



WINDYCON XIV

November 6th-8th, 1987 ★ Hyatt Regency Woodfield ★ Schaumburg, Illinois

Science Fiction Guest of Honor:

VERNOR VINGE

Fantasy Guest of Honor:

JANE YOLEN

Editor Guest of Honor:

BETH MEACHAM

Artist Guest of Honor:

DARLENE P. COLTRAIN

Fan Guest of Honor:

DICK SPELMAN *

** If you see this man before Opening Ceremonies,
please don't mention this to him.*

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SPECIAL THANKS!

The Chairman wishes to extend a special "Thank You!" to: chAos, Lee Darrow, D.I., Joyce & Anthony Faust, Sherry Karp, Arlin Robins, and Omar Vega, for helping make our special events *extra* special.

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Vernor Vinge Science Fiction Guest of Honor



Vernor Vinge (rhymes with "stingy") was born in 1944 in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and grew up in Okemos, Michigan. A child with great intellectual ambition but modest ability, he didn't really learn to read until the second grade. On the other hand, what he read then was Heinlein's *Between Planets*.

All through his school years, Vernor wanted to become a great scientist, yet there was also an inclination toward writing. Success in writing sf depends in some part on knowing the genre. Vernor systematically "read out" all the science fiction in local libraries. Whenever his parents traveled, he made a point of getting library access in the towns they visited, and he read all the sf there. In a sense, these were golden years for Vernor; the supply of good stories exceeded his ability to read them.

At age nine or ten, he wrote "Rocketship X54" about a lunar expedition taken hostage by aliens from Venus. And toward the end of high school, he spent a couple of years putting together a novelette that, in retrospect, looks a lot like Campbell's "Forgetfulness."

At Michigan State University, Vernor did well in his math major, but found that his interest in technology and the future remained strong. By the time he entered

college, he had very definite ideas about where science and technology were going. These notions have guided the background of almost everything he has written up to the present. His first U.S. sale was a novelette, "Bookworm, Run!" (to John W. Campbell). It is one of the earlier stories about intelligence amplification, a theme that dominates much of sf in the 80s. The notion that intelligence amplification will bring an end to our present vision of life on Earth stands clearly in this story, as does the idea that these changes can happen soon. It has been a theme Vernor has returned to again and again over the years, most recently in *Marooned in Realtime*.

In 1971, Windycon's Science Fiction Guest of Honor received a Ph.D. in Mathematics from the University of California at San Diego; he now teaches computer science at San Diego State University. From 1972 to 1979 he was married to Joan D. Vinge. Although they collaborated on only one story, the writing ability of each was improved by relationship.

By the middle of 1987, Vernor Vinge's stories had been nominated for a total of four Hugos, one Nebula, and two Prometheus awards. His novel, *The Peace War*, received the Spellbinders' Hamilton Memorial Award for 1985. His present writing plans include the creation of a future history that will be consistent with his view of progress and yet admit of human-sized events.

Bibliography

Stories

- "Apartness" (1965)
- "Bookworm, Run!" (1966)
- "The Accomplice" (1967)
- "Conquest by Default" (1968)
- "Grimm's Story" (1968)
- "Bomb Scare" (1970)
- "The Science Fair" (1971)
- "Just Peace" (with William Rupp) (1971)
- "Long Shot" (1972)
- "Original Sin" (1972)
- "The Whirligig of Time" (1974)
- "The Peddler's Apprentice" (with Joan D. Vinge) (1975)
- "True Names" (1981)
- "Gemstone" (1983)
- "The Ungoverned" (1985)
- "The Barbarian Princess" (1986)

Novels

- Grimm's World* (1969)
- The Witting* (1976)
- The Peace War* (1984)
- Marooned in Real Time* (1986)
- Across Real Time* (combo edition comprising *The Peace War* and *Marooned in Real Time*) (1986)
- Tatja Grimm's World* (revised version of *Grimm's World*) (1987)

Non-Fiction

- "Solutions to Extremal Problems in E**p Spaces" (1974)
- "Titan as a Gravitational Brake," co-authored with Arthur Sorkin (1974)
- "Approximation by Faber Polynomials for a Class of Jordan Domains," co-authored with Frank D. Lesley and Stefan E. Warschawski (1974)
- "The Problem of Software Piracy Revisited: A Proposal" (1979)
- "First Word" (1983)
- "Teaching FORTH on a VAX" (1983)

Translation

- Of Eduardo Goligorsky's story "Cuando los Pajaros Mueran" (1967)

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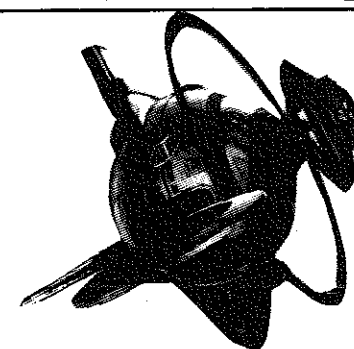
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Jane Yolen Fantasy Guest of Honor



Photo by David Stemple

Six years ago, a friend gave me a copy of Jane Yolen's *The Girl Who Cried Flowers*. I fell in love with that book, reading it over and over until I had parts of it memorized; but I loved it as you love a book when you're five years old. It never occurred to me that there might be other books like it, and I did not register the name of the author.

I met Jane Yolen at a convention a year or so later; I went to hear her read the story she had written for *Liavek*, a shared world anthology I was struggling to write a story for myself. When I arrived, a little late, I found a short, alert-looking woman with beautiful gray hair, reading "The Inn of the Demon Camel" to a mixed group of children and parents. It is not particularly a children's story, but they were as quiet as any group of kids I've seen who weren't actually sleeping. When she finished reading the typescript of "Demon Camel" and picked up a sheaf of yellow-lined paper written on in pencil, I found out what all the kids were here for. They had come to hear about Commander Toad and the Dis-asteroid. So then, for a while, I thought of Jane as a writer of lunatical stories full of awful puns.

I had occasion to tell her that "The Inn of the Demon Camel" was a favorite of mine, to which she replied vigorously, "That piece of fluff?" And it can truthfully be so

described, of course; but, because she knows so much about stories, it's like a bit of dandelion fluff, containing a hard seed that will grow into something small but glowing. It reminded me of something, but I couldn't think of what. The following year, I read her novel *Cards of Grief*, a brilliant and painful work about as far from the lunatical as you can get. Something about the storyteller's voice therein made me go dig out my battered *Girl Who Cried Flowers*. Then I felt very foolish.

I hope to save you from the same fate. It does not do to forget any aspect of Jane Yolen, in person or in print, because she will switch from one to the other with an appropriateness that is usually evident only in retrospect. She can read "Merlin at Stonehenge" aloud to you and make you cry; she can tell you the story of the marmalade cat and make you laugh; she can sit in a restaurant and tell you somberly and with a dismaying amount of supporting evidence that anybody who is a grammarian cannot be a writer, and the next moment snatch up the cardboard tube used as a prop for Minicon's Opening Ceremonies (it represented a codpiece) and hoot gleefully through it because somebody else at the table has made a salacious remark.

The bare facts surrounding this phenomenon are that she was born in New York City, received a B.A. from Smith College, got married, and has two sons and a daughter. She has been an Assistant Editor for Gold Medal Books and Alfred A. Knopf Juvenile Books, and an Associate Editor for Rutledge Books. She has received the Boy's Club of America Award and the Society of Children's Book Writers Golden Kite Award. In response to a plaintive note from me asking what facts she would like included in this essay, she replied, "I've been on the Board of Directors of the Society of Children's Book Writers for 15 years. I have gone down the Colorado River white water rafting. I have gone dog sledding in Alaska. I camped with my husband in Europe for 9 months, coming home 8 months pregnant! I worked in a kibbutz in Israel, picking oranges with Yemenite Jews, and, since we had no common language, singing old English ballads to them under the burning Middle Eastern sun. I was elected to the Massachusetts Democratic delegation for the 1972 convention because during my vote-for-me speech I was (without realizing it) waving my 1-year-old baby's bottle as I spoke. I am god emperor of SFWA. [Translator's Note: *President of the Science Fiction Writers of America. I voted for her, not because she was waving any bottles around, but in part because I figured that anybody who could manage three teen-agers ought to do pretty well with a bunch of science fiction and fantasy writers, agents, and publishers. And she has, to. Now let her continue.*] I am a professional storyteller as well as having been called (often if inaccurately) the "Hans Christian Andersen of America" (Hans Jewish Andersen maybe). I don't do windows, toilets, or the Peppermint Twist."

What she does do is read aloud better than anybody in the world, tell stories better than that, and write like an angel. Whatever else you do or do not do at this convention, go and hear Jane read. If you can get wind of any speaking engagements she has after the convention,

go to them. It doesn't matter what the topic is (sometimes she changes it at the last minute); she will be enthralling and thought-provoking and will probably move you to laughter and tears in the same ten minutes. And talk to her if you can; she will be wise and funny and charming and kind, all at once and in turn. But be especially kind to her if you meet her after ten at night, because she is a morning person.

For after the convention, a bibliography follows. She has just sold her 100th book and is working on selling two more before summer. Pick a book, any book. It may be one of the Commander Toad series, that repository of dreadful puns; it may be something cool and thoughtful and spare, like *The Girl Who Cried Flowers*; it may be the sharp and impassioned apologetics for fairy tales in *Touch Magic*; it may be a conscious, unified collection like *Merlin's Booke*, or a varied one like *Dragonfield*, or something she has edited to very good effect, like *Dragons and Dreams*. Whatever it is, however cool and academic it may seem, it will move you; and no matter how fluffy it may seem, it will sow wildflowers in your mind.

— Pamela Dean

Bibliography

The Acorn Quest
The Adventures of Eeka Mouse
All in the Woodland Early
An Invitation to the Butterfly Ball
The Bird of Time
The Boy Who Had Wings
The Boy Who Spoke Chimp
Brothers of the Winds
Cards of Grief
Children of the Wolf
Commander Toad and the Big Black Hole
Commander Toad and the Dis-asteroid
Commander Toad and the Intergalactic Spy
Commander Toad and the Planet of the Grapes
Commander Toad and the Space Pirates
Commander Toad in Space
Dragons and Dreams
Dragonfield
Dragon Night & Other Lullabies
Dragon's Blood
Dream Weaver
The Emperor and the Kite
Favorite Folktales from Around the World
Fireside Song Book of Birds and Beasts
Friend: The Story of George Fox & the Quakers
The Giant's Farm
The Giants Go Camping
The Gift of Sarah Barker
The Girl Who Cried Flowers
The Girl Who Loved the Wind
Greyling
Guinellen, the Princess Who Could Not Sleep
Hannah Dreaming
Heart's Blood
Hobo Toad & the Motorcycle Gang
How Beastly
The Hundreth Dove
The Inway Investigators
Isabel's Noel
It All Depends
The Lady and the Merman
The Little Spotted Fish
The Longest Name on the Block
The Lullaby Songbook
The Magic Three of Solatia
Merlin's Booke
The Mermaid's Three Wisdoms

Mice on Ice
Milkweed Days
The Minstrel and the Mountain
Moon Ribbon
Neptune Rising
No Bath Tonight
Owlmoon
Pirates in Petticoats
Rainbow Rider
Ring of Earth
Ring Out: A Book of Bells
The Robot & Rebecca & the Case of the Code-Carrying Kids
The Robot & Rebecca & the Missing Owsen
Rounds About Rounds
The Seeing Stick
See This Little Line
A Sending of Dragons
The Seventh Mandarin
Shape Shifters
Shirlick Holmes & the Case of the Wandering Wardrobe
Simple Gifts
The Simple Prince
Sleeping Beauty
Sleeping Ugly
Spaceships and Spells
Spider Jane
Spider Jane on the Move
The Stone Silenus
The Sultan's Perfect Tree
Tales of Wonder
Three Bears' Rhyme Book
Touch Magic
The Transfigured Hart
Trust a City Kid
Uncle Lemon's Spring
The Whitethorn Wood
The Witch Who Wasn't
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Beth Meacham Editor Guest of Honor

I've worked with Beth Meacham for about five years now, so you can believe me when I tell you that the woman is a nutbar. Yes, that's right, Beth Meacham, editor extraordinaire, Editor in Chief of TOR's Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror, and all around good person, is a nutbar.

Evidence?

She talks to the walls.

Well, not to the walls per se, but to her co-workers, through and over the walls. You see, our office walls don't go all the way up to the ceiling, and there are times when Beth's just not inclined to move from her comfortable, personally-selected leather chair, so she simply opens the conversation from her desk, knowing that the person she's addressing will hear—and drop everything he or she is doing in order to more closely listen to these words from above.

She talks to herself.

Picture the TOR offices, late in the afternoon: a hive of industry, the last frantic push of the day taking place. Beth Meacham stalks out of her office, muttering under her breath. What company difficulty is she pondering? With what editorial puzzle does she wrangle? Are pearls of wisdom about to fall from her lips? Listen close: "Chocolate! I need chocolate!" From this mission, thankfully, Beth can be easily diverted by an offer of freshly popped popcorn.

How to tell when Beth's stressed out?

Easy. She leaps from a place of concealment behind a filing cabinet, grinning maniacally and brandishing the Ray Gun of Death, and proceeds to mow down her staff. Only the bravest and quickest manage to snatch up their own weapons to retaliate. Tom Doherty, drawn from his

Darlene Coltrain Artist Guest of Honor



office by the sounds of blaster-fire, stands bemused in the midst of the carnage, trying to figure out just what sort of people he's employing.

Then there are the desk accessories.

The watch buzzard. The jaunty little tiger clinging to the In/Out/Hold trays. The wind-up helicopter. The tiny space-suited Minnie Mouse. The kaleidoscope. The dinosaur that glows in the dark. The squeaking rubber shark. The little guy whose eyes, ears, nose, and tongue pop out when you squeeze his tummy. And the piece de resistance, the editorial voodoo doll, which is pinned to Beth's bulletin board by its hair.

All silliness aside, Beth Meacham is one of the best editors I've ever known. It's a privilege and a pleasure to work with her, to admire her wit, her intelligence, her tact, and her marvelous taste in clothes (not to mention fiction). She can analyze a manuscript with razor-sharp accuracy and convey its problems and possibilities to the author with persuasive grace.

Lest you think this paragon of editorial virtue sprang full-blown into existence, a gift of the Muses, let me briefly trace her career. Beth's been working in science fiction, in one way or another, for the last ten years, beginning with a stint at The SF Shop (from 1977 to 1981). In '81 she got into publishing (foolish child!) at Grosset & Dunlap/Ace, which a year later was bought by and merged with The Berkley Publishing Group. Beth moved to TOR early in 1984, first taking up the post of Senior Editor.

When she isn't working on manuscripts, she's tackling the rest of the process; everything from copy and art to promotion and production, from the care and feeding of authors to fostering enthusiasm in-house. Beth is definitely one of TOR's several hearts, and without her this would be a much less lively and happy place.

What lies ahead? That's impossible to predict. Beth is constantly looking for ways to improve the state of the art of science fiction. I look forward to her next innovation.

— Melissa Ann Singer

Darlene Coltrain is a woman who has always known what she wanted to do — create art. While the form of her art has changed and grown, the substance remains pure Coltrain, a linking of images that evoke deep-seated emotional responses with a clarity of technique and design.

Those who know her as the creator of one-of-a-kind wearable art—to call her work jewelry doesn't say enough—were taken aback when she announced last year that she intended to put sculpture on the back burner to concentrate on painting. To those who had already "committed Coltrain" (bought one of her exquisite pieces of jewelry or bronze sculpture), and to those who were still saving their pennies in order to do so, the decision seemed incomprehensible. But this switch is only the most recent chapter in Darlene's history of growth and change.

Windycon's willowy blond artist Guest of Honor claims to have been born clutching a 2B pencil in her little fist. She has always sketched — portraits of interesting faces, thumbnail drawings for sculptures in progress, funny

doodles from her own imagination. For a time, she considered becoming a ballet dancer, a career that her daughter (or clone), Fritha Anne, is pursuing with an inherited single-mindedness of purpose.

Darlene's first exposure to metalworking was in a college art class. "That's what I'm going to do," she announced. And she did. But quite a bit of apparatus is needed for full-scale jewelry making. It wasn't until 1971, while living in Salt Lake City, that she bought a small kiln and a casting machine at a yard sale, for \$25.00 and a camera in trade.

Since that time, her silver, gold, and bronze jewelry and sculptures have been shown at all major U.S. sf conventions and several galleries, but she has always continued to draw. "I like working in two media," she states. One medium is for play; the other is her major income-producing art.

The switch to painting as that major art, while not completely painless, has been a success. Darlene has created a new art form, the "masked painting," a multiple-

Dick Spelman Possible Fan Guest of Honor —by Bob Tucker

If you see this man before Opening Ceremonies, please don't mention this to him. It's a surprise!

When the rumor first went around that Dick Spelman might be leaving Chicago, the Windycon Executive Board met in secret session. The rumor was examined in minute detail. Dick Spelman's background was examined in minute detail. Someone mentioned that Spelman used to live in California, but left that state hurriedly just ahead of a posse. Someone else said that Spelman was thinking of moving to Cleveland. The gasp was heard around the room. Cleveland!

The Executive Board wondered aloud if they should do something about the matter, before he departed for the wilds of Cleveland. At once, a number of voices were heard throughout the room. "Tar and feathers!" someone cried. "Ride him out of town on a rail!" was an answering cry. "No, no," a man at the back of the room shouted. "String him up!" But sweet reason prevailed — reason in the form of a Board member known for her wise counsel. "Let him go to Cleveland," she advised. "They deserve each other. In the meantime, let us find a way to speed him on his way. Let us give him some token to let him know we think him a churl for wanting to leave glorious Chicago for (shudder) Cleveland."

After a period of silence, the junior-most member of the Board spoke up. "Please ma'am," the junior member said hesitantly, "I can think of only one fate worse than going to Cleveland."

And what was that, pray tell?

"Name him the Fan Guest of Honor," the junior member said.

original process in which the paper is an intrinsic part of the picture. Imported French, Japanese, and Indian papers, often made from exotic fibers, lie in her studio, ready to receive the artist's brush.

Now living in tall corn country, this California girl is the "resident artist" of the Monticello, Iowa Arts Council. Her poster for the Council, titled "Iowa Classic" (but affectionately called "Piggies"), is a light-hearted juxtaposition of culture and agriculture.

Darlene calls her newest works "new age art." Look for her startling use of images from nature, and her latest experiments with Egyptian motifs — like cheetahs on papyrus, with silk threads, beads, and shells sewn on. Hmmm . . . Is the three-dimensional creeping back in?

If you can't find her behind the Dealers' Room table where she sells limited edition reproductions of her work, she may be filking, partying, or leading large dinner parties off into the sunset.

— Barbara G. Young



The gasp was audible in the adjoining room. (Someone in that other room thought the Executive Board was watching X-rated movies.) After a length, someone asked, "But what if he isn't here to be the guest? What if he has already moved to Cleveland, never to return?"

"Then, sir, name him the Possible Fan Guest of Honor."

And it was so moved, and carried.

Look around you. If Dick Spelman is here, he is the Possible Fan Guest of Honor this weekend. If he isn't here, Cleveland has already swallowed him, and that is a fate worse than death.

Dick is the Demon Dealer who travels to thirty or forty conventions a year, setting up his tables and tantalizing you with his thousands of books on display. Dick is the fellow who, at a Czarkon in St. Louis a couple of years ago, won the "Tucker Award" for the best (noisiest) party fan. Dick is the strange person who wants to leave glorious Chicago for (shudder) Cleveland.

Gee, Dick, we will miss you!

Mike Resnick Toastmaster



Photo by Jay Kay Klein

Mike Resnick will not fit into 400 words. I should be able to say he's a fine writer and an excellent wit, pad it a bit, and leave it at that.

But it's not that simple. Mike Resnick isn't, uh, your regular kind of guy. Oh, he has the usual physical layout, and he's not a commie pervert or anything like that. The problem is, there's more than one of him. (Yeah, I know — I used to think different, too, until he moved to Cincinnati and I got to know him. Besides, he told me it was so, and who're you gonna believe if you can't believe a science fiction writer?)

I'm not sure if multiple Resnicks exist as the result of a search for a better model, or simply to enable him to be and do all the things he is and does. And I don't know how Carol, his lovely wife, handles this; there's only one of her. But the fact remains that there are multiple Mike Resnicks.

Unfortunately, space precludes writing a profile on each of the Resnicks I know. Instead, I'll write fast and jam in at least the basic information on the most prominent versions.

Resnick the Writer

The most visible version of Mike Resnick is the Writer. This one has published more than 225 books, dozens of stories, and a couple thousand articles. Most sf fans have met the Writer — if not in person, then via such classy works as *Santiago*, *Adventures*, and *Stalking the Unicorn*.

The Writer generally comes to life between 6:00 PM and 4:00 in the morning. He types 9,000 words a minute and is easily identified by his distinctive IBM PC, which has a hole in the keyboard where the backspace key used to be.

Resnick the Businessman

The Businessman maintains a low profile, mainly because he's created a self-running business and doesn't have to be around. (Be quiet, ye of jealous heart; this Mike shoveled hard to get where he is today — and I ain't talking about shoveling snow.)

Resnick the Gourmet

To meet the gourmet, take Mike and Carol Resnick out to dinner — and let Mike select the restaurant. You'll quickly find out how little you know about food.

The Gourmet will introduce you to food you didn't know existed — *strange* food. Not only that, but he'll eat it, and let you take care of the check. Wotta guy! Just don't ask him to eat fish.

Resnick the Tabloid Editor

The Tabloid Editor is in retirement, although he holds the honorary position of Consultant to the Writer, providing expertise on the *business* end of writing as required.

The easiest way to get to know the Tabloid Editor is to read Mike's novel *The Branch*, where you'll learn more than you can imagine about magazine and book distribution — and about Mike's background in that business. And yes, it's true — this Resnick really did edit something called *The National Schmack!*

Resnick the African Traveler

Mike Resnick's African Safaris (patent pending) have become something of a legend, and he's recently returned from yet another one.

The African Traveler is the driving force behind the safaris, and is easily the cleverest of all Resnicks, as can be observed in the way he manipulates the other Resnicks to do his bidding. For example, the African Traveler has forced the Writer to write books about Africa to justify the Traveler's continuing existence — to both the world in general and the IRS in particular.

The African Traveler can often be observed appreciating the irony of autographing books involving Africa at a safari shop in Kenya.

There's much more to the African Traveler, but read Resnick the Writer's next 200 books for the whole story. Nuff said.

Resnick the Networker

Resnick the Networker is a simulacrum seen only on certain computer networks — sort of a Max Headroom in print. The Networker's major activities are leaving

provocative messages on bulletin boards and devastating other online-types in realtime conferences.

While he is sometimes seen on CompuServe, where he indulges in Trekkie-baiting, the Networker can most often be found on DELPHI (where all the *real* pros and fans hang out). Log in during the late evening hours, and you'll find the Networker in the Science Fiction SIG, holding court with online groupies Pat Cadigan, Ellen Kaufman, Debbie Jones, et al, in a conference called "Resnick and Sycophants" (I kid you not; ask Resnick The Writer about that!).

The Networker is easily identified by his rapier-like wit, high-speed comebacks, and lack of typos.

Resnick the Toastmaster

This is one Resnick you can't — and shouldn't — miss. The common habitat of Resnick the Toastmaster is the head table at banquets. He stands out in any crowd. Just watch for the guy wearing a loud shirt, holding a microphone (which he doesn't need), and insulting everyone.

I see that I'm out of space, and I've yet to tell you about Resnick the Video Maven (Dammit, Mike — you're a science fiction writer! How could you miss the wave of the future and buy Beta instead of VHS?), Resnick the Reds Fan, Resnick the Computer Hacker, and Resnick the Dog Breeder (No nasty jokes, please; he's heard them all.).

Too bad. You'll just have to wonder, or seek them out yourself.

— Michael A. Banks

Michael A. Banks is co-author of The Odysseus Solution (Baen Books, 1986). Since Mike Resnick showed him how easy writing is, he's also published a dozen other books and a few hundred articles and stories. He does not, however, own a boarding kennel.

Bibliography

Science Fiction: Novels

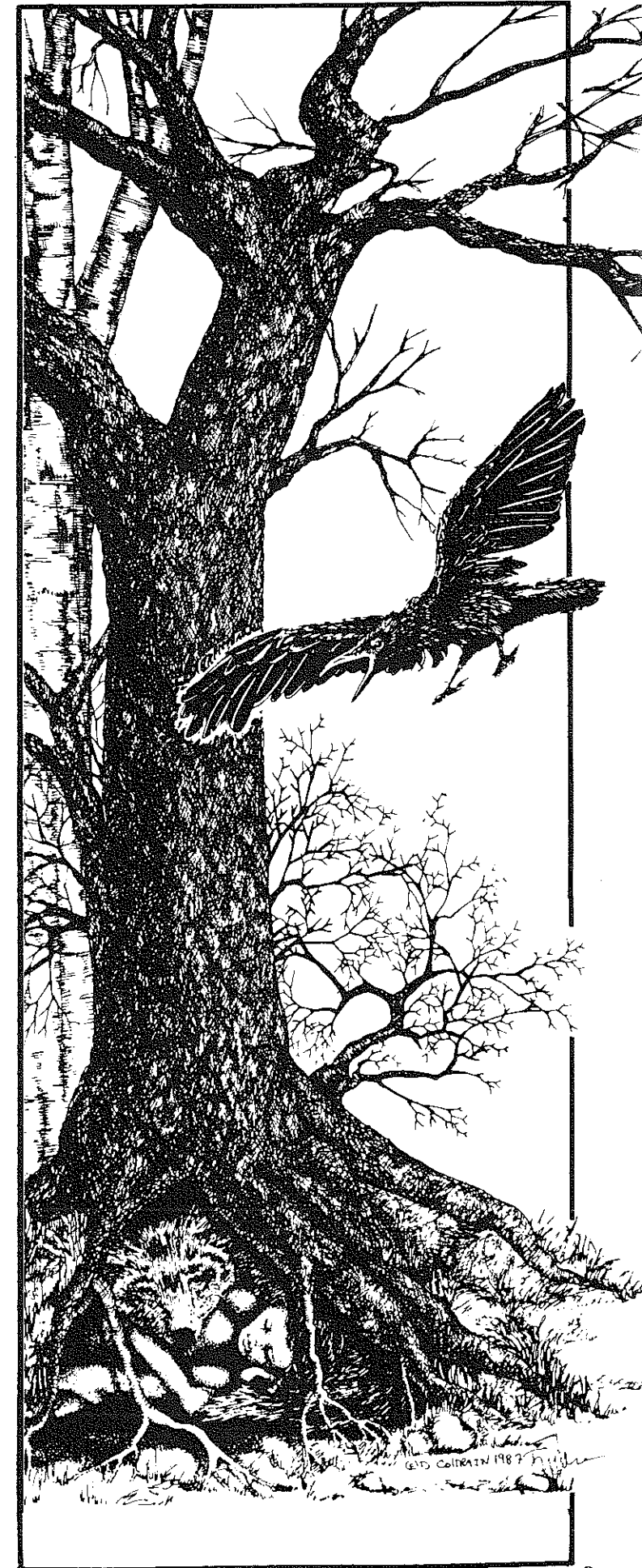
- The Goddess of Ganymede* (1967)
- Pursuit of Ganymede* (1968)
- Redbeard* (1969)
- Battlestar Galactica #5: Galactica Discovers Earth* (1980)
- The Soul Eater* (1981)
- Birthright: The Book of Man* (1982)
- Walpurgis III* (1982)
- Sideshow* (1982)
- The Three-Legged Hootch Dancer* (1983)
- The Wild Alien Tamer* (1983)
- The Best Rootin' Tootin' Shootin' Gunslinger in the Whole Damned Galaxy* (1983)
- The Branch* (1984)
- Eros Ascending* (1984)
- Eros at Zenith* (1984)
- Adventures* (1985)
- Eros Descending* (1985)
- Eros at Nadir* (1986)
- Santiago: A Myth of the Far Future* (1986)
- Stalking the Unicorn: A Fable of Tonight* (1987)
- The Dark Lady: A Romance of the Far Future* (1987)

Science Fiction: Chapbooks

- The Forgotten Sea of Mars* (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 1965, novella)
- Unauthorized Autobiographies* (Misfit Press, 1984, 7-story collection)
- The Inn of the Hairy Toad* (DeltaCon, 1985, novelette)

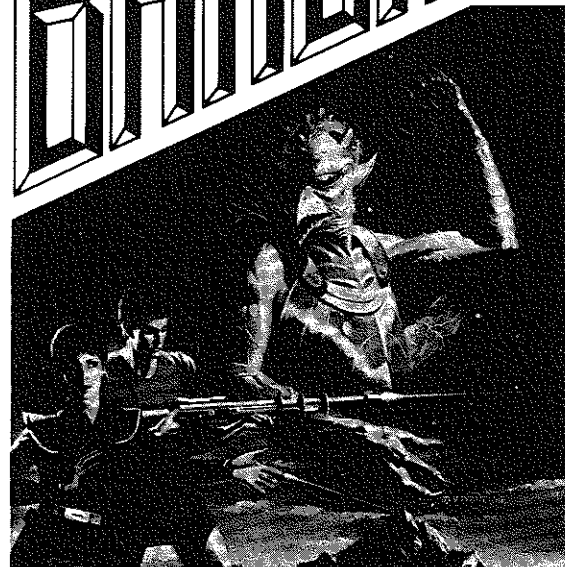
Non-Science Fiction

- More than 200 books, 300 stories, 2,000 articles, and 11 screenplays, almost all of them written under pseudonyms, from 1964 through 1976.



FIRST CAME
COBRA
 THEN
COBRA STRIKE
 AND NOW...

TIMOTHY ZAHN
COBRA
BARGAIN



It is the year 2474. Corwin Moreau, now 55, is governor of Aventine but the fact that the Moreau family has held power for so long is beginning to generate bad feelings in the Cobra Worlds Council. The Moreaus' contributions to the colony's success are fading in the light of an anti-Cobra political faction.

But the greatest challenge of **COBRA BARGAIN** faces Corwin's niece, Jasmine. Her only ambition is to follow in the footsteps of her father and grandfather — but no woman has ever been accepted to the Cobra Academy. Then a mission arises that demands her participation. Jasmine is trained, joins the infiltrating force... and disaster strikes almost immediately...

"At this present rate, Zahn will be firmly established as one of the best science fiction adventure writers in the field in a few years." — *Science Fiction Chronicle*.

FEBRUARY 1988 • 416 pp. • 65383-0 • \$3.95



Distributed by Simon & Schuster
 1230 Avenue of the Americas • New York, NY 10020

Fred Pohl

*An Appreciation on the Occasion
 of His 50th Anniversary in Science Fiction*

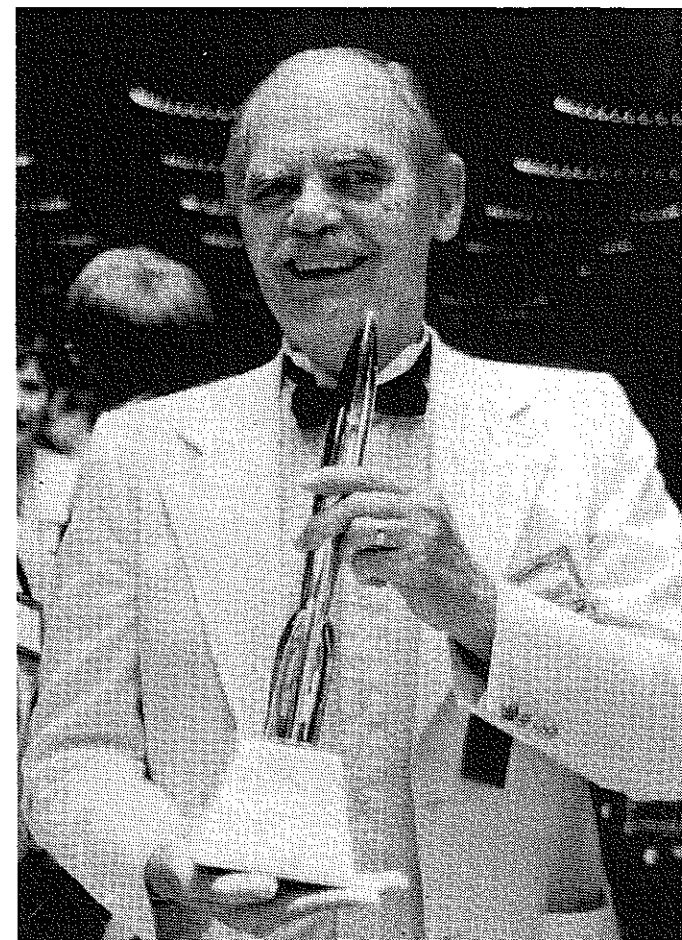


Photo by Jay Kay Klein

Although Fred Pohl's commonly able to cover up the fact with his gentle-mannered charm, he has something in common with the 800-pound gorilla. He can do just about anything he pleases, at least with his word processor. Even poetry, as witness these lines:

*Darkness descends — and the clattering towers
 Of cities and hamlets blink into light.
 The harsh, brilliant glitter of day's bustling hours
 Gives place to the glowing effulgence of night.*

These were his first published words, printed in the *Amazing Stories* issue for October, 1937. That poem, "Elegy to a Dead Satellite: Luna," began his remarkable career as the most versatile pro in the game. An unassuming start, it's even signed "Elton Andrews" and not "Frederik Pohl."

Fifty years ago. He was then seventeen. The poem had been written when he was fifteen, accepted when he was sixteen. Finally, at the ripe old age of eighteen, he was paid two dollars for it.

Our long friendship dates from the following year, when the first World Science Fiction Convention was happening in New York. I spent most of a morning in an Automat across the street, getting to know the since-famous Futurians who had been locked out of the convention hall for their political sins. I enjoyed them then, with very little

notion of what they were to do through the next half-century.

Fred, especially. Without the airs of the professional genius, or even the gorilla's weight, he has been doing nearly everything better than nearly anybody else. Writer, collaborator, editor, literary agent, teacher, speaker, our best ambassador to the mundane world.

His first fame came from *Space Merchants*, a sardonic collaboration with C. M. Kornbluth, published in 1953. Following half a dozen careers through the next two decades, he was still most of all a witty satirist, poking brilliant fun at our consumer world.

Myself, I've known him through several careers. As literary agent, he made fine sales for me. As editor, he bought a good many of my stories. As collaborator, he rescued things I had failed to finish. We've now done nine novels together, the most recent, *Land's End*, coming from TOR next year.

Something more important happened to him about 1976, when he wrote *Man Plus*. In that, and better yet in *Gateway*, he went from good to great. Still the satirist, with a merciless eye on all our human imperfections, he began to see them with a warmly sympathetic understanding and a penetrating insight into what it means to be human.

In *Chernobyl*, just published, he has once more found another place to sit. The book is not science fiction, although it would have been a few years ago, and most of the world might be sleeping better today if it were. It is not just a documentary report of the accident, though the aid of officials in the Soviet Union and interviews with survivors enabled him to fill it with authentic detail. It's a revealing and powerful novel — soon to be a TV mini-series, which I intend to see.

If Fred ever wants to sit anywhere else, there will be room.

— Jack Williamson

Elegy to a Dead Satellite: Luna

*Darkness descends — and the clattering towers
 Of cities and hamlets blink into light.
 The harsh, brilliant glitter of day's bustling hours
 Gives place to the glowing effulgence of night.
 The moon — that blanched creature — the queen of the sky
 Peeps wistfully down at the life forms below,
 Thinking, perhaps, of the aeons rolled by
 Since life on her bosom lapsed under the snow.
 A dead world, and cold, this satellite bleak,
 Whose craters and valleys are airless and dry;
 No flicker of motion from deep pit to peak;
 No living thing's ego to ask, "Why am I?"
 But once, ages past, this grim tomb out in space,
 Felt bustle of life on her surface now bare,
 Till Time in his flight, while speeding apace,
 Swept life, motion, thought away — who can know where?*

— Elton Andrews

[originally published pseudonymously by Frederik Pohl in the October 1937 issue of *Amazing Stories*]

OUR OTHER SPECIAL GUESTS

Jim Baen

It's obvious Jim Baen knows a good story when he sees one, and he must have a few interesting anecdotes of his own to tell as well, having been in the publishing biz for over 15 years. Jim has served as Managing Editor of *Galaxy/If* and Executive Editor and Vice President of Ace S.F.

Between 1980 and 1983 he started and built the TOR sf line, and in 1983 he founded Baen Books.

David Brin

David Brin didn't send us a bio, just a literary resume. Does that mean his work is his life?



Jack Williamson (John Stewart Williamson)

Jack Williamson was born in 1908 in Bisbee, Arizona Territory, to pioneering parents who moved to a mountain ranch in Sonora, to an irrigation project at Pecos, Texas, and finally in 1915 by covered wagon to a sandhill homestead in eastern New Mexico. The turning point of his youth was finding Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*, which opened an escape into science fiction from dust storms and drought. Though rates were a penny a word or less, he earned a living as a writer, taking time out for World War II. In the early 1950s he created a comic strip, *Beyond Mars*, which ran for three years in the *New York Sunday News*.

He returned to college when the comic strip expired, earning his B.A. and M.A. from Eastern New Mexico University in 1957 and teaching English there until he retired in 1977. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Colorado in 1964; his dissertation was later published as *H. G. Wells: Critic of Progress*. He was a pioneer teacher of science fiction, active in its establishment as a legitimate academic subject.

Writing more or less steadily since his first sale in 1928, he has published several million words of magazine science fiction. His 44 books have sold in the millions, and his novels have been translated into languages ranging from Serbo-Croatian to Japanese. His honors include the Science Fiction Hall of Fame Award (1968); the Pilgrim Award, from the Science Fiction Research Association (1973); and the Grand Master Nebula, "for lifetime achievement," from the Science Fiction Writers of America (1976). His autobiography, *Wonder's Child*, won a Hugo in 1985.

Retired from active teaching, he is Distinguished

Research Professor in English at Eastern New Mexico University. He was a member of the New Mexico Humanities Council from its founding until 1980, and was President of the Science Fiction Writers of America for two terms, 1978-1980. He still writes science fiction, now using a computer word processor.

Jo Clayton Notes on My Life (1939—)

The world was dissolving into war when I was born
It wasn't my fault
I was reared upon a fault
San Andreas
Sand shifts oddly when the earth shakes
High school
One year I wore five petticoats underneath a circle skirt
Tied bells to them one hot spring day
All the girls in school tied bells to their petticoats
Little conformists
Drove our teachers crazy
They told us to get rid of the bells
We got rid of the bells
College
In the fifties
Poverty helps
If you are white and bright and female
Scholarships
But in the fifties
If you are white and bright and female
They tell you still
Be a secretary, nurse, teach
Teaching
A girl at the back of the room
She had light brown hair, curly, shoulder length
She was slight, all bones
I never saw her eyes
She went to sleep
We walked her, the boy who sat next to her and I
Round and round
Shook her, slapped her face
Finally the medics came for her
She was twelve
Prostitute on weekends, pusher (downers, uppers)
I was watching someone else's class
She could have been one of mine
Prostitute, pusher, addict, twelve
Writing
I can see Mount Hood when I walk out my door
If it isn't raining, if the sky is clear
I like rain
Rain and Glenn Gould playing Bach
I can dream fine dreams



Self Portrait by Jo Clayton



Barbara Hambly

From her earliest years, Barbara Hambly was drawn to fantasy and science fiction, finding it far more interesting than reality in the modest California town where she grew up. Reading it, watching it on TV and at the movies, and constructing stories for the entertainment of her brother and sister were favorite pastimes.

She attended college at the University of California in Riverside, California, and spent one year at the University of Bordeaux in France. After obtaining a Master's Degree in medieval history, she held a variety of jobs: model, clerk, high school teacher, karate instructor (she holds a black belt in Shotokan Karate), technical writer. During those years, she continued to write, and in 1982 was finally published by Ballantine/Del Rey.

Her fantasy works include the *Darwath Trilogy: Time of the Dark, The Walls of Air, and The Armies of Daylight; The Ladies of Mandrigyn* and *The Witches of Wenshar; Dragonsbane; The Silent Tower* and its soon-to-be-published sequel, *The Silicon Mage*. She has also written a Star Trek novel entitled *Ishmael*; a historical whodunnit, *Search the Seven Hills*; a vampire novel to be published in late 1988 and numerous scripts for animated cartoon shows.

Her interests besides writing include dancing, sewing, painting, and carpentry. She currently resides in Los Angeles.



Wilson Q. Tucker

Wilson Q. Tucker has published 23 books, about 40 short stories and novelettes, and about two million words in the fan press, beginning in 1932. He was awarded the Hugo for best fan writer in 1969; the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for *The Year of the Quiet Sun* in 1976; the E. E. Smith Memorial Award in 1986; the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award in 1985; and was named a Grand Master at the *Tucker Awards* in 1985.

He launched a meteorological rocket from Complex 43 at Cape Canaveral, Florida, in 1986, and now thinks he has retired from writing.

He also has a degree from Miskatonic University and is a Doctor of Thaumaturgical Arts and Sciences.

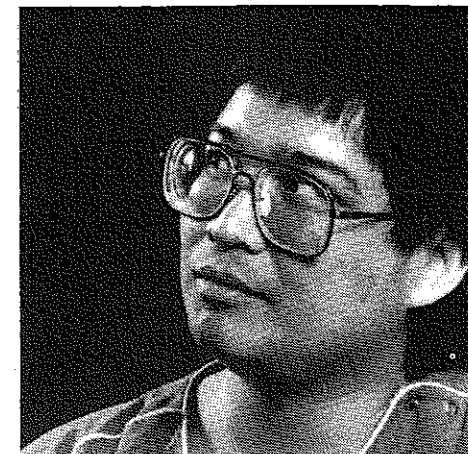


Photo by Beth Gwinn

Somtow Sucharitkul

Composer-author Somtow Sucharitkul (S. P. Somtow) was born in 1952 in Bangkok, Thailand. He is the grand-nephew of Queen Indrasakdisachi of Siam and son of celebrated international jurist Ambassador Sompong Sucharitkul, vice-president of the U.N. Academy of Human Rights. He grew up in several European countries, and was educated at Eton College and St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he earned his B.A. and M.A., receiving honors in English and Music.

Sucharitkul became one of the most prominent figures in modern Asian music in his initial career as a composer, and has written dozens of works, most of which have been televised and broadcast on four continents. At age 19, he began his conducting career with the Holland Symphony Orchestra in the Hague.

In 1977, Sucharitkul established himself as a writer of fiction. His science fiction short stories began to fill the pages of magazines and anthologies like *Analog, Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine, Amazing Stories, Chrysalis* and *Other Worlds*. The World Science Fiction Convention of 1981 awarded him the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. The following year, he received the Locus Award for best novel for *Starship and Haiku*. "The Dust" was awarded the Edmond Hamilton Memorial Award for sense of wonder in science fiction in 1983. He has now published thirteen books.

Sucharitkul's first horror novel, *Vampire Junction*, written under the name S. P. Somtow, has already become a collector's item, and the paperback edition from Berkley had to be rushed back to press after only two weeks because of unprecedented demand. A film is under negotiation.

Recently, Somtow added a third career to his list. After moving to Hollywood this year, he is now writing screenplays for both a major motion picture, *Lizard Ninja*, and two upcoming animated series, *Dinosaurcers* and *Young Wizards*. He has also guest-hosted Harlan Ellison's Hour 25 on KPFF, and is slated to do so again this Fall.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WINDYCON XIV...ALMOST

OPERATIONS

This year, Operations is under new management, and we need all the help we can get from all you experienced people out there. Specifically, we need:

- (2) Direct Assistants to Shift Managers
- (6) Ops Assistants to help Assistants to Shift Managers
- (2) Gofers to assist Registrars at Registration
- (2) Gofers for Dealers' Room
- (2) Gofers for Art Show
- (2) Gofers for Film Program (to act as runners)
- (1) Gofer for Special Events (night job)
- (2) Sleep-in Gofers for Dealers' Room security
- (1) Gofer for Art Auction (night job)
- (1) Gofer for Art Auction Cashiers (Saturday night, Sunday morning)
- (6) Roving Gofers traveling in pairs (one of each pair will have a radio)
- (2) Gofers for Den
- (2) Gofers for Autograph Session crowd control

As usual, we will need lots of help setting up the Art Show art boards on Friday during the day, and we need all the Gofers in the world for the Hospitality Suite (a.k.a. Con Suite) and for Programming. We have limited crash space on Friday and Saturday.

Please, please, if you can help, drop by and see us. WE NEED YOU!

WEAPONS POLICY

Incidents at past Windycons and at other conventions have forced us to adopt a strict policy concerning weapons. This year, and for the foreseeable future, no real or realistic-looking weapons will be allowed anywhere at Windycon. Such weapons cannot be worn or displayed in any way, at any time, and their sale is prohibited.

This ban covers all blunt and bladed objects, projectile and spray-type weapons. Please be advised that attendees carrying staffs or other awkward or cumbersome items may be asked to deposit these items in nearby corners or closets if the program item, special event, or party being attended is particularly crowded.

Violators of Windycon's policy will be required to relinquish their weapons for the duration of the con, or surrender their memberships. In all matters regarding weapons and enforcement of this policy, the Windycon Committee reserves the right to be completely and viciously arbitrary.

CHILD CARE SERVICE

To accommodate our next generation of fans, we have a Kid's Con Suite in Rooms 3102 & 3201 for pre-registered children (6 mos.-10 yrs.), which is staffed by professional child-care workers.

We have toys and games, and hope to organize special group activities for the children. Light snacks will be provided.

Diapers, formula, and other day-to-day necessities must be provided by the parent(s), and all medication must be administered by a parent.

Kid's Con Suite Hours:

FRIDAY: 7 PM-1 AM
SATURDAY: 9 AM-2 AM
SUNDAY: 10 AM-4 PM

Please remember, the child's membership allows a child unlimited use of the Kid's Con Suite, but does not permit the child to wander through the public spaces and function rooms unescorted. Any unsupervised children found will be brought to Operations HQ. These children will be returned to their parents after payment of a special \$20.00 child care surcharge.

CON SUITE

The Windycon Con Suite will be open its usual late hours. This year's schedule:

FRIDAY: 3 PM-5 AM
SATURDAY: NOON-5 AM
SUNDAY: NOON-???

We will have the usual comestibles, and possibly some unusual ones, too! Beer will be available from 5 PM until 2 AM on Friday and Saturday, and from noon until the Con Suite closes on Sunday. These are the standard liquor license hours in the Cook County area.

Be aware that the legal drinking age in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges are color-coded, but please don't be offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; we're just trying to avoid potential problems.

The Con Suite staff would also like to issue an urgent plea for anyone who would like to work in the Con Suite during the convention. If you would like to join our merry band, please see us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see the folks in Operations and tell them you want to work in the Con Suite. We would especially appreciate people over 21 years of age to assist in the distribution of beer. We ask, however, that anyone volunteering for this job refrain from ingestion of the golden substance until their shift is over.

We will be in the same suite we have had in previous years (Room 5321), and will have a separate area for our smoking fen (Room 5320).

Come up and see us during the convention!

ART SHOW & AUCTION

The Windycon Art Show is located in Sections E & F of the hotel's Regency Ballroom. A lot of our "old" favorite artists will be back, and quite a few "new" ones, too.

HOURS:

Artist Check-in:
FRIDAY: 2 PM-8 PM
SATURDAY: 8 AM-10 AM

Open to All:
FRIDAY: 5 PM-8 PM
SATURDAY: 10 AM-7 PM

Pick-up Only:
SATURDAY: During the auction (8 PM-??)
SUNDAY: 10 AM-1 PM

Once again, Passovoy & Company will conduct the Art Auction. The Auction will be Saturday at 8 PM Three (3) bids are required to send a piece of art to auction.

The "Artist's Studio" will be located in the area outside the Regency Ballroom. The hours are strictly up to the artists. Drop by at any time; you never know who will be there.

DEALERS' ROOM

The Windycon XIV Dealers' Room is located near the Registration Desk on the lower level of the hotel. There are 49 dealers displaying a wide range of merchandise on their 77 tables. Included are new and used books, jewelry, chain-mail armor, art originals and reproductions, T-shirts, fanzines, filk tapes, stuffed fantasy animals, custom buttons, magazines, bronze sculptures, electronic robots, costumes and accessories, and much more. Plan on spending some time in the Dealers' Room; we promise that your time will not be wasted.

Hours:

FRIDAY: 3 PM-7 PM
SATURDAY: 10 AM-6 PM
SUNDAY: 11 AM-3 PM

There will be NO eating, drinking, or smoking permitted in the Dealers' Room. Your understanding and cooperation are appreciated.

Due to an arrangement with the hotel, there will be no dealing permitted from any of the hotel guest rooms. Also, there will be no selling of any type of real weaponry. This includes all bladed instruments, blunt instruments, and whips. These policies will be enforced by the Con Committee and by the hotel.

Dealer

Paulie
 Matthew B. Alschuler
 Mark Bailey
 Tom Barber
 Alex Berman
 Nina Boal
 Diane Bosse
 Larry Charet
 Melissa Clemmer
 Darlene Coltrain
 Glen Cook
 Juanita Coulson
 James A. Cox
 Janet R. Cruickshank
 Scott Dennis
 Robert Garcia
 Rodger S. Gondor
 David Gorecki
 Joy Harrison
 Keith T. Henriksen
 Rusty Hevelin
 Susan Honeck
 Carol A. Inkpen
 Michael Jencevice
 Philip A. Kaveny
 Greg Ketter
 Charlotte Lannin
 Nancy Lebovitz
 Debbi Lieberman
 Elan Jane Litt
 Patricia Lonehawk
 Hank Luttrell
 Victor C. Martine
 Erin McKee
 Ruth Ann Nichols-Nine
 Karen Pauli
 Karen River
 Arlin Robins
 Kathryn Rooney
 George Scithers
 Mary Lynn Skirvin-Johnson
 Dick Spelman
 Cherry Steffy
 Gretchen Van Dorn
 Raymond D. Van Tilburg
 Judy Voros
 Robert Weinberg
 Beth Willinger
 Roger Zimpel

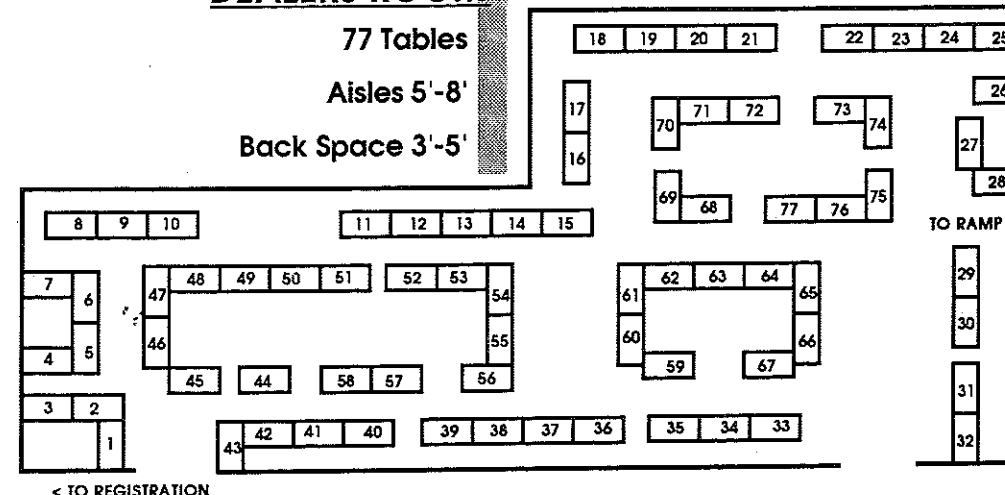
Company

Otter Limits Press
 Cotton Expressions
 Space Shuttle Crafts
 Bronze Dragon Enterprises
 Phantasia Press
 Dyan, Ltd.
 Larry's Comic Book Store
 Dragon Never Sleeps
 Coulson Publications
 Midwest Books, Inc.
 Originals by Janet
 Sleepy Lion Graphics
 Lost Weyr
 Osiris Publications
 Purple Unicorn Books
 Honeck Sculpture
 Black Dragon Workshop
 Queen to Queen's Three
 Philip E. Kaveny, Bookseller
 Dream Haven Books & Art
 Lions' Nest Trading Post
 Black Prince Armory
 Terra Incognita
 Black Rose Enterprises
 20th Century Books
 Dragon Treasures
 Dragon's Hoard Jewelry
 Intergalactic Rummage Sale
 Amethyst Dragon
 Owlswick Press
 Dick Spelman, Bookseller
 Secret Empire
 Wonder Works
 Hobbit's Kitchen
 Robert & Phyllis Weinberg Books

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DEALERS ROOM



WINDYCON XIV
 NOV. 6-8, 1987

SPECIAL EVENTS

Opening Ceremonies and . . .

Let's all get together to get this convention off on the right foot (or tentacle or flipper . . . or whatever). Join us at the Opening Ceremonies, which commence promptly at 8 PM. We'll be trotting out our charming and interesting Guests of Honor: Vernor Vinge, Jane Yolen, Beth Meacham, Darlene Coltrain, and Toastmaster Mike Resnick. Let's give them a good Midwestern, fannish welcome, and set the tone for a weekend of typically silly goings-on.

The room will be cleared after Opening Ceremonies, and, promptly at 10:07 PM, in the same location, we will present something a Little Different . . . chAos. (So what's different about chaos in fandom? And well you might ask. . .) chAos is/are the Chicago Academy of Science Swat Team of Humor. They do funnnny things with science and philosophy and ideas. You will like them. Seating will be first come, first parked, with special seating for the handicapped.

Bizarre Bazaar

Bizarre Bazaar! 8 PM! Be there! Dance! Enjoy! Omar Vega (how appropriate), the DJ from last year, will spin the platters again, and much thanks to him. We would also like to give a special thank-you to Lee Darrow, our magician, who is amazing at close-up wizardy. Check him, and all our other Bizartists, out.

Masqueraders, please note: we will be pre-registering you this year. Look for the Masquerade registration table Friday and Saturday morning outside the Regency Ballroom. You must be pre-registered by noon Saturday. There will be a short meeting with the judges on Saturday afternoon (time and place to be announced) so that questions, answers, and baseball cards can be traded. Prizes will be given in the traditional made-up-on-the-spot categories.

Closing Ceremonies

Last year at Closing Ceremonies, Harry Harrison pinched Marta Randall where she had pinched Bob Tucker, then chased her around the podium, down the aisle, and out of the room. We are not aware of what they did after that. Ahem. Do you really think you can afford to miss Closing Ceremonies this year? We'll see you there, at 3 PM Chicago time.

Pool Parties

Once again the hotel has extended its pool hours just for us. From 10 PM to midnight you can relax in the whirlpool or take a leisurely paddle in the lap pool at these decidedly low-key get togethers.

Special Autograph Parties

FRIDAY, 10 PM, Room 4112

Join us for a special autograph party celebrating new works by Guests of Honor Vernor Vinge and Jane Yolen, Toastmaster Mike Resnick, and TOR authors Somtow Sucharitkul, Walter Jon Williams and Gene Wolfe. Books will be available for sale, courtesy of Dick Spelman, Bookseller.

SATURDAY, 9 PM, Room 4112

Tonight's party celebrates new works by Poul and Karen Anderson, Barbara Hambly, Melinda Murdock, Frederik Pohl, Mickey Zucker Reichert and Jack Williamson.

Story-Telling by Jane Yolen

SATURDAY, 8 PM, Room 5112

The title says it all. Milk and cookies will be provided courtesy of American Fantasy Magazine.

GAMING

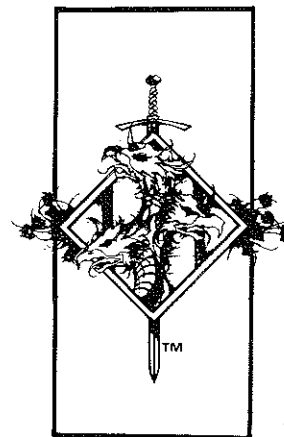
We've done a little something different with gaming this year. Oh, don't worry, Data Domain is back; they've brought all their computers and software and are all set up in Room 5335. This year, though, some of the game manufacturers asked if they could have some space to show off new products, run some demos and mini-tournaments, maybe give you a few sneak previews of things to come. So, we said "Sure!" Mayfair Games has set up shop in Room 3335, FASA in Room 4335. Check them out; there'll probably even be a table or two available for open gaming!

MEETINGS

The **ISFiC Board** will hold an open meeting on Sunday, at 1 PM, in Room 4112. The annual election of directors and officers will take place at that time.

ASFA Members: A regional meeting of the Association of Science Fiction Artists will take place on Saturday, at 3 PM, in Room 5312.

SFWA Members: A regional meeting of the Science Fiction Writers of America will take place on Saturday at approximately 5:00 PM in Room 5312.



Briarwood™ is the

CITY STATE OF THE INVINCIBLE OVERLORD™

Reality has changed in Calandia™. The very fabric of the cosmos has torn, and horrors more monstrous than the City-State has ever before suffered, threaten the heart of the continent. As the City-State of the Invincible Overlord prepares for apocalypse, you must discover what evil menaces Briarwood.

A complete city in which to set campaigns, the city of Briarwood is based on the original City-State designs by the Judge's Guild. The boxed set of *City-State of the Invincible Overlord* is the basis for the Overlord™ Series of sourcebooks and adventure modules.

The boxed set features:

- Introduction by E. Gary Gygax, creator of Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®.
- Full-color cover by World Fantasy Award-winning artist Tom Canty.
- A two-sided 18" x 22" four-color map of Briarwood, capital city of the continent of Calandia, with a four color map of the continent itself on the other side.
- 18" x 22" parchment Players' map of Briarwood with grid for players to use as they adventure.
- 2 transparent map guides for indoor and outdoor campaigning.
- 80 page, two-color book describing Briarwood's buildings and their inhabitants (graphic & statistical reference for entire neighborhoods at a glance).
- 4-5/8" x 8 1/2" booklets containing rules for new player-character races (Centaur, Nagas, Pixies, & Lizardmen).
- 4-5/8" x 8 1/2" booklets containing class-specific guides to Briarwood.
- 32-page book featuring the history of Calandia (including 60 misc. encounters for use in Briarwood).
- 16-page introductory adventure.
- Completely revised from the original Judges' Guild designs.



Mayfair Games
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WHERE IT IS!

Art Auction:

Regency Ballroom G

Art Show:

Regency Ballroom E & F

Artists' Studio:

Regency Ballroom Foyer

Autograph Sessions:

Main Corridor, across from Arlington Heights Room

Benefit Auctions:

Schaumburg Room

Child Care Service:

Rooms 3102 & 3201

Dealers' Room:

Mayoral Ballroom

Filksinging:

(Fri.) Schaumburg Room

(Sat.) Mayoral Ballroom Pre-Function Area

Films:

Regency Ballroom G

Gaming:

Rooms 3335, 4335, & 5335

Con Suite:

Room 5321

Smokers' Con Suite:

Room 5320

Operations:

Gofer Lounge:

Rolling Meadows A

HQ:

Arlington Heights Room

Programming:

Green Room:

Rolling Meadows B

Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4:

Regency Ballroom A, B, & C, & Schaumburg Room

Author Readings:

Rooms 3129 & 3135

Registration:

Mayoral Ballroom Pre-Function Area

Special Events:

Opening Ceremonies:

Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D

Bizarre Bazaar & chAos:

Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D

Closing Ceremonies:

Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D

Pool Parties:

Pool

Special Autograph Parties:

Room 4112

Story-Telling by Jane Yolen:

Room 5112

CHAO S
a • higher • order • of • COMEDY

PRESENTS

$E = mc^2$

...and other one-liners

WINDYCON XIV

Friday, November 6, 1987 10:07 PM

Regency Ballroom

FILMS

PLEASE NOTE: The Program Book goes to press weeks before the Pocket Program. Please consult the Pocket Program for program changes and film times.

ALIEN and ALIENS

The 1979 Hugo Award winner and its 1986 sequel will be shown back-to-back. Pleasant dreams!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

(Special Edition) One of a handful of sf films that needs no introduction.

DARK STAR

Originally produced as a low budget, student film, *DARK STAR* is John Carpenter's first film, and has developed quite a cult following. Watch for air packs made from muffin tins, thinking bombs made from toy trailer trucks, and an alien who strangely resembles a beach ball. People with a philosophical bent may want to rethink DesCartes after seeing this one.

DREAM CHILD

This movie tells the story of 80-year-old Alice Hargreaves (nee Liddell), who, as a child, inspired Lewis Carroll to write the Alice stories. Jim Hensen, creator of the Muppets, produced the special effects for this film.

FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR

A recent Disney film in which 12-year-old Daniel Freeman is knocked unconscious while walking through the woods. Eight years later, he returns home without having aged a day. He and an anthropomorphic spaceship then embark on a random and mostly unintended tour of the Earth before he is returned to his own time.

HOWARD THE DUCK

Please give this sf satire a chance. Howard, a denizen of a planet where ducks are the dominant sapient life form, is inadvertently brought to Earth, where he saves the planet, finds true love, and becomes the manager of a rock band.

KING KONG LIVES

After falling from the World Trade Center, King Kong needs a heart transplant and a blood transfusion. Lady Kong donates her blood, and after his recovery they stomp on New York City.

THE NEVERENDING STORY

This is a delightful children's movie, based on an internationally acclaimed novel. Bastian, a troubled 10-year-old, becomes engrossed in a very special book, and finds himself drawn into its fantasy world.

THE PHANTOM TOLL BOOTH

Milo's kinda screwing around, you know, with nothing to do, until a mysterious box appears in his bedroom. Soon, he drives through the phantom toll booth and appears in a land beyond, where he meets the watch dog, a spelling bee, the hum bug, etc. This movie is based on a classic children's novel and is a combination of live action and animation.

ROBOCOP

This 1987 summer hit is about a policeman who is part robot and part human. Be aware that it almost got an "X" rating for excessive violence.

SILENT RUNNING

What can you say about a fellow whose best friends are mute, green, and thirty feet tall? Bruce Dern portrays a space pilot trying to preserve some of Earth's lost forests.

SPACE BALLS

This 1987 Mel Brooks film parodies various sf movies. May the Schwartz be with you.

SPIDERMAN

This movie is based on the well-known Marvel Comics character. Science student Peter Parker becomes Spiderman after being bitten by a radioactive spider. He then thwarts a nefarious plot to blackmail New York City.

A TRIP TO THE MOON

This classic was made in 1902, and is the first sf film ever made. The writer would have flunked third-grade science, but the film is enjoyable anyway.

THE VALLEY OF THE GWANGI

(a.k.a. *VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS*) It's cowboys versus dinosaurs in a hidden valley. What more could a kid ask for? Harry Harryhausen directed the special effects.

THE WIZARD'S APPRENTICE

This German-made film is based on the music of Dukas, which in turn was based on legends dating back to ancient Rome. This version was made ten years before Walt Disney (and Mickey Mouse) set the same story to music in *FANTASIA*.

The EDITOR track explores the crafting of the written word, from concept to finished product.

The SCIENCE/MEDIA track is a shared track covering both hard science and science fiction in the media.

The POTPOURRI track is the ubiquitous *other*.

Author readings and autograph sessions will run almost continuously on Saturday and Sunday. Readings will take place in Rooms 3129 and 3135, upstairs. The autograph tables will probably be set up in the Main Corridor, across from the Rolling Meadows and Arlington Heights Rooms. Check your Pocket Program for specific times for both.

PLEASE NOTE: Nothing is certain in this world except death and taxes, and we're not so sure about death. Certainly, this program schedule is not set in stone. Be sure to check your Pocket Program for those last-minute changes that are bound to be made, as well as for the precise locations of the panels.

EDITOR

SATURDAY

10:00 AM: WRITERS' WORKSHOP. Back by popular demand, Barry Longyear once again offers his expertise to beginning writers.

11:00 AM: WRITERS OF THE FUTURE — THE JUDGES AND THE JUDGED. Writers and judges of the Writers of the Future competition talk about their experiences... and promise not to kill one another.

1:00 PM: THE GORDY SYSTEM, OR, TAKE TWO "ASPRIN" AND MAKE A BESTSELLER. Gordon Dickson perfected the technique of creating the demand, then writing the book. Authors and editors discuss the possibilities.

2:00 PM: BY THE WORD, BUY THE PAGE. Writers and editors discuss the short story versus the novel.

3:00 PM: YOU CAN MAKE HIM A CRUD, BUT YOU CAN'T KILL HIM OFF. A discussion of the joys and sorrows of writing for and/or editing a shared-world anthology.

SUNDAY

10:00 AM: WRITERS' WORKSHOP, PART 2.

NOON: BUT THERE ARE NO WINDOWS ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE CASTLE. Artists discuss the interpretation of the written word.

1:00 PM: KIDDY LITTER: WRITING FANTASY FOR CHILDREN. (With apologies to owners of children and cats.) Jane Yolen, Lynette Meserole, and Mary Frances Zambreno discuss the delicate art of writing for children.

SCIENCE/MEDIA

SATURDAY

10:00 AM: THE MARTIAN BANDWAGON. There's a new push for the further exploration of Mars. This panel explores the possibilities.

11:00 AM: COMPUTERS: THE NEXT GENERATION. Now that computers are no longer science fiction but a fact of life, what's next?

NOON: COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU. A panel discussion of some upcoming films.

1:00 PM: STUDIO PRESENTATION: *WORLD GONE WILD*. A futuristic blend of *The Seven Samurai* and *Mad Max*, starring Bruce Dern and Adam Ant.

2:00 PM: STUDIO PRESENTATION: *WILLOW*. Advance information on the collaborative effort of Ron Howard and George Lucas, to be released in May of '88.

SUNDAY

10:00 AM: RED SKY AT MORNING. A panel on the near future of the U.S. and Soviet space programs.

NOON: SCIENCE AND PR. Putting together a science exhibit for the general public ain't easy. A discussion with several who have done so.

1:00 PM: THE MAKING OF *ROBOCOP*. A presentation by Paul Sammon of Apollo Films.

2:00 PM: THE BUSINESS OF HOLLYWOOD. How to get into the "biz" via screenwriting and on-set work, by a ten-year Hollywood veteran.

AUTHOR/ARTIST

SATURDAY

10:00 AM: EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT: SCIENCE FICTION AS NEWS, NEWS AS SCIENCE FICTION. Star Wars defense systems and reactor meltdowns. Guest authors discuss what happens when science fiction makes the headlines.

11:00 AM: THE GREAT TREK: GEOGRAPHY IN SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY. How geography affects the novel, especially the epic fantasy.

NOON: CAN SHE REALLY DO THAT? We've all talked about the hero in science fiction/fantasy. This panel will look at the heroine.

1:00 PM: THE MASTERS' GENERATOR. Experts at the craft of science fiction writing create a story in one hour, with only each other as inspiration.

2:00 PM: FROM IDEA TO MASTERPIECE — ROBERT DANIELS DEMONSTRATES. Oklahoma artist Robert Daniels takes a painting from concept to finished product.

4:00 PM: THE OFFICIAL FREDERIK POHL 50TH ANNIVERSARY ROAST. It's Fred Pohl's 50th Anniversary as a science fiction author, and it's only fitting that he be toasted by some of his good friends. At least, they're good friends *now!*

SUNDAY

11:00 AM: COLLABORATION WITHOUT MURDER. Can it be done? Friends and husbands/wives who've collaborated and lived to tell about it will give us their insights.

2:00 PM: NOW YOU SEE THEM, NOW YOU DON'T. Authors discuss the concept of shape-changing in science fiction/fantasy.

POTPOURRI

SATURDAY

10:00 AM: MEET *AMERICAN FANTASY*. In celebration of its first anniversary, the editors of *American Fantasy* discuss the fine art of putting together a magazine.

11:00 AM: HOW TO BID AT AN ART AUCTION. It's more than just opening your mouth! Learn the strategies of bidding.

NOON: THE FINE ART OF CONVENTION BIDDING. A panel of convention bidders tell great tales of tactics and strategies.

1:00 PM: DRESSING THE PART. A slide presentation on con costuming, including both masquerade and hall costumes.

2:00 PM: HOW TO MANHANDLE YOUR FRIENDS AND HAVE THEM LIKE IT. Jan Howard Finder demonstrates how to give a backrub.

3:00 PM: ELFQUEST NATIONAL FAN CLUB MEETING.

SUNDAY

11:00 AM: WHY DON'T YOU JUST THROW IT OUT? A definite fannish trait is collecting — almost anything. A panel of collectors talk about their manias.

NOON: THE OFFICIAL SEX AND VIOLENCE PANEL. We're all tired OGRAM GOING. The National Space Society describes how your cards and letters can help.

PROGRAMMING

This year, Windycon has four programming tracks, to encompass the wide variety of interests of both our guests and our convention members.

The AUTHOR/ARTIST track gives our author and artist guests a chance to talk about their work, their interests, and their areas of expertise. It also gives you a chance to get to know them better.

THE Library

by Eugena M. Hayden

They die again each night. Little Jaime quickly, spitted on a Northerner's sword, then the rest, slowly and in terrible detail. That night Jaime's death woke me and I was spared the rest. I lay awake for a time, too exhausted to return to the nightmare. Finally I rose to relieve the guard.

The Northerners chose that moment to attack. My Captain was killed, even as I tried to reach him. I had pledged my sword to the outlaw Talents, so I turned to their leader. I ran through the slaughter, miraculously untouched, and approached the Lady Wind Talent. She stood in the center of a small whirlwind, her long hair swirling lazily above and around her as though she stood under water. She seemed not to notice me and, as I entered the sphere of her magic wind, the world became vague and indistinct. I swam through the thickened air and fought the tilting earth as though I ran uphill, though I knew there was no hill there.

The Lady ignored me and, after a moment's indecision, I picked her up and ran with her, her thin body clutched against my breasts. For though she was tall, I was taller, much taller, with a hulking peasant's body that had borne four children easily. "Easy as popping peas," the midwife had said. All gone now, my little ones, and their sire with them.

I ran through the hours of darkness and I swear the Wind Talent grew lighter. The night was clear and as dawn approached the stars began to fade. There was something odd about their arrangement, but I had not time or strength to stop and consider. I'd concealed our trail as best I could and now I looked for a place to hide.

"Do not stop," said the Lady.

She lay as limp as death in my arms but her voice was strong, like a commander's night duty voice, not loud but clear and focused so that it carried as far as intended and no further. I've practiced that voice and I know what strength it takes. I obeyed, and ran on into the uncertain light of dawn.

I was tired. With each step my weariness increased even as the Talent became as nothing in my arms. I knew that she did some magic to free me from her burden and I was thankful. Even my great strength has limits and I approached them.

I had escaped into the forest to confuse pursuit. I knew the forest we had entered but we were no longer in that forest. Sometime between the darkness and the dawn the world had shifted and we were lost.

I stopped. We had come to the edge of the wood and I looked out over a valley, as lushly green as country spring, though the trees under which I stood were winter bare. The valley was bowl shaped, surrounded by the forest, and in the center of the bowl, where no one of sense would build such a thing, was a fortress.

I gently lay the unconscious Talent down, arranging her limbs and tucking my cloak about her. She felt deathly cold and her breathing was shallow. I wondered if she would live, or die and trap me in this strange place. I lay down next to her and, hugging her to me to try to warm her, I slept and did not dream.

"Who are you?"

The voice was high, a child's voice, and I thought of Jaime, though he died too young to have learned speech.

Something jostled my shoulder and I woke standing and roughly grasping a lanky child.

"Gently, Fenoula," said the Lady. With some difficulty she unwrapped herself from my cloak. "It's just a child and it means us no harm."

I put the child down and bent to assist the Lady. The child backed out of reach and watched us with an expression that was not at all child-like. A prickling of fear touched my heart.

I helped the Lady to stand. She faced the child and said, "Can you help us?"

The child nodded gravely and turned away toward the building at the center of the valley. The Lady followed the child, and I, reluctantly, followed them both.

The fortress had looked small from the edge of the forest. As we approached, I saw that that was an illusion born of distance and dimensions. The building was vast. The courtyard was such that it seemed like the City of the Patriarchy could have fit into it. Our footsteps echoed off the stone and I shivered.

The child led us to a room. It was empty and cold. I shivered again and turned to the child. "We require wood for the fire and blankets and bedding," I said. "We then require food. We have travelled far and the Lady is ill."

The child looked confused, but finally nodded and said, "Come." The Lady ignored us. She huddled down on the cold stone, writing feverishly in her journal. With some misgivings, I left her and followed the child.

We went through a confusing sequence of galleries and halls. There were many twists and turns. I noted each turn and marked the path as though this were a strange forest. The proportions of this place were not human and I felt lost and uncertain.

When I stopped to mark the trail, the child would rush on ahead, hoping, I'm sure, to lose me. I found I had to rush my marks, a dangerous thing. The next time I stopped to make a mark, I grabbed the child and dragged it back to the place I had chosen.

"What are you called, child?" I said as I made my mark on the stone and then looked down into those ancient,

knowing eyes. I wondered, was this child human? Could a human child look with such eyes of ancient hatred and boredom?

"I am the Svallsn," said the child, and a look of surprise crossed that disturbing face.

"Why are you surprised?" I asked.

"No one who comes here ever asks what I am called," replied the child.

I felt the thin underdeveloped shoulders tremble. I had hoped the child's name would give me a clue to its sex, but it had not. Svallsn was not a name I'd ever heard. It had an odd foreign sound to my ears and I wondered if the child was a Northerner.

"Svallsn," I said. "I am called Fenoula. I once had a daughter your age."

"I doubt that," said the child, pulling away.

We travelled on. Now each time I stopped to mark the trail, Svallsn waited and watched me.

"Why do you make those marks?" the child finally asked. "They can have no magic here."

"These are not magic signs," I answered. "I can follow these to find my way back."

"Oh," said the child, looking at one of my marks closely.

We finally reached a tiny door. The child darted through it and I squeezed in after. It was a tight fit for my broad shoulders and great height. The room was of vast proportions and peculiar shape. We had walked a long way, but it would have taken ten times as long to traverse this place.

I stood up and stretched my back and froze in stunned awe. I am not an educated woman, but I am not wholly ignorant either. I can read and our village even had a scholar who possessed several books. My throat constricted as I remembered we had planned to apprentice Jaime to him, if he showed aptitude for the skill.

I blinked away tears and looked at what appeared, at first, to be a wall of books. It was as if the walls of this chamber had been built of books, not the big part to the inside as you would expect, but the small end part where the pages are bound together, so that the wall must be at least as thick as the breadth of the largest book.

Svallsn went to a stone table. Another book lay open there, propped on a kind of rack. The child stared at it. I watched the child carefully, suspecting some trick. When, after a time, nothing happened I pulled the child away from the book.

"Svallsn," I said, looking into strangely unfocused eyes. "The Lady needs food and warmth. We came to get those things."

The child's eyes focused with such a look of hatred as I have never seen.

I noticed suddenly that this room was not cold or damp. The air smelled of dust but on the whole this cavernous room built of books was comfortable and wholesome. I released the child, who went again to the book and turned a page.

I left and went to fetch the Lady. I found her sitting on the cold stone floor, still writing in her journal. Her lips were blue with cold and she seemed to have shrunk in on

herself.

I told her of the room built of books and she nodded, unsurprised. I packed her papers away and led her there.

The child continued to stare at the book, occasionally turning a page. I decided that Svallsn must be reading. I had not at first associated this child's silent staring with what I knew of reading.

"My Lady," I said. "I must get us food. This child seems never to eat and judging by its emaciated condition must not have much when it does eat."

"You may be right, Fen," said the Lady, surprising me with her informality and diffidence. "Your judgment is better here than mine. You must do what seems right to you. I can not advise you."

Why I then did not take the Lady from that place I don't know. I could have built a shelter in the forest that was more comfortable than this strange place. I could have built a fire, trapped animals for food and skins, dug for roots and gathered berries. But this room built of books compelled me to stay, or perhaps this cold hateful child so fascinated me that I could not bear to leave it.

I settled the Lady on a vast wooden bench, gave her the last of my field rations, and went out into the damp cold corridors to search for food.

I found a courtyard with a cistern and filled my water skin. I searched the tangle of corridors near this courtyard and found an immense kitchen with a cooking stove and work surfaces and, attached to it, a pantry with grains and spices and even dried fruits and meats. How did the child starve in the midst of such plenty?

I lit the stove and made a hot cereal mash. In addition to this I packed some dried fruits and meats and hurried back to the room of books. The Lady lay huddled on the huge bench and looked, if possible, more shrunken and ill than when I'd left. She no longer shivered though, and I raised her to a sitting position and fed her the mash one spoonful at a time, as though she were a helpless child.

I lay the Lady down to let her rest and noticed the child slumped by the table. The book was closed and had been removed from its stand and placed flat on the table. I lifted the heavy cover and the child groaned and tried to rise. I dropped the cover and attended the exhausted child.

I took off my over tunic and wrapped her in it. I had a fantastic vision of myself slowly losing every article of clothing I carried to the ill-dressed inhabitants of this place.

The child stirred and her eyelids fluttered. Her eyes looked sore and red rimmed. I took her to the bench and spooned some of the now cold cereal into her. She ate it greedily and then slept.

I ate what was left and slept also. The cold woke me, the cold and the insistent whine of a child's voice.

"I cannot support you alone," said the voice. "You must leave or assist me. Get up you hulking brute."

I started awake and looked at the haggard child. The room was cold and damp. "Why do you not keep a fire lit, child," I said, standing and easing my cramped muscles.

"With what?" The child spat the question at me. "Do you

suggest I burn the books?"

"It's not a bad idea," I answered. "There are enough of them."

For a moment the child looked at me with a truly human expression of shock. "You do not know where you are."

I was suddenly frightened by the look of pity on Svallsn's face. "This is some arcane world of the Talent," I said. "She brought us here, and when she's recovered she'll take us back. Then you can return to your pitiful life of reading and starving. I must assume that some degenerate religious practice keeps you from eating adequately. Or does your master abuse you?"

The child laughed. It was horrible, that laugh. It was shrill and brittle, on the edge of hysteria. I turned to see if it had disturbed the Lady. She lay still. There was a wrongness in her that I recognized, but for a long moment could not acknowledge. The child continued to laugh, but I ignored it as I carefully arranged the dead Wind Talent in the shroud of my cloak.

I felt nothing for a while as I stared at the Talent's body. Then, when I did feel something, it was relief. All my duties were done. I sat on the cold bench and let my feet hang down. I watched them swing back and forth in a mesmerizing rhythm and planned where I would bury the Talent. I reflected that there would be no one to bury me. I would die here and not even my body would return to the resting place of my loved ones. I tried to feel something but all I could feel was irritation at the child's continued hysterical laughter. I struck out with a casual backhanded blow and the noise stopped.

I may have sat there a long time or only a moment, I don't know. I roused to the smell of food. I looked down and a bowl of hot cereal sat on the bench beside me. The child stood a little way off, looking, if possible, more pathetic than before. I picked up the bowl. There was no spoon and I noticed that Svallsn still held it. The child followed my gaze and with a look that mingled fear and embarrassment brought it over and handed it to me.

"Will you share this with me?" I asked, holding the bowl out to the child.

"I have eaten," said the child.

We watched each other in wary silence while I ate the cooling gruel.

In silence too, we buried the Talent. Inside the building, time had lost its meaning so that I did not know what to expect when I followed Svallsn outside. The glaring light dazzled me. It was noon of a fine clear day. The air smelled fresh and green after the musty dampness of the building. We trudged up out of the valley, back the way we had come. Had it only been the day before?

I chose the place where we had rested upon our arrival. It overlooked the valley and was shaded by the forest. The child had somehow acquired a spade and I spent the afternoon digging, taking comfort in the physical labor. The child sat nearby and watched me.

It was late when I finally settled the Talent's body for its final rest. The child helped me close the grave and then turned toward the valley, trudging down the slope with

awkward steps. I settled myself under a nearby tree and watched Svallsn's progress in the gathering darkness. The building was in shadow when the child disappeared into it.

Cold came with the darkness. I wrapped myself in the cloak that had lately been the Talent's shroud and wished I'd retrieved my tunic from the child. I had not thought past this moment. I had no more duties to fulfill but still I lived, lacking the energy to take my life. Survival was a habit and so I survived.

I spent the night where I sat, alternately dozing and thinking. At dawn I stretched my cold-cramped muscles and made my way down to the building. I had a plan. I would stock up on food from that magnificent larder and then I would go back into the forest, away from this place of death.

As I walked through the courtyard it seemed to me that it looked even more decrepit than before. My footsteps were muffled by moss grown over the stone flooring. Hadn't these stones been clean yesterday?

The air smelled of decay. My marks were only faintly visible on the damp stone walls. As I made my way through the corridors, it seemed to me that things scuttled just out of my sight in the shadows.

The odor of decay increased as I advanced toward the room built of books. I felt duty bound to ask the child's permission to take the food, even though there was more than an army could consume. But I am no thief. I had given Svallsn my tunic. It would be a fair trade.

The child was in the room of books, collapsed beneath the stone reading bench, and pale as death. The odor of decay was so strong that I thought, at first, that I had mistaken the passage of time and the child had lain dead for many days. But it lived, and, as I cradled it in my arms, an overwhelming sadness paralyzed me.

Svallsn's body was frail and light, disturbingly similar to the Lady's form near the end. What was it that made the spark of life so strong in me that I lived and lived while those around me died?

I wallowed in self-pity until the child whimpered in my arms and I was recalled to myself. The child would come with me, I decided, and I lifted the too light body and made my way to the larder.

It was from there that the stench came. Maggots and rats and all manner of vermin swarmed over the rotting remains of what had been a patriarch's feast the day before.

Fear and revulsion overwhelmed me. There was an enemy here that was beyond a warrior's skill. I clutched the child to me and fled back to my hill and my makeshift camp. The sun warmed me as I ran but could not quite drive away the chill of terror. Sweating and gasping I lay the child down near the Lady's grave. The morning sun reflected off the child's pale skin giving it an other-worldly glow. I was again convinced that this was no human child.

The child stirred in the warming sun and its eyes opened. They were green. I had not noticed this before. As I watched I realized that in fact I had not really looked at the child until this moment. I saw green eyes, red hair, and

skin the color of buttermilk. Despite the layers of dirt and the hollow eyes of exhaustion, the child was beautiful. A limp piece of red hair fell down over its face and I reached out to brush it aside. Those strange eyes watched me and when I moved the child flinched away. I withdrew my hand.

"Return me to the Library," the child croaked through dry lips.

"If you refer to that evil-infested building, I'll not return there, nor let you return," I said. I sat back on the cool moss and watched the child struggle weakly to sit. I made no attempt to help. If it wore itself out, so much the better.

"You ignorant fool," the child hissed. "Do you think this forest you love so is any different from the Library? If I don't return, the decay will reach outward in ever expanding circles until it consumes this grove and you and everything here. This place exists because of me and what I do. You and your sorcerous companion have drained me. You may not wish to live, warrior woman, but I do." The child fell back weakly.

To cover my confusion I propped it up on my folded cloak. "What is this place, and what is it that you do?" I asked, gently.

"I am the last Svallsn of this place." The child's expression changed and it looked at me closely. "The others who have come before have always known where they were. How is it that you are so ignorant?"

"Others?" I scarcely dared to breathe the word. "There are others here? Where are they?"

"They are dead, like your precious Lady," said the child, looking away from me and out toward the valley. "Every-one who comes here dies."

"Who were those others that came?" I asked.

"Talents, like your Lady," answered the child. "They lived for a day usually, never more than two. I read for them all. It's a Svallsn's duty. They're not like the Masters though, and the Reading didn't please them. I think they hardly noticed. It was sad, some of them struggled desperately to regain their magic, but of course they failed. Only a Svallsn's magic can work here. The Masters created it so."

"What happened to the Masters?" I asked quietly.

The child looked at me strangely and was silent for a while. I feared I had disturbed the moment and would get no more information. I started to rise, but the child's expression changed and I realized that it looked through me to some other time.

"The Masters' reach exceeded their grasp," said the child. "That's what Torok said. He was the best writer of all the Masters. Sometimes I Read him, just to bring him back to me for a time. In the end he and I were left, but even he could not hold back the chaos forever and one day I could no longer support his reality and he ceased to exist."

"Were the Masters an illusion?" I asked.

"No," said the child. "The Masters were real. Torok told me once that they had wished to alter reality at will, without paying the terrible price such a feat demands. So they created the Svallsns and the Library. What is skillfully written, a Svallsn can Read and make real. But it

took more and more Svallsns to maintain reality and in time the Masters could not create enough."

"Were there many Masters," I asked.

"Enough," said the child. "I remember a time when it took a day to pronounce the roll of Masters. Svallsns were forbidden to Read the Master's names but the young ones were taught to memorize the roll."

"How does this Reading work?" I asked. The child was obviously mad, but perhaps I could still learn something useful.

"Give me the Lady's journal and I'll show you," said the child.

I opened the pack and took out the tattered sheaf of mismatched papers that had been the Lady's journal. The child reached for them but I held them away. I've said that I can read, and that is true. I can read quite well, a fact that I tell to few. An educated woman, who is not a Talent, is rare and often suspect.

I glanced through the Lady's writings. She wrote in a fine, clear hand, with the specially hardened charcoal that only a Fire Talent can produce. It must have been very valuable for there are few Fire Talents left with the control to craft such a thing.

The Lady wrote in such a free and natural style that I felt that I somehow invaded her mind. Her journal was a story of life as an outlaw, pursued by both the Patriarchy and the Northerners. I read through it quickly, feeling the child's increasing impatience. I stopped reading when it started to describe that last attack. I had lived that episode and had no need to review it again.

"Very well," I signed, handing the papers over. "Do your magic reading."

The child stared at the papers. I still found it hard to associate this fixed staring with what I knew of reading. For a while nothing happened, as I expected. I began to plan our escape from this place. I would have to return to that hellish building once again for fresh water. I hoped that the well had not soured. Then we would travel back the way the Lady and I had come. We would take easy stages, for this mad child was weak and I would have to forage for food.

My mind kept turning to the last fight and our escape. It had been treachery and a traitor Earth Talent's skill that had defeated us. I heard a cry and looked up. The Earth Talent Galonde stood before me rooted in the earth like an ancient tree. She raised her arms above her head and her lips moved in silent incantation. Around her the battle raged. I saw the captain shouting orders, his sleeping robe still entangled in his shield arm. I tried to reach him, to become his shield, but I was too late, as I had been before. He died at the hands of the enemy and the Earth Talent stood unscathed in the chaos of battle.

I searched for the Wind Talent. She stood slightly apart in a kind of oasis of calm. I ran to her and a great wind came up and the earth tilted. The Wind Talent stood stiffly, as though frozen, and I picked up her icy-cold body and ran.

I knew this was not real. But the Lady felt real and solid and I could not abandon my duty. I ran into the forest as I

had that other time and then I stood alone panting and sweating. I looked around and saw the child collapsed upon my cloak. The Lady's journal had fallen to the ground and an errant breeze ruffled the ragged pages. My legs felt weak and I sat where I had stood, shaking with cold and reaction.

I looked down toward the fortress. Did the child's story explain the strange things I had seen? Would this world dissolve without the child's help? The child believed so. A great tiredness came over me and I moved to lean against the tree. I didn't want to think about these things. Perhaps I was only this child's ephemeral reality and not a true person at all. If I slept would I wake again?

Sleep called me and my eyes grew heavy. Perhaps that was best, to sleep and slip from the child's tragic reality, and my own. My mind wandered and I recalled the past that had become my own reality. I wondered idly if Svallsn could recall my loved ones. I both envied and pitied the long-dead Masters. It would be a great temptation to keep the child forever reliving the past. These thoughts were strangely painful and I shied away from them to review the battle as I had seen it first and then as I had relived it. There were differences. I had not seen the Earth Talent the first time. I did not know her, so how had I known her name? Now I remembered other differences, things that only the Lady could have known.

All temptation to sleep fled and I rose and retrieved the Lady's journal. I read it gingerly as though too great an involvement might once more reanimate the dead.

I found the passage. The Lady described the traitorous Earth Talent as I had seen her. She believed that Galonde had bent the earth's reality to throw us into this shadow world. She wrote of it as though she knew it meant her death. Perhaps this was how Talents killed each other off, using this child's tragic and lonely existence as a killing ground.

I looked up and saw the child watching me. "Has a Talent ever come and left again?" I asked.

"Not since Torok's time," said the child.

We watched each other warily and I tried to think.

Svallsn stood weakly and walked away to stand at the edge of the grove and look down into the valley. "I must go back," the child said, making no move to do so.

"I may know a way to leave this place," I said.

The child turned so quickly that I thought it would fall. "No." The word was a harsh whisper, as though the unthinkable had been spoken.

I stood and approached. The child stepped back in fear and I stopped short. I remained silent.

"Where would we go?" the child finally asked. "How would we live?"

"We would go back from where I came," I said. "You would live with me, at least for a time, until you could make your own way," I added, thinking the child feared trading one kind of slavery for another.

"What of my life here?" asked the child in a choked whisper.

"This is not a life you lead." I felt tears come to my eyes and I spoke with more force than I intended. "Here you

relive the past over and over. There is great risk in going forward, risk of pain and loss. But to remain is to die. We must all die, but let our deaths have some dignity or meaning. Let us not perish of the numbing futility of clinging to what was but is no longer. Help me escape and come with me."

Tears blinded me, and I felt the child take my hand. Its touch was cold and dry. The sharp bones of its hand were vulnerable as the fragile bones of a bird. I bent to face the child and it withdrew its hand from mine and touched the tears on my face. I blinked and saw answering tears in Svallsn's eyes. I pulled the child into a fierce embrace, cradling it in my arms, taking comfort.

We remained that way for a long time in the gathering darkness. A cold and ominous breeze came from the valley and I fancied I could smell decay and death on it.

Finally the child pulled away and said, "If we are to escape, tell me your plan."

We worked through the night, making a final trip to the fortress together. The child would have gone alone but I forbid it with a vehemence that surprised us both. We gathered what we needed, and quickly fled the accelerating decay.

Svallsn held the torch for me while I worked. I guess that dawn was not far off by the time I was ready.

Svallsn looked over my work, made suggestion and finally nodded approval.

This time I was ready for it, but even so I was overwhelmed. The sounds of battle and the killing lust were strangely split between two awarenesses, as if I had not inserted my changes skillfully enough. I staggered toward my dying captain and at the last minute wrenched myself toward the Earth Talent. Suddenly I was in control. I swept her up in my embrace, her solid little body so unlike the wraith-like Wind Talent.

The Earth Talent was in a deep trance. She grew heavier as I carried her, as though her earth-bound Talent pulled her ever more insistently toward its source. I staggered and almost fell, then lurched towards the woods and prayed that the Earth Talent's trance made her oblivious to what was happening.

I looked up and could see nothing of the sky through the ceiling of branches. Hadn't I been able to see the stars before? I staggered on into the nightmare. I did not try to see the sky again. This would either succeed or it wouldn't and I had no strength but what was needed to follow the path.

Suddenly the Earth Talent came awake in my arms. I looked down into warm brown eyes. The eyes were so dark that the pupils were invisible. They were as deep as a well and they invited me in.

I staggered to a halt and was compelled to set the Talent down. She never spoke but moved in that expansive gesture I had seen before. Her lips moved silently and I felt the world tilt. I dove toward the Talent and we spun down into a black well of earth.

The dark was absolute and I closed my eyes so that I would stop straining to see. My ears hurt with the silence of it and I was paralyzed with fear. This was not what was

meant to happen.

I felt suspended and terror gripped me. I feared that I would spend eternity in this nothingness.

Something moved in my arms and I realized that I still held the Earth Talent. I pushed down my terror and tightened my hold.

A melodious voice spoke words I could not understand. The tone was warm and loving and the senseless words washed over me. I tightened my hold and the Talent cried out.

"You play your games with me and I'll crush you," I said. My voice sounded strangely flat in the dead air.

The Talent struggled ineffectively. She was powerful but clumsy.

"Release me from this place," I said.

I felt the Earth Talent stiffen and then go limp as death. Something jogged my shoulder and I opened my eyes.

Svallsn stood over me, and the unfamiliar stars stared down through the sparse branches at the edge of the wood. The Earth Talent lay limp in my embrace.

With an effort I relaxed my arms and let the limp body fall back onto the ground.

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"Excellent," said Svallsn, coldly. "We are still in this place and now we have yet another useless dying Talent."

I looked down at Galonde and a trick of starlight and shadow made her appear to melt into the ground. I grabbed Svallsn and threw us down onto the Earth Talent.

The nothingness engulfed us again and my tired arms trembled in the strain of holding onto Svallsn and the Earth Talent. This time I felt our bodies slam into the hard earth and the Talent became a clump of roots and moss in my arms.

Svallsn and I picked ourselves up gingerly. We had landed on a kind of mound. Looking around I saw other such mounds in the darkness and I knew that we were in a burial ground of the Northerners.

The sky was gray with dawn but I saw familiar stars fade in the coming light. I was home.

The stench of death still hung over the field and I saw that the Earth Talent had returned us to the battle site. These were fresh mounds, hastily formed, and I wondered if I had somehow resurrected the Earth Talent from her grave, and now she had returned to her beloved earth.

"We've lost the journal," said Svallsn.

I looked down at the exhausted child. The morning breeze was chill but I grinned. "We've lost the cloak," I answered.

The beautiful alien features relaxed into a hesitant answering smile. "Will we be cold without it?" asked Svallsn.

"Perhaps," I said, and taking the child's cold hand in mine, I led us away, toward the rising sun. As we walked, the sun rose higher and the child's hand grew warm in my grasp.

"But then," I said, more to myself than to Svallsn, "perhaps not."

THE SECOND ANNUAL ISFiC WRITERS' CONTEST

ISFiC proudly announces the winners of the Second Annual ISFiC Writers' Contest:

THE LIBRARY

by

Eugena M. Hayden

1st Place

and

DEADLY CIRCUMSTANCES

by

David L. E. McGillem

Honorable Mention

and

EMERETHA

by

Amy Schaefer

Honorable Mention

ISFiC and the judges would like to thank those who submitted stories for this year's contest. We hope you will continue to participate in our contest, and that you take advantage of the programming Windycon offers for aspiring authors, such as Barry Longyear's Writer's Workshop and the editorial/publishing panels.

MALLWORLD FOOD GUIDE

WELCOME TO MALLWORLD! You have arrived in the area that holds what used to be this planet's largest shopping mall. There are more restaurants per square inch in the Woodfield area than you can possibly imagine, especially along Golf and Algonquin Roads. Needless to say, your reviewers could not research every one of them -- but, boy, did we try! The following list is by no means complete; we just listed our favorites.

The restaurants in the Hyatt are not listed, since we figure you can scope those out yourself. As there may be a Domino's Pizza hot line arranged by the Concom, no pizza delivery places are listed either.

The Mall itself has a number of restaurants that range from the incredibly cheap to your typical yuppie theme restaurant. They are listed below with their phone numbers. Woodfield Mall's hours are 10-9 Friday, 10-7 Saturday, and 11-6 Sunday.

If you have access to a car, cruise up and down Golf and Algonquin Roads for additional restaurants that might strike your fancy. Another source of restaurants is Mall Drive, where you will find such places as Red Lobster, Sizzler, and Barry's Ribs. Since this is Mallworld, after all, you can probably find any cuisine your heart and tummy desire.

A map has been included to help you find the restaurants. Dominick's and Jewel supermarkets, located at Golf and Roselle, are 24-hour grocery stores; Jewel has liquor, mostly beer and wine. Action Liquors, a good liquor store, is located southwest of the intersection of Rte. 53 and Algonquin Rd., near the Sakura Restaurant (location 34 on the map).

The Atrium (36) A good, expensive businessperson's restaurant.

Bakers Square (47) Specialty pies to die for. French Silk is a chocoholic's dream.

Bay Street (1) Walking distance from the Hyatt. This just opened recently, but since the Concom would not spring for dinner, even for purely investigative purposes, your reviewers cannot comment based on first-hand knowledge. We have been told it is good and is moderate to expensive. Exit the hotel's main door, turn left. (If you can't find this one...)

Bennigan's (11) A yuppie restaurant with lots of things hanging from the walls. Price range is from \$4.50 to \$10.00 for entrees.

The Black Pearl (29) This restaurant has an all-you-can-eat buffet of Chinese food. Very reasonably priced; lunch at about \$5.00 -- about \$9.00 for dinner.

Bob Evan's (13) A chain restaurant that serves southern

style food. Personal checks are accepted with proper ID.

Copperfield's (15) A cozy, comfortable bistro. Prices are moderate to expensive.

Gino's East (56) Very good thick pizza. Voted #1 by *Chicago Magazine* for deep-dish pizza. Do you like to write on walls?

Happi Sushi (not on map; 14 N. Vail, Arl. Hghts.) If you adore sushi and lots of other Japanese food, this is another great restaurant. The ambience in this restaurant is authentic Japanese. This is a Japanese restaurant the Japanese themselves go to. Great place.

Houlihan's (3) This is across the street from the hotel! Typical yuppie restaurant. They have a brunch on Sunday that is ok. Exit front doors and keep walking. (Again, if you can't find this one...)

House of Hunan (12) A good Chinese restaurant. A bit on the expensive side. They have a hot and sour soup that is pretty good. Located in Woodfield Commons Shopping Mall, and easy to miss.

Koreana (25) One of the reviewers (the one that loves Oriental food) thinks this place is very good. They serve about 5-6 side dishes, including your own personal serving of kim-chee, with dinner. The price range is \$7.00 to \$15.00. Located in Salem Plaza Shopping Center.

Old Country Buffet (51) Located in the Algonquin Mills Mall, this is another all-you-can-eat buffet.

Real Seafood Co. (28) Good seafood. Moderate to expensive. They have a paella dish that is out of this world.

Ritzzy's (38) A good yuppie restaurant. Good value for money spent.

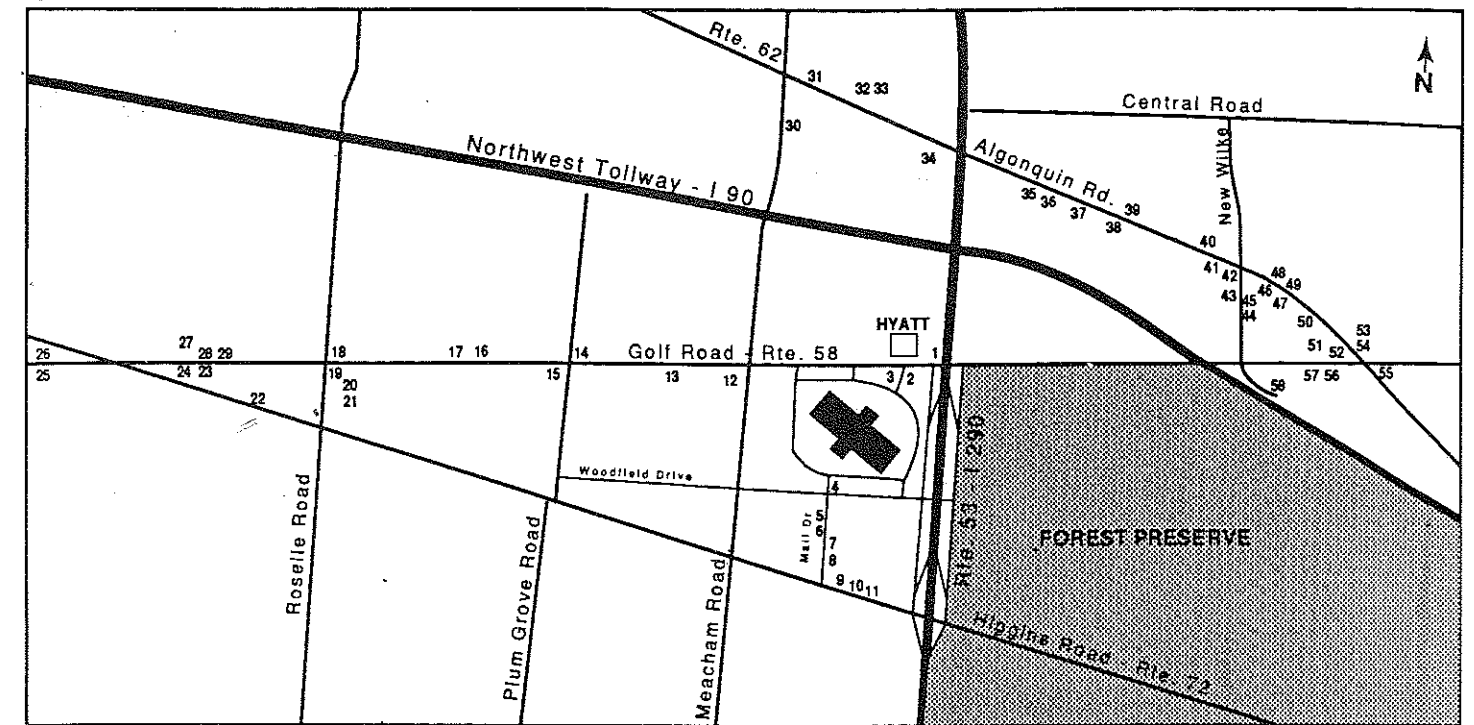
Roy Roger's (in the mall) Good roast beef sandwiches that are better than the average fast food place.

Sakura (34) An extremely good Japanese restaurant. Your reviewers cannot recommend this restaurant highly enough. A tad difficult to get to, but well worth the effort. Located in Meadow Square Shopping Center.

Sizzler (6) If you like all-you-can-eat places, this is a good one. They have a salad bar that can be a meal by itself.

Smiling Buddha (27) An extremely good Chinese restaurant. The dishes are mild to very hot. Tricky to find, but worth the effort. Turn into the drive right after Real Seafood. It will be on your left.

Yu's (21) Again with the Oriental restaurants yet! This restaurant will make the best Chinese noodle dishes almost right before your very eyes. Lunches range from \$3.85 to \$5.00. Dinners are more expensive: \$6.00-\$12.00. Relatively close-by if you have a car, but about a half hour walk from the hotel.



AREA RESTAURANTS

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| 1 BAY STREET
2000 E. Golf, Schaumburg
884-1818 | 16 FUDDRUCKER'S
436 E. Golf, Schaumburg
519-9390 | 31 VICTOR'S RESTAURANT
1450 E. Algonquin, Schm.
397-4500 | 46 MCDONALD'S
1875 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
806-0660 |
| 2 RUSTY SCUPPER
1925 E. Golf, Schaumburg
885-0605 | 17 CARLOS MURPHY'S
406 E. Golf, Schaumburg
884-6662 | 32 SWENSON'S ICE CREAM
1602 E. Algonquin, Schm.
397-9100 | 47 BAKERS SQUARE
1755 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
806-1165 |
| 3 HOULIHAN'S
1901 E. Golf, Schaumburg
885-0002 | 18 CHURCH'S CHICKEN
1245 N. Roselle, Schaumburg
885-2595 | 33 LA MARGARITA
1626 E. Algonquin, Schm.
397-7200 | 48 TACO BELL
1530 W. Algonquin, Arl. Hghts.
259-9702 |
| 4 GARFIELD'S BAR & GRILL
1700 Woodfield Dr., Schm.
310-1700 | 19 DERBY STREET
1185 N. Roselle, Hoff. Est.
882-6663 | 34 SAKURA RESTAURANT
4011 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
397-2166 | 49 DOWN THE HATCH
1414 W. Algonquin, Arl. Hghts.
259-6880 |
| 5 RED LOBSTER
680 Mall Dr., Schaumburg
885-0500 | 20 BLACK FOREST
1129 N. Roselle, Hoff. Est.
882-5822 | 35 DON MOY RESTAURANT
3201 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
398-0280; carryouts: 398-0560 | 50 PIZZA HUT
1575 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
956-0555 |
| 6 SIZZLER STEAK HOUSE
650 Mall Dr., Schaumburg
882-8667 | 21 YU'S MANDARIN REST.
1063 N. Roselle, Hoff. Est.
882-5340 | 36 THE ATRIUM
3223 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
259-7070 | 51 OLD COUNTRY BUFFET
1400 E. Golf Rd., Roll. Mdws.
981-8996 |
| 7 EL TORITO
601 Mall Dr., Schaumburg
843-7570 | 22 POPEYE'S FRIED CHICKEN
300 W. Higgins, Schaumburg
490-0400 | 37 RUSSELL'S BARBEQUE
2885 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
259-5710 | 52 PRIME TABLE
1401 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
253-0100 |
| 8 BARRY'S RIBS & MORE
555 Mall Dr., Schaumburg
490-1000 | 23 DUNKIN' DONUTS
451 W. Golf, Schaumburg
844-9680 | 38 RITZY'S CAFE & BAKEREI
2765 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
253-8027 | 53 MOY FONG'S
932 W. Algonquin, Arl. Hghts.
259-9422 |
| 9 DENNY'S RESTAURANT
1700 E. Higgins, Schm.
885-9775 | 24 CESARE'S
500 W. Higgins, Schaumburg
884-7730 | 39 OYSTER REEF RESTAURANT
1742 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
255-6260 | 54 SIEGELMAN'S DELI & REST.
912 W. Algonquin, Arl. Hghts.
398-0222 |
| 10 WENDY'S
1776 E. Higgins, Schm.
885-2005 | 25 KOREANA RESTAURANT
1123 N. Salem, Schaumburg
882-3690 | 40 LONE'S HUNAN REST.
1720 Algonquin Roll Mdws..
259-1818 | 55 FORUM RESTAURANT
798 W. Algonquin, Arl. Hghts.
439-4111 |
| 11 BENNIGAN'S TAVERN
1770 E. Higgins, Schm.
884-7785 | 26 WHITE CASTLE
1100 W. Golf, Hoff. Est.
882-3891 | 41 BROWN'S CHICKEN
1911 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
255-7310 | 56 ORIGINAL GINO'S EAST
1321 W. Golf, Rolling Meadows
364-6644 |
| 12 HOUSE OF HUNAN
1223 E. Golf, Schaumburg
882-1166 | 27 SMILING BUDDA
1220 Valley Lake Dr., Schm.
843-0095 | 42 BURGER KING
1901 Algonquin, Roll. Mdws.
255-9310 | 57 ARBY'S ROAST BEEF
1331 W. Golf, Rolling Meadows
228-0790 |
| 13 BOB EVAN'S
935 E. Golf, Schaumburg
885-8085 | 28 REAL SEAFOOD CO.
216 W. Golf, Schaumburg
885-2212 | 43 PEPE'S MEXICAN REST.
5153 New Wilke, Roll. Mdws.
577-7373 | 58 RUPERT'S RIBS & CHOPS
1701 W. Golf, Rolling Meadows
952-8555 |
| 14 CATTLE COMPANY REST.
800 E. Golf, Schaumburg
490-0810 | 29 THE BLACK PEARL
28 W. Golf, Schaumburg
843-1555 | 44 KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN
New Wilke & Algonquin, R.M.
255-0820 | |
| 15 COPPERFIELD'S
795 E. Golf, Schaumburg
843-1956 | 30 THE SAFARI CLUB
1925 N. Meacham, Schm.
397-2666 | 45 LONG JOHN SILVER'S
5500 New Wilke, Roll. Mdws.
259-5588 | |

FOOD IN THE MALL

Arby's.....	310-1777	Lucky's Diner.....	882-8900
A&W.....	884-1617	McDonald's.....	843-0290
Baskin-Robbins.....	882-8155	Mrs. Field's Cookies.....	885-2050
Boudin Bakery.....	884-7797	O'Connell's Restaurant.....	882-1900
Cookie Factory Bakery.....	490-0121	Roy Roger's Family Restaurant.....	490-0450
Grandma's Tureen.....	519-1947	Sbarro.....	882-9356
John's Garage.....	885-0046	Taste of Baker's Square.....	843-0404
Leann Chin's.....	519-9530	Vie de France.....	882-6623

