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— Piers Anthony

"Outstanding!"
Andre Norton

"Engaging!"
Publishers Weekly

THE SHATTERED WORLD

MICHAEL REAVES

A millennium ago magicians fought a war,
and smashed the world into a thousand pieces.
Horried at the destruction,
they set the fragments to floating about each other
in the Abyss and supplied them with
an atmosphere that men and beasts could breathe.

But that was long ago.
In a thousand years even sorcerers grow old,
and so do their spells.
Already pieces of the Shattered World
begin to collide...

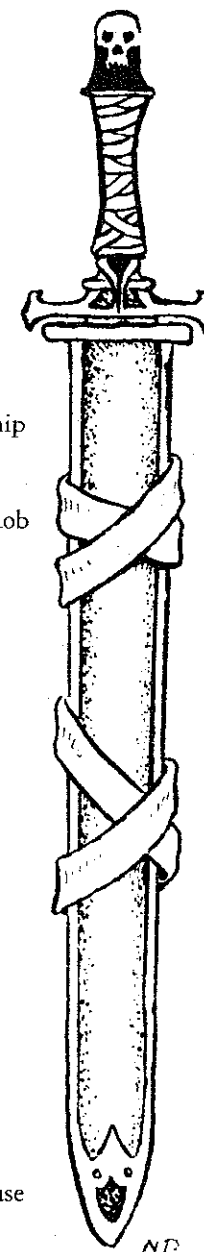


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Letter from the Chair

Gentlemen,

Lo, these many years of toiling at the peon level have finally paid off. They let me run a convention of my own! So, for all you toilers at the bottom, let me tell you what you have to look forward to: long hours, midnight calls, pleas for larger budgets, numerous bank inquiries, legalities, hotel demands, and other equally exciting events. There's a lot of the mundane in running cons.

That's why this year, to keep my mind from "mundanifying," I commissioned our Special Events department to come up with something unique and totally fannish. I think they've succeeded beyond my wildest nightmares.

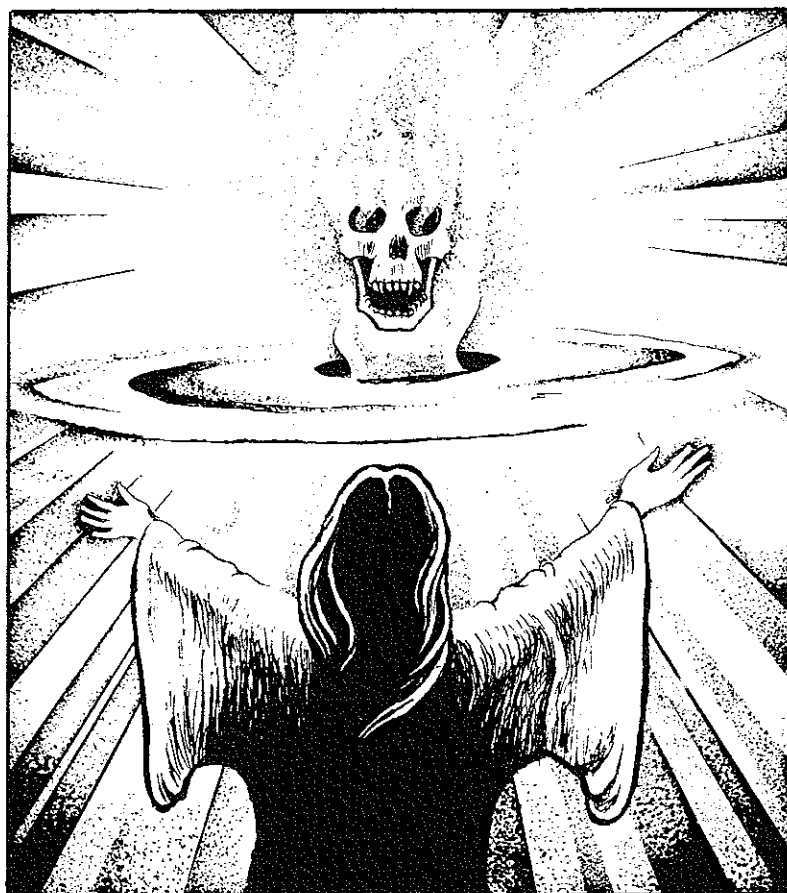
The entire senior staff of Windycon XI has put long hours of blood, sweat, and tears into this con, and I can't thank them enough. To all of you, my undying gratitude.

I know all of this has been a lot of work, but, I hope, fun as well.

Fen, I hope you have as much fun at the con as we did in preparing it for you.

Fannishly Yours,

Kathleen Meyer



Doering 8.0

Pro Guest of Honor - Alan Dean Foster

by Peter M. Spizzirri

I first met Alan Dean Foster at Lloyd Biggle's second annual Science Fiction Oral History Conference. Alan is not your ordinary author. He is more seriously alive and determined than most people can handle. Alan pursues his mind's ideal, and he is happily relentless.

If you've never met Alan, he is very easy to spot at a convention. He is the healthiest writer I have ever met. This man is in shape, and it isn't a matter of lucky genes. On Halloween night in 1982, Alan, who had not been a member of his high school athletic teams, decided to see if he could remodel his body. So there he was, 36 years old and determined to resurrect his youth, vim and vigor. Today, as a monolith aborning in the realm of science fiction, Alan has also established an enviable physical stature. Don't get this man mad in a long dark alley or con suite hallway, folks, or he could teach you new physical relationships not found in Einsteinian relativity.

Amidst his physical reconstruction and reorganization, Alan Dean Foster has become one of the men I most admire in the family of science fiction. You can feel his desire to reach out and touch your mind in his voice. 'My aliens are my best people,' Alan will say with conviction, and if you corner him for some straight conversation you'll discover that it is his concern for the human condition that prompts such wonderful aliens. With a family of five cats, five dogs, a host of fish and a six foot long boa constrictor named Sam for daily companionship (oh yes, and his wife Joann), Alan still feels first about people.

His first college degree was awarded in political science, and perhaps is the source of the complex yet reachable worlds, cultures and individuals that fill each novel and story. Flinx and Pip, the heroes of the first four books of the Humanx Commonwealth series, are warm examples of characters that make a book too short. You feel a strange wash of loneliness rise over you as you realize you're on the last page. It is not just the well-organized structure of the novel or the logical ordering of Alan's universe that causes this feeling; it is the sense of the man, the author, that hangs in your mind as you have empathized with his creations.

Alan Dean Foster is a special person. He is a man who volunteers to help worthy causes in the science fiction community, and a man who tries to find the chains that bind and rip us apart. He knows his weaknesses and chases them to develop new strengths. He gives us heroes who share our own problems and pathos. His books always suggest that there is a way to become better than you are, or better than your present situation seems to allow.

As always, Alan has a plethora of current projects. He is doing the novelization of Michael Douglas's new film *Starman*, a computer game book for Warner titled *Shadowkeep*—which he claims is the hardest book he has ever worked on, a new novel to be published by Del Rey entitled *Sentenced to Prism*, the fifth Spellsinger book, *The Perturbations of the Perambulator*, to be published by Warner; also coming from Warner is *Into the Out Of*, a fantasy novel with a somewhat modern day real setting of otherwise undisclosed content, and since he was in the middle of all this relaxation, Alan and his wife Joann spent the month of July in Africa.

See what I mean, seriously alive!
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Joan Hanke-Woods eats raw flesh

Observations from Nippon - America

ROGERS PARK (ISFIC)—It is not yet December 7th, but the apartment already shows signs of a Japanese invasion. The futon is late. We have to postpone, but definitely not cancel, the sushi. As one of the two residents of this apartment is an employee of the intended restaurant, we figure that the reservation will be secure.

The other resident, whom we will call The Artist, ranks a 3rd kyu in Kyokushin Karate, and is filling the environment with Kitaro's hypnotic synthesized meditations. The Artist's ancestry is not Japanese but German, mostly, with smatterings of the rest of Northern Europe. Thus her eyes do not slant. Yet, anyway.

In the Reporter's apartment, five blocks west on the same street, there are more pieces of artwork by The Artist than by any other. There are calligraphed song lyrics that accompany Christmas cards. There is a name tag recieved as a housewarming gift. There is the cover of a Worldcon publication otherwise best forgotten. Small samples appear everywhere. There is even a copy of a theatre program hanging in The Reporter's office for purposes of confounding accountants.

A few observations about these items: 1) The detail is extraordinary, like a 000 Rapidograph pen wielded by a finch. 2) In the middle of a stark and ethereal landscape, the head of an incredibly silly-looking lizard/alien pops up without warning or reason. 3) A lot of them look spooky/mean at first glance, with scratchy lines and stylized figures, but they get friendlier (fiendlier?) as you look at them over the passage of minutes, months, and even years—like something alive. 4) I love this stuff. . . Joan Hanke-Woods should win the Hugo.

She has been nominated for Fan Artist enough times by now, (five), and each balloting garners her a touch more notice in the World-Where-They-Don't-Care-About-the-Cubs. But few Chicago fans need the introduction. Her drawings and paintings have graced Windycon and Capricon art shows and publications for many years, in a style that no one else has approached.

"People have compared my work with the pulp magazine illustrations of the '30's and '40's," she says, "and I appreciate that comparison. My grandfather taught me to read when I was about four years old, during the late '40's, using his son's science fiction and fantasy pulps in the attic." Joan herself draws inspiration from the early-renaissance German engraver Albrecht Durer, and the Dutchman Escher and their aesthetic kin. She knows her art history and art current, but spends less time studying other works of art than observing their inspiration.

"I'm more interested in looking about and reading. For science fiction art particularly, reading is its true source. Technique is the form that, consciously or unconsciously, follows its function."

Joan's artwork—and Joan—first encountered science fiction fandom at MidAmericon in 1976. It was her first convention, 'a place where a refugee from the acid realm of 1966 San Francisco could discover another, more positive, aspect of awareness. She did not enter fandom tentatively. "I exploited every aspect I could see. I devoured all of the progress reports in one lump late in that hot summer, generating excitement and believing every word!" In Kansas City, at one of his booksignings, Robert Heinlein suddenly grasped her hand and kissed it. She gave blood (not a causal relationship). She entered the masquerade as the Viking I Lander, simultaneously miming during that Earthtime evening its actual descent to the Martian surface. She won the prize for "most original" costume. She wore her first formal dress since high school proms (which never, never count).

And, oh yes, she entered the last Trimble-run Worldcon art show to sell three out of eight pieces. "I'd found my first real patronage." She was hooked.

"MidAmericon revealed both the sweet and sour aspects of fandom in a recipe of lunacy that I found most palatable. I haven't tasted the full sweetness yet, a Hugo would be nice. Yet I'm less disappointed than it would seem, as I have been concentrating on Karate during the past 18 months. I'm learning not to be such a wimp. It's a new and unexpected love affair requiring a tremendous dedication in body practice as well. The most difficult test of fandom came when I was so distracted by this outrageously handsome Japanese, Shihan, and fandom has withstood the trial."

Joan of course intends to work up more things for Windycon. Once the futon gets delivered and the new apartment assumes a livable aspect. And the last crunch at work gets crunched back to manageable size (she works currently as an artist/typesetter somewhere in Evanston, and likes her work). At the time of this writing, it would only prove embarrassing to predict what is hanging in the Art Show as you read this. Look for more color work. She is experiment-

Toastmaster - A.J. Budrys

by Peter M. Spizzirri

At Windycon IX, A. J. had the privilege of showing up at the guest of honor speeches just a bit ahead of Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson. Being a very warm person of genial disposition, he approached the speaker's platform and told the small but growing audience that the other speakers were still in the bar. The other speakers included that very smooth personage of Bob Tucker. A groan went up from the audience. A. J., once again being that special kind of human being that won't let a fan suffer if he can help it, did not relinquish the speaker's microphone, no, indeed he couldn't. Some of the same pleasant fans that he would give up his right paragraph to protect and nurture were growling at him. Being also astute and wise in the ways of the human animal and mob psychology, A. J. decided to entertain the throng until the arrival of literary reinforcements, or at least Bob Tucker, who could talk or finesse his way out of any long, loud silence.

I really like A. J. and his wife, Edna. Heck, I must be one of the few people in all the world who even has her autograph, but I will not demur: A. J. made a grave error. He tried his stint as a stand-up comedian. Now you have to understand, of all of A. J.'s talents, such as singing or pure oratory, I would have expected this wonderful man to pull a rabbit out of his hat before I heard his entire repertoire of light bulb jokes. But no, 'How many University of Chicago graduate students does it take to change a light bulb?' filtered up to the podium and A. J., grasping at everything less than the proverbial straws, went for the ride.

Now comes apology time! You see, A. J. was not less than entertaining, he was more than entertaining. Except for Bob Tucker kissing Fred and Jack toward the end of the evening's ceremonies, A. J.'s impromptu warm-up performance was one of the most enjoyable and memorable parts of any con I've ever been to and loved.

A. J. Budrys is a very honest and kind man in a very harsh and uncaring world. A fan as well as a pro, and book reviewer for *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, A. J. is the kind of guy who once walked into a panel at Windycon X that featured Marty Greenburg, and proclaimed him the finest living anthologist of our time. Subtle, eh?

I have seen A. J.'s homemade computer workstation for his souped-up Atari and I will guarantee that there is a workaholic buried in the decency and fine gentle aspects of this Lithuanian-at-heart.

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Joan Hanke-Woods

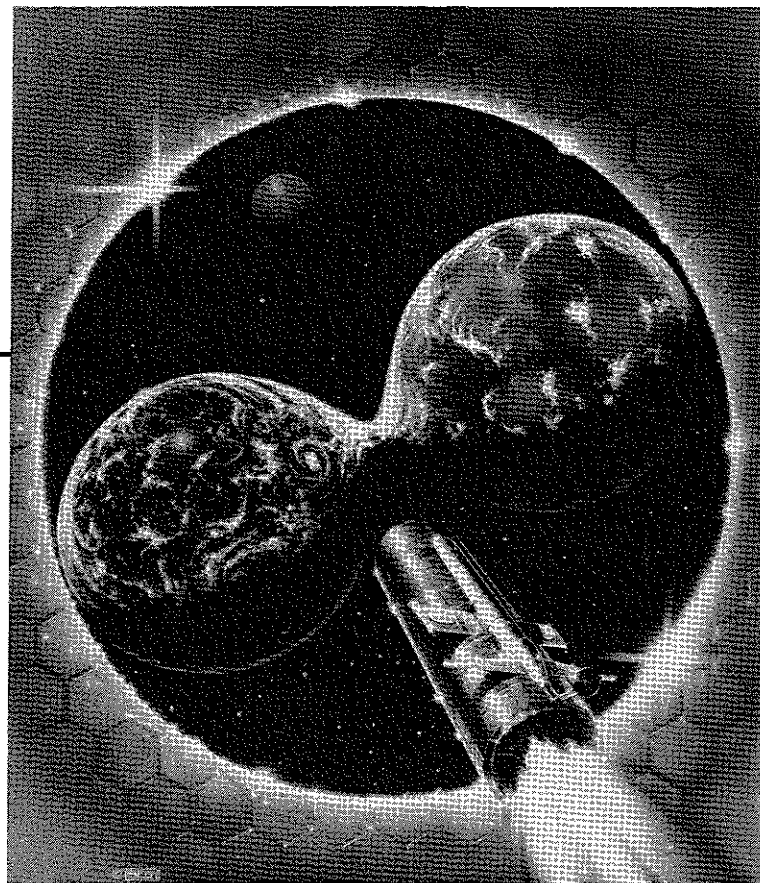
ing with gouache in bruised hands and hopefully airbrushing done with killer toes in addition to the usual acrylics "as you can achieve more detail," she says. This figures.

A few observations about The Artist: 1) She tends to talk in italics. 2) A notable fan once complimented her with the comment: "Why, Joan, you enjoy food as much as a fat person!" 3) Bob Tucker is writing her GOH speech (he has extracted the promise that she "will deliver it precisely as it is written!") as she feels ill-at-ease addressing an audience, thinking she has nothing to say. 4) She does.

"I find fandom infuriating," she says, "like a lover: thrills, chills, broken promises, new awareness and unrequited love." She has been a guest of honor at several conventions in the Midwest (in the Wimp Zone) and Out West (not in the Wimp Zone), but this is her first to occur in the gritty red-brick womb of her hometown, Chicago.

This is not a GOH to be tiptoed around for fear of being offensive merely with your presence. Introduce yourself to a shy GOH-person. Buy her some Ika or Toro or Hamichi uramaki sushi!!!! Don't bother getting her a futon, as hers finally was delivered, but otherwise become as friendly (or fiendly?) as is her artwork. Joan's too nice to go unrequited. Lisa Golliday, October 23, 1984, Chicago Illinois.

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Special Events Programming

Opening Ceremonies

The doors to Regency Ballrooms A-D will open at 7:30pm Friday, half an hour before opening ceremonies. Be there by eight to help turn on the convention. You'll have a chance to meet our Guests of Honor, Alan Dean Foster and Joan Hanke Woods, who will be introduced by Toastmaster A. J. Budrys.

After speechifying, there will be a short intermission while we reset the room for the...

FanOlympics: The Games will start around 9:30pm. We'll need three-person teams, probably no more than eight of them, so be early if you want to join in. All events are spectator sports, of course.

—*Tribble Put*: Well, you've heard of shotput, haven't you?

—*Frisbee Freestyle*: How many flying saucers can you land on the head of a pin?

—*Horizontal Mountain Climbing*: For your safety, gravity will be rotated 90 degrees.

—*The Puntatbalon*: No deviation, hesitation, or repetition. Punsters will be ranked by stopwatch and audience response.

—*Gafiation*: This may be your last chance...

Saturday Night Bazaar

Saturday night's entertainment opens with a scientific bazaar (well, spell it the other way if you prefer); this will incorporate the Masquerade/Fancy Dress Party. As we envision it, the bazaar will be underway by 8:00pm. We'd love it if all costumers would show up and enjoy the madness for a while before joining the parade across the stage in the middle of the bazaar.

There will be floor judging as well as the parade, so feel free to mingle if you prefer. Please take notice (but not umbrage!): the parade will be one of many events going on, although sight lines and lighting will be designed to draw the crowd's attention to the stage. So please, don't write a routine needing either music or a microphone. The bazaar never stops...

Other entertainments planned include face-painting, fortune tellers, and a skiffy bake sale—you get the idea. (Bring small change.) We've even imported belly-dancers: Troupe Mon-Haar, from Minneapolis.

And finally, we are most pleased to announce The Chicon Reunion Show of Fandom's finest jugglers, COSMOS & CHAOS. Ro Lutz-Nagy and Steve Leigh (aided and abetted by Frank Johnson and Chicago's own Ben Zuhl) will attempt to juggle their way into the Guinness Book of Records. As always, we plan to pass the hat, with profits going to TAFF and DUFF.

Steve and Ro will follow their performance by leading a group juggle. We encourage all jugglers to bring their own gear (labeled!) and join in. Can we find fifty jugglers? A hundred? Join in and juggle till you drop...

And there will be plenty of time to drop later. After the bazaar (before midnight?) we will segue into the dance. Select Friends will slip your discs for some hours... Survivors will adjourn to the ConSuite to breakfast on fresh croissants and coffee. Sleep well!

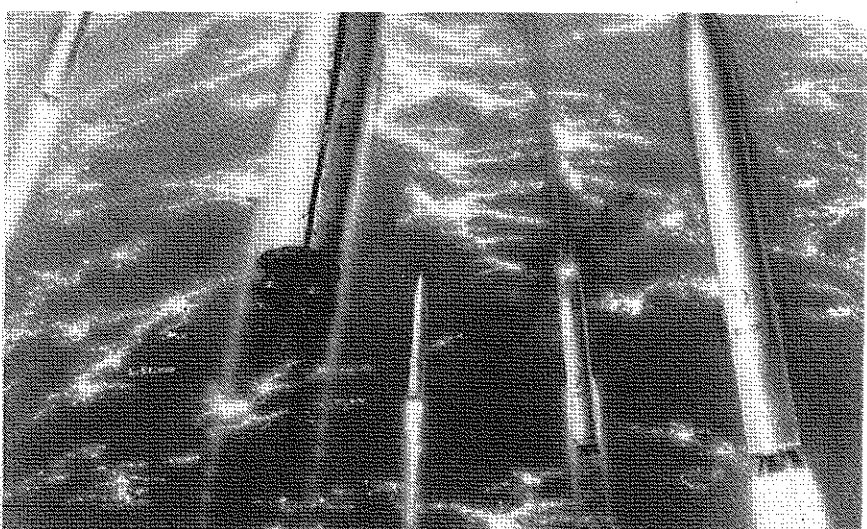
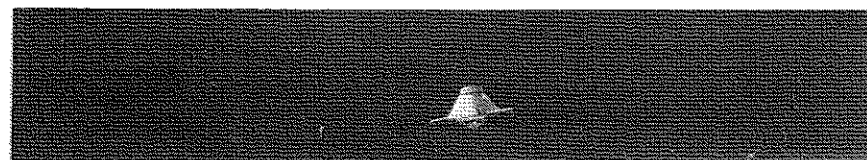
ADDENDA

Gaming will be held on the third floor. Follow the signs.

Folksinging is expected to occur on the fifth floor on Friday and Saturday nights beginning about 10:00pm.

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Notes on Our Special Guests

Jerry Ahern is author of the Survivalist series and the novel, *The Takers*

Robert Asprin and Lynn Abbey recently co-edited number 6 of the Thieves' World series, *Wings of Omen*.

Robin Bailey wrote *Frost*. Robin also has 2 new novels coming in 1985, including a sequel to *Frost*.

David Brin wrote the 1984 Hugo and Nebula award-winning novel, *Startide Rising*.

Jarrold Comstock is the originator of the Lawless Worlds series.

Glen Cook has several series in progress, the most recent being The Black Company series.

Phyllis Eisenstein has been nominated for the Hugo for her shorter fiction. She is working on the sequel to *Sorcerer's Son*.

Frank Kelly Freas has just published a collection of his art, *A Separate Star*.

Roland Green recently collaborated with Gordon R. Dickson on *Jamie the Red*.

Martin Harry Greenberg edited *Great SF Stories #12* and *Super Man*, co-edited with Isaac Asimov.

Barry Longyear is scheduled to premiere *It Came from Schenectady* on December 3rd.

Frederick Pohl recently published *Pohl Stars*, a collection of short stories. He is working on a sequel to *Space Merchants*.

Mike Resnick is best known for the Tales of the Velvet Comet series.

Wilson 'Bob' Tucker recently re-issued *Ice and Iron*.

Jack Williamson just finished *Wonder's Child*, his autobiography.

Gene Wolfe is the author of the Book of the New Sun series and *Free Live Free*.

Autograph Schedule

Saturday

10:00am Fred Pohl, Frank Kelly Freas, Phyllis Eisenstein

11:00am Bob Asprin, Lynn Abbey, A.J. Budrys

NOON David Brin, Bob Tucker, Gene Wolfe

2:00pm Barry Longyear, Jarrod Comstock/Ellen Kozak

3:00pm Alan Dean Foster, Jerry Ahern, Martin Greenberg

4:00pm Mike Resnick, Roland Green, Glen Cook

The N3F Lives!

Yes, the National Fantasy Fan Federation, a 43-year-old SF & F correspondence club, lives on, clogging our nation's mailways with just the sort of SF gab we all love to read.

It would be livelier still if YOU joined and added your ~~insufferable opinions~~ input to the roiling stew.

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Neofan and Paleofan are welcomed alike. From Asimovers to Zelaznians the N3F has a place for all good fen.

Whether you're into nuts'n'bolts or into whatever holds dragons together you'll find lotsa fine folk who'll share your interest in

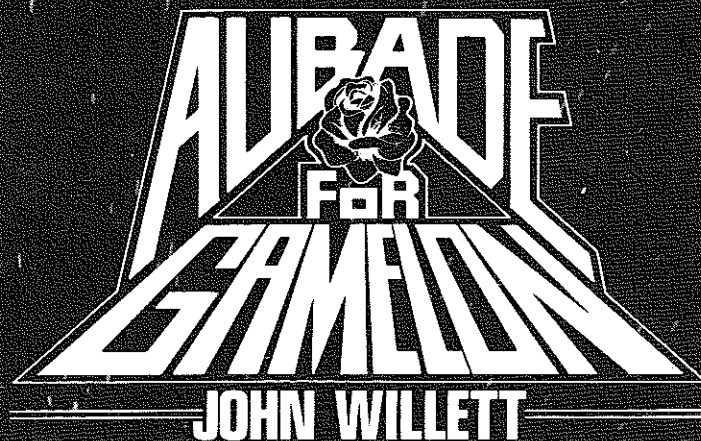
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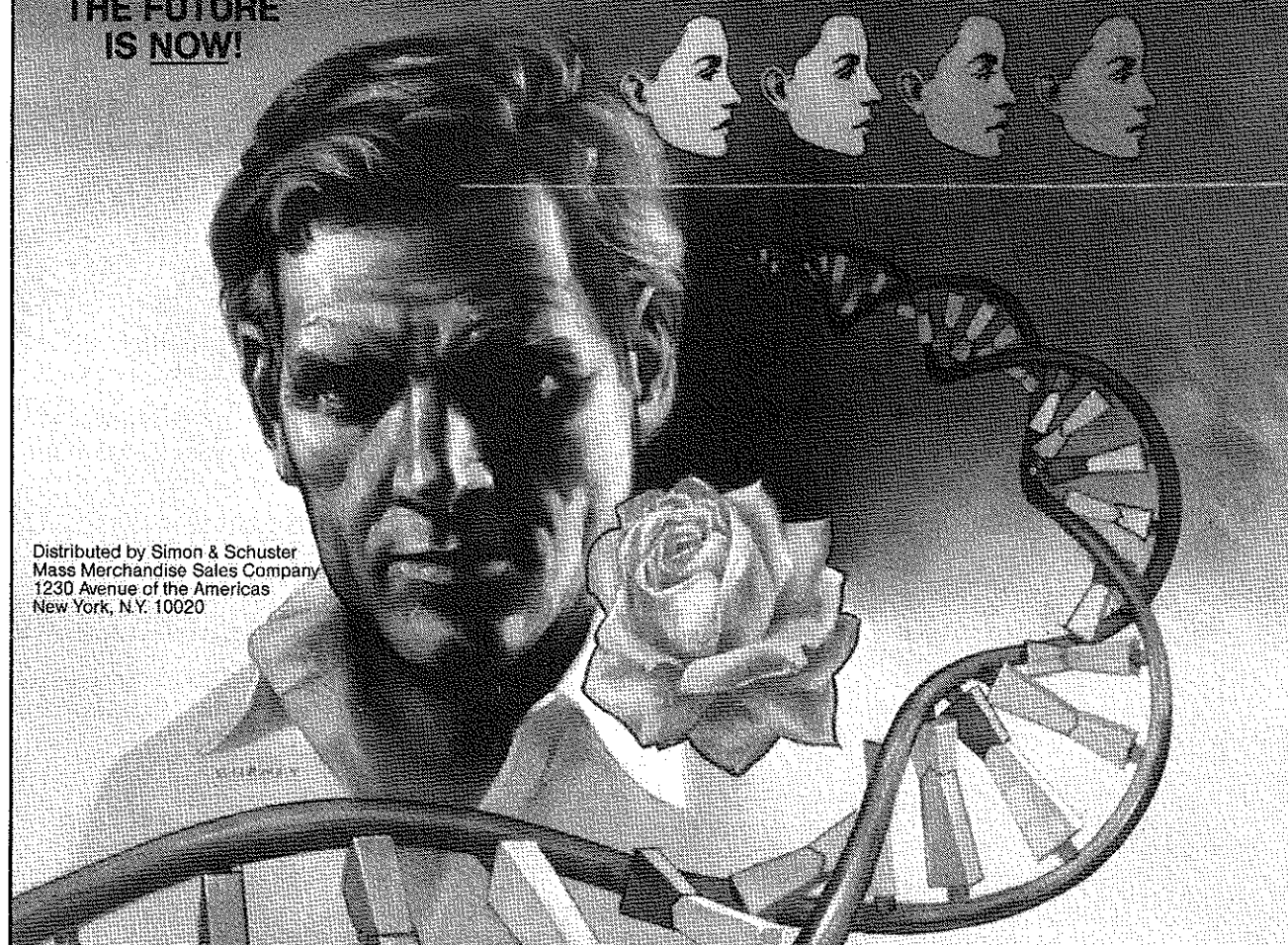
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Films

Since many recent science fiction films have been shown at many other cons, we tried to find comparatively obscure, but good, films.

Further, due to a good audience response to last year's program, 'Stinkers of SF Cinema,' several too-bad-to-be-true films will be shown at this year's Windycon.

Films will be shown in Ballroom G, but, due to space limitations, will be temporarily moved on Saturday night from 6:30pm to 11:45pm to the dealer's room foyer (the prefunction area) near the pool entrance.

Thanks to Greg Heier and Associates Photography for the use of some equipment.

Film Schedule

Friday—Ballroom G

- 3:00pm *March of the Wooden Soldiers*
- 4:15 *Thief of Baghdad (1940)*
- 6:05 *Invaders from Mars*
- 7:30 *Ugly Little Boy*
- 8:05 *Charly*
- 9:50 *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*
- 11:25 *Galaxina*
- 1:05am *Little Shop of Horrors*
- 2:20 *Cat People (1942)*
- 3:35 *Creeping Terror*

Saturday—Dealer's Foyer

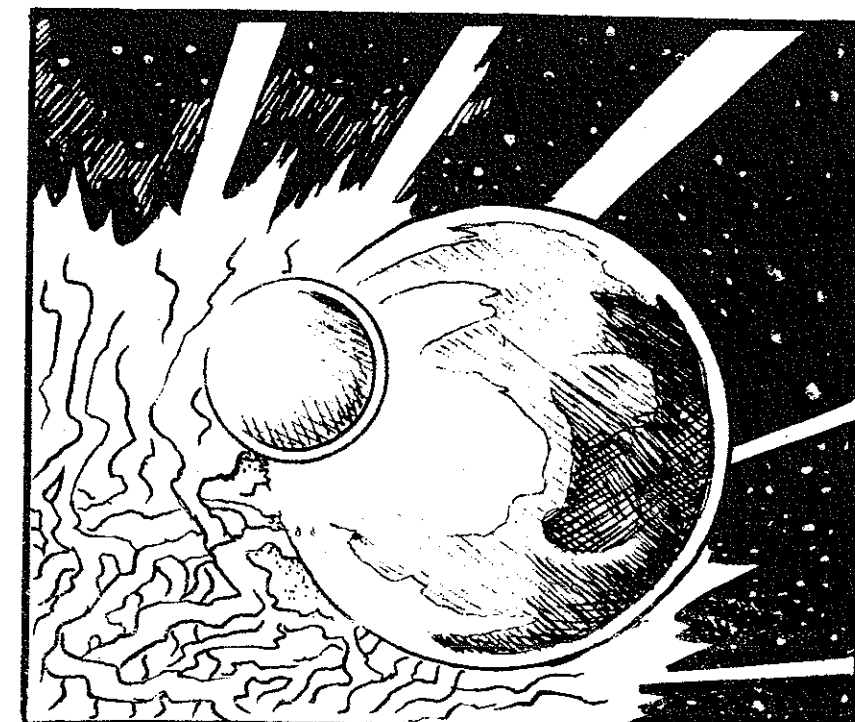
- 6:30pm *Space Patrol episode: The Man Who Stole a City*
- 7:00 *The Absent-Minded Professor*
- 8:40 *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*
- 10:05 *Quest for Fire*

Saturday—Ballroom G

- Midnight *Gravity*
- 12:15am *Robot Monster*
- 1:20 *Shock Treatment*
- 3:00 *Quintet*

Sunday—Ballroom G

- 10:00am *Godzilla on Monster Island*
- 11:35 *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*
- 1:20pm *Destination Moon*
- 3:00 *Reshowing of Robot Monster*



Docing '80

Film Descriptions

The Absent-Minded Professor.—This Walt Disney classic stars Fred MacMurray as the discoverer of Flubber, for which he finds a variety of uses.

Cat People.—Substantially different from the 1982 remake, this 1942 horror film features Simone Simon as a woman, descended from a race of cat women, who fears she will turn into a panther when sexually aroused.

Charly.—Based on Daniel Keyes's 'Flowers for Algernon,' (Hugo and Nebula award winners in different forms), this stars Cliff Robertson in an Oscar-winning performance as Charlie Gordon, who undergoes experimental surgery which transforms him from a moron into a genius. The film was nominated for a Hugo, losing to *2001*.

Creeping Terror.—Garbage is sometimes swept under a rug, which was done in producing this useless piece of garbage. The monster in this film is a giant, walking rug that 'eats ladies except for their shoes,' according to Gilda Radner.

Destination Moon.—A George Pal production with Robert A. Heinlein as technical adviser and one of the screenwriters, loosely based on *Rocket Ship Galileo*.

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask).—Woody Allen directed this spoof of Dr. David Reuben's best-seller and stars in four of the seven segments, two of which can be considered S.F., one featuring an original monster.

Galaxina.—Former Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten stars in this purported parody of several well-known S.F. films.

Godzilla on Monster Island.—Features tag teams of Godzilla and Angorus vs. Ghidrah and Gigan. Godzilla's first speaking role. Described as Godzilla's worst movie.

Golden Voyage of Sinbad.—This sequel to *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* co-stars Caroline Munro and a pre-Dr. Who Tom Baker (as the villainous Grand Vizier.) With a cast like that and Ray Harryhausen special effects, who cares about a plot?

Gravity.—a memorable, award-winning short.

Invaders from Mars.—Film well-remembered from childhood by many fans has a nightmarish quality, interesting distorted sets, but a cop-out ending.

Little Shop of Horrors.—When Audrey Jr. talks, people listen. A Broadway musical was based on this Roger Corman film.

Man Who Stole a City.—First of the adventures in the 1950s TV series *Space Patrol*. Smoking Rockets!

March of the Wooden Soldiers.—A Laurel and Hardy romp, based on Victor Herbert's operetta, in which the duo's error saves Toyland from Barnaby and his bogeymen.

Quest for Fire.—Learn how it all got started. Creationists won't like this movie.

Quintet.—Set in a future Ice Age in which a few survivors, including Paul Newman, play a game called Quintet in which they try to kill each other. A rarely-seen Robert Altman movie with music by John Williams.

Robot Monster.—Considered by some as the worst film ever. This movie, an insult to Charlie Gordon's intelligence before surgery, features a monster which is a man wearing an ape suit with a fish bowl over his head. Look for the arm holding up the space ship.

Santa Claus Conquers the Martians.—Martians kidnap Santa Claus so they too can celebrate Christmas. Look for Pia Zadora as the young Martian girl. Be sure to sing along at the end.

Shock Treatment.—This sequel to *Rocky Horror Picture Show* features some of the original cast and involves nefarious doings at a TV studio. This film bombed at the box office, so here's your chance to see it.

Thief of Baghdad.—This 1940 version features Sabu in the title role and many impressive special effects.

Ugly Little Boy.—Based on an Isaac Asimov story, the film concerns scientists who reach into the past and bring back a Neanderthal child.

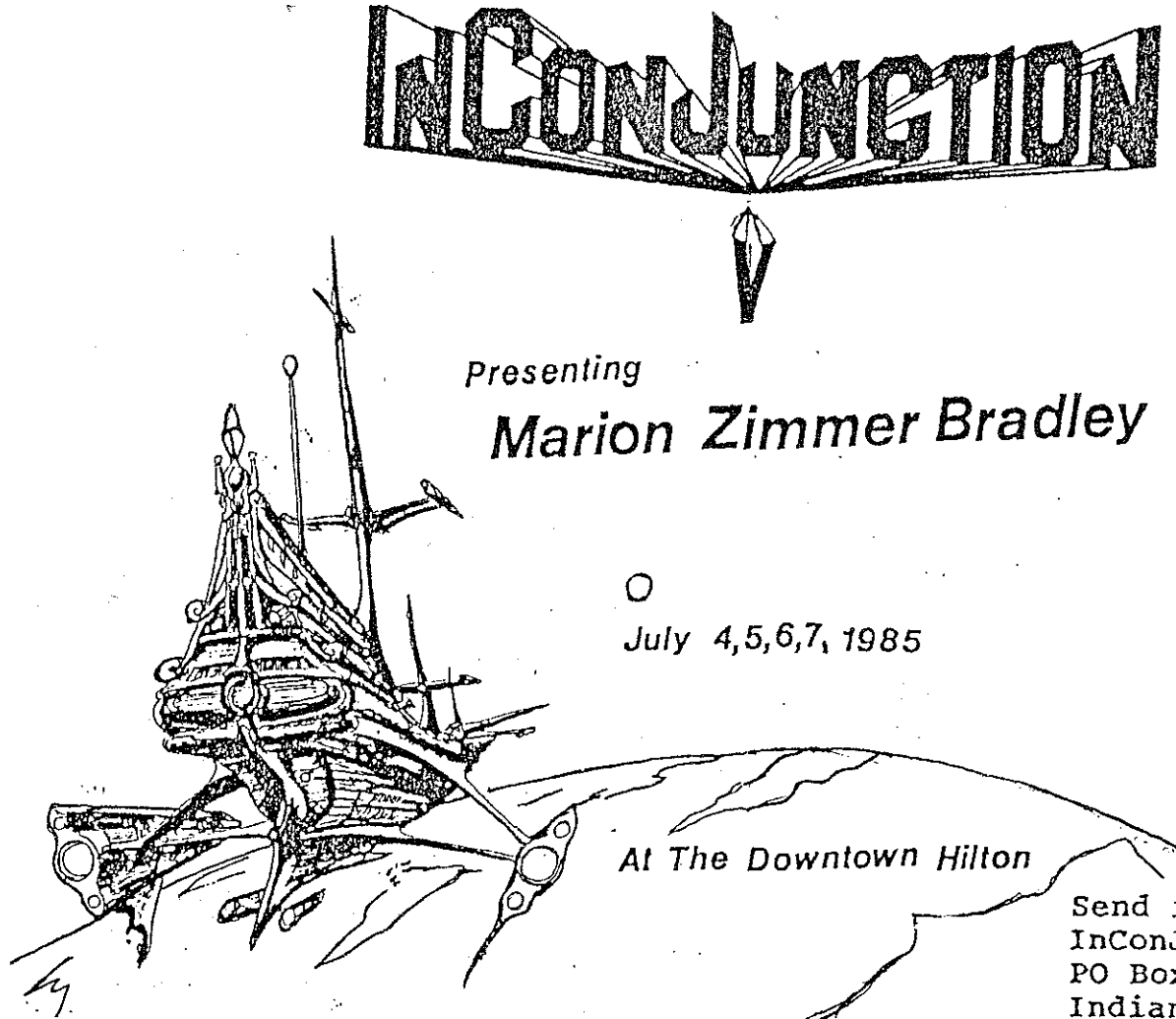
Dealers' Room

Dealers' Room is located on the lower level of the hotel in the Mayoral Ballroom.

Dealers' Room Hours

Friday	
Noon—3:00pm	Dealer Set-up
3:00pm—7:00pm	Open for Sales
Saturday	
9:00am—10:00am	Dealer Set-up
10:00am—6:pm	Open for Sales
Sunday	
10:00am—11:00am	Dealer Set-up
11:00am—3:00pm	Open for Sales
3:00pm—5:00pm	Dealer Tear-down

NOTE: ALL DEALERS WILL PLEASE WEAR THEIR MEMBERSHIP BADGES AT ALL TIMES!



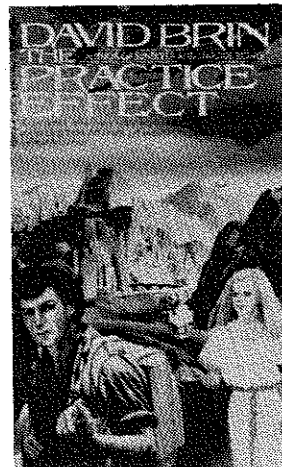
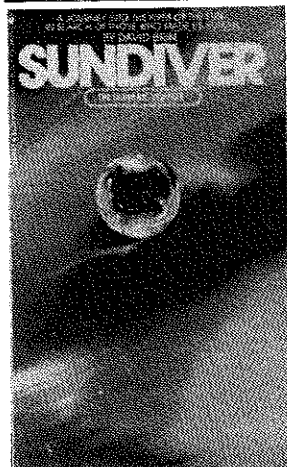
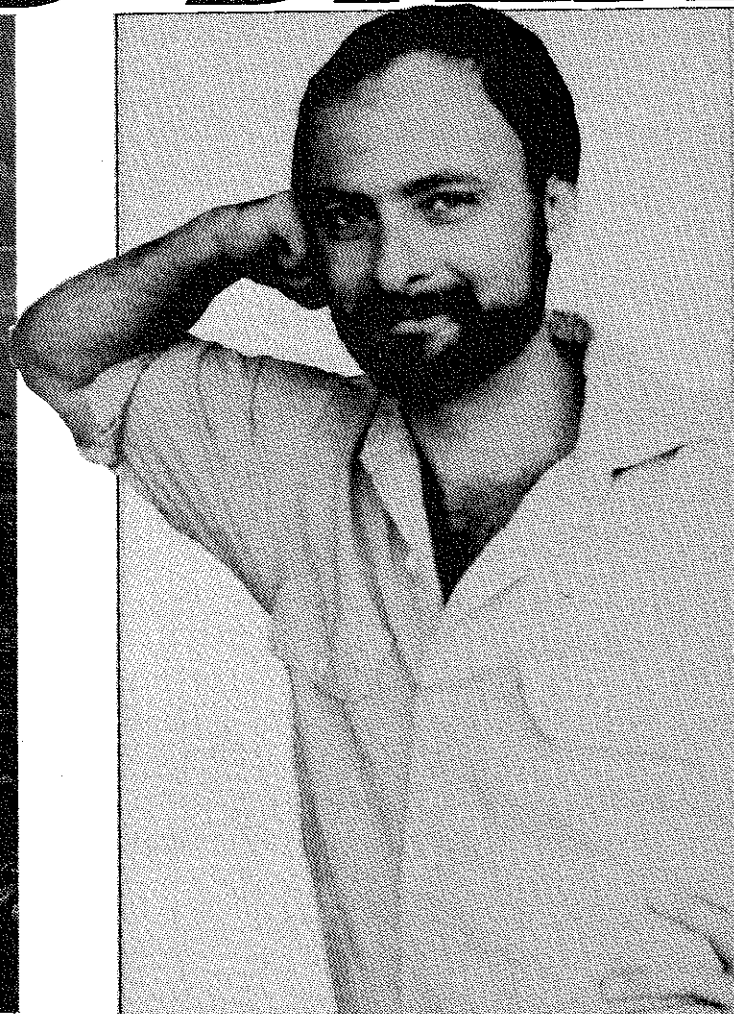
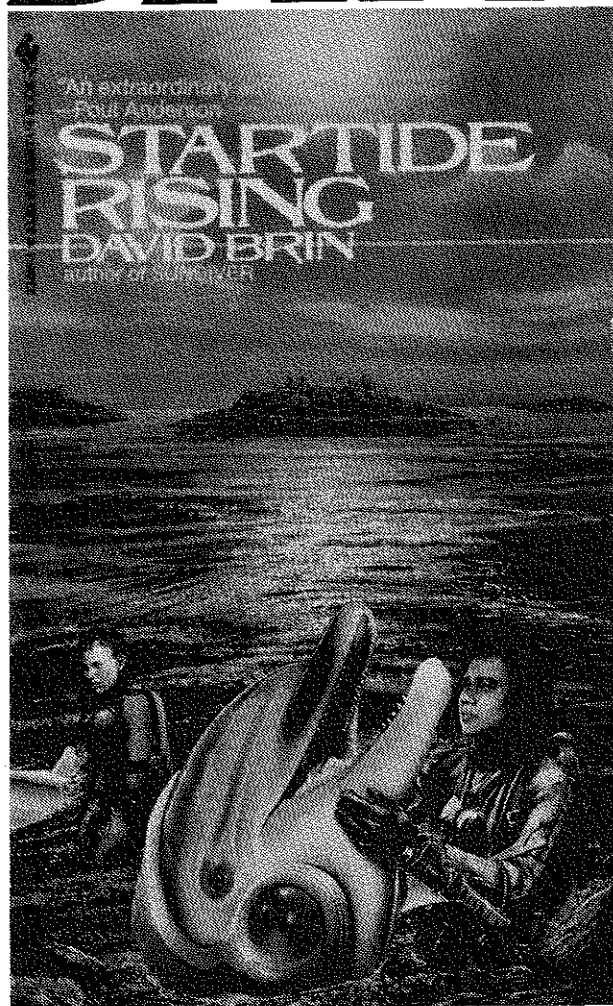
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Art Show

Art Show Auction: Saturday, 9:00pm in Ballroom "G".

Buying art at Windycon is quick, easy, and relatively painless. All you need is a personal check, Mastercard, Visa, or cash, plus your membership number on your bid. Two bids goes to auction, one bid means it's sold. Art pickup can be made during the auction, or on Sunday from opening until noon.

Note: All bags must be checked.

Art Show Hours

Friday	
11:00am—1:00pm	Set-up
1:00pm—7:00pm	Open
Saturday	
10:00am—7:00pm	Open
9:00pm—11:00 +	Auction
Sunday	
10:00am—Noon	Pickup

ConSuite

Hours:

Friday from after opening ceremonies until . . .

Saturday and Sunday 11am until . . .

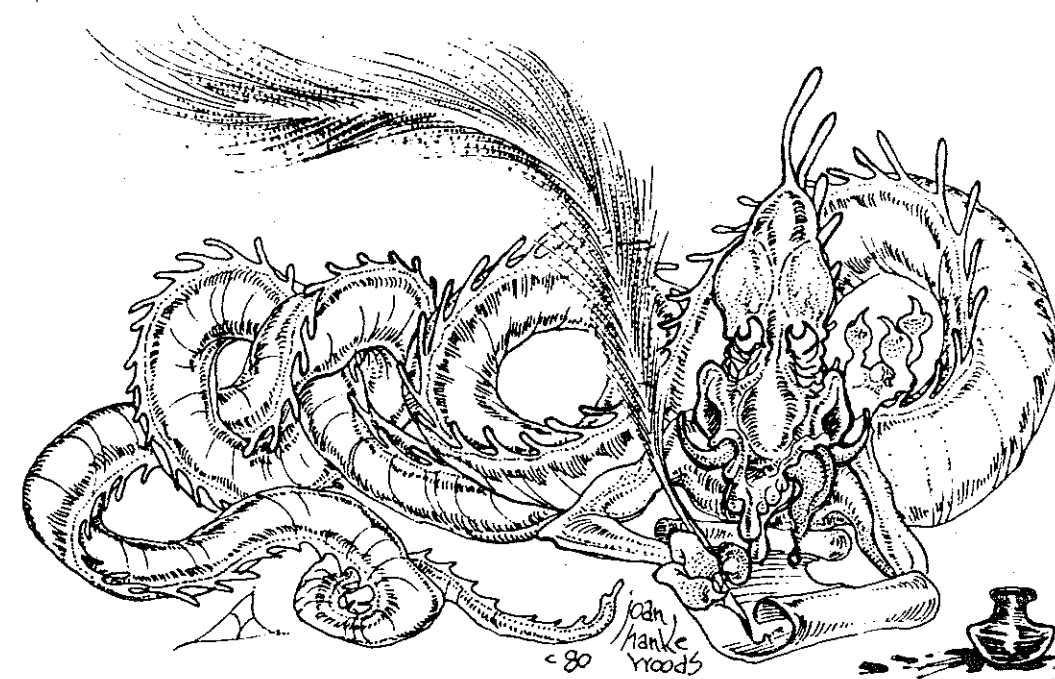
Children left unattended at the ConSuite must be ransomed from Operations for the cost of a full membership.

Gofer Control

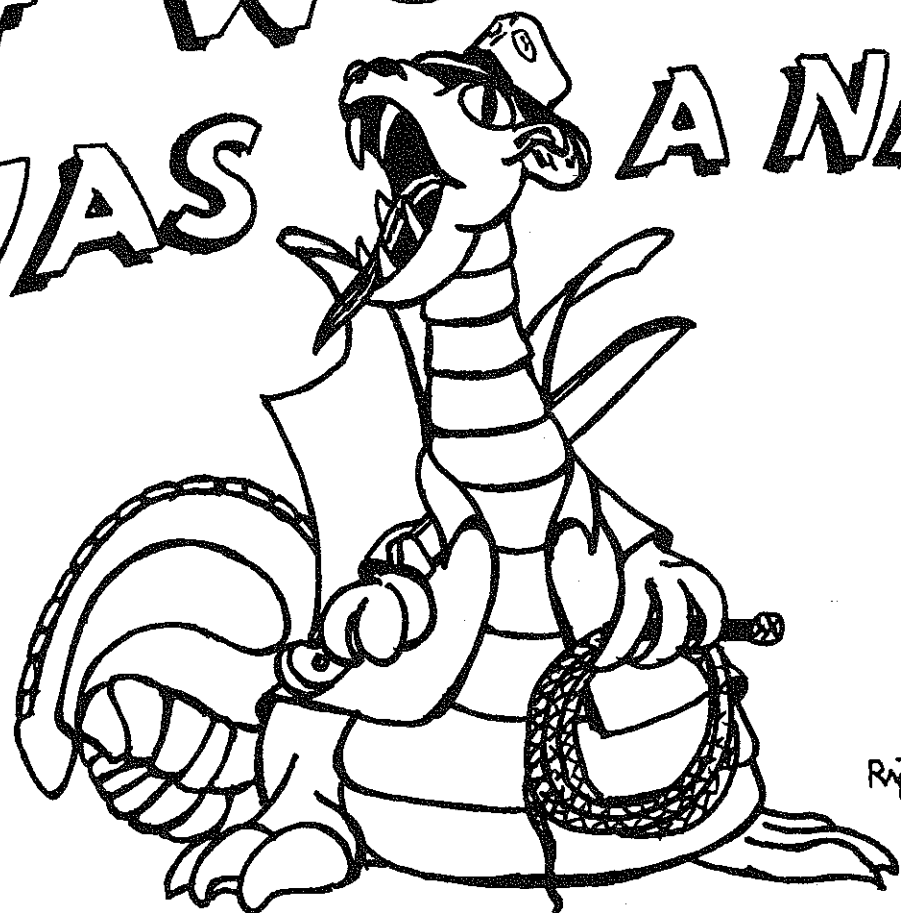
Go fer this, Go fer that!

Welcome to the exciting world of the Gofer Hole. Gofers are those wonderful, friendly little people who are the hands and soul of the con. They see that the luminaries have their water, the staff their food (and, hopefully, their sleep) and even act as security blankets. No con can live without them (microseconds, maybe).

If you haven't been asked already—and even if you have—please stop by and visit us in Headquarters (Schaumburg B). To facilitate assignments (and protect the workaholics), please drop by after registering and join the madness.



IF WORLDCON HAS A NAME



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To support the bid, send \$5 for a pre-supporting membership, which will get you a periodic bid-progress newsletter and, if you vote for site selection at the 1986 Worldcon, a matching reduction in the price of a membership when we win the bid. For a bid t-shirt (S/M/L/XL), send \$5 plus \$2 P&H. For our multi-page bid statement, send a #10 SASE.

Food

Restaurants in Woodfield Mall

All restaurants in the mall are subject to the mall hours (10:00am to 9:30pm) unless otherwise noted. Most of the restaurants in the mall are cheaper than those surrounding the mall.

All American Hero—Sandwiches, inexpensive. Phone for carryouts (843-8282).

Arby's—Needs no explanation.

Baker's Garden—Sit-down restaurant, trendy, moderate to expensive.

Farrell's—Ice cream parlor, moderate prices, lots of kids' birthday parties, sandwiches are also available. Open 'til midnight on Friday and Saturday.

John's Garage—Yuppie clientele, eclectic food, generally moderately priced. The day's specials can be very reasonable.

Kerby's Koney Island—Hot dogs, serves beer, inexpensive.

McDonald's—no comment.

O'Connell's—Coffee shop, general menu, inexpensive.

Olga's Kitchen—Sandwiches made in a pita-type bread, inexpensive.

Pallucci's Pasta-Ria—'Owned' by Mama Celeste of pizza fame, pasta bar and pizza (surprise!), inexpensive.

Roy Rogers Family Restaurant—Sandwiches, cafeteria style, not bad food considering the name, inexpensive.

Sbarros—Just what Woodfield needs, another pasta bar, pizza also available, inexpensive.

Skewer—Greek, inexpensive to moderate.

Submarine—Deli sandwiches, beer, inexpensive.

Vie de France—Croissants there & to go, trendy kinds of in-house food (lots of quiche), moderate.

Restaurants Surrounding Woodfield

There are also quite a few restaurants on the mall roads surrounding Woodfield. Unfortunately for us, most of them are on the far side of the mall. All are open relatively late in the evening, and all will be pretty crowded on Friday & Saturday nights. On the whole, they are probably more expensive than those in the mall itself.

Bennigan's—Trendy, eclectic food, moderate to expensive.

Denny's—Coffee shop, part of the infamous chain, inexpensive to moderate.

El Torito—Mexican, moderate to expensive.

Houlihan's—Just like Bennigan's.

Moxie's—'Gourmet hamburgers & chile,' moderate.

Red Lobster—Sea food, part of another infamous chain, moderate.

Rusty Scupper—Sea food, better atmosphere than Red Lobster, expensive.

Sizzler Family Steak Restaurant—Everyone knows what Sizzler is, inexpensive—moderate.

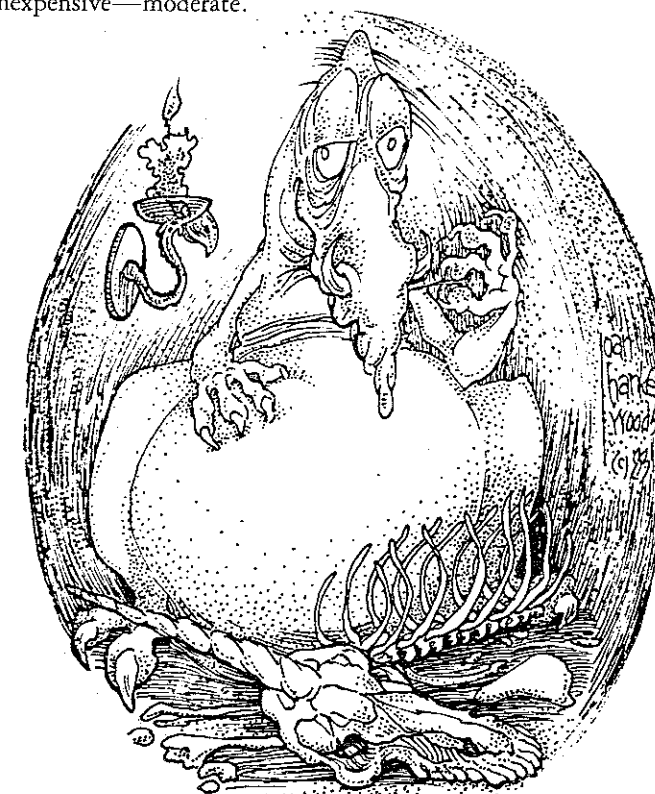
Pizza places which deliver

Mr. Beef & Pizza, 228-5110.

Rosati's Pizza, 529-8008.

Jack's Little Villa Pizza, 394-0230.

a bit stringy



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C.S. LEWIS?
CHARLES WILLIAMS?
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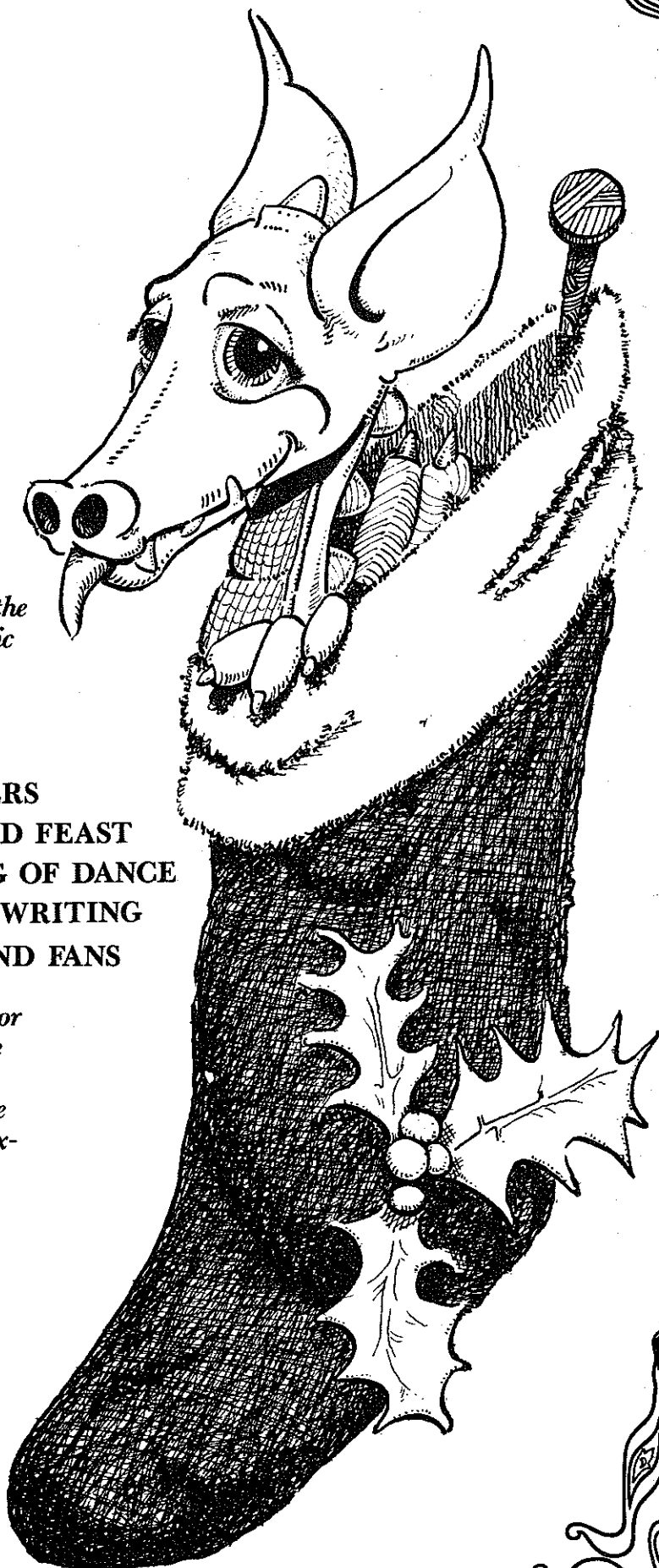
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Make it a special Christmas for yourself, or someone else. Twenty dollars will cover the membership for this four day event, and we'll send a Christmas card in your name featuring our "Mythling in a Stocking" explaining all about Mythcon and why your gift is the best one under the tree.

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Hotel Map

