

☞ Polo

WINDYCON XXVI

THE TECHNO WINDYCON

Kristine Smith

Kandas Elliott

M. L. Monroe

L. J. D.

John H. H.

Peter D.

Kenney
Kathryn
Keller

Chat
Boston Baden

John L.
D. A. Brown

Dean G. G.
Boston
John Baden

Stephen
Crescent

BL26-154
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CHICON 2000

the 58th Worldcon

August 31– September 4, 2000
Hyatt Regency, Chicago IL

Author Guest of Honor: **Ben Bova**

Artist Guest of Honor: **Bob Eggleton**

Editor Guest of Honor: **Jim Baen**

Fan Guests of Honor: **Bob & Anne Passovoy**

Toastmaster: **Harry Turtledove**

Chicon E-mail Infobot address: info@chicon.org;
e-mail: chi2000@chicon.org and website <http://www.chicon.org>

or

Snail Mail: P.O. Box 642057, Chicago IL 60664

European Contact: Martin Hoare, 45 Tilehurst Road,

Rates Effective October 1, 1999

Attending: \$150

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Children \$50

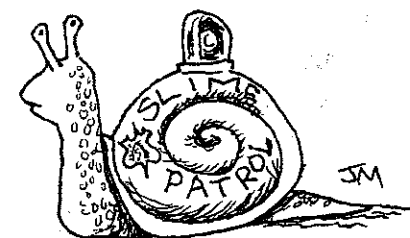
**Check Website for more
information on trading cards**

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DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

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THE UNIVERSAL NEWS TO THE GALAXY... THE
FOLLOWING GUILTY PARTIES HAVE BEEN AS-
SIGNED TO THE TERMINATOR FOR DARING TO
TO PUT ON ANOTHER CONVENTION... THE UNI-
VERSAL NEWS TO THE GALAXY... THE UNIVERSE

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Vice Chairman
Amy Wenshe

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Vicki Bone
Terry O'Brien

Print Shop
Roberta Jordan
Denise Clift
Lynn Fancher

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George Krause

Ad Sales
Diane Blackwood

Repair Droid
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Brendan Lonehawk
Sally Koebe
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LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN



Welcome to the Techno WindyCon! The VERY LAST WINDYCON of the 1900s. As we stand on the cusp of a new millennium, WindyCon celebrates and salutes technology! Where we are, where we're going or could go! Our guests this year include not only notable names from science fiction literature and art but also experts on space travel, scientific exploration and communications! Mark your Pocket Program to catch their panels, as they could give you a glimpse of where technology might be at the start of the next millennium!

But our celebration is not about just the future, it's also about where our technology is today and how it got there. When I think about technology of the past, the quote from Arthur C.

Clarke always comes to mind. Sir Arthur said, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is virtually indistinguishable from magic". How would the good Herr Guetenburg regard a personal computer, the Internet and a laser printer?

If you're reading this letter when you first get your program book, hang on to your hat! It's going to be a great weekend! The folks on the WindyCon XXVI Committee have put together an extraordinary convention! Read on for details! If you're reading this on the ride home, I hope you had a good time!

On the personal side, I want to thank the WindyCon XXVI Committee and Staff for their tremendous effort under a very tight budget. You make it

look easy guys. I'd also like to thank my wife Mary Kaye and my son Ray for their love, support and understanding over the last three years, putting up with my "hobby". And most of all, I'd like to thank the fans who come to WindyCon, (would they then be WindyFen?) for you are the convention.

Rick Waterson
Chairman, WindyCon XXVI

Special Events

Bonnie Jones
Gretchen Roper

Masquerade

Director: Nancy Mildebrandt
\$1.25 Build-It-At-The-Con Masquerade: Duke Boettcher
House Manager: Glen Boettcher
Light/Sound Director: Michael Vande Bunt
Backstage Manager: Henry Osier

Treasury

Len Wenshe
Jim Malebranche
Chris Malebranche

Internet Room

E.L.V.I.S.

Webmaster

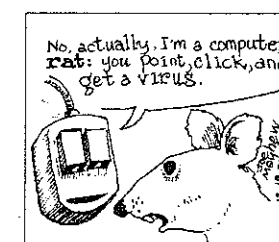
Jeff Swim

Massages Provided By

Chicago School Of Massage Therapy

Makoto Quarterstaff Arena

Paul Haynie



Technology, sufficiently advanced, may well be magic.



Hey everyone! We have a New Address:
 The Millennium Philcon
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 Huntingdon Valley PA 19006-0310

The 59th World Science Fiction Convention®
 August 30th to September 3rd, 2001
 The Pennsylvania Convention Center &
 Philadelphia Marriott Hotel

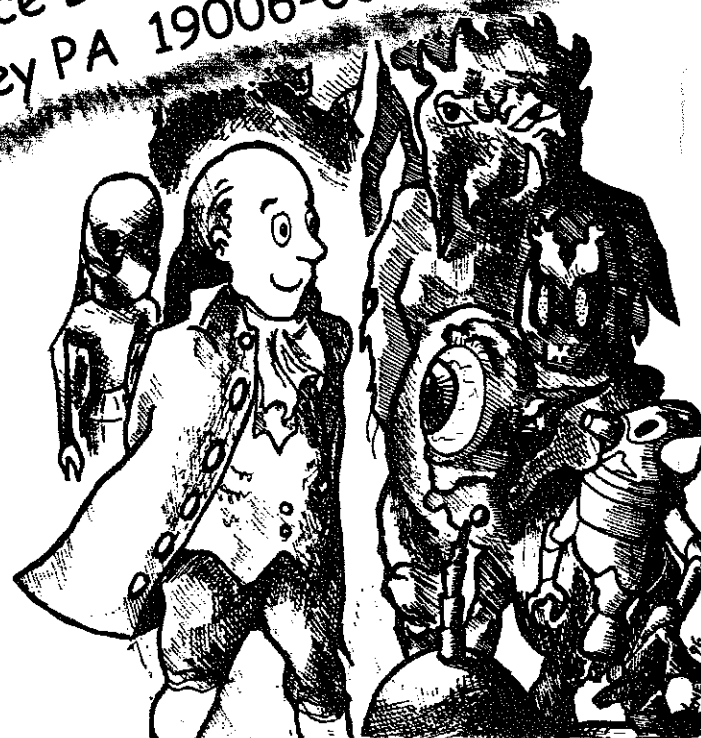
Author Guest of Honor
GREG BEAR

Artist Guest of Honor
STEPHEN YOULL

Editor Guest of Honor
GARDNER DOZOIS

Fan Guest of Honor
GEORGE SCITHERS

Toastmaster
ESTHER FRIESNER



"Buy your membership now and become part of
 History-in-the-making in Philadelphia!" Ben
 Franklin informs the friends he made
 throughout Time & Space. "I'll see you there."

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 New Attending \$135
 Child (Born after 9/1/89) \$50
 New Supporting \$40

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BEAUTY AND THE GEEK

by Mike Resnick

Kris Rusch is beautiful. It doesn't mean that much to her, but that's because she's on the inside looking out. It means a lot to me; I'm on the outside looking in. Or at, anyway.

Kris Rusch is talented. Immensely talented. That probably means something to her, but it means a lot more to the rest of us.

As a fantasy writer, she is the author of the fabulous books of *The Fey*, as well as *Traitors* and *The White Mists of Power*. In science fiction, her novels include *Alien Influences* and *Star Wars: The New Rebellion*. In horror, she's the author of *The Devil's Charm*, *Sins of the Blood*, and *Facade*. She's edited anthologies for *Pulphouse* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Always expanding her horizons, she recently sold a pair of romance novels. She has a brilliant mystery-cum-mainstream novel out entitled *Hitler's Angel*.



Kris Rusch has unlimited horizons. She won a Campbell Award as Best New SF Writer. She won a Hugo Award as Best Editor. She has been nominated time and again for Hugos and Nebulas. She won the Ellery Queen Poll for Best Mystery Story.

Most meaningful of all, she bought almost every story I ever sent her when she was editing *Pulphouse* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Now, *that's* talent. In fact, it is my considered opinion that Kris Rusch has only one weakness. She's married to it.

Let me tell you about Dean Wesley Smith, who Kris chose to marry when she could have been an official Mike Resnick Auxiliary Wife instead.

Dean is a wildly prolific and successful science fiction writer. He's one of the Old School, one of those writers who can turn out a book in a week ... but whereas most of the Old School writers like me and Malzberg and Silverberg did our Old School writing under pseudonyms for editors-who-didn't-want-it-good-they-wanted-it-Thursday and published certain arcane subject matter ("the kind men like"), Dean writes his for a wildly enthusiastic audience which, unlike ours, doesn't wear raincoats and hang out near schoolyards but instead attends science fiction conventions.

Dean has been nominated for the Nebula, the Locus, and the World Fantasy Awards. He's the author of over

40 novels and more than 100 short stories, which would overwhelm just about any life partner except the one he happened to luck out and choose. He has collaborated with Kris on a number of books, most recently *Double Helix: Vectors* and *The Tenth Planet*, and in his spare time (???) he edits *Strange New Worlds*, a Star Trek new writers' anthology.

Dean is also the publisher of the late lamented *Pulphouse* and *Axolotl Press*, the most ambitious specialty press in the history of science fiction, which in its heyday published over 100 titles and magazines in a single year. He co-edited it with Kris in the beginning, then took over sole editorship when she moved to *F&SF*. (He doesn't know it yet, but he and I are going to enter a co-publishing venture in a couple of years.)

Dean was every bit as good an



editor as Kris, which is to say he never once turned down a Resnick story.

So what his deep dark secret? Why do I keep offering to run off with his wife to Bora Bora on the perfectly reasonable assumption that he'll never notice she's missing?

The truth is that Dean Wesley Smith has a secret life. You know how a lot of fans are computer geeks? And a few are Robert's Rules of Order geeks? Well, Dean Wesley Smith is a golf geek. He's a former pro who isn't quite in a class with Tiger Woods and David Duvall, but now he's turning 50 and considering going on the Seniors Tour, where all he has to beat are duffers like Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson. Dean chooses his conventions and his vacations based solely on the nearby golfing facilities. He actually prefers to leave his laptop back in Oregon than to go anywhere without his golf clubs.

I'm pleased to announce that in the course of my travels, I found the perfect golf course for him. It's the Cecil Rhodes Memorial Course in the Nyanga Mountains in Zimbabwe. If you hit it in the rough, you get eaten by leopards. If you hit it in the water, you get eaten by crocodiles. If you overshoot the green, you plunge 11,000 feet to your death. As soon as I make sure his life insurance is paid up, I plan to fly him out there and buy him a few rounds, then run off to Tahiti with his grieving widow.

I suppose I should tell you a little more about them. I edited some 20+ anthologies back in the early 1990s... and as any anthology editor will tell you, you soon find a handful of people you can count on to give you award-quality material on a week's notice,

and once you find them you cherish them. To find two in the same house is really something rare, but neither Kris nor Dean was ever late on an assignment, and although they knew the stories were pre-sold, neither of them ever gave me anything but their best.

So much for talent and athletic aberrations. What Kris and Dean are

best at is not writing, or publishing, or editing, or even buying Resnick stories. What they are best at is being themselves, than which no one is more fun to be with. Visit them in the con suite or wherever else Kris is signing contracts and Dean is hustling up a game of golf and you'll find yourself agreeing with me almost instantly.

Con Suite Stays With Low Tech

The consuite will be open from

Friday noon until 5 am (closed for cleaning)

Saturday 10 am to 5 am (closed for cleaning)

Sunday 10 am to 3 pm.

Dead Dawg!

Bheer is limited by the State of Illinois to the legal drinking age of 21 years. Bring legal identification, driver's license or passport. (It's legal, remember?)

We will be checking badges, and doing the low tech handstamp thang. Hours for the Liquid of Life: 3 pm to 3 am Friday and Saturday, and Sunday noon until the spaceship comes and takes us away.

If you are asked to bring any supplies from the ConSuite to any other part of the convention, you must have a requisition from the head of that department. Otherwise, no supplies may be taken from the ConSuite.

The Makoto Quarterstaff Arena

This is a skill game where you try to hit colored lights on the arena's posts with a quarterstaff type stick. The owner of the arena has offered to make it available to all WindyCon badge holders (in the past it was \$2 or \$3 a round to try). Come and get your aerobic exercise for the weekend!

ART GOK: STEVEN VINCENT JOHNSON

By Darlene P. Coltrain

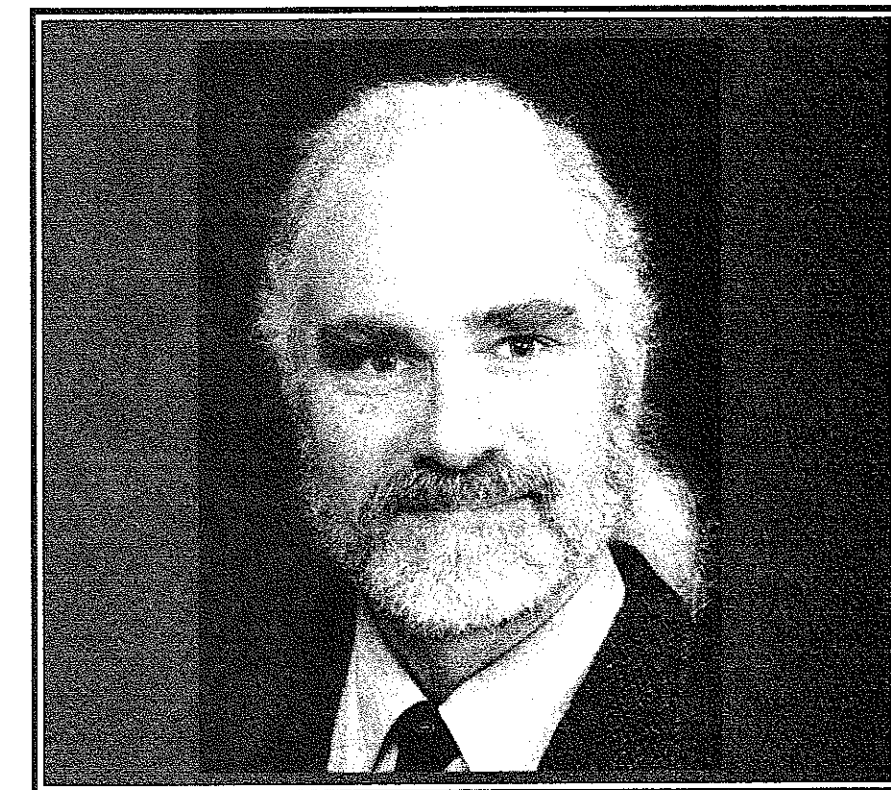
In 1978, at the Wiscon II Art Show, I first saw Steve hanging his work. As I enjoyed the view, a friend told me his name and that she had seen his work at SunCon.

Over the next two years, I caught only glimpses of him but saw a lot of his amazing planetscapes. His strong design and sense of place attracted bidders too. Some of those art auctions were among the most exciting and competitive I've ever seen (no offense, Bob...).

Steve brings an eclectic assortment of experience and interests to his work. Although born in California in 1952, he spent his childhood and early adolescence growing up overseas. Living in Japan, Formosa, Guam, and El Salvador gave him an experience of being alien. This "boy alien" explored his world of landscapes, insects (ants in particular), coral reefs, sailboats, architecture, culture, and inhaled it all.

His interest in Science Fiction was fostered at an early age by his mother. She tucked him in with stories of "Little Robert Allen," a space faring child who packed his lunch (peanut butter and jelly sandwiches) and took off in his backyard spaceship to have adventures, and be home again in time for supper.

Steve continued to inhale and as he grew older he ingested all of the Science Fiction and UFO literature



that he could get his hands on. When the family moved to Madison, Wisconsin, Steve was fourteen years old. He had to discover from scratch his North American identity. He did well in school, was involved in community theater, studied art, studied computer science, took up the guitar, and grew his hair long. At long last, he began to exhale.

Some of his early works were formal, almost ritualistic astronomicals. They later evolved into realism and mixed science fiction and fantasy themes. Also included are the symbolism of whales, UFOs, and many other images. The alien landscapes impart a sense of reality, culture, and myth. His work (arguably) revolutionized

astronomical painting in fandom from 1978 through 1984 although he seems not to have noticed, and I may have a fight on my hands for saying so.

Several of his paintings have been published on paperback covers of German translations including Arthur C. Clarke and Hal Clement. He has illustrated *The Dragon Masters* by Jack Vance and Larry Niven's *RingWorld*, both for Easton Press. His awards include Best Fan Artist at Iguacon in 1978, Best Color Artist Amateur by popular and artist vote at Norascon II in 1980, and Best Sci-Fi Minicon '97.

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Throughout his artistic adventures Steve's day job (the one that has paid the bills) has been computer programming. From being a "happy troglodyte" (direct quote) at the University of Wisconsin, Space Astronomy Lab (salary funded by NASA) to assorted computer programming jobs for the State of Wisconsin Steve has continued to pursue technology as he pursued his art.

It is perhaps inevitable that the two

interests would intersect. In 1997, he began painting digitally with the same seamless expertise as the earlier work with brush and pigment. This is computer art that has no visual trace of the applied art software. If you didn't know the work was digitally produced you might be asking if the original medium is acrylic and available for purchase.

Reproductions are available for sale although the publishing technol-

ogy has not yet achieved archival quality at a reasonable price. I guess the industry has some catching up to do.

Steve is currently pursuing his long time interest in music. With professional sound cards and software wave tables as the chosen medium he is now painting in sound instead of pigment. Stay tuned, that reproduction technology is right on track (pun intended), and if anyone can turn sound into color it's Steven Vincent Johnson.

CHILDCARE AT WINDYCON

Come and enjoy WindyCon XXVI while we babysit your kids for you! WindyCon offers childcare service for fans and fans-to-be under 12. To use childcare, your children need to be preregistered so we know how many young fans to expect. Sorry, this service is not available to at-the-door registrants. What does childcare cost? Just \$30.00, the cost of a preregistered membership. What a bargain!

We'll provide toys, games, and light snacks. You need to make sure that they get properly fed (snacks are no substitute for real food, which we don't serve) and that you give them any required medication.

If your child is still in diapers, please bring a supply of the disposable type, and please bring a change of clothes for those who are not yet toilet-trained (or those whose toilet-training may inadvertently break down). Also, please mark legibly all diaper bags and other personal possessions (especially Fuzzie Bear and Binky Blanket).

Childcare hours:

Friday: 7 pm to 2 am.

Saturday: 10 am to 2 am

Sunday: 10 am to 2 pm

E.L.V.I.S.

In today's high tech world communications and connectivity are requirements. WindyCon is fortunate that there a group of volunteers that provides this service to its attendees.

E.L.V.I.S., the Emergency Link to Vital Internet Services, provides this service via a "live" connection to the Internet from WindyCon.

Doom, Quake, and other computer games were a great introduction to computers, but as we gain experience, we see that computers can do so much more. E.L.V.I.S. enjoys showing you these "other possible uses" which are widely available with the World Wide Web, and other Internet Services such as E-Mail, Gopher, FTP, Muds/Mucks/etc.

For more info, or if you're interested in joining ELVIS, see us at the CON, or mail to johnw@bolo.com or elvis@atw.earthreach.com

It takes a fair amount of equipment, expertise, time, effort and expense for the E.L.V.I.S. individuals to bring you this service so please visit the Internet room and be sure to thank them.

FAN GOK: CHAZ BOSTON BADEN

by Colleen Crosby

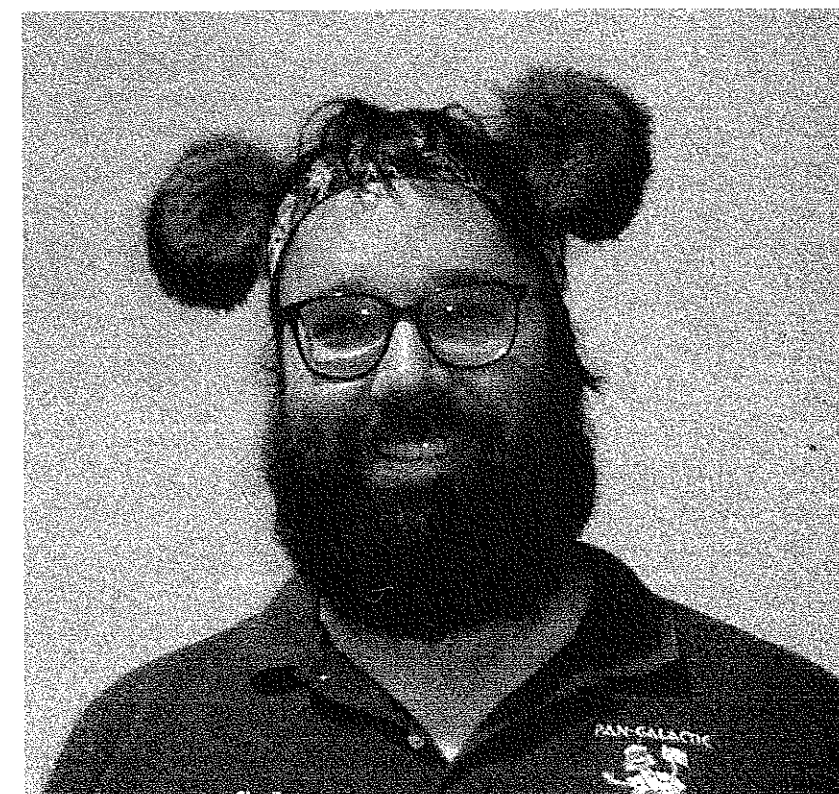
"Can I get you a soda? Some Jell-O? A cookie?" These are some of the first words that you may hear from Chaz Boston Baden. He's never happier than when he is making someone else happy. You can spot him by his bear ears.

Chaz' first convention was L.A. con II, the 1984 Worldcon. Since he lived nearby, he went home early each night. It wasn't until he read the con reviews in Locus and File 770 that he found out that the convention doesn't end when the dealer room closes.

At Westercon in 1989, he met Lynn Boston where they had both volunteered to deliver ice. The following Loscon, Chaz helped Lynn to run Children's Programming. Lynn's daughter, Maria, was in good hands with them in charge. Chaz Baden and Lynn Victoria Boston were married in 1996.

Chaz always volunteered here and there, but his main interest was in the on-site newsletters. Not satisfied with what he saw, Chaz published *The Westchester Zeppelin* from his room at Loscon '92. Although it was a hoaxzine with no real news, it had the best party list available. He has since volunteered for or run newsletters at Loscons, Westercons, and Worldcons.

Chaz introduced Margarita Jell-O to fandom at Con Francisco, the 1993 Worldcon. He brought the fixings with



him to San Francisco, and carried around a big "spaghetti pot" full of Jell-O from which he gave people samples.

Chaz worked the fan tables for L.A.con III (Worldcon '96) at many conventions around the country. At L.A.con III, not kept busy enough with his work creating the Internet Lounge, Chaz volunteered to distribute the newsletter for the overworked editor.

Hoping to help other potential editors, Chaz published *Daily Newszine Baby Steps*, a guideline for gathering volunteers, editing newsletters, and getting them distributed. He has popularized Filthy Pierre's system for newsletter distribution that many convention newsletter editors have

adopted.

Sometimes the second words you hear from Chaz are "How would you like to volunteer for...?" At L.A. area conventions, he's known for having a large group of people on his team, probably because he keeps us all happy, so we don't notice how hard we're working. In 1994, his team became known as Pan-Galactic Publishing.

When he's not at conventions or working as a programmer, he's volunteering at his stepdaughter, Maria's, school. At the end of his term as President of Bernardo Yorba Middle School's PTA, he presented all the

ISFiC
Presents
**The Meet the
Guests Party**

*Friday, November
12, 1999*

9:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

*Hyatt Regency Woodfield
Room 3321*

...continued from page 9

PTA Board members and other school volunteers with pairs of pink plastic lawn flamingoes to remember him by. Inspiration struck. Chaz threw a party, letting people know in the invitations that he had lawn flamingoes to be decorated. Friends showed up with beads and paint, feathers and tiny hats. At NASFiC '99, he entered 20 decorated flamingoes in the art show. There were Star Wars flamingoes, Mardi Gras flamingoes, hi-tech

flamingoes, and even one being ridden by a frog.

Chaz' future plans for conventions include running the ice cream social at Loscon '99, editing the newsletter for Chicon 2000, and co-head registration at Loscon 2000. He also has plans to chair a Loscon.



Baden's Margarita Jell-O*

This is an alcoholic dessert.

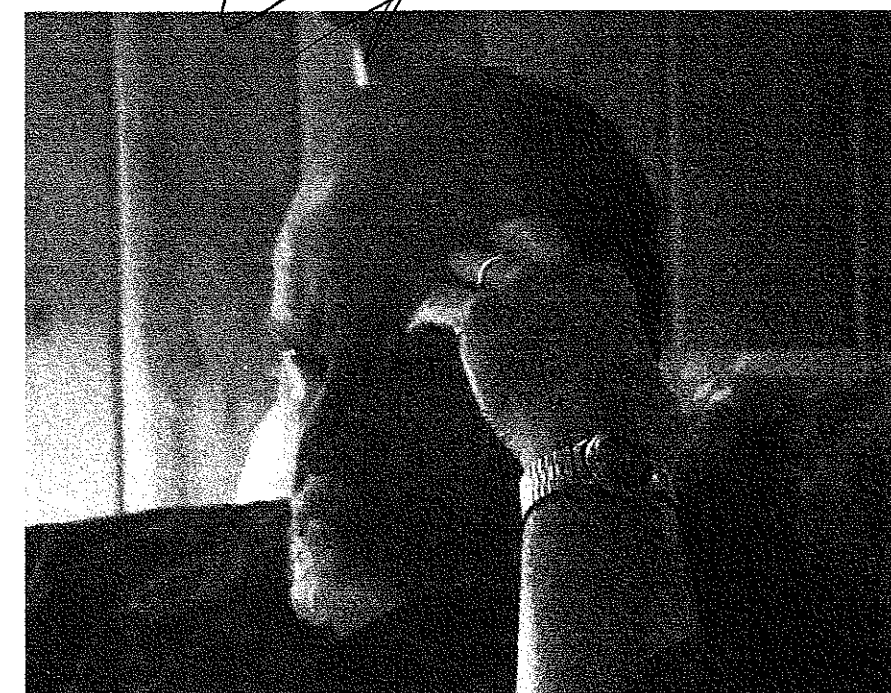
Use one large box or two small boxes of Lime Flavor Jell-O. Add 2 cups boiling water to gelatin. Stir until dissolved, about 2 minutes. Add 1 cup cold water, cup Tequila, and cup Triple Sec. Chill until set. Makes 8 servings, cup each, or about 16 little "Dixie cup" servings.

*For metric measurements, European directions, and warnings, see the Jellophile.

**TOASTMASTER:
BARRY BEE LONGYEAR**

Barry "the Bee" Longyear is an old and favorite guest of WindyCon, to the extent that he is part of the family. Maybe that is why there is no biography on file! (Ask him sometime about why the Bee).

But when he sent this photo, he wrote: "No more nice guy!" No he has not changed from our writing workshop wizard, but is in the middle of a book on a serial killer. That would make anyone not nice. So don't ask him about the book. Unless he is writing it, not just reading it. That is different. Especially if you buy it.



**SCIENCE GUEST OF HONOR:
MITCHELL BURNSIDE CLAPP**

by Bill Roper

Now, when I first met Mitchell, he had wandered into one or another of the Ohio science-fiction conventions, guitar in hand. Before too long, we found out that he was (in some order) bright, a good conversationalist, able to play that thing, and worth listening to. He was also in the Air Force. All of the above still apply, save for the last, which is one of the reasons that he's here at WindyCon as our Science Guest of Honor.

You see, it works out like this. Mitchell was in the Air Force because he wanted to go to space. Unfortunately, the way things work in the Air

Force, you don't just come in fresh out of college - MIT in his case - and jump into a space shuttle. They want you to do other things first. In Mitchell's case, this included things like delivering lectures on Soviet aerospace capability in full Soviet uniform (ask him about Minuteman Beach), going to test pilot school, flying a lot of different aircraft, and then you can think about applying for the astronaut corps.

Which Mitchell did at his first opportunity. Applying to be an astronaut is an experience in itself, because, if they think you're a reasonable candidate at all, they'll want to know every-

thing about you, your life, and your health. They want to know things that you didn't know about yourself and would just as soon have stayed ignorant of. Mitchell can speak at length on this subject and, I hope, will have the chance to do so at some time during WindyCon. (The last time had the audience in gales of laughter, so do try to catch it if he does.)

The only problem was that they turned him down. This didn't necessarily mean he'd never be an astronaut - he was the youngest candidate

continued on page 12...

...continued from page 11

in the group – but it would be several years before he could reapply, so this route to space was on hold for a while. It was time to look at other options.

One of these options was "Black Horse", a plan that Mitchell came up with that would place a payload into orbit using a modified fighter plane fueled by jet fuel and hydrogen peroxide as a reusable launch vehicle. You fly the plane up to about 50,000 feet, then rendezvous with a tanker plane to top off your tanks, and you can get up high enough to kick out a reasonably good-sized satellite with attached rocket to boost it into low Earth orbit. Effectively, the tanker is the first stage, the fighter is the second stage, and the orbital rocket is the third stage. Better yet, you could do this with off-the-shelf technology that we're already pretty good at maintaining and repairing.

It looked pretty promising and a fair amount of research went into the project. Unfortunately, the Clinton administration declared that only NASA should be working on reusable launch vehicles, a decision which put paid to the Air Force project.

Mitchell still thought it was a pretty good idea. Good enough that he left the Air Force to start his own company, Pioneer Rocketplane, to try to get the concept off the ground, so to speak. Career-wise, this was a more risky move than staying in the Air Force, but fortunately T.J., his wife, was also bitten by the space bug (how many folks do you know who've been to Space Camp?) and has apparently decided to keep him around anyway. (This is good, because if he weren't around, the children would be tremendously confused.)

So that's how Mitchell came to be

our Science Guest of Honor. He's determined to get into space and I, for one, wouldn't bet against him. I remember a conversation that we had about ten years ago about this subject. He'd just told me about his efforts to get into the astronaut corps and I

responded that I figured that my best chance to get into space was to make enough money to buy a ticket. He shook my hand and said, "Bill, I'll be happy to fly you there."

About ten years from now, I hope to take him up on that offer.

REAL LIVE FILK

by Bill Roper

We're happy to have our Special Filk Guest, T.J. Burnside-Clapp, with us this year. Formerly a member of the group, "Technical Difficulties" (which disbanded when the technical difficulties of getting together to rehearse became a bit too large with the three ladies scattered across the continent), T.J. is an excellent songwriter with a fine voice. She'll be doing a concert for us at 10 PM on Friday in Regency ABC. Rumor has it that our Science GoH, T.J.'s husband Mitchell, is likely to join her for the concert and will show

us that he actually still does this filk stuff despite being a high-powered aerospace executive.

On Friday night, we'll be starting the open filking in Regency ABC immediately following T.J.'s concert. On Saturday, you can find us in Arlington Heights / Rolling Meadows starting at 10 PM. We'll be taking down the air walls, so there will be plenty of room for everybody. Come on down and bring your instrument, your voice, and your ears. We'll be looking forward to seeing you.

HOTEL INFO

The Con Suite has been relocated from the fifth floor to the first floor to eliminate the wait for elevators.

The first, second and third floors have been designated party floors. The fourth and fifth floors are **quiet** floors. That also means NO loud talking in those hallways. Representatives of the Con Com will be touring the floors to assist those with an early morning call to get a reasonable night's sleep.

Smoking is restricted except where it is designated. As in the past, function rooms will be nonsmoking areas. We are suggesting smokers

congregate in the front lobby after visiting the Con Suite. We need to keep the hallways open and smoke free. Please help us. Baguetti's has designated smoking areas for your use while dining.

Extreme caution will have to be exercised in posting notices. Large cork boards have been placed throughout the hotel for posting party and meeting notices. Additional corkboards are available in Operations.

Room parties and meetings may hang a sign on the room number outside the room to identify the party.

Remember to have fun!

GAMING...GAMING...GAMING...GAMING...GAMING...GAMING...GAMING...

Gaming this year looks bigger and better than ever! So far we have either demos or open gaming on:

- Clan War (a Samurai Miniature Battle Game)
- No Quarter (AEG's new Swash-buckling Collectible Card Game)
- A Star Wars Miniatures game
- Demos from the fine folks at Shockforce
- as well as demos from Out of the

Box Games & Cheapass Games

- Demos for the Babylon 5 CCG
- We also will be welcoming back Stregoi, the "Best Live Action Role Playing Game" (yeah hype ... we know)

But wait ... there's more!!!

The folks at Decipher keep adding to what they are doing for us. There will be several Star Wars constructed deck tourneys as well as a sealed deck tourney. There will also be a Star

Trek CCG tourney. (And maybe if you are really nice, a Young Jedi demo)

Check the room and the pocket program for times.

We are still waiting on responses from a couple of other game manufacturers so we won't mention them ... yet ... Oh ... and of course the usual 24 hour a day gaming. If you have any questions send email to WindyGames@aol.com (also open 24 hours).

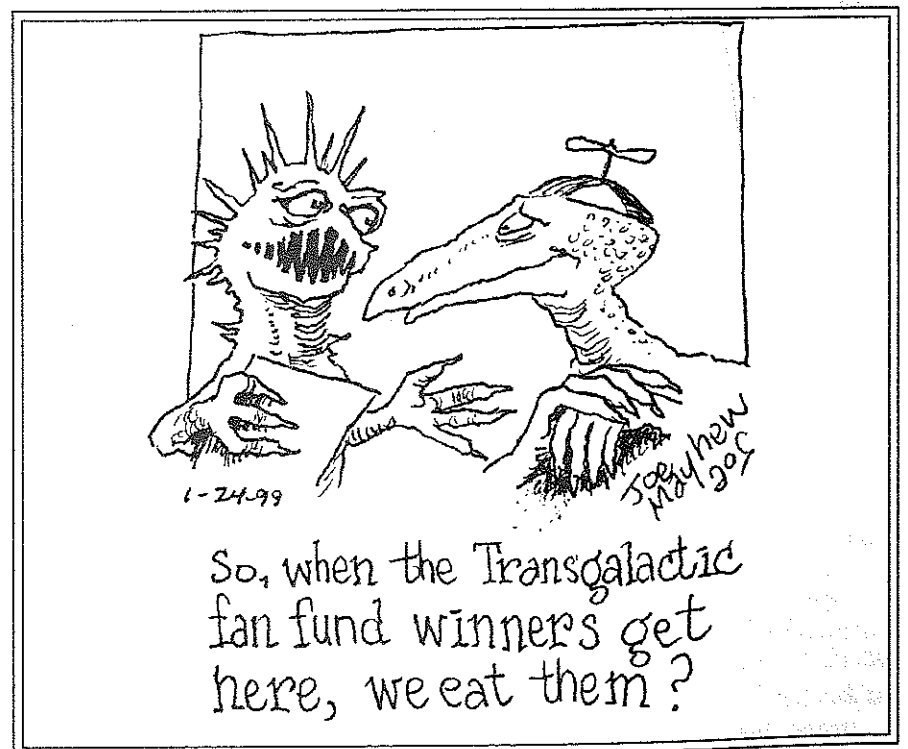
THE I GOT RIBBONS GAME RULES

by Bonnie Jones

1. Start Saturday morning.
2. Find someone wearing a blank ribbon (that is, a ribbon with no text on it).
3. Introduce yourself politely.
4. The Oracle (person wearing blank ribbon) will introduce themselves to you and ask you a question.
5. If you answer the question correctly, the oracle will give you a blank ribbon.
6. Each Oracle has one color of ribbon.
7. There are ten Oracles.
8. Collect one of each colored ribbon to win.
9. The person with the most ribbons at 10pm in Ballroom ABC (at the start of the dance) will win.
10. Each person with ten ribbons will get a prize, with a drawing for a grand prize.

11. By the way, while collecting your ribbons, don't wear them, or people will start asking you questions.

12. All the questions will pertain to science fiction and science fiction conventions and the answers can be found at the convention.



WHAT IS AN ISFiC?

by Ross Pavlac

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

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

But there's more to ISFiC than that.

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

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

The Chicago fans then hit upon an idea—if a coalition of people from the various factions and clubs could work together on a local con, then a 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 and Chicon V, the 1991 WorldCon, as well as Chicon 2000, are separately incorporated and are not directly affiliated with ISFiC). The early WindyCons grew rapidly under such chairmen 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 do that), ISFiC thought about what could be done to make WindyCon a better convention. One factor in this was that WindyCon's excess funds were starting to pile up. As a 501 c(7) corporation, ISFiC is supposed to use excess funds for the benefit of fandom. So rather than let the money pile up or buy clubhouses, ISFiC decided to put the money back into WindyCon in creative ways. One way was in providing grants to WindyCon to bring in special guests over and above the normal guests of honor. In this manner,

WindyCon was able to compensate for the fact that most SF authors and editors live on the East and West coasts. Once we started bringing in authors and editors, many liked WindyCon so much that they have continued coming back of their own accord. Another successful ISFiC project is the ISFiC Writers Contest, which is to encourage new writers. It is unique in offering as first prize a coin of gold, thanks to the brainstorm of former ISFiC board member Curt Clemmer. Once each summer, ISFiC sponsors a picnic in a Chicago park as a gathering for Chicago fandom.

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



WINNER OF THE 14TH ANNUAL ISFiC WRITERS CONTEST, 1999

PASSING THROUGH

by Sharon L. Nelson
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Mike stared despondently into the sleet-flecked blackness of the season's first real storm. The snowflakes weren't totally frozen yet; they splatted against the tollbooth's window and slid down its surface like fat, oily tears. A finger of icy wind curled around the booth's open door and jabbed him in the neck. He shivered and snapped closed the inadequate collar of his official-issue Tollway Authority jacket. Cripes, it was only November. How was he ever going to survive real winter out here when it came?

It might have been more bearable had he pulled a day shift, he reflected. Not only would the temperature be warmer, he'd have more traffic to distract him from his misery. He glanced at his watch again. Still more than six hours until his shift ended and he was already bone-tired. At least it was a weekday and the kids in the apartment next door would be in school while he tried to sleep. He wondered if he'd ever get the hang of this night work.

He knew he should be grateful he had any job at all. He'd had a good job, and he'd been a good employee—always on time, rarely sick, always doing more than his share and never complaining—until that ladder had collapsed under him. But after he got out of the hospital no one had wanted to hire a roofer with a bum back and a pending lawsuit against a previous employer. Diane's Uncle Raymond had called in a bunch of favors to get Mike hired. Ray had waved his hand when Mike thanked him and had said to think nothing of it, that's how things were done all the time. But it still rankled Mike to have had to rely on his ex-wife's family to get a job.

A semi pulled up and a blast of classical music shot through the cab's open window as the driver handed him the toll. Mike wished him a good morning and sent him on his way with an amused smile. In his two weeks on the job he'd been amazed to find out what truck drivers really listened to. Not just country and AM talk radio as he'd supposed—though there was a lot of that—but rock, R&B, oldies, gospel, rap, big band, even opera. Mike had begun playing a game to figure out what kind of music a particular vehicle's driver would be listening to when he pulled up to the booth. The

cars were usually easier to peg than the trucks. Mercedes and Beemers and Volvos were usually classical. The expensive sports cars fell into two groups: the smug, good-looking sales types tended towards progressive rock and sports talk shows, but the computer-nerd types listened to almost anything, like the truck drivers. Women seemed to mostly listen to lite rock and New Age stuff no matter what the car, but every now and then he'd gotten fooled by some mousy-looking girl in a nondescript four-door listening to heavy metal.

The car now pulling up to the booth he pegged as classical for sure, even though he had never seen its like before except in pictures in a magazine. It was a vintage Rolls, black and silver, with sleek, high-arched fenders curving protectively over its white-walled tires. The engine rumbled softly as the car pulled up next to the booth, like the purring of a giant cat. The windows were heavily tinted, nearly pitch black. He could see no one inside in either the front seat or the back, and the driver's side window remained closed.

Mike's heart began to hammer in his chest. Not that a robbery was likely—the owner of this car sure didn't lack for money—but you never knew what kind of trouble you could get into from some rich goofball hopped up on drugs. And maybe the car was stolen...

The driver's side window slowly opened, hand-cranked. Mike peered in and caught the sight of a livery cap perched on top of the driver's head. The driver was leaning over from the far side of the car to open the window. It was pretty cool the owners had kept the right-hand drive after importing the car, Mike thought. But what a pain in the ass when you had to stop to pay a toll.

A fifty appeared in the driver's hand. "I'm very sorry, but I've looked all over and it's the smallest I've got."

Mike blinked. It was a woman's voice, soft and throaty, not the man's voice he'd been expecting. He looked at the hand holding out the bill. A woman's, all right. The nails at the tips of her elegant hands were surmounted by slender white half-moons. Mike liked that. A woman's hands were supposed to look like that, not topped by those weird, squared-off fake things Diane had worn.

"I'm not supposed to change anything larger than a twenty," he replied in his best official-Tollway voice.

The driver leaned over further and her face appeared, a dusky, golden oval framed by long, wavy black hair. Her dark eyes were slightly almond-shaped. Not quite Oriental, Mike thought.

Maybe kind of Middle Eastern? Yeah, that was it. She looked like one of those chicks you'd see in a harem, or at least a B-movie director's vision of one. His eyes skimmed lower. To his disappointment there was no belly-dancer's costume, just a dark uniform jacket and a crisp white shirt. Well, a man couldn't help fantasizing.

"Are you sure you can't make an exception?" The woman's voice held just the slightest tinge of anxiety. Mike noted it had some kind of faint accent to it but he couldn't quite place what it was.

He sighed. "I'm not supposed to. I'm new on the job and I can't afford to get in trouble."

"But what else can I do? My father will have a fit if I don't pay the toll."

"Why should your father care whether you pay your tolls or not?"

"He owns the car. And the company. I drive for him sometimes when he's backed up, but I have to follow company rules, just like everyone else. And that includes paying tolls," she finished with an apologetic smile.

"It's a really great car," Mike said admiringly.

Her smile broadened. "Isn't it?" Perfect teeth, Mike noted as she smiled. Her dad, whoever he was, must have spent a fortune at the orthodontist's. "I love driving it."

"Even driving on the right-hand side?" Mike asked. "Isn't it confusing? If nothing else it must be a pain to have to reach over all the time."

"It's not that bad once you get used to it. Besides, Father would never let it be changed over. He's quite the traditionalist."

Mike realized the woman's slender hand was still extended towards him, the fifty ruffling in the chill wind. How much money did he have on him? He'd gone to the ATM just before coming to work. Let's see... he'd bought a coffee and donut out of the machine but he should still have seventy bucks.

"Hey, I could give you change for your fifty out of my wallet. Then you give me a ten or twenty, and I'll make change out of that."

She grinned again. "That would be wonderful, Mike."

He frowned. "How'd you know my name?"

"Because it's on the nameplate next to the door," she said with a wry smile. "Mike McCarron."

"Oh. Yeah." He took the fifty, pulled out two twenties and a ten out of his wallet, handed them over to her, took back a ten and gave her change from the till out of that.

continued on page 16...

"There. All legal and nobody's the wiser," he said.

"Thanks so much. I really appreciate it." Her shoulder began to grind with the effort of rolling up the heavily-tinted window. Just before she disappeared from sight she said, "Have a good evening."

"You too. Drive safely. It looks pretty nasty out there."

"Yes, it is a bit slick. 'Bye." The window sealed tightly with a faint sucking sound.

"Bye," Mike said. The Rolls pulled away, the purring of its engine lost in the whine of the wind, its red taillights disappearing into the darkness like the eyes of a beast retreating into its lair. Mike peered at the license plate but couldn't make out the number. He wanted to know what limo company the car was from, and if he could get the number he could ask his friend Kevin at the police department to trace it. It was technically illegal, but that had never stopped Kevin from tracing a pretty girl's plate so he could get her number and call her for a date. This at least was for a good cause. Raymond really liked antique cars; if Mike could find out which company had the Rolls, he'd hire it and take Ray for a ride as a way for saying "thanks" for getting him the job on the tollway.

The rest of the shift passed slowly, coldly, but uneventfully. Mike glanced over at Matt, his shift partner on the westbound side, to see if Matt wanted to talk—or rather, given that they were five lanes apart, to shout. But Matt had his nose buried deep in a book as usual. Mike suspected Matt wouldn't notice a convertible full of topless cheerleaders as long as they gave him exact change.

Around five a.m. Mike's back began to ache and he shifted from sitting to standing and back to sitting again. He should give the chiropractor another try. The treatments had seemed to help but the insurance didn't cover them and he'd have to pay for them himself. Maybe after he had the credit cards paid down a little more....

He watched the eastern sky grow paler and the stream of headlights towards him grow thicker until it was finally eight o'clock. With a sigh of relief he noticed Toni heading towards his booth, carrying her till and dodging the traffic coming through the lanes with a pert swivel of her hips.

"Hey!" she said, barging into his booth. "How are ya, newbie?"

"Hey yourself," Mike replied. He noticed Toni's Susan Powter buzzcut still held faint traces of the orange and black stripes she had dyed it for Halloween. Mike heard she dyed it green for St. Patty's day and purple for Easter, too.

"You look like you've had quite a night," she said. "Crappy weather?"

"Yeah. And I had the strangest car show up. An antique Rolls driven by an Arab chick."

She slapped his cold, jeans-clad butt. "You shouldn't call women 'chicks,' Sweetcheeks. It's sexist. Now move those honey-buns over and let

me get to work, hey?"

Mike grinned and squeezed past Toni as she dropped in her till and belowed an enthusiastic "Good morning!" to the next driver in line. Toni told him she'd worked for the tollway eight years now and thought it was the greatest job she'd ever had. Mike wondered if he'd ever be as happy as she was about what he was doing for a living. He looked at the tollway job as kind of an interim thing—until his back was okay again, until the lawsuit was settled—but what if he could never do anything else?

He walked back to the office with his till, dodging the traffic in the lanes, though with his back hurting not nearly as quickly or gracefully as Toni had done. The driver of a white Grand Cherokee beeped at him impatiently as he walked in front of it.

As if I held him up for more than half a second, Mike thought irritably. What a jerk. Cripes, is this all I'll have to look forward to the rest of my life?

The weather grew colder and Mike's misery grew along with it. He tried wearing raggy wool socks, fingerless gloves, long underwear, two turtlenecks and a sweater under his shiny brown polyester official jacket, but nothing seemed to keep him warm. The space heater in the booth always smelled like it was burning and spat out a stream of heat that burned him if he stood directly in front of it but did nothing for him if he was more than six inches away.

As the holidays drew closer the traffic increased, even on his late shift. There were sedans and SUVs with sleeping children bundled in between shopping bags brimming with wrapped packages. A whiff of some home-baked treat would greet his nostrils from an opened window now and then. Christmas carols began to be just about the only thing he heard on the passing radios so he gave up his music-guessing game. Ordinarily he liked Christmas, but this year the preparations going on all around him simply depressed him. As the newest employee he'd get no Christmas at all. He was stuck with Christmas Eve duty, and when he got off his shift he'd be too tired to do the drive downstate to see his parents. Even if he did go he'd just have to turn around and drive right back practically as soon as he got there, because he was scheduled to work the 26th too.

He'd called up Diane just on the off chance she'd invite him over to her family's celebration. He'd always gotten along well with her family, even after the divorce. But she told him she was spending the holidays with her new boyfriend, and after a couple minutes of strained pleasantries he said good-bye and hung up.

He was disappointed not only because it meant spending Christmas alone but because he really wanted to see Ray and talk to him about the

Rolls. Mike had gone to the library—something he hadn't done since high school—and looked at several books on classic cars. He found pictures of some models that looked similar to the Rolls but none that quite exactly matched it. It must be a custom job. Maybe Ray would know what model it was and who it belonged to.

That was the other problem. He had seen the car four times in the past six weeks but as hard as he tried he could never work out the license plate number. He couldn't see the front plate because of the blinding brilliance of the Rolls' headlights, and he could never quite get a clear view of the back plate: a sudden squall of snow or fog seemed to blow up out of nowhere every time the car pulled away or there'd be another car waiting for his attention right after the Rolls, this at a time of night when he was ordinarily lucky to see four cars in an hour.

There was something else that bothered him. No one else at the Tollway Authority had ever seen the Rolls. He'd asked nearly everyone about the car. Matt, of course, had seen nothing. But even Toni had never seen the Rolls or heard of anyone else who had seen it. "Whatever it is you're taking to stay awake, Sweetcheeks, you better cut it out," she had told him, snapping her gum. "Stick to coffee. It'll make you wired but at least you won't be seeing things, let alone talking to 'em."

He'd thought about just asking the girl for a business card or phone number, but there was something about her manner that made him hesitate to talk to her again. Each time he'd seen her she'd winked and handed him exact change, apparently in reminder of his helping her out the first time they'd met. But she hadn't spoken to him except for "Hello" and "Good-bye" and he figured that was the way she wanted things. After all, even though her father owned the company, she was on the job same as he was. They shouldn't be sitting there chit-chatting while they were supposed to be working.

Christmas Eve came, clear but miserably cold. Mike stuffed his hands under his armpits to keep them warm in between the infrequent vehicles. He initially felt sorry for the driver of the tanker truck from Alabama that pulled up just after 1 a.m.—it appeared there were people with worse jobs than his—but the guy had "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" blasting on his radio and seemed in a downright cheerful mood. Mike swore through his chattering teeth as the truck pulled away. Now that damned song would be stuck in his head for the rest of the night.

Another few cars, and then Mike's heart began to race a bit as a pair of headlights came over the hill towards him. There was no mistaking the shape and the set of those headlights for anything else on the road.

The Rolls pulled up to his booth and the window eased down.

"Hi," she said, waving a dollar bill. "Sorry, I need change today."

"No problem." He took the bill and gave her back the change.

"Thanks."

"No problem," Mike repeated. "Hey—Merry Christmas."

She looked startled and it was a moment before she replied. "Oh. Yes, Merry Christmas to you too."

Mike cursed inwardly at his stupidity. She looked like she was from the Middle East, didn't she? Maybe her family was Jewish or Muslim. He may have just really insulted her. "Uh—" he began.

Her gazelle-like eyes looked up at him expectantly. "Yes?"

"That is, 'Merry Christmas' if you celebrate Christmas," he said quickly. "I mean, if you don't—well, I didn't mean to offend you."

She gave a little laugh, a sound like dozens of tiny silver bells tinkling. "Oh, don't worry about it. My family is very ecumenical. We celebrate just about everything. It's just I've been so busy tonight I forgot what the day is. But the whole reason we're so busy is because of what day it is. I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression. I'm kind of tired right now."

He nodded in sympathy. "I imagine it gets really crazy for you during the holidays."

"It does. New Year's Eve is the worst, though. All those drunks." She shook her head disapprovingly.

The extended conversation gave him the encouragement to ask the question he'd been holding back. "Hey, after the holidays, when you're not so busy—do you think I could rent your Rolls?"

Her mouth dropped open a bit, and even in the orange light of the overhead lamps he could see she had gone pale. "Why would you want to do that?"

"I have a friend—well, sort of a relative—who really likes vintage cars. He'd love a ride in your Rolls. I'd like it too."

"Oh. Well." She seemed at a loss for words. "It's rather hard to explain...but we only transport a certain class of clients. I don't think I could get my father to agree to it."

"Oh," Mike said. His heart sank. "A certain class of clients" certainly didn't include him.

When he didn't say anything else she peered up at him anxiously. "If you truly want to do it, I could ask my father—"

"No, that's okay." No sense in getting her in trouble with her old man.

"Are you positive?"

"Yeah. Thanks anyway." He gave her a half-hearted smile.

"I'm really sorry." Her apology seemed sincere, at any rate.

"Don't worry about it. Merry Christmas," he

repeated.

She smiled. "The same to you. I hope Santa leaves you something nice in your stocking."

"Yeah. You too," he said as she rolled up the window. He saw the bleak expression on his face mirrored in its blackness just before she drove off.

The rest of the holiday week was one unending round of dreariness for Mike. Though he had been given the time off he volunteered to work New Year's Eve. The holiday pay was good and he had nowhere else to go. Even freezing his ass off at work seemed preferable to staying home alone, watching inane specials and old black-and-white movies on TV.

Midnight came. The tinny radio he had carried with him into the booth this night did the countdown, performed by a breathless ingenue of a rock star, followed by a static-y version of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Off in the distance he heard car horns beeping and the crackle of fireworks. Another year. Big frigging deal, he thought. The New Year wasn't likely to bring much improvement to his life. Diane had gotten engaged to her new boyfriend over Christmas, the lawsuit had been continued by the judge for another six months, and he was stuck in the dead-end job from hell.

About an hour after midnight the snow began to fall, thick, feathery flakes that filled the sky in such profusion Mike could barely see twenty feet outside his booth. A sense of wonder replaced Mike's sour mood as he watched the snow pile up hour after hour. He had never seen it snow this heavily this fast before, nor keep it up for this long.

It certainly made a mess of traffic. More than once the rear end of a vehicle swerved dangerously close to his booth as it stopped before him. One beater Buick slid all the way through the plaza before it could come to a halt. He resignedly waved the car on and paid the toll out of his own pocket. The problems weren't entirely weather-related, he thought as he was greeted by yet another wallop of beer scent through an opened window. Business would be brisk for the Rolls if its exalted clientele were tipping half as much as the drivers he was seeing.

Near dawn he was surprised to see the Rolls pull up in front of him; he hadn't seen the familiar profile of the headlights because of the thickness of the snow. He leaned out from the booth as she rolled down the window. "Hey there. Happy New Year."

"The same to you, Mike." She smiled, but it seemed a little worn and brittle to him. He felt a sudden surge of anger at her father. What kind of man would force his daughter to work such hours on a holiday and on such a night? But, he sighed, that was none of his business.

"Busy?" he asked instead.

She shook her head. "Like you wouldn't believe. Between the drunks and the snow I've been

all over the place tonight."

"Well, I should let you go then." He took her dollar and handed her change back to her. She jangled the coins in her hand for a moment, then bit her lip.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"What you said last week about wanting a ride in the car—do you still want to do it?"

"Oh, yeah!—that is, if I can afford it," he trailed off.

"No charge. It's on me. Think of it as my Christmas gift to you."

Mike felt a warm burst of gratitude. It seemed like the first warm feeling he'd had in a very long time. "Thanks!" he beamed. "You don't know how much I appreciate it. I have this Tuesday off—would that be good for you?"

She bit her lip again. "If you want a ride in the car I have to do it tonight. Now, in fact."

He stared at her in consternation. "I can't just leave, you know. My shift isn't over for another three hours."

"Mike, I'm truly sorry, but has to be now or never. That's the only way I can do this."

"Can't you at least wait until my shift is over?"

"No, Mike, I can't." She looked up at him, her dark eyes large and pleading. "Please. I'd truly like you to come with me. I'd very much like to do this for you. But it has to be now. By the end of your shift I won't be able to take you with me this way."

He looked down the road. It was totally empty: no oncoming traffic could be seen in the whirling, snow-specked darkness. He glanced across to the westbound side of the plaza. Matt was crouched over a book, his feet up on the till, and oblivious to everything as usual.

"What the hell," Mike said. How many cars could possibly go through his booth at this hour of the morning? Four? Five? He took a couple bills out of his pocket and jammed them into the till. That should more than cover the tolls he would otherwise collect.

She leaned her further across the seat towards him. "I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you. What did you say?"

"I said I'm coming."

She sounded relieved. "Oh, good! I'm so glad. Come get in then."

Because the passenger side of the Rolls faced the tollbooth it was only a few steps in the slushy snow to get to its door. Yet the brief exposure to the wind and snow seemed to have chilled him greatly, for he found he was shaking as he opened the door. He dropped himself onto the seat beside her.

His teeth were chattering. "Doesn't this tub have any heat?"

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She laughed, the same silvery, enchanting sound he had heard before. "The heater isn't very good. It is an old car, after all. But even so it would help a great deal if you'd close the window."

"Yeah, I guess it would," he said sheepishly. He found the knob at his side and cranked the window up. The harsh glare of the tollbooth light disappeared behind the thick black glass.

She put the car in gear and he felt it move forward. He felt more than heard the motor, a rich, deep vibration of barely controlled power. Even the swush-swush of the wipers against the windshield was so muted he could barely detect it. It was like being wrapped in a thick blanket that muffled all sound from the outside world.

He looked over at her and saw her elegant hands resting easily on the large wood-grained wheel. He had never seen her in profile before. He was suddenly reminded of a picture of a statue he had seen while channel-surfing, from some PBS special on Egypt or Greece or Italy or one of those old places stinking with history. She wasn't really his type—his taste had always run more to blondes like Diane—but somehow he found her thick black hair and olive skin quite striking. Best not think much about that, he told himself. If she had such a hard time just deciding to give him a ride in her car, she certainly wasn't going to have anything to do with him along those lines.

"Where are we going?" he said by way of distracting himself from her appearance.

"Home."

"Really?" Though he had no idea where she lived, he realized he'd always had the distinct impression it was quite far away from here.

"It won't take long to get there, if that's what you're worried about." She flashed him a quick smile. "Not the way I drive, anyway."

He grinned back at her. "Good. Then I hope we can stay long enough for me to give your old man a piece of my mind about making you work on New Year's Eve in such crappy weather."

She laughed again. "Now, don't lay into Father," she said. "I don't know if you've ever been part of a family-run business, but practically from birth you learn everyone's expected to dig in and do their part when the rush hits. That's just the way things are. Besides, you really don't want to get off on the wrong foot with him. If he likes you—and I think he will—he just might be willing to take you on."

Mike blinked. "What do you mean, 'take me on'? Like as in 'hire me'?"

"Sure."

"What, as a driver?"

"Of course." She arched one perfect eyebrow.

"You can drive, can't you?"

"Of course I can." The mere thought of getting out of the tollbooth made him almost giddy. A chauffeur's life might not be a piece of cake, but at least he'd be warm most of the time and the Rolls' clients probably gave good tips. The hours, though

decidedly weird, would be no worse than what he was working now. And the thought of driving a car even half as splendid as this one was nearly reason enough in itself.

"But why would he hire me? I thought you said it was a family-only business," he said.

"He's made a few exceptions over the years. Especially if it is someone I recommend." A mischievous smile flitted across her lips. "I'm the only daughter, you see, and Father spoils me rotten. He let me talk him into buying this car. He told everyone it was only because it was a good idea for the business, of course. But I'm the only one who gets to drive it."

She returned her attention to the road, flexing her long fingers around the steering wheel as if she was caressing a lover. Mike felt the car accelerate slightly and take a curve to the right. He frowned. The highway ran straight as an arrow for at least twelve miles beyond the tollbooth. They couldn't possibly have gotten that far yet, especially in this weather. Where the heck was he? He peered through the windshield but could see nothing ahead except thick flakes swirling in front of the headlights.

"Can you see okay?"

She smiled serenely. "I can see just fine. Don't worry about me. Sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride. It's what you came for, isn't it?"

Mike nodded and settled back into the black leather seat. It seemed to mold around his body, almost as if he were sinking into it. He was suddenly overcome with a sense of weariness far greater than he had ever known. Well he had been working a lot, and the past several hours alone hadn't exactly been a picnic. Maybe a short nap in her car would be just the thing he needed before he met her father.

Her car. Her father. His drowsy mind scolded him for knowing her just as 'her' and 'she.' How rude of him to have never asked her who she was.

"What's your name, by the way?"

She glanced at him quickly, embarrassed. "Oh, dear. Here I've been calling you 'Mike' all these weeks and I've never introduced myself. I'm sorry."

"That's okay. It's just that some of us don't have the advantage of nameplates."

She smiled. "Not that that would have helped you any. I have a rather unusual name for a girl. I'm named after my father." She said a word, but in his half-conscious state he wasn't sure he heard it correctly.

"Karen?" he repeated.

"Umm...close enough."

"That's not that unusual. And you said you were named after your dad. That's not a man's name," he protested.

"Actually it is. But a very old one. And it's not spelled the way you think it is."

Mike was going to protest that despite his many other failings in life he had always been an

excellent speller, but it suddenly seemed too much effort to speak. He leaned his head back against the enveloping seat and closed his eyes, soothed by the distant purr of the motor as the car curved down an exit ramp. He knew there could not possibly be a ramp on this stretch of the road but he did not say a word as the car spiraled down the ramp, down and down and ever downwards into the soft, welcoming darkness.

Forest Ridge, IL—Tragedy struck the Illinois Tollway just after dawn when a gasoline tanker struck Eastbound Toll Plaza number 57 and exploded on impact, killing the driver and severely injuring one of the tollbooth attendants. A second Tollway employee is missing and presumed dead.

Westbound toll attendant Matthew Foresman, 27, said he heard the truck attempt to brake as it approached the eastbound toll booth. The truck apparently skidded out of control and slid into the plaza sideways, exploding on contact with one of the uprights supporting the plaza roof. Foresman was thrown from his booth by the force of the explosion. He is in serious but stable condition at Bethany Hospital in Hope Park.

The body of Frank Langdon, 46, of Wichita, KS, was recovered and has been sent to the coroner's office pending an autopsy for the possible presence of alcohol or drugs in his system. Langdon was twice convicted on drunk driving charges in his home state of Kansas though his record had been clean for the past three years.

The search still continues for the body of Michael McCarron, 31, though police are doubtful it will ever be recovered. It is assumed McCarron was instantly killed by either the impact of the truck or the force of the explosion. His body was likely immolated by the subsequent fire.

Tollway authorities and the Department of Highway Safety have begun an investigation into the matter.

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EDITOR GUEST OF HONOR: ELLEN DATLOW

Ellen Datlow

Ellen Datlow is Editor of *Event Horizon: Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror*, a webzine founded in September 1998.

As Fiction editor of *Omni Magazine* & *Omni Internet* from 1981-1998 Ellen Datlow earned her reputation for encouraging and developing a whole generation of fiction writers, and is responsible for discovering and publishing some of the biggest names in the SF, fantasy, and horror genres today. The writers Datlow has brought to the pages of *Omni* include such talents as William Gibson, Pat Cadigan, Dan Simmons, K.W. Jeter, Clive Barker, Stephen King, William Burroughs, Ursula K. Le Guin, Jonathan Carroll, Joyce Carol Oates, Peter Straub, and Jack Cady, among others.

She has been co-editor (with Terri Windling) of the six *Snow White, Blood Red* adult fairy tale anthologies and *A Wolf at the Door*, a children's fairy tale anthology. She has been editing the horror half (with Terri) of *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* for thirteen years. She and Terri also co-edited *Sirens and other Daemon Lovers*, an erotic fantasy anthology.

Solo, she is the editor of two anthologies on vampirism: *Blood is not Enough* and *A Whisper of Blood*, two anthologies on sf and gender: *Alien Sex and Off Limits*, *Little Deaths* (sexual horror), *Lethal Kisses* (revenge and vengeance), *Twists of the Tale* (cat horror), and the soon to be

published *Vanishing Acts*, an anthology on the theme of "endangered species."

Tied for winning the most World

Fantasy Awards in the award's history (five) for her editing, Datlow has also received multiple Hugo Award nominations for Best Editor.



Hey! My last agent only took 15%.



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Queen to Queen's Three	Fannish Flea Market
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Stellar Impressions	Art, Rubber Stamps, Used Books and Magazines
Steven Vincent Johnson	Art
Sundreams & Myths	Art prints and soft sculpture creatures
The Secret Empire	Filk Tapes & CDs. Silly Things
The Wizard's Wagon	Games, Dice, Toys, Jewelry, Star Trek Collectables
When Pigs Fly	Juggling Toys, Critters, Fabric Art
Whimsey Winks	Polymer Clay Sculpture

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Larry Ahern
David Lee Anderson
Chaz Boston Baden
Elizabeth Barrette
Bob Beese
P.J. Beese
Karen Bergquist
Bob Blackwood
Diane Blackwood
E. Michael Blake
Suzanne Blom
Duke Boettcher
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The Windycon Voodoo Board is a message service that is organized and maintained next to registration by our Voodoo Doctor. Jonathan noticed that there was a need for message center service at the convention and stepped up to the task of providing the Voodoo Board so be sure to tell him thanks for volunteering his time and effort.

To use the voodoo board find your name on the board and highlight it. If your name is not there write it in or add it in the extra space at the end. This indicates that you have arrived and will be checking back for messages.

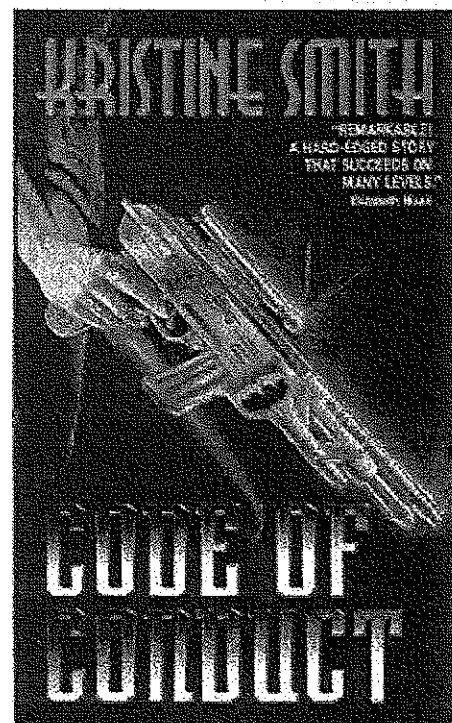
To leave a message write it on the

paper provided. Fold the sheet in half and write the name of the recipient on the outside. Place the message in the file box under the initial of the recipient's last name. Then place a sticker dot on the voodoo board next to the recipient's name.

When you check the voodoo board for messages look for any sticker dots next to your name. If any dots are there check for your messages in the file box under your last name and use a pen place a check or an "X" on the sticker dot to indicate "received".

If you have any questions detailed instructions can be found hanging on the Voodoo Board.

— Jonathan Stoltze (The Voodoo Doctor)



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Friday, 6:00 pm

Regency: Opening Ceremonies
Rolling Meadows: My First Con (M. Lyn-Waitsman, K. Meyer, R. Oakes)
Schaumburg: You Haven't Heard of, But You Will (E. Dallow, J. Minz, J. O'Neill, D. Truesdale, K. Smith)

Friday 7:00 pm

Regency: Opening Ceremonies (con't)
3335: Return of the Rievers (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)

Friday 9:00 pm

Regency: Opening Ceremonies (con't)
Rolling Meadows: Comics to Film
Schaumburg: The Bishop of Alexandria (E. Flint, K. Hite, F. Murray, J. Rittenhouse)
3335: Return of the Rievers (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)

Friday 10:00 pm

Rolling Meadows: Filk
Arlington Heights: Filk until the wee hours of the morning
Schaumburg: Building an SF Collection (E. Blake, J. Carruthers, F. Murray, N. Pollotta, J. Stopa)
3335: Return of the Rievers (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)

Friday 12:00 am

Schaumburg: What Will Technology Do to Sex? (J. Carruthers, L. Dunn, R. Johnson, R. Meluch, B. Thomasson)
3335: Name That Villain (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)

Saturday 12:30 am

3112: Massage for Adults (B. Beese, K. Williams)

Saturday 10:00 am

Regency: Christian Ready Show (C. Ready)
Rolling Meadows: Just one click: Building an Attractive Web Site (C. Boston Baden, D. Kosiba, J. Murphy, J. O'Neill)
Schaumburg: Literary SF for the Media Fan (J. Carruthers, R. Chwedyk, T. Bogolub)
Arlington Heights: Rediscovering Classic SF (S. Burgauer, B. Friend, J. O'Neill, N. Pollotta, T. Proni)
3112: Renfaire Workshop (S. Adams-Watters, K. Bergquist, E. McKee, W. Zdrodowski)
3135: Family Friendly Cons (T. Clapp, R. Oakes, S. Rittenhouse, L. Stuckey)
Regency G: Writer's Workshop (B. Longyear)
3335: Creating a Costume (C. Johnson, J. Kelley)
Autographing: R. Garfinkle, R. Gilliam, M. Greenberg

Saturday 11:00 am

Regency: Cloning, Time Travel and the Battle of Shiloh (S. Burgauer)
Rolling Meadows: Scientific Myths (T. Freeburg, B. Johnson, J. Liss, T. Patch)
Schaumburg: What Costume Judges Look For (K. Bergquist, G. Boettcher, J. Kelley, K. Kimpel, C. Mitchell)
Arlington Heights: Are Series Necessary (P. David, E. Flint, L. Kimmel, J. Minz, M. Moscoe)
3112: The Tools and Techniques of Computer Art (L. Cole, K. Elliot, S.

Johnson)

3135: S. J. Cottrell, reading
Regency G: Writer's Workshop (B. Longyear)
3335: Miniature Painting (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)
Autographing: E. Flint, C. Patton, G. Wolfe

Saturday 12:00 pm

Regency: What's Coming to the Silver Screen (D. Boettcher, G. Boettcher, N. Mildebrandt)
Rolling Meadows: The Kris & Dean Show (K. Rusch, D. Smith)
Schaumburg: Plot a Story Now (D. Brin, B. Fawcett, T. O'Brien, J. Nye, K. Smith)
Arlington Heights: Twelve to a Room and He Snores (J. Carruthers, P. Palm, T. Proni, J. Roller, W. Zdrodowski)
3112: Writers and Illustrators of the Future (A. Budrys, S. Welch, J. Wilhere)
3135: F. Pohl, reading
3335: Origami (D. Murphy)
Autographing: Larry Segriff, L. Dunn, K. Massie-Ferch

Saturday 1:00 pm

Regency: The Future of Technology (T. Freeburg)
Rolling Meadows: Designing a Hall Costume (K. Bergquist, C. Mitchell, P. Palm, M. Pollotta, W. Zdrodowski)
Schaumburg: Early Sci-Fi Films (J. Coulson, R. Gilliam, T. O'Brien, F. Pohl, J. Wilson)
Arlington Heights: Mixing the Genres (R. Ciardullo, P. Eisenstein, S. Leigh,

L. Kimmel, G. Wolfe)
 3112: I Need an Agent (L. Dunn, R. Fielder, M. Moscoe, D. Smith, K. Stein)
 3135: K. Smith, reading
 3335: Kelnahr (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)
 Autographing: F. Murray, K. Rusch, D. Brin

Saturday 2:00pm

Regency: But Heinlein Said... (D. Brin, M. Clapp, B. Higgins, V. Siegling, B. Thomasson)
 Rolling Meadows: A Taste of Things to Come (K. Meyer, B. Roper, S. Silver)
 Schaumburg: Back to the Keyboard (S. Blom, R. Chwedyk, M. Moscoe, P. David, D. W. Smith)
 Arlington Heights: How to Buy Art (P. Beese, E. Blake, E. McKee, J. Roller)
 3112: Interview with the Editor GoH (E. Datlow, D. Truesdale)
 3135: S. Leigh, reading
 Art Show: An Art Auctioneer's Tour of the Art Show (R. Johnson)
 3335: Kelnahr (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)
 Autographing: P. Eisenstein, J. Nye, C. Ready

Saturday 3:00 pm

Regency: At the Movies (B. Blackwood, A. Eisenstein)
 Rolling Meadows: Masquerade Instructions
 Schaumburg: Do Female Writers Really Differ from Male Writers? (E. Barrette, R. Chwedyk, D. Ginsberg, R. Green, B. Hull)
 Arlington Heights: Breaking Into Anthologies (R. Fielder, R. Gilliam, R. Greenberg, K. Massie-Ferch, L. Segriff)
 3112: Tactile Arts (V. Bone, T. Hamilton, D. Murphy, J. Roller)
 3135: K. Rusch, reading

3335: Kelnahr (L. Winks, N. Winks, D. Ziels)
 ISFiC Suite: Chicon Hotel Staff Meeting (to 5 pm)
 Autographing: D. Anderson, S. Burgauer, B. Longyear

Saturday 4:00 pm

Regency: Mars: The Land of 1,000 Faces (L. Ahern (M), L. Boyle, S. Burgauer, D. Challis, J. Plaxco)
 Rolling Meadows: Writing and Performing Filk (M. Clapp, J. Coulson, D. Murphy, B. Roper)
 Schaumburg: Creating a Portfolio to be Recognized (T. Hamilton, B. Kaalberg, E. McKee)
 Arlington Heights: Auction Running/SFWA Benefit Auction (E. Blake, V. Bone, L. Dunn, R. Johnson, B. Passovoy)
 3112: How to Improve the Sci Fi Channel (J. Carruthers, T. O'Brien, M. Suess)
 3135: D. Brin, reading
 Art Show: A Kids' Tour of the Art Show (T. Lunquist)
 Autographing: E. Datlow, M. Moscoe, K. Stein

Saturday 5:00 pm

Regency: Pioneer Rocket Presentation (M. Clapp)
 Rolling Meadows: Can Writing Be Taught (R. Ciardullo, R. Green, B. Hull, N. Pollotta, G. Wolfe)
 Schaumburg: Swing dance class
 Arlington Heights: Write What You Don't Know (D. Burgauer, S. Leigh, B. Longyear, K. Massie-Ferch, J. Nye)
 3112: The Death of Trek (T. Bogolub, K. Kimpel, C. Patton, D. Smith)
 3135: M. Moscoe, reading
 3335: Storytelling (L. Stuckey)
 Autographing: J. Cottrell, P. David, K. Smith

Saturday 6:00 pm

Regency: Masquerade
 Rolling Meadows: \$1.25 Masquerade
 Arlington Heights: Masquerade Green Room
 3112: Astronomy 101 (D. Joyce, J. Liss, J. Plaxco, K. Rimmel)

Saturday 6:30 pm

3135: The Most Dangerous Room of the Con (G. Cook, J. Coulson, C. Johnson, D. Murphy, T. Proni)

Saturday 7:00 pm

Regency: Masquerade
 Rolling Meadows: \$1.25 Masquerade
 Arlington Heights: Masquerade Green Room

Saturday 8:00 pm

Regency: Masquerade
 Rolling Meadows: \$1.25 Masquerade
 Arlington Heights: Masquerade Green Room

Saturday 9:00 pm

Regency: Masquerade
 Rolling Meadows: \$1.25 Masquerade
 Arlington Heights: Masquerade Green Room
 Schaumburg: The Writers Strike Back (P. Eisenstein, M. Moscoe, Y. Navarro, G. Wolfe)
 3135: Call of Cthulhu (to Midnight)

Saturday 10:00 pm

Regency: Dance (until whenever)
 Rolling Meadows and Arlington Heights: Filk (until whenever)
 Schaumburg: Guilty Pleasures (R. Johnson, J. Rittenhouse, K. Rusch, K. Smith)

Saturday 12:00 Midnight

Schaumburg: The Attack of the Fifty Foot Sex Panel (E. Barrette, R. Johnson, J. Rittenhouse)

Sunday 10:00 am

Regency: Weird, Weird Chicago (R. Crowe)
 Rolling Meadows: Color by Pixel (L. Cole, K. Elliot, S. Johnson, d. woods)
 Schaumburg: Mining the Classics (E. Flint, B. Friend, R. Garfinkle, R. Gilliam, N. Pollotta)
 Arlington Heights: Not the Middle Ages (S. Blom, R. Fielder, L. Kimmel, K. Massie-Ferch)
 3112: Thirty Percenters (S. Adams-Watters, E. Barrette, L. Dunn, J. Roller, L. Smith)
 Regency G: Writer's Workshop (B. Longyear)
 3335: Storytelling (F. Murray)
 Autographing: R. Green, T. Proni, D. W. Smith

Sunday 11:00 am

Regency: Memorable Movie Trailers (D. Boettcher, G. Boettcher, N. Mildebrandt)
 Rolling Meadows: Stanley Kubrick Remembered (D. Anderson, B. Blackwood, A. Eisenstein, R. Gilliam)
 Schaumburg: Fairy Tales vs. Fantasy (R. Ciardullo, E. Datlow, J. Nye, L. Smith)
 Arlington Heights: When Good Spacecraft Go Bad (B. Higgins)
 3112: Nanotechnology and Clarke's Law (J. Liss, T. Proni, P. Schoessow, B. Thomasson)
 3135: P. David, reading
 Regency G: Writer's Workshop (B. Longyear)
 3335: So, You Want to Be an Author (D. Murphy)
 Autographing: S. Leigh, F. Pohl, N. Pollota

Sunday 12:00 pm

Regency: The Christian Ready Show (C. Ready)

Rolling Meadows: Capturing the Feel of Space (D. Anderson, L. Cole, J. Roller, d. woods)

Schaumburg: How to Read (R. Chwedyk, R. Fielder, T. Lundquist, L. Stuckey)

Arlington Heights: Not Just the Costumes (C. Johnson, J. Kelley, K. Kimpel, P. Palm, M. Pollotta)

3112: How to Get Involved in Chicon 2000 (T. Veal)

3135: D. Smith, reading
 Autographing: M. Feinman, R. Henderson, Y. Navarro

Sunday 1:00 pm

Regency: Speculative Mysteries (G. Cook, K. Elliot, K. Rusch, K. Smith)
 Rolling Meadows: Battlefield Earth (A. Budrys, S. Welch, H. Wilhere)
 Schaumburg: Chicago Area Conventions (R. Johnson, C. Mitchell, P. Palm)
 Arlington Heights: Taking the Leap (B. Longyear, M. Moscoe, J. Nye, D. Smith)
 3112: Is There Fandom Beyond Cons (T. Lunquist, B. Lyn-Waitsman, L. Stuckey)
 3135: Y. Navarro, reading
 3335: Not the Major Leagues (M. Feinman, R. Henderson, N. Pollotta, S. Rogers, J. Wilson)

Sunday 2:00 pm

Regency: The Jovian Moons: Diana Challis
 Rolling Meadows: My Artistic Influences (D. Anderson, E. McKee, d. woods)
 Schaumburg: SF By Any Other Name (J. Carruthers, E. Hull, J. Rittenhouse, M. Suess)
 Arlington Heights: It Began Around the Campfire (R. Fielder, D. Murphy, B. Yoder)
 3112: Name Magic (R. Gilliam, B.

Longyear, R. Meluch, J. Nye, S. Rogers)

Sunday 3:00 pm

Regency: Closing Ceremonies

ATTENTION

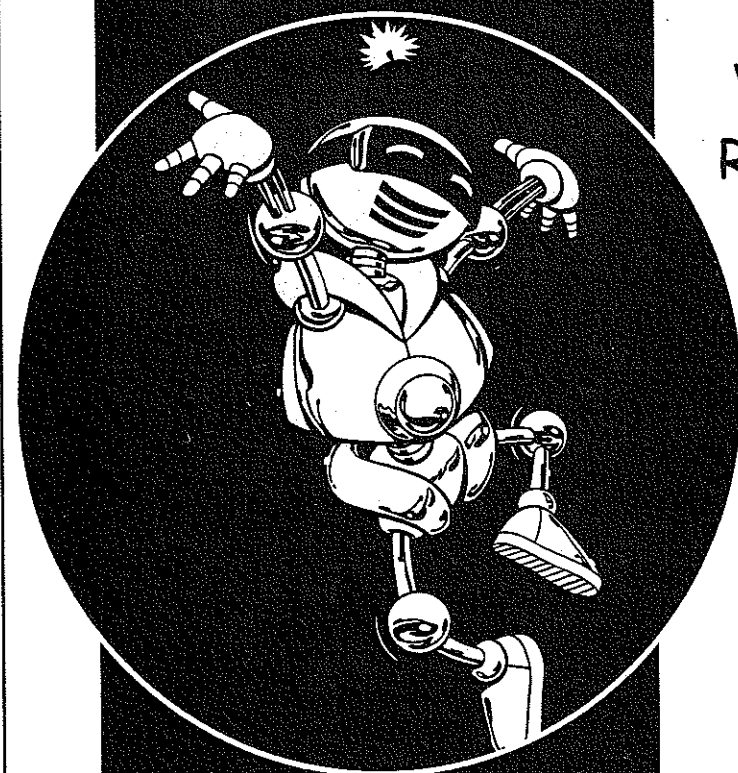
SMOKERS!

The WindyCon Committee wants you to smoke ONLY in the Lobby, the Restaurant, and the Bar in the Hotel. Please refrain from smoking in ANY other public areas of the hotel. Your cooperation is urgently requested on the behalf of oxygen breathers who would have to otherwise leave the con. Let's have fun for everyone!

WEAPONS POLICY

NO weapons of any kind are allowed to be worn in the hotel. Yes, we know you wouldn't do anything stupid, but in the excitement of the weekend anything can happen. We reserve the right to be as arbitrary as necessary to make this policy work.

*Is everyday,
mundane life
turning you into
a ROBOT?
Escape to a
weekend of
fantasy and
dreams of
wonder!!*



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WINDYCONS PAST

74 WINDYCON I

LOCATION: BLACKSTONE HOTEL

GOH: JOE HALDEMAN

FAN GOH: LOU TABAKOW

CHAIRS: LYNNE & MARK ARONSON

75 WINDYCON II

LOCATION: ASCOT HOUSE

GOH: WILSON TUCKER

FAN GOH: JONI STOPA

CHAIRS: LYNNE & MARK ARONSON

76 WINDYCON III

LOCATION: SHERATON CHICAGO

GOH: ALGIS BUDRYS

FAN GOH: BETH SWANSON

CHAIRS: LYNNE & MARK ARONSON

77 WINDYCON IV

LOCATION: ARLINGTON PARK HILTON

GOH: BILL ROTSLER

FAN GOH: MEADE FRIERSON

CHAIR: LARRY PROPP

78 WINDYCON V

LOCATION: ARLINGTON PARK HILTON

GOH: BOB SHAW

FAN GOH: GEORGE SCITHERS

CHAIR: DOUG RICE

79 WINDYCON VI

LOCATION: ARLINGTON PARK HILTON

GOH: WILLIAM TENN (PHILIP KLASS)

FAN GOH: TONY AND SUFORD LEWIS

CHAIR: LARRY PROPP

80 WINDYCON VII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY CHICAGO

GOH: ROBERT SHECKLEY

FAN GOH: GARDNER DOZOIS

CHAIR: MIDGE REITAN

81 WINDYCON VIII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY CHICAGO

GOH: LARRY NIVEN

FAN GOH: MIKE GLYER

CHAIRS: ROSS PAVLAC & LARRY PROPP

82 WINDYCON IX

LOCATION: LINCOLNWOOD HYATT

GOH: FREDERIK POHL

& JACK WILLIAMSON

CHAIR: DICK SPELMAN

83 WINDYCON X

LOCATION: ARLINGTON PARK HILTON

GOH: GEORGE R R MARTIN

ART GOH: VICTORIA POYSER

FAN GOH: BEN YALOW

CHAIR: TOM VEAL

84 WINDYCON XI

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: ALAN DEAN FOSTER

ART GOH/FAN GOH: JOAN HANKE-WOODS

CHAIR: KATHLEEN MEYER

85 WINDYCON XII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: C. J. CHERRYH

ART GOH/FAN GOH: TODD CAMERON HAMILTON

CHAIR: KATHLEEN MEYER

86 WINDYCON XIII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: HARRY HARRISON

ART GOH: ARLIN ROBINS

CHAIR: DEBRA A. WRIGHT

87 WINDYCON XIV

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: VERNOR VINGE

FANTASY GOH: JANE YOLEN

CHAIR: DEBRA A. WRIGHT

88 WINDYCON XV

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: ORSON SCOTT CARD

ART GOH: ERIN MCKEE

CHAIR: KATHLEEN M. MEYER

89 WINDYCON XVI

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: BARRY B. LONGYEAR

ART GOH: DAVID LEE ANDERSON

CHAIR: LENNY WENSHE

90 WINDYCON XVII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: BARBARA HAMBLBY

ART GOH: ROBERT EGGLETON

CHAIR: LENNY WENSHE

91 WINDYCON XVIII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: MIKE RESNICK

ART GOH: P.D. BREEDING BLACK

CHAIR: MARIE BARTLETT-SLOAN

92 WINDYCON XIX

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: ROBERT SHEA

ART GOH: TODD CAMERON HAMILTON

CHAIR: MARIE BARTLETT-SLOAN

93 WINDYCON XX

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: JOE HALDEMAN

ARTISTS GOH: KELLY FREAS & LAURA

BRODIAN-FREAS

CHAIR: DINA S. KRAUSE

94 WINDYCON XXI

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: SHARYN MCCRUMB

ARTIST GOH: JANNY WURTS

CHAIR: DINA S. KRAUSE

95 WINDYCON XXII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: POUL ANDERSON

ARTIST GOH: HEATHER BRUTON

CHAIR: BILL ROPER

96 WINDYCON XXIII

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: LOIS MCMASTER BUJOLD

ARTIST GOH: RANDY ASPLUND: FAITH

FAN GUESTS: TOM AND TARA BARBER

CHAIR: BILL ROPER

97 WINDYCON XXIV

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

GOH: DAVID M. WEBER

ARTIST GOH: DOUG RICE

FAN GUESTS: TIM LANE AND

ELIZABETH GARROTT

CHAIR: ROSS PAVLAC

98 WINDYCON XXVI

LOCATION: HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

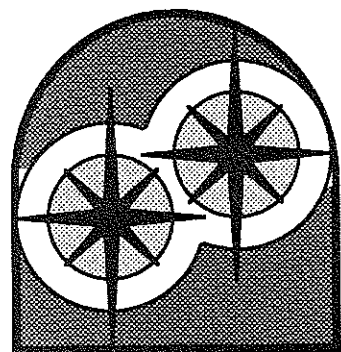
GOH: ALLEN STEELE

ARTIST GOH: PHIL FOGGIO

FAN GUESTS: MARCY AND BARRY LYN:

WAITSMAN

CHAIR: RICK WATERSON



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1 block from the Belmont Station on the Red or Brown lines

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By Car:

1.5 miles east of the Belmont exit on LSD

3.5 miles west of the Kimball exit on 90/94

Just east of Sheffield St.

(parking, however, is a painful subject)

By Aircar/Zeppelin:

4 landing pads on flat roof above shop

Monthly Mail Order Catalog

While it doesn't replace a trip into the shop, for many farflung fans our monthly descriptions of what's arrived can help ease the pain of not having a local supply. Trot down to the freebie table to pick up a sample or ask us to mail you some.

Check out our web page
<http://www.sfbooks.com>

WINDYCON XXVI MASQUERADE INFORMATION & SIGNUP

The WindyCon XXII Masquerade will take place in the Main Ballroom at 8:00 p.m. on Saturday, November 13th.

Contestants **Check In Time:** 7:00 - 7:40 p.m.

Check In Location: Rolling Meadows Room

Registration: All persons who wish to enter the masquerade must be registered. To register, drop off the entry form at the Masquerade Desk before 3:00 p.m. Contestants meeting. No late entries will be permitted!

Cassette Tapes: If you have a cassette tape to be played during your presentation, it must be turned in with your registration form before 3:00 p.m. at the Masquerade Desk or at the 3:00 p.m. Contestants meeting. Make sure the tape AND its box are labeled with your name and the name of your presentation. Mark the side to be played "PLAY THIS SIDE" and

mark the other side "WRONG SIDE." Tapes should be cued and ready to play. (Please do not give us Commercial Tapes cued to your song. If they accidentally get played, we will not be able to find your cuing again.)

Documentation: If you are doing a re-creation costume from a Movie, TV Show, Bookcover, etc. please do yourselves a favor and bring a picture of what you are re-creating as documentation. Don't expect the judges to know your source.

Divisions

WindyCon XXVI will be utilizing the Division System. The divisions are defined as follows:

NOVICE: Anyone who has not won an award at a major regional convention.

JOURNEYMAN: Anyone who has won less than three awards at a major regional convention.

MASTER: Anyone who has won three

or more awards at a major regional convention.

For purpose of these divisions, "Major regional convention" is defined as a WindyCon, Minicon, Worldcon, etc. Basically any convention of about 2000 or more. Because of its specialized nature, Costume Con is also considered in this list.

Any contestant may enter in a division higher than the one for which they qualify. For group entries, the division will usually be determined by the groups most skilled member. If you are unsure in which division to enter, ask the Masquerade Director.

Please note that there will be no separate category for re-creation costumes. Re-creation costumes will compete in the same manner as originals, using the appropriate skill divisions.

Presentations

There will be NO live microphone for the use of contestants. Special introductions and/or voice overs may be clearly printed on the masquerade form for the emcee to read. Alternately, it may be recorded on standard cassette tape for playing during your presentation. I strongly discourage trying to speak from the stage. Please remember that this is a costume competition, not a talent show. If you wish, a tape may be used solely for background music (strongly encouraged). If you are going to use a tape, bring it with you and turn it in with your registration forms. Make sure the tape is



pre-cued, so that all our overworked sound technician has to do is pop it into a player and push a button. Clearly label the correct side with your name (leaving room for your contestant number), and label the wrong side as such. Don't forget to also label the tape box.

Time Limits

Presentations will be limited to 60 seconds for the first three persons in an entry; 90 seconds for up to six, and 10 seconds more for each additional person. You are NOT required to use the full time limit for your presentation. If you really need more time, see me at the convention and we can negotiate. It will take an act of Ghod for me to approve a presentation over 3 minutes. Remember, the time limits will be strictly enforced.

Workmanship

In addition to the regular judges, contestants may choose to compete for Workmanship awards. These will be given for exceptional accomplishments in the crafting of a costume. Judging is entirely optional. If you think your costume or some portion of it exhibits exceptional craftsmanship, bring it over to the workmanship judge. The standard is excellence, so there are divisions.

Weapons

No dangerous or potentially dangerous props will be allowed. This includes anything which represents a possibility of damage to the health, well being, or costumes of the other contestants, or the audience. No sword fighting, unsheathed blades, weapons that fire any kind of projectile, real firearms, guns that fire blanks, or pyrotechnics of any type.



Technical and Staging Information

Please let us know on your entry form if you need any of the following: Two-sided entry, black-out or other special sound cues, unusual assistance in getting on or off stage, unusual effects that might startle our catchers, etc. In general, you may surprise the audience, but DON'T SURPRISE THE CREW!

The Green Room

The backstage waiting area will be the room next to the big one, Arlington Heights. We will have a den mother, a costume repair table, and Gatorade

and munchies (pretzels).

Additional Rules

1. Deja Vu - If we saw your costume at a past WindyCon competition or you've worn it this year in the halls for more than 4 hours, it is ineligible for competition. Try to keep your costume fresh for the audience and the judges.
2. NO messy substances, wet, dry, or oily that might ruin the costume of any other contestants will be allowed in the green room or on stage.
3. Purchased or rented costumes may not be shown in competition.
4. This masquerade is rated PG-13.



Please be decreet in your use of nudity. Remember: No costume is NO COSTUME!

5. The masquerade director has full authority to eliminate anyone from the competition on the basis of taste, danger to the audience or contestants, violation of the above rules, or any other reason deemed sufficient. We've never had to eliminate anyone yet, but this protects you and the convention from real "loons". There will be no appeal.

Some General Good Advice

Please be kind to yourselves before the competition. Get some sleep the night before. Register early, and turn in all materials properly labeled. Let the masquerade director know what you'll need for your presentation to run smoothly. Get a lot of practice in ahead of time. Don't forget to eat and drink something in the late afternoon. Remember, we will only have Gatorade and water backstage.

Check in on time and let your den mother take care of you. If you need a sudden repair, ask at the repair table, and we will try to take care of you. If

you have a problem, tell your den mother or the back-stage manager. When you go on, let the crew help you on and off the stage so you don't fall. Let your den mother take care of your excess belongings while you are on

stage. The catcher crew will retrieve anything you leave on stage and get it back to you. After the photo line, you may go back into the ballroom and watch the rest of the masquerade, or go back to the green room. Don't forget to stick around for the awards — it just might be your name they call!

Nancy E. Mildebrandt
Masquerade Director

Child Entrant Supplement

- Child Entrant - 10 years or younger.
- Contestant meeting - Child entrant does not have to attend but a parent or legal guardian must attend the 3:00pm contestant meeting.
- Contestant check-in for child entrant will be 7:40 pm - 7:50 pm in the Rolling Meadows room. DO NOT BE LATE!
- Children will go on stage before the adult section of the competition.
- Workmanship - If Costume was made by an adult, it will be judged within the skill division system. (See Divisions on first page.) Child made costumes' will be judged separately.
- All other rules apply to this category! Thank you.



No Ewoks Allowed.

CHICAGO FORCE

LEIKLO & O'N

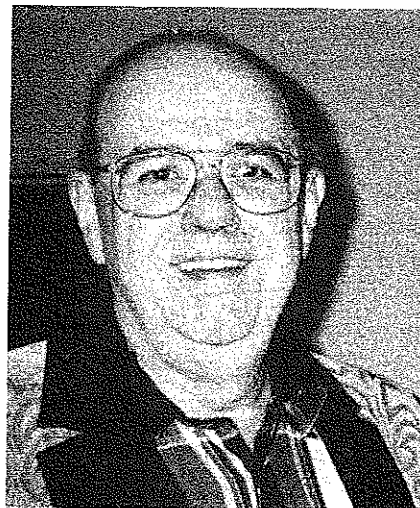
the room party...the t-shirt...the web page
www.ChicagoForce.org

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS : FIND OUT THE REAL STUPH

For those who got their bios in... thanks!
Pictures are included only if the editor had trapped unsuspecting victims and thus had pictures on hand.

David Lee Anderson: I've been an SF Fantasy illustrator since 1980. Published nationally and internationally from 1985; doing paperback art for Baen and Tor, art for Mayfair Games, interior art in Isaac Asimov's and Tomorrow. Speculative Fiction covers, and a great many convention covers and t-shirt designs. I was artist guest of honor at WindyCon in 1989.

P.J. Beese: Live in suburban Chicago with furry husband and two furry dustmop dogs. Work mundane job. When I can, I write. When I can't write, I dream.



Bob Beese: When not being otherwise occupied, he can be found dancing and swinging. Eat your heart out, Fred Astaire! He has been a very long time fan and smof behind the scenes, as well as a swordsmith of great fame. Ask him sometime about the metal work he created for the SCA, but alas cannot wear to the current conventions because of the bad behavior of the few, who ruin it for the many. Bring some pictures, Bob!



Dr. Bob Blackwood: Professor of English and communications media at Wilbur Wright College and a motion picture critic for Chicago's Near North News. Read his reviews on his website www.blackwood.org.

E. Michael Blake: Born in 1950. Sold 12 SF stories. Made a living for 17 years writing for a news magazine on nuclear technology. Have been in Moebius Theater from the beginning (1976). Wrote, drew, and had manufactured "Cardoons: the SF/Fantasy poker deck." Married Lisa Golladay in 1988, and with her begat Lawrence V. Blake in 1991. Highest series ever in a sanctioned bowling league: 604.

Suzanne Blom: Sold her first novel, *Inca: The Scarlet Fringe*, to Tor in June of '99 and is waiting eagerly for its publication. She previously sold two stories to *Tomorrow Magazine* and has written two other books that have yet to be sold. For her day job, she writes tax returns.

Glen Boettcher: I've always loved SF since I was a child. I was introduced to fandom in 1976 and have never looked back. Although I like a good book, I have always loved movies. I am currently working with several studios to bring trailers and goodies to SF conventions.

Toni Lichtenstein Bogolub: has been a science fiction fan since the age of 7, when she read Heinlein's *Assignment in Eternity*, and a media science fiction fan since the 3rd episode of "Star Trek". Currently leading a mostly mundane life (spouse, 2 kids, full-time VERY mundane job), Toni has written extensively for media fanzines and even published a few.



Vicki Bone: Thrown to the wolves of fandom, she wound up running with the best of the pack. Her first ever convention was Chicon IV and worked on the Chicon V bid. During that time, and currently, she has been the WindyCon Art Show Director.

David Brin: is a scientist and best-selling author of novels such as *The Postman* and *The Uplift War*. His 1989 thriller *Earth* foreshadowed global warming, cyberwarfare and the World Wide Web. A 1997 movie, directed by Kevin Costner, was loosely based on *The Postman*. Another novel, *Startide Rising*, is in pre-production at Paramount Pictures. Reaching out to a new generation, David developed the *Out of Time* series of novels for which award-winning authors have penned books that respect young readers, filled with bold ideas and vivid exploits.

Steven Burgauer: Avid hiker, Eagle Scout, founder of a successful mutual fund, winner of the coveted Mathematics and Science Award from the Rennsalaer Polytechnic Institute, Steven lives in Illinois with his family. A graduate of Illinois State University, Steven currently writes science fiction and teaches business finance for Eureka College, the alma mater of former President Ronald Reagan, and for Bradley University.

Johnny Carruthers: Columnist for *Fosfax* and contributor to several other fanzines. Under the alias "Purple Ranger," I am a multiple champion at Mindprobe, the Sci-Fi Channel's on-line SF Trivia game. Director of On-line Communications for NOTA, an SF/Fantasy club sponsored by the Louisville Free Public Library. Frequent poster to alt.fan.power-rangers and alt.tv.buffy-v-slayer, although not under my own name. I have written a restaurant guide for Rivercon for the past three years, and I make a killer batch of brownies and chocolate chip cookies.

Mitchell Burnside Clapp: Mitchell Burnside Clapp holds a Master's degree in Aeronautics and Astronautics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is a graduate of the US Air Force Test Pilot School. The author of numerous technical papers on various subjects in the area of space transportation, Burnside Clapp was the inventor of the concept of aerial propellant transfer to enable horizontal takeoff-horizontal landing, single stage to orbit spaceplanes. He led the design effort at the US Air Force's Phillips Lab which developed the first such design for this type of vehicle, the 'Black Horse' rocketplane. He then was responsible for presenting this concept to numerous high level decision making bodies and study groups throughout the Air Force, resulting the strong recommendation by the Air Force's 'Spacecast 2020' study that a trans-atmospheric rocketplane be developed for military purposes. Burnside Clapp has flown over forty different types of military and civilian aircraft, and is the only person outside McDonnell Douglas trained to fly the DC-X single stage research demonstration vehicle. Mitchell is also known as a filker, having written such songs as "Red Star Rising", "I don't do Dylan", and the popular if silly "Falling Down on New Jersey." He was dragged to a Marcon for the first time in 1986, and he is still in the recovery process.

Larry Cole: I do computer graphics as a hobby with Bryce and Photoshop. I have done web graphics for America On-line, Duckon, and the Golden Duck web sites.

Glen Cook: Born in 1944 - still alive as of August 16 but worried about my ticker. Thirty-nine books published so far. Most well-known for the Black Company series. More to come. No longer touring with Nightstalker. Too fat for the costumes and too stiff-fingered to make chord changes any more.

Joyce Cottrell: is half of the author duo Jocelin Foxe, author of *The Wild Hunt Vengeance Moon* and *The Wild Hunt Child of Fire* both published by Avon/EOS. She lives in Monticello, Indiana and is a Laurel for her work in Costume in the Society for Creative Anachronism.

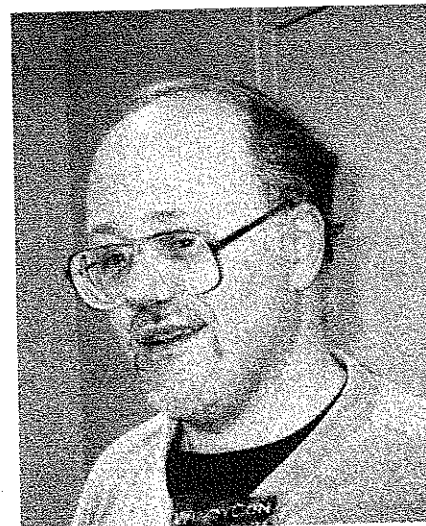


Juanita Coulson: Active in fandom since 1951. Pro writer since '63 (17 novels, a dozen short stories/essays/articles) Co-Fan GoH with Buck Coulson at LA '72 Worldcon. Hugo for fanzine Yandro '65. Helped get Art Show started in '60. Filking since '50s - now a Grand Mistress of Filk (awarded in 94), Filk Hall of Fame (96). Huckster. Fan Den Mother. Collaborator with Marion Zimmer Bradley. Compiler of Concordances for Mercedes Lackey and Andre Norton. Member of 4-generation fan family.

Linda Dunn: is a computer specialist for a DoD agency in Indianapolis, IN. Her short stories have appeared in various magazines and anthologies.

Kandis Elliott: Born August 12, 1947, graduate of UW-Madison, BA in biology, MS in Zoology. Associate degree in applied arts. Pres-

ently a science illustrator for the UW and also run my own graphics studio. Taught college biology for fifteen years before retiring. Published trade, science and fiction short stories in *Asimov's*, *Analog*, *Tomorrow*, *SFA*, and others. Mystery stories in *Ellery Queen*. Illustrated stories for these and other publications.



Alex Eisenstein: an artist, art collector, film critic, scholar in the science fiction field and in collaboration with his wife, Phyllis, a science fiction and fantasy writer. Most recently, he was a science fiction art consultant for the *World Book Encyclopedia's* upcoming Science Year 2000 volume. Alex is a native of Chicago and attended the University of Illinois, Roosevelt University, and the American Academy of Art. He served in the US Air Force during the late 1960s. He and Phyllis are currently working on a novel together.



Phyllis Eisenstein: Writer since 1971, six novels, 30-odd short stories, one non-fiction book. Writing teacher at Columbia College Chicago since 1989 and various other places before that. Editor of *Spec-Lit* (published by Columbia).

Bill Fawcett: has been a professor, teacher, corporate executive and college dean. He is one of the founders of Mayfair Games, a board and role-playing gaming company. Bill Fawcett & Associates has packaged over 200 titles for virtually every major publisher.

Myke Feinman: Age 42. City editor of the *Times-Press*, a daily newspaper. Published "The Mask Conspiracy," a graphic novel, in 1991. Published the *Ink and Feathers Comic Publisher's Guide* in 1993. Published "The Crystal Skull Files" in 1998. The graphic novels are drawn in Popeye-style, feature a maverick reporter who is like Doc Savage/Indiana Jones, and has an android on his investigative team. Used in schools and is a parody of science fiction and fantasy.

Eric Flint: Born 2-6-47. BA & MA in history from UCLA. Published first novel, *Mother of Demons* (Baen Books) in September 1997. Since then have published three books in the Belisarius series, co-authored with David Drake. I have a solo novel coming out in February (Alternate History entitled 1632) and the fourth book in the Belisarius series in April. I am also editing a four-volume re-issue of James H. Schmitz's writings.

Thomas Freeburg: Tom currently heads the Technology Outlook Laboratory within Motorola Labs. Most of his 33-year career at Motorola has been focused on wireless data in one form or another. He has over 40 patents that span many of the basics for cellular-like data transmission (Ardis and CDPD), techniques for achieving RF data transmission rates at 15-Mbps, a new technique for achieving reliable radio coverage at microwave frequencies, and a way to take advantage of directional antennas in portable equipment. Most recently he has championed development of technologies and global standards aimed at wireless ATM communications and development of wireless technologies for Internet access. Tom is a Vice President and Director, a Dan Noble Fellow and recipient of the Master Innovators award.

Beverly Friend: 1975 Ph.D. Dissertation: *The Science Fiction Fan Cult*, 1974 book *SF: The Classroom in Orbit*, Science fiction reviewer for the *Chicago Daily News* Critical articles in *Extrapolation* (SF and linguistics, feminist SF, etc.) Emeritus Professor of English, Oakton Community College (after 23 years, now

retired) Currently teaching special topics in lit course: "Utopian/Dystopian Lit; The Dream or the Nightmare" Theater Critic: *Lerner Newspapers* Executive Director of the China Judaic Studies Association and editor of their bi-annual newsletter: the *China/Judaic Connection*. Co-author of *Legends of the Jews of Kaifeng* (with Professor Xu Xin of Nanjing University).

Rebecca Frencl Ciardullo: I am a 25-year old 8th grade reading and language arts teacher who loves to read fantasy, role-play, play video games and collect comics. Needless to say, my kids think I'm a really interesting teacher. In addition to teaching the love of reading, I write. I have published one book and am working on a second. I hope the second book will be more popular than the first which is already out of print.



Richard Garfinkle: lives in Chicago. His first novel, *Celestial Matters*, was an exploration of a world in which Greek and Chinese science worked. His second novel, *All of an Instant*, is a November 1999 Tor release.

Richard Gilliam: Writer/editor Richard Gilliam is one of the '90s busiest anthologists, with more than twenty books to his credit, on subjects as diverse as the Holy Grail and the U.S. Civil War. His most recent book is *Joltin' Joe DiMaggio* (Carroll & Graf, September, 1999), a collection of writings about the famous baseball star.

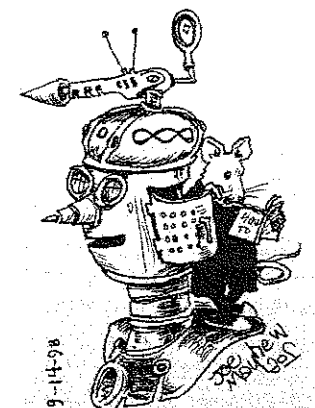
Kenneth Hite: has been a professional role-playing game writer, editor and reviewer for the past four years. Currently line developer for the Star Trek RPG, his past credits include GURPS Alternate Earths, Secret Societies and Nightmares of Mine, a study of horror

gaming. His MA in international relations never fails to come in handy.

Susan Honeck: Born in 1946. Grew up on a farm. Married Butch and got my B.S. from Eastern Michigan University in 1968. Taught seventh grade from 68-72. Masters of Social Work from the University of Michigan in 1990. Twenty-five years in the sculpture business: designing, selling and bookkeeping. Currently assist Butch with sculpture and I treat sex offenders. Fantasy sculpture is my antidote for stress.



Elizabeth Anne Hull: E.A. Hull is a past president of the Science Fiction Research Association, and has taught sf and creative writing at Harper College since the early 70's. With her husband, Frederik Pohl, she edited *Tales From The Planet Earth*, and she's published several short sf stories and numerous reviews and critical articles on sf in scholarly journals and reference works. She's been a frequent contributor to both *Locus* and *SF Chronicle*. In her mundane life she was the Democratic candidate for the U.S. House in Illinois's 8th Congressional District in 1996.





R.J. Johnson: has been shooting his mouth off for years. Only recently has he started getting involved with programming. He is one of Dr. Bob's cadre of auctioneers, an improvisational comic actor, a sales and marketing person, a philosopher without portfolio, and a fan of more years than he cares to count. Cash, check and all major credit cards accepted.

Dan Joyce: Currently serving fourth term as President of the Chicago Astronomical Society and has served three terms as Vice-President and four as Secretary and have been on board of directors for twenty-five of the last twenty-six years. Member of Chicago Society for Space Studies and Assistant Coordinator of Mars Section of the Association of Lunar and Planetary Observers. Have made optics for Telescopes up to 24" in diameter and do school field trip shows at Cernan Space Center, Triton College.

Barbara Kaalberg: Comic book artist for 10+ years and some animation. I've worked for all the major (and not so major) companies.

Leigh Kimmel: is a writer and artist with a broad background and wide interests, including degrees in Russian language, library science and history. She currently lives in Southern Illinois.

Kyym Kimpel: I have been active in fandom for 23 years. My convention skills are as follows: run a convention, been and run con gophers, worked and ran con security, ran con operations, I have moderated and spoken on panels on media, Star Trek, Star Wars, Retro TV and other media programs and films. I

have interviewed Guests of Honor, produced con opening ceremonies, worked con Green rooms, costumed in masquerades. In addition, my art work has been published on Fanzine covers and as interior art. My convention background has been primarily in the Midwest. I am a reader of Science Fiction and a follower of media science fiction. I am currently running the Media programming for Chicon 2000.



Dina Krause: long time fan who, among many other things, has chaired WindyCon, Capricon, and is hotel negotiator for Chicon 2000.

Stephen Leigh: is the author of *Dark Water's Embrace* and *Speaking Stones*. He has published 15 books and several short stories, and was a regular contributor to the Hugo-nominated Wild Cards series. His interests include music and aikido. He lives in Cincinnati, OH, with his wife Denise and two children. His latest novel, *Silence*, will be published by Avon Eos in 2000.

Jeffrey G. Liss: His published science fiction has appeared in *Analog* and *Science Fiction Age* and another story is forthcoming in *Artemis*. He is a Vice-President and Director of the National Space Society, and previously served as editor of *Inside NSS*, Chair of the 8th annual International Space Development Conference (Chicago, 1989) and principal co-editor of that Conference's *Proceedings*. In real life, he is a general business lawyer in Chicago, has served as Chair of various Committees and Sections of the Chicago and Illinois State Bar Associations, and served for many years in the ISBA Assembly. He has written and lectured widely on both legal and space-related subjects.



Barry B. Longyear: In 1977, at the age of 35, Barry B. Longyear decided that, although he enjoyed being a printer, he hated customers. He then sold his printing company and went into writing full time, somewhat neglecting two areas: figuring out what to write, and figuring out how to write. He calls this the kamikaze school of career selection. Through an admittedly fortunate series of circumstances, he learned what he needed to learn and made his first sale, the short story *The Tryouts*, to *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* the next year. Following that he sold numerous short works, with stories appearing in *Analog*, *Amazing*, *Omni*, *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, *Twilight Zone*, and non fiction pieces in *Writer's Digest*. His stories include the award winning novella *Enemy Mine*, later made into a major motion picture by 20th Century Fox.

Tracy Lunquist: I have been involved with fandom for about nine years. My first con was Capricon 9. I founded ConamaZoo, which existed in Western Michigan for five iterations between 1992-98. I have also served on the concon and board of Capricon. Currently, I am the president of Capricon's board and doing programming for Capricon XX. I have a particular interest in fannish culture.



Fannish Culture does indeed require a great deal of study. It is quite simply amazing to what depths of degradation some fans will go to in order to feel like a fan in a fannish community.



Barry Lyn-Waitsman: Born in Chicago. Second generation SF Reader. First Worldcon was Discon II in 1974. I've attended every Windycon. Fan Guest of Honor at Windycon XXV.

Kathleen Massie-Ferch: was born and raised in Wisconsin. She still lives there with her husband, two Scottie dogs, several telescopes, numerous rocks and more books than she cares to count. She worked her way through college, earning degrees in astronomy, physics and geology-geophysics. For the past twenty years she has worked for the University of Wisconsin as a research geologist. She has short fiction sales in a variety of magazines and anthologies such as *Sword and Sorceress*, *Warrior Princesses*, *Moon Shots*, *Merlin* and *New Amazons*. She has also co-edited two historical fantasy anthologies for DAW Books, *Ancient Enchantresses* and *Warrior Enchantresses*.

Rebecca Meluch: Author of 7 sf novels and 2 out-of-genre novels under aliases. SAP System Administrator in mundane world. Own 3 ferrets. If you are like your pets, I am out of control. Just delivered the manuscript for a new sf novel, *Tour Of The Merrimack: The Myriad*. (Yes, it's a Book I).



Kathleen Meyer: Fan since 1974. first con Discon II worldcon, chair 1991 Chicon V, Chaired Windycon 3 times, president ISFIC twice, ISFIC Writers Contest Coordinator, this year is my 25th anniversary in fandom! (I need a life!)

Carol Mitchell: A long-time costumer, Carol will be running the Costuming track of programming at Chicon 2000.

Mike Moscoe: Mike Moscoe's latest book *The First Casualty*, is a far future Science Fiction novel full of star ships and human struggle. Look for *The Price of Peace* coming in January. With *Lost Days*, Mike completes the story he started in *First Dawn* and *Second Fire*, but not Launa and Jack's adventures 6,000 years ago.

Growing up Navy, Mike learned early about geography, change, and the chain of command. He's worked as a bartender and cab driver, personnel officer and labor negotiator. Now that he's retired from his last day job of building databases about the critters of the Northwest, both the endangered ones and the ones endangering them, he can concentrate on writing. Trained in International Relations, he's also studied history and salary administration, theology and counseling. In retirement, he's looking forward to a serious study of human folly and glory. He lives in Vancouver, Washington, with his wife Ellen. He enjoys reading, writing, watching grandchildren for story ideas and upgrading his computer - all are never ending.

Yvonne Navarro: is the author of seven novels and a whole bunch of short fiction. Her next published novel will be *Buffy the Vampire Slayer: The Willow Files*, Vol. I, in December, with another novel due in August 2000.



Jody Lynn Nye: Jody lives in Wauconda with her husband Bill Fawcett and two cats, Lila and Cassandra. Since 1985, she has published 20 books and over 50 short stories. Her newest book is *School of Light*, second in the Dreamlands series. A third book, *The Grand*

Tour, is due out in 2000. Also in the works, a contemporary fantasy co-authored with Robert Lynn Asprin, *License Invoked*, and a fourth in the Mythology series, *Advanced Mythology*.

Ronald Oakes: I was born in New Mexico in 1966, and moved to the Chicago area in 1989. After moving to the Chicago area I met my first con-attending friends, and was finally persuaded to go to my first con (WindyCon) in 1994. I was hooked. Since that time I have begun to spend more and more time on Fannish activities. My notable activities include serving as Web Master and (e-mail) list owner for Christian Fandom (<http://www.christian-fandom.org/christian-fandom>), and serving as Con Chair for the upcoming DuckCon IX. In "Real Life" I am an engineer for Motorola's Network Solutions Sector, supporting customers who are migrating to a standard intersystem protocol. I am also active in my Church, teaching Sunday School, and have regularly worked with the Boy Scouts in the past.



Terry O'Brien: His first major convention was WindyCon VIII and has attended every one since, except one. He has a wide range of interests from Arthurian legends to computers to hypnosis, mythology and beyond.

Patricia Palm: I'm a life long resident of the Chicago area. and I grew up in the golden age of Sci-fi on Television, (That means I saw Tokyo destroyed every Saturday Morning only to be rebuilt by the next week!) I began costuming in 1967 when I was a freshman in High School. Like many others in Fandom I wrote short stories and one act plays. I co-produced an amateur Sci-Fi film in the early 70's just for the fun of it. I did the costuming and was hooked. I took Belly Dancing classes in the late 70's and early 80's and began costuming for our dance troupe. After having a family, I kept my hand in costuming by doing costumes

for friends. I returned to the Con-world in the early 90's and began my own costume business. I'm a member of the Chicago Costume Guild. I am interested in the old crafts. I have 2 children, and am active in their schools. But I eat, sleep, and live for Fandom!



Terry Patch: Long time fan, still studying to be a psychologist. Usually found doing publications and panels, favorites being Alien Psychology, Feminism, Parapsychology and whatever else that sounds interesting. Has been known to write sf poetry. When she grows up and gets a Real Job and is not writing psych papers all the time, who knows what will evolve?

Craig D.B. Patton: grew up a science fiction fan in Chelmsford, Massachusetts but abandoned writing for a span of 10 years or so because it just ain't "practical." Fortunately, his subconscious eventually rebelled and he published *Monthuglu*, his first short story, in the debut edition of *Star Trek: Strange New Worlds*. Inspired by early success, he is hard at work becoming a "real writer" while serving as the Marketing and Development Director of Chicago based Redmoon Theater.

Jim Plaxco: In my space life, I am the Vice President of the Planetary Studies Foundation. I am also the Midwest Region Contact for the Mars Society. I have previously served in several other capacities in various pro-space and educational organizations, as well as having served as Editor of *Spacewatch*, the monthly journal of the Chicago Society for Space Studies. In my other (real) life, I use my M.S. in Computer Science as an employee of ATT Global Network Services to keep a roof over our head and food on the table.



Frederik Pohl: A legend in our own town!

Melissa Pollotta: I am currently a senior correspondent secretary at Abbott Laboratories, but have been costuming off and on for about 13 years. Costuming experience as follows: 6 years at Six Flags - dresser, wardrobe mistress and eventually a seamstress; one student production at NIU - costume construction and dresser; approximately 2-3 years with an organization of drag queens called "The Helens" who raised money for various AIDS charities - costume design, construction, refurbish old costumes, dresser and hand holder; approximately 2 years with Bowen park Theater Company - costume design, construction, dresser.

Nick Pollotta: Twenty-two SF, military, and humor novels sold. Former stand-up comic.

Tullio Proni: Born in Italy and came to the US at the age of six. Grew up in South Florida hating every minute of it until discovering SF at age 12. Voted most likely to become a mad scientist in fifth grade and spent the rest of my life trying to live up to the honor. Discovered fandom in 1975 and started making and selling rayguns shortly thereafter. Actually made a living dealing at cons for almost 20 years before being turned by the dark side of the force and becoming Information Services Director. Will still sell you a raygun if asked.

Jim Rittenhouse: A longtime fan and APA editor, Jim currently edits the alternate history APA *Point of Divergence*. He is one of the judges for the *Sidewise Award for Alternate History*.

Jennie Roller: I am as old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth. I stayed too long in university majoring in Bio Sci and physics with a minor in English and chemistry with a side in comparative religion. My interests are eclectic, my travels worldwide. Been there done that. When asked what I do the truth is "anything I want to." This irritates a lot of mundanes. My goal in life is to piss off at least one person a day.

Pat Sayre McCoy: Pat has published a short story, "Winter Roses," in Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Sword and Sorceress* series. She works in acquisitions for the University of Chicago law library. Pat has run the Windycon Green Room for Windycon XXV and XXVI and will be running the Green Room for Chicon 2000.

Paul Schoessow: UIUC Physics PhD, have been working at Argonne, High Energy Physics Division since 1983. Research areas include particle beams, laser accelerators, neutrinos and cosmic rays. Primarily interested in literary SF— current favorite authors are Banks, V. Vinge, Brin, Sawyer, Forward, Steele.

Larry Segriff: Born in Cedar Rapids, IA. Studied computer science in college, but came out in the heart of the market glut. My wife convinced me to try writing - something I'd always wanted to do but knew I couldn't make money at. I agreed and promised that I'd quit and find a "real job" if I didn't sell something in my first year. Well, I did sell a short story - but not until ten years later. These days, I live in Green Bay with my wife, two kids and a dog.

Van Siegling: lives in Kalamazoo, MI with one wife (Carol), one young football player (Eric), one dog, one cat and two goldfish. When Todd Hamilton walks over, the dog population quickly grows to three. Van was the founder of the Ohio Valley Filk Fest and worked on the Marcon staff for many years. He is the Gaming Director and head of the World Building efforts at Chambanacon.

Steven Silver: currently the programming director for WindyCon and for Chicon 2000. He writes articles for the Chicon PRs, and has an unblemished history of having all his copy in on time!

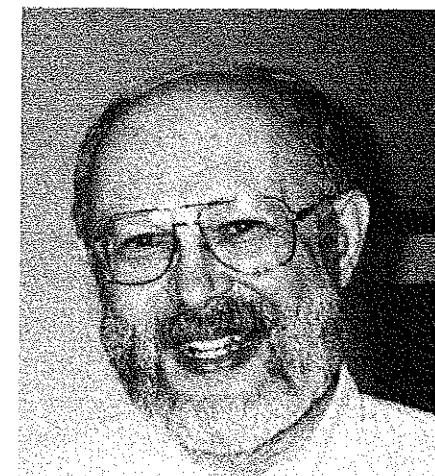
Kristine Smith: was born in Buffalo, NY, grew up in Florida, and didn't realize how good she had it. Snow, she has come to realize, is not her friend. When she's not writing, taking fencing lessons, or keeping her pickup truck from sliding into ditches, she works at a large pharmaceutical company in northern Illinois.

Leah Zeldes Smith: After discovering fandom in the prozines, Leah attended her first convention in 1973 at the age of 13. She has since been an avid congoer, and has worked on a wide variety of conventions, including many Worldcons. She was a founder of the seminal fanzine convention, *AutoClave*. An active fanzine fan, Smith has published a variety of zines, including - with her husband, Dick - the Hugo-nominated *STET*. The couple won the Down Under Fan Fund in 1993. In recent years, she has begun writing SF and fantasy and has a handful of published stories to her credit. In her day job, she is managing editor for general features, food and entertainment for Chicago's Lerner newspaper chain.

Lindalee Stuckey: Librarian, computer teacher, fan. Married at Capricon. Mother of 12-year old Lorelei.

Mike Suess: Indianapolis fan. In charge of the graphic novels track at Chicon 2000.

David Truesdale: Dave Truesdale is the editor of the thrice Hugo-nominated *Tangent*, the short fiction review magazine he began in 1993. He is the Preliminary Nominations Director of the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for Best Short SF of the Year, was a 1998 World Fantasy Award judge, and is currently editor of *The Bulletin of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America*. He attended his first convention in 1974 because Harlan Ellison was supposed to be there. Harlan never showed, so he had a great time getting drunk with Kelly Freas and James Doohan instead. He is a bachelor and lives in Kansas City, MO.



Tom Veal: Chair of Chicon 2000, he still finds time to travel around dispensing his brand of lawyerdom, as well as travelling being the Chicon Party Animal. Wonderful source of miscellaneous trivia of SF from any time period.



Rick Waterson: Worldcon registrar, with a long fan history, he's chaired the last 2.5 WindyCons. He even found time to sire Ray, do independent computer consulting and have a day job. He is very close-mouthed about just how much he does for fandom, but it is a lot. Thank him when you see him.

James J.J. Wilson: Active in fandom since mid-70s. Professional non-fiction writer for 20 years. Friends, worked, and/or known Harlan Ellison, Ray Bradbury, etc. Worked on two worldcons and a couple of WindyCons.

Collector of books, pulps, etc. Currently editor of *Filmfax* and *OutrÉ* magazines. Have been attending this con since WindyCon IV.

Nick Winks: Nick Winks is involved with Marcon and is the creator of the popular Kelnahr game. This year he's adding the adult version, *Return of the Reivers* to his Windycon repertoire. Nick will be running Non-fiction programming at Chicon 2000.

Gene Wolfe: I grew up in Houston, TX, where I attended Lamar High School. I dropped out of college, was drafted, and served in the infantry during the Korean War. In 1956, I graduated from the University of Houston with a degree in mechanical engineering. Rosemary and I were married that same year; we have two sons and two daughters now, and two granddaughters. I am the author of *Operation Ares*, *The Fifth Head of Cerberus*, *The Book of the New Sun*, *The Urth of the New Sun*, *The Book of the Long Sun*, and other titles. My work has won two Nebula Awards and three World Fantasy Awards, the British Science Fiction Award, the British Fantasy Award, and so on. Most recently, *The Urth of the New Sun* was given the Premio Italia. *On Blue's Waters* (the first book of a trilogy, *The Book of the Sshrot Sun*) was published in October by Tor books. A new story collection, *Strange Travelers*, should be out next spring.

delphyne woods: I am an amateur artist, working as a legal secretary and studying computer animation.

Wendy Zdrodowski: Since graduating from Northwestern in 1988, Wendy has been doing her level best to play dress-up for a living. She has survived 13 years at the Bristol Renaissance Faire and has performed with Moebius Theatre, Fright Fest, and as part of "Minstrosity." Ask her about their new CD. She is also a member of the Chicago Mob chapter of the International Costumer's Guild.



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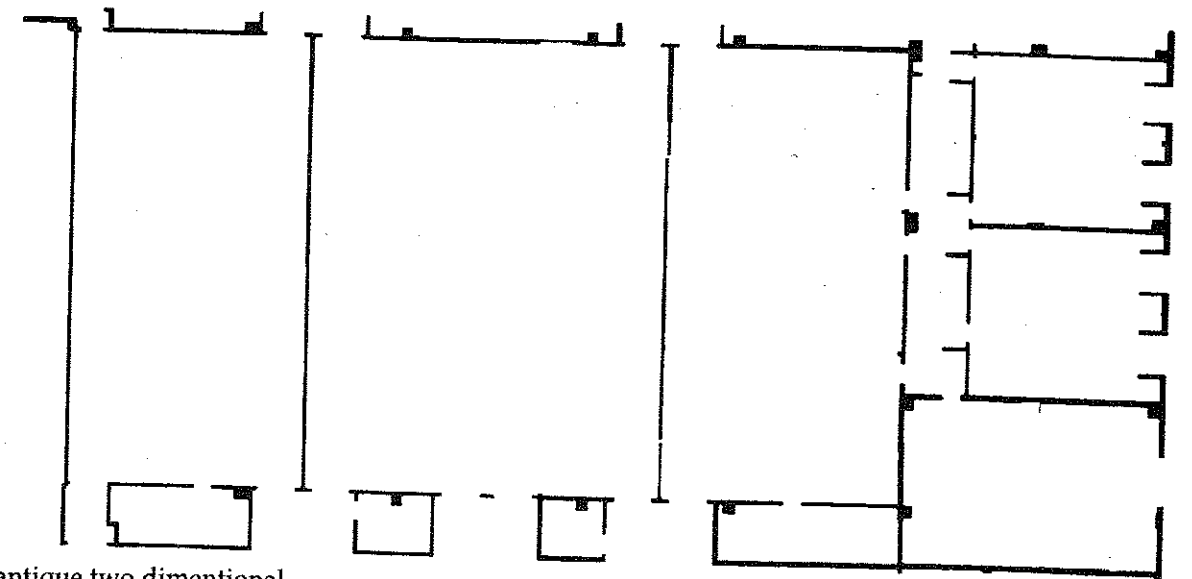
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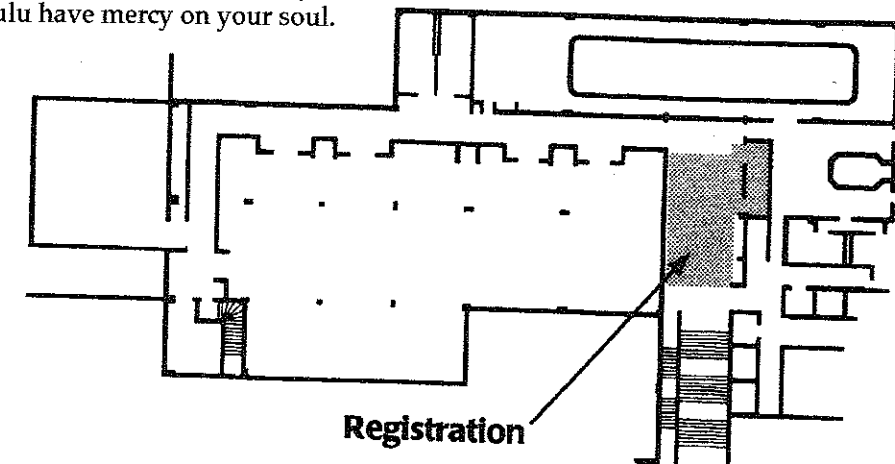
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This is an antique two dimensional rendition of the Con Hotel, which is likely out of date. You fill in the blanks yourself as you explore the alternate universes that you find yourself in. Have fun, and may Cthulu have mercy on your soul.



Registration

You know where everything is, don't you?
This is a test. If you do not pass this test, you will be turned into a frog. If you label everything correctly, and even find your way to the panels etc without help, you will be nominated for the Information booth next year.

REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL
FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILMS...REEL FILM

Friday

4:00 PM

Wargames

Shall we play a game? Matthew Broderick plays a young hacker who breaks into the wrong computer and almost starts World War III. Who knew 2400 baud could do so much damage?

6:00 PM

Star Wars™ Episode One: The Phantom Menace™

Anakin Skywalker, a young slave boy on Tatooine, meets a Jedi Master and must Pod Race for his life in order to start his adventures. An experimental art film by the hot young director, George Lucas.

8:15 PM **The Iron Giant**

A beautiful animated feature that tells the story of a young boy, unfortunately stuck with the name Hogarth, who befriends a giant metal robot. Since this is 1958, however, the government distrusts technology and wants to destroy the misunderstood creature.

9:45 PM **Mystery Men**

Ben Affleck, Janeane Garafalo, Hank Azaria, Paul Reubens, and Tom Waits star in this hilarious comic book adaptation of unlikely superheroes who must defeat the evil Casanova Frankenstein (Geoffrey Rush) and save Captain Amazing (Greg Kinnear).

11:45 PM **The Sixth Sense**

Bruce Willis stars as Malcolm Crowe, a child psychologist who finds a young boy who can apparently see dead people. Despite failing with a similar patient in his past, Crowe tries to help the boy as his problems get worse – and much scarier.

1:30 AM

The Purple Death From Outer Space (Compilation feature of Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe) A condensation of "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe", starring the famous Buster Crabbe as our hero. Flash and his crew travel to Figia, encounter rock men, and discover yet another plot by Ming the

Merciless to conquer Earth.

3:00 AM **Just Imagine**

This 1930 sci-fi musical shows us the new-fangled world of 1980. Sadly, their prediction was a little off (but who could have predicted Duran Duran?): people go by numbers instead of names, eat pills instead of food, and marriages are arranged by the government. A man comes forward from 1930 and visits Mars, where, of course, scantily clad women do Busby Berkeley style dance numbers and worship a fat, middle-aged man.

Saturday

12:00 Noon

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

This Disney classic tells Jules Verne's story of the Nautilus, an advanced submarine commanded by Captain Nemo. The crew is on a mission to investigate mysterious ship sinkings and must battle many undersea threats. Starring James Mason, Kirk Douglas, and Peter Lorre.

2:00 PM

E.T.: The Extraterrestrial

Only some sort of weirdo wouldn't have seen this movie. Young Elliot's life changes when he befriends a lost alien. This classic film inspired children all over the world to rip apart their Speak and Spells to try to contact outer space.

4:00 PM **Time Bandits**

Terry Gilliam's bizarre story of a young boy who follows a group of miscreants who have stolen the map of time and are bouncing through history, stealing everything they can. Great cameos from John Cleese and Sean Connery.

6:00 PM Break For Art Auction

11:30 PM

Star Wars™ Episode One: The Phantom Menace™

Qui-Gon Jinn™, a Jedi Master™ and his apprentice, Obi-Wan Kenobi™, use the Force

to save a small planet from being overrun by the greedy Trade Federation. On the way, they find a young boy with a promising, if unclear, future.

1:45 AM

Spaceballs™: The Movie

The Mel Brooks interpretation of the Space Opera. Lone Starr, and his fuzzy sidekick Barf rescue the beautiful Druish Princess Vespa from the evil Dark Helmet. Lone Starr only succeeds by using his knowledge of the Schwartz as taught to him by the wise Yorgurt. Starring Bill Pullman, John Candy, Daphne Zuniga, and Mel Brooks.

3:45 AM

Ice Pirates

We just couldn't stop ourselves. In the future, water has become the most precious commodity and pirates make their living stealing ice. Two of them work with a beautiful princess to help find her missing father. Campy, spoofy, silly, and pretty darn ridiculous. And that's not taking into account the Space Herpie.

Sunday

12:00 Noon

Star Wars™ Episode One: The Phantom Menace™

Darth Sidious is trying to take over the Republic, and he's got the galaxy's coolest apprentice to help him. He must work against two Jedi and a wacky Gungan named Jar Jar who seek to defeat him by making the audience sit through a big video game commercial. But the Sith Lords win out by ending the film with the most kick ass lightsaber fight ever.

2:15 PM

Mystery Men

I can't decide: does Janeane Garafalo steal this film, or does Tom Waits? But there's that cool scene with the car, and Geoffrey Rush is so good. And Hank Azaria's scenes with his mom are funny too. I'll just have to see it again.



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