

WINDY CON 34



THE
WORLDS OF THE OTHERS

A Mile Closer to the Stars

DENVENTION 3

The 66th World Science Fiction Convention

August 6-August 10, 2008

Denver, CO USA

Lois McMaster Bujold – Guest of Honor

Rick Sternbach – Artist Guest of Honor

Tom Whitmore – Fan Guest of Honor

Robert Heinlein – Ghost of Honor

Wil McCarthy – Toastmaster



For Membership and Information

<http://denvention3.org>

info@denvention3.org

Denvention 3, P.O. Box 1349, Denver, CO 80201

Photos courtesy of the Denver Convention and Visitor's Bureau and the Hubble Site Web Gallery

WINDYCON 35



NOVEMBER

14-16

2008

NEW HOTEL!

Westin Lombard
Yorktown Center
70 Yorktown Center
Lombard, IL 60148
630-719-8000

WINDYCON 35

P.O. Box 184
Palatine, IL 60078

MILITARY SF

AUTHOR GOH

John Ringo

ARTIST GOH

David Mattingly

MILITARY GOH

Ryan Yantis, Lt. Col.
U.S. Army (retired)

TOASTMASTER

Eric Flint



WELCOME

LETTER FROM THE CHAIR

Pat Sayre McCoy

Hi everyone and welcome to WindyCon 34. We have a great line-up of guests and events for you, so look carefully at your program to be sure you note everything you're interested in. We welcome our Guests of Honor and Special Guests, and all our panelists and all our attendees. Play hard, party hearty, and don't forget to grab some food at our consuite and join our dance.

The Masquerade will have a costume fashion show at "half-time" while the judges decide on the prizes (a very hard job), so come and see some great costumes of all kinds. Critter Crunch returns this year, as does the art show and art auction, with our wonderful cast of auctioneers. The Dealer's room is full, as usual, so be sure to save plenty of time to go through it thoroughly. We have gaming and computer gaming, and room parties fill the evenings, and if you just want to sit and people watch, maybe meet up with old friends, this is the place. If you have problems or questions, we'll see what we can do. Come to Ops and if they can't solve it, they'll call me or someone who can.

On a more somber note, we dedicate this convention to Lenny Wenshe, chair of WindyCons 16 and 17. Old WindyCon hands will remember him chatting up everyone who passed by him, and loving every minute of it. More recently, health problems prevented him from attending WindyCon, but he worked hard in the background as treasurer and advisor for many years. Many past WindyCons would not have been as great as they were (or as easy for the committee) if not for Lenny's work. Our charity this year is the American Obesity Association. Those of you who knew Lenny know he struggled with this disability for many years, so come in his memory and give what you can.

Finally, I'd like to thank everyone who worked this year on WindyCon. Many are listed in your program book, but some are not—especially the gophers, whom we depend on so heavily. All our committee chairs, members and gophers are volunteers who devote many hours throughout the year to planning and producing WindyCon, so when you see someone with a staff or gopher ribbon, thank them. They worked hard to make it look easy and I certainly would not have been able to do this without them.

GENERAL INFO

Department Hours	2
Convention Rules	2
Hotel Map	3
What is WindyCon?	4
WindyCon on the Web	4
What is an ISFiC	6
Restaurant Guide	38
Staff List	40

GOH BIOS

Tanya Huff	5
Toni Weisskopf	7
Jody Lee	9
Richard Hatch	11
George Price	13
Richard Chwedyk	15

DEPARTMENT INFO

Art Show	10
Dealers	10
Print Shop	10
Consuite	12
Critter Crunch	12
Gaming	12
Films	16
Masquerade	16

PROGRAMMING

Friday	17 & 18
Saturday	18, 19, 21, 22 & 23
Sunday	23, 24 & 25

SHORT STORY WINNER

Ivan and the Plate of Fried Chicken	27
--	----

RULES

Hi newbies—welcome to WindyCon. We were all first timers once (some earlier than others), so we want to make you welcome and to feel at home. Jump right in and join whatever interests you. We haven't forgotten what our first con was like, so you'll find most of us are friendly, willing to talk (oh yeah, are we willing to talk!) and generally helpful to new sf fans. Our staff is cheerful, knowledgeable and can answer your questions or find someone who can. Remember, we all love sf so much that we're willing to spend three whole days enjoying it. There are a few common sense rules we'd like you to follow.

- You must have your badge with you to get into any con function. If you don't have it, you can't get in. Please don't lose it and never lend it to anyone. We have a label on the back of the badge (where no one can see it) with your real name on it. This lets us know who you really are in places like ConSuite (where we need to be sure you're really 21 so you can legally have that Guinness).

- Always carry your I.D. with you; the badge holder makes a convenient place to put it if you don't have pockets.

- The Village of Rosemont and Cook County have enacted new ordinances that prohibit smoking in any public places in the hotel. Smoking is permitted only in sleeping rooms designated for smoking and in the smoking section of the restaurant. All function space is non-smoking and there will not be a smoking Con Suite. Smoking at parties is only permitted in parties hosted in smoking rooms. Smoking in the hallways outside of smoking party rooms is Not Permitted.

- The only animals allowed in public spaces are life assistance animals.

- Costume 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.

- Finally, WindyCon reserves the right to pull the badge of anyone not following the laws of the state of Illinois, the rules of the hotel, or the rules of the convention. Be good, play nice and don't make us do that. We really don't want to. It's not fun for anyone.

HOURS

CONSUIITE

FRIDAY

11:00am - 12:00n

- Staff and Dealers

12:00n - 4:00am

- Open

3:00pm - 3:00am

- The Bheer Shall Flow

SATURDAY

9:00am - 9:30am

- Staff and Dealers

9:30am - 4:00am

- Open

3:00pm - 3:00am

- The Bheer Shall Flow

SUNDAY

10:00am - 10:30am

- Staff and Dealers

10:30am - 3:00pm

- Open

12:00n - 2:00pm

- The Bheer Shall Flow

DEALERS

FRIDAY

3pm - 7pm

SATURDAY

10am - 6pm

SUNDAY

11am - 3pm

ART SHOW

FRIDAY

1:00pm - 4:00pm

- Artist Setup

4:00pm - 9:00pm

- Open

9:00pm - 10:00pm

- Artist Reception

SATURDAY

10:00am - 6:30pm

- Open

12:00n

- Quick Sales Begin

1:00pm

- Tour with Jody Lee

8:00pm - whenever

- Art Auction

9pm-ish

- Attempt to start art pickup

SUNDAY

10:00am to 2:00pm

- Art Pickup

PRINT SHOP

FRIDAY

1:00pm - 4:00pm

- Artist Setup

4:00pm - 9:00pm

- Open

SATURDAY

9:00am to 7:00pm

- Open

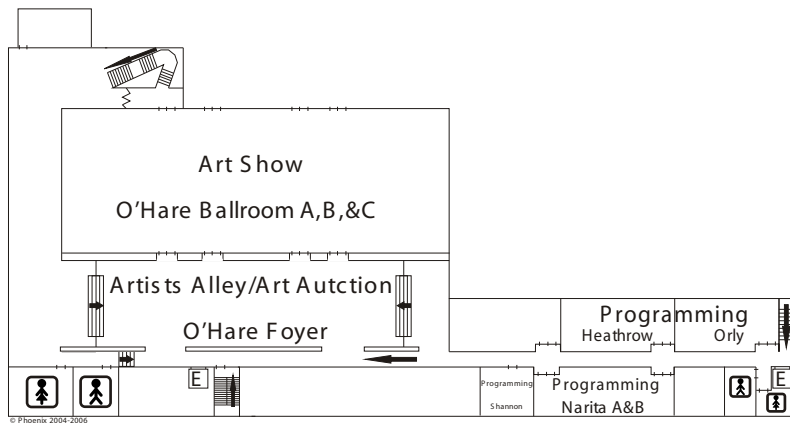
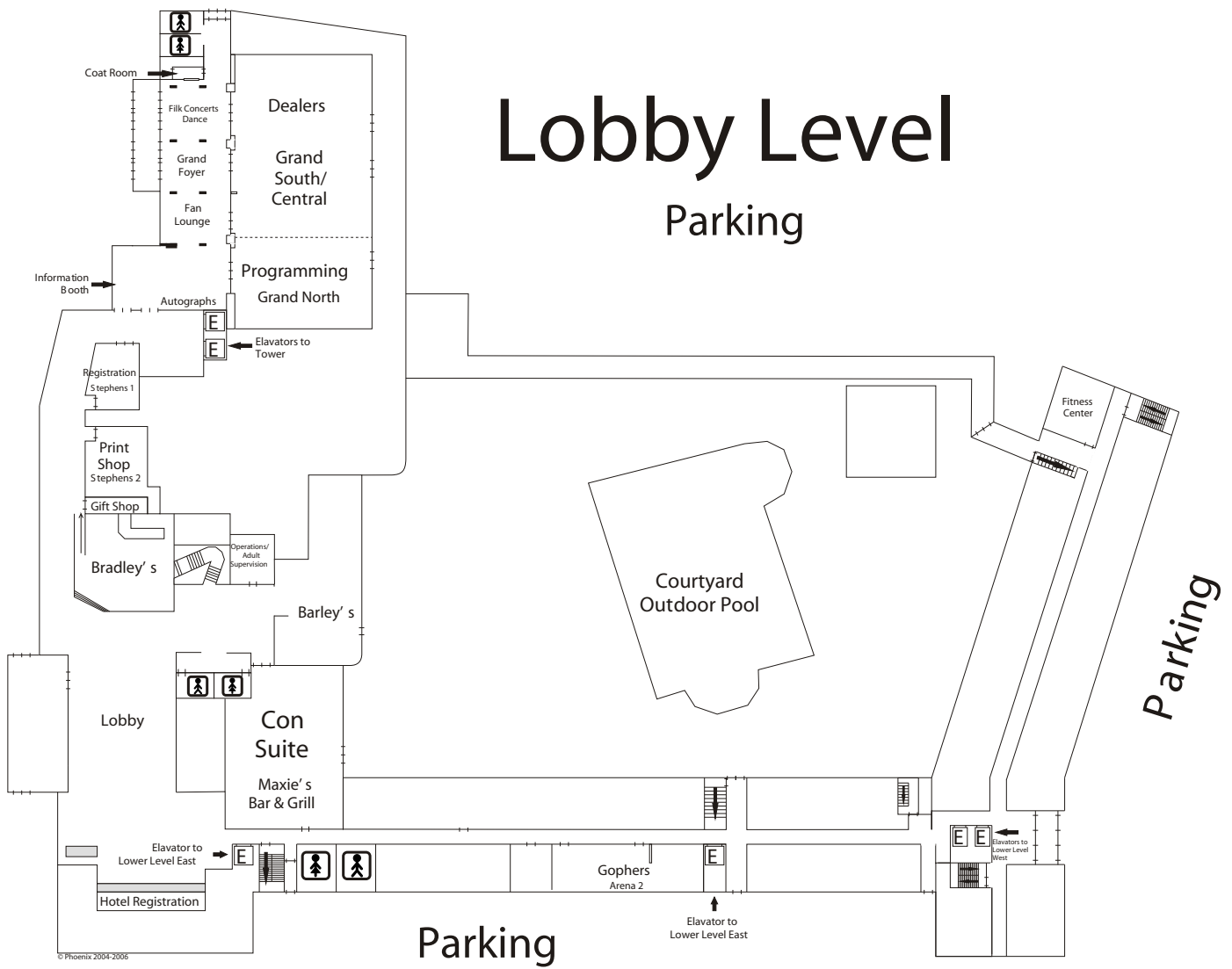
SUNDAY

9:00am to 12:00n

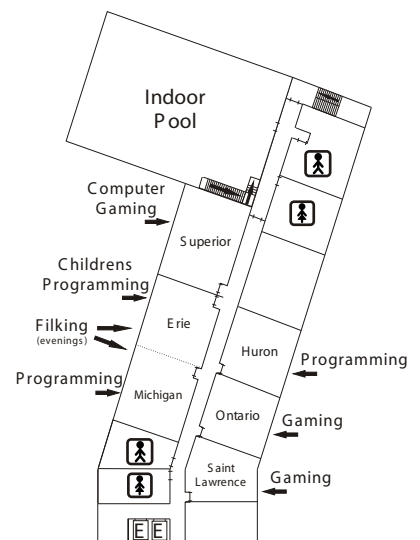
- Open

After 12:00n

- Art Pickup



**Lower Level
East**



**Lower Level
West**

WHAT IS WINDYCON?

WindyCon is a general interest science fiction convention run by (mostly) Chicago area sf fans who volunteer their time and effort for the benefit of other sf fans who come to our con. We don't make money, we don't get glory (occasional laughs, maybe) but we have fun. Our goal is to make all of our attendees who are interested in science fiction and fantasy, however broadly defined, have a chance to get together with other like-minded folk.

As for things to do—well, what is your interest? We have a great art show and Print Shop with offerings from our Guest of Honor and other talented artists from all across the continent. There are movies many hours of the day, oldies but goodies (well maybe) and new ones as well. There are panels and discussions of everything sf related from morning 'til late at night.

ConSuite is well stocked with food and drink, and plenty of places to relax. For a real fun time, come to the Art Auction and Dance, and check out the latest fashions from whatever time and place at our Masquerade. If you want to spend money, our dealers in the Dealers Room will obligingly take it and give you nice stuff in return. Books, baubles, toys—we have it all.

For night owls, there is filking until morn and some concerts for those of you who keep more regular hours. We have autographing and readings, so bring your books (or buy them in the Dealers room—see above) and get them signed by your favorite authors. We have room parties Friday and Saturday nights too. Gamers can find excitement in our game room, and we even have computer gaming. Join us at Opening Ceremonies to get the weekend started out right!

WindyCon on the Web

If you haven't checked us out online yet, what are you waiting for? Go to www.windycon.org and see our webpage with lots of details on guests, programs and other events. It's the most up-to-date spot for information about WindyCon. And I think it's pretty cool, too. WindyCon also maintains a presence on LiveJournal at <http://community.livejournal.com/windycon>.

In Loving Memory Janet F. Caires-Lesgold

(aka Omaha, Catalina, Speaker To Toys)

1959-2007



"Never be Ordinary"

<http://community.livejournal.com/memoriesofjanet>

by Julie Czerneda

Have You Met Tanya Yet? No? Pull up a bar stool, friend. You too? There's a bit of couch left. Up close and personal, that's us. Look out for the...oops. Oh well, it's a con. Chips tend to fly where they will. Someone will eat them—oh, you will. Good for you. Waste not, don't starve later.

So you haven't met Tanya Huff. Good thing you found me first. Why? Because there're some things you need to know before you do. If you want to make a good impression, get the most from the experience, all that. You do, right? She's one of those, you know.

You don't know.

One of THOSE. A Stealth Goddess. A Hidden Treasure. A Closet Diva. Where have you been? Oh. Well, it's a con. It's okay not to talk about the rest of your life. Really. You can stop now. Please. Thank you.

Tanya's one of those. The people you pass in the hallway or stand with in line for food. Pleasant, attractive, could be anyone, watching you from gleaming eyes...one of those. Because behind that oh-so-normal facade is a mind that takes everything in, keeps it a while, mulls it around (she has an exquisitely sensitive crap meter, by the way), then creates. Work that is consistent, brilliant, and reveals a frankly terrifying grasp of human nature—though she loves us anyway.

Oh, she'll try to fool you. Quick wit. Sincere interest in what others have to say. She'll converse (or sing) cheerfully about anything. *Friday Night Football* or *Buffy*, cats (not Chihuahuas), the joys of rural living, the weather (she's Canadian after all), the future of the planet, beer. But this is the person she really is: accomplished, determined, kind, wise, impatient with fools, intolerant of cruelty, strong, and brave. All the time, too. Not just here. We're talking permanent fixtures. Would I kid you? Well, okay, maybe I would, but not about Tanya.

Of course, it's not what you are. It's what you've done. And do. No, I don't want to hear about your job. This is a con. Live in the moment. We're talking about Tanya.

Maybe it's her past. Born in the Maritimes (Canada's east Atlantic coast, not to be confused with the east coast of the ocean). Raised near Kingston (Lake Ontario's northeast coast, not to be confused with the St. Lawrence River, which it almost is), then study and work in Toronto (Lake Ontario's northern coast, not to be confused with being the south of the province itself). Pardon? You're seasick? Hah. Tanya was a navy cook, you know, before taking that degree at Ryerson in Radio and Television, then working at the famous Bakka Books.

Which is where her Stealth Goddess status was revealed to the rest of us. By day, she'd sell other people's books, smiling that innocent smile. By night, she'd write her own, taking everything she'd seen or thought, building new worlds and reshaping this one. Tanya had more books on the store shelves than most authors by the time she decided to seek the country life with her partner, Fiona (of great taste) Patton. No wonder she smiled.

What books? And you call yourself a fan. Sit there. (Hauls out boxes.) What do you like? Fantasy? (thud) Try her *Quarters* books. There's more. I'm particularly fond of the *Crystal* books, starting



TANYA HUFF

AUTHOR GOH

with *Child of the Grove*. Humor? (thud) You'll split something reading the *Summoner* series. I did. Far Future SF? (thud) No one has done military SF or a heroine like the *Valor* books. I should know. I die in that one! With, I might add, Pithy Dialogue.

Don't drop those! Here, you hold some.

Contemporary fantasy/horror with a twist? (thud). *Smoke and Ashes* is a Finalist for the Aurora Award. Don't grumble. You can manage a hardcover. There'll be more. Her publisher, DAW Books, loves her work too. Oh wait, here's the short fiction. No one does it better. You have to check out her latest collection, *Finding Magic*. It's launching at this con. Buy it. Trust me.

Where was I? Oh right. Who doesn't love vampires? (thud with fanfare). The *Blood* books. Vicki (that's a WOMAN) Nelson, Henry (the gorgeous) Fitzroy. Mike (you wanna take him home) Celluci. Memorable characters.

Yes, it's a huge pile.

Yes, they're all by Tanya Huff.

See what I mean?

She's a Hidden Treasure.

Of course, she's also a Closet Diva, now that her work is on television...You didn't know? Who let you into this con anyway? Well, you're here now, and a good thing. If you haven't seen *Blood Ties* yet, you're in for a treat. Trademark Tanya. Smart dialogue, real characters, sizzle and suspense. Vicki, Henry, and Mike. It's all there. No, you can't leave to buy the DVDs and books. You haven't met her yet, remember?

Because meeting Tanya is something you should do. Take my advice. Be yourself. Relax. Listen to her. Talk to her. Attend her reading and filking. Watch her eyebrows at panels. Crap meter. I kid you not. Don't let her fool you. Stealth Goddess. Hidden Treasure. Closet Diva.

And if you're lucky? Someone you'll be able to call friend, too.

WHAT IS AN ISFiC

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

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

But there’s more to ISFiC than that. ISFiC was formed in the early 1970s—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 60’s, Chicago fandom had splintered, and there wasn’t really a strong local club to serve as a focal point for a con committee, as was the case in Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities.

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

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

As with many fannish actions, there was also an ulterior motive. ISFiC’s founders, notably Larry Propp, Mark and Lynn Aronson, and Ann Cass, very carefully crafted things as a staging ground to prepare for a WorldCon bid. Their idea was to have WindyCon not only publicize Chicago’s name, but also to act as a training ground for local fans in preparation for a WorldCon bid. The other ISFiC founders, including Jon and Joni Stopa and Mike and Carol Resnick supported the idea.

Chicon IV, the 1982 World Science Fiction Convention, came to fruition as a result of this (though Chicon IV, Chicon V, and Chicon 2000 were separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC). The early WindyCons grew rapidly under such chairmen as Mark and Lynn Aronson, Larry Propp, Doug Rice, and Midge Reitan. Most of the WindyCon staff worked on Chicon IV, and learned even more from that.

After Chicon IV, there was a lot of 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)3 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 into WindyCon in creative ways. One way was in providing grants to WindyCon to bring in special guests over and above the normal guests of honor. In this manner, WindyCon was able to compensate for the fact that most SF authors and editors live on the East and West Coasts. Once we started bringing in authors and editors, many liked WindyCon so much that they have continued coming back on their own accord. Once each summer, ISFiC sponsors a picnic in a Chicago park as a gathering for Chicago fandom. ISFiC also sponsors a contest for new writers and has started an award-winning publishing house, ISFiC Press.

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 Capricorn. The meetings are open to the public.

- Ross Pavlac

by Bill Fawcett
Photo by Patrick Gibbs

It is amazingly hard to write a biography of someone you have known for more than two decades and like. There is the urge to say all nice things, but then there is the “expose the deep and embarrassing secrets” temptation as well. So the best thing is probably to succumb to all the temptations. Certainly this fits with the first time I met Toni Weiskopf.

It was in an old, and rather decrepit, office building on 28th Street in New York. This new SF publisher, Baen Books, was located there. I had just delivered an anthology Dave Drake and I had put together to this new publisher. This young editor, or maybe she was just an editorial assistant, titles didn’t mean much to Jim Baen who simply looked for the best person to do each job, walked up and probably introduced herself and exchanged a few polite inanities. I can’t remember them, just the sweet smile she had as she casually mentioned “you sure don’t spell very well.” Knowing I was guilty I tried to smile back and knew she was going to be a force to be reckoned with.

I was right. It is not unusual to be cowed and humbled by an editor. They do it as a habit as it makes us writers more pliable and submissive. But Toni did it with such good cheer and honest interest, it even felt good. Over the next two decades she continued to be part of the team that worked with Jim to take Baen Books from a rather tremulous and occasionally endangered start up to one of the leading and most innovative SF publishers in the world.

In some way Toni Weiskopf’s SF career is a real world Horatio Alger story. Toni attended Oberlin College, likely cheering for the Yeomen and Yeowomen sports teams. Perhaps she was attracted by Oberlin being one of the first colleges to introduce co-ed dorms. Toni’s degree, in anthropology, undoubtedly must have given her some insights into the strange and unique subculture of Science Fiction and the stranger subculture of those of us crazy and warped enough to write it.

Now here is the Horatio Alger part that is truly amazing among the world of editors shuffling between publishing houses on a regular basis. It seems that Toni’s first job was at Baen Books and she has worked there all her life. Yep, she started in the editorial equivalent of the mail room, dealing with no-name authors like me, and now she is The Publisher. Not rags to riches, but certainly an amazing success story.

Along with being an editor and publisher, Toni is also a very successful anthologist. As T. K. F. Weiskopf (you ask her what the K and F stand for, I never had the nerve) Toni edited two of the first collections of vampire and werewolf stories that appeared just as the vampire craze began. These were titled, *Tomorrow Sucks* and *Tomorrow Bites*, which reflects this Publisher’s wry and dry sense of humor.



TONI WEISKOPF

EDITOR GOH

This is also shown by the title of the collection of “subversive” children’s stories that Toni and Josepha Sherman put together for August House, *Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts*. She has also edited and collected two hard SF anthologies in her *Cosmic Stories* series and now has a new SF collection with Mark Van L. Name, *Transhuman*, coming out next February.

More than just us authors have recognized Toni’s contributions to Science Fiction and she has won just about every award given by SF fandom in the South, including the Rebel and Rubble Awards plus the Phoenix Award given at Deep South Con. Other Phoenix winners include Jack Chalker, Dave Weber, Piers Anthony, Greg Benford, Dave Drake, Orson Scott Card—aw, you get the idea... rather prestigious company.

She also keeps company with another icon of the South, being married to the noted fan, sword smith, and swordsman Hank Reinhardt. Toni has a 15 year old daughter (yes, I know she doesn’t look old enough), Katie, and a rather unusual, imaginative, and occasionally fiendish dog named Maggie.

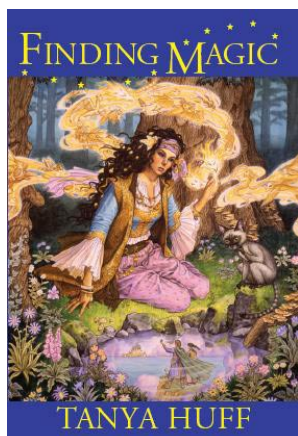
All kidding aside, it really is an honor to be able to welcome and present someone who has not only spent two decades as a SF professional, has discovered and brought to us all more authors than I can list, and has risen to the top of her profession. Her wicked sense of humor probably helped with all three.

Finding Magic

WindyCon 34 Author GoH Title



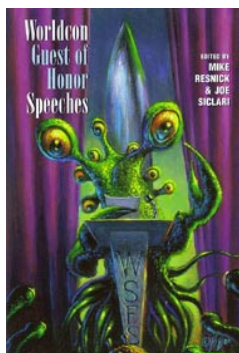
707 Sapling Lane
Deerfield, IL 60015
WWW.ISFiCPress.COM



Tanya Huff has personally selected these seventeen pieces for Finding Magic, her fourth short story collection. They showcase her amazing versatility as she effortlessly moves from the science fiction of "I Knew a Guy Once" to the vampiric "After School Specials" to the fantastic in "Brock" to the humorous "A Woman's Work...."

Her wonderful tales shine with spot-on dialog, real characters we could meet any day (well, almost any day) and compelling situations not all that different from our own. And, at the same time, she reveals worlds of magic and power we can only dream of.
978-0-9759156-5-3 \$30.00

Worldcon Guest of Honor Speeches



Nominated for a Hugo Award For Best Related Work! Speeches only preserved on tape or printed in obscure, hard-to-find fanzines, are now collected in this fine hard cover edition. Starting with Paul's first Worldcon speech all the way through Christopher Priest's 2005 speech at Interaction in Glasgow, each speech presents a snapshot of the concerns of authors and fans within the genre and the world at large.

0-9759156-3-0 \$30.00

Outbound



This collection highlights Jack McDevitt's ability to capture the sense of wonder that drew all of us to science fiction in the first place. The stories in Outbound range from the hard boiled detective story to the recreation of George Washington as he runs for the Presidency. McDevitt's imaginative fiction summons up the sense of wonder and causes his readers to enter into worlds which should exist.

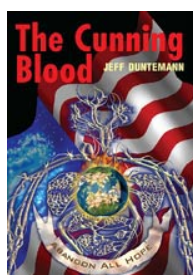
0-9759156-4-9 \$30.00



Every Inch A King

Our first novel, the 2005 Windycon Guest of Honor book. Every Inch a King, by Harry Turtledove is a standalone fantasy novel that tells the story of an acrobat and con artist who becomes king of a small country for five days, enjoys the royal harem and starts a war.

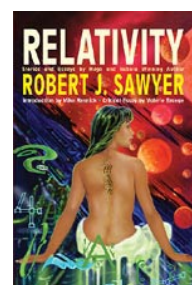
0-9759156-1-4 \$25.00



The Cunning Blood

The Cunning Blood, by Jeff Duntemann is a first novel by a multiple Hugo Award-nominated author and native Chicagoan. It is set on the prison planet of Hell, where electrical conductors can't exist and its inmates are condemned to a neo-Victorian gaslight society without computers, spaceflight, or hope of escape.

0-9759156-2-2 \$28.00



Relativity

ISFiC Press's First Book and Robert J. Sawyer's first US Collection. Relativity collects eight of Sawyer's stories as well as speeches and essays. Introduction by Mike Resnick with an afterword and crossword puzzle by Valerie Broege. Relativity won the 2005 Aurora Award.

0-9759156-0-6 \$25.00

Jody Anne Lee is a transplanted Californian, who has lived and worked in New York for the last two decades (a career decision which has proven profitable for both Jody and those of us for whom she puts her creativity to work.) Of course her talent speaks for itself, and you'll be fortunate enough to see a good deal of it here at the convention. You'll be equally fortunate – whether you are an aspiring artist, or just interested in art – if you sit in on Jody's scheduled program items.

But enough about the here and now. Who is Jody Lee, and how does she come up with those wonderful cover pieces? Well, I first met Jody through a cover she had done for Don Wollheim the year before I myself joined DAW. The cover was for Jo Clayton's fantasy novel, *Changer's Moon*, and it marked the beginning of Jody's career in paperbacks and of her long association with DAW Books. Jody recalls that Don took a look at her portfolio, warned her against doing any large insects or using the color khaki green, and sent her on her way with a copy of Jo's manuscript. And so it began.

Since then, Jody has had numerous commissions for DAW: her striking covers for Mercedes Lackey's *Valdemar*, *Elemental Masters* & *Dragon Jousts* series; the beautiful pieces for Mickey Zucker Reichert's *Renshai* books; Kate Elliot's *Crown of Stars* series, and numerous other pieces for novels by Michelle West, Tanya Huff, Fiona Patton, Katherine Kerr, and others. She also did a marvelous job on Dell Books Lloyd Alexander fantasy novels, and their Madeleine L'Engle *Time* quartet.

"Why fantasy art?" you might ask. The answer is a truly fannish one. Jody was actually introduced to our world by the friends she made in the Society for Creative Anachronism, and we have them to thank for luring Jody away from children's books and greeting cards. Not only did they kindle her interest in fantasy, but they provided her with much useful research in which gives her work its aura of authenticity. In fact she still has her armor and swords which come in extremely handy as props for photo shoots.

Like many another top illustrator, Jody has studied the techniques of those who have gone before, and she draws inspiration from such diverse sources as Gustav Klimt, Botticelli, N.C. Wyeth, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Velasquez, archaeological finds, and modern jewelry. In fact, we often kid Jody when she comes into the office that her outfits are coordinated to match the particular painting she is delivering. So now, hopefully, you know a little more about Jody and her art than you did before. What you don't know is what a charming and caring person Jody is and just how dedicated she is to her craft. So make it your business to say "hi" to her this weekend.



JODY LEE
ARTIST GOH



ART SHOW

FRIDAY

1:00pm - 4:00pm

- Artist Setup

4:00pm - 9:00pm

- Open

9:00pm - 10:00pm

- Artist Reception

SATURDAY

10:00am - 6:30pm

- Open

12:00n

- Quick Sales Begin

1:00pm

- Tour with Jody Lee

8:00pm - whenever

- Art Auction

9pm-ish

- Attempt to start art pickup

SUNDAY

10:00am to 2:00pm

- Art Pickup

The Art Show will run a silent auction on Friday and Saturday until 6:30 PM at which time the Art Show will close to set up for the Art Auction. Pieces with 1 - 3 bids are sold to the high bidder on the sheet. Pieces with 4 or more bids will go to the Art Auction. All charity pieces will go to the Art Auction, but you are welcome to bid on them prior to then. If any charity piece has bid(s), that is where the bidding will begin. If no one is willing to increase the bid, the high bidder on the sheet must purchase the piece at the written bid.

WindyCon will be offering Quick Sale again this year. If there is a QS price on the bid sheet, and no bids have been entered, then you may purchase a piece instantly by finding an Art Show Worker and paying the Quick Sale price for the piece (This is like eBay's Buy It Now). Any art that has a bid entered is NOT available for Quick Sale. Any art that has SOLD on the bid sheet is not available for bidding on.

Quick Sales will begin at Noon on Saturday.

Only Art Show staff is allowed to remove artwork from the grid or tables. Do NOT take the piece to the checkout desk. We request that artwork stay in the show until checkout time so that others may see it. Early removal of artwork must be cleared through the Art Show Director.

There will be a Fan's Choice award given to the artist who receives the most votes, so please, look around, find the artwork you like the best, and vote! Awards will be given for both 2-D and 3-D artwork, so make sure you look at everything.

The Art Auction will be at 8:00 PM in the foyer outside the O'Hare ballroom. Our illustrious auctioneer and his crew provide some of the best entertainment at the convention, so come to watch, come to bid, come to 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.

DEALERS

FRIDAY

3:00pm - 7:00pm

SATURDAY

10:00am - 6:00pm

SUNDAY

11:00am - 3:00pm

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 up on us), and that it is NEVER too early to begin shopping for fannish family, fannish friends, and (even) fannish you!

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!!

A listing of Dealers currently having confirmed tables is not available at this time. Needless to say, there will be some new vendors; there will also be many of your old favorites from past WindyCons. We will ATTEMPT to have a room layout and dealer location guide available outside the Grand Ballroom on Friday morning at WindyCon.

PRINT SHOP

FRIDAY

1:00pm - 4:00pm

- Artist Setup

4:00pm - 9:00pm

- Open

SATURDAY

9:00am to 7:00pm

- Open

SUNDAY

9:00am to 12:00n

- Open

After 12:00n

- Art Pickup

The Print Shop has been moved out of the Art Show Ballroom to the room next door to Registration.

If you are looking for art at a fixed price, check out our Print Shop. We have a wide selection of artwork from a variety of talented artists available at prices that won't break the bank. The Print Shop carries more than just prints, so make sure to stop in and look at the calendars, mouse pads, bookmarks and other wonderful works for sale. If you find you have money left after the Art Show closes, the Print Shop will be happy to take it right up until they close at 12:00n on Sunday.

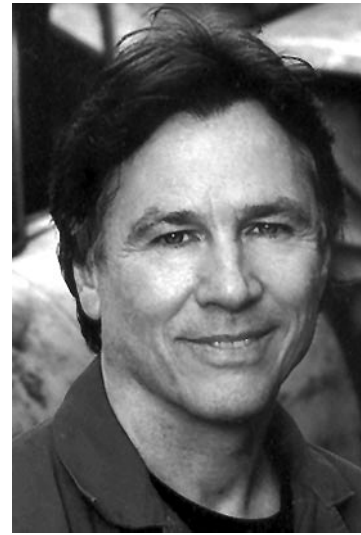
As an actor, Richard Hatch has enjoyed international recognition for more than two decades. He starred in such series as *The Streets of San Francisco* playing Dan Robbins for which he won Germany's Bravo Award, the equivalent of an Emmy Award, and Capt Apollo on *Battlestar Galactica*, for which he was nominated for a Golden Globe Award. These two series continue to play throughout the world today. In addition, Richard originated the role of Philip Brent on ABC's *All My Children*. Richard is currently playing the role of Tom Zarek on the new re-imagined version of *Battlestar Galactica* playing on the Sci-fi channel. The series has been playing for three years to great critical success. *Time* magazine called the new series the number one best drama on TV period.

Richard began his theatrical career with the Los Angeles Repertory Theater and starred in several Off-Broadway plays and musicals including the Obie Award winning musical, *Love Me Love My Children* and *PS Your Cat Is Dead* in Chicago. Most recently, Richard starred in the musical *Pepper Street* and *The Name Game* in Los Angeles.

In addition, Richard has starred in such movies for television as *The Hatfields and the McCoys* with Jack Palance, *Addie And The Kings Of Hearts* with Jason Robards, *Last Of The Belles* with Susan Sarandon, *The Class Of 65*, *The Hustler Of Muscle Beach*, and the cult classic *Deadman's Curve* in which he portrayed Jan Berry of the musical group "Jan and Dean". He has also guest starred in numerous television series including *Dynasty*, *T.J. Hooker*, *MacGyver*, *Murder, She Wrote*, and *Jake and the Fatman*. His starring feature film credits include *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* with Michelle Pfeiffer, *The Jungle*, *Prisoners of the Lost Universe*, *African Fever* and *Party Line*.

Furthermore, Richard starred in *The Hitchhikers*, an adaptation of the Eudora Welty short story, with Patty Duke, *Second Chance* with Arte Johnson and *Renaissance* in which he starred and associate produced. Most recently, Richard completed filming *The Battle for Mono Lake*, a documentary, which he hosted and narrated, the feature films *Iron Thunder* and *Unseen*, both genre films, *The Ghost*, in which he stars with Michael Madsen and Brad Dourif and *The Rainmakers* with Jake Busey, which just completed filming. Richard can currently be heard on Quaker Oat Meal television commercials in addition to other voice-over work.

Richard has just completed writing and editing for a new *Battlestar Galactica* book called *So Say We All* for Benbella books. This new book of critical essays exploring the *Battlestar Galactica* mythos will be out in October. In addition he has written a series of *Battlestar Galactica* hardback novels for Byron Preiss Publications. The first book, *Armageddon* was released in July 1997 and the first edition sold out in only three weeks. The second book *Warhawk* was released in September 1998, followed in May 2001 by the third book of the series, *Resurrection*. The epic odyssey continues with *Rebellion*, released in 2002, *Paradise*, July 2003 and *Destiny*, out Spring 2004. Richard's seventh *Battlestar Galactica* novel *Redemption* debuted in 2005.



RICHARD HATCH

MEDIA GOH

In addition he has also written *Battlestar Galactica* stories for Extreme Comics and Realm Press. In 1999, Richard wrote, co-directed and executive-produced a 4 minute *Battlestar Galactica* Trailer which not only won acclaim at science fiction conventions but also in the worldwide press. At present, Richard completed and has been previewing his other pet project, a new four minute theatrical trailer for his new Science Fiction series, *The Great War of Magellan*, which he created, wrote, produced and directed for his production company MerlinQuest Entertainment Inc.

In addition Richard's company just made a deal with Blam Ventures who will produce a trilogy of *Magellan* graphic novels based on his story, the first of which was published in March of 2007. The *Magellan* role-playing game debuted in September at DragonCon in Atlanta. He is in discussions to create a series and/or video game based on the *Magellan* story. Recently he gave his voice to the character "Paulus" on a new *Battlestar Galactica* prequel game for PlayStation 2 & Xbox.

Richard is currently teaching acting at the Third Stage theatre in Burbank and lectures and conducts workshops on acting, self-expression, and communication throughout the world. He has taught and lectured at SAG conservatory, Miners Alley playhouse in Golden Colorado, The Learning Annex, The Learning Tree University, UCLA Extension, Orange Coast College, Maui Community College. He has also directed and produced acting showcases for the industry. In addition Richard has taught self expression and communication workshops for The Whole Life Expo, Windstar, AMGEN, Rocketdyne, Mensa, and Synergy One, as well as privately for groups and individuals.

CONSUIITE

FRIDAY

- 11:00am - 12:00n** - Staff and Dealers only
- 12:00n - 4:00am** - All the Cool Cats with Badges
- 3:00pm - 3:00am** - The Bheer Shall Flow

SATURDAY

- 9:00am - 9:30am** - Staff and Dealers only
- 9:30am - 4:00am** - All the Cool Cats with Badges
- 3:00pm - 3:00am** - The Bheer Shall Flow

SUNDAY

- 10:00am - 10:30am** - Staff and Dealers only
- 10:30am - 3:00pm** - All the Cool Cats with Badges
- 12:00n - 2:00pm** - The Bheer Shall Flow

Welcome All New and Old Clubbers

We're glad to see you all in the new "Club Windy." Here we offer a selection of food and drink exclusively to Convention Members. We will be offering Bheer for those who can prove they're of legal age (21 Earth Standard years). We will be awake and ready for Staff and Dealers extra early.

So, how do I gain entrance to such a cool and wonderful club?

- To enter before hours, you must have a ribbon or badge that proves you are a Dealer or Staff member. We will check at the door. See the schedule above for extended hours.
- For all the other cool cats wanting entry into this too-cool club, all you need is your badge. We will have Badge Bouncers at the doors to confirm you have an authentic badge.
- For those who wish to indulge in the selection of Bheer—and this year we will have at least THREE to chose from - you not only must have your regular convention badge, you must have your genuine, government-issued Driver's License or State ID. This is to confirm that you are the actual person identified on the back of your badge.

As with all other clubs, we too have rules:

1. You must have your badge at all times in the Club
2. Due to new Rosemont Town Ordinances, there will be ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING permitted in the Club, nor will there be a Smoking Club
3. No food will be allowed out of the Club — but feel free to stay as long as you like.
4. No RED CUPS (cups we are using for Bheer) will be allowed IN OR OUT of the Club.
5. All will be carded and stamped by our Bheer Bouncers.

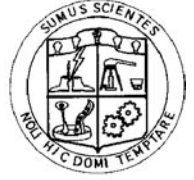
Note: Even if you have a stamp, we may still ask to see ID.

Note also: We reserve the right to add rules as needed and will not hesitate to pull badges if necessary.

CRITTER CRUNCH

SUNDAY

- 9:00am - 10:00am**
 - Set Up
 - Robot Check-in
 - Driving Rights Auction
- 10:00am - 12:00n**
 - Critter Crunch!!!
- 12:00n**
 - Winners Announced
 - Cleanup



A Critter Crunch is a sumo-style mechanical fight to the death between robots. This event is similar to boxing, but is all about torque, traction, and cutting action! "Mad Scientists" drive 2 pound robots, trying to mangle, disable, or push their rivals off the edge of a plywood combat platform. These bouts are one-on-one, and last up to 3 minutes. The winning robot will have dominated the most matches. At the end of the competition, there will be a 10 minute free-for-all! All robots fight at the same time! Gang-ups allowed! Last bot standing wins!

A maximum of 20 robots will compete. See this website for our rules of engagement: www.milehicon.org/critrule.htm

Don't have a robot? No problem! You may bid on the driving rights of several robots. (In the end, you may drive only one.) The deeper your wallet, the more pain you may inflict on your opponents! All proceeds go to The American Obesity Association.

GAMING

Some of the games that will be run are Dragonstorm ccg/rpg, Battletech, and a rep from Steve Jackson games will be running various games such as SPANC, various forms of Munchkin among others. We invite any and all Open Gaming to come in and play, all we ask is to stop by for timing and room. Badges will be checked and asked for, No Badge, No Entrance.

Hours are effectively starting 3pm Friday and either 24 hours until Sunday at 3 or 4pm on that day with the proviso that if we feel that there will not be any more attendance for the night we will go into Lock Down.

COMPUTER GAMING

FRIDAY

- 8:00pm - 2:00am** - All Ages

SATURDAY

- 11am - 1:00pm** - Kids Games Only
- 1:00pm - 2:00am** - All Ages

SUNDAY

- 11:00am - 1:00pm.** - Kids Games Only
- 1:00pm - 3:00pm.** - All Ages

Note We will not be monitoring what games are being played during the all ages hours.

George Price was born in 1929 in Chicago, and has lived there ever since. He says he was always a loner and did not get along well with other neighborhood children. Which may explain why he eagerly took to reading a wide variety of fiction, including westerns, mysteries, and historicals.

He occasionally read science fiction, such as Verne and Wells, but paid no special attention to it until 1947, when his high-school chemistry instructor recommended Balmer & Wylie's *When Worlds Collide*. George liked it, and followed up with the anthologies *The Best of Science Fiction* by Conklin and *Adventures in Time and Space* by Healy & McComas. Noting that most of the stories came from magazines, he sampled the pulp mags, and was soon buying almost all the sf published (which back then wasn't much). Hooked!

George got his B.S. in chemistry at the University of Illinois in 1951, and was then drafted. He first became active in fandom while serving in the Army Chemical Corps in Maryland, going to club meetings in Baltimore and Philadelphia. His first convention was Chicon II in 1952. It was in his home town, but he had to travel 750 miles to get there from his Army post.

He left the Army in 1953 and joined the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club. George was very active in club affairs, and in time was elected its president. By 1963 he found he had become the permanent president, because no one else would do the dog work of arranging programs and mailing notices. "Under my leadership," he says, "the club was losing members, and wasn't even attracting many U of C students. Obviously I was not cut out to be a leader, so I chucked the job."

He announced that henceforth he would give a party on the third Saturday of each month at his place. No program, no dues, just socializing. The Third Saturday at George's parties were a center for Chicago fandom for some twenty years. But gradually that passed away, attendance fell off in the 1980s, and when George moved to the far northwest side of Chicago in 1994, only a very few close friends continued to show up.

Now back to the mid-1950s. Earl Kemp and several other U of C club fans founded Advent:Publishers. George was not one of the founders, but joined the partnership a few years later. One by one the others got jobs away from Chicago and had to give up working with Advent. By 1965 George was doing everything - editing, layout, typesetting, sales, and bookkeeping. The first Advent book he completed was *The Universes of E. E. Smith*, by Ellik & Evans, in 1966. In 1995, George took over the remaining task, filling orders, and since then George has been the whole show.

George's operation of Advent was curiously intertwined with his professional career. His day job for thirty-odd years was with the Institute of Gas Technology (IGT), where he started in 1959 in chemical engineering process development. He wasn't too good at it, he says. "I soon realized that I lacked the creative spark to be a good research man, and would never be more than a competent technician." His boss knew about his hobby work



GEORGE PRICE
FAN GOH

with Advent, and when a job opened up in information service, involving technical writing and editing, the boss offered it to George. He jumped at it. It was a good fit and he stayed in technical information service for the rest of his career.

When IGT switched to in-house typesetting, George was assigned to study the available phototypesetters and make a recommendation. He did, and his choice was adopted at once. "It made me very proud," he says, "that they trusted my judgment so much." Over the years IGT used several different phototypesetters, and while George was not a regular operator, he was informally the go-to guy for typesetting problems. In return he was allowed to stay after hours and typeset Advent's books on IGT's equipment. Look at the three volumes of Tuck's *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* and you'll see that the typefaces differ between volumes, because each was set on a different machine.

Eventually IGT gave up phototypesetters and went to desktop publishing on personal computers. George used his office computer for Advent work. And then in 1995 his job was abolished—split up among several departments. Since he was already past retirement age he did not look for another job, but retired comfortably on his pension. He used part of his severance pay to buy his first personal computer, and since then has typeset Advent books at home.

Looking back on his life, he remarks that he wanted to have children, but never did. His first marriage, in 1960, lasted only five years. He married again in 1999, but by then children were no longer an option. "You might say that the books I've published are my children," George muses. "And since I'm much better as an editor and typesetter than I think I would have been as a father, it's probably better that way."

1-4165-5523-4 * 414pp * \$22.00/26.99



"Well-aged white lightning."—John Ringo on Mark L. Van Name's *One Jump Ahead*

The Next Giant Leap!

Where no man has gone before? Hardly. We're all heading there — lock, stock, and genome! Dispatches from the transhuman frontier by an exciting bevy of topnotch SF writers!

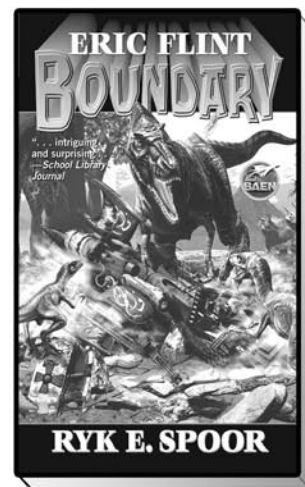
February 2008

"[Eric Flint] can entertain and edify in equal, and major, measure."—*Publishers Weekly*



Paradigms Shift, Worlds Collide!

A daring and resourceful paleontologist uncovers *something* at the infamous K-T extinction boundary. Something very much *NOT* a dinosaur — and maybe not even of this Earth! A hard SF thriller from best-selling author Eric Flint and Ryk E. Spoor.

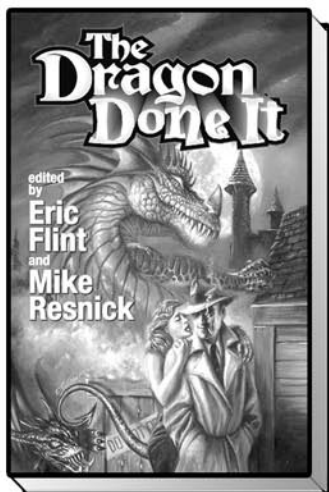


1-4165-5525-0 * 544pp * \$7.99/9.99

www.baen.com

Baen Books is distributed by Simon & Schuster

1-1465-5528-5 * 400pp * \$24.00/28.99



"Resnick is thought-provoking, imaginative . . . and above all galactically grand."
—*Los Angeles Times* on Mike Resnick

Murderous Magic!

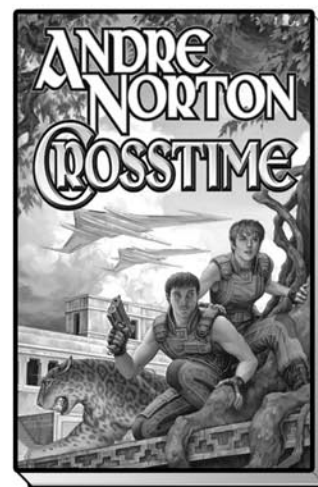
Crime never sleeps — even where magic reigns supreme. Fortunately, neither does transdimensional justice. Stories of fantastic detection with Neil Gaiman, Gene Wolfe, David Drake, Harry Turtledove, and more, edited by Eric Flint and Mike Resnick!

MARCH 2008

"The Grande Dame of science fiction."
—*Time* on Andre Norton

Save the Time Line!

A dimension-spanning tyrant has plans to conquer the entire multiverse, using Earth as his base. Now it's up to one young time traveler to stop him! Andre Norton's *The Crossroads of Time* and *Quest Crosstime* together in one volume.



1-4165-5529-3 * 416pp * \$23.00/27.99



by delphyne

Once in the course of human events, only once, does a perfect thing happen. Of course, perfection lies in the eye of the beholder, and to explain one's perfect point of view to another can be nigh unto impossible...but I shall make the attempt.

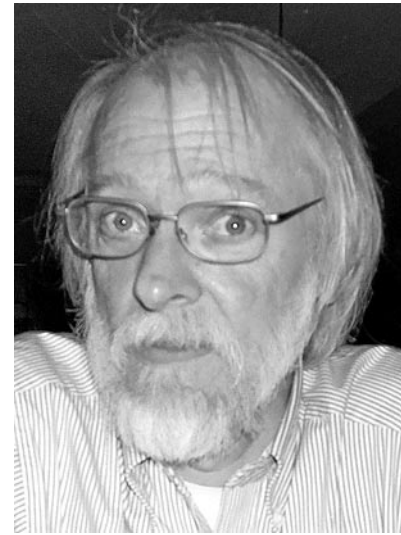
This splendid writer person, this Richard Chwedyk, our noble Toastmaster of Windycon, has made the rather strange request that I, a non-writer, an artist, compose his biography. "Fool!" I immediately thought to myself. "What is he up to now?" But I accepted the challenge and thus will say...hmmmm...

Well, I shall use his own words: "Everything I ever needed to know I learned from *Castle of Frankenstein* magazine." He is a Chicago South Sider. That much is certain. He hails from a scruffy blue collar southwest side neighborhood called Garfield Ridge, born and raised Polish, grown to scrawny blond strange and utterly charming manliness. He suffered the usual indignities visited upon a *Homo sapiens sapiens* dwelling in the midst of *Homo neanderthalensi*. Nevertheless, he achieved maturity, and has reproduced his most essential self via the sacred rite of writing.

Rich's first sf story, "Getting Along With Larga", won the very first ISFiC short story contest in 1986. His first professionally published story, "A Man Makes A Machine," gathered momentum and emerged from the depths of his soul while attending a Windycon and is equal parts Antigone and Galaxina. It was the ISFiC contest winner for 1988, and was published in *Amazing* in 1990.

His poem, "Rich and Pam Go to Fermilab and Later See a Dead Man" was nominated for a Rhysling Award, also was published in the *2004 Rhysling Anthology*, courtesy of the Science Fiction Poetry Association. Recently published is a retro tale from his rabble-rousing rhythm guitar-playing adolescence in Lincoln Park, "The Button". And, most recently, his short story, "Where We Go" appeared in Eric Reynolds' 2007 anthology *Visual Journeys* produced by Kansas City's Hadley Rille Press. Hot!

Richard's novella, "Brontë's Egg", won the 2004 Nebula Award. "Brontë's Egg" also received a Hugo nomination and came in second for a Sturgeon Award. "Tibor's Cardboard Castle" continues the tale of legendary "saurs" (bioengineered children's toys cruelly cast aside to die, i.e., AI with tails) begun in "The Measure of All Things". Both "The Measure of All Things" and "Brontë's Egg" have been translated into Italian and Hebrew and appeared in the Israeli sf magazine *The Tenth Dimension*. The next saur story will be "Orfy", as in Orpheus, where saur Axel learns to cope with death. That will be followed by "The Man Who Put the Bomp", where the saurs meet their ostensible "creator." Not surprisingly, Rich's saur stories prove popular with people involved in animal rescue and shelter organizations, including bat rescue (yes, bat rescue).



RICHARD CHWEDYK

TOASTMASTER

Forthcoming is "The Ambiguities" appearing in the horror anthology, *Hell in the Heartland*, from Annihilation Press of Carbondale, a yarn about a young woman riding the Greyhound bus, appropriately, from Hell.

Rich has been an inveterate journalist by day for decades. Nevertheless, at night, despite screaming Midwestern winters, wretched public transportation, and sustained by White Hen coffee and soup, he has taught creative writing to aspiring proto-sentients. A saint. He has been a regular bon vivant at Red Lion festivities on Lincoln Avenue featuring Twilight Tales readings and chilly ghost viewings. Interestingly, the original Red Lion, relict of Old Chicago, has been demolished and is being rebuilt from the ground up, a challenge to the 'haints.

He is among the finest of glittering literati. He sizzles, he also is the steak. Yet, despite all of this, he survives as a *Homo sapiens sapiens* which is no mean feat. He eats meat with abandon, greens and legumes with reluctance, and quaffs vodka with glee. He is a great soul, my friend...he is perfection.

FILMS

Again this year, we will be screening movies in video and as with last year, we will be showing High Definition DVD whenever possible. They will be noted with a *. In the theme of high fantasy, our films this year revolve around magic, beautiful princesses who love handsome knights, and the triumph of good against evil.

FRIDAY

11:00 PM – *Eragon**

When young Eragon (Ed Speelers) receives a dragon egg, he discovers that he is destined to be the next dragon rider. With his mentor, Brom (Jeremy Irons), his dragon, Saphira (voiced by Rachel Weisz), and Princess Arya (Sienna Guillory), he fights the evil King Galbatorix (John Malkovich). Based on the novel by Christopher Paolini, a homeschooled, garb-wearing geek who became a *New York Times* bestselling author at 19. Don't we all feel like slackers, now?

SATURDAY

1:00 AM – *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*

Made in 1957, this is Ray Harryhausen's first color film, and one of his most notable films. The climactic fight between a dragon and a Cyclops took three weeks to animate. There is a story here, about Sinbad rescuing a princess who has been shrunk to the size of a thumb, but you don't want to miss the snakewoman, either!

1:00 PM – *LadyHawke*

Mouse, the thief, (played by Matthew Broderick), meets Captain Navarre (Rutger Hauer), a mysterious knight who carries a beautiful hawk with him. He learns that Navarre has been cursed. The hawk is his love, Isabeau, (played by Michelle Pfeiffer) who only takes human form by night. Unfortunately, at night, Etienne must take the form of a wolf. Together, the three work together to fight the evil Bishop of Aquila to lift the curse.

3:00 PM – *A Midsummer Night's Dream (1968)*

If you're going to do Shakespeare, get the Royal Shakespeare Company. And we did. This 1968 version features Diana Rigg as Helena, Helen Mirren as Hermia, and a smokin' Judi Dench as Titania.

5:00 PM – *The Chronicles of Narnia:*

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe (2005)

The four Pevensie children are sent to the country during WWII to escape the bombings in London. There they discover the magical kingdom of Narnia through a secret passage in a wardrobe, and fight the evil White Witch alongside the good Lion, Aslan.

7:15 PM – *Meet the Robinsons**

When 12-year-old Lewis' science fair project fails, he's disappointed, until he gets a free ride to the future with a weird kid named Wilbur and meets the Robinson family. However, they have to defeat the evil Bowler Hat Guy and save the future!

9:00 PM – *The Hitchhikers' Guide to the Galaxy**

It's been a radio show, a book, a TV show, a computer game, and now it's a movie. Arthur Dent (Martin Freeman) and his friend Ford Prefect (Mos Def) hitch a ride with Vogons when the earth is destroyed. They proceed to traipse around the galaxy with president Zaphod Beeblebrox, Trillian, and Marvin the paranoid android (voiced by Alan Rickman). And a whale falls from a great height.

11:00 PM – *Spiderman 3**

Things start out great for Peter Parker (Tobey Maguire), but then go downhill fast. A new badguy, the Sandman (Thomas Haden Church), an old friend trying to kill him as the New Green Goblin (James Franco), and an alien being taking over both him and another guy (Topher Grace). Who is also trying to kill him, natch.

SUNDAY

1:15 AM – *The Fountain**

Three love stories spanning one thousand years, all about men seeking eternity with their loves. Hugh Jackman and Rachel Weisz star as all three couples, one from the past, one from the present, and one from the future. The stories parallel and intersect in this visually stunning film.

1:00 PM – *Labyrinth*

15 year old Sarah (Jennifer Connelly) makes a bad babysitting faux pas: she accidentally wishes her baby brother to the Goblin King (David Bowie). She must complete the Goblin King's labyrinth before midnight or the baby will turn into a goblin. On the way, she gets help from many delightful products of Henson's Creature Shop. I don't feel so bad about our sitter eating all the ice cream now.

* Shown in High Definition Blu-Ray DVD.

MASQUERADE

The masquerade is a Saturday night tradition at WindyCon. After the announcer introduces them, the costumer(s) come out and present a skit or just "strut their stuff". There are at least three judges, who will choose the best in categories ranging from Novice to Master.

There may also be special awards for presentation, craftsmanship or representation of the convention theme, which for WindyCon 2007 is High fantasy. Costumers display their talents. Never attended the masquerade, this is your year to start.

PROGRAMMING

Here follows descriptions of panels for WindyCon 34. This list is as accurate as possible at the time it is being sent to the printer, but changes do occur, so please check the pocket program (which takes precedence). It is also possible that some of the panelist line-ups will change. These alterations are often unavoidable and WindyCon regrets any inconvenience they may cause. Check the pocket program for times of autographings and readings. All readings will be held in the Shannon Room.

FRIDAY

5:00P

The Small Press Revolution

With the growing number of small sf presses (ISFiC, Subterranean, Advent: Publishing, Tachyon, Norilana), are they causing any changes to the way in which science fiction is being published or perceived? Do small presses help or harm authors? And how can readers learn about small press offerings?

J. Deaver Pack, B. Garcia,

J. Helfers, M. Resnick

Michigan

Is Classic Another Way of Saying Cr*p?

Panelists discuss the classics that you've been told you should read, but they explain why they're dated, trite, and really not worth your time.

S. Blom, A. Eisenstein, E. Flint,

J. Horton, D. Mead

Heathrow

Religion in the Science Fictional Future

Religion is often examined in science fiction, sometimes seriously, sometimes satirically. However authors look at religion, do they owe the institution a respect which is lacking? What features of a future religion recur in science fiction and where does the genre appear to miss the boat as to its future?

S. Mead, M. Zucker Reichert,

J. Robertson, F. Ruiz, W. Thomasson

Narita A/B

The New Weird and Slipstream

What exactly are these literary movements, if they are literary movements and how do they differ from each other? Do they have anything in common beyond the use of genre tropes and are they really part of the speculative fiction or something entirely new?

R. Chwedyk, R. Green, T. Huff,

N. Pollotta, N. Rest

Orly

6:00P

Types of Editors

When you hear the word "editor," what do you think of? The term, as it is used in publishing can mean any of a number of different people with different jobs. There is the book editor, the short story editor, the copy editor, and others. Learn what it really means when someone says they are an editor.

M. Cowan, J. Helfers, E. Hull,

J. O'Neill, M. Zucker Reichert

Michigan

Historical Roots of High Fantasy

High fantasy is characterized by battles for good and evil, fantastic creatures, and magic. Many authors take random pieces of history as the basis for these stories and try to piece them together. Is it possible to take the finished project and figure out where the historical ideas came from?

J. Deaver Pack, R. Garfinkle, S. Leigh,

F. Murray, M.F. Zambreno

Heathrow

Your First WindyCon

Welcome to WindyCon. This panel will explain what is about to happen and point out the highlights of the weekend. You'll also learn the correct etiquette for looking at the costumers, joining the filk, joining people for dinner, and even just getting into a conversation with people who are still strangers, but not for long.

R. Karp, S. Lyn-Waitsman,

R. Passovoy, N. Rest, J. Wilson

Narita A/B

Filking High Fantasy

Filkers discuss, and perhaps perform, songs of high and epic fantasy. What techniques do they use to capture a sound that is reminiscent of the periods which provide the model for high fantasy?

G. Hanak, J. Haseltine, D. Murphy,

B. Sutton, Br. Sutton

Orly

7:00P

Opening Ceremonies

R. Chwedyk, R. Hatch, T. Huff,

J. Lee, G. Price, T. Weisskopf

Grand Ballroom North

8:00P

Post-Opening Ceremonies Surprise

Stick around after opening ceremonies for a special events surprise extravaganza.

Grand Ballroom North

Caires-Lesgold Memorial

Fan Janet Caires-Lesgold left this world in the early hours of July 20, 2007 after a long battle with cancer. Join us as we remember her with stories and laughter.

Michigan

FRIDAY & SATURDAY PROGRAMMING

Kids' Dance Party

The Waterson boys will host a dance party for all the kids at the con. Come ready to move to the music selected by WindyCon's youngest programming participants.

K. Waterson, R. Waterson
Narita A/B

9:00P

Universal Horrors

There is something about the horror films put out by Universal studios in the 1930s that modern horror films just can't recapture. How did Universal manage to produce so many excellent and enduring horror films in such a short time span, was it more than just having Lugosi and Karloff at their beck and call?

*M. Black, P. Charlifu, L. Darrow,
B. Garcia, B. Lyn-Waitsman*
Heathrow

Renaissance Dance Instruction

Come and learn the basics of Renaissance dance in this workshop hosted by Dr. Erica L. Neely. (2 Hours)

E. Neely
Narita A/B

10:00P

Eroticism in Dark Fantasy

Dark Fantasy and eroticism frequently seem to go hand in hand. Is this simply a matter of fetishism or is there something more complex going on.

*S. Clemmons, K. Edwards, K. Hughes,
K.-E. Kelly, N. Pollotta*
Heathrow

Filking Through the Night

Erie/Michigan

SATURDAY

10:00A

The Gentrification of the Ghetto

At one time, science fiction and fantasy were literature of the ghetto. Over time, some science fiction and fantasy has managed to escape the ghetto, as have some authors (Bradbury, Lethem, Chabon). Why are some works and some authors adopted by the mainstream?

*F. Gehm, T. Jens, D. Kuczwara,
S. Leigh, L. Zeldes*
Michigan

The Lunar Barrier

From 1968 to 1972, eight manned missions reached the Moon. In the past 35 years, man has never risen above low Earth orbit. Will this be the state of manned space exploration for the rest of our lifetimes or will we actually once again rise above Earth's gravity well? Will we be able to say "To Lunar orbit and beyond!"

*T. Buckell, B. Higgins, J. Plaxco,
F. Ruiz, H. Spencer*
Grand Ballroom North

Ideas Are Easy

Authors and artists discuss ideas they've had for stories or paintings that for one reason or another they realize will never come to fruition. Why are some ideas so easy to transform into art while others fight all attempts at realization?

*J. Deaver Pack, P. Eisenstein,
R. Green, E. Knight, D. Waltz*
Heathrow

Chicago Fandom Laughter Club

What can a Laughter Club session do for you? Strengthen your immune system, learn simple practices anyone can do to feel good and have a better outlook on life, foster better balance between right-brain and left-brain function, learn good breathing techniques, gentle stretching and a mild cardiovascular, aerobic workout (all fitness levels)

H. Montgomery
Narita A

Unfamous Magazine Writers of the 1950s

From Jerome Walton to Robert Abernathy to Mildred Clingerman, the 1950s magazines published numerous authors who aren't even a blip on the radar any more. Have any of these authors published works which deserve to be sought out or reprinted?

*R. Chwedyk, A. Eisenstein,
R. Horton, F. Pohl*
Narita B

Graphic Novel Story Arc

At one time, you could sit down with a "comic book" and read the entire story in one sitting. Now, many comics feature issues-long story arcs which reinvigorate/rewrite/destroy the entire comic book universe. Do the benefits of providing more complex stories outweigh the danger of turning off new readers?

B. Lyn-Waitsman, E. Neely, N. Rest
Only

Reading

Mickey Zucker Reichert
Shannon

11:00A

The Author/Agent Dialogue

The relationship between an author and his/her agent is perhaps one of the most misunderstood relationships in publishing. In this discussion, an author and his agent discuss their expectations from each other and explain how each one works with and for the other's best interests.

J. Hines, S. Mancino
Erie

I'm a Believer

There is a tendency to think that people who are involved in science fiction and fantasy are agnostics or atheists, but in fact many fans and authors take great solace in their religious beliefs. This panel will discuss not only how their beliefs strengthen their links to science fiction, but also how they are made to feel like outcasts in a group that claims tolerance.

*D. Bingle, R. Chwedyk, J. Haseltine,
F. Murray, F. Ruiz*
Michigan

SATURDAY PROGRAMMING

The Vision for Space Exploration

Is NASA's new preoccupation with a return to the Moon a massive mistake, a wonderful idea, or of no real importance? Where should we be going in space, and how?

B. Higgins, J. Liss, J. Plaxco, H. Spencer
Grand Ballroom North

A Distant Backwater of the Internet

YouTube, and LJ and *Locus*. There's a lot more to the internet than the popular sites. Come and learn about the small backwaters that are tucked away but provide browsing gold to those lucky enough to strike it rich.

D. Kuczwara, J. O'Neill, L. Thomas, M. Thomas
Heathrow

An Anatomical Guide to Mythological Creatures

How do the muscles attach a minotaur's neck to its body? How long must a pegasus's wings be to support its weight? Panelists discuss how they learn enough of the anatomies of non-existent creatures to make their depictions seem real.

S. Blom, J.L. Nye, R. Passovoy, M. Zucker Reichert, D. Waltz
Narita A

Are There Any More Dangerous Visions?

When Harlan Ellison published *Dangerous Visions* in 1967, his goal was to publish fiction that couldn't be published anywhere else. When William Sanders began publishing the on-line 'zine Helix SF in 2006, he had a similar goal. But in 2007, is there really any dangerous and subversive SF that can't be published?

F. Gehm, D. Mead, J. Rittenhouse, J. Wilson
Narita B

Send the Marines

Is military science fiction just the wish fulfillment of Rambo wannabees or is it more subtle and complex than that. Do the authors and the fans view military science fiction differently from each other?

M. Black, E. Flint, C. Gerrib, T. Huff, N. Pollotta
Orly

Reading

Janet Deaver Pack
Shannon

Autographing

Roland Green, John Helfers, Mike Resnick
Grand Foyer North

12:00N

Harry Potter and the End of an Era

Now that J.K. Rowling has finished the Harry Potter epic, did it satisfy or leave you wanting more (or less). What will Rowling do next? Is fan fiction enough to keep you going? Is it time to find other fantasy authors who can capture the feeling that J.K. Rowling embodied?

T. Bogolub, K. Edwards, D. Levin, J. Liss, S. Lyn-Waitsman
Erie

Bad Science Theatre

Come and hear a short story reading from the Golden Age of Science Fiction and then have scientists dissect where the story's science went wrong.

B. Higgins, H. Spencer
Michigan

Richard Hatch Presents

Come and see trailers of Battlestar Galactica and Magellan, presented by Richard Hatch, the original Apollo.

R. Hatch
Grand Ballroom North

Heroines: Archetypes and Stereotypes

At one time, a woman's role in a fantasy story was to be the damsel in distress, the maiden rescued by the knight, the princess whose hand came with half the kingdom. Now fantasy is overflowing with strong female characters, but have they created their own stereotypes or do they fit into an archetype all their own?

M. Cowan, B. Friend, T. Jens, D. Mead
Heathrow

Books: The Best of 2007

Although the award lists for 2007 won't show up for a few months, get a jump on your quality reading now as our panel of critics discuss what books should not be missed that came out in 2007.

C. Gerrib, R. Horton, R. Karp, J. Robertson
Narita A

Fandom Across the Ohio River

A comparison between the Midwestern fan culture and the Southern fan culture.

D. Smith, T. Weisskopf, J. Zakem, L. Zeldes
Narita B

A Versatility of Elves

From the shoemaker's helpers to Tolkien's warriors. From the vicious faerie of Discworld to cookie makers who live in trees, Elves appear to be tremendously versatile. So, what exactly is an elf, how can a single creature, even a single magical creature, encompass so many different visions of itself?

S. Blom, R. Garfinkle, E.E. Knight, D. Murphy, J.L. Nye
Orly

Reading

Tobias Buckell
Shannon

Autographing

Phyllis Eisenstein
Grand Foyer North

Concert

Carla Ulbrich
Grand Foyer South

1:00P

Jody A. Lee Tours the Art Show

Join WindyCon's Artist Guest of Honor as she gives a tour of the art show, not just her work, but the works of all the artists. Learn how an artist looks at art and why something that looks good is really a masterpiece and how you can see an artist's progression by looking at various pieces of their work.

J. Lee
Art Show Foyer

There's Treasure to Be Found... Capricon 28 Pirates!

SF Author Guest of Honor
Mike Resnick

Pirate Author Guests of Honor
Mark "Cap'n Slappy" Summers and John "Ol' Chumbucket" Baur
Creators of International Talk Like a Pirate Day

Artist Guest of Honor
Don Maitz

Special Guests
Tori "Mad Sally" Baur & Janny Wurts

February 14-17, 2008
Sheraton Chicago Northwest
3400 Euclid Ave., Arlington Heights, IL 60004

Pre-registration: \$40 until December 31, 2007; From January 1, 2008 to January 31, 2008, the rate will be \$55; \$70 thereafter and at the door.*

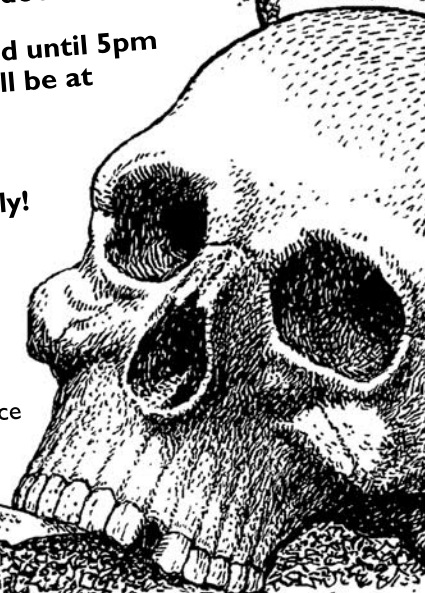
King to Double/Double \$89 a night. The room rate is guaranteed until 5pm Central Time on January 16, 2008. Rates after this date/time will be at the normal hotel rate.



WARNING: The hotel sold out last year, so make your reservation early! These rates are good from February 13, 2008 until February 17, 2008.

www.capricon.org

* Rates are subject to change without notice



SATURDAY PROGRAMMING

Building with Legos

Lego Lass Beth Weis returns to WindyCon with thousands upon thousands of the tiny bricks to give kids (and, let's face it, adults) a chance to build everything from a tower to the ceiling to whatever your imagination can invent. (2 Hours)

B. Weis

Erie

Clichés R Us

Fantasy may be unique in being the only field which has novels published that are almost entirely made up of clichés. Why does the genre lend itself so readily to the trite and repeatable and which clichés should be avoid and which can be exploited?

*F. Gehm, J. Helfers, J. Hines,
N. Pollotta, M. Zucker Reichert*

Michigan

Blood Ties: From Concept to TV

WindyCon Guest of Honor talks about how her novel Blood Ties grew and changed from when she had the original conception for the novel, what happened when she turned it into a series of books, and how the television series has altered her way of thinking of her creation.

T. Huff

Heathrow

The Philosophy of E-Publishing

Why do some companies and authors embrace e-publishing while others run screaming? Is it more than a generational thing? Come and learn the philosophy behind a successful e-publishing campaign.

E. Flint, M. Resnick, T. Weisskopf

Narita A

Phandemonium Book Club

Rainbow's End, by Vernor Vinge

Phandemonium hosts a discussion of Vernor Vinge's 2007 Hugo winning novel *Rainbow's End*. If you haven't already read it, run to the dealer's room, pick up a copy, and start reading.

H. Montgomery

Narita B

Does Popularity Kill SF?

With the growth of science fiction and fantasy in the mainstream media, is the hardcore science fiction and fantasy suffering by dilution or because authors start writing for the general populace rather than the fans? Or does it strengthen the field by bringing in new writers, filmmakers and fans?

*T. Buckell, B. Garcia, S. Leigh,
J. Lilly, B. Lyn-Waitsman*

Orly

Reading

Donald Bingle

Shannon

Autographing

Richard Chwedyk

Grand Foyer North

Concert

Deirdre Murphy & Friends

Grand Foyer South

2:00P

How Not to Get Into Print:

So you've written your story or novel and want to see it printed and sold in bookstores around the internet. What are the basic mistakes to avoid to give your writing the best chance to be picked up by a publisher who will send you tons of money?

*D. Bingle, P. Eisenstein,
J. Helfers, J. Hines*

Michigan

Nippon 2007

If you missed the first Asian, first Japanese worldcon earlier this year, come and hear and see all about it as world travelers share their memories and slides of Nippon 2007.

*L. Freitag, E. Hull,
D. McCarty, H. Montgomery*

Heathrow

The Advent of Advent:Publishing

Current Advent:Publishing publisher and WindyCon Guest of Honor George Price and Advent:Publishing founder Jon Stopa talk about the history of this prestigious house from its founding in 1956 through its Hugo nomination in 2006 for *Heinlein's Children*.

G. Price, J. Stopa

Narita A

Magazines That Died Too Soon

Every now and then, a magazine arises which captures the imagination and attention of the readership, but still dies an untimely (and business-related?) death. Perhaps the best known of these was *Unknown Stories* in the 1940s, but more recently there was *Crank!* and *Century*. What other magazines died too soon in the past and what current magazines can/should you be reading to help them avoid this fate presently.

*B. Higgins, R. Horton,
M. Resnick, J. Zakem*

Narita B

In the Fantasy of Good and Evil

Epic fantasy usually centers around an epic battle between the forces of good and evil. However, is there more to this dichotomy than meets the eye? Since the world as we know it isn't really divided into black and white, why is our reading material? Or is it?

*L. Darrow, R. Garfinkle,
K-E. Kelly, S. Mead, E. Neely*

Orly

Reading

Tanya Huff

Shannon

Autographing

*Samuel T. Clemmons,
Janet Deaver Pack*

Grand Foyer North

Concert

Gary Hanak

Grand Foyer South

SATURDAY PROGRAMMING

3:00P

Interview with the Artist

Pat Sayre McCoy talks with Jody Lee about her intricate cover art and how she goes about producing it.

J. Lee, P. Sayre McCoy

Michigan

Baen Traveling Slide Show

- With Prizes

Toni Weisskopf will give a preview of Baen's upcoming schedule, including some wonderful prizes brought especially for you by Toni.

E. Flint, T. Weisskopf

Heathrow

Across the Mediaverse

Since Buffy the Vampire Slayer was introduced in 1992, it has had a life as a movie, a television series, and now as an officially sanctioned "Season 8" comic. This discussion will look at its various incarnations, what they've taken from each other and how they've, of necessity, changed.

D. Levin, S. Lyn-Waitsman, N. Rest,

A. Rosenwarne, M. Thomas

Narita A

Healing and Medicine in Fantasy

After the sword takes a bite out of your arm or you get the runs from the stew in the pub, what do those healers really do to help keep you going until the next chapter?

L. Freitag, D. Murphy, R. Passovoy,

M. Zucker Reichert, W. Thomasson

Narita B

The ISFiC Writer's Contest:

How Successful Is It?

Almost every year since 1986, Windycon's parent organization, ISFiC, sponsors a writer's contest. How has winning the contest affected people who have entered? How can it change your life?

R. Chwedyk, K. Meyer,

M. Lyn-Waitsman, F. Ruiz

Orly

Reading

Jody Lynn Nye

Shannon

Autographing

Donald J. Bingle, Tobias Buckell

Grand Foyer North

Concert

Bill & Brenda Sutton

Grand Foyer South:

4:00P

Looking Back at Harry Potter

Were you satisfied by *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*? Did J.K. Rowling explain everything? Could she have done a better/more interesting job with the final volume of her *magnum opus*? Now that it is all over, come and discuss, and spoilers galore.

T. Bogolub, R. Green, J. Haseltine,

D. Levin, L. Thomas

Erie

The Cons of Cons

Come and hear horror stories when things didn't go right at conventions. Hear stories of such famous disasters as Dripcave or about minor headaches such as disappearing GoHs.

N. Rest, J. Rittenhouse,

D. Smith, J. Stopa, J. Wilson

Michigan

Star Wars on Trial: Star Wars Has Dumbed Down the Perception of Science Fiction in the Popular Imagination

In the 2006 book *Star Wars on Trial*, Tanya Huff argued for the prosecution on this charge and Richard Garfinkle argued for the defense. Come and hear their arguments come to life and be a part of the jury.

R. Garfinkle, T. Huff

Heathrow

American or Canadian Fantasy

North American English Fantasy can be divided by those written by citizens of the US and Canadians. Aside from the location of the author's home, are there literary differences between fantasy in the two countries.

B. Garcia, E. Hull, J. O'Neill, F. Pohl

Narita A

Cthulhu on Medicare

H.P. Lovecraft published "The Call of Cthulhu" in 1928. Since that time, his name has been assigned to the divergent (and convergent) creatures created not only by Lovecraft, but by a host of other authors, ranging from Lovecraft's close friends to fans who have gone on to have their own literary careers. A look at the growth of the Cthulhu Mythos over nearly eight decades.

B. Blackwood, R. Chwedyk,

N. Pollotta

Narita B

Baen's Universe

Baen's Universe is the electronic magazine that went on line in 2006, shortly before founder Jim Baen's death. WindyCon is fortunate enough to have the editors and publisher here to tell you why this magazine is different from all other magazines.

E. Flint, M. Resnick, T. Weisskopf

Orly

Reading

Leah A. Zeldes

Shannon

Autographing

Michael Black, Jim Hines

Grand Foyer North

Everything About Instruments

Expert accordion player Gary Hanak will teach you about how it works, other instruments are explained.

G. Hanak

Grand Foyer South

5:00P

Where do I File It?

You've written the great vampire time travel detective romance, now the question is, where will your readers find it. What determines if a book is marketed as horror, science fiction, mystery, romance, or another category when it draws from a variety of genres?

M. Black, R. Chwedyk,

S. Leigh, S. Mancino

Erie

SATURDAY & SUNDAY PROGRAMMING

Who Was Who in Chicago Fandom

A look at the name that have made up Chicago fandom and created the culture that we all revel in.

*P. Eisenstein, M. Lyn-Waitsman,
G. Price, D. Smith, J. Stopa*

Michigan

The Ziploc Vampire

More than a century after Bram Stoker made vampires famous with *Dracula*, authors are still writing new vampire stories and still coming up with new angles for the undead creatures. How do these bloodsuckers stay so fresh, vibrant, and popular? What are some of the problems with continuing to use them?

*K. Edwards, K. Hughes, K.-E. Kelly,
E.E. Knight, A. Rosenwarne*

Heathrow

Interstellar Government With the Science We Know

Space opera relies on galaxy spanning empires or democracies. However in real life we know that governance relies heavily on timely communication. With our current understanding of physics and astronomy, is it possible for an interstellar government to exist?

*J. Liss, F. Ruiz,
H. Spencer, W. Thomasson*

Orly

Reading

*Mike Resnick
Shannon*

Autographing

*Jody Lynn Nye,
Mickey Zucker Reichert*
Grand Foyer North

Concert

Tom Smith
Grand Foyer South

6:00P

Chicago 2012 Worldcon Bid

The business meeting for Chicago's next (we hope) Worldcon. Come and get involved in bringing the Worldcon to Chicago. (2 Hours)

Heathrow

Actor's Workshop

Take the opportunity to workshop your acting skills led by Richard Hatch.

*R. Hatch
Narita A/B*

7:30P

Windycon Pizza Filk Series

Enjoy your pre-paid pizza in the Michigan-Erie Room

Erie/Michigan

8:00P

**Masquerade
Grand Foyer**

Art Auction

Art Show Foyer

9:00P

Dark Fantasy or Horror

Is dark fantasy just another marketing term for horror fiction or is there really something that distinguishes the two genres? What features do dark fantasy and horror share and what features of one will turn off readers of the other?

*P. Eisenstein, T. Huff, K. Hughes,
E.E. Knight, R. Passovoy*
Heathrow

The Many Uses of Zombification

From George Romero's rotting undead to the drugged zombies of *Live and Let Die* to the diseased creatures of *World War Z*, zombies are a common motif in horror films and novels. What it is about these shambling former humans that continue to grab our attention?

*B. Blackwood, T. Buckell,
D. Kuczwara, S. Lyn-Waitsman,
N. Pollotta*
Orly

10:00P

Damsels in Distress

A discussion on why so many men and women enjoy stories where the pretty girl is placed in peril

S. Clemmons, K. Edwards
Orly

Filking Through the Night

Erie/Michigan

Dance

Grand Foyer

12:00M

Book and Music

Authors write, songwriters interpret. Come to the open filk where we will take a reading and hear the song.

Erie/Michigan

SUNDAY

11:00P

Field Guide to Faerie

Do you know the difference between a Brownie and a Gnome? What about a pooka and an elf. Our panel of experts will discuss the role each of these denizens of faerie fulfill and which was to befriend and which to avoid.

*B. Blackwood, R. Garfinkle,
F. Murray, J.L. Nye, D. Waltz*
Erie

Book Discussion

Blood Trail, by Tanya Huff
S. Metzger
Michigan

Critter Crunch

WindyCon will once again be hosting this event with proceeds going to charity.

L. Glitchell, J. Vincentsen
Grand Ballroom North

Cutting Through the Mists

In 1982, Marion Zimmer Bradley published *The Mists of Avalon*, widely regarded as a seminal novel in feminist speculative fiction. Twenty-five years later, where does feminist science fiction and fantasy stand? Is it a more accepted aspect of the field or is it still on the fringe?

*L. Freitag, J. Haseltine, T. Jens,
A. Rosenwarne, M.F. Zambreno*
Heathrow

SUNDAY PROGRAMMING

Yo-ho, yo-ho, a Pirate's Life for Me

From Captain Jack Sparrow to Captain Wilson Cole. There is a romance about pirates that causes them to crop up again and again in fantasy and science fiction. Come and learn about the characters, their historical precedents, and prepare for Capricorn XXVIII: Pirates!

*J. Deaver Pack, R. Green,
R. Karp, R. Passovoy, L. Ski
Narita A/B*

Hard Fantasy

Just as hard science fiction makes sure it is internally consistent and doesn't flaunt the rules of science (with, perhaps, a few nods to convention), so, too does Hard Fantasy make sure that the magic system can stand up to as rigorous an examination as any hard science fiction novel. What does it take to create a logical magic system, in books, films, or games?

*L. Darrow, F. Gehm, D. Murphy,
E. Neely, T. Weisskopf
Only*

Phandemonium Meeting

Closed meeting for the Phandemonium Board of Directors.

Shannon

12:00N

Grumpy Old Fen

Come and hear stories of the old days, when science fiction was sold in a plain brown wrapper and being a fan meant you were easily identifiable by the purple tint of your fingers. Fen these days have it easy. Why, when we were your age, we'd walk uphill in the snow for eighteen parsecs to attend a convention. And we'd be happy about it.

*A. Eisenstein, N. Rest,
D. Smith, J. Zakem, L. Zeldes
Erie*

What Makes Doctor Who?

From William Hartnell to David Tennant, the ten primary actors to play the Doctor have managed to make the role their own. What are some of the commonalities that keep the Doctor essentially the same from regeneration to regeneration.

*S. Clemmons, K.-E. Kelly,
J.L. Nye, L. Thomas, M. Thomas
Michigan*



De Camp Centennial

While much of the world has been focusing on this year's centennial of Robert Heinlein's birth, it also marks the hundredth anniversary of L. Sprague de Camp, in just a couple of weeks on November 27. What is the influence of this fantasist, sf author, historian, and all around Renaissance man?

*R. Green, B. Higgins, F. Pohl, S. Silver
Heathrow*

Galactica Discovers Earth

The fourth and final season of Battlestar Galactica is scheduled to begin airing in January 2008. Did the producers make the right decision to end it after four short seasons? Could the show sustain itself indefinitely? Do the panelists want to guess what lies ahead? And which guest once wrote a novel with the title of this topic?

*L. Darrow, C. Gerrib, R. Hatch,
J. Robertson, A. Rosenwarne
Narita A/B*

Prints and Originals

You look at the originals and crave them, but the prices seem so high. When should you consider buying a print rather than an original? What exactly does it mean to be a print (and how are they created)?

*P. Charlifu, S.V. Johnson,
J. Lee, J. Plaxco, D. Waltz
Only*

ISFiC Board Meeting

The annual meeting of the ISFiC Board, which runs WindyCon, is open to all comers. Three director positions will be up for election.

Shannon

Autographing

*Tanya Huff, Mary Frances Zambreno
Grand Foyer North*

Concert

*Daniel & Melissa Glasser
Grand Foyer South*

1:00P

Fiction for the Young Adult

At one time, there was Robert Heinlein and Andre Norton. More recently, there has been Philip Pullman and J.K. Rowling. In between there were Jane Yolen, Diana Wynne Jones, and others. Who are the authors, past, present, and forthcoming, writing for young adults?

*M. Cowan, J. Haseltine,
R. Karp, M.F. Zambreno
Erie*

Sharing Your Love With Family

If you're anything like me, your parents don't quite understand why you love this "Buck Rogers" stuff or want to go see all those CGI-heavy movies. Come and learn how to explain your passion for science fiction, fantasy, and fandom, to the mundane family that bore you.

*T. Bogolub, R. Chwedyk,
B. Friend, S. Silver
Michigan*

SUNDAY PROGRAMMING

Immortality Incarnate

So you want to live forever? Our panelists discuss some of the pesky drawbacks you probably haven't considered as part of your eternal life. With great age comes great aches.

D. Bingle, L. Freitag, S. Mead,

E. Neely, W. Thomasson

Heathrow

Mapping Magic

Sometimes it seems that every fantasy novel is required, by law, to open with a map of the world. While it is certainly useful to the author to know where the Smoking Mountain of G'wd is in relation to Lispa Imperialis, but do the readers really need that level of detail? How does a having a map (in the book or in the mind) effect the actual story?

T. Buckell, P. Eisenstein,

S. Leigh, D. Murphy, F. Murray

Narita A/B

Two Thumbs Down, Let's See It Again

Science fiction movies that got the science wrong, the plot is non-existent, and the acting is awful, but there's something about these films that make us want to see them again and again.

M. Black, B. Blackwood,

B. Garcia, J. Helfers, J. Lilly

Only

WindyCon Gripe Session

Want to come and tell us what we did right? Want to come and tell us what we did wrong? This is your chance to complain or complement. Because, yes, we do listen to try to make WindyCon a better con for all. This will follow immediately on the ISFiC Board Meeting.

Shannon

Autographing

Eric Flint

Grand Foyer North

Concert

Luke Ski

Grand Foyer South

2:00P

Yellow and Green Don't

Always Make Blue : Color 101

Contrary to what our kindergarten teachers told us, making colors isn't as simple as mixing two primary colors to get a third. Different paints result in different colors, even if they have the same name. Add in computer colors in and the primary colors aren't even the same! Our panelists tell you the ins and outs of colors on paper and monitor and why they are the way they are.

P. Charlifu, S.V. Johnson,

J. Lee, D. Waltz

Erie

The New Space Opera: In Space Opera, Everyone Can Hear You Boom!

Eric Brown, Peter Hamilton, Greg Egan: If you aren't familiar with these names, you're clearly missing authors who are doing things with space opera and science that Doc Smith, Ed Hamilton, and Leigh Brackett never dreamed of.

T. Buckell, R. Horton,

N. Pollotta, J. Robertson

Michigan

WindyCon 84: A Pretrospective

Our panelists reminisce and discuss all the wonderful things that happened at WindyCon 84, held from November 9-11, 2057. Come and share your pre-memories of the 84th WindyCon.

L. Darrow, M. Lyn-Waitsman,

S. Mead, N. Rest, D. Smith

Heathrow

Stand Alone Novels

What Next? Come prepared to tell the panelists what books you enjoy and have read and they'll make suggestions for what you should read next. The only stipulation is that they are limited to novels which are not part of a series.

R. Chwedyk, B. Friend, J. Rittenhouse

Narita A/B

Politics in the Future

No, we aren't interested if you think Dennis Kucinich should run against John Cox in the general election (well, we might be interested, but not for the purposes of this panel). We're more interested in thoughts of politics in the long term. Will democracy survive? What sort of political systems will exist after mankind colonizes the planets?

D. Bingle, J. Lilly, J. Plaxco,

W. Thomasson, L. Zeldes

Only

Concert

Luke Ski

Grand Foyer South

3:00P

Closing Ceremonies

Grand Ballroom North

3:15P

Sports in Science Fiction

Not so much a panel as a viewing opportunity. Come join us in the bar to watch the Bears annihilate the Oakland Raiders at 3:15.

B. Lyn-Waitsman

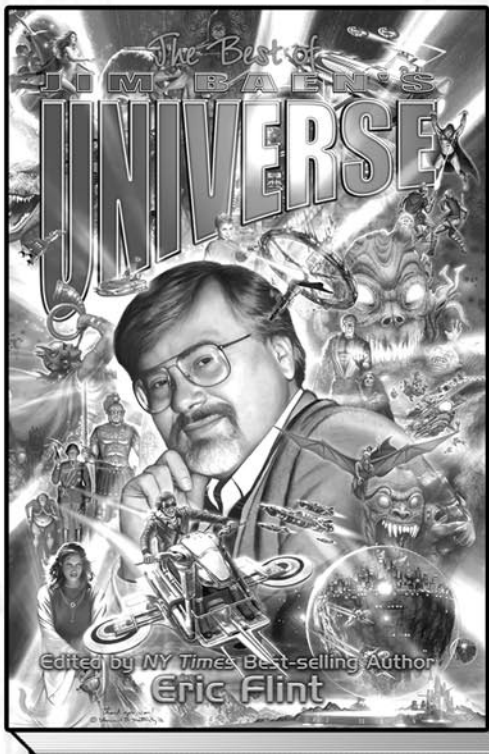
The Bar

3:30P

2 by 10 Mini Concerts

A term of short term concerts. Two songs or 10 minuets. It will be worth hanging out for immediately after the closing ceremonies.

Grand Ballroom North



1-4165-2136-4 * 416pp * \$25.00/29.99

**Baen Books is distributed
by Simon & Schuster
www.baen.com**

JULY 2007



**"[A] tremendously accomplished book
... it immediately raises Dolley into
the ranks of writers to watch."**

—Infinity Plus on Resonance

Faster-Than-Light Death!

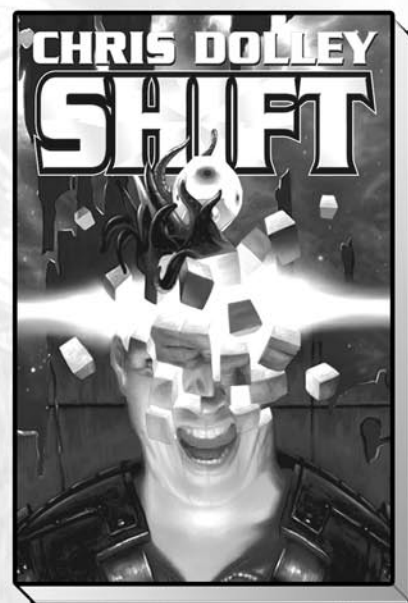
Something is seriously out of whack in the upper reaches of the space-time continuum. All signs point to the surreal when an imprisoned serial killer starts spouting intimate life details of current presidential candidate and former FTL test pilot, John Bruce — down to convincing Bruce's former girlfriend that he somehow *is* the candidate himself. With future prez, mass murderer, and even more mysterious entities trading places, it's up to a brilliant but discombobulated professor of astropsychology to find a way to shut down the body-hopping madness. Because if he can't, our safe little corner of Euclidean space is about to become a hyper-dimensional killing zone!

**"[T]he story comes first and foremost."
—Eric Flint, *Jim Baen's Universe*
Editor-in-Chief**

Tell the truth: you flat-out love science fiction and fantasy. Time travel. Space opera. Alternate history. Doesn't matter. What you love is the *story*. The great idea. The adventure and action. That good old-fashioned science fiction staple, the Sense of Wonder.

We know exactly how you feel. Here's the best of the best: new science fiction tales told by the likes of David Drake, Gregory Benford, Gene Wolfe, Esther Friesner, Mike Resnick, John Barnes, and L. E. Modesitt, Jr. The list of award-winning story-tellers and brilliant new talent goes on and on.

Edited by *New York Times* best-seller and creator of the hugely-popular "Ring of Fire" series, Eric Flint, a master story-teller in his own right, these tales are all taken from the e-pages of *Jim Baen's Universe*, the new standard in science fiction storytelling, created and inspired by publisher and editor Jim Baen, whose nose for a great story made him a science fiction legend!



1-4165-2140-2 * 352pp * \$24.00/28.99

SHORT STORY WINNER

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

by Joe McCauley

Since 1985, Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago has been holding a writing contest for beginning writers of science fiction and fantasy. Our annual convention, WindyCon, emphasizes the literature of science fiction and we want to encourage new writers. The winning story is published in the WindyCon program book. What better encouragement than seeing your story in print!

There is no entrance fee, but the entrant must not have been paid for any previous work of fiction. The top three will be contacted by WindyCon beforehand, so they can attend and receive their prizes. Our judges include both authors and editors. Full rules are at WindyCon.org and ISFiC.org.

This year's winner is Joe McCauley with *Ivan and the Plate of Fried Chicken*. Congratulations also go to Stephanie Young who won an honorable mention for her story *On the Edge*. The vote was extremely close!

Special thanks go to our judges, Roland Green, Elizabeth Ann Hull, and Bill Fawcett, for reading all of the submissions in a very short span of time.

To all aspiring authors: We had 7 entrees this year and I hope for more next year. You can do it! If your confidence needs a boost, don't forget that WindyCon also holds a Writer's Workshop. Do one, do both, just do!

Marcy Lyn-Waitsman
Writers' Contest Administrator

It was a day at the track and what a day for the track. Ivan stepped from the car and took a moment to stare at the gorgeous structure that was a monument to all that was good and pure about humanity. Sure, one could argue that people were worthless, conniving, spiteful little beasts only intent upon their petty wants and lusts. But here, looking at the structure of the amphitheater and hippodrome before him, Ivan took hope. Here was proof. Ten thousand people were in one place in one time in close conditions, all getting along. All showed at least a bare minimum of manners. A group of people walked past him, one man brushed beside Ivan and said a quiet, "Excuse me." It was simple confirmation for Ivan. There's hope for us yet. He walked on.

He'd gone three straight weeks with no time off until yesterday. It sure felt great to have two days clear of work. Nothing to do, and he had no problem with that. The previous day had been spent sleeping for about fifteen hours. He woke up long enough to watch a lot of television and write down his agenda for the next day. It looked like this: 1) Wake up, 2) Get Racing Forum, 3) Breakfast at Golden Nugget, 4) Go to the track, 5) Decide what else to do later.

Ivan had it all planned in his head. Bum around the amphitheater for a while, watch the ponies and go home after the last race at sundown. Simple. He had a good solid chunk of sack time behind him and he was positively giddy with the sensation of actually feeling refreshed. The bumps, bruises, aches and pains left from his last assignment seemed more than manageable as he strolled, in no big hurry, toward the race track. He stepped through the main gates and into the large foyer of the amphitheater, loving the noise, the smell, the activity of just being around people. People whose company he could keep and enjoy without having to actually talk to any of them.

Then he saw the ponies. One after another of the magnificent beasts were being paraded on their way to prepare for the first race of the day. Tall, lanky, but muscular animals in their stripped down regalia, damp with sweat. Seeing them brought out the little kid in Ivan. All he could think upon viewing was, "Wow. Horses." He stood there, stock still for a full five minutes. He remembered his brother telling him once that he should follow the lead of some handicapping experts who make it a point of examining each animal set of privates before betting. Somehow this has no appeal to Ivan. The pony parade over, he decided to get busy on making some money right away. He went directly to the betting booth and put three c's on a pick 4 for the first race. He figured it should get things off to a nice start.

The lady behind the betting booth was nice enough. Big hair, bad teeth and all smiles. She took his money and choice of ponies and gave him his ticket. Ivan politely thanked her and moved from the betting booth through the massive concession area. This was a particular part of his plan. Orrington Race Track, here, outside the city, was the home of a little secret known to fewer than few around here, if it was still where it was supposed to be.

And it was! Sadie's Fried Chicken Emporium still kept a booth here, and it was going to open in time for lunch. Everything was coming up Ivan. No responsibilities, a gorgeous day and a good meal to look forward to. Hell, if he felt like it, he might hit Sadie's a second time for dinner before he left. Ivan grabbed a cherry limeade the size of his head upon leaving the concession area then made his way to stake out a spot where he could watch the races.

Orrington was famous for its amazing set of bleachers standing with perfect views of the main track and the grass tracks on the inside. Ivan never sat there. He always took a turn to his left when entering the viewing area. He then headed for the large swath of grass on the south side of the track. Here were the picnic tables where he could camp out and spread open his copy of the Racing Forum. Always

SHORT STORY WINNER

he would leave room at the table for the occasional racing enthusiast or whomever might need a place to sit, even for a moment. This was another chance for Ivan to be around normal people not intent on doing each other harm, without having to actually interact with any of them. He found a table in a good spot to watch not only the race, but all the replays on the enormous diamond vision screen. He enjoyed the shade of a small tree over this particular table, and even more so, enjoyed his view of humanity. Couples of all ages camping out on blankets with picnic baskets. Families with children here to spend the day and let the kids see the horses. He smiled in the direction of a group of old codgers who seemed to be holding an impromptu lodge meeting, all seated in their nylon folding chairs complete with cup holders. The sun shone gloriously as the first set of racing animals edged into the gate. Ivan took a long pull of his cherry limeade as the bell rang and six tons of equine muscle and midgets flew across his field of vision. For all its trials, life was okay sometimes.



By the time he decided to enjoy a late lunch, Ivan had lost seven hundred dollars and was up over three thousand. He was having a good morning. Maybe he could parlay this into some extended time off. The sun dappled through the leaves of the tree onto his Forum and he made his plans for the next race. He stretched his feet along the plank of the picnic bench and leaned against the tree, chewing the ice from his third limeade of the morning. He would place a bet, nothing too fancy, just a simple pick 3. Then he'd walk over to Sadie's and get a plate of fried chicken big enough to choke one of those thoroughbreds, grab a fresh drink and keep loving life. But he was awfully comfortable right now.

Why get up? His reason presented itself. A young couple, obviously harried by the two young children they thought would enjoy a day with the horses walked along the picnic area. The parents were clearly having second thoughts, either about their choice of outings or their choice of having kids. The boy and the younger girl were whining. The girl was particularly stubborn in wanting to run where she wished. The parents wanted her to stay close. Who could blame them with this crowd? Even in Ivan's racing utopia, it paid to be careful with your kids. The mother was beautiful. Tall, blonde and clearly had a thing for fitness. Ivan admonished his thoughts as he looked at the doofy looking guy who was obviously her husband holding the cooler and scanning the grass for a piece of real estate. How do these guys do it? Ah, well. Ivan caught his eye. The real estate at this time of day was at a premium. Ivan decided to do the nice thing.

"I was just leaving," he said to the guy. "Would you like the spot?"

The man seemed genuinely surprised at this and could only manage a short, sincere, "Yeah, thanks."

"No problem," Ivan said.

The beautiful mom gave Ivan an eyeful of baby blues and a sisterly, "Thank you so much."

"Gladly," Ivan said, folding his Forum and walking away.

His pick 3 done, Ivan placed his order with the beautiful Latina working the counter of Sadie's. She managed only a slight expression of wonder at the three-thousand calorie order he placed. She brought it from the back of the stand sandwiched between two large paper plates.

"I'm sorry, you have to take it this way," she said. "We ran out of boxes about ten minutes ago." This would present only a small challenge to the perfection of Ivan's day so far.

"No problem, thank you, young lady," he said as he balanced the three pounds of cooked poultry on his left palm and took his change with his right. He dumped a fiver into the tip jar.

"Have a nice day," she said as he walked away. He smiled at her. Oh, yes, I am having a nice day.

Small changes in his plan were to be expected. The track was getting crowded. But the advantage of being alone meant he could sit anywhere and offend whoever was around with his atrocious eating habits. The situation with the plates meant he'd just have to manage a little juggling in order to make it work. He tucked the Forum under the chicken bearing arm and headed for the limeade stand.

"Sorry," the thickly bespectacled just out of high school kid said, "limeade machine is out of commission."

"What?" This was a major blow. Ivan felt he could power down at least two more before the day was over.

"Just conked out right now. How about a ginger ale?"

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

Yeah, I guess that'll do." Damn. This was a disappointment. Still, he had something to wash down his plate of Sadie's. Ivan navigated his way through the crowd, managing to keep the greasy paper plates and swigging the ginger ale as he went. It tasted awful, with a tinny aftertaste that suggested it had been run through a used oil filter. He dumped it in the nearest overflowing trash barrel.

He was scanning the thickening crowd when he saw it. He stopped in his tracks for a moment and took a good long look to make sure he was seeing what he thought he was seeing. And sure enough, there it was. A face he did not like. He didn't know why he didn't like it. He just knew, instantly, that the face made him angry. It was about to wreck his day if he kept looking, but he did look nonetheless. There was something wrong with that face. It's owner turned and walked away, apparently unaware he was being studied by a large man with a plate of food about to fall from his fingertips at any moment. Ivan studied the back of that head and wondered what was tripping his radar? Why would this happen here? What less than wholesome thing could be going down at the race track of all places? Without realizing it, he began following the head though the crowd. He needed one more good look before he could decide to leave this alone or not. Something about the shiftiness in the movement of that head as it went back and forth through the crowd made Ivan's gut reaction grow stronger. The expression on that face he'd glimpse as the head turned left and right, like he was looking around to see if anyone was watching. It was the shape of the nose and ears. Ivan didn't like what he saw when he saw it.

Ivan kept a safe distance and followed the squat figure and it's wicked, shaggy melon of a head, which Ivan could not seem to get a good gander at. Then it stopped walking and casually leaned against a support pillar. Ivan had his chance. He picked up one of the chicken legs from his rapidly cooling supply and nonchalantly ripped into it. Nobody suspects the guy who's eating. Ivan strolled past the figure, took four steps, turned around and pretended to look at something in the rafters. This little dance brought him close enough, he hoped, to see what he had to see. The busy crowd provided a wicked combination of good cover, but constantly shifting obstruction as people made their way through the space between Ivan and whatever it was he was trying to look at. And then, all of a sudden, there it was. Ivan's day was wrecked. He studied the face that was unaware of the man looking its way. The mean looking faerie was so busy looking over its shoulder it didn't notice Ivan staring right at him. Faeries are notoriously thick in crowd situations. This one seemed no exception.

Ivan's day was toast. He finished his chicken leg and tossed the bare bone right on the ground. The hell with these people anyway. He took a wing from his plate and kept eating, kept staring. This was a faerie all right. And not one of those nice garden variety types, either. Nor was it one of those tiny, pleasantly attired ones that dance around the ether around one's skull after a hard encounter with the wrong end of a piece of hickory. Nope. This was a nasty. A real nasty. Ivan knew it now. Hell, he knew it from the first glance. Now it was simple confirmation. Something in the shape of the nose. The little point of the ear. Thick as they are, faeries are good at hiding in crowds. Ivan's experienced eye could find them. So much for the day off. If this was a nasty, and Ivan knew it was, he'd have to keep tailing him. Because whenever faeries and horses are in close proximity, bad things happen. That nasty was up to no good.

Ivan had to keep moving before this nasty picked up on his presence. And he had to maneuver this thing to someplace where they could have a proper conversation.

*...whenever faeries and horses
are in close proximity,
bad things happen*

It gave him an excuse to grab another chunk of fried chicken and chew away while trying to look nonchalant and lost. He walked over to one of the T.V. monitors and watched the preparations of the next race with one eye and the

nasty with the other. It was just a matter of time. He knew that little person was going to cause some serious mayhem.

This thing being here would explain a lot. Orrington Racetrack had recently suffered a rash of ugly track accidents that resulted in the putting down of no less than six horses, in half as many months. The state racing commission was all over this place, and the national guys were expected to show up after the next accident should there be one. Thing was, the state guys found not a shred of foul play. Orrington was as squeaky clean as tracks get. They treated their horses like royalty, and rightly so in Ivan's opinion. He watched as eight magnificent beasts flew across the monitor in front of him. He stopped chewing long enough to enjoy the fact that his pick three won him another bundle of cash. Who the hell would hurt such a thing? An animal of such pure grace and power, that existed only to run its heart out and please the little guy perched on its back. Who would hurt a horse? Damn nasties.

Ivan knew of the existence of the faeries from listening to the stories of his grandfather told about when he was a lad fresh off the boat with his leprechaun buddy. The faeries of the old country came over to escape the famine and oppression just as the people came. They hit this big beautiful new world with a seriously renewed spirit of mayhem. Most enjoyed a little mischief now and then, but some, well, some came to the track. And it wasn't an ordinary faerie or leprechaun that messed with horses. This was real dark side stuff.

ChamBanaCon 37

Back to Champaign-Urbana!

Thanksgiving Weekend
November 23-25, 2007



Guests of Honor

Author: PJ Beese
Fan: Randy Pardue
Toastmaster: Al Babcock

New Hotel: The Historic Lincoln

209 South Broadway Avenue
Urbana, Illinois 61801
Phone 217-384-8800
Rooms - \$85 per night

ChamBanaCon is celebrating 37 years of fun, fantasy, literature, filk, art, gaming, and just getting together with people that like the same things you do!

**\$35 through Nov. 12, 2007
then \$40 at the Door.**

Panels, Readings. & Discussions!

A Con Suite with coffee, tea, soda, and a wonderful assortment of fruits, veggies AND – home baked goodies!

The “Never Ending Filk Panel” and the Die Hard Jam on Sunday afternoon, and everything in between. The Filk room is just across from the Con Suites so food & drink is always available!



**For updates and more information, write
CHAMBANACON, P.O. Box 2908, Springfield, IL 62708-2908
or visit www.chambanacon.org**

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

Who or what, Ivan wondered, was that nasty looking for? He was looking so shifty. He was either waiting for something or someone, or he was going to bust a move. Before Ivan expected, he did. The nasty got up off the pillar and started walking just as the race ended. Ivan had an excuse to walk in the direction of the betting booths and collect. He stayed a good ten feet behind the nasty. As much for his appetite as anything. It was no wonder the nasty had that sour expression on his face, if he had to live surrounded by his own smell. Damn, it was enough to put a guy off his feed. If this thing kept going near the courtyard to terrify the stallions, Ivan might have to do something drastic. But no, that wasn't the nasty's plan. He was headed for the public toilets. Oh, hell. Ivan had a thing about bringing food into the restroom. He wasn't about to throw out three pounds of Sadie's, now two and a half. Not for no faerie out for trouble. If Ivan took this plate of fried chicken into that chamber, it would taste funny in his head all day. Hell, it was supposed to be his day off, for mercy's sake. No way was he going in. He knew, however, when tailing someone or something, he just couldn't let them out of his sight. To preserve any chance of enjoying his plate of chicken, Ivan would have to risk the nasty taking a back way out of the can, and thus, eluding him. Wait and risk failure, or follow and trash lunch? He chose to wait.

Two minutes later the nasty emerged from the bathroom with his fly open. He stood in the middle of the crowd and tucked in whatever was untucked and zipped up his fly. Ivan wasn't going to take a chance on losing him again. He admonished himself for his selfishness (but this is no ordinary plate of fried chicken), balanced the plate in his left hand and vowed to get this guy and fast.

Again the nasty made his way through the crowd, oblivious to Ivan closing the distance between them. The nasty was heading purposefully in the direction of the track. Ivan knew this was going to get ugly fast. He quickened his pace. The nasty turned off the main corridor beneath the stands and into the sparsely guarded area adjacent to the racing track. It was nothing for a faerie to get onto the track, pull a little trick to make himself invisible to people, and, of course rendering him fully visible to the horses who cannot be fooled by such silliness. No way was Ivan going to allow this. The nasty had edged his way to the right side of the corridor, looking shiftier than ever. Ivan grabbed the nasty's right arm with a grip that would crush an unopened can of beer and spun on his heel into a little maintenance antechamber a hundred feet shy of the entrance to the track. The nasty whipped helplessly in a full circle and Ivan let the nasty's head make a solid crack against the concrete wall. In the instant gloom of the chamber the nasty caught the slight flicker of light on steel as a ten inch blade appeared in Ivan's right hand, seemingly from nowhere. Ivan set the stiletto blade firmly against the nasty's throat. He bravely, considering the stink, put his nose an inch from the nasty's.

"Willie the Goblin!" Ivan quipped. "Know me?"

"Go to hell," the wicked faerie rasped.

"They call me Ivan."

The nasty's defiant anger flickered for an instant.

"Ivan Bane?" Willie asked.

"The same."

The nasty's smug, angry grin returned.

"Ya can't harm me with that," he told the man.

"Don't be so sure, pal. Michael the Archangel himself used this one for his backup blade during the third uprising, 3140 B.C.E."

Willie stopped smiling.

"You don't scare me, Bane," he said with a defiant sneer that was less than convincing.



"Yes, I do," Ivan grinned. "Now," he said, as the blade winked and disappeared to wherever he had it concealed, "let's not play games, pal." He reached for a piece of chicken in between the two increasingly soggy plates in his left hand. The nasty didn't move and remained with his back against the concrete wall. "You pull a fast move, I'll be faster. You try to run and I'll spike you with something before you get twenty feet away." The faerie kept its wicked red eyes on him. "But," Ivan continued, "this is my day off. And I don't feel like getting in a tussle, so here's how it works: I'm asking questions, you're giving me straight answers, and maybe you get to live another day, got it? But if you go marching out onto that track and cause the mayhem I know you're here to cause, well... Let's just say I can't abide that, okay, pal?"

Defeated in the face of his opponent, the faerie slid down the wall and sat, legs splayed in front of him. He held his head in his hands.

"I'm dead anyway, so why not just get it over with?" Willie moaned.

SHORT STORY WINNER

"How do you figure?" Ivan asked.

The nasty sighed. He looked up at the large man in front of him.

"If," he began, "I don't get out there and wreck the seventh race, he's gonna do me anyway."

"Who's that?"

"Faolin," Willie said

Ivan blinked.

"He's back in the country?"

The nasty nodded.

"Why the hell is he dealing with your kind?" Ivan wondered out loud. "What's Faolin's interest in blowing the hell out of the seventh race today?"



The nasty was quiet. Ivan took a minute to carve his chicken breast down to the bones with his teeth. He tossed the bones to the nasty who muttered a quiet thanks and began chewing on them with a disquieting crunching. Ivan stared at the evil elf in front of him.

"Hey," Ivan said without a hint of aggression. The nasty looked up at him. "Let's do this: It's deal time, pal. Where's Faolin?"

"I ain't tellin' ya," Willie told him through a cheek full of chicken bones.

"Look, pal, I know I made your situation seriously complicated by spotting you," Ivan said with a rather sincere level of sympathy, "So here's how it can work if you want. Just tell me where he is. He's here at the track somewhere, but it'll take me more time to search for him than it would if

you just told me. Now, if I get to him before he sees that the seventh race isn't the disaster he paid for, you might have a chance to live through this. I do have ways with his kind."

The nasty gave a quick, barking, scoff of a laugh.

"Really," Ivan reassured him. "Or did you already spend the money?"

"Lost it on the first race today."

"You bet on Sid's Cup?" Ivan asked him.

The faerie nodded.

"How much?"

"All of it."

"You bet an entire pot of gold on that curly-maned nag?" Ivan stared at the nasty. "Man, I found you just three hours too late."

The nasty bounded to it's feet, whacked Ivan full on the jaw and ran. Ivan spun around in an attempt to save his plate of chicken, which he did. In the same motion, he flung something at the nasty as it fled. Willie the Goblin didn't know what hit him as the two pound throwing spike nailed his left shoulder to the door of the maintenance closet. Discreetly Ivan covered the ten foot distance and slammed his body against the nasty's and the door he was nailed to. The deadbolt gave way and the door swung open. With one quick motion, Ivan pulled the spike from the nasty's shoulder and yanked him off balance into the room. He shut the door behind them.

The nasty stood before Ivan, gripping his injured shoulder. No blood came from the wound.

"That really smarts," Willie said angrily.

"You pull another stunt like that and I'll put this spike through your skull, got it?"

The nasty nodded as Ivan slid the spike back into his boot.

"Now," Ivan said, "I'm seriously pissed off. You tell me where Faolin is, or I start spreading the word with your buddies about how you took payment for services and never made good. I'll leave my own interference out of the rumors, too."

Something inside the nasty broke. He knew he was beat. He knew Ivan knew he was beat, and this only added to it.

"He's in his box," Willie mumbled.

"He has a box here?"

"Number forty-two," Willie said. "He's there right now. He really wanted to see the race go down."

"Yeah, well, maybe I'll watch it with him," Ivan said.

He turned and made his way out the door.

"That's it?" the nasty asked him.

"Pretty much," Ivan said.

"You know I'm dead."

"No you're not. Here," Ivan tossed Willie a wad of bills. "Lay a one-two-three on Chuckie's Shorts, Busted Van and Marksbeemer, in that order. Do it on your way out and come back just at closing time to collect. The payout will more than cover that pot of gold."

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

"My boss is still gonna kill me," Willie said.

"No he won't. Tell him that I showed up and made things complicated. He'll understand there was nothing you could do. Hey, you've got some bragging rights, now, pal. You've met the bringer of destruction and ruin face to face and lived to tell of it. Besides, all that cash will make your boss happy. He may be pissed, but you'll be worth more as an earner alive than dead. Now disappear." The faerie went invisible.

Ivan made his way up to box forty-two with a whole ton of questions rattling around his skull. Most of them were self serving. How many days off a month does a guy get? Especially in my business? How many days do I take just for myself? And of all those days, why does a dang faerie in the middle of a conspiracy to wreck a race have to catch my eye? What would be worse? Giving up part of a day off or watching that disaster and wondering what went wrong?

Two burly, redheaded, red bearded types in hats stood on either side of the door to box forty two. The taller of them came to the top of Ivan's shoulder, while still weighing more than Ivan's two-twenty. Ivan addressed the shorter one.

"Tell Faolin Ivan's here," he said while fishing a fresh drumstick from his plate. The two guards gave each other the slightest of glances. The taller one went inside. Ivan was left

alone with the remaining guard. "Hungry?" he said holding the dripping plate up in offering. The little man did not respond. "Man, all you gotta say is no. There's no reason to be rude."

The guard's head emerged from the room, he stood behind the door and refused to open it any further.

"He won't see you till after the next race," he said with a slight accent.

"Swear to God," Ivan muttered and he kicked the door with such force that the squat guard behind it flew across the private skybox and would have pitched right through the enormous window had he not been caught by two more compatriots inside. Ivan stormed into the room, pointing his drumstick at the three guards. "One of you moves funny and everyone in this room is gonna suffer, got it?" No one moved. Ivan turned to a portly little man standing in front of the private bar laden with food and a large ice bucket full of beer. The man wore a green derby with a gold hatband above the brim. "Faolin, your manners are terrible, and your mother would be ashamed of you for behaving like this." The room was silent.

"Hey, Bane," said the little man brightly. "Wouldja be so kind as to leave me mother out of all this?"

"You gonna show some decency?" Ivan asked

"Certainly," the little man said. "Shall we sit?"

"Sure," Ivan said. And with a gesture of the drumstick, "What about the mini goons here?"

"You're the one insisting on manners," Faolin said.

"Point taken," Ivan said sitting on the edge of the seat of one of the plush chairs in the skybox. "Anyway, I'd like to talk to you man to faerie, if you don't mind."

"What is there to talk about?" said Faolin.

"I'd like to know why the local leprechaun king is interested in turning this next race into a serious disaster for a bunch of innocent men and animals. To say nothing of screwing up my trifecta."

Faolin didn't even blink.

"Not everyone is so innocent, Ivan," he said. "And not every one on the back of a harse is a man, neither, don'cha know?"

"Huh?" Ivan said thickly.

Faolin stood.

"Come with me, me boy."

The leprechaun king gestured to the large window. He and Ivan walked till their noses almost touched the glass. Below them was the track. The jockeys were leading their skittish animals to the gates. All but one seemed to have problems with their animals. The calmest horse and rider caught Ivan's attention. Little guy on the back of an enormous horse.

"I see you spotted him,"

Faolin said. "Number nine.

Saberlancer. Here." He handed Ivan a set of powerful binoculars.

Looking though them, Ivan saw a large grey horse standing apart from the rest. On the back of this horse was a particularly small man. Ivan caught the telltale red sideburns running between the helmet and chin strap.

"Okay, one of yours is in the race. So what?"

"That in Connor Mooraha, former of my employ," Faolin said. "And soon to be dead."

"Not gonna happen," Ivan told him.

"Seeing you told me you may have had some way of trying to screw this up for me," Faolin said with a little heat. "Why don't you just mind your own damn business?"

"Why don't you go make me some shoes?" Ivan countered.

The profound insult weighed heavily in the room. No one spoke. Faolin looked at him with murder in his little Irish eyes. The mini goons looked nervous. Ivan put the binoculars down and helped himself to more chicken. No one in recent history possessed the audacity to insult a leprechaun king. Even fewer survived the mother of all insults by referring to the shoemaking from which the leprechauns gained their name, and had spent the last six hundred years trying to overcome. Faolin gave the two goons an imperceptible glance. They made a move toward Ivan.



CONCLAVE 33

SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY LITERARY CONVENTION

OCTOBER 3 - 5, 2008

PRO GOH: MICHELLE WEST

ARTIST GOH: THERESA MATHER

FAN GOHS: LEE CARROL & ANNE BRETT

Come visit our dealer's room, Art Show, children's programming, Filk, and ConSuite. Dance until dawn in our masquerade. Party the night away!

ConZilla looks forward to seeing you in 2008!

Crowne Plaza Hotel
Detroit Metro Airport
8000 Merriman Road
Romulus, MI

Telephone: (734) 729-2600

Rate: \$89 per night



ConClave, Inc., P.O. Box 2915, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-2915

For more information, e-mail us at info@conclavesf.org

Convention updates can be found at: <http://www.conclavesf.org>

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

“Hey! Hey! Hey!” Ivan yelped, taking a step back and waving a chicken leg. “Let’s not get nuts here!” The goons stepped tentatively, hoping silently that their boss would order them to back off. “Faolin, you screw up my day off, you deserve to be put in your place. Now, boys, I really don’t want any trouble.” The tiny goons stopped. The one Ivan kicked through the door held a slow hand over his midsection.

“Y’think you’re a real smarty, eh?” Faolin said.

“That’s beside the point,” Ivan told him. “Look, if you’re gonna screw up my day, at least tell me it’s for a good reason.”

“Mooraha’s got to die, Ivan, that’s all that concerns you.”

“Come on,” Ivan pleaded with the ceiling. “I’ve snapped zombies in half for less. What is it?”

“D’ya see what he’s doin’?” Faolin charged across the room on his little legs, and pounded his palm on the window. “Look! Look out there!”

“He’s got a job, so what?”

“He’s ridin’ a bloody horse!” Faolin screamed. “It just isn’t done!”

“What?” Ivan snapped.

“He shouldn’t be doing’ this. It’s not... It’s not what we do.”

“Waitaminute!” Ivan tossed the chicken bone across the room and into the trash. “You’re going to kill a guy because he has a job?”

“Not a job, ya’ bucket a’ stupid,” the leprechaun raged. “It’s a job our people just don’t do.”

“What do you mean?”

“Whadda I mean? Whadda I mean?” Faolin was running out of his limited patience. “You greay gob of soup, don’t you see, there are certain things we just don’t do!”

“Is this some kind of old country thing?” Ivan asked.

“Of course it is! Our people have traditions that are as old as the ages. And that little pipsqueak--”

“That’s somethin’ comin’ from you,” Ivan quipped.

“That damn pipsqueak is just gonna crap all over our ways and ride a horse ‘cuz he wants to.”

“Old country, huh?” Ivan asked, rummaging in between his paper plates.

“Aye.”

“Well,” Ivan said ripping apart a chicken breast with his teeth, “welcome to America pal.”

Faolin immediately started screaming and ran across the room looking for something to beat Ivan with.

“I’ll kill ‘im! I’ll kill him, I will!”

He charged across the room with a sheleileigh as big as the leg of one of the thoroughbreds on the track below. He ran at Ivan with the large, hammer-shaped oak limb high over his head. Ivan locked the chicken breast in his teeth. Once

Faolin closed the gap to deliver a certain death blow to the man’s head, Ivan jammed his free hand onto Faolin’s right shoulder. Unable to swing, the large stick simply hovered in the air in Faolin’s hands. Quickly Ivan’s hand left Faolin’s shoulder and before the leprechaun realized it, Ivan held the sheleileigh in his hand.

“Relaxth, Faolin,” Ivan said, chicken breast still locked in his teeth. “You know I’m right.”

“I’ll see you dead, Ivan,” Faolin gasped.

“You know, that’s what always aggravates me about you syndicate types. Every argument you lose, you gotta try to kill somebody.”

Faolin looked at the man, and relaxed.

“I can’t have him doing such things, not in the face of everyone.”

“So you’re sayin’ if it ain’t today, it’ll be eventually.”

“Aye.”

Ivan took a deep breath and tossed the large stick onto the couch as he stepped to the large window. He looked though his own reflection at the horses getting set into the gates. After a moment, he spoke.

“Never met an Irishman didn’t like a wager now and then.”

“So it’s stereotypin’ you’re into now, is it?”

“Sorry, nothing personal,” Ivan said, turning to face the leprechaun. “But

how about this? I’m willing to do this if it means saving the rest of my day off. You willin’ to bet?”

“Bet what?” Faolin asked full of suspicion.

“Let’s do this. I’ll wager you that little Connor Mooraha down there wins this race. And if he does, you leave him alone. For good.”

“If he loses?” Faolin asked.

“I’ll kill him myself, free of charge.”

“Bull!” Faolin charged. “You don’t kill our kind. It’s not what you do.”

“So I must really believe in what I’m saying, if I’m willing to suggest it. ‘Cause you know, if I lose this bet, I’ll make good.”

Faolin stood in silence a moment.

“‘Tis true,” he said. Faolin turned to one of the goons. “Pull up one of the chairs for ‘im,” then to Ivan, “You’re on. Have yerself a seat. I can’t have you telling me mother I didn’t show you some common courtesy.”

Ivan sat next to the leprechaun king. He reached over with the pair of wet paper plates.

“Chicken?”

“Don’t mind if I do.” Faolin helped himself to a wing and bit in. “‘Sake, that’s good.”

“Have another.”

***“I’ll kill him myself,
free of charge.”***

SHORT STORY WINNER

"May I?"

Ivan nodded rapidly.

"Finn!" Faolin barked at one of the goons. "Git 'im a pint." In seconds the goon brought Ivan a pint glass of a completely opaque liquid with a deep brown head floating on top. Ivan held it up and noticed that no light penetrated the thick beer. "That's what's waitin' for ya at the end of the rainbow, lad." They clinked glasses. "I'm gonna enjoy watchin' Mooraha's nag drag herself around this track today, Ivan. It's gonna solve a lot of me problems."

"Izzat right?" Ivan asked from his mustache of beer foam. He was feeling pretty good.

"Ah, leadership has it's pains, lad. You don't know how good ya got it, doin' whatcha do."

"Eh?"

"I've really got no truck with the wee man on the horse down there."

"So why kill him?" Ivan asked.

"Me people."

"Huh?"

"You don't get it, cause your people die so quickly. How old's the oldest of ya? One-hundred and twenty?" Ivan shrugged, then nodded. "I was barely done pissin' miself at one-twenty."

"No kiddin'?"

"'Tis true. 'Tis true."

"Man."

"So ya see, the old ways, they don't leave us so soon, even in this new country. Imagine saying the pledge of allegiance to a nation one third your age."

Ivan took a thick sip of his beer and stared at the track.

"A king's got to represent his people or he's no king at all, y'know."

"I wouldn't know, Faolin," said Ivan.

"Ah, how could ya, lad?" Faolin said distantly.

The two sat in silence. The goons shuffled uncomfortable feet and glanced around at each other.

"Sorry about the shoes crack before," Ivan said.

"Think nothin' of it."

Through the glass came the distant sound of the trumpeter announcing the beginning of the next race. Ivan and Faolin stood and approached the large window to watch. The horses names were announced in turn. There was a silence across the stadium. A silence Ivan could feel through the tempered glass of the window.

The two watched as the gates opened and the race was on. Eight magnificent beasts charged out onto the dirt. Nearly fifteen tons of power shot through the hooves of the racing animals, their energy infusing the very ground they ran across. Ivan could feel the pounding of their hooves through the floor and sensed the glass vibrating before his face. He was barely aware of the little faerie king next to him. He simply watched and willed Saberlancer to run and keep running. But

there was Coaches Shoes and Baldspot right behind him. Baldspot's rider gave him the whip too early and his edge over Saberlancer was gone. Then it was Coaches Shoes and Saberlancer gunning out of the turn together ahead of the pack. Coaches Shoes took a head's lead in the straightaway, but Saberlancer fought back. Again Coaches Shoes edged forward. Then Saberlancer. Coming into the final stretch it was Saberlancer with Coaches Shoes still on his shoulder. Saberlancer. Coaches Shoes. Saberlancer. Coaches Shoes took the whip and edged forward, the faltered. Into the finish it was Saberlancer, Baldspot and Coaches Shoes. Not only was Ivan not going to have to kill anyone or anything today, his trifecta netted him enough cash for a trip to Tahiti, which suddenly seemed like a good idea.



Ivan and the leprechaun king stood together in silence for a moment. Ivan turned to face Faolin, but said nothing. The faerie looked directly at him.

"D'ya have a card, me lad? I may want to put you to work someday."

Ivan set his beer on the widow ledge and pulled out his wallet. With his teeth he pulled out a single business card. Faolin took it and immediately handed it to one of the goons as Ivan replaced his wallet.

"Ya' got a talent for irritatin' me, lad, but ya got something I like," said Faolin.

"Thanks."

Ivan tossed his now empty set of greasy paper plates into the trash. He wiped his hands on his jeans and reached down to grab his pint glass.

"Here's to men of honor, huh?"

IVAN AND THE PLATE OF FRIED CHICKEN

"No honor among the mischief makers, you know that, lad," Faolin said, clinking his glass with Ivan's. "But a wager's a wager, and I'll meet my end."

"Fair enough."

"Now get out of here before irritate me again."

"See ya."

Ivan turned his back on the goons and let himself out the door.

He walked down the corridor, deciding what to do tomorrow. The rest of today was kind of screwed at this point. The small touch of business left a bad taste on the perfect day he was having. Back in the common area, Ivan collected his winnings. He headed back to the main entrance. The sun was angling a little lower though the large gates. There were still two races left. The crowd entering the track was changing from day bums like Ivan to business types in their dress shirts and ties coming in to catch the end of the racing day on a lark.

Before he got to the exit, Ivan took a left and headed for the stables. When the guard stopped him, Ivan dropped Moorha's name and sounded convincing enough that the guard didn't argue with him. Ivan walked past stall after stall, barely looking at the big long faces that had no knowledge of the work they just did. Lives made and lost and thousands, maybe even millions of dollars trading hands over what these animals are simply born to do. Before long, Ivan was standing in front of an empty stall where Saberlancer was supposed to be. He stood there alone in the setting sun and waited, trying not to look too conspicuous.

After a few minutes, the solid cadence of hoof on stone approached Ivan's turned back. There, walking steadily, stripped of its finery and covered in a blanket was a large, grey animal. Ivan gave it a good long look. Some things you had to check up close. Muscle so solid it may as well have been stone. Veins thick as pipes. Ivan caught one of the animal's eyes with his. And there it was. The telltale intelligence. The little extra something. Ivan smiled. The trainer was another short man with close cropped black hair and stony blue eyes. He looked at the large man in front of him.

"Fine beast, this one," Ivan said.

"Aye," was all the trainer said as he led the animal into the stall. And there, was the last sign Ivan needed, that telltale weird shape to the animal's tail. He walked into the doorway of the stall.

"Not too many of these ones around," Ivan chimed.

The trainer said nothing.

Ivan gave his next words a touch of emphasis.

"These, ah, water horses," he said.

The trainer looked up at the man suddenly.

"What are you talking about, mister?" the trainer snapped.

"The pooka your little buddy rode in the last race."

"Who the hell are you?"

"I'll tell you who I'm not," Ivan said. "I'm not the racing commission."

The little man seemed to relax. Ivan reached into his wallet again and pulled out a card.

"But if Faolin or his goons give you or Mooraha any grief, just call me. I'll take care of it. Free."

"Nothin's free," the trainer said, taking the card.

"Maybe I'll ask your faerie horse here some advice when November comes, how about that?"

"He'll give ya some good stuff," the trainer said with a faint smile.

"He already has."

Ivan turned and left.

The little man turned the simple white card over in his hand and read it.

Ivan Bane Solutions Specialist

There was a phone number and post office box in the lower right hand corner.

Upstairs in his private booth, Faolin gave orders to the goon with the card Ivan gave him. He was to dial the number and set up a meeting for the next morning, and be sure to have twice as many of the boys hiding in the room to work him over. The goon protested feebly, but Faolin insisted he get on the phone immediately. The goon handed the card back to Faolin along with a sycophantic apology. Faolin read it.

Sadie's Fried Chicken Cheapest, Greasiest Chicken in Town!

In the lower left hand corner was the number along with the words, "We deliver!"

Ivan and the car were already screaming down the highway.

RESTAURANT GUIDE

INSIDE THE HOTEL

Barley's

Looks like B, L, D.

No reservations needed

Bradley's Lobby Lounge

L, D. No reservations required.

(no smoking).

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL, BUT CLOSE

(WALKING DISTANCE)

These places are just north of the hotel. Walk out the front of the hotel and turn left.

Gold Coast Dogs

A real Chicago Hot Dog place—outstanding hot dogs, char-dogs, etc. Old school greasy fries (be warned) Good Burgers, too. A 'lighter' menu is also available. 7085 Mannheim. 847-759-1520

Chili's

A casual dining national chain. You've seen the ads.

7140 Mannheim. 847-298-9031. Menu at Info Desk.

Chipotle

Quick service Tex-Mex. Good burritos.

7020 Mannheim. 847-299-9201. 11am-10pm.

Panda Express

Fast food Chinese ala national chain.

7028 Mannheim. 847-824-9544. 11am-9pm.

IHOP

Pancakes and more.

7120 Mannheim. 847-297-7992. 6am - midnight.

Steak and Shake

Steakburgers, five-way chili, real cherry cokes, and good malts/shakes! Open 24 hours, be gentle with them. 10421 Touhy (far north end of the mall). 847-299-3944

Krispy Kreme

Mmmm DONUTS!!!! 7050 Mannheim. 6am - midnight.

Potbelly Sandwich Works

Hot melty subs, made the way you like them.

2695 Mannheim 847-298-0628 6:30am-10pm

Starbucks

Because sometimes you gotta get your fix.

2655 Mannheim 847-391-9142

Cold Stone Creamery

Ice cream and stuff beaten into the Ice Cream.

7110 Mannheim. Noon - 11 pm.

CONTINUING NORTH ON MANNHEIM

If you go left (north) out of the hotel to Oakton Street (about 1.5 miles), there are lots of fast food choices there, and some places to shop for supplies for parties, and such. Your choices include: *Arby's/KFC/McDonald's/TacoBell/Papa John's Pizza*, and more.

NEAR THE HOTEL TO THE SOUTH AND EAST

Most of these places are on Higgins, one light south of the hotel.

McDonald's

This is a BIG McD's – seems that the limo/livery drivers waiting for clients at O'Hare keep this one going.

Shoeless Joe's Sports Bar and Restaraunt

Just west of Mannheim at 10290 Higgins.

847-296-5760. Open until 4 am – kitchen open until 1 am.

Menu at Info Desk.

Harry Caray's Rosemont

10233 Higgins (in the Holiday Inn Select hotel).

847-699-1200. Menu at Info Desk.

Baja Fresh

Fast (and pretty good!) Mexican. 9514 Higgins.

11am - 9pm Fri/Sat 11am - 8pm Sun.

Starbucks

Getcher coffee here. 9500 Higgins.

Opens at 5am every day.

Ram Microbrewery and Restaurant

Good beers and good beef, too. 9520 Higgins.

847-692-4426. Menu at Info Desk.

Augie's Doggies

More Chicago-style hot dogs. 9467 Higgins.

Dunkin' Donuts

If you hate Krispy Kreme, try here.

9781 Higgins. 5am - 6 pm.

Quizno's Subs

Toasted. 9800 Higgins.

10am - 4pm Sat. 10am - 3pm Sun.

Giordano's Pizza

Good Chicago Style pizza and thin-crust too!

9415 Higgins. 847-292-2600

SUPPLIES, GROCERY STORES, AND SUCH

The important question for many fans is "Where can I get stuff for my party!" Here are the closest places:

Target

Just north of the hotel. Snacks, supplies, paper goods, soda, no bbeer.

10am - 10pm Mon-Sat. 10am - 9pm Sun.

K-Mart

At Mannheim and Oakton.

Jewel (Grocery)

Just north of Oakton on Mannheim.

Dominicks (Grocery)

Across Mannheim from the Jewel.

In 1539 the Knights Templar of Malta paid tribute to Charles V of Spain, by sending him a Golden Falcon encrusted from beak to claw with the rarest jewels --- but pirates seized the galley carrying this priceless token and the fate of the Maltese Falcon remains a mystery to this day.

When they learned of the fate of their tribute, the Knights Templar tried again in 1540, sending another bird -- a duck made from onyx and gold, with jeweled eyes that glowed with an inner fire.

This statue disappeared on the road to Toledo, never to be seen until this day.

Celebrate the mystery surrounding this fabulous bird by joining us as we present

DUCKON 17

THE MALTESE DUCKON

JUNE 13-15, 2008

LITERARY GOH:
Elizabeth Bear

MAD SCIENTIST GOH:
Dr. Samuel Conway
(Uncle Kage)

ARTIST GOH:
Peri Charlifu

FILM GOH:
Jeff and Maya Bohnhoff

FAN GOH:
Dave McCarty

PREREGISTRATION: \$40 until May 1



NAPERVILLE
HOLIDAY INN SELECT
1801 Naper Blvd
Naperville, IL 60563

DUCKON
P.O. Box 4843
Wheaton, IL 60189-4843



www.duckon.org

STAFF LIST

Chair - Pat Sayre McCoy
Vice Chair - Rick Waterson

Adult Supervision

Head - Lisa Hunter
2nd - Lara Balliet
Staff - Chris DuVono
Devon Murphy
Molly Gross

Art Show

Head - Kerry Kuhn
2nd - Mike Cole
Auction - Bob Passovoy
Print Shop - Roberta Jordan
Staff - Yoel Attiya
Melissa Clemmer
Sue Cole

Babysitting - Vicki Bone
Amy Wenshe

Consuite - Jessica Monaghan

Dealers - Mike Jencevice

2nds - Bill Jarns
Staff - Brendan Lonehawk
Gloria Dill
Barb Darrow
Sally Kabee
Steve Metzger
Carol Metzger
Marta Rose
Bill Surret
Larry Smith

Filk - Jan DiMasi
Sue Len

Films - David Hoshko

Gaming - Alex Bailey-Mathews

GoH Liaison - Steven Silver

Green Room - Ann Totusek

Hotel & Parties - Phoenix

2nd - Sunshine Levy
Staff - Sydnie Krause

Information Desk - John Donat

Information Services - Richard France

ISFiC Press - Bob Garcia
Randy Kaempfen
John McCoy
Bill Roper
Steven H Silver

ISFiC Writer's Contest - Marcy Lyn-Waitsman

Logistics - Michelle Kaczor

Masquerade - Barbara Wright
Hall Masquerade - Sunshine Levy

Massage Coordinator - Amy Wenshe

Operations - Joseph R. Stockman

2nd - Karl Meyer
Staff - Andrea Allen
Chris Allen
Tom Brady
Dan Hauschild
Phaedra Meyer

Publications - Deb Kosiba

Programming - Steven H Silver
2nd - Alan Ziebarth

Registration - Susette France

Secretary - Bill Roper

Special Events - Lisa Garrison Ragsdale

Treasury - Tom Veal
Bill Roper

Technical Services - David Ifversen
2nd - Angela Karash

Volunteers - Ken Hunt
2nd - Jonathan Stoltze

Webmaster - John McCoy