



"A hot dog at the ball park is better than steak at the Ritz."
-Humphrey Bogart

A Chicago hot dog is a unique culinary experience, and we feel a Chicago Worldcon is just as unique.

Fees

	US\$
Pre-support	\$20
Corn Dog	\$50
Top Dog	\$75

Starting with a bun, we add a variety of ingredients: tomatoes, peppers, pickles, onions, relish, mustard, celery salt, and, oh, yes, a hot dog.

Starting with SF&F, we add a variety of ingredients: literature, science, media, art, filk, gaming, costuming, and, oh, yes, fans.

Make Checks Payable to
Chicago Worldcon Bid



Come to our party to try a real Chicago dog and learn how you can be a part of the next great Chicago Worldcon.

Our committee is made up of fans from Chicago and across the United States and Canada, including three former Worldcon chairs.

Chicago Worldcon Bid
P.O. Box 13
Skokie, IL 60076

www.chicagoworldcon7.org

Committee: Chair: Dave McCarty, Treasurer: Tom Veal, Secretary: Raymond Cyrus, Hotels: Mark Herrup, Membership: Tammy Coxen, Publications: Steven H Silver, Corresponding Secretary: Shelly Rhoades, Elizabeth Bishop, Madrene Bradford, Joni Brill Dashoff, Todd Dashoff, Donald Eastlake, Jill Eastlake, KT FitzSimmons, Glenn Glazer, Alexia Hebel, Sherry Katz-Karp, Dina Krause, George Krause, Sydnie Krause, Ben Liberman, Barry Lyn-Waitsman, Marcy Lyn-Waitsman, Kathleen Meyer, Laura Paskman-Syms, Kurt Sakeada, Marah Searle-Kovacevic, Joseph "Uncle Vlad" Stockman, John Syms, Barb Van Tilburg, Ray Van Tilburg, Alex von Thorn, Brent Warren

"Worldcon," "WSFS," "World Science Fiction Convention," and "World Science Fiction Society" are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.



WINDYCON 31

NOVEMBER 12-14, 2004

WYNDHAM (FORMERLY RADISSON) O'HARE
6810 N. MANNHEIM ROAD
ROSEMONT, IL 60018
(847) 297-8464

GOH: ROBERT J. SAWYER

ARTIST GOH: JAEI

FAN GOH: DERMOT DOBSON

FILK GSOH: BARRY & SALLY CHILDS-HELTON

SCIENCE GOH: GIL PEARSON

TOASTMASTER: CHRISTIAN READY

ADDITIONAL GUESTS: CHARLES N. BROWN, MIKE RESNICK, ALEX EISENSTEIN, PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN, MATTHEW WOODRING STOVER, GENE WOLFE, GARY WOOD, JUSTIN ESCUE, BETTY ANN HULL, FREDERICK POHL, ROSEMARY KIRSTEIN

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LETTER FROM THE CHAIR

Bonnie Jones

First I want to ah...thank everyone who voted for me to be the chair.

Second, I want to thank all those people who helped put the convention together. I couldn't have done it without them, although I'm sure they could have easily done it without me.

Putting together a convention is like being Doctor Frankenstein. People from the different departments bring different pieces of the body together. And I get to pull the switch to make it come to life. I just hope that it's not so scary that it brings out the townspeople with pitchforks and flaming torches.

Now about being called a chairman. Since I am not male and don't want to be referred to as a piece of furniture, I asked the committee to call me "The Royal High Chairness". This didn't go over too well. So call me whatever you want when things go right, but don't call me when things go wrong.

WHAT IS WINDYCON?

WindyCon is a general interest science fiction convention run by SF fans who volunteer their time and effort for the benefit of all the other SF fans who come to the con. We're not here to make money or for the glory involved. Our goal is to help create a place where 1,500+ potential friends, all interested in science fiction and fantasy, will have a chance to get together.

As far as what there is to do, it's practically endless! Check out the Art Show with art and prints from our honored guests and many other talented artists. There will be movies, old and new, in the Film Room. Many panels and discussions related to science fiction and fantasy are scheduled. The Con Suite offers a place to kick back with other fen while grabbing a bite to eat or drink. The Art Auction and Costume Ball are highlights on Saturday night. Check out the Dealer's Room for tons of science fiction/fantasy related merchandise. Filking can be found in the evenings and might spontaneously appear at any time. Some of our guests will have book signing sessions. Room parties abound on Friday and Saturday nights. Gamers can find excitement in playing old and new games in our Gaming Room. Don't miss Opening Ceremonies which will introduce our esteemed guests and kick off the convention!

FOR THE NEW FEN

Everyone who attends science fiction conventions had a first time. Few of us can forget what it was like at the first Sf con we attended. Don't be shy, you'll find out that most of us are friendly and willing to talk - especially

about science fiction and fantasy which we're all here to celebrate.

You must have your badge with you and visible to get into any function: discussion panels, art show, movies, con suite, gaming, etc. Don't lose it and absolutely do not "lend" it to anyone else.

You may notice that we put a label on the back of your badge - where no one can see it - with your real name. This lets us know who you really are if we really need to (for instance, in the Con Suite where we need to make sure that you're actually old enough to have that bheer).

For you smokers, the policy is simple: no smoking is allowed in any WindyCon activity. Follow the Wyndham's rules of smoking that allow it only in designated areas.

WINDYCON ON THE WWW

If you haven't already, be sure to check out WindyCon's website at <http://www.WindyCon.org>. The web pages have the most up-to-date information at any given moment. There are online message forums for you to discuss the convention, books, and movies, or just to keep in contact with other convention members.

CON SUITE

Hello and welcome to the ConSuite. We are here to provide you (as long as you have a valid WindyCon badge) with refreshments. We have soda, veggies, fruit, cold cuts and other assorted items and no additional cost. YES, we will have alcohol (Bheer & Ale ONLY) during special hours. So come in, have a seat, meet new friends and relax a while. Oh, PLEASE don't feed the Door Guards, they are on a special diet and can & will become GRUMPY (as they say in Australia) if you rattle their cages. So play nice and have a great time at the Con or the Ghods will come and take you away, Ha Ha!

This Year's ConSuite Theme is: Mount Olympus
ConSuite Hours: (These hours are non-negotiable!!)
Friday: NOON to 4 AM
Saturday: 10AM to 4 AM
Sunday: 10 AM to 3PM
Dead Dawg Party: Sunday night until Midnight!!

BHEER Hours:
(Serving of alcohol will take place during these times and NOT before)
Friday: 5 PM to 3 AM
Saturday: 5 PM to 3 AM
Sunday: NOON to 3 PM *

*Dead Dawg - 3 PM until the Bheer runs out or the clock strikes 12, whichever comes first.

WARNING!!!

Banging on the door to get let in early, whining to get let in or attempting to sneak in may result in ALL watches belonging to those working in the ConSuite to run slow and delay the opening.

Rules (yes, we have them here, too) :

One (1) unopened can of soda per person will be allowed out of the ConSuite.

WindyCon Badges will be shown at the door (attempting to bribe your way into the ConSuite may result in loss of YOUR money and YOU still will not get in, although Door Guards always appreciate extra money).

In Illinois the legal drinking age is 21. For your protection, only legal forms of ID such as a valid drivers license or state issued ID should be accepted. Convention Badges will have the member's real name on the back and can be checked against legal ID. WindyCon accepts no responsibility or liability on this subject.

We reserve the right to make up additional rules as people do stupid things to warrant us to make up new rules.

A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THE
"LEGENDARY" WOLFMAN JESSIE
FOR GIVING THE GHODS THE POWER OF
INSTANTANEOUS SPEECH OVER VAST SPACES.

GOFERING AND VOLUNTEERING

Do you like coming to WindyCon?
Would you like to know how to get your money back?
Or even come for FREE next time?
Here is how-
* Find the wonderful Operations Room
* Then find the Gofer table
* SIGN-UP

After that all you have do is help us run the best Windy we can!!!
We hope to see you all there!!!
(Thank you!)

AUTOGRAPHING

As usual, our guest authors and artists will be featured in autograph sessions each day (check the Pocket Program for times). Of course, you have to bring books with you for autographing, but should you forget them at home, you are sure to find a fine selection in the Dealer's Room.

ART SHOW AND PRINT SHOP

WindyCon's Art Show and Print Shop are in the same ballroom, but with separate doors. The Art Show will have a door in O'Hare B open, while the Print Shop will use the door in O'Hare C. The Art Show hours for this year are:

Friday 1:00 PM to 4:00 PM (artist setup)
4:00 PM to 9:00 PM (open to public)
Saturday 10:00 AM to 6:30 PM
Sunday 10:30 AM to 2:00 PM (art pickup - print shop open)

You will be able to enter paper bids on pieces in the Art Show up until 6:30 pm Saturday evening when we close to prepare for the auction. Pieces that have 1 to 3 bids are sold to the highest bidder on the bid sheet. Pieces with 4 or more bids will go to the Art Auction. There are NO Sunday sales in the Art Show, but the Print Shop will be open.

We have a special treat this year. Our Artist Guest of Honor, Jael, has agreed to host a tour/artist reception in the Art Show after hours on Friday at 9:00 PM. Refreshments will be served and Jael will lead a discussion about the art on display as we tour the show. Jael asks that some of the artists participating in the show be on hand to discuss their work. (This will not include the Print Shop)

We are continuing the Lewis Grant, Jr. Award for the fans' choice of Best in Show. Please make sure to look all around, find the artwork you like best, and vote!

The Art Auction will be at 8 pm on Saturday in the O'Hare foyer. Our illustrious auctioneer and his crew provide some of the best entertainment at the Con, so come to watch, come to bid, have fun, and don't forget your wallet! You never know when something will strike your fancy - or when you will find that perfect gift for someone.

If you are looking for art at a fixed price, check out our Print Shop. They have a wide selection of prints from a variety of talented artists available at prices that won't break the bank. If you find you have money left over after the Art Show closes, the Print Shop will be happy to take it right up until they close at 2 pm on Sunday.

Finally, we expect to have an assortment of interesting pieces that we will be auctioning off for the benefit of Diabetes.

PRINT SHOP HOURS

Friday 10 AM to 9 PM
Saturday 10 AM to 7 PM
Sunday 10 AM to 2 PM



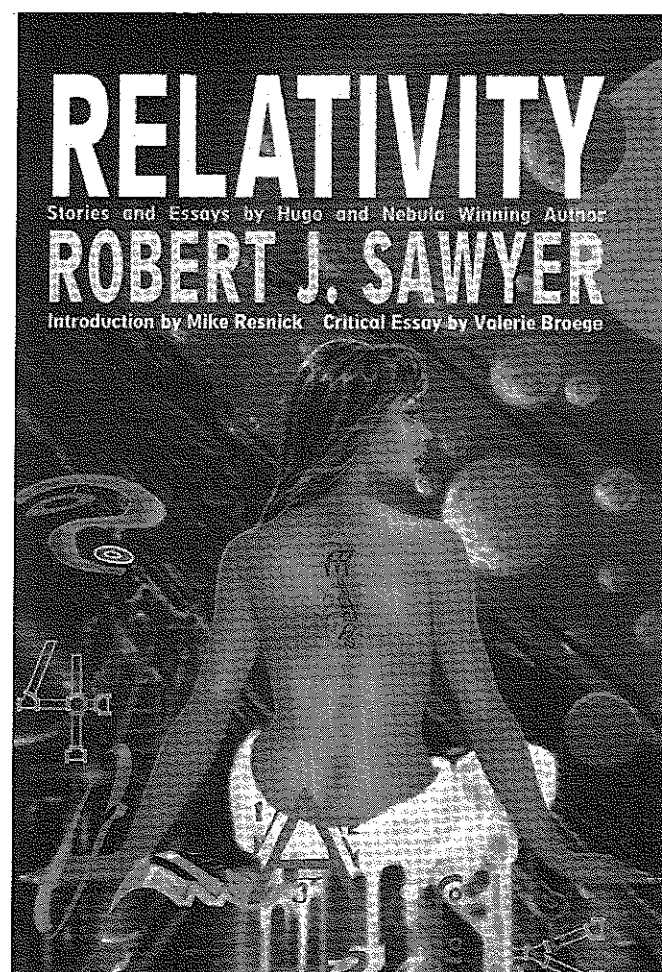
ISFiC PRESS

PRESENTS

TWO FIRSTS!!!

Robert J. Sawyer's first U.S. collection

ISFiC Press's first book



Windycon's Author Guest of Honor's first U.S. collection, *Relativity* includes eight short stories, speeches, essays and articles by Rob Sawyer. Introduced by Mike Resnick with an afterword by Valerie Broege. Windycon Guest of Honor Jael created the eye-catching cover. The book also includes a Sawyer bibliography and a crossword puzzle.

Available in the Windycon
Dealers' Room

\$25.00
306 pages
hardcover
0-97591-560-6

Order from:
ISFiC Press
707 Sapling Lane
Deerfield, IL 60015-3969
www.isficpress.com

FILKING

WHERE is the FILK! It is in the Erie/Michigan room. WHERE is the ERIE/MICHIGAN ROOM? It is very simple. When you're facing the hotel's registration desk, there is a long hallway to the left. Take that hallway all the way down to the end. Now take the elevator down. Around the corner is the Erie/Michigan Room - now wasn't that easy?

Good reasons to come around Friday:

9:00 PM *Eric Coleman Concert*

11:00 PM our *Filk Guest of Honor Concert* are bringing some friends along. Debbie, Jennifer, Barry and Sally make Wild Mercy. They say "To us, the multiple musics of Earth are a delight, whether traditional, popular, classical, or improvised."

On Saturday, look for several interesting filk themed panels during the day, gather for pizza for dinner and at **9:00 PM** *Renee Alper and Ray Phoenix in Concert*

On Sunday, there will be some panels, and possibly a jam.



HOTEL INFO

WindyCon has moved! Our new home is the spacious Wyndham O'Hare (just recently changed its name from Radisson O'Hare) at 6810 North Mannheim Road, in Rosemont, IL.

The Wyndham O'Hare features:

- High-Speed Internet access
- 24-hour Fitness Center
- Indoor/Outdoor Pools with extended pool hrs
- 24-hour room service
- 24-hour Shuttle to O'Hare Airport

- Scheduled Shuttle to Woodfield Mall
- Free Parking (with WindyCon badge)

WANT TO HAVE A ROOM PARTY?

First, make a hotel room reservation and then contact the Party Master via email at hotel@windycon.org with the reservation confirmation number and a short description of your party.

Our new hotel welcomes responsible room parties and has agreed to provide some special services for registered WindyCon parties. Email for Details!

WEAPONS POLICY

With the move to a new hotel, WindyCon has decided to revise its long-standing weapons policy.

- Use common sense.
- No real or realistic looking firearms
- Lasers are restricted to Class 2 and below.
- Blades and other edged weapons, sharpened or not, must remain sheathed and secured while worn or carried.
- Keep all of the projectile throwing toys out of the public hotel space.
- WindyCon reserves the right to prohibit any weapon, real or not, at its sole discretion.

SMOKING POLICY

The Wyndham O'Hare has designated all public spaces as non-smoking. Smoking is only permitted in guest rooms designated as smoking rooms, the smoking section of the restaurant and the outside entrance vestibule of the Grand Ballroom. As always, no smoking is allowed in any of WindyCon's function space.

DEALER'S ROOM

After 20 years in our previous hotel, Windycon will be in a new hotel and have a somewhat new look. The Dealer's Room will have a new, cleaner look as well: higher ceilings, no posts, wider aisles, and on the first floor!

Fortunately, you will find many of your favorite familiar dealers in our NEW dealer's room, and you will find a few new faces as well.

The Dealer's Room is located in the south and central sections of the Grand Ballroom on the main level of the hotel (come in the front door and make a left). There you

will find about forty eager sellers willing and able to trade you treasures for your money. Remember that the Holiday season is just down the road (and creeping rapidly upon us), and that it is NEVER too early to begin shopping for fannish family, fannish friends, and (even) fannish you!

Dealer's Room Hours

Friday 3pm- - 7pm
Saturday 10am- - 6pm
Sunday 11am- -3pm

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE DEALER'S ROOM. Eating and drinking in the room are also not permitted in the room (except for Dealers while they are behind their own tables). Browsing, shopping, perusing, and free spending are permitted and also encouraged!!

We will ATTEMPT to have a room layout and dealer location guide available outside the Grand Ballroom at Windycon.

WHAT'S AN ISFiC?

Ross Pavlac

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

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

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

WindyCon was one of the conventions that led this surge. In 1973, Chicago fans felt frustrated at being in the second largest city in the country, right in the center of the Heartland, and nothing resembling a regional con existed nearer than Minneapolis. Since the Chicon III WorldCon in the early 60s, Chicago fandom had splintered, and there wasn't really a strong local club to serve as a focal point for a con committee, as was the case in Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities.

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

But the vision for ISFiC and Chicago fandom went far beyond creating a regional con. Though the initial thoughts

were vague, the idea that was ISFiC would act as a sort of clearing house organization for fan activities in Illinois, and do things to support fandom in general.

As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC's founders, notably Larry Prop, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a WorldCon bid. Their idea was to have WindyCon not only publicize Chicago's name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a WorldCon bid. The other ISFiC founders, including Jon and Joni Stopa and Mike and Carol Resnick supported the idea. Chicon IV, the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, came to fruition as a result of this (though Chicon IV and Chicon V, the 1991 WorldCon, as well as Chicon 2000, are separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC). The early WindyCons grew rapidly under such chairmen such as Mark and Lynn Aronson, Larry Propp, Doug Rice, and Midge Reitan. Most of the WindyCon staff worked on Chicon IV, and learned even more from that.

After Chicon IV, there was a lot of reassessment of both WindyCon and ISFiC. Having attained the goal of building an ongoing committee that could run WindyCon from year to year (at least, as much as any local group can be said to) ISFiC thought about what could be done to make WindyCon a better convention. One factor in this was that WindyCon's excess funds were starting to pile up. AS a 501 (c)7 corporation, ISFiC is supposed to use the excess funds for the benefit of fandom. So rather than let the money pile up or buy clubhouses, ISFiC decided to put the money back in to WindyCon in creative ways. One way was in providing grants to WindyCon to bring in special guests over and above the normal guests of honor. In this manner, WindyCon was able to compensate for the fact that most SF authors and editors live on the East and West Coasts. Once we started bringing in authors and editors, many liked WindyCon so much that they have continued coming back on their own accord. Once each summer, ISFiC sponsors a picnic in a Chicago park as a gathering for Chicago fandom.

WindyCon is not the only activity ISFiC is involved in. Support has been provided to other Illinois conventions that have an SF, fantasy, or space travel theme. In some cases, the WindyCon art show hangings are rented for a nominal fee (to cover maintenance and upkeep costs). In other cases, grants are provided to bring in special guests. ISFiC is always interested in hearing from groups running Illinois conventions that have a specific project they would like some assistance with. The ISFiC board of directors has nine members, with three directors coming up for re-election each year for a three-year term. Any Illinois fan is eligible to be elected; come to the ISFiC board meeting at WindyCon (held on Sunday afternoon) and nominate yourself. Meetings of the ISFiC board are normally held at WindyCon and Capricon. The meetings are open to the public.

(Ross died on the evening of November 12, 1997. He is greatly missed.)

BILL KRUCEK (1952-2004)

It is with great sadness that Chicago Fandom says goodbye to a dear friend. Bill Krucek, longtime local fan and a 25 year member of the Windycon Committee, died on October 6th after a long battle with complications from diabetes. He was only 52 years old.

Bill had been a member of Chicago fandom since the mid 1970s. He originally belonged to the Starfleet Command/United Federation of Planets. When that local group folded in the late 1970s, he became a member of Queen To Queen's Three and became one of its leaders for years.

Bill also began working on Windycon in 1979. He began as a gopher, and soon ended up as a section chief in the Gopher Department. He was promoted to head of the Operations/ Logistics Department in 1983 and has worked in that venue for over twenty years. Bill was a fixture in Ops headquarters late at night - being a night owl, he was the perfect man for that position.

Bill didn't travel much (although he was a fixture at Marcon and Chambanacon), and so he was not well known nationally. However, he worked on Chicon IV as a Logistics Manager and on Chicon V and Chicon 2000 as Convention Services Division Manager.

The last few months had seen Bill being shuffled back and forth from a nursing home to Illinois Masonic Hospital. He had a number of complications to his condition due to his diabetes. He had problems with his breathing, his legs, his heart, and any number of other minor problems.

He was back at the hospital early in October because of some problems with the sores on his leg. He was just in a regular room, because there was no hint that this visit would be life-threatening.



There was no heart monitor on him. During the night, Bill's heart stopped and he had to be re-suscitated. He was put on a ventilator and in a coma. He was also having seizures. He had some brain activity, but apparently the doctors were not sure if he would have brain damage because they were not quite sure how long his heart was stopped. They were giving him insulin for his diabetes, and they were also worried about kidney damage. Later that day, the doctors determined that there was no brain activity. His sisters decided to have him removed from the ventilator, and he died about 9:15 PM on Wednesday, Oct 6th.

Bill's body was cremated. There was a Memorial Service



for him on Saturday, October 9th. There were over 50 fans present at various times during the two hour period. I think the fannish turnout was large enough that we made the family realize how much Bill meant to all of us.

There will be another Memorial Service for Bill at Windycon. Please come join us there and help out in remembering Bill and celebrating his life.

WINDYCON 31 FILMS

Films are to be shown in Grand Ballroom North (also known as the "Multi-purpose room" or sometimes the "Uber Room")

Many events will take place in this room over the weekend including panels, opening and closing ceremonies and other special events. Please check the pocket program for full listings of all events in this space.

Friday 4:00 PM

Innerspace

Dennis Quaid, Martin Short, and Meg Ryan star in this comedy that sets out to prove that size doesn't matter. An experiment to shrink Dennis Quaid goes awry and he ends up journeying through Martin Short's body (and later Meg Ryan's - hubba hubba) in a tiny little ship.

Friday 11:00 PM

Spiderman 2

The blockbuster sequel to last year's blockbuster. Spidey faces Doc Octopus and tries to keep his relationship going with Mary Jane.

Saturday 1:00 AM

Being John Malkovich

John Cusack, Cameron Diaz, and of course John Malkovich star in this quirky, funny, and existential film about a portal that allows people to visit the inside of John Malkovich's head. This is a true new meaning to "Innerspace"; you might even say its a new "headspace".

Saturday 1:00 PM

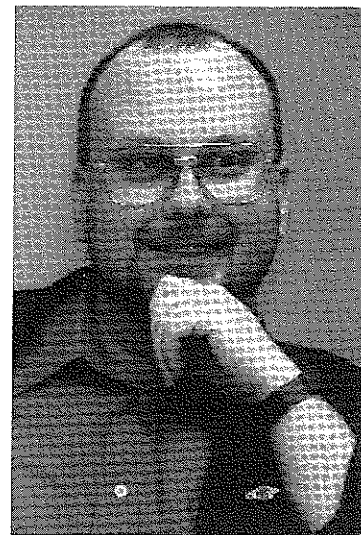
Conquest of the Planet of the Apes

The 4th Film of the Apes series, this film chronicles Caesar, the son of Cornelius and Zira (of earlier films), as he leads the apes in a revolution against the humans who have enslaved them.

Saturday 2:30 PM

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes: Discussion

Following the film, *Guest of Honor Robert J. Sawyer* will discuss why it is one of the greatest science fiction films of all time.



Rob's most recent releases are *Hybrids*, which concludes the "Neanderthal Parallax" trilogy begun with *Hominids*, and his short-story collection *Iterations*. Rob lives in Mississauga with his wife, poet Carolyn Clink. For more about him and his work, visit his web site ("the largest genre writer's home page in existence," according to *Interzone*) at www.sfwriter.com.

CAPRICORN 25 MAD SCIENTISTS

February 10-13, 2005

MWA-HA-HA!!

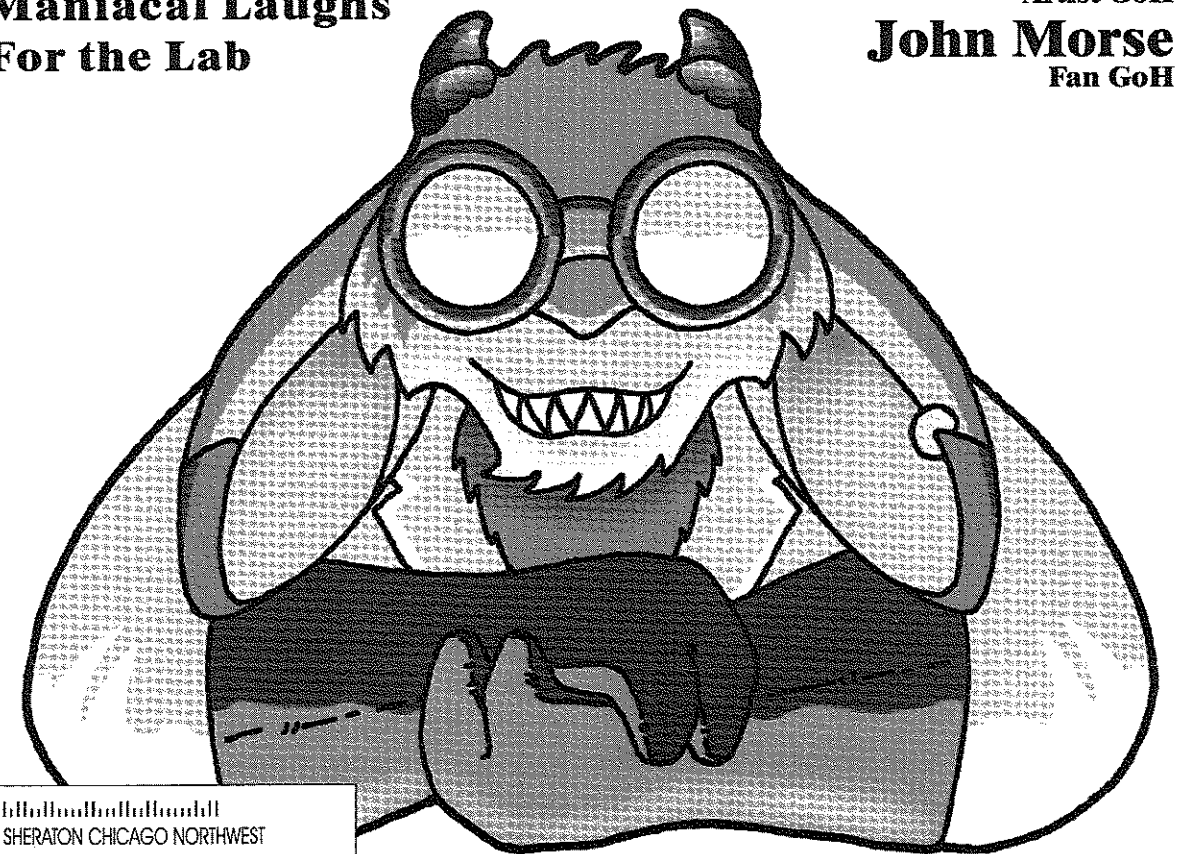
**Maniacal Laughs
For the Lab**



James P. Hogan
Author GoH

Shaenon K. Garrity
Artist Goh

John Morse
Fan GoH



SHERATON CHICAGO NORTHWEST
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, IL
(847) 394-2000

Jael:
ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR



**"WITHIN OUR IMAGINATIONS, LIE THE
GREATEST TRUTHS"**

... and the artistic visionary creations of award-winning artist, Jael, are grounded in the cumulative experience of dreams made real.

Jael is considered to be one of the foremost female artists of today.

From beautiful fine/art book cover illustrations, to personal and unique commissions for collectors and the business sector, her lush use of color and gorgeous images combine with unparalleled vision and whimsical perspective.

Her originals and limited editions are in consistently high demand, and she receives frequent awards and recognition for her work.

She has participated in invitational and juried Gallery and Museum Exhibits throughout the country, and is a popular "Artist Guest of Honor" at Schools (lecture/slide shows), Business events, and Science Fiction/Fantasy Conventions.

Since moving to the east coast in 1986, she has completed several hundred cover illustrations, unique private commissions (domestic and abroad), as well as successfully pursuing her personal visionary perceptualistic work.

Her art is featured in "THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY ART TECHNIQUES".

She is included in "SPECTRUM III", "SPECTRUM IV", and "SPECTRUM VIII", a semi-annual publication featuring the best in contemporary fantastic art.

Jael is included in "The Jane and Howard Frank Collection", first volume, and in the second just released volume, titled "Great Fantasy Art Themes".

She is a frequent nominee covering several categories for the Chesley Awards, the most prestigious award presented world-wide for Fantasy and Science Fiction Art.

A book of her life and art; "Perceptualistics", published by Paper Tiger in 2002 and distributed by Sterling Publishing Company, USA; is available thru Jael's website, Amazon, and all fine book stores.

DERMOT DOBSON:
FAN GUEST OF HONOR

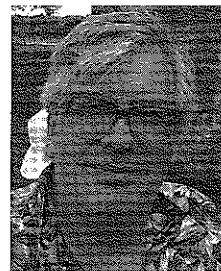
by Mary Lynn Skirvin

"Trust me."

He says it with confidence, a winning smile, and British style. Yet, while you stand in as guinea pig for one of his experiments, you may well find yourself wondering about the wisdom of agreeing to go along.

Dermot Dobson, well known mad scientist and truly the geek with the Best Toys, comes from Oxford, England; the gargoyle-rich city that boasts 34+ colleges as well as the Eagle and Child Pub, [hangout for C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien]. Aside from his prodigious expertise with computers and related gadgetry, he is employed by the Department of Radiology in the Oxford Radcliffe Hospital Group. In the course of his work, he provides technical support to the radiological imaging departments and research departments there. He is also affiliated with the Oxford University Department of Radiology. His own company, Electronic Imaging Ltd., is in the process of winding down operations. E. I. Ltd. was an early pioneer in field of telemedicine.

His personal pursuits include pyrotechnics construction and installation, electronics and RC



models, drinking REAL ale, ham radio, canals and narrowboats, and reading science fiction (mostly the hard, nuts-and-bolts variety). His favored authors are: Terry Pratchett, Zelazny, Hogan, Peter F. Hamilton (British author), and Alan Steele.

Originally exposed to organized science fiction in 1971 through the Oxford University Speculative Fiction Group, he went on to attend the 1973 Novacon, his first convention, in Birmingham, UK. After that experience, he attempted running Skycon in 1978, as well as other well known European conventions. Throughout the 70's and 80's, he provided technical operations expertise at Worldcons as well as Eurocons. His first actual US convention was Nolacon 1988 in New Orleans. It was there that he met Bill Higgins, Al Duester, Tullio Proni, and General Technics at large. He was able to show the techies a thing or two when he enlisted their help in putting on the impressive fireworks display at the Glasgow Worldcon of 1995.

Dobson is not difficult to spot in a crowd due to his height. He has cultivated the fine art of looming over others; a talent which has served him well in getting better seats on airplanes. However, he does have a keen sense of humor and adventure and often contemplates schemes of mischief and mayhem which usually elicits alarm if not actually inspiring volunteerism from the listeners of his tales.

Behind every rampant, creative mad scientist, there is usually the voice of a very tolerant woman. Despite their difference in relative height [18 inches], Perdy, whom he married in 1978, exerts a somewhat more rational influence on her enthusiastic husband; only very occasionally aiding him in a plot or two, or perhaps, hatching a plot of her own.

Being married to a mad scientist myself, I knew right away to be cautious when I first met Dermot and listened to his colorful stories of hospital pranks and scientific explorations. I suppose I could warn others to be careful about volunteering for one of Dermot's "projects," but then, maybe not. After all, that would take all the fun out of it.

BARRY & SALLY CHILDS HELTON:
FILK GUESTS OF HONOR

by Bill and Gretchen Roper

So what do you say about two of fandom's finest musicians and songwriters who also are genuinely wonderful people as well?

We could tell you about how they burst onto the filk scene on a date long enough ago that we don't exactly remember when it was, bringing rock-and-roll and blues sensibilities to filk rooms that hadn't heard anything quite like that before. We could talk about some serious guitar chops and really **good** percussion and the general reaction of "How do they **do** that?"

But we wouldn't **need** to tell you about any of this if it weren't so obvious that when Barry and Sally walked into a filk room, they'd walked into the place where they belonged. You see, they both believe that music isn't just an activity where you sit back and listen to what you're fed on the radio – they believe that music is a participatory activity, where everyone gets into it and sings and plays along. And you don't find that much any more, except maybe in a filk room and the vanishingly small number of places like it in the more mundane world.

And we **still** wouldn't need to tell you about it, except that Barry and Sally are so clearly **us**, members of our own peculiar fannish tribe. Barry was bitten by the space-travel bug at an early age – and still shows all the symptoms! They've been hucksters, costumers, and helped run various conventions. They even have Ph.Ds in music, making them a Paradox in and of themselves.

Despite their nigh-overwhelming qualifications, Barry and Sally are refreshingly attitude-free. Sally is folksy. Barry is tall. (This is useful if you're having difficulty keeping them straight. You might also note that Barry is the one with the guitar, while Sally is the one with the drums. And while Barry writes most of the music that they perform, Sally also dips into the writing barrel from time to time to pull out songs such as "Goin' Down the Cosmic Drain" and – in a song that Bill had the misfortune to be out of the room for at a long-ago Inconjunction – the seldom-

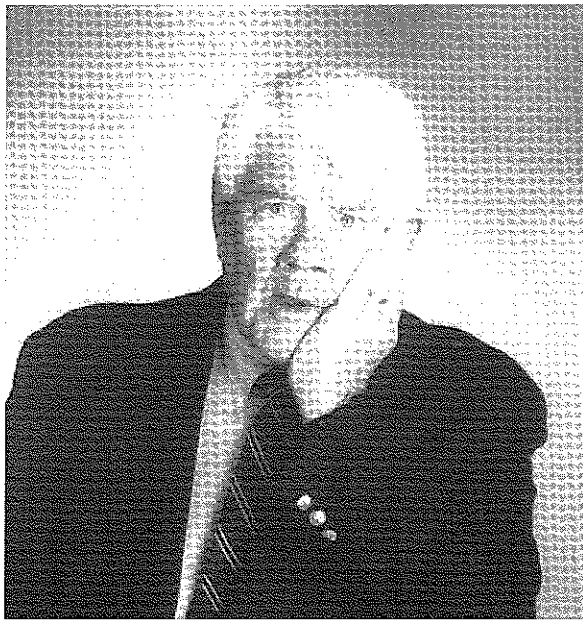
heard "Fart and Fluff the Covers".)
We could tell you more about Barry and Sally here, about their earlier venture with The Black Book Band, or how they're now playing with the Celt-folk-rock band, Wild Mercy. We could tell you how they were inducted into the Filk Hall of Fame in 2003 – but you'd be better off going to that website and reading the text of their induction speeches, because they're really **worth** reading.

We could tell you a lot more about them, but it wouldn't be nearly as much fun as you'll have if you go by the filk and listen to them, or walk up to them in the hall and strike up a conversation.

The password, by the way, is "ferret".

GIL PEARSON:
SCIENCE GUEST OF HONOR
By Bonnie Jones

Gil Pearson describes himself as an actor, lecturer, photographer, SCUBA instructor and college professor. He teaches at Elmhurst College, Elmhurst Illinois and College of DuPage, Glen



Ellyn, Illinois teaching marine and space science and leading field studies throughout the world. He has been the recipient of the Outstanding Instructor award at the College of DuPage. He is a frequent presenter at Our World

Underwater, Underwater Canada, National Diving Instructor Conventions, High School "Career Days", and special programs for elementary schools and civic organizations.

He lists acting first. He will tell you that he teaches to pay for his acting. I suspect most teachers (at least the good ones) are actors at heart. I haven't seen Gil act on a stage, but I have seen him give his underwater slide show more than once (which you must see if you have the chance). He certainly is entertaining while being informative.

Our World Underwater is a convention for Divers. It is similar to a Science Fiction Convention in that friends and people in the dive business get together for panel discussions, lectures, demonstrations, slide shows, movies, etc. They even have a dance. The convention includes a very large room where you can buy all kinds of SCUBA gear, books, videos, instruction manuals, plan and book your next vacation or dive trip and even try out new SCUBA gear in a pool.

So although Gil is familiar with conventions, this will be his first SF convention, so make him feel welcome. He is very knowledgeable and friendly and seems to like people so don't hesitate to talk to him if he is not busy.

[THEY CAN HAVE HEAVEN, ANY HEAVEN THEY WANT, BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO GO.]

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THE WINDYCON BIG LIST:
A CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY

1974 Windycon I
Location: Blackstone Hotel
October 25-27
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow
TM: Bob Tucker
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

1975 Windycon II
Location: Ascot House
October 3-5
GoH: Wilson Tucker
Fan GoH: Joni Stopa
TM: Bob Passovoy
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson
Program Book Cover: Mike Stein

1976 Windycon III
Location: Sheraton Chicago
October 15-17
GoH: Algis Budrys
Fan GoH: Bev Swanson
TM: Mike Resnick
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson
Program Book Cover: Doug Rice

1977 Windycon IV
"The Latvian Loganberry Festival"
October 7-9
Location: Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: Bill Rotsler
Fan GoH: Meade Frierson
Chair: Larry Propp
Program Book Cover: Geoffrey Darrow

1978 Windycon V
Location: Arlington Park Hilton
October 6-8
GoH: Bob Shaw
Fan GoH: George Scithers
TM: Bob Tucker
Chair: Doug Rice
Program Book Cover: Phil Foglio

1979 Windycon VI
Location: Arlington Park Hilton
October 5-7
GoH: William Tenn (Philip Klass)
Fan GoH: Tony And Suford Lewis
Chair: Larry Propp
Program Book Cover: joan hanke woods

1980 Windycon VII
Location: Hyatt Regency Chicago
October 24-26
GoH: Robert Sheckley
Fan GoH: Gardner Dozois
TM: Bob Tucker
Chairs: Midge Reitan & Marcy Lyn-Waitsman
Program Book Cover:

1981 Windycon VIII
"A Holiday Party"
Location: Hyatt Regency Chicago
GoH: Larry Niven
Fan GoH: Mike Glycer
Chairs: Ross Pavlac & Larry Propp
Program Book Cover: Kurt Erichsen

1982 Windycon IX
Location: (-purple Hyatt-) Lincolnwood Hyatt
GoH: Frederik Pohl & Jack Williamson
Chair: Dick Spelman
Program Book Cover:

1983 Windycon X
October 7-9
Location: Arlington Park Hilton
GoH: George R R Martin
Art GoH: Victoria Poyser
Fan GoH: Ben Yalow
Chair: Tom Veal
Program Book Cover: Victoria Poyser

1984 Windycon XI
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Alan Dean Foster
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Joan Hanke-Woods
TM: Algis Budrys
Chair: Kathleen Meyer
Program Book Cover: Joan Hanke-Woods

1985 Windycon XII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: C. J. Cherryh
Art GoH/Fan GoH: Todd Cameron Hamilton
TM: Algis Budrys
Chair: Kathleen Meyer
Program Book Cover: Todd Cameron Hamilton

1986 Windycon XIII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 14-16
GoH: Harry Harrison
Art GoH: Arlin Robins
Editor GoH: Donald & Elsie Wollheim
TM: Marta Randall
Chair: Debra A. Wright
Program Book Cover: Arlin Robins
ISFIC Winner: Richard Chwedyk, "Getting Along with Larga"

1987 Windycon XIV
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 6-8
GoH: Vernor Vinge
Fantasy GoH: Jane Yolen
Editor GoH: Beth Meacham
Artist GoH: Darlene P. Coltrain
Fan GoH: Dick Spelman
TM: Mike Resnick
Chair: Debra A. Wright
Program Book Cover: Darlene P. Coltrain
ISFIC Winner: Eugenia M. Hayden, "The Library"

1988 Windycon XV
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 11-13
GoH: Orson Scott Card
Art GoH: Erin McKee
Editor GoH: Lou Aronica
Fan GoH: Lynne & Mark Aronson
TM: Bob Tucker

Chair: Kathleen M. Meyer
Program Book Cover: Erin McKee
ISFiC Winner: Richard Chwedyk, "A Man Makes a Machine"

1989 Windycon XVI
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 10-12
GoH: Barry B. Longyear
Art GoH: David Lee Anderson
Fan GoH: Mike Glyer
Editor GoH: Beth Fleischer
TM: Bob Tucker
ISFiC Guest: Yuri Kagarlitsky, Kathy Tyers, Mitchell Burnside-Clapp
Chair: Lenny Wenshe
Program Book Cover: David Lee Anderson

1990 Windycon XVII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 9-11
GoH: Barbara Hambly
Art GoH: Bob Eggleton
Publisher GoH: Brian Thomsen
Fan GoH: Martha Beck
TM: Mike Resnick
ISFiC Guests: Mark Rogers
Chair: Lenny Wenshe
Program Book Cover: Bob Eggleton
ISFiC Winner: Robin Leigh Michaels, "Allin's Castle"

1991 Windycon XVIII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 8-10
GoH: Mike Resnick
Art GoH: P.D. Breeding Black
Editor GoH: Robert Weinberg
Fan: Howard DeVore
TM: George Alec Effinger
ISFiC Guest: Del Harris
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan
Program Book Cover: P.D. Breeding Black
ISFiC Winner: Vanessa Crouther, "Soul to Take"

1992 Windycon XIX
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
November 6-8
GoH: Robert Shea
Art GoH: Todd Cameron Hamilton
Super GoH: Julius Schwartz
Fan GoH: Wolf & Rick Foss
TM: Rick & Wolf Foss
ISFiC Guest: John Varley, Dean Ing
ISFiC Special Guests: Spider & Jeanne Robinson
Chair: Marie Bartlett-Sloan
Program Book Cover: Todd Cameron Hamilton
ISFiC Winner: Sheila Insley, "Make-Up Magic"

1993 Windycon XX
Location: Hyatt, Regency Woodfield
GoH: Joe Haldeman
Artists GoH: Kelly Freas & Laura Brodlian-Freas
Editor GoH: Algis Budrys
Fan GoH: Bill Higgins
TM: Barry B. Longyear

ISFiC Guest: George Alec Effinger
Chair: Dina S. Krause
Program Book Cover: Kelly Freas
ISFiC Winner: C.T. Fluhr, "Dead Chute"

1994 Windycon XXI
Location: Hyatt, Regency Woodfield
GoH: Sharyn McCrumb
Artist GoH: Janny Wurts
Fan GoH: Alice Bentley
TM: Barbara Hambly
Scholar GoH: Dr. Clark E. Wilmarth
ISFiC Guest: George Alec Effinger
Chair: Dina S. Krause
Program Book Cover: Janny Wurts
ISFiC Winner: Emmett Gard Pittman, "Packers"

1995 Windycon XXII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Poul Anderson
Artist GoH: Heather Bruton
Fan GoH: Dick Smith & Leah Zeldes Smith
Editor GoH: Stanley Schmidt
TM: Bob & Anne Passovoy
ISFiC Guests: Ben Bova & Harry Turtledove
Chair: Bill Roper
Program Book Cover: Heather Bruton
ISFiC Winner: William McMahon, "In Memoriam"

1996 Windycon XXIII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Lois McMaster Bujold
Artist GoH: Randy Asplund-Faith
Fan Guests: Tom and Tara Barber
Science GoH: Christian Ready
TM: Barry B. Longyear
ISFiC Guests: George Alec Effinger, Ricia Mainhardt
ISFiC Super Guest: Julius Schwartz
Chair: Bill Roper
Program Book Cover: Randy Asplund-Faith
ISFiC Winner: C.T. Fluhr, "All Through the House"

1997 Windycon XXIV
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: David M. Weber
Artist GoH: Doug Rice
Fan Guests: Tim Lane and Elizabeth Garrott
Editor GoH: Charles Ryan
TM: Yale Edeiken
ISFiC Guest: Christian Ready
Chair: Ross Pavlac* *Rick Waterson served as at-Con Chair when Ross was hospitalized two days before the con.
Program Book Cover: Doug Rice
ISFiC Winner: David W. Crawford & Carol Johnson, "Little Girl Lost"

1998 Windycon XXV
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Allen Steele
Artist GoH: Phil Foglio
Fan Guests: Marcy and Barry Lyn-Waitsman
Editor GoH: Martin H. Greenberg
TM: Christian Ready
ISFiC Guest: Christian Ready
Science GoH: Mitchell Burnside Clapp

Silver GoH: Frederik Pohl
Chair: Rick Waterson
Program Book Cover: Phil Foglio
ISFiC Winner: Susan L. Wachowski, "Grandpa"

1999 Windycon XXVI
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoHs: Kris Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith
Artist GoH: Steven Vincent Johnson
Fan GoH: Chaz Boston Baden
TM: Barry B. Longyear
Science GoH: Mitchell Burnside Clapp
Chair: Rick Waterson
Program Book Cover: Steven Vincent Johnson
ISFiC Winner: Sharon L. Nelson, "Passing Through"

2000 Windycon XXVII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Terry Brooks
Artist GoH: Lubov
Fan GoHs: Larry and Sally Smith
Editor GoH: Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden
TM: Phyllis Eisenstein
Chair: Amy Wenshe
Program Book Cover: Lubov

2001 Windycon XXVIII
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Kevin Anderson
Artist GoH: David Egge
Fan GoH: Dave McCarty
ISFiC Guest: David Brin
TM: Jody Lynn Nye & Bill Fawcett
Chair: Amy Wenshe
Program Book Cover: David Egge

2002 Windycon XXIX
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Charles de Lint
Artist GoH: Lisa Snelling
Fan GoH: Mark & Evelyn Leeper
Editor GoH: Shawna McCarthy
TM: Bob Eggleton
Chair: Steven H Silver
Program Book Cover: Lisa Snellings

2003 Windycon XXX
Location: Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GoH: Gregory Benford
Artist Goh: Vincent di Fate
Fan GoH: Mark & Lynne Aronson
Publisher GoH: Tm Doherty
Science GoH: John G. Cramer
30th Anniversary GoH: Phyllis Eisenstein
Chair: Steven H Silver
Program Book Cover: Vincent di Fate
ISFiC Winner: John D. Nikitow, "True Worth"

2003 ISFiC WRITER'S CONTEST WINNER

ORBITAL ONE By Chris Krolczyk

By the time Tony Horacek unwrapped himself from the cool, wet inanimate object he realized was his own toilet he knew he had been had. Judging by the strength and aftereffects of the bottle of "vodka" he was stupid enough to have drank all by himself, there wasn't a single reputable distiller among the grinning assholes who had docked in L-7 some twenty hours before as a Free Trade-sanctioned delegation from Phobos bound for Montreal Space-P. They even provided him with a case of the shit, *sans* implied bribe for once, as a going-away present since their papers were in order and their robber-baron smiles were not intended to hide anything except a certain smugness at EarthGov's predicament concerning quality imported alcohol.



Quality! He thought ruefully as he stood up, pausing as he steadied himself and then realized that a wall was completely necessary to lean on. The very word seemed part of one of the worst inside jokes he had ever heard of. *If that's the best anyone from Phobos can come up with, they're fucked. On the other hand, beggars can't be choosers. Especially after what happened to the east European potato crop from two years ago...*

As vile as the supposedly genuine "Vodka" was that he was now relieving himself of, it was potato vodka. Period. Eastern European distillers were at a total loss as to how they were going to switch over to the cereal-produced variety after the Bio-bombing of '03 trashed only one variety of Polish, Russian and Ukrainian vegetable – a tuber which was absurdly necessary to a large portion of those states' liquor distillation industry – and the tariffs which the paradoxically-named Earth Free Trade Organization had slapped certain former colonies with made importing quality potatoes from Mars or Titan an absurd undertaking worthy of the Quixotic effort Horacek was putting into not throwing up all over himself at the moment. The nausea passed, but the realization remained that the EFTO-sanctioned Faux Vodka Poisoning Brigade (an accurate

coinage, if not a polite one) was going to take somebody to the cleaners, provided anyone in Eastern Canada or Kiev was going to give a shit about trying to buy vodka, much less anything *else*, in the wake of a trade war-generated recession.

Just for snicks and grins, Horacek looked at his unshaven visage in the mirror. He looked like shit, which was entirely appropriate for his current condition. He also noticed the streaks of gray that were covertly making their way through his head of hair, most of which seemed to be warning him that if advancing age didn't get him first, the stress of his job certainly would. As on cue, he then promptly bent over and threw up. This was shaping up to be a simply lovely day.

Three hours later, a shaven, showered and thoroughly sobered Anthony Horacek, Colonel Senior Grade, Civilian Space Transportation Authority, stepped from his cramped quarters in the Officer's Section of the equally cramped Sat-Port he was ostensibly in charge of and walked towards his office a few meters away. As refreshed as he was by the shower and the multiple slugs of Mars-grown Espresso coffee and Antihang he had alternated taking shots of during his food-free "breakfast" (after all, Antihang could cure a lot of the symptoms of moderate alcohol poisoning, but nausea still wasn't one of them), he knew that this was liable to be a shitty day by practically anyone's standards. Although his staff was exceptionally skilled at handling most varieties of freight- and travel-related logistics and customs snarls, he also knew that such experience was next to useless in dealing with the periodical hassles concerning questions of what passed for "international trade" these days. Ever since the Mars Secession got the ball rolling, EarthGov had been exceptionally paranoid with regards to any more inter-system colonies pulling a bust a move the way the Reds did. God only knows how many times he had to sort through emergency ETransmit briefs concerning the latest colony to flip off Geneva and what it meant to his already Byzantine pile of Orders of the Day concerning new tariffs and sanctions; by the time Geneva's stupidity concerning their hard-line policies became apparent to even them, he'd be safely dead after his own paperwork finally fell on him and crushed him to death.

Finally arriving at his door, Horacek passed his cardkey through the lock – and the door promptly did nothing. It figured. He clicked the hands-free to his radio and intoned into his mic. "Control, this is Horacek. What the fuck's wrong with my door?"

His second-in-command radioed back: "Colonel, this is Lebrun. What's the problem?"

"Take a fat guess, Andre. It's jammed. Can't somebody from Maintenance get off their lazy ass and do something? I *am* the ostensible commander of all non-military staff on this overstuffed freight-locker, after all. Don't I rate a working door?"

Lebrun chuckled at that. "I suppose that you do, Anton. There probably isn't anything that Maintenance can do about it right now, though. There's some problem with 15R."

"Again? That's the third time this month! It's the only damn port in this place that's capable of handling military-grade vehicles! What if the Species need to get in here to use us as a staging area? We'd be screwed!"

"True. And I suppose you don't want demotion number two on your..."

"Fuck that. It's just like bringing up the Walloon Liberation—"

"Okay! Okay! Point taken! We've both got things we're



sensitive about. Come on up to Control. They may shake a leg and find someone on break to fix your door if you make the call yourself."

Horacek changed direction and headed back past his quarters to the lift. Something seemed unsettling about 15R going down again, but he couldn't quite figure out why.

After Horacek stepped off the lift platform, something in the back of his mind about the situation with 15R tugged at his memory. Something out of place...

Shit! It was just certified completely operational a week and a half ago by Maintenance and repair specialists straight from Bern! No wonder the damn thing seemed so strange – it was completely fixed only 9 days ago!

Newly perturbed by this realization, he practically ran the remaining distance to Control, let the door slide open for him – and promptly discovered the bolter rifle pointed in his face.

The corporal from the Earth Space Forces looked exceptionally emotionless from behind the visor of his Autocop

composite armor, but the meaning of the raised sidearm was quite clear. Horacek raised his hands quickly and exhaled.

"Colonel Horacek, CSTA? Please hand over any weapons you may be carrying –"

"Okay, Spacy, what the fuck is this?"

"Please comply, sir. I have orders to incapacitate you if –"

"All right, all right. Just give me a second, okay? I need to reach down into my boot.

I am *not* doing anything particularly stupid. Just giving you my sidearm."

He reached down and pulled the bolter from his boot. The damn thing was next to useless against Spacy armor unless you shot somebody in the chin – provided he didn't have his retractable facemask pulled down, of course. He promptly handed it over, butt first.

"Please move into the command center, sir. You are not under arrest, nor are any of your crew. You are *all* under orders not to attempt to contact anyone using Etransmit or radio, however, including other CSTA staff on board this base."

"He immediately walked over to Lebrun, who looked atypically nervous about the situation. That was a bad sign. The ESF vet *never* looked nervous, especially about the Species. He and Horacek were former commissioned officers, after all.

"Andre", he said in a half whisper, "what the hell is going on? Where did these bastards come from? Oh, let me guess – 15R. It figures that they'd pull something like that."

"Dead on, as usual. They spoofed our short-range radar, magnetized a drop pod to the underside of the port door and then grabbed people from Maintenance as they were walking in to see what the problem was. Stuck guns in their faces, just like here. To make sure they didn't radio us."

"And not one of them saw the bastards from a distance? What, did they actually go in one by one? Like Kindergarteners?"

"Afraid so. They're not ex-ESF, by and large, so how would they know?"

"True. Any idea who the prick is who's in charge of all this?"

"No idea. Only thing I know is that he's probably not happy with something that went through this port. Unsurprising, that."

As if on cue, a Spacy walked over and rained on their parade by mentioning exactly who it was.

"Captain Werner wishes to see you in your office, Colonel. The Major can accompany you if you wish."

Colonel Horacek did, indeed, take Major Lebrun with him.

If he had the ability, he would've taken a vicious attack dog, a bolter cannon and fifty pounds of Cee-8 if he had the time and resources.

William Werner, Captain, Earth Space Forces was a well-manicured, well-spoken turd of a careerist who made most lifers in the Species wince whenever they thought of phenomena like him actually being in command over them. Horacek and Werner had been in the Academy together, had graduated together, and then had fucked each other over to the point where Werner's ability to rise in rank above Major and Horacek's ability to stay in the Species were both compromised. It annoyed Horacek greatly that the little bastard was still roaming around in an ESF uniform, and it *especially* annoyed him that he was here hassling his people, none of whom would normally fall under his jurisdiction. As far as he was concerned, Werner's interference in his command was nothing but yet more petty bullshit in a career that was founded on nothing but.

As he and Lebrun entered his personal office, they recognized the figure standing with his back towards them instantly despite the lack of a facial profile. Werner favored the look of a Gestapo officer from one of the antiquated films Horacek occasionally caught on WorldStream, and the way his thinness dovetailed with his short blond hair and gunmetal-gray Spacer duty uniform to reinforce that image was remarkable. His self-ingratiating nature and the fact that he was a world-class asshole at the best of times didn't help matters, either.

"So! Gentlemen! I suppose you're wondering why I'm here," Werner intoned with a dazzling – and totally disingenuous – smile as he turned towards Horacek and Lebrun.

"Well, the simple fact is that I have a matter of official business to discuss. It doesn't necessarily involve Major Lebrun, here, but he's welcome to hear it."

"Smashing", Lebrun intoned sarcastically. He had less of a reason to be contemptuous of Werner since he wasn't directly involved in the incident that got Horacek discharged from the ESF and effectively altered Werner's career path from a superhighway to a dirt road, but he knew his type from past Spacy experience – and detested them. "What do you want now, Billy?" Horacek said. Werner despised that nickname, since he was openly referred to as Bootblack Billy and Brownoser Billy as a result of the more extreme ass-kissing gestures he engaged in towards upperclassmen as an Academy plebe.

"Oh, it's quite simple, really, Anthony" – that was an intentional effort to mangle Horacek's first name, of course –

"for one, I'd like you to remember that even though you are a Colonel in the CSTA, the position is in no way an indicator of rank in an actual military unit such as the one I'm a genuine member of. Secondly, you should also remember that due to General Assembly Resolution 714B, all members of any Civilian Space Authority fall under..."

"Under the jurisdiction and command of any law enforcement, treaty enforcement or military units which find it necessary to pre-empt their standard authority as civilian bodies of enforcement until the emergency concerning colonial separatism has passed. Yeah, I know what the damn thing says, Werner. What of it?"

"It's quite simple, really. You're going to explain to me how a known smuggler of contraband and similarly sanctioned items was able to ship some 27 metric tons of those items through Orbital One last November."

"27 Tons? Okay, Werner, now I *know* you're smoking something. That, or you've put together faked logistics records or some other bullshit that won't hold up in an administrative court. The biggest smuggler who came here was that asshole Kutzurov who got my predecessor fired, and he was only packing some 15 Tons or so bound for Titan after they quit the Circuit."

"Uh, no. No, I don't mean the late and not particularly fondly remembered Anatoly Kutzurov. That's all water under the bridge. Your capture of him got you your job at this base, after all, which I duly accept. Certainly, the ESF and the CSTA owes you a debt of gratitude for that. No, this is somebody entirely different and a good deal more contemporary as far as the crime is concerned."

"Would it hurt to cut to the chase, then?" Horacek said in a bored voice. "Who *is* this criminal mastermind you're pursuing that's caused you to take over my entire base for no good reason?"

"Oh, you know her quite well, Horacek. I believe her name is Janice Matsushita. You *do* know of a person with that name, correct?"

The statement sent a lightning bolt through Horacek's already jangled nervous system.

Janice? He thought. What the fuck? I was completely sure that the stuff she was hauling was Kosher. I checked and double-checked every last ounce of the shit, the bills of lading and even the fucking serial numbers on the durable goods! There's no way she could've been toting contraband! No way!

The problem that Werner posed all by himself had just swollen in size from a gallstone to a watermelon. Horacek knew that allowing contraband to pass through a spaceport you're in command of wasn't of benefit to your long-term career. Worse yet, allowing it to pass through when

the apparent culprit was somebody you'd been sleeping with was a really good way to end up in a mining colony with a bracelet around your ankle.

Horacek felt his hangover starting to return to his stomach.

As far as Horacek knew, there were approximately three things that were a sure bet in his thirty-six years of existence as an allegedly sentient human being. One, trying to figure women out was just stupid. He tried to figure his wife out for years during his tour of duty with the Species and afterwards when he got busted out for the incident with Werner, and all it resulted in was a messy divorce. Better to go with the flow in situations concerning the opposite sex and let the chips fall where they may without the chains of wedded non-bliss complicating the situation. Secondly, attempting to convince a military court-martial that punching out an officer who ranked higher than you for attempting to undertake an illegal order you refused to follow yourself was a sound idea *still* doesn't work in most cases, although the big surprise was that Werner got demoted for his attempted drumhead execution - and Horacek got honorably discharged. The way he originally had it worked it out was that Werner was going to get a medal, and he was going to do time in a stockade. Surprisingly, he was wrong on both accounts. Thirdly, messing around with women involved in the very line of business you're supposed to regulate is a Bad Idea, Period. Other than the air of impropriety it could cause among superiors and the Inspector General's office, it was a really good way of getting played.

Except that Janice had been different. Or so he thought.

When he met her, she followed a strategy of refreshing honesty in not playing the coquette in order to curry favors with the big, bad Colonel who commanded the ridiculously undersized satellite colony above Greenland. Aside from the fact that she was charming without being smarmy and intelligent without being predatory, she was neither needy or particularly manipulative - with the exception of wrangling him into the sack in a mere three days at the beginning of a three-week stopover while her connections and bonafides made the grade with her backers on Phobos. And the sex was an experience Tony Horacek, Colonel in the Civilian Space Transit Agency and all-around horndog, would not easily forget. And then, as agreed, she left as a friend.

Except that she had apparently played him. Unless...

Horacek went through a mental checklist of all of the stuff she was hauling and realized that 27 tons was roughly a third of the overall tonnage her medium-sized freighter could hold. And then he realized that the 27 tons of mate-

rial in question was probably the large amount of frozen tropical fruit she was hauling to Phobos due to the simple fact that mangos and bananas just don't grow in hydroponically-equipped arcologies all that well.

In other words, all this bullshit was over 27 tons of fruit.

Werner was proving he was an even bigger asshole than previously advertised.

"It was the fruit shipment, wasn't it, Werner?"

"I beg your pardon, Colonel. What do you mean, 'fruit shipment'?"

"It means precisely what I *said*, you sanctimonious prick! You've got Spacy gunbunnies holding bolters to my crew's head over a fucking *shipment of fruit!* You're bullshitting me and my first officer over a *shipment of fruit!* And you actually expect me to believe that you've actually got a good reason for all of this? What the hell are you dosing yourself with these days, Billy? Whatever it is, it's fucking with your common sense a good deal more than any long-term feud you and I have!"

"Oh. Really. Are you aware that during the transportation of said 'fruit shipment', a law was passed by the General Assembly with EFTO's support that temporarily suspended trade between Earth and Phobos concerning certain perishable goods such as tropical varieties of Terran fruits and vegetables in retaliation for the temporary economic support Phobos lent the government of the Free Republic of Mars in violation of Earth Circuit protocols?"

"Big fucking deal, they 'passed a law'. How long did the damn thing remain in force?"

"Long enough for the EFTO, and furthermore, long enough for *me*. You see, my dear Anthony, that law was in force during Ms. Matsushita's stay on this godforsaken shithole of an orbital Space-P, and it was in force after she left, took her ship through the wormgate to Phobos and delivered her goods there. Hence, she's a smuggler of contraband items and you're a potential material witness to her crime. Or even an accessory."

"You're insane, Werner. The Phobos Sanction was rescinded by the General Assembly after Chancellor Marchuk dropped his support for the FRM after negotiations for that non-aggression pact fell through."

"Ah, but the law was still in force when she was in *your* port, Horacek. Hence, you allowed a highly illegal activity to go on despite your knowledge of it and your ability to stop it."

"You son of a ..."

"Say what you like, 'Colonel'. I will continue to conduct my investigation concerning this incident in a matter I see fit. Good morning."

With that, Werner strode from the room.

"A second demotion would be a small mercy in comparison to this, I should think", Lebrun muttered.

"Shut up and help me go through the freight logs, Andre. If I can figure out what Werner's real hole card is, I can get him off my base."

Two hours later, both men were thoroughly aware that practically every freight log they had looked through was a dead end - and with a vengeance. Even though the shipment that Matsushita and Daughter's Freight Company had dropped off on Phobos was back to white market status, it wasn't kosher when it was undertaken. Worse yet, the rescinding of the EFTO sanctions took effect a mere *10 minutes* after the official logging of the goods on Phobos had been made. Things were shaping up to be worse than Horacek could believe.

And then the bottom fell out. Hard.

"Anton", Lebrun said while staring at the arrivals and departures display housed in the wall behind Horacek's desk, "the screen's gone blank."

"What?"

"Just what I said. And it's not being replaced by a test pattern or 'Please Stand By' prompt."

"Okay, that did it. I'm breaking out the long-range bolter if he thinks I'm going to stand idly by while..."

"Anton. Look."

Horacek wished that he hadn't.

A row of ESF Casualty Specialists were being laid out on a floor that was clearly 15R's, chiefly by Maints being forced to do so by Species at gunpoint despite the snow and interference that seemed to be tearing the black and white image apart. A rapid subtitle was playing along the bottom of the screen, far too distorted to be read at first but eventually resolving to a message Horacek wished he had never had read:

...ATTACK, REPEAT WE ARE UNDER ATTACK...ROGUE ESF UNIT HAS TAKEN MY CREW HOSTAGE...REPEAT THIS SPACEPORT IS UNDER ATTACK BY A ROGUE ESF UNIT...THIS S.O.S. IS BEING TRANSMITTED ON A SECONDARY RELAY...PRIMARY RELAY WAS RENDERED INOPERABLE BY INVADERS...PLEASE SEND HELP ASAP...

"Oh. Shit. Werner's gone nuts..."

"Anton..."

"*Block the fucking door, Andre!* If he gets inside here, we're going to end up in those body bags if he gets at us!"

Lebrun quickly tweaked the electronic lock closed. Both men jammed chairs and Horacek's desk up against the door. Both knew it wouldn't last as a barrier to all of those rogue Species with bolters, grenades and who knew what else.

"Who do you think set that repeater and camera feed up, Andre?"

"Thornsbard, probably. He was the super on shift, and judging by the way he referred to the Maints as 'my crew', it was probably him. He's got the electronics know-how."

"I'll have to get Harald a raise for his quick thinking, provided he's still alive."

"Provided any of us are, I suppose. What do you think made Werner..."

"Hello, Colonel Horacek," both men's radios blurted out, "it now seems that I have a slight problem concerning my plan. One of your glorified janitors seems to have set up a concealed transmitter that will eventually get news to the mainline ESF fleet that one of their units is a bit - compromised - in mission."

"You insane little fuck. It's bad enough that your own bullshit brought you down, but why you had to take an entire company of Species down with you is beyond..."

"Company? Come on, Horacek, get serious - there's no way I could get an entire company involved in the regrettable little mess I now have to clean up. And my men have far more in common with me than you might think at first."

Horacek wondered what that statement meant.

"And what mess is that? *Besides* taking this port by force and threatening to kill a shitload of my people in the process, that is?"

"You'd do well to not try to figure out what that mess is, you miserable little shit. Why would anyone attempt to enforce a law that was revoked only a few days after the ink dried? Why would anyone attempt to cut an entire spaceport colony's communication off from the rest of EarthGov? Because I *need the base*, you idiot!"

"What for, Billy?"

"Keep calling me that, Horacek. You're only improving your chances of going in front of the firing squad I have every intention of organizing. And the men who are with me on this base are already as knee-deep in shit as I am, so no questions will be asked."

"Werner," Lebrun interrupted, "when I was a kid growing up in Brussels, people like you were a dime a dozen. The Vlaamse National Front recruited them. You know, the gentlemen who liked to burn Walloons alive in order to make a proper example of them?"

"*Shut up!*" Werner screamed. "You think you can compare me to a bunch of murdering ultranationalist pissants, Lebrun? You're not in the Walloon Liberation Army any more. You haven't been for years. And you've lost the stomach to fight. Your resigning your commission at the height of the Troubles proves it. So do yourself a favor and be quiet."

Seeing how easily Lebrun had rattled Werner cage inspired Horacek to join in.

"Hey, Werner, tell me something - when you were all raring and ready to go dust that woman who took a shot at you during the Troubles, did you get some sort of a perverse sexual thrill out of it? Some sociopaths have interesting sexual kinks - like sadism leading to homicidal ideation, or attempting to disguise latent homosexuality by engaging in rape and torture of women in high-stress situations..."

"Horacek, shut the fuck up about what that psych report insinuated about me or I'll make your death my top priority instead of getting off this shitty little colony of yours with the information I need. And I will get my information. Count on it. As a matter of fact, you'll know why you *will* give me that information in roughly an hour."

With that, the radios died.

"Information? What the hell is he talking about, 'Information'?"

"Not sure, Andre. Not sure how any of this ties together in the first place. I can tell you this much, though. He's a dead man if I get my hands on him."

Roughly an hour later, after both Lebrun and Horacek had ripped the false panel of the desk in the office off and armed themselves with the bolter pistols and combat knives that were concealed within, the radios buzzed to life again.

"Horacek. Lebrun. This is Werner. I have an unpleasant surprise for you."

"Anything you say, Billy. Everything you say is pretty much unpleasant in my book."

"Very funny, Anton. You and the Belgian had better get it through your thick skulls that I hold all the trump cards in this little situation. And I can prove it. Turn on whatever cameras you have on Control, please."

Horacek flipped a switch near the wall display that turned on the emergency cameras that covered the main bridge of the Space-P. He noticed the charges of Cee-8 and the blast wires that newly lined the bulkheads and walls of Control. He shook his head. The son of a bitch was *completely* out of his mind, and the implication was that Werner was going to take the crew of his base with him unless he got his way.

And then Werner found the camera and moved in front of it. Compared to how he looked a few hours ago, most people would think that Werner was the result of the continued experiments in Frankensteining that black-market chopshops in Russia occasionally undertook for their *Organizatiya* financiers when they needed cannon-fodder for a hit on a rival mob and were willing to use reanimated

corpses instead of low-level thugs in the attempt. Despite the snow on the screen, it was obvious from the color image that his skin was now pallid to the point of being off-white in color; his eyes were rimmed with red, his pupils were pinpoints and it looked like a fine sheen of sweat was beginning to cover his face. In short, Werner was coming unraveled. That, or...

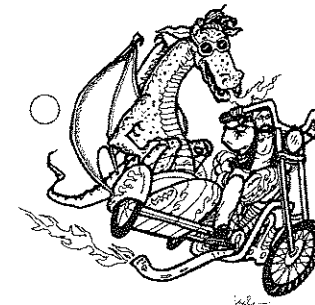
"You really have been dosing yourself with something, haven't you, Werner?"

"None of your business, Horacek. My problems are my own."

"Sure they are. Except that you've got my main bridge wired with enough plastique to blow it into enough scrap to build a cut-rate garbage ship. That *isn't* a problem 'all your own'."

"So it isn't! What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Well, you *could* tell me what you want, for one..."



"What I want? What I want is my life back...and my career back...and you at the bottom of a pile of bodies of all the people who've screwed me in the past. But what I *need* is information...just information, Horacek. That's all."

Horacek tried not to sound irritated when he asked the question: "what information do you need, Werner? I can't help you if I don't know what you're talking about."

"That's quite simple, Anton. I need to know precisely how many people you've busted for possession and transportation of Soma-Plus with intent to distribute over the last few months or so. Their arrivals, destinations, suspected confederates and their affiliation with criminal organizations on Earth, the Circuit and the independents, that sort of thing. And I need it all within the hour."

"Werner," Lebrun chimed in, "You *do* realize that obtaining that information for criminal use is only going to make you more of a top priority for the Species, correct? Especially if they come to the realization that..."

"That I'm addicted...or that I've been using my position to protect certain dealers because it's a tradeoff for being supplied with S-P? Congratulations on your reasoning abilities, Lebrun. My men and I applaud you. *Especially* since all of them are S-P addicts as well. And you know what will eventually happen once they come down. I think

you'd better supply us with the information we require before that happens, don't you?"

"There's any number of information depots you could've raided that are far softer targets than Orbital One. Why me?"

"Why *not*? I'm merely rubbing your face in an old grudge by doing this, Horacek. That's all."

"Lovely," Horacek chimed in. "Horace Ogunleye is up there, right? Put him in front of the camera."

A few moments later, the tall form of Ogunleye moved in front of the camera. "Good morning, Colonel. We seem to be having a slight problem with the bridge today..."

"Very funny, Horace. What shape is everybody in up there?"

"Fairly intact, sir, but the Species seem to be getting exceedingly nervous as of late. They keep making noises about getting violent if they don't get what they want."

Then give the man what he wants...all of it. Oh, and by the way, Plan B. That's all."

"Very good, sir."

Werner shoved past Ogunleye despite the electronic intelligence officer's considerable bulk and height. "What's Plan B, Horacek?"

"Oh, nothing much. You'll find out."

"Tell me what Plan B is, Horacek. If you think you're going to set me up for a fall, you're sadly mistaken. *What in the hell is Plan B, Horacek?*"

"Do you want your information or not? Horacek out."

Lebrun turned to Horacek. "What is Plan B, anyway?"

"Dunno. I just made the damn thing up. I was just fucking with Werner to see how far gone he is. He's definitely Jonesing badly, from the look of him."

"Definitely. Anton, we can't let him and his band of white-line brothers get off of O-One with that information. It's classified, and they'll be shaking down or offing dealers of S-P for their goods and money from now until the sun novas if they can get away with it."

"Point taken. But my crew comes first. And fuck the CSTA and the Species if they think otherwise."

If somebody wanted to combine the best - and worst - effects of Heroin, rock Cocaine and prescription tranquilizers and then realize it in one small package, Soma-Plus was their ticket. The drug was virulently addictive within a week's usage, but unlike Heroin, it could be synthesized quite easily by practically anyone with access to black-market nanotechnology and the wherewithal to protect it, since the end product was as artificially inflated in price as any other illicit drug from the past. The "authorities" - regardless of their national background or whether they were loyal to the Earth Circuit or one of the independents

– wanted to stomp it out as much as the national governments on Earth tried to do in opium derivatives and Coca, but the usual combination of dealer/producer/cartel viciousness and official corruption stopped such efforts in their tracks. And The Crash was even worse. For every person who came off of S-P, half turned into paranoid psychopaths when their highs terminated; the other half died or were turned into instant septugenarians in terms of reflexes by their crashing nervous systems. And the effects of The Crash never ended. Once a Killfreak or a Slug, always a Killfreak or a Slug – until the next dose came along, of course. And that was the most insidious aspect of the drug – other than the fact that no detoxification protocol existed, of course.

Horacek wondered about how to approach this problem without getting himself or his crew incinerated. His guess was that he and Lebrun would be herded back into Control, which would then be followed by the white-liners getting in their transport with Werner and heading off to the most convenient dealer or lab they could find – and which ultimately would end with Control and its accompanying crew getting blown to bite-size chunks by the Cee-8 anyway. Werner wasn't stupid. Thornsbard's repeater may've cooked his goose as far as the ESF was concerned, but it would take time for the signal to reach someone who could do something about it. In addition, Werner had a homicidal streak in addition to his pettiness, which was being fueled by one of the most dangerous neo-narcotics in existence and he probably wouldn't want to leave witnesses behind who could testify against him and his new group of "friends".

In other words, Horacek, his crew, his base and all of the civilian freighters currently docked in this ball of metal and ceramics were screwed...unless he came up with a solution. Right now, such a solution wasn't presenting itself.

"Andre," he said, "does anyone have a non-radio text messenger up on Control? I know Horace does, but if he's busy unpacking that warehoused S-P data..."

"I think either Polanyi or Montanez does. Why?"

"Either one of them smoke?"

"Both, I think. Why?"

"Remember the problem with Cee-8? You can set the shit on fire, pound it with a sledgehammer, even stick a primitive fuse in it and it won't go off without its blasting caps. But get it wet..."

"I forgot about that! It's more useful as modeling putty than as an explosive if it gets soaked! And the sprinkler system is oversensitive. Always has been."

"You could light a fart and set it off, Andre. Which is why I intend to have either Darius or Karyn take up their partic-

ular vice in violation of on-bridge regulations. And soon."

10 minutes later, the following text-message was pulsed to the consoles of Ensigns Darius Polanyi and Karen Montanez in Control:

This is Horacek Stop As soon as Werner and the rest of the Junkie Brigade leaves the bridge, light up and smoke Stop Will attempt to grab their transport from this end if he sabotages airlock control at yours Stop

Horacek knew that this gambit was risky – particularly if it turned out that Werner had any sappers on his team that knew about the "edge of wetness" problem concerning their Cee-8 and had the presence of mind to wrap the charges in waterproof material – but he was betting that he didn't. Keeping Werner's troop transport in 15R was an entirely tougher proposition. But he had an idea about that one as well.

The radio crackled to life in his earpiece again.

"You've done very well, Anton. We'll be taking our leave of this shitball of yours, shortly. Oh, and by the way, by the time someone takes note of your transmission, we'll be off to one of the wormgates to have a chat with some of the Triad people on Titan concerning our...condition. A very long talk. Goodbye."

With that, an unpleasant screech of static signaled that the conversation had been ended by Werner firing a shot from his bolter through his radio. Which meant that there wasn't much time left.

"Time to start unbarring the door, Andre. Let's hope that..."

A klaxon began sounding even before either man had moved an inch. The red emergency lights went on a second later, and a female voice began to robotically intone "Warning...fire detected in a secure area, bridge, Traffic Control command... Warning... fire detected in..."

Horacek moved, but back to the control area underneath the display terminal set in the wall. He flipped open a panel below the main controls, hit two buttons simultaneously, and was immediately filled with a wonderful sense of *Schadenfreude* as the automated voice changed its tune somewhat:

Warning...fire detected in a secure area, bridge...all egress airlocks are under lockdown due to emergency protocols initiated by Traffic Control... Warning...

Sometimes, it was good to be the commander of an undistinguished "shitball". Particularly when you could initiate emergency lockdown procedures from the safety of your own office.

Horacek spoke into the mouthpiece of his radio again: "Control, this is Horacek. Is that asshole locked down good and tight?"

"This is Oguneyle, sir. Every one of the Species and their commander left a minute before we got soaked. Problem is, they shot out our Long-Range. We can't radio Geneva, the moon or any of the other Orbitals for help.

"Fuck!" Horacek fumed. He has Werner, but Werner may have some other plan up his sleeve. If he did, he could still get off his base, and...

There was a deep rumble from the guts of the base, followed by a violent shake that tossed both Horacek and Lebrun from their feet.

Werner had kept some of the Cee-8. And had detonated it...in 15R.

Unfortunately, he didn't know that the blast doors were proof against Cee-8. And he strongly suspected that the cockpit of Werner's troop transport probably wasn't.

An hour and a half later, Horacek and Montanez broke the Autocop armor out of her office in Security, equipped themselves and a platoon's worth of CSTA Sec officers and others trained in weapons and walked over to the still-hot internal blast door in front of 15R. Montanez keyed in a passcode, waited for Horacek to follow suit, and took up shooting positions as the door slowly slid up. When it became clear that the contained explosion had turned most of the assembled squad of rogue Species into so much goo and the troop transport into a concussion-damaged hulk bereft of useful weapons or engines, they moved in, covering each other in case anyone had survived the explosion.

Someone had, it turned out. Werner. He was in a bad way, since the two broken legs and the gash on the left side of his head probably wasn't making his S-P withdrawal any easier.

"So...Horacek...looks like you finally won."

"If you can call it that. Lebrun's in sickbay, since he cracked one of his elbows in a fall caused by this idiotic escape plan you came up with."

"That's nice." All of a sudden, with the last of his strength, Werner swung a combat knife at Horacek – and missed. Horacek knocked it out of his hand – and leveled his bolter, making sure that it was on stun.

"This could be on kill, Billy – or stun. But you don't know that, do you?"

"Why me, Horacek? Of all the people you have to make a promotion list because of, why me?"

"Why not?" is all Horacek said.

WINDYCON 31 PROGRAM

DESCRIPTIONS:

Please note: At the time these descriptions are being written, the program is still in a state of some flux. There is a slim chance that not all of these items will appear on the final program. Check your pocket program for times, rooms, and panel participants.

Friday 3:00 PM Heathrow: Hominids: Orcs, Elves, Dwarves and other hominids. What should you keep in mind when role-playing or writing non-human characters. Bingle, Hite, Chweddyk, Sayre McCoy, Clemmons

Friday 4:00 PM Heathrow: Humans: We all know what humans are and how they behave. How will alien races look upon us? What will they find normal or strange. B. Johnson, Kirstein, Sawyer, Smith

Friday 4:00 PM Orly: You Don't Know SF: What pieces of recent science fiction or fantasy are essential to have read to understand the current state of the field. Brown, O'Neill, Resnick, Mohanraj

Friday 5:00 PM Heathrow: Hybrids: As far back as Olaf Stapledon and H.G. Wells, the evolution of the human race, either naturally or via bioengineering, has been part of science fiction. Will we see a fundamental change in human nature in the next hundred years? Dobson, Kimmel, Thomasson

Friday 5:00 PM Michigan: Cover Artists Speak: Artists explain the purpose of a cover. Chumley, Jael, S.V. Johnson, McKee

Friday 5:00 PM Orly: Writing on Demand: Authors and editors discuss how to inspire the muse when invited to participate in a themed anthology. Fawcett, Helfers, Bingle, Wolfe

Friday 6:00 PM Heathrow: Golden Fleece: Authors have always adapted and adopted mythical and legendary source material for the modern reader. Why do these legends still speak to modern man? Garfinkle, Gilliam, Hite, Lynn Nye

Friday 6:00 PM Michigan: Plot Holes We Have Found and Ways to Fix Them: SF Readers discuss plot holes in their favorite novels and short stories and try to figure out ways in which to repair them. Consolmagno, Katz, Dobson, M. Lyn-Waitsman

Friday 6:00 PM Orly: The Hero as Sore Thumb: At one time, the heroes of books were designed to reflect the everyman. Now, it seems like they are the epitome of the superman. Why do authors create characters who stand out and can readers really identify with them? Kirstein, Smith-Ready, Anderson, B. Johnson, Murphy

Friday 8:00 PM Narita: Saving Star Wars: The film that takes George Lucas to task, starring David Prowse, the body of Darth Vader. With director Gary Wood.

Friday 9:00 PM *Grand North: Christian Ready*: Slide show from the Hubble telescope with special musical interludes. Ready, B. Childs-Helton, S. Childs-Helton

Saturday 10:00 AM *Grand North: Far Seer: The Christian Ready Show*: Christian Ready presents his Windycon-famous slideshows from the Hubble.

Saturday 10:00 AM *Heathrow: The Good, the Bad, and the Pulpy*: Things were so much better in the olden days when magazines had titles like *Amazing*, *Thrilling*, *Argosy*, *Science Wonder Stories*, and other lurid names. Or were they? Do the stories from the pulps stand up? Eisenstein, O'Neill, Garcia, Wilson, Green

Saturday 10:00 AM *Michigan: Implications of Immortality*: A common theme in science fiction is the gaining of immortality. What are the physical and psychological implications of knowing that you're never going to die? Thomasson, Patch, Freitag

Saturday 10:00 AM *Narita A: Building Scenes*: Starting with a blank sheet of paper, an author has to create all the details to fill in the setting, introduce characters, and advance the plot. How does a writer create this word painting? Garfinkle, Anderson, Hines, Wolfe, Sullivan

Saturday 10:00 AM *Narita B: Mainstreaming Science Fiction*: From Margaret Atwood to Philip Roth to Susanna Clarke, SF has entered the mainstream. How are mainstream SF novels different from those which are published within the genre? Sawyer, Gilliam, Brown, Mohanraj

Saturday 10:00 AM *Orly: Past Life Regressions*: Come to learn what you did before you were you. D. Bishop, P. Bishop

Saturday 11:00 AM *Arena: Ving Tsun Kung Fu Intro*: Come ready to learn an ancient Chinese martial art. For both self-defense and physical fitness. L. Waitsman

Saturday 11:00 AM *Erie: Children's Programming: Under the Sea*: Learn about the lives of dolphins and what it is like to swim with them. Pearson

Saturday 11:00 AM *Grand North: Park Forest +20*: Twenty months ago, the skies fell on Forest Park, or at least meteorites did. Adler astronomer Mark Hammergren discusses the fall and what we've learned from it.

Saturday 11:00 AM *Heathrow: Fossil Hunter*: Fandom's earliest fans are still with us, but many are taking their leave. Who are some of our ancestors in fandom and how can you meet them (and perhaps some really cool stories about them as well). Evans, Lyn-Waitsman, Pohl, Rest, Resnick

Saturday 11:00 AM *Michigan: Elections*: 'Tis the season to be political. Many people agree that in the past several years, politics, and the citizens of the United States, have

become increasingly polarized. Is there a way to cease the polarization of the electorate? Blom, FitzSimmons, Thomasson, Mason

Saturday 11:00 AM *Narita A: Hall Costume or Competition Costumes*: How do hall costumes differ from competition costumes? When creating a costume, what should you consider when deciding which category it belongs to? Bergquist, Mildebrandt, Solomon, Wright, Kimpel

Saturday 11:00 AM *Narita B: Tesla's 2004*: If all Nikola Tesla's dreams had come true, what would our world—technologically and sociologically—look like in 2004? Cozort, Hite, Rittenhouse, Dobson

Saturday 12:00-2:00 PM *Erie: Children's Programming: Learning with Legos*: They are colorful blocks that stack neatly together, but they're also a learning tool. Weis.

Saturday 12:00 PM *Grand North: Sneak Previews*: The Milwaukee gang shows you what to expect from the movies in upcoming months. With giveaways. Boettcher, Mildebrandt, VandeBunt, Weissinger

Saturday 12:00 PM *Heathrow: Foreigner*: Many people seem to consider science fiction an American phenomenon, but there are many non-US authors, both classic and modern, who deserve your attention. T. Buckell, Williamson, Dobson, Hull

Saturday 12:00 PM *Michigan: Upcoming Chicago Events*: Cons, reading groups, film showings, and the Nebula Awards. Hear how to fill out your science fictional calendar without ever leaving Chicagoland. Jones, Karash, Kosiba, McCarty, Palmer, Silver

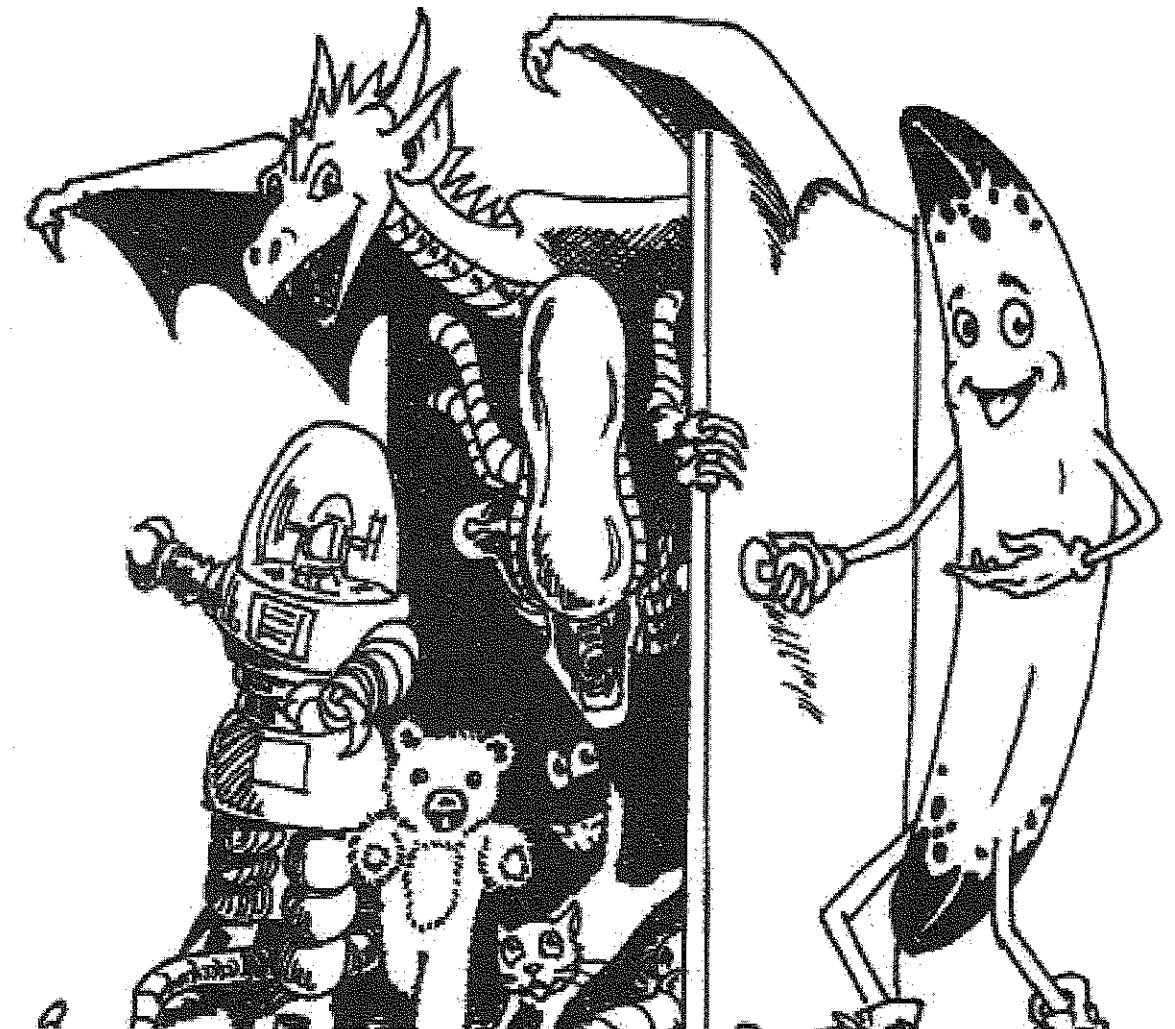
Saturday 12:00 PM *Narita A: Fan Fiction: Homage or Trademark Infringement*: Charles Petit discusses the legal aspects of writing about characters in your favorite universes and why the author might be simultaneously pleased and upset at your attempts.

Saturday 12:00 PM *Narita B: The Holographic Universe*: "Our world and everything in it...are also only ghostly images, projections from a level of reality so beyond our own it is literally beyond both space and time." This idea proposed by Michael Talbot has long been examined in science fiction, such as Roger Zelazny's *Amber* series. But what are its real implications? Jael, Patch

Saturday 12:00 PM *Orly: The Changing Universe*: From new stellar objects to new knowledge about Mars, how is today's known universe unrecognizable from even a few years ago? Consolmagno, Hammergren, Plaxco, Ready

Saturday 1:00 PM *Grand North: Conquest of the Planet of the Apes*: Following the film, Guest of Honor Rob Sawyer will discuss why it is one of the greatest science fiction films of all time.

3...4 Open the door



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CHAMBANACon 34

Science Fiction Convention

November 26, 27 and 28, 2004

Guest of Honor: Juanita Coulson

Fan Guests of Honor: Tom & Tara Barber

Toastmistress: Brenda Sutton

Saturday 1:00 PM Heathrow: Metal Tears: This short (40 minute) film is based on Mike Resnick's Hugo-nominated story "Robots Don't Cry." Resnick will provide an introduction to the film.

Saturday 1:00 PM Michigan: Archiving Your Collection: Sally Childs-Helton explains how to take care of your collection, whatever it is you might choose to acquire.

Saturday 1:00 PM Narita A: Role Playing the Beginning: A celebration of thirty years of Dungeons and Dragons. What was the original game like and how has it changed. Hite, Bingle, Coleman, Stover, Clemmons

Saturday 1:00 PM Narita B: The Future of Fandom: Rather than looking at the graying of fandom, here's what the next generation of fans has to say about fandom and the direction it is taking. Karp, S. Krause, S. Lyn-Waitsman, Totusek, Rest (M)

Saturday 1:00 PM Orly: Jerome Walton: Jerome Walton may be the least well-known, but most influential science fiction writer who ever lived. Come and hear some of Chicago's favorites explain why more people should know about this man John W. Campbell once called "the Iron Horse of science fiction." P. Eisenstein, Fawcett, Pohl, Sawyer

Saturday 2:00-4:00 PM Erie: Children's Programming: Jedi Academy: Become a Jedi Knight. Learn to use a light saber and other tricks of the Jedi. M, Waterson, R. Waterson

Saturday 2:00 PM Heathrow: Perceptualistics: Windycon's artist guest of honor, Jael, takes you on a visual tour of her beautiful and haunting artwork.
Saturday 2:00 PM Michigan: Classic, But Unreadable: These are the titles that are always mentioned when discussing classic science fiction, but for one reason or another, they are all but unreadable for the modern reader. O'Neill, Evans, Pohl, Green

Saturday 2:00 PM Narita A: The Medieval Pantheon: Why do so many fantasy novels which are based on Europe's Medieval period incorporate a pantheon instead of a monotheistic church? How would the Middle Ages have differed if a pantheon had replaced Mother Church? Sayre McCoy, Stover, Farrell, Sullivan

Saturday 2:00 PM Narita B: Promoting Costuming at General Interest Cons: While the general interest cons in Chicago have been letting the masquerades disappear, this isn't written in stone. Costumers can come to this session and discuss ways to promote masquerades at cons. Bergquist, Mildebrandt, G. Roper, Solomon, Kimpel

Saturday 2:00 PM Orly: He Won't Grow Up: 100 Years of Peter Pan: J.M. Barrie first produced the play "Peter Pan" on 27 December 1904 at the Duke of York's Theatre in London. As we close in on centenary of this children's fable, it continues to delight the young and remind the

not-so-young that they don't really need to grow up. Nye, Stuckey, P. Eisenstein, Gbala

Saturday 3:00 PM Heathrow: End of an Era: There was once a time when science fiction fandom was relatively homogenous and any two randomly selected fans would have common points of referents. This time is long past and now there is a splintering of fans. Rest, B. Childs-Helton, A. Eisenstein, FitzSimmons, Rittenhouse

Saturday 3:00 PM Michigan: Christian Imagery in SF Art: Chumley, Jael, S.V. Johnson, Kimmel, Oakes
Saturday 3:00 PM Narita A: Fantastic Worldbuilding: Author Stephen Leigh (a.k.a. S.P. Farrell) will host a PowerPoint presentation about how to create believable fantasy worlds. Farrell

Saturday 3:00 PM Narita B: Bill Krucek Memorial: Chicago area fan Bill Krucek died on October 6. Bill worked on Windycon for a quarter of a century, much of the time heading logistics and operations. Come and share your memories about Bill.

Saturday 3:00 PM Orly: Submitting Your Work to Editors: Why We Do It This Way: Editors explain why submitting your hand-written manuscript on fluorescent pink paper might not be the best way to get noticed. Helfers, O'Neill, Resnick

Saturday 4:00 PM Erie: Children's Programming: My First Filk: Music is a gift for all ages and this workshop will teach kids how to write and perform their own filk songs. Alper, Mason

Saturday 4:00 PM Heathrow: The Terminal Experiment: There was a time when postapocalyptic fiction was everywhere. In more recent times, it seems to have gone the way of the dodo. Why have the themes of life after the disaster gone by the wayside and what makes some of those stories still readable and enjoyable? Gene Wolfe, Meluch, Zakem, Mason

Saturday 4:00 PM Michigan: Drumming Workshop: Sally Childs-Helton leads you in drumming. It's more than just pounding the skins.

Saturday 4:00 PM Narita A: Character Creation: Speculative fiction has come a long way from the cardboard creations which populate the earliest pulps. How does an author go about creating a living, breathing character with whom the reader will want to get to know and share adventures? Hines, Reimann, Knight, Sawyer, Smith

Saturday 4:00 PM Narita B: Batting 1.000: Throughout science fiction/fantasy history, there are only a handful of authors who seem to have hit a home run each time they've written a story. If you only want to read those authors whose work will be guaranteed to be among the best, whose work should you look for? Buckell, Katz, Brown, Fawcett

Saturday 4:00 PM Orly: I Know What You'll Do Next Summer: Matthew Stover is the author of the novelization for the forthcoming film Star Wars: Episode III: The Revenge of the Sith. Come to this talk to hear him talk about future plans.

Saturday 5:00 PM Heathrow: Starplex: From Edmond Hamilton to George Lucas to Lois Bujold, how has space opera changed over the years and what has stayed the same. Stover, Williamson, Kirstein, Fawcett

Saturday 5:00 PM Narita A: Introducing the Speculative Literature Foundation: The Speculative Literature Foundation was founded earlier this year to promote literary quality in SF. Founder Mary Anne Mohanraj explains what the Foundation hopes to achieve and tells you how you can become a part of their mission.

Saturday 5:00 PM Narita B: Dermot Dobson: An interview with fan guest of honor Dermot Dobson.

Saturday 8:00 PM Narita: Saving Star Wars: The film that takes George Lucas to task, starring David Prowse, the body of Darth Vader. With director Gary Wood.

Saturday 9:00 PM Heathrow: Chocolate for Trivia: Get ready to answer an assortment of trivia questions in exchange for chocolate. But don't eat it yet. Wrappers don't count when determining a winner. Sayre McCoy, Silver

Sunday 10:00 AM-12:00 PM Erie: Children's Programming: Hogwart's School of Magic: See if you have what it takes to attend Hogwart's School of Magic. Students will be taught simple magic tricks in this recreation of the famed academy. The Family Krause

Sunday 10:00 AM Grand North: Extraterrestrial Intelligence: Dolphins: Douglas Adams pointed out that dolphins were more intelligent than humans. Gil Pearson explains why he may have been right.

Sunday 10:00 AM Heathrow: Frameshift: There are some authors who only write SF and some authors who only write fantasy. What is required for one of these authors to make the break and write in the other genre? Buckell, Meluch, Wolfe, Friend, Bingle

Sunday 10:00 AM Michigan: Scanning the Headlines: Newspapers and magazines: Everyone reads them, but some people get ideas for stories. What can be gleaned from the black and white headlines of today for writing stories of the future? Smith-Ready, Sawyer, Blom, Smith

Sunday, 10:00 AM Narita A/B: News from the Asteroid Belt: Br. Guy Consolmagno, SJ will give you tips of real estate in the asteroid belt. Just look out for claims jumpers.

Sunday 10:00 AM Orly: Sex in Science Fiction: Ever since Philip José Farmer wrote "The Lovers" in 1952,

authors have been including graphic depictions of sex in their writing. Does sex in writing have a purpose beyond titillation? Anderson, Mohanraj, Reimann, Williamson

Sunday 11:00 AM Arena: Ving Tsun Kung Fu Intro: Come ready to learn an ancient Chinese martial art. For both self-defense and physical fitness. L. Waitsman

Sunday 11:00 AM Heathrow: Illegal Alien: How science fiction tackles the legal system. Sayre McCoy, Petit, Zakem

Sunday 11:00 AM Michigan: Dangers in Working and Playing Underwater: Because it is on earth, we think of underwater exploration as less perilous than space exploration, but thinking that way can kill you. Pearson, Duester, Martini, Paris

Sunday 11:00 AM Narita A/B: Mars As Art: This presentation looks at the planet Mars on an artistic level using digital images of the planet taken by the Mars Global Surveyor. Included is an overview of the MGS mission and camera, a selection of processed images of the Martian surface, and a selection of the digital art created by the speaker out of a number of MGS images. Plaxco

Sunday 11:00 AM Orly: Reviewing Speculative Fiction: Why do people write reviews of science fiction and fantasy. What does the reviewer hope to achieve? What is the purpose of the reviews? Why do people read them? Brown, Green, Mohanraj, Silver

Sunday 12:00 PM Erie: Children's Programming: A Reading from Peter Pan: To celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the first production of Peter Pan, Windycon will have a reading from the book. Stuckey

Sunday 12:00 PM Heathrow: Factoring Humanity: DNA, RNA, Amino Acids and other building blocks of biology. Thomasson, Patch, Mason

Sunday 12:00 PM Michigan: Filk Earworms: 'Cuz you can't get them out of your head. These are the songs which have catchy tunes, catchy lyrics, and just won't go away. B. Childs-Helton, S. Childs-Helton, Murphy

Sunday 12:00 PM Narita A/B: Painting Demo: Join guest of honor Jael as she creates an original painting at Windycon.

Sunday 12:00 PM Orly: Costuming in the Movies: A discussion of the type of costuming in the movies and how it differs from our kind of costuming. And since they are so different, how to recreate those costumes. Bergquist, Clemmons, Mildebrandt, Mitchell, Wright

Sunday 1:00 PM Grand North: Sneak Previews Redux: The Milwaukee gang shows you what to expect from the movies in upcoming months. With giveaways. Boettcher, Mildebrandt, VandeBunt, Weissinger

Sunday 1:00 PM Heathrow: Calculating God: How do

God, religion, and science fiction fit together. Can you be a science fiction fan (rational) and still be a believer in God (faith)? Consolmagno, Oakes, Gene Wolfe, Katz, Mason

Sunday 1:00 PM Michigan: Unbelievable Alternate Histories: From Romans in space to aliens landing during World War II. Cozort, Hite, Meluch, Rittenhouse

Sunday, 1:00 PM Narita A/B: The Spawn of Tolkien: Tolkien's massive book, the Lord of the Rings has led to the proliferation of other lengthy fantasy books and series, from Robert Jordan's Wheel of Time to George R.R. Martin's A Song of Frost and Ice. Is this good or bad? Karp, Bingle, Knight, O'Neill

Sunday 1:00 PM Orly: WFLK Radio: What should be played on a filk radio station? Is one necessary. What pieces should be used to introduce people to filk. Coleman, Murphy

Sunday 2:00 PM Grand North: The Return of Christian Ready: Christian Ready returns to present more pictures of outer space.

Sunday 2:00 PM Heathrow: SLOF Panel: The lore and hidden knowledge of tomes is kept by those few initiates, the Secret Librarians of Fandom. Come and learn the secrets of the first level acolytes. Callison, Gbala, Sayre McCoy, Thomas,

Sunday 2:00 PM Michigan: The Evolution of Filk: What was the first filk song and how has the music changed over time? B. Childs-Helton, S. Childs-Helton,

Sunday 2:00 PM Narita A/B: Perverse Implications: In this discussion, our ~~heroes~~ panelists will look at mainstream books and movies and explain the science fictional and fantastic back stories that you would never know existed. Nye, Resnick, Smith, Gilliam,

Sunday 2:00 PM Orly: Dialogue You Can Believe: What tricks are there to writing realistic dialogue between characters? How does stilted dialogue "happen" and what can be done to avoid it. Chwedyk, P. Eisenstein, B. Johnson, Hines

SPECIAL EVENTS

We're planning plenty of fun for you in your evenings at WindyCon.

Friday, 7:00 PM in Grand Ballroom C is *Opening Ceremonies*, where you'll get your introduction to Inner Space. Come listen to our Guests of Honor as we introduce them to you and give them a chance to let you know what's on their minds.

Friday, 8:00 PM (or right after Opening Ceremonies), you'll find WindyCon's own version of "Let's Make a Deal"!

There'll be plenty of fabulous prizes for the contestants who'll be selected right from our audience — and interesting costumes and signs just improve your chances of being plucked from the crowd and give a chance to win our "Big Deal of the Day"! And remember to stuff your pockets with interesting items, because you can never tell what WindyCon's Big Dealer is looking for.

Friday, 9:00 PM (or right after Let's Make a Deal), you can catch Christian Ready's famous "News from the Hubble" slide show with all of the latest photographs of near and deep space and all the places in between.

Saturday, 8:00 PM in the Grand Ballroom foyer, we'll explore the seas of our planet in WindyCon's "Enchantment Under the Sea" dance. It's the biggest and best space we've ever had for a dance and we think you'll enjoy it.

Sunday, 2:00 PM in Grand Ballroom C, you'll find WindyCon's Closing Ceremonies, where you'll get a final chance to see this year's guests and find out a bit about next year's convention that may surprise you.

Hall Costumes

If you're wandering the halls in costume, don't be surprised if one of our hall costume judges stops you, asks to take your picture, jots down your name, and hands you a ribbon. That means that you're in the running for one of our Hall Costume awards that we'll be announcing at Closing Ceremonies on Sunday. Come on by and see if you've won a prize!

Windycon Scavenger Hunt

Welcome to the this year's Windycon Scavenger Hunt. To introduce all our attendees to our new hotel and our Guests of Honor, we are sponsoring thie Scavenger Hunt. Check your registration packet for the list and get started Saturday morning. Prizes will be awarded at Opening Ceremonies.

WINDYCON 31 STAFF LIST:

Chair:
Bonnie Jones

Vice Chair:
Pat Sayre McCoy

Adult Supervision:
Department Head - Joseph "Uncle Vlad" Stockman
Department Second - Lisa Hunter
Lara Balliet, Devin Murphy, Karl Meyer

Art Show:
Kerry Kuhn (Trouble)
Mike Cole, Sue Cole, Melissa Bayard
Artist Alley - Mary Kaye Waterson

Art Auction - Bob Passavoy

Child Care:
Amy Wenshe

Computer Gaming:
Department Head - Paul Lyn Waitsman
Department 2nd - Quan Le
Room Watchers (aka Minions)
Aaron A. Reiner, Endicott Lovell, Dan Levin

Con Suite:
Department Head - Elizabeth Graham-Bishop
Department 2nd - Greg Nowak
Staff: Jessica Monaghan, Manny Lopez, Rob Lindner, Rob Rolnicki Liz Gawlik, Joan & Fern Palfi, Cian Brenner, Kharmin Johanson, Mina & Paul Lawniczak, Jeri & John Celba Linda Bishop, Myron J. Deutch, Jon Fesi, Janet Crookshank, Joe Merrill, Alan & Richard Lambert, Allison Johnson Jessi Schrom, Angel Graziano, Heather, Charles Bradford

Dealer's Room:
Department Head - Mike Jencevice
Department 2nd - Brendan Lonehawk
Staff: Barb Darrow, Gloria Dill, Larry Smith, Sally Kobee, Jason Spitzer, Bonnie Dill, Marta Rose, Steve Metzger, Bill Surret, Carol Metzger

Facilities:
Department Head - Rick Waterson
Hotel Liaison - Raymond Cyrus, Bob Palmer
Party Liaison - Brent Warren, Steve Duffy

Filk:
Department Head - Jan DiMasi

Gaming:
Department Head - Eric Coleman
Department 2nd - Alex Bailey
LARP - Chris Passavoy

Green Room:
Department Head - Tracey Callison
Department 2nd - Marcy Lyn Waitsman
Staff: Yavanna Martin, Dirk Tiede

Guest Liaison:
Department Head - Kelley Higgins

Info Desk:
Department Head - John Donat

Information Services:
Department Head - Richard France
Department 2nd - Phrend

Movies:
Department Head - David Hoshko
Department 2nd - Bernadette Burke
Staff: Mark Melchok, Mary Mascari

Operations & Logistics:
Department Head - Madrene Bradford
Department 2nd - Bill Krucek (*We Miss You!*)
Department 2nd #2 - Mark Herrup
Shift Supervisors - Paulette DeRoeck, Jim Young, Jim Green, Jim Brown
At Con Driver - Bill Jorns
Gofer Mom - Jessica Monaghan

Programming:
Department Head - Steven Silver
Program Operations - Ann Totusek
Writer's Workshop - Richard Chwedyk
Children's Programming - Dina Krause, George Krause, Sydnie Krause
Programming Staff - Jan DiMasi, kT FitzSimmons, Pat Sayre McCoy, Elaine Silver, Megan Totusek

Publications:
Lanny Waitsman, Barry Lyn Waitsman

Registration:
Department Head - Susette France
Mike Brim, Kim Williams, Krista Cobb, Lois Ray, Gary Rivers, Carl Palmer, Jenn Valentine

Voodoo Board:
Jonathan Stoltze

Special Events:
Department Head - Bill Roper
Department 2nd - Marnie Gucciard
Gretchen Roper

Technical Services:
Department Head - Dave Ifversen
Department 2nd - Angela Karash
Tech Crew - Ron Oakes

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Lenny Wenshe

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WindyCon 31



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We want to make sure you have inner peace as you journey through Inner Space. Please ask any member of our staff for assistance during your stay.

Thank-you for being here!

WindyCon 31

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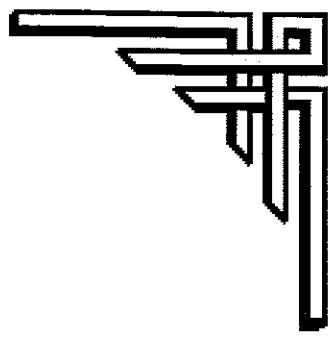
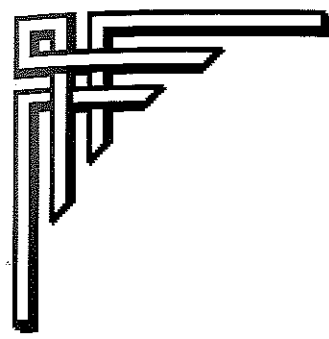
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Improvements to the Hotel
as we change to Wyndham
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- **Prior to your Arrival:**
More than \$1M has been spent to start converting the hotel with the addition of Serta Perfect Sleeper beds, 2-line cordless phones, Herman Miller chairs, Golden Door Amenities, Speakman shower heads and shower curtains as well as upgrading hotel hardware and software to serve you better.
- **After you Depart, but Soon**
More than \$5M will be spent to bring the entire property up to the same level by January 1, 2005
- **Before the next WindyCon**
We will have Complimentary High Speed Internet Access throughout the hotel, instead of just a few floors, Lobby and Bradley's Lounge.
- **In the Next 18-24 Months**
Millions more will be spent on the property to ensure our Guest's Satisfaction.
We hope you Enjoy your Convention!

AUTOGRAPHS



Windycon 32

November 11 - 13, 2005

Wyndham O'Hare

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