rumor that some of his paintings might become available started a frenzy. They cleaned up a ceiling that had been getting mighty ratty over the years, and flung aside Titians and Botticellis to free up some wall space. Alas, it was only a rumor. The Pope wept bitter tears.

And Lourdes! Did you hear what happened when he went to Lourdes? Well, I'd best not talk about it, as the church is still investigating and I wouldn't want to interfere with a possible canonization.

But I was there for his triumphant return to the States, and I can tell you O'Hare hasn't seen such a delirious celebration since four lads from Liverpool took the country by storm. They waved signs, they tossed confetti and coins, they strewed rose petals and palm fronds in his path. Young girls ripped their clothes and threw themselves at his feet. *Hosanna!* they shouted. *Alleluia!*

You know who I'm talking about.

A writer reaches a point in his career where he feels as if he's done it all. You've been guest of honor at conventions, you've been on radio and television. Your books have sold well. You've been to Disneyland. And then one day your phone rings. "This is Windycon," says a voice at the other

end. "We'd like you to write a bio for our artist Guest of Honor...(a reverent quaver in the voice)...Todd Cameron Hamilton."

Well, it's too much. Really it is. My life is complete.

What can I say about this man? Did I say man? Surely he's more than that.

You've seen him at conventions. He's the one with the white doves resting on his shoulders, speaking bird-talk. He just goes outside and the creatures of the air gather around him. He's the one with the happy children capering in his wake, the one who leaves a legacy of smiles as he walks by. He's the one with eyes like a young Paul Newman, the body of Stallone. The teeth of Mariel Hemingway. You've seen him. Just look for the guy with the golden glow around his brow.

You've all heard the stories about him. How he was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, taught himself to read by kerosene lamp at the age of three months, was engaging the rabbis in learned Talmudic debate at two—and he wasn't even Jewish! You've heard of his youth, how he developed a cure for polio and gave it to Doctor Salk, helped Albert Schweitzer through a difficult time in his life, founded UNICEF, played a key role in the Kennedy campaign, and single-handedly coached NASA mathematicians through the tough equations when the crippled Apollo 13 spacecraft was headed into the sun and the main computers broke down. How he fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice, and the American way. These are well-known tales, and there's little I could add to

them.

You saw him on television, in Barcelona, winning his precedent-shattering seventeen gold medals. Remember that amazing burst of speed at the end of the 100-meter dash? The game-winning slam dunk when he suited up for the injured Michael Jordan? Splitting the arrows in two on the archery range? Who could forget his legendary dismount from the pommel horse, or the silent awe in which the crowd regarded his synchronized swimming solo? We'll remember these things all our lives; they're burned into our brains.

So what is there left to saw?

Well, what you may not know about Todd Cameron Hamilton is...what a *swell* guy he is. What a *regular* guy. What a *mensch*.

Go ahead, go up to him and introduce yourself. He's easy to find: just look for the guy setting out the banquet of loaves and fishes, the one with all the Perrier bottles filled with wine. You'll find him modest, easy-going, articulate, not at all hard to talk to. He won't want to talk too much about himself; he's too interested in you. And don't be shy about telling him your troubles. Many's the fan who, after pouring out his heart to Todd, has found a crisp, new hundred-dollar bill has mysteriously "appeared" in his pocket. Try to return it, and he's the soul of innocence.

One word of warning, though. If you see him in a phone booth changing his clothes, leave him alone. He's about to tackle some serious business.

So there you have him: Todd Cameron Hamilton. A man I'm proud to call my friend.

Detach At This Line

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*A service of the John Varley Scientifiction Company*

Yes, Mister Varley! I read your ad, and I'm ready to move up to Fame and Fortune in the fast-moving field of Sci-Fil Please Write me one of the following:

- Blurb ( ) Cover ( ) Back Cover ( ) Flap
- Review
- Radio Commercial
- Guest of Honor Biography
- Obituary
- Acceptance Speech

I would like the tone of the piece to be as follows:

- Chummy
- Affectionate
- Academic
- Laudatory
- Very Laudatory
- Dish it out with a steam shovel

I'm enclosing \$25 plus tax (no checks, please) (non-refundable), because I know this is my big chance to step up into the world of BIG BUCKS!

(his mark)

*Todd Cameron Hamilton*

By signing the above I acknowledge that I am over eighteen years of age, and agree to hold J.V.S.C. harmless in any litigation that may ensue regarding the publication of requested material. Offer not valid in Utah, Kansas, Florida, Texas, California, Maryland, Rhode Island, Puerto Rico, or any country with an extradition treaty with the United States.

P.S. Todd: Be sure to remove this order form before sending this bit to the printer. Those folks can be pretty literal, and you sure don't want it printed in the program book, ha, ha. J.V.

Dear Windycon People,  
Who the hell is this turkey Hamilton, anyway?

I just included that last option about laying on the praise super thick as a joke; I never expected anybody would actually ask for it. On the other hand, I never got paid in Mason jars full of spare change, either. (There were a few bills in the box. The ink rubbed right off them.)

Well, I gave it my best shot. It's none of my business if people believe any of it or not, and anyway, my ass is pretty well covered. Most of the time I made it clear these were just stories I heard. Can I help it if they're wrong? As for Barcelona, by the time the convention rolls around people will have forgotten all about the Olympics. And who reads this crap, anyway?

If I come to the con, do you think I'll have to meet him?

Oh, by the way, I looked at the pictures of paintings you sent me. Okay, so the kid can draw. Okay, so he can draw real good. OKAY! He's a goddam genius with the paintbrush, all right? Just keep him out of my room, OKAY?

*John Varley*

P.S. I just had a horrid thought. May you ought to remind him to detach this letter and the order form before the piece goes to the printer...Naaah. Forget it. Nobody's that dumb.

## **Fer Chrissakes, Schwartz, Get Outta My Face!**

By Harlan Ellison

The last thing I remembered was the slam of pain in my chest. Apparently, it had been a heart attack, a stroke, one of those many-named killers that lie in ambush in the body; and I'd felt just an instant of fear before I blacked out and went face-forward. Fear, for that instant, because it had been a coronary thrombosis that had taken my father.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes, was Julius Schwartz, crouched over me, shaking me and already talking. At first his voice echoed down a vast, endless corridor to me; indecipherable words carrying no coherent meaning, but only a sense of urgency. And as my senses re-aligned themselves, as my clubbed persona reified, I smiled. It was a trembly, tiny smile, because I hurt so much; but I smiled, because it was my pal Julie, whom I'd known since I was a pre-teen little kid, who was there trying to bring me back from maybe somewhere like The Other Side. It was good to have a friend who cared that much.

"Get up," he was saying. "Get up! I need you to write a tribute about me for the program book. It doesn't have to be very long, only about six hundred words."

He had me by the shoulders. I couldn't feel my left side. I had the sense that my left leg had gotten twisted under my body when I'd fallen, but I couldn't feel it. There was a huge ash-colored beast sitting on my chest. Breathing was hard. I tried to say, "Julie, help me...I think I'm dying...call a doctor...please let me sit up..." but all that came out were a few bubbles of spittle at the corner of my mouth. I realized that the stroke had probably paralyzed everything on the left side, so he couldn't understand what I was trying to say.

He leaned in closer, the light reflecting off his wire-rimmed glasses. "All you have to do is write about how you sent me a letter when you were about ten or eleven, back in the '40s. How I wrote you back and encouraged you. Or when you came up to DC Comics in the Fifties, and you saw me in the hall and were too awed by me to even say hello. Or how I wrote you back when you asked for some free art from a *Hawkman* story. You can do it, kid! Just let me help you up and here...here's a pen...let me put it in your hand..."

He got me sitting up, there on the floor, the paper was a DC notepad with a bunch of their superhero characters holding up a DC colophon. And at the top of the page it said: *From the Altar of JULIUS SCHWARTZ*. He dropped the pad on my lap. I didn't feel it hit. Then he jammed the Pilot Fineliner into my right hand, and lifted the hand and dropped it onto the pad.

I'm left handed, Julie, I tried to say; but I guess I only thought it; because I couldn't write, and I started to cry. Not much of tears, just a wetness or two that ran down my cheek as I tried to slip back to the floor; but Julie kept me upright, and he tried again to get my cold fingers to hold the pen.

"You can just write about all those dinners we've shared through the years; and how you always try to get DC to pay for them. Or you could talk about how it took you ten, fifteen years, whatever it was, before you wrote that *Batman* script for me. There's a world of terrific things we've shared that you could write about. Just sort of a friend-to-friend tribute...you know what I mean!"

And I couldn't stop crying, because I hurt so bad, and obviously Julie didn't understand that, so I grasped the pen in my right hand as best I could, with my fist around it like a baby trying to use a Crayola, and with scrawling lines that trembled and didn't match, I scrawled the only tribute I had in me. I scrawled: I LOVE YOU, JULIE.

And then I closed my eyes, and I died.

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## Julius Schwartz: Information

In 1934 Julie and Mort formed SOLAR SALES SERVICE, the first literary agency to specialize in SF and fantasy. Mort left the partnership in 1936 to edit at Standard Magazines, later rejoining Julie at DC where he also edited SUPERMAN. While an agent, Julie represented such writers as Alfred Bester, Otto Binder, Robert Bloch, Leigh Brackett, Ray Bradbury, Edmond Hamilton, Robert Heinlein, David Henry Keller, Eric Frank Russell, Stanley Weinbaum and Manly Wade Wellman.

He began his editorial stint at DC Comics in 1944 and has worked there continuously for what now totals 49 years. He has edited virtually every type of comic book that DC has published. Whether from superhero to science fiction or from romance to western, Julie has left his style on the comics

industry, It was his re-creation of THE FLASH, GREEN LANTERN, JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, THE ATOM AND HAWKMAN that began comics' "Silver Age." By printing the full addresses of correspondents in the letter columns of the books he edited, Julie fostered the development of comics fandom. He has won comicdom's highest awards—four SHAZAMS, three EAGLES, an Inkpot, an Alley and a Jules Verne.

Not to rest on his career full laurels, his DC Science-Fiction Graphic Novels have brought us adaptations of outstanding stories by Bloch, Bradbury, Harlan Ellison, George R. R. Martin, Larry Niven, Frederick Pohl and Robert Silverberg.

There is much more to Julie, for example, not many fans know he is an expert bridge player, but you will have a chance to find out many more things this weekend as you get to know Julie at WindyCon.

## Robert Shea: Autobiography

I was born in New York City on Valentine's Day, 1933. Science fiction was literally "Buck Rogers stuff" to me at first; I remember looking with fascination at *Buck Rogers* in the Saturday *New York Journal-American* before I was able to read. The first science fiction magazine I read was the Winter 1944 issue of *Captain Future*, featuring "An Astounding Full-Length Novel!" called *Magic Moon* by Brett Sterling. The first really high quality Sci-Fi story I read was Isaac Asimov's "Dead Hand" in the April, 1945 issue of what was then called *Astounding*.

I became interested in creating science fiction not long after I started reading it. In grammar school I drew and wrote comic strips modeled after *Buck Rogers*. I used carbon paper to make copies and then hand-colored each with crayons and sold them in my apartment house for a penny apiece. My heroes bore such original-sounding names as Red Barton and Streak Benson.

Around the seventh or eighth grade I started writing stories in pencil on yellow legal pads because I'd seen a writer in a movie do it that way. After I graduated from grammar school my mother gave me a typewriter, and I started writing short stories. After a while I even learned to finish them. My senior term paper, with the permission of my enlightened English teacher, was a 40-page epic of

future pseudohistory called *The March of the Martians*, in which Martians conquer the Solar System only to have their empire go into an inevitable decline and fall.

I attended meetings of a science fiction fan club called the Centaurians while attending Manhattan Prep in the Bronx. I was editor of the high school yearbook and actually started to see my name and my work in print. But when I had letters published in *Startling Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories* I knew I was on my way to glory. At Manhattan College I wrote for the campus newspaper, the yearbook and the literary magazine, the *Manhattan Quarterly*. The *Quarterly* was the first magazine to publish my short stories, which were naturalistic tales featuring a young man who possessed exaggerated versions of my less likable traits.

After college came the Army and reams of writing at night that never saw the light of day. I continued to write short stories and novels that never got past first draft. I sent out short stories all through the two years at Rutgers University. I left graduate school after getting a master's in English.

I turned out a bunch of short stories in a burst of creativity between 1956 and 1960, many of them Sci-Fi, and some of them even got published. One of my first sales was a raunchy story, originally written with *Playboy* in mind, which found its way after many rejections into the hands of Forrest J. Ackerman. He got it published in an LA-based magazine as raunchy as my story. Thanks, 4E. You had no idea what you were starting.

Hans Stefan Santesson, then editor of *Fantastic Universe*, bought my first commercially published Sci-Fi story, "The Helpful Robots," in 1958. He invited me to a meeting of the Hydra Club, where I met Larry Shaw, one of the giants of early fandom, to whom, in his incarnation as editor of *Infinity*, I had submitted a number of stories without result.

Larry hired me in 1959 to be managing editor of *Custom Rodder* and *Car Speed and Style* magazines that were more successful than the late *Infinity*. A.J. Budrys was a frequent visitor to our offices. I watched him work, fascinated, and he kindly offered to read and critique a number of my science fiction short stories (the same ones Larry had rejected). I kept begging him for *The Secret* and finally in exasperation one night as we were riding the subway together he summed up his philoso-

phy of writing with a Zen-like, "Do whatever you think you should do." I remember thinking, "But what should I do?" and figuring that A.J. was not about to tell me that.

As well as giving me my start in the magazine business, Larry, together with his wife Noreen, got me interested in amateur publishing. With them showing me how, I published a zine called *The Scene*. Later this was succeeded by *The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette* (apologies to early Illuminatus Benjamin Franklin). My current effort is called *No Governor*. There have been eleven issues in seventeen years, and the twelfth will be appearing *Real Soon Now*.

Around 1960 I was in on the founding of the New York Fanoclats. The Fanoclats was an interesting mix of fans and pros. During this period I got to know Robert Silverberg, Judith Merrill, Bhub Stewart, Harlan Ellison, Ted White, Dick and Pat Lupoff and Avram Davidson and many other interesting folks.

After a stint from 1963 to 1965 at *True* magazine, I was made editor of *Cavalier*. We had a feature called the Big Board—I don't know why—in which we paid relatively large amounts to big names to write relatively short opinion pieces. I asked Isaac Asimov to write for the Big Board, and he turned in about half a dozen excellent essays. This gave me an opportunity to have lunch with him once, which for me was one of the high points of the '60s.

In 1966 *Cavalier's* editorial offices were moved to Los Angeles. Frank Robinson joined the staff and we had a ball putting out nine issues of *Cavalier* together before the magazine came to the end of the bungee cord and bounced back to New York.

At that very moment, as karma would have it, I was offered a job at *Playboy*, and I grabbed it. That was 1967, and I have been living in the Chicago area ever since.

Robert Anton Wilson and I both worked on "The Playboy Forum," which was the department at *Playboy* where all the nut literature and weird letters ended up. The idea for *Illuminatus!* grew out of our exchange of memos about the crazy mail we got.

We wrote it for Bob Abel at Dell in 1970 and '71, and it was published in 1975. Dell marketed it as science fiction, but none of the Sci-Fi mags of that

day would review it, arguing that it wasn't "really" science fiction. Whatever it was and is, it remained alive in book stores through the '70s and '80s and is selling briskly to this day.

*Illuminatus!* was adapted for the stage by the Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool and produced in Liverpool, London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Seattle and Jerusalem. Bob Wilson and I are at work on a sequel, to be called *Bride of Illuminatus!*

While my right hand writes fiction my left hand cranks out articles. I've had pieces published in *Travel and Leisure*, *Playboy*, *The Writer*, *Today's Health* and a lot of less-well-known magazines.

In 1982 I attended ChiCon IV to present the Libertarian Futurist Society's Prometheus Award to L. Neil Smith for his novel *The Probability Broach*. This was my first science fiction convention, and I had a wonderful time. In 1986 I went to ConFederation in Atlanta to receive the Libertarian Futurist Hall of Fame award for *Illuminatus!* My third and fourth conventions were ChiCon V and last year's Windycon, and I think I am gradually becoming more visible, branching out from the Libertarian Futurist Award ceremonies to appearances various panels and doing readings. I've also been a guest at the last two OPCons, held under the auspices of Oak Park/River Forest High School.

During a financial squeeze afflicting the *Playboy* corporation in 1977 I was one of several editors who were asked to lighten the payroll by leaving. I embarked on a career as a full-time novelist. My historical novels *Shike*, *All Things Are Lights* and *The Saracen* were all set in the thirteenth century.

My most recent novel is *Shaman* (Ballantine, March 1991), the story of a Native American prophet, magician and healer involved in the Black Hawk war of 1832 in Illinois. All my novels have strong magical and mystical elements in them. Historical fiction and speculative fiction are quite similar, in that both require writer and reader to leave everyday reality and enter imaginatively into worlds that once existed, will exist or may never exist. I've always enjoyed reading and writing both kinds of fiction.

Right now I sit in my office in my house in Glencoe, where I've lived for eighteen years, cranking out my stuff on an Apple IIe that I bought in 1983. My son, Michael, who is studying computer technology in college, sneers at my 128K antique, but it gets the job done.

Besides the aforementioned *Bride of Illuminatus!* I'm finishing up a novel set in Tang Dynasty China and starting a full-blown fantasy set in an alternate North America in the late nineteenth century. If the future is kind to me, I hope to be spending more and more of my writing time with my first love, science fiction.

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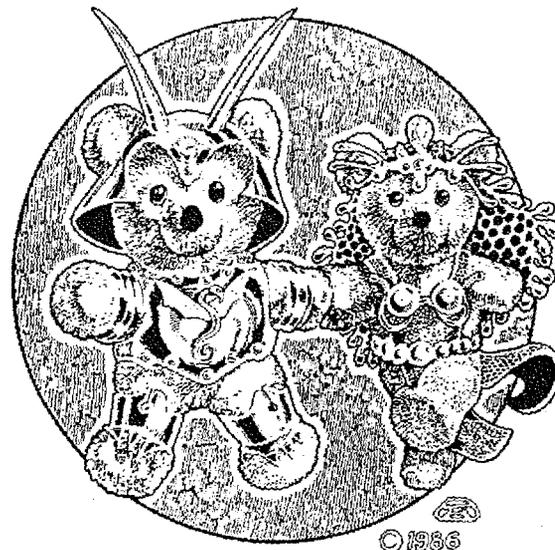
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# SPECIAL EVENTS

## Friday

**Opening Ceremonies** — Listen to our guests ruminare, agitate, and pontificate.

**Fannish Feud** — Competing teams of four try to guess the results of an Sci-Fi survey conducted at MagiCon and other cons here and there.

## Saturday

**Masquerade** — The costume artists take the stage! This year's theme: (see page 82)

**Bizarre Bazaar** — Dance into a fannish frenzy.

### Fannish Feud

10:00 p.m. Friday., Regency Ballroom A-D

Do you know how fandom thinks? Find three friends who are also in the know and compete in Fannish Feud to win valuable prizes.

Or join the audience and enjoy the show.

If you want to compete, sign up in advance at the Masquerade/Special Events table (come up with a name for your team, and costumes are encouraged!)

### Masquerade

8:30 p.m. Saturday, Regency Ballroom A-D

This year we are repeating our full Saturday Night Masquerade with a higher stage for your viewing pleasure.

Masquerade Winners will be announced 1 hour after the masquerade ends during an intermission of the dance.

Masquerade Participant meeting: 3:00 p.m. Saturday, Arlington Heights. This meeting is for participants and their assistants only. Workmanship judging can be done at this time if bringing the costume is practical and will not detract from the participant's presentation. (The costume can be brought on a covered hangar, for example) Otherwise workmanship judging will take place at the Masquerade.

Masquerade participants are expected to come to the Arlington Heights Room at 7:00 p.m. Saturday, in costume, for Polaroid photos and general preparation for presentation.

### Masquerade Rules

1. Participants must attend the Masquerade Meeting at 3:00 p.m. Saturday in the Arlington Heights Room.
  2. A presentation is limited to 60 seconds (90 seconds for groups) unless you can prove to us that it will not be boring.
  3. No open flame, projectiles or Big Time Mess (ask us).
  4. Only the MC has a microphone - please bring a pre-recorded cassette tape for your sound (your voice will NOT carry).
  5. Participants arriving after 7:15 p.m. may be disqualified (Sorry).
  6. Workmanship judging can be done either at the Masquerade Meeting or at the Masquerade participant arrival time.
  7. If you need an exception to any of these rules - Ask me, Robert King, at or before the Masquerade Meeting and we'll see what can be arranged.
- The Masquerade Committee expresses deep thanks to Jeff Berry, Janet Moe, and the GALACTICLEAGUE for the light and sound systems, plus the special assistants and gophers who make things happen.

### Bizarre Bazaar

10 p.m. Saturday, Regency Ballroom A-D

Join us shortly after the Masquerade in the Regency Ballroom A-D for the Dance. Jeff Sparrow is our DJ for the evening. Let's dance those mundane cares away. Enjoy!

Thanks to all who helped pull this together!

Robert King  
Candis King

## Art Auction

Once again its Art Show Time. Now the rules of the game are fairly simple. Each piece of art is accompanied by a Bid Sheet. If you like a piece of art, you put your name and bid on the sheet. Then someone will try to out bid you and then somebody will out bid them. With 3 bids the artwork will go to auction. This is when the fun begins. Come on down! Even if you didn't bid on anything, the auctioneers are a great show. The proceedings will continue into the night.

Purchase art, either at auction or on bid sheet. You may pickup your purchase during the auction until the staff drops.

Art show closes at 7 p.m. Saturday

Auction starts at 8 p.m.

Payment: Check, MasterCard and Cash (6 forms of identification for cash)

Sunday artist check-out and art pick-up opens at 9 a.m. closes at 12 noon sharp.

## Con Suite

The Windycon suite will be open its usual late hours:

From 3 p.m. until 5 or 6 a.m. Friday

From noon on Saturday until 5 or 6 a.m.

and from noon on Sunday until ???

We will have the usual comestibles, and possibly some unusual ones, too!! We will be featuring the bheer that was served at ChiCon V -namely Baderbrau, from Pavichevich Brewing in Elmhurst. If you were at ChiCon V, you know how good this stuff is -if not, come up and try some!!!! The golden liquid (bheer) will be available from 5 p.m. until 4 a.m. on Friday, from ???p.m. until 5 a.m. on Saturday and from noon on Sunday until the Con Suite closes, (or until we have to get the tappers back). BE AWARE that the legal drinking age in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges will be color coded, but please don't feel offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; with the increased awareness of alcohol problems, we're just covering ourselves from problems with the Blue Meanies (and litigation). The Con Suite Staff would also like to beg issue an urgent plea for anyone who would like to work in the Con Suite during the Convention. If you would like to work with our merry band of maniacs people, please see

us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see Operations and tell them that you want to work in the Con Suite. Especially appreciated would be people over the legal drinking age to assist in the distribution of the bheer.

We will be in the same suite that we have had in previous years, and it will remain a non-smoking Con Suite. Smoking will be allowed in the elevator lobby on the 5th floor. (Hopefully the smoke detectors won't go off this year!!!)

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

## Operations

You don't have to be an M.D. to assist at Windycon Operations but you may find yourself in stitches for the whole weekend if you do. Windycon XIX needs volunteers! Lots of people planned Windycon but lots more are needed to make it run. YOU, yes, YOU, could be one of the lucky few who finds out how to enjoy a con to the MAX and maybe get a little something back for your efforts. Please, stop by Ops (Schaumburg B) and get the friendly details. We'd really like to sign...you up!!!

## The Print Shoppe

The Print Shoppe is once again being brought to you by our intrepid staff of suckers volunteers

Shoppe Manager: Denise Clift

Asst. Managers: Juanita Nesbitt, Lynn Farther, Roberta Jordan

Part-time staff: Pat Feldman, Sue Powell

Shoppe Hours are: Friday 3 p.m.-8 p.m.

Saturday 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

Sunday 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

There are 4 major rules for the Shoppe this year Please take note:

1) Artists - Please label all copies of prints when you check in. (Saves the staff from a nervous breakdown)

2) This is a Cash & Carry operation. There are no bids. You want it. You pay for it. You take it.

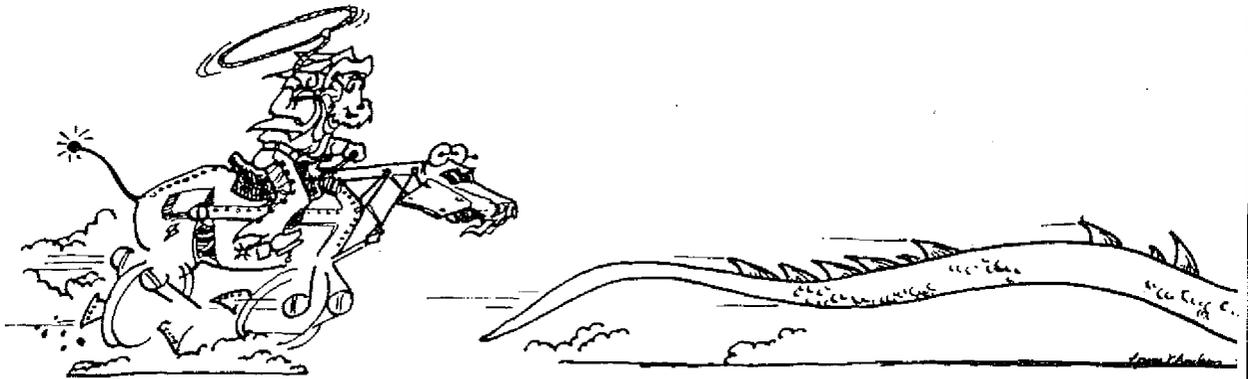
3) We only take Cash & Checks with a proper ID. (Sorry we're not set-up to take credit cards)

4) NO FOOD, BEVERAGES, SMOKING or PHOTOGRAPHS will be permitted in the Print Shoppe Photography.

# MARCON

28

April 23-25, 1993



**We're rounding up our guests**

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Jane Yolen

**Artist Guest of Honor**

Ray Van Tilburg

**Costuming Guest of Honor**

Animal X

**Toastmaster**

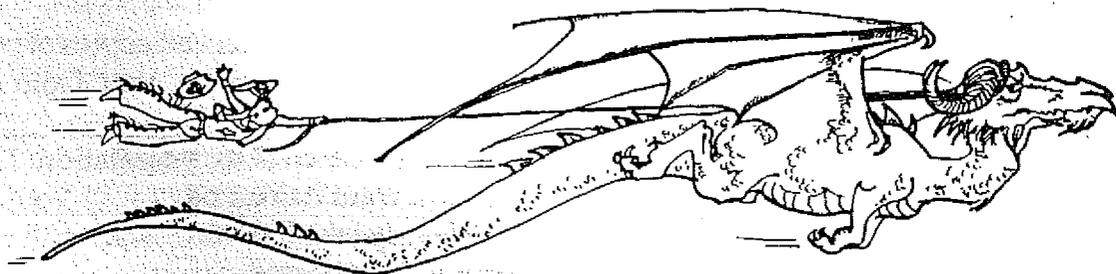
Tom Smith

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# 1992 ISFic Writer's Contest Winner

## MAKE-UP MAGIC

Sheila Insley

She watched her hand shake as it reached for the jar of face cream. Her face burned and the trembling of her hands almost stopped her from picking up the jar, but panic gave her extra strength to unscrew the cover. Carefully, she scooped out a few fingerfuls of the pale cream. With deliberation, she smeared it on her face. She was just in time to catch the skin of her left cheek, as it slowly slid down.

The coolness of the cream relieved some of the burning. Cautiously, she used the cream to pat her face back into shape.

In some places, blood had seeped out through the skin pores and framed the edge of the dissolving skin. At first the seepage turned the face cream a soft, pretty pink. Then she continued to smooth in more cream, and it all blended together.

The cream could not completely erase the dark smudges of exhaustion around her eyes. Wrinkle lines of pain etched into her forehead and around her pursed mouth. The tight skin burned and arched from tension.

After a few minutes of creaming, she sighed with satisfaction. She held a small hand mirror in her left hand while she ministered to herself with her right. Her whole body relaxed as the face staring back at her from the small mirror stabilized. The features stopped dissolving and dripping away.

Once again, the small mirror reflected a whole, human face. It was not her face. Two months had passed since the reflection in the mirror was a reflection of herself; two months since he had said at least he wouldn't have to look at her ugly face again; two months since he slammed the door and disappeared.

She tried to imagine what she looked like. The mirror showed what she must look like to other people, but it was always the face of a stranger. She had never, herself, met the person who looked out at the world through her mirror-face. She didn't want to meet that person. The face was ugly, and the skin refused to remain stable.

As she thought this, once again the skin began



burning and sliding; she grabbed again for the face cream.

Her boss walked past, talking to Julie, the office manager. She overheard him say she had become vain and inefficient. The complaint pierced her ear with a stab of pain. Panic surged, and she stared desperately in the little mirror.

Her earring was loose! It was working itself away from its little post, soon about to fall! She tightened both earrings and applied the face cream around the ear lobes, on the back of the ears, over the neck.

The skin across her cheeks was beginning to loosen and burn again. Quickly, she applied more facial cream.

The first layers of cream had dried and started to harden. With a paper towel, she wiped most of the cream off her face and began reapplying it. Once again, she was relieved to see a human face looking back at her from the mirror.

Her boss walked by, sighed, and asked her to come and see him, "as soon as you're free."

"Right away," she murmured. Fear twisted her stomach as she began rising. She realized with horror she would not be able to speak. The tender skin on her lips was disintegrating. Thick blood ran down her chin! She caught the lower lip between her teeth and gently sucked the oozing blood back in as she wiped her chin with her fingers and began putting on lipstick.

The lipstick disguised the blood-red color of her mouth and pasted the skin back together. As she examined the mirror image, her eyes blurred and burned. The image, and her eyesight, faded, and she saw only gray shadows. Hastily she put on mascara, eye liner and eye shadow. Once again, the stranger face stared back at her and she could see.

Her boss's sarcastic voice attacked her ears. "Any time, now, if it's not too inconvenient for you," he called. She walked in his office holding her notebook like a good luck charm, and she forced a happy little laugh.

"Oh, I only do this for you, you know." She made her voice tinkle softly. "You should always be surrounded by beauty."

She endured his grudging little laugh. "We need to talk about this. If you don't like working for me, you better say so." She felt his eyes probing, trying to penetrate her disguise. She smiled sweetly, hoping he would not realize he was speaking to a mask. He smiled back. "Let's stop after work tonight for a drink or two. I'm sure we'll find some satisfactory arrangement."

"But for now, here's a tape with letters that have to be typed and sent today. If you don't mind." The sneer in his harsh voice hit her ears. Pain radiated up her skull and through her neck.

Far behind the alien mirror-face, she watched him and watched herself. *I'm still safe*, she thought. *He has no idea that I'm not really here, that he's talking to dead flesh, disintegrating and dissolving right before him.*

It will be dangerous to stop with him after work, but more dangerous not to. The lights will be dim, and I'll say and do whatever he wants. I'll be invisible.

"I'd love a drink with you. That sounds like more fun than typing. It certainly doesn't sound like work at all, at all." She flounced out of his office. As she reached her desk, she winced from the fire in her face. Trembling, she hastily applied face cream, just in time to prevent most of the right side of her face from slipping off the cheek bone and sliding down her chin.

As 5:00 o'clock approached, she experimented with different shades of eyeshadow. By the time her boss said, "Let's go," she had a blend of colors from her eyebrows to her heavily-mascaraed lashes. She had changed earrings three times and brushed

sparkling powder across her cheeks.

They rode down in the elevator with six other people. No one spoke or looked at each other. She laughed inside herself. *They have no idea I'm going with him for a drink. For them, I'm already invisible.*

As they walked away from the building, he said, "My car's just a couple of blocks, in the old parking lot."

They walked in silence and she was grateful. She needed all her attention to put one foot after the other, without falling. That morning as she was dressing, the fresh polish on one toenail smeared. All day that toe twinged sporadically. Now the whole foot tingled unpleasantly.

He opened the car door and she slid in with a deep sigh of relief. She quickly opened her large purse and used her hand mirror and face cream for an emergency touch up. Just in time! A large piece of forehead was blocking her right eye!

She patted everything back into place. Her eye shadow was so engrossing, she didn't notice as he slipped into the driver's seat next to her.

He touched her arm lightly as he reached across her and opened the glove compartment. She smiled brilliantly at him as he took out a pint bottle of bourbon and unscrewed the top.

"See," he said, chuckling at her, "We don't have to go anywhere. I'm always prepared."

He took a deep swig from the bottle and held it out to her. She felt the blood leave her face and knew the skin was slipping again.

"I can't! I just can't! Blood on the bottle!" She stammered and tried to move away from him.

He held the bottle up toward the dim streetlight. "There's no blood here. What are you talking about?"

He took another drink and pushed the bottle toward her again. She shrunk away.

"Think of it as a job interview," he snarled. "Your typing's lousy, you don't file anything, half the time you don't answer the phone. Let's see if you're any use to me at all."

He took another drink, grabbed her hand, and forced her fingers around the bottle.

Without thought, in one smooth motion, she smashed off the top half of the bottle on the dashboard and drove the broken glass into his cheek, eyes, neck, and again and again, until his screams stopped.

As the conductor called out her stop, she real-

ized she was on the el going home, but she had no idea how she got there. She walked out the door and reached in her purse for her face cream. Her hand pulled out a broken, bloody bottle. She threw the bottle over the railing where it joined many other broken bottles and garbage in the stairwell. Her hand was covered with blood, slowly moving up her wrist.

Desperately, she brushed the blood away with her other hand, but it kept returning. By the time she reached her door, both hands and wrists were dripping blood.

She soaked them in very hot and then icy cold and then again scalding hot water. She scrubbed with soap and a harsh nail brush, and finally the blood was invisible. The skin on her hands and arms was raw. She felt the blood building up and watched as drops started to ooze out under her fingernails.

Quickly she applied bright red polish. The bleeding stopped, but as the polish dried, it smeared. She applied more and watched the blood and polish blend together.

In the morning she arrived at work late and exhausted. Most of the night was spent applying, removing and reapplying makeup and nail polish. The office manager and a policeman were waiting for her.

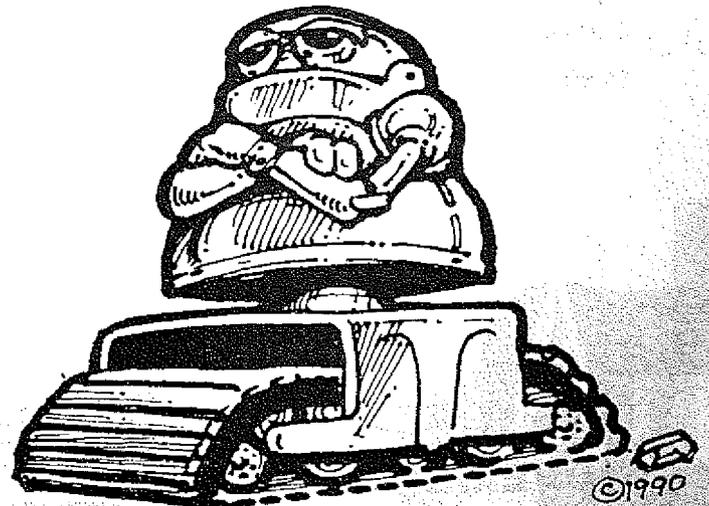
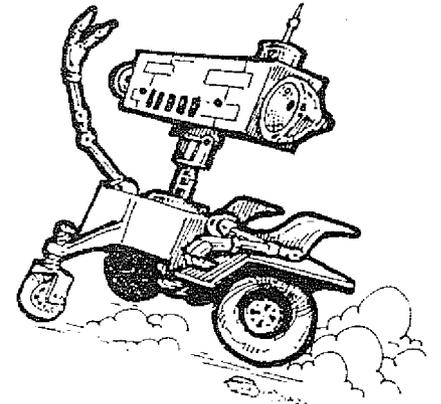
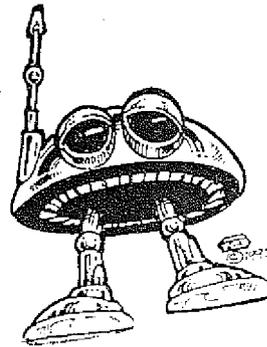
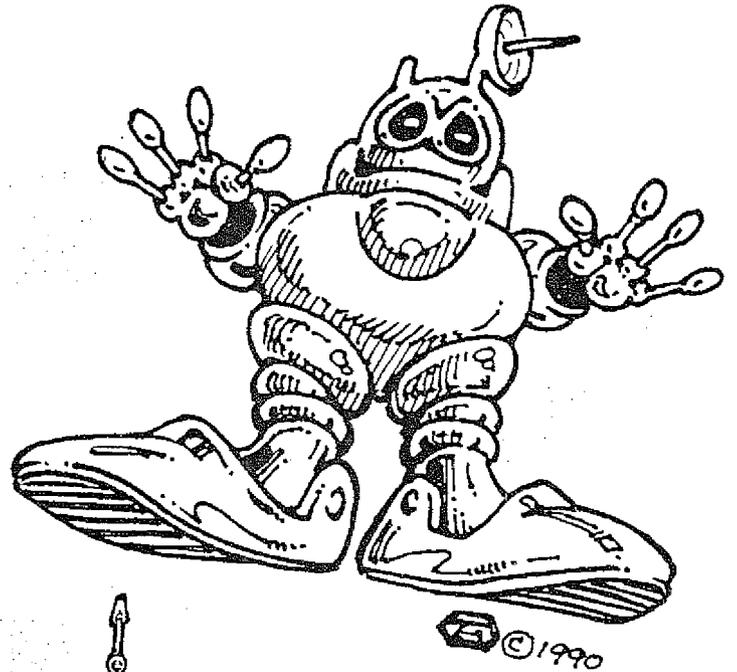
Julie approached with a too sweet, phone-concern expression. "Oh, my Dear, brace yourself. I have shocking news for you."

She watched Julie's mouth move, but she couldn't understand the words. Forming her face into a pleasant smile of inquiry, she casually tightened her earrings. A few words were clear: "boss," "murdered," "nice policeman here," "all upset," "coffee."

She formed her face as well as she could in response to the words: shocked, horrified, frightened. Her eyes obligingly misted and formed tears. She felt them gouging ditches through her makeup and turned her head away.

"I'll wait at my desk till you tell me what to do," she said, and walked away. She tightened her earring as she walked and caught a few of Julie's words: "total dip," "poor thing," "knows nothing about nothing."

She sat at her desk, put on an expression of concerned attention, and began reapplying face cream.



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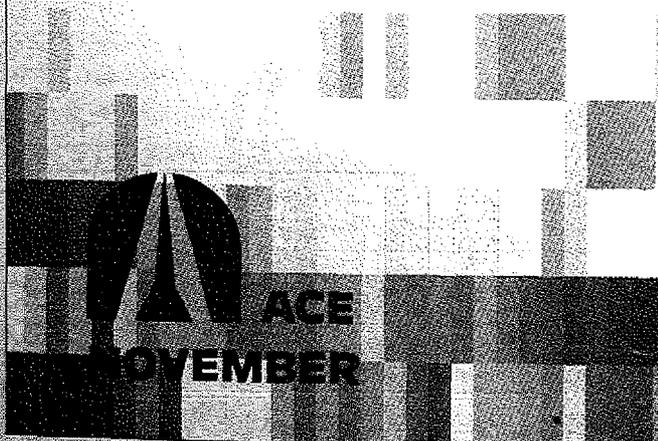
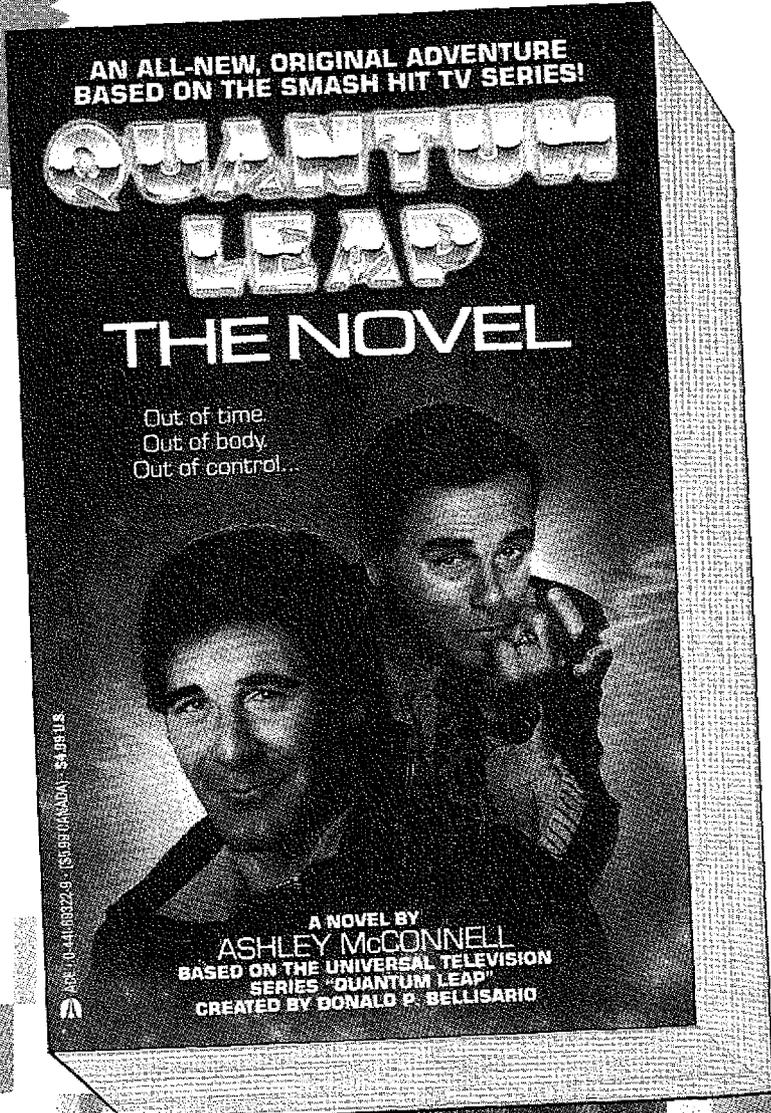
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# WindyCon XIX Guest List

Author GOH-Robert Shea

Co-Author of The Illuminatus Trilogy

Artist GOH-Todd Cameron Hamilton

**SUPER** GOH-Julius Schwartz

Fan GOH-Wolf FOSS Toastmaster-Rick Foss  
or is it?

Fan GOH-Rick FOSS Toastmaster-Wolf Foss

Special Guest-Barry  Longyear

Special Guest-George Alec Effinger

ISFiC Special Guest-Spider and Jeanne Robinson

ISFiC Guest-John Varley

ISFiC Guest-Dean Ing

David Lee Anderson

P.J. Beese

P.D. Breeding-Black

Sue Blom

A. J. Budrys

Darlene Coltrain

Glen Cook

Buck and Juanita Coulson

George Alec Effinger

Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein

Bill Fawcett

Kathleen Massle-Fersch

Valarie Freireich

Bob Garcia

Roland Green and Freida Murry

Marty Greenberg

Barbra Hambly

Laural Hamilton

Barbara Kaalbert

Ellen Kozak

Barry B. and Jean Longyear

Ricia Mainhardt

Erin McKee

Rebecca Meluch

Elizabeth N. Moon

Jody Lynn Nye

Robert Passovoy

Frederiek Pohl and Elizabeth Hull

Mickey Zucker Reichert

Michael Resnick

Mark Runyan

Fred Saberhagen

Lucy Synk

Brian Thompson

John Varley

Joan Vinge

Mel White

Eleanor Wood

delphyne Joan woods

Mary Francis Zambreno

# What is 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 the Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago, and is best known in its role as the parent body of Windycon.

But there's more to ISFiC than that.

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

Windycon was one of the conventions that led this surge. In 1973, Chicago fans felt frustrated at being in the second largest city in the country, right in the center of the Heartland, and nothing resembling a regional con existed nearer than Minneapolis. Since the Chicon III Worldcon in the early sixties, Chicago fandom had splintered, and

there wasn't really a strong local club to serve as a focal point for a con committee, as was the case in Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities,

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

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

As with many fanish 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

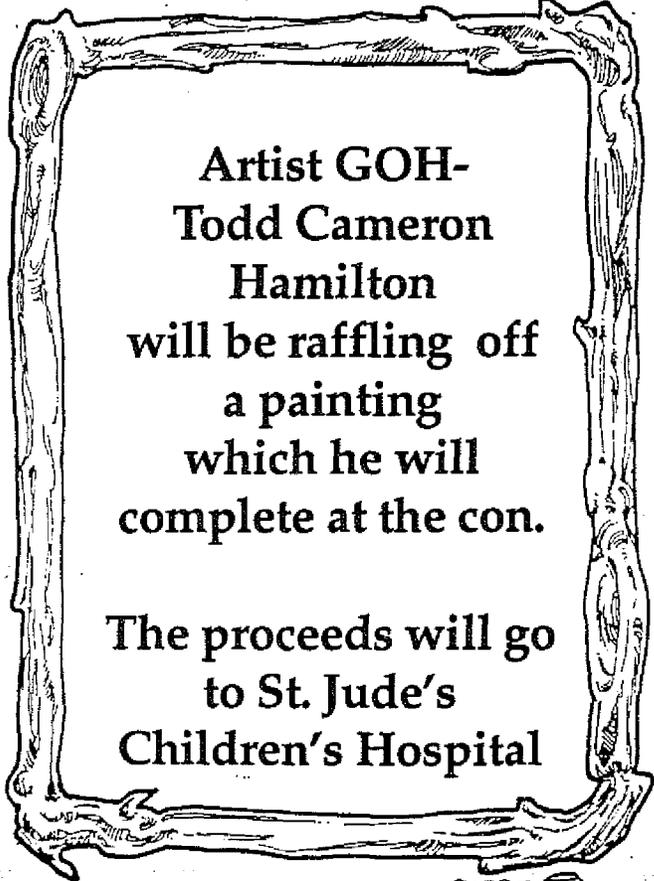
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Todd Cameron  
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preparation for a Worldcon bid. Their idea was to have Windycon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a Worldcon.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

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

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

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

One way was in providing grants to Windycon

**The editor is grateful to  
MR. BARRY**



**Longyear**  
for his inspiration for the  
past three years

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.

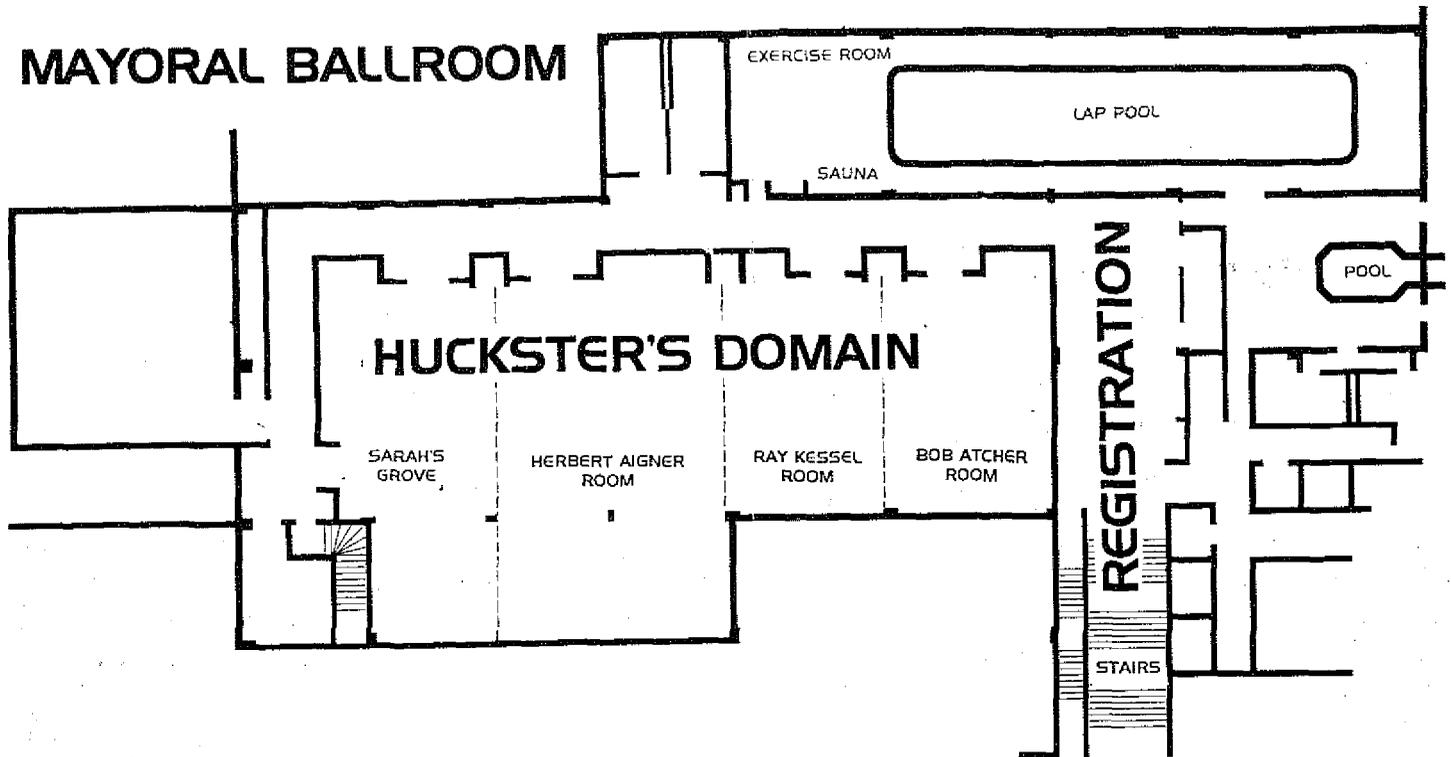
Meetings of the ISFiC board are normally held at Windycon and Capricorn. The meetings are open to the public.

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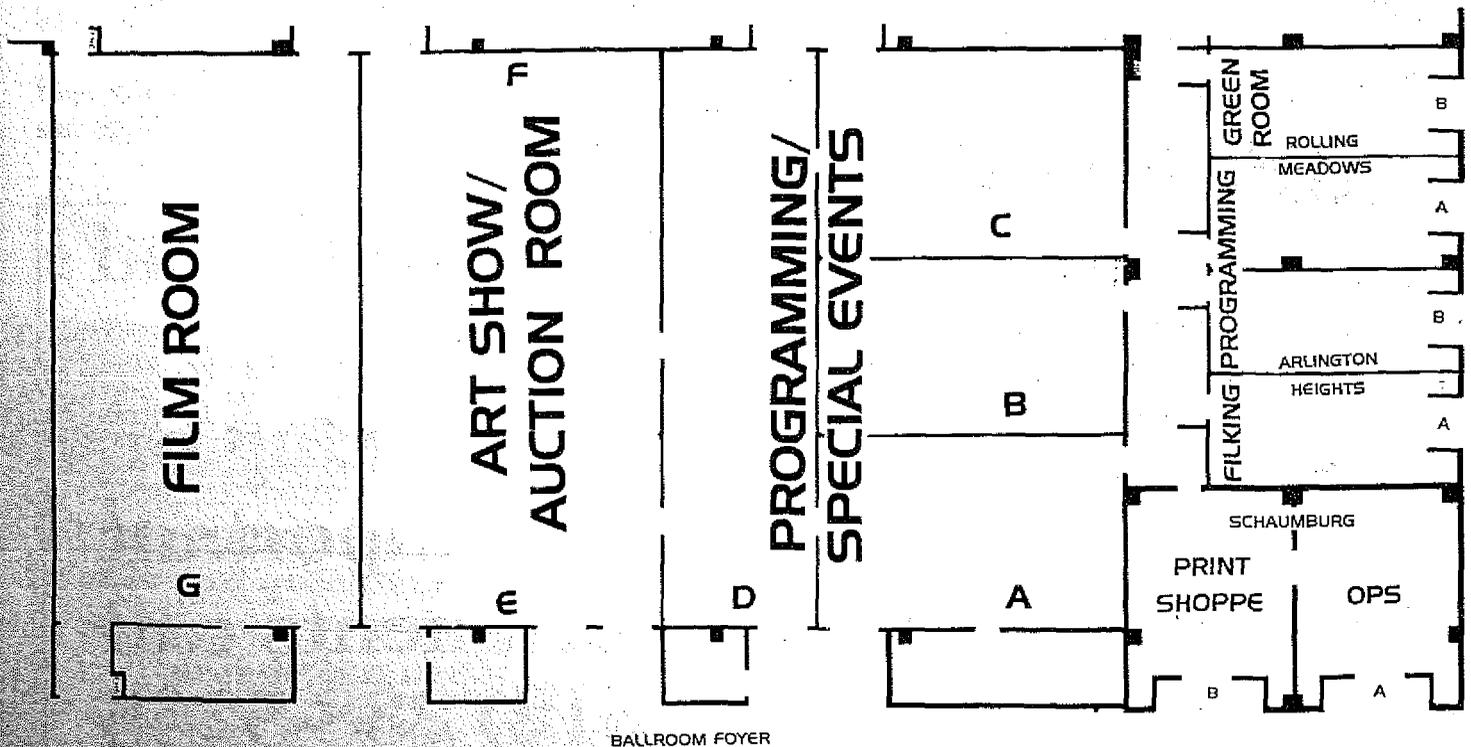
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