

PROGRESS REPORT 2



DISCON III

The 79th World Science Fiction Convention
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PHOTO CREDITS

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MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR

Greetings from Chicago!

As I write this, I'm in Chicago for our very first in-person Division Head weekend! It's so good to get to see people, and we're having a great time making plans for Chicon 8. We had a lovely social evening as well, with local volunteers and attendees coming to the Hyatt to hang out with us for a few hours.

I'm so excited about what we're planning!

Let's start with the big news – we have our Featured Guests! When choosing our Featured Guests, we thought about a few things. For us, the Guests of Honor are receiving their lifetime achievement award, as it were. The Featured Guests are folks that we view as either “up and coming” or people that aren't as well known in Worldcon circles as we believe they should be. We looked for guests who are from historically marginalized groups, and we looked for guests with Chicago connections. We are utterly thrilled to bring these talented guests to Chicon 8!

- Dr. Eve L. Ewing is a Chicago-based poet, writer, journalist and sociologist – quite a wonderful mix, and has given some incredible performances of her poetry while receiving acclaim for her sociological work on Chicago. Dr. Ewing has also written a number of comics for Marvel, and her Ironheart series really captured the imaginations of fans, telling the story of Riri Williams, a Chicago hero. Dr. Ewing's most recent poetry collection, entitled 1919, focuses on the Chicago race riot of 1919, and in 2021 she also released her first children's book, *Maya and the Robot*.
- Gene Ha, also from Chicago, started in comics drawing Green Lantern for DC in 1993; since then he has drawn Superman, Young Avengers, Batman, and others. He has won four Eisner Awards and has written a number of comics himself, including his series *Mae* from Dark Horse Comics.
- Eric Wilkerson is a fabulous illustrator working in the field for 20 years. He has worked in film, commercials, video games, and the publishing industry. As well as working in illustration, he has taught in the illustration department at Syracuse University and has guest-lectured for classes at The School of Visual Arts NYC. He has worked for Disney, Scholastic, and Activision, to name a few.



Honestly, I can't even begin to express in writing how excited I am. I could go on and on, but instead I'll suggest you go read more about them in their biographies here in PR2 and on our website!

Working to bring in our Featured Guests has been a helpful way to assist many of those grieving the loss of our Guest of Honor, Erle Korshak. I was privileged to be able to go to his memorial service, along with Dave McCarty, the Chair of Chicon 7 and a Chair's Advisor for Chicon 8. It was a lovely service; we met so many of his family members and friends, and we heard so many stories that made us laugh and cry. Erle

was a man who lived life to the fullest – in fact, he took his annual trip to Monaco just three weeks before his passing! The second half of the interview that Dave and I conducted in February with Erle is here in this Progress Report, and we hope you enjoy it.

In other news, we made a decision very early on that we wanted to work on diversity, equity, and inclusion efforts. We are pleased to announce that we have partnered with Crossroads Antiracism in Chicago, and our Division Heads and a few others will be participating in a training with them this coming January. We know that we are only one event, and so part of our focus is learning how we can take the tools of anti-racism and bring them into the community in other ways – including through working on our local conventions and future Worldcons. In addition to this training, we are exploring training options for all of our staff in bystander intervention work, helping them to become more comfortable in making our convention as safe and inclusive as possible.

We are preparing to fully launch our Exhibits Division, including the Dealer Room, Art Show, Displays, and Fan Tables. Our Fringe Division is planning for both online and in-person events starting in early 2022, all to get you ready for the awesomeness that will be Chicon 8! We're working with the Hyatt to get ready to open the room block in the first quarter of 2022.

And of course, we are all set to see you at Discon III, the 2021 Worldcon in Washington, D.C.! As of this writing we are not entirely certain what forms our appearance will take, but we will be there to share more plans, experience Discon III, and say hello to many of you in person for the first time in far too long.

Until we meet again – be well, stay safe.

Helen Montgomery
Chair, Chicon 8

HUGO AWARDS



HUGO AWARDSM

Nominations for the 2022 **Hugo Awards**, the **Lodestar Award for Best Young Adult Book**, and the ***Astounding Award for Best New Writer*** will be opening in January 2022. Any person who is a voting member of at least one of the 2021 or 2022 World Science Fiction Conventions as of 11:59 p.m. Pacific Standard Time (PST; UTC -8) on December 31, 2021, may cast a nominating ballot for the 2022 Awards.

THE CHICAGO WORLDCON COMMUNITY FUND!

Chicon 8 is excited to announce the formation of the Chicago Worldcon Community Fund (CWCF).

The best thing about Worldcon is the people. Worldcon is an event where amazing, awesome people come together to create, to learn, to make, to do, and to participate with one another as we build our community together.

This community becomes amazing when we are able to help as many people as we can join us. In reality, not everyone finds it financially easy to attend Worldcon.

The CWCF, inspired by the funds and initiatives that have come before, is here to facilitate bringing more people into our community. The CWCF is a special fund to help defray the expenses of attending Chicon 8 for the following groups of people:

- Non-white fans or program participants
- LGBTQIA+ fans or program participants
- Local Chicago area fans of limited means

More information about the fund will be available on our website by mid-April 2021 including information about how to donate and apply. If you have any questions, please contact us at fund@chicon.org.

OUR FEATURED GUESTS

Eve L. Ewing

Dr. Eve L. Ewing is a sociologist of education and a writer from Chicago. She is the award-winning author of four books: the Afrofuturist poetry collections *Electric Arches* and *1919*, the nonfiction work *Ghosts in the Schoolyard: Racism and School Closings on Chicago's South Side*, and most recently a novel for young readers, *Maya and the Robot*. She is the co-author (with Nate Marshall) of the play *No Blue Memories: The Life of Gwendolyn Brooks*. She has written several projects for Marvel Comics, including the *Ironheart* series as well as *Marvel Team-Up* and *Champions* and contributions to *Fearless* and *Marvel #1000*. Ewing is an assistant professor at the University of Chicago Crown Family School of Social Work, Policy, and Practice. Her work has been published in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *The New York Times*, and many other venues.



Gene Ha

Gene Ha is the artist on *Wonder Woman Historia: The Amazons* Volume 2 with writer Kelly Sue DeConnick, from DC Comics. He's drawn Alan Moore's Top 10 and sundry Marvel & DC superhero comics and won four Eisner Awards, the highest award in American comics. Gene draws and writes *Mae* from Oni Press. It's the story of Mae Fortell, a girl who follows her long missing sister Abbie to a world of mad science and mystery. Gene lives outside Chicago in Berwyn, IL, with his lovely wife Lisa. Learn more at <http://www.geneha.com/>

Gene Ha received the 2021 **Hero Initiative Dick Giordano Humanitarian Award** at the **Ringo Awards** in Baltimore Comic-Con.

<https://www.heroinitiative.org/hero-initiative-awards/>
<http://file770.com/2021-ringo-awards/>

Eric Wilkerson

Eric Wilkerson is a Chesley Award-winning illustrator and concept artist whose client list includes Wizards of the Coast, Weta Workshop, Marvel, Dark Horse Comics, Scholastic, and Disney Publishing, to name a few. He has created art for film, TV, advertising, publishing, comics, and video games. A graduate of The School of Visual Arts, he teaches illustration while also focusing on painting people of color having out-of-this-world adventures.

Learn more at **Eric Wilkerson Illustration / Visual Development**, and follow his **blog**.

<http://www.ericwilkersonart.com>
<http://www.ericwilkerson.blogspot.com>





Winnipeg in 23

A bid for the 81st Worldcon



<https://main.winnipegin2023.ca/>

Charles de Lint describes himself as someone who writes books and plays music. He also lives in Ottawa, Canada, is a night owl, and has won major awards for his trailblazing writing. Best of all, he'll bring a special kind of magic to our Worldcon as the Author Guest of Honor.

His professional creative career began in the early 1970s when he formed a duo called Wickentree to play Celtic music. A few years later, he grew more serious about writing, and by the mid-1980s, he published the first of more than 70 novels. In 1980, he married MaryAnn Harris, the love of his life, who became his editor, business manager, and creative partner.

Forty years ago, fantasy was not an established genre, but he had been drawn to it since childhood. He was born in the Netherlands in 1951, and his family relocated to Canada while he was still an infant, but for a time, the family moved around for his father's work.

"Having to amuse myself during those earlier years, I read voraciously and widely," Charles says in his **official biography**. "Mythic matter and folklore made up much of that reading – retellings of the old stories (Mallory, White, Briggs), anecdotal collections and historical investigations of the stories' backgrounds – and then I stumbled upon the Tolkien books, which took me back to Lord Dunsany, William Morris, James Branch Cabell, E.R. Eddison, Mervyn Peake, and the like."

He went on to read widely and deeply in a variety of genres. With his writing, what he added to the mix was something new at the time: urban and contemporary fantasy. A mermaid could be swimming in a city harbor right now, and a trickster might be someone's closest friend. Magic originating in the indigenous folklore of North America and the rest of the world might be about to burst into an otherwise mundane life at any moment.

His works include adult, young adult, and children's books. Many are set in Newford, an imaginary, very large urban city in North America where everyday people have encounters with the paranormal.

"It's like every other city," he says in **an interview** with Matthew Peterson, "except, 'cause you know most people don't realize that there's stuff going on. ... We see how it affects their lives. A lot of stories also deal with very much real-world concerns. Whether it's abuse or homelessness or environmental concerns. And the one point I always try to make strongly in the stories is that the magic doesn't solve anything. Those kinds of problems have to be solved from the people themselves."

He also brings a touch of a gentle spirit to his writing: a belief in compassion, hope, and human potential.

This approach to fantasy has won him both loyal readers and critical recognition. His awards include World Fantasy, Aurora (three times), Sunburst, and White Pine, among others, and he was inducted into the Canadian SF and Fantasy Association Hall of Fame. He served as writer-in-residence for two public libraries in Ottawa and has taught creative writing workshops for adults and children in Canada and the United States. He's been a judge for several prominent awards, including the Nebula, World Fantasy, Theodore Sturgeon, and Bram Stoker.

He continues to read widely, writes a monthly book-review column for The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, and operates the small-press publisher, Triskell Press. His **full bibliography** is at the Chicon 8 website. His music is available for listening and purchase at his **Bandcamp page**.

Juniper Wiles is his most recent novel. Juniper Wiles is a television star who portrayed a plucky teen detective. The series has ended, and she has returned home to Newford. When a young man is inexplicably murdered and his ghost accosts Juniper, she has to use the skills she learned for her television character to find out what happened. An interview of Charles at **dSavannah Rambles** has more information about the novel and a few more facts about the author.

Charles was kind enough to share a sample of his 2017 novel, *The Wind in His Heart*. In it, young Thomas Corn Eyes sees into the otherworld, but all he wants to do is get off the rez. Steve Cole escaped from his rock star life to disappear into the desert and mountains. Fifteen-year-old barrio kid Sadie Higgins has been discarded once too often. Blogger Leah Hardin needs to leave Newford, come to terms with the loss of her best friend, and actually engage with her life. When these lives collide in the Hierro Maderas Mountains, they must struggle to escape their messy pasts and find a way to carve a future for themselves.

Here is Chapter Two:

THE WIND IN HIS HEART

Chapter Two: Steve Cole

by Charles de Lint

I'm camped on a ridge overlooking Zahra Road, the highway that follows the foothills of the Hierro Maderas Mountains, when I hear the car. It's been a perfect night. Crisp, cool air, with a moon close enough to full that it casts long shadows on the desert floor below. It's the kind of night where you can imagine you're the only person in the world. It's just you and the desert. Sure, there are coyotes talking from time to time off in the distance. An owl hooting from the top of a saguaro this past hour or so. Mice scurrying about in the brush closer to hand. But no people. No hikers. Nobody joyriding on their ATVs. Not even any Kikimi whose land this is.

Until the car.

The stars tell me it's not yet midnight. I step over to where the ground drops off and watch the headlights as they come down the otherwise deserted two-lane blacktop below.

A few hundred yards past my camp, the car pulls over. The passenger door opens and a figure stumbles out onto the packed dirt on the side of the road. I make it to be a woman or a girl, with that head of hair, though I've known my share of long-haired guys. But she doesn't move like a guy.

Once she gets her balance, she lunges back toward the car but the door slams shut. The driver stomps on the gas, spitting gravel. The figure runs a little ways after the car, only stopping when she sees she doesn't have a hope in hell of catching up. She stands there for a long moment, shoulders drooping, arms hanging at her sides in defeat. Then she sinks to the ground and sits there hugging her knees.

The coyotes howl again, closer than the last time I heard them. I'm not worried, but the woman below jerks her head.

Coyote attacks are rare. She doesn't know that. Or maybe she's smart to be nervous because, bottom line, you can't trust anything you meet out here in the desert. Not the thorns, the heat, the mountains, the animals, the people. Maybe especially not the people.

Possum Jones, the old desert rat who took me under his wing way back in the eighties, told me his number one rule was, don't get involved. You see somebody, best walk in the other direction.

"Most times," he said in that drawl of his, "you'll get more sympathy from a hungry mountain lion."

Of course, this was while he was setting my broken leg after he found me at the bottom of a canyon, so I took what he had to say with a grain of salt. Until that moment, we'd never met. But the fact of the matter is, up in the mountains, out in the desert, most times he's right.

That girl down there, she could be in trouble. Or could be she had a little spat with her boyfriend and he's already on his way back. He catches me with his girl, he could pull out a 12-gauge and teach me the difference between buckshot and gut shot. Let me give you a hint. The first causes the pain. The second is the pain.

"Goddamn," I mutter as I turn back to my camp.

I pack up my gear and throw dirt on the fire, then make my way down to the highway. It's a roundabout route, so it takes me a good fifteen minutes before I'm standing on the blacktop. I'm a quarter of a mile south of the woman. I don't know which I'm hoping for more—that she'll be there, or she'll be gone—but when the highway takes me around the headland, I see the small figure still huddled on the side of the road.

I start to whistle an old cowboy tune as I get closer, to give her some warning. The first few bars of "Streets of Laredo" work just fine. Her head lifts like it did when the coyotes called, but she doesn't do anything more than look over her shoulder in my direction.

I sigh. She's just a kid—I doubt she's even sixteen—and too damn trusting. Meeting a stranger out here, she should have been smart and taken to the scrub till she could figure out what's up. I'm at least three times her age and twice her size. But all she does is sit there, still hugging her knees, watching me come.

I stop ten feet away, lower my pack to the dirt and hunch down to reduce the appearance of my size, resting my weight on my ankles.

She's wearing jeans and a hoodie, sneakers with no socks. She looks cold, and I don't blame her. Once the sun goes down in the mountains, the temperature drops with it. I'm wearing a sweater under my jean jacket and I can still feel the chill in the air.

"Hey," I say.

She just looks at me.

I dig a bottle of water from my pack and offer it to her. "You thirsty?"

"Fuck off."

Nice.

"Your mama kiss that mouth of yours?" I ask.

"The only part of her that ever touched my mouth is the back of her hand."

Okay.

"Was that her who pushed you out of the car?"

"What are you—stalking me?"

"I was camped up there." I jerk a thumb up to the top of the ridge. "It's more like you brought your drama into my living room."

"You live out here?"

"Most of the time."

She scoots around so that she's no longer looking at me over her shoulder.

"What do you do?" she asks.

"Commune with nature?"

"I bet you run drugs. You got any weed in your bag? Maybe some uppers?"

I sigh, but I don't answer. "Who pushed you out of the car?"

"Why do you care?"

I want to be charitable. I really do. But I've never had the patience for this kind of crap.

"Not so much, I guess," I say and stand up. "Not enough to have to work at it, that's for damn sure. I'll leave you the water—you'll need it when the sun comes up. You have yourself a good day."

"Hey!" she calls when I start to walk away. "You can't just leave me here."

"Watch me," I reply without turning.

"It was my dad—okay? That's who dumped me here."

This time I stop and turn to look back at her. She's standing up, hands stuffed deep into the pockets of her hoodie, a challenging look in her eyes.

I have no idea how to respond.

"Jesus," I finally say. "Why would he do that?"

"To make room for a new foster kid."

"So he's your foster father."

She shakes her head. "But he gets money for each foster kid they take in. He's up to three now, but if he gets rid of me, there's room for one more."

This is why I live in the mountains and desert. They insulate you from the crap people do to each other.

"Seems to me you've got three choices," I tell her. I count them off on my fingers. "You can wait here. Come morning, you might be able to hitch a ride to wherever you need to go."

"Or you can come back to my camp and wait while I go find somebody that can help you."

"Or you can take the hike with me."

"Why don't you just call somebody?" she asks.

"Don't have a phone."

She gives me a look. "Everybody's got a phone."

"Okay. So where's yours?"

"I use Reggie's, and seeing how things played out today, I guess I won't be borrowing it again."

"And he's...?"

"My loser dad."

Everywhere this conversation goes, it takes me to a story I don't want to hear.

"Three choices," I tell her. "Which is it going to be?"

"Can we go to your camp and take the hike in the morning? I don't want to go walking into a cactus."

There's still hours before the moon sets, but I guess she's a city kid and doesn't see the way I can out here. Hell, I can make my way through this land in the dark of the moon.

"Sure. We can do that."

* * *

Twenty minutes later we're back on the bluff from which I first spotted her. I get the fire started again and she sits up close to it, my spare blanket wrapped around her shoulders while she stares into the flames. I boil some water and make tea.

"Here," I tell her as I hand her a tin mug. "Sorry, I don't have sugar or milk."

"Sokay."

"You hungry?"

She shakes her head.

I settle across the fire from her. "I'm Steve. What's your name?"

"Sadie."

"Huh."

She looks up, that challenge back in her eyes. "I know it's a loser name. I didn't pick it."

"It's not that. My grandmother's name was Sadie."

I guess she sees something in my face because she asks, "What happened to her?"

"She got the death penalty for killing her husband. This was back in Texas, where the family's from. She might have gotten off, or only had to serve some time, but instead of shooting him when he was hitting her, she waited until he was drunk and asleep, and then shot him in the face."

She doesn't say anything for a long moment, and I wonder what the hell made me tell her that. I walked the desert with Possum Jones for twenty years and it never came up once.

Her head lifts and she looks at me from across the fire. The firelight makes the glint in her eyes look fierce. "I can relate to that," she says.

"I like to believe that we can be better than that, myself," I tell her, "but honestly? Knowing what a piece of work my grandfather was? I can relate to it, too. I still miss her."

"Must be nice, having family you can miss."

"So you've got nobody else you can stay with? Friends? Kin?"

She shakes her head. "Reggie didn't like us making friends outside the house."

"Sounds like Reggie's a real piece of work."

She shrugs and takes a sip of her tea, pulling a face at the bitter taste.

"So what do you want to do?" I ask.

She gives me a puzzled look.

"With your life," I say. "Where do you want to go? What do you want to do with your life?"

"I don't know. I don't wanna go anywhere. There's no place to go anyway."

"What did you think was going to happen when you came up here to my camp?"

"I thought maybe you'd fuck me and then give me some money."

"What?"

"Except I guess you don't think I'm pretty enough."

I shake my head. "You've got this all wrong."

"You wouldn't have to look at my face while you're doing it."

“For Christ’s sake—you could be my granddaughter.”

“But—”

“It’s never going to happen, kid.”

Confusion returns to her face. “Reggie says old guys all like to fuck young girls.”

“Yeah, well, Reggie needs his face rearranged.”

“That’s not all he needs rearranged. He can’t get it up anymore, and that pisses him off.”

“Listen kid, you shouldn’t even know that shit.”

She shrugs. “It’s just what it is. So what?”

“Jesus. You’re young and you’ve got your whole life ahead of you. Focus on getting an education. Make something of yourself. You ever hear the expression ‘success is the best revenge’?”

She shakes her head.

“You make something of yourself and that just shows losers like Reggie you’re better than them.”

“But I’m not.”

“Don’t say that,” I tell her.

She fiddles with the cuffs of the hoodie, pulls them down over her knuckles. She won’t look at me.

“I wouldn’t even know where to start,” she says.

“I know people who can help you.”

“Why would they?”

“Because it’s what they do. You should get some rest. It’s a bit of a hike in the morning.”

She nods. “You don’t sound much like a Texan,” she says.

“How would you know what we sound like?”

“You think I’ve never seen a movie or a TV show? They all talk funny.”

“Maybe when I left home I made a point of learning to talk like a Yankee.”

“Why would you do that?” she asks.

I shrug. “Kids get embarrassed about the stupidest things. If I had to do it over, I wouldn’t. But now this is just the way I talk. The only time you’ll hear me drawl these days is when I’m putting it on.”

“Why would you do that?”

“Why don’t you get yourself some rest.”

She has another sip of her tea and grimaces again before she sets it down in the sand by the fire.

“You need to get some normal tea,” she says as she lies down. “That tastes like a dog pissed in it.”

“Goodnight to you, too,” I tell her.

I finish my own tea. It’s not my best batch, but it beats buying it from a store. I wait until her breathing evens out, then stand up and stretch. I walk away from the camp and take a leak. When I get back, Calico’s sitting on a rock, a big grin on her face.

I don’t know why she’s attached herself to me, but it’s not like I got any choice in the matter. She just showed up a few years ago, not long after Possum died, and has been

hanging around ever since. Not that I mind—her smarts and beauty are off the chart.

“Didn’t think I’d see you tonight,” I say. “I thought you said you were off leading the dog boys on a chase.”

She shrugs. “I took them up through Devil’s Canyon and wore them right out. Those boys are not in good shape.” She nods to the sleeping girl. “Didn’t take you for the nurturing type.”

“I’m not. But she needs help.”

“Yeah, I overheard. I was feeling horny before I got here, but listening to her story pretty much put a damper on that.”

That’s Calico in a nutshell: full of innuendo and mischief.

“I’m taking her to Morago—see if he can help.”

“But she’s not Kikimi.”

“Neither’s the money they got for their school.”

Calico cocks her head. “Except I thought it came to them with no strings attached.”

“It did. Same as Sadie’s coming to them. They can help or not, but I’m hoping they’ll help. It’s pretty damn obvious her own people are useless.”

She nods. “Call me if you decide to go break this Reggie’s head. But remember, it’s not the Wild West anymore. They come after you for stuff like that now, doesn’t matter how justified.”

“Call you?” I say with a laugh. “How am I supposed to do that? Neither of us even has a—”

But she’s already gone.

* * *

“Who was that woman that came by last night?” Sadie asks me in the morning.

I’m in the middle of pouring myself a second cup of coffee and almost drop the pot.

“You saw her?”

“Well, yeah. Was I not supposed to? You could’ve told me you already have a girlfriend.”

I stop, mid-pour. I was sure the kid was dead asleep. It’s a good thing Calico and I didn’t get into anything amorous.

“You really saw her?” I repeat.

“Have you been into the weed? That’s what I just said. And what’s with the furry deal? Is that your kink?”

I don’t know what to say. My girlfriend’s a—for lack of a better term—foxalope. Part antelope, part fox. You should see the look on Calico’s face when I use the word. She looks to be in her mid-thirties, with a shock of fox-red hair that she usually wears loose, and a pair of small antelope horns push up from the top of her brow. Some days, she’s also got fox ears and a big bushy tail. She calls herself a ma’inawo, which is Kikimi for “cousin.”

We keep our relationship on the down-low, so this is weird, and I don’t know how to explain it.

“Furry?” I manage. “That’s a thing?”

She nods. “Yeah, you know. People who put on costumes, pretending they’re some kind of animal. It’s how they get it up.”

"Sure," I say. "Let's go with that."

"And that's what turns you on?"

"No, she's—look, we should get going."

I turn away and start packing my gear, covering the fire.

"God, I hope I never grow old," she says. "If you've got a kink, so what? Own it."

I don't bother answering.

* * *

Three hours later a gaggle of rez dogs welcomes us into Abigail White Horse's yard. They run circles around us, barking, tails wagging. Sadie shrinks away from them and moves closer to me.

"It's okay," I tell her. "They're friendly."

"Yeah, tell that to the last guy they ate."

Aggie's place is high up in the foothills at the end of a couple of miles of winding dirt road. It's a long low adobe building with a lean-to and corral made of saguaro ribs on the south. A pair of those big cacti dominate one side of the yard, with a stand of raggedy mesquite and palo verde on the other. There's the remains of a fire pit out past the corral. Farther up the hill is a little adobe casita that serves as the old woman's studio.

She comes out of the little building now, drawn by the dogs' welcome. Someone once told me she's got to be in her eighties or more, but she looks more like she's in her late sixties. Out hiking, she's got staying power long past anything I can muster, and I can jog for a couple of hours under the hot summer sun. She's sturdily built, with an open brown face and grey-white hair pulled back into a long braid.

"I thought you were Old Man Puma," she says, "coming down off the mountain the way you did. Pretty sure you gave the dogs a heart attack."

"We were up on the ridge trail."

She nods. Her gaze shifts to Sadie.

"Who's your friend?" she asks.

"Says her name is Sadie. I found her up north on Zahra Road."

"Found her? Was there a wreck?"

I shake my head. "She got tossed from a car."

Aggie frowns.

"It wasn't moving," I add.

"And that makes it better?"

"I didn't say that."

She focuses her attention back to Sadie.

"How are you holding up, child?" she asks.

Sadie fiddles with the cuffs of her hoodie and shrugs. "I'm fine," she says.

Aggie studies her until the girl finally looks up. Sadie shifts from foot to foot, but she doesn't look away. Aggie has that effect on people.

"So you're looking for a safe place for her?" Aggie asks me.

I nod.

"Whoa," Sadie says. "I'm not staying out here in the middle of nowhere."

"It'll just be for a day or so," I tell her. "I need to talk to this guy named Ramon Morago, figure out a few legalities. But you should be able to move to the dorm in a few days."

"What dorm?"

"You want to finish high school, right? We talked about it on the way here."

"We didn't talk about no dorm. I want to go with you and live in the desert."

I shake my head.

"Don't worry," she says. "I won't cramp your style with your furry girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?" Aggie says, her brows rising.

"Yeah," Sadie says helpfully, "the one with the furry fetish."

"Forget it," I tell her.

But Aggie isn't about to let it go.

"What does that mean?" she asks Sadie. "What's a furry fetish?"

"You know. She likes to dress up and pretend she's an animal. Big fox tail and ears, little deer horns."

Aggie's lip twitches.

"And how long has this been going on?" she asks me.

I sigh. I like my privacy and don't want to talk about the relationship, especially in front of a kid, but Aggie's waiting for an answer.

"She showed up after Possum died."

"Possum?" Sadie says. "Are all your friends into this animal thing?"

"No," I tell her. "It's just his name—I don't know how he got it. He never told me and I never asked."

"John Little Tree gave it to him," Aggie says. "Back in the day. Because he was playing dead back then."

"I don't get it," I say.

She shrugs. "He lived in the desert while the rest of the world thought he was dead."

Now it's my gaze she holds. I know what those dark eyes of hers are saying: We might as well call you Possum, too.

"So it was like, his Indian name," Sadie says.

Aggie nods, her gaze still holding mine. "And what's the name of your friend?" she asks.

"Calico."

"I know her. I'd say be careful. Fox girls are tricksters, but antelope are loyal. So you're probably okay."

Sadie's following our exchange with big eyes.

"She visits you?" I ask.

Aggie shrugs. "Cousins. They stop around from time to time."

"So you know Calico? Does anyone else?"

"Ask Reuben Little Tree about her visits. She seems to have made it her life's work to tease him and those dog boys of his."

I pinch the bridge of my nose, trying to make sense of what she's saying. Calico does have a thing about running dogs, but this business about Reuben is giving me a headache.

"When you say 'dog boys,'" Sadie asks Aggie, "are they really part dog?"

"No," I say, eyeing the kid.

"Yes," Aggie says at the same time.

I sigh, but Sadie doesn't seem to have any problem with it. That's clear from the bright interest in her eyes.

"I'd like to stay here," she says to Aggie. "If it's still okay."

"Of course," Aggie says. "I'll get a poultice for those injuries of yours."

Sadie's eyes go big. Me, I'm in the dark.

"What injuries?" I ask.

Neither of them responds for a long moment. Then Sadie pulls down the zipper of her hoodie and takes it off. She drops it in the dirt and stands there in a sleeveless T-shirt. Her forearms are covered with dozens of tiny scars and cuts that cross each other in a bewildering pattern. They look like they were made with a razor or a really sharp knife. Some look infected.

Then she lifts the T-shirt up to the bottom of her breasts. Her whole torso is a mess of bruises. Yellow and green. Purple and blue.

"The fuck?" pops out of my mouth. My hands are clenched in fists at my side. "Who did that to you?"

But I already know.

"He only hits me where it doesn't show," she says.

"And did he cut you, too?"

When she doesn't answer, I realize she did it to herself.

"Maybe," Aggie says, "it's a way to take back ownership of your body?"

Sadie shakes her head.

"It's okay," Aggie says. "You don't have to talk about it. And you can stay here as long as you need to."

She nods and picks up her hoodie, but she doesn't put it on. I can't take my gaze from all those crisscrossing cuts on her arms. Why the hell would anybody do that to themselves?

"You go on ahead inside and make yourself comfortable," Aggie says. "I'll be right in."

She nods again, but she doesn't move.

"Is there something else you need to tell us?" Aggie asks.

Sadie looks at me. "You're not going after him, are you?"

"Who? Reggie?"

"Yeah."

"Why would you want to protect him?"

"I don't," she says. "But I don't want you to get into trouble and I don't want him taking anything out on the foster kids."

"You've got a good heart," Aggie says.

"Do I?" Sadie asks. "Then why's my life such crap?"

Aggie shakes her head. "We'll see what we can do to make it better."

Sadie turns her attention back to me. "Am I going to see you again?"

"Sure. I come by here all the time."

She doesn't say anything else, but she keeps looking at me, waiting.

"Okay," I say. "Reggie's off limits. For now. I can't promise forever."

She mouths the word "thanks" and walks toward the house. One of the dogs steps close to her and bumps its head against her leg. I expect Sadie to freak, but she just drops a hand and absently strokes Ruby's head. It's like Aggie's words changed something inside her and she's no longer afraid of the dogs. She goes inside the house, the dog with her, and the door closes behind them.

I turn to Aggie. "Calico and I—we've been keeping this private."

"So I see. I thought you were alone most of the time out there, by choice."

"I am, just not always. But solitude doesn't bother me. And crap like Sadie's life—that's why I'm done with the world beyond these mountains. I'm not running away from anything. I just don't like the way people live their lives out there."

"I understand," Aggie says. "But when it comes to the world right here, maybe it's time you realized some of the other people you meet out in these hills aren't necessarily human."

"Like who?"

"That doesn't matter right now. What matters is that you keep your heart open. Speaking of which, why did you help the girl? Why didn't you just walk away?"

A lot of things go running through my mind. The way Sadie was just sitting there on the side of the road, arms wrapped around her knees. Possum shooting a coyote caught in a trap, the festering of its infected forepaw having already crawled up into its torso, swelling its chest to twice its normal size. Reuben catching packrats nesting around the kids' dormitory and taking them clear across the mountain before letting them go, whereas somebody else would have just shot them.

"The hell would I know?" I finally say. "I'm going to talk to Morago."

I head off before she can ask me something else I can't answer.

From The Wind in His Heart

Triskell Press, 2017

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MY FAVORITE CHARLES DE LINT COVER

by John Jude Palencar



They say “you always remember your first.” That cliché holds true for my favorite cover, “Forest of the Heart.” This cover was my first cover for TOR Books, first cover for Irene Gallo (art director and now publisher/creative director), and my first cover for a Charles de Lint novel.

Charles de Lint’s writing style is both lyrical and beautifully poetic. Filled with symbols and metaphors that speak to any artist. I have an affinity for his enigmatic approach. I mean who would not want to live in the “otherworld” town of Newford? I can imagine working on a drawing, sipping a Sumatran-blend latte in a quaint cafe, listening to the far-off strumming of a lute and the slow playing of a low Irish whistle.

A few months after completing several of his covers, I received a letter from him. He thanked me for introducing his work to a new audience. Little did he know that I now counted myself as one of those new readers and fans of his magical work.

Thank *you* Charles.

John Jude Palencar
Medina, Ohio

CHICON 8'S LOGO AND CHICAGO'S CITY FLAG:

The Source Of The Stars (Part 1)

by Sue Burke

Chicagoans love their city flag. You can see it everywhere: on dog collars, tote bags, socks, tee-shirts, tattoos, beer cans, and bars of soap, to name a few. Businesses incorporate the flag or its elements into their logos, and stores well outside of tourist areas sell souvenir-like hats and coffee mugs to city residents.

You can easily spot the influence of the Chicago city flag on the Chicon 8 logo. This article will talk about the flag itself, and a later article will tell you about the logo.

The flag's simple, bold design – just a few stripes and stars – earns it a rank of 9.03 out of 10 possible points from the **North American Vexillological Association**. (Vexillology is the study of flags.) The association notes, "The Chicago flag is replete with symbolism. Probably no other city attaches so much symbolism to the various parts of its flag."

In fact, it goes overboard on symbolism, even more than I'll elaborate on here. The City Council sponsored a competition for a flag in 1917, which was won by **William Rice**, a Chicago attorney, journalist, and author. His proposal established many of the symbols.

The three white stripes represent the north, west, and south sides of the city. The upper light blue stripe represents Lake Michigan and the north branch of the Chicago River. The lower light blue stripe represents the south branch of the river and the **Great Canal** connecting the Chicago River to the Mississippi River system. (The canal was opened in 1900 primarily to move the city's sewage down river and not into the lake, where our drinking water comes from. These days we treat the sewage, too.)

The original flag had two dark red stars with six sharp points, and each star represents a major event in the city's history. Stars were added and rearranged over time.

The first star (added in 1939) represents Fort Dearborn. This US Army wooden stockade was built in 1803 at the mouth of the south bank of the Chicago River, now the intersection of Michigan Avenue and Wacker Drive. Traditionally, the fort marked the first major settlement on new federal land in this region.

The points of the star represent the historical development of the Chicago territory: French domination in 1693, English domination from 1693 to 1763, territory of the state of Virginia from 1763 to 1778, part of the Northwest Territory from 1778 to 1798, part of Indiana territory from 1798 to 1802, and Illinois statehood in 1818.

You may notice that no point represents the Native Americans who have lived here from time immemorial. The traditional history also omits the first permanent non-indigenous settlement in 1790 by **Jean Baptiste Point DuSable**, who was of European and African descent. He established a trading post that attracted other settlers even before the Army showed up.

The second star (original to the 1917 flag) symbolizes the **Great Fire** of 1871. On October 8, in the midst of a terrible drought and high winds, a fire broke out that devoured the



largely wooden city. By the time rain fell on the evening of October 9, it had consumed an area about 4 miles long and one mile wide, including the downtown. About 300 people died, and one-third of the city's 300,000 residents became homeless.

Rebuilding began while the ground was still warm, incorporating stricter fire standards. The points of this star represent the material ambition unleashed by the disaster: transportation, labor, commerce, finance, populousness, and healthfulness.

The third star (original to the 1917 flag) represents the **1893 World's Columbian Exposition**. The massive (but largely temporary) construction in Jackson Park reflected American Exceptionalism, industrial optimism, and Chicago's ambition, which had only grown since the Great Fire. The exposition's legacy is still debated, and a few of its buildings still stand. You can visit the Field Museum of Natural History, the Museum of Science and Industry, and the Art Institute of Chicago – the Art Institute's home was repurposed, as planned, from the World's Congress Auxiliary Building.

The points of this star symbolize the Chicago institutions of religion, education, aesthetics, beneficence, justice, and civic spirit.

The fourth star (added in 1933) represents the **Century of Progress International Exposition**, also called the Chicago World's Fair, held from 1933 to 1934 at Northerly Island (really a peninsula) near downtown. Its theme: "Science Finds, Industry Applies, Man Adapts." The fair featured the latest wonders in automobiles, architecture, and gadgets, such as dishwashers and air conditioning. The city's history exhibit included a replica of DuSable's cabin. Sally Rand's creative fan dance striptease at the Midway earned her fame.

This star's points refer to: Chicago's status at that time as the second-largest city in the US; the city's Latin motto, *Urbs in horto* ("City in a garden"); its English-language motto "I Will!"; the Great Central Marketplace; Wonder City; and Convention City.

Additional stars have been proposed from time to time, including Chicago's role in the creation of the atomic bomb, the 1992 Chicago Flood, the founding of the Special Olympics, and the Covid-19 epidemic (please, no). If Chicon 8: The 80th World Science Fiction Convention became a star, what would its six points symbolize? Fandom loves a good debate, and here's one waiting to begin.

CAPRICON

ROCKIN' IN THE OUTER REALMS!

FEBRUARY 3RD - 6TH 2022

**Sheraton Grand
CHICAGO**



Catherynne M. Valente

Author Guest of Honor

Gene Ha

Artist Guest of Honor

Tanya DePass

Gaming Guest of Honor

In February 2021, Chicon 8 Chair Helen Montgomery and Chicon 7 Chair Dave McCarty had a phone interview with Chicon 8 Guest of Honor, Erle Korshak. The following is the transcription of the second half of that interview, which has been lightly edited for clarity. The first half of the interview can be found in Progress Report 1.

When did you start to collect science fiction artwork, and how did you get interested in that?

Well first of all, at this point in time I had started what became a very famous book publishing company, called Shasta Publishers. We had already started bringing out books by famous people in the field – Campbell, Heinlein, Bester, you name it. We published all the greats. De Camp, van Vogt, you name it. Shasta Publishing. Very handsome book form. Quality wise, every collector saves Shasta books. But that's neither here nor there.

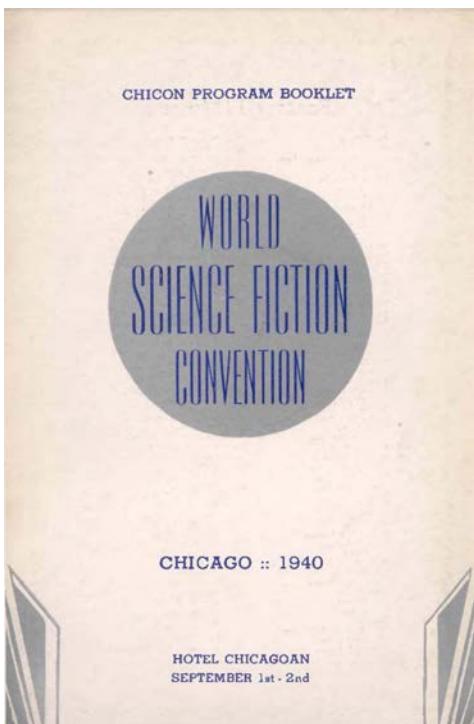
We had the artwork, of course. When I say we had the artwork, in most cases the artists let us keep the artwork which we used for the dust wrappers. It was especially Hannes Bok, we revived Bok, we did 5 or 6 Bok covers. I owned all the artwork.

So later when my son showed an interest in collecting the artwork, I already had all the great Boks, and the great Hubert Rogers – he did all the Heinleins, very well known, he did covers for *Astounding*. I had all the artwork from the publishing of books.

So you started collecting before you even knew you were collecting.

Exactly. We weren't doing it to collect, we were doing it to save the artwork. It was worth money if we wanted to trade it. Everybody wanted it but we held onto it.

So anyway, we had the artwork, and then one day ... in those days, one of the major magazines, namely *Amazing Stories*, was being published actually in Chicago. It was the Smith-Davis publishing company, and it was headed by one of the great fans of all time, Raymond Palmer. Ray Palmer. Great, wonderful man. One of the great early fans and he was the editor of *Amazing Stories*. So that was being published right there in Chicago, and we were very close to Ray. And I'm in Ray's office one day and I see this beautiful color painting sitting behind him and I say, "Hey, that's a St. John."



Now if you know anything about the artwork, you think of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The most famous illustrator that there ever was of Burroughs was St. John. Anyway, there was this wonderful color St. John that had been a cover for *Amazing Stories*. It was called something like "John Carter and the City of the Mummies" or something like that. And so I see this painting and say to Ray "Hey, that's a St. John." And listen to this. Ray says, "Yeah, would you like to have it?" And I say, "What do you mean?" and he says, "You can have it."

You see, in those days, these artists made the sale and that was it. Because that was the market. They didn't realize, and there were no people collecting the artwork really, but today some of those paintings, even the black and white ones, go for a couple of thousand. And the color covers, especially a St. John ... several of the St. Johns have gone for several hundred thousand dollars a piece. They're big money. But these artists didn't want the stuff back. They had the idea that this was just a step along before they ended up in the Louvre. This was a stepping stone, it put bread on the table. So they didn't care if they got the artwork back after the magazine printed it. The magazine had paid them for it. And we still own "John Carter and the City of the Mummies."

So publishing was new enough that you didn't licence the work, you're like paint this for us, and give us the painting. At the end the publishers had those paintings and those drawings.

Exactly. And of course what later happened is some of the modern collectors had managed to raid some of the New York publishers and get some of the early artwork. But that's another story.

Did you ask for the St. John? Did you take it?

Well I took it! How would I turn it down? He said, "Here, take it." What was I going to do, say forget it, throw it out the window? I mean ... a St. John for God's sakes! I knew what a St. John was!

Incidentally, I have turned down, numerous times, thousands of dollars for that painting from more than one collector. My son and I today probably own one of the best collections of science fiction art in the world.

At some point you and your son published some art books about that, right?

That was another line we did with Shasta. We published complete art books. We did a great St. John book, we did a Frank R. Paul, we did a Margaret Brundage. All those books were published by Shasta. They sold very well. We knew what we were doing by then.

After Chicon ended the War started. How did that affect your life and what did you do?

Oh, certainly it did. Definitely. Mark and I went to the same high school and graduated high school, and I think at this point we had gone to university for one year. I had gone one year to the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana. Mark's alma mater was the University of Chicago. After the war I then joined Mark at the University of Chicago and finished. I couldn't afford it in the original days, because it's a private school, but fortunately because we had been in the service, under the GI Bill and this and that, we were able to go to University of Chicago with all expenses paid.

Just before Pearl Harbor, for a year, Mark and I got a job with the U.S. Forest Service. My mother's best girlfriend's brother (*laughs*) was the U.S. marshal in the Shasta National Forest. So here we are a couple of 18-year-old guys, and he gets us a job working for the Forest Service. We were lookouts in one of the lookout stations where you look over the whole countryside, you know the kind of stuff.

Anyway, so we're working for the Forest Service, now comes Pearl Harbor. So Mark and I get on the first train from Mt. Shasta and go to San Francisco to enlist. We enlisted in the Army. I was in the Army for about four years, and Mark the same. Mark joined the paratroopers, and I was in the infantry. I was in three or four major battles. I was in the foxholes. I was under fire for six and a half months before I got wounded. I was in Europe fighting the Germans.

So then back to the University of Chicago? Did you go straight from U of C into graduate school and the law?

Not exactly. There was stuff in between. While I was at the University of Chicago, as a student, I was also the original science fiction professional ... how to express this? I bought and sold science fiction magazines and books. Lloyd Curry wrote an article some years back and he admitted and said "Korshak was the original." During the late 30s and so on, I'm also selling used science fiction books. So anyway at that point in time we were interested in knowing all the different titles that were possible. Early on, Ted Dikty joined me in the book business. He brought in a tremendous amount of great stuff. So we're selling this stuff and now we're publishing it. What we wanted to know were all the other titles. We knew all the obvious books that we would find used in secondhand book stores. We'd get them first because we knew what titles there were.

We had a great friend and he started to put together a list of all the published science fiction. Now he wasn't the only one, there was another one also, Langley Searles, a long-time fan, and he started to try and put one together. I finally put together and published the definitive reference in the science fiction book field – it's called *The Checklist of Fantastic Literature* – and I published that under Shasta. We were so popular and so famous that the Library of Congress said about that book that it was a lasting contribution to America in the field of the humanities.

While you were still in school?

Yes. What happened was, Ted and I, we have a partial list that had been done by a fan who was a friend of ours, who later became a well-known professor of English, Dr. Frederick Benjamin Shroyer. He gave us

his list, and I'm walking across the campus one day ... oh, I had met this guy, his name is Everett Bleiler, and he became the outstanding person in scholarly science fiction in his time. There was nobody the equal of Everett Bleiler. He not only edited the checklist, he edited one famous non-fiction book after the other. He became part of our group. So anyway, fortunately we got with Everett. Everett was at that time a graduate of Harvard, and he was at the University of Chicago taking two master's degrees in two separate subjects, simultaneously! Imagine! He was unbelievable. What a guy. By the way, he spoke about six or eight languages. He was the honors student from Harvard who came to Chicago, and that's how we met him, and he joined us with Shasta and became, in essence, Shasta's editor.

And you took the name Shasta from working in the Shasta Forest?

You got it! Right, because we worked at and were in the service in the Shasta National Park in Northern California.

When you started Shasta, how many people was it at the beginning?

When we started, there was just myself and Ted. Pretty soon, we were already starting to work on the Checklist, and pretty soon I had met Everett and he joined us and he edited and compiled, did 90% of the work of the Checklist. He did other stuff too.

By the way, we also controlled the Best of the Year. To make some extra money, in those days, the Best Science Fiction of the Year was published annually by Frederick Fell in New York. It was edited by Ted Dikty and Everett F. Bleiler, and I was the third member. That's how we got ourselves a nice little income! We did *The Best Science Fiction Stories* of 1949, 1950, 1951... There was also *The Best Science Fiction Novels* of the year. There wasn't a lot of competition then! Today there's all kinds of people putting out what they say is the best of the year. But for many years we were the ones.

How long was it for you between the U of C and law school? Did you go straight into law school or were you working just in publishing for a while?

I was publishing there for a while. I didn't get directly into law school. We (Shasta) were so successful that the New York publishers all woke up. Doubleday, Random House, every one of them went and had a science fiction line because they saw what we were doing. It wasn't just us, there were several other people who were doing very good small press – Fantasy Press, Gnome Press. And of course Augie Derleth with Arkham House. There were already three or four dynamite little businesses. We published everybody, Heinlein, Asimov, Bradbury; our groups did them all.

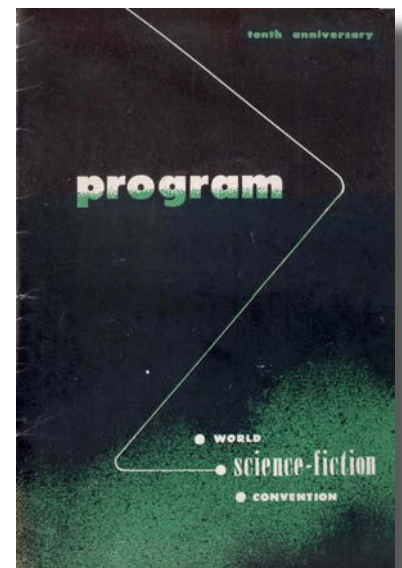
We were so successful that we found ourselves out of business, because we couldn't compete with the New York publishers in terms of advances, promotions, everything.

You demonstrated the market was there that they weren't taking seriously.

You got it! We put ourselves out of business! I can tell you this, in fact, because my mentor in New York, one of my closest friends, he told me this right to my face. That was Bennett Cerf, he was Random House. And he was also famous on *What's My Line*. Bennett adopted me. For years, I would spend three-fourths of my time in New York because that's where the action in publishing was. I kept a suite at the Algonquin. Oh boy, what a life I had! Loved it, had a great time.

Tell us a story that begins with "No shit, there we were..."

Well, I don't usually use the word shit in conversation! (laughs) The basic thing is this. It's like everything else in life, you have to be in the right place at the right time. The Shasta years, we were in the right place at the right time. That's important no matter what happens to you in life. You don't know it at the time, but looking backwards you realize that for good or evil, for good really, I was in the right place at the right time and that's how it all happened.



Courtesy of FANAC.org

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ROTTERDAM AUGUST 2024

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ACCESS

Accessing the Access Department

The Access Department is here to help make your convention experience as pain-free and as stress-free as possible. There are services available to all members who need extra help accessing any part of the convention, whether or not you have a diagnosed disability. Our on-site accommodation plans currently under development include mobile and power wheelchair rental, ASL interpreters, CART (live captioning) providers, reserved accessible seating and cut-outs at panels, a service animal policy, and our Tranquility Base (a low-sensory input quiet space in the hotel where you can recharge) – with even more in the works. If you will need to utilize any of those services, please let us know in advance so that we can plan for the demand. If you

have a need that isn't covered by the above, you should definitely reach out to our team so that we can explore accommodation options for you.

The team can be reached via email anytime at access@chicon.org. We'll get back to you within 48 to 72 hours. We're also hard at work updating our information on the Chicon 8 website. This site will contain accessible travel recommendations, hotel information, accessible room reservation process, membership information, onsite accommodation plans and policies, and more. You'll find that at <https://chicon.org/home/for-members/accessibility-services/>.

We look forward to hearing from you, and to serving you at the convention!

ART SHOW

Yes! There will be an Art Show! It's being brought to you by the team of Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink, Jerome Scott, and a cast of thousands (okay, okay, we exaggerate, a cast of 10s). We are excited about it and looking forward to all the fun stuff planned.

Lots of things are in the works for the Art Show:

- A reception with ASFA and the Chesley awards
- A print shop
- Demonstration spaces available in the art show
- A special exhibit of the collections of our Guests of Honor: Erle Korshak, and Edie Stern and Joe Siclari
- A showing of the best of #GeeksWholnk (the Chicon version of #Inktober)
- A showing of the art of the Artist Guest of Honor Floyd Norman
- A showing of the art of Featured Guests Gene Ha and Eric Wilkerson

- A showing of all the Rotsler Award winners and their art
- An art show auction brought to you by the Dorsai Irregulars auctioneer team, always a fun time!

In short everything you would expect at a Worldcon art show and more.

There will be quicksale in addition to the normal silent and voice bidding process. Pieces sold by quicksale will be requested to remain on display until the end of the show.

We are exploring what options we will be able to provide for virtual attendees.

For artists, both panel and table spaces will be available. Pricing on panels and table spaces are still being worked out and will be up on the Chicon 8 site shortly. Look to the Chicon website (**Art Show - Chicon 8**) or contact us at artshow@chicon.org for updates and information on costs, how to register, and more.

CHILDCARE SERVICES

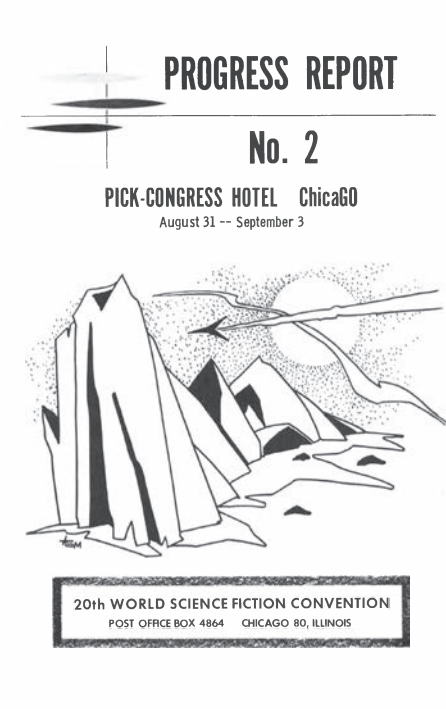
Chicon 8 is planning to have childcare services available for our members. While we have not yet contracted with a vendor, our plan is to have childcare available for children up to 12 years old on all five days of the event. Childcare is not included

with either Kid-in-Tow or Child memberships, but will be able to be reserved and paid for by the member on an as-needed basis. More details will be announced in early 2022.

DEALERS ROOM

There will be a dealers room at Chicon 8! It will be run by Angela Jones, who has run dealers rooms multiple times. A diversity of items will be offered for sale from both new and returning vendors. Planning is underway to ensure a smooth signup

process for dealers and a FAQ and application will be online in November 2021. Look for this information on the Chicon 8 website **dealers room post!**



Courtesy of FANAC.org

EVENTS

It's been a busy time for Events. In our recent hotel meeting we've locked in our spaces and the big events are all homed. Each day of the con will feature a big event, to which all attendees are invited.

Thursday night is the night for **information** and **welcome**. Opening ceremonies is a chance to meet members of the convention committee and receive the latest information about the convention and the exciting days ahead, and a first chance to meet our Guests of Honors and hear from them. But this will be more than just a panel on stage, instead intermixed with entertainment and fun.

Friday night is the night for **fun** and **entertainment**. The evening will be full of surprises and fun. Many interesting happenings are coming together to make an evening of wonderment.

Saturday night is the night of **creativity** and **presentation**. The World Science Fiction Convention Masquerade, this year presented by

the Chicagoland Costumers' Guild, is always one of any Worldcon's premiere events. If you've only experienced cosplay on the convention floor, seeing a full-blown stage show Masquerade can be quite an eye-opening event.

Sunday night is the night of **honor** and **tradition** and brings the pinnacle of the convention events, the World Science Fiction Society's Hugo Awards. Science fiction honors its own and awards the cherished Hugo Award Rocket in multiple categories, covering literature, media, informational, art, and overall contributions to science fiction. Not required, but this is an excellent opportunity to dress up and be seen. Always a moving experience that all fans should experience.

Monday afternoon is the day for **send-off** and will find the **closing ceremonies**. Hear the convention committee's thoughts on how the convention went and perhaps share some stories you might have missed. Also a chance for us to thank you for

being the most important part of the event. This also marks the official handoff to the 81st World Science Fiction Convention committee, but will it be Chengdu, China, or Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada?

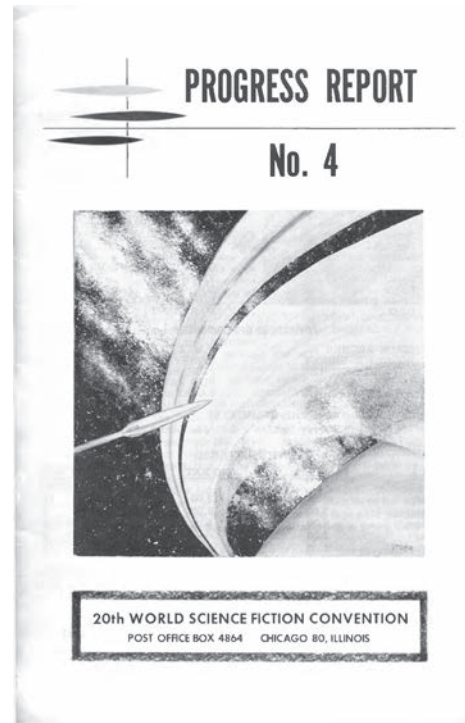
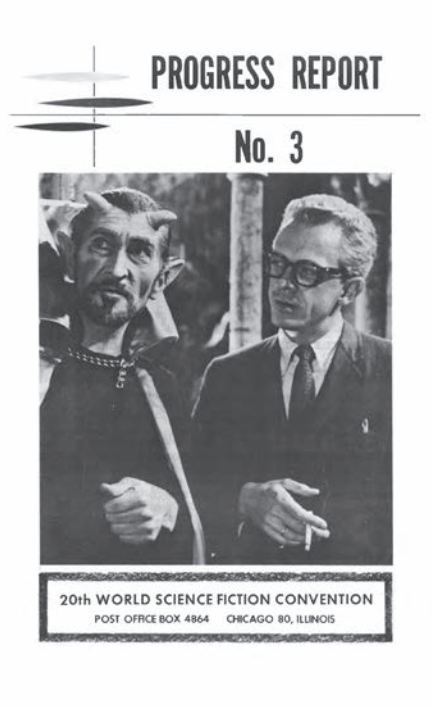
Besides these big events, we have many other happenings.

- Most nights of the con will find a different DJ'd dance, a great chance to shake off the day and dance into the night.

- Musical acts, covering the spectrum of styles, throughout the convention.

... and a wealth of other acts of every stripe and appearance.

And if you've ever wanted to work behind the scenes on these amazing events, we are happy to invite you to volunteer, which only serves to enhance your convention experience.



Courtesy of FANAC.org

EXHIBIT HALL

One of the fun things to see at Worldcon are the displays in the Exhibit Hall. We are hoping to have several interesting displays for you to look at, including (but definitely not limited to) a history of Chicago fandom, a costuming exhibit, and our 1946 Project.

If you would like to be involved with the creating of displays, we will definitely need help with that! Please contact volunteers@chicon.org or fill out the

volunteer form at

<https://chicon.org/home/volunteering/volunteers/>.

Also in our Exhibit Hall will be plenty of space for fan tables. If your convention or fannish group would like to have a table so you can talk to Chicon attendees about how cool you are, we will have space for you! Email us at fantables@chicon.org to get on our list and we'll notify you when sign-up officially opens in early 2022.

INTERNATIONAL (VISA TEAM)

International attendees take note

This is the **Visa Team**, a part of Member Services that helps international attendees by providing links to resources for getting to the United States.

Members planning to attend Chicon 8 from outside the United States should check out the **International Travelers** page on the website for information and links about visas, passports, and other requirements.

FACILITIES

Room rates:

We are pleased to announce that our rate of \$165 (\$193.71 including state and local taxes) for all standard King, Double, and Accessible rooms, single through quad occupancy. There are no additional fees other than the state and local taxes, which are currently 17.4%

Booking a regular sleeping room:

Our room bookings will open in February 2022. Be sure to follow us on **Twitter** or check our **website** regularly for announcements for the exact date and time.

All room reservations must be made through the Hyatt booking page. We will post the URL on the Chicon 8 web page about a week before bookings open. This is for your convenience; the link will not accept bookings until the official opening.

All room reservations will require a credit card to guarantee the reservations, which will only be charged if the room fails to check-in on the date of the reservation. Reservations can be canceled up to 3 p.m. Chicago time three days prior to your scheduled check-in date without any penalties.

Reservations can be made via the website until August 2, 2022. Reservations made after that date may not be eligible for the reduced convention rate.

We will be providing two URLs for room booking. Both will have the full variety of standard rooms. You just need to decide which floor type is best for you.

Party Floor URL (or “we may have a bit of noise” floors):

Does any of the following sound like what you are

looking for? If so, the Party Floor might be the perfect choice for you.

- You want easy access to the evening festivities.
- You are assisting in a suite party and need to be close by.
- You want to throw a more intimate shindig using a standard room. (*You will need to register with the party coordinator prior to the convention.*)
- You’re a heavy sleeper, or noise doesn’t bother you, and you are willing to help to protect the convention from noise complaints.

Quiet Floor URL (or the non-party floors):

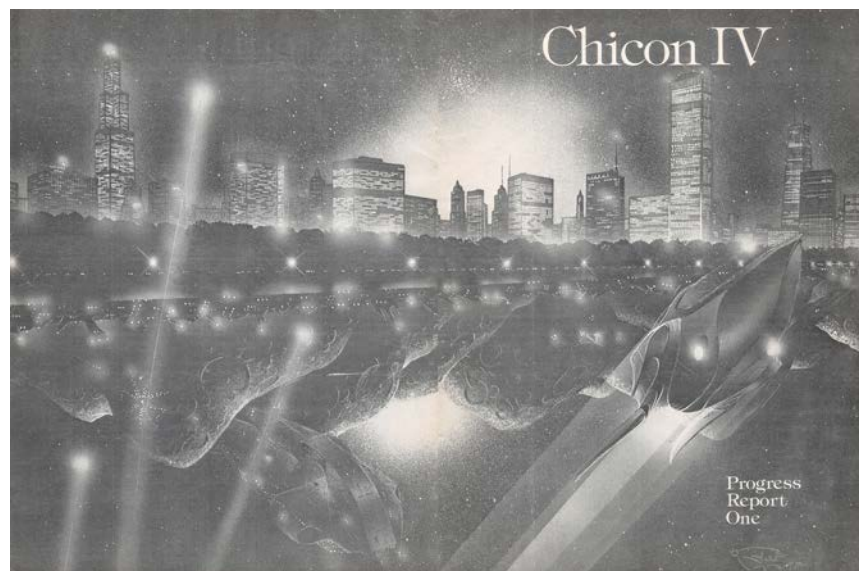
If any of these options sound like what you are looking for, the Quiet Floors may be the perfect choice for you.

- You have children staying in your room.
- You just don’t like being in the center of it all.
- You have no intention of hosting a gathering. (*You can host parties only on party floors.*)
- You just want to enjoy a good night’s sleep.

If the room type you are looking for doesn’t appear when booking your room in a particular block, it means the type you are requesting has been sold out. Please do not book in the other block unless you are willing to be flexible. Do not book on the party floor and expect it to be quiet or try to throw a party on the quiet floor; it just won’t work. Try to figure out an alternative that does work for you.

Booking suites:

All suites, both party and non-party, will only be able to be booked through the convention.



Courtesy of FANAC.org

PROGRAM

Program Division progress

The Program Division is hard at work creating an exciting, vibrant mix of panels, workshops, meetups, and everything else you would expect from a Worldcon (and a few surprises too!). But we need your help to bring our vision to life.

Let us know you want to be a program participant today! Are you interested in being a panelist, or delivering a workshop, or presenting a solo talk, or in one of the many other ways program participants contribute to a Worldcon? If you're interested in hearing from us when applications open, please fill out the notification form on the Chicon 8 website at <https://chicon.org/home/whats-happening/program/>.

While there, you may also submit any ideas you have for panels. We welcome suggestions from the entire community.

Chicon 8 will be using an opt-in program development model. During our signup phase in 2022, program participants will select specific program items that they would like to be on. They will be asked to provide information as to why they are a great choice for the topics that they choose.

Key dates for your calendar:

- The Program Participant Interest Form is available on the Chicon website now.
- The deadline to express interest in being a program participant is March 31, 2022.
- Program participants will be able to sign up to specific panels in March 2022. The signup period will end in April 2022.
- Hugo finalists will be added to the program in May 2022.
- Everyone who has applied to be a program participant will know their accepted/rejected status by June 2022.

Volunteer with the Program Division! So many wonderful people have already joined the Program Division, but there are a few key roles that we still need to fill. Do visit

<https://chicon.org/home/volunteering/volunteer-opportunities/>

to see the current open roles in our division. Help us deliver a world-class Worldcon!



Courtesy of FANAC.org

STAFF SERVICES

The Staff Services volunteers area has been working away at getting new volunteers placed with divisions throughout the convention. We have people from all walks of life joining our team. Alice Lawson, the Volunteers Area Head, is interviewing more people every day to find their interests and match them with areas that need people.

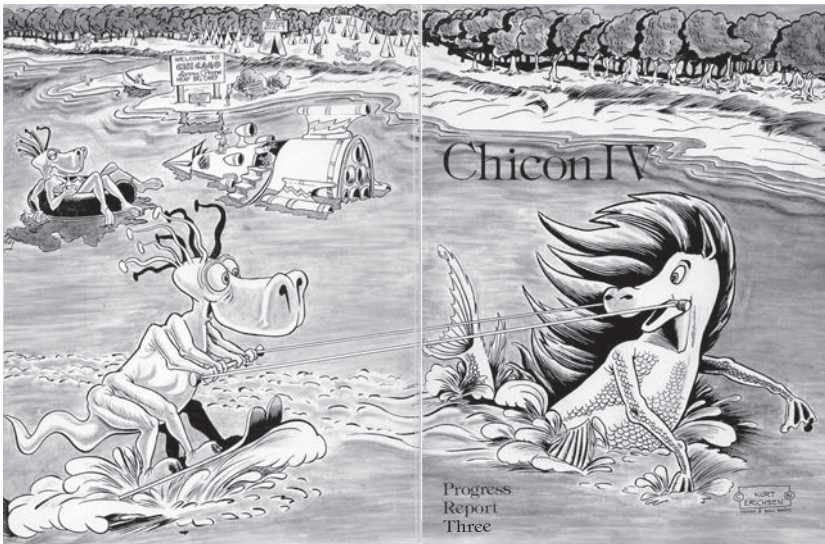
We are gearing up for the convention. We have started looking for people to staff Logistics, At-con IT, Con Office, and the 5-2-1 Care Team. These are all 90% at-con roles with a few virtual meetings held pre-con. Even though most of the work is at-con, we want to get you onboard sooner rather than later.

There is an open position in the Staff Services Division that we would like to fill sooner rather than later. We

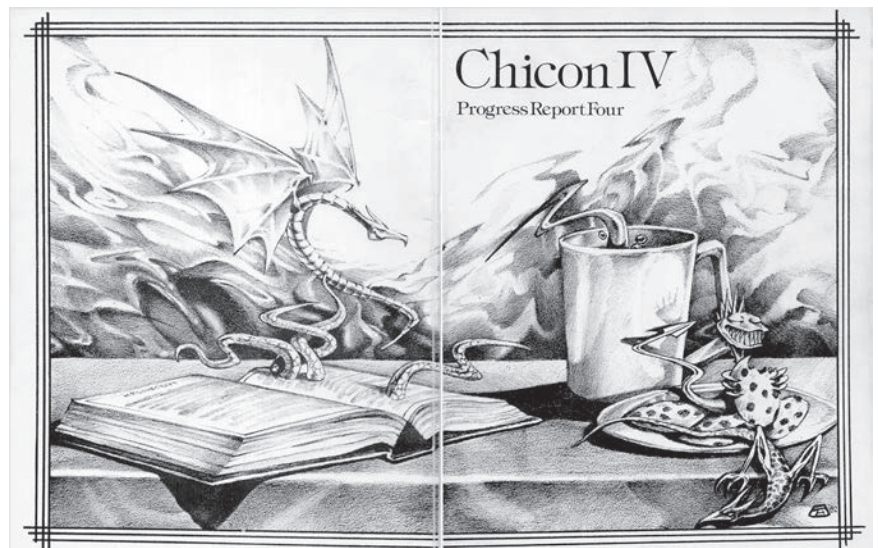
are looking for an At-Con IT Area Head. This role involves working with the other divisions to gather computing requirements, ordering the computers, tablets, printers, and peripherals as needed, receive, set up, support, and tear down the hardware during move-in/move-out and the convention. It would be helpful if the person volunteering for this role had past convention experience in this kind of work, and is someone who is quite comfortable managing a small team of other tech-oriented folks. If this is you or if you are interested in volunteering for any role, please fill out the volunteer form on the Chicon website:

<https://chicon.org/home/volunteering/volunteer-form/>.

For more information on other volunteer opportunities, check the website or email **Volunteers@chicon.org**.

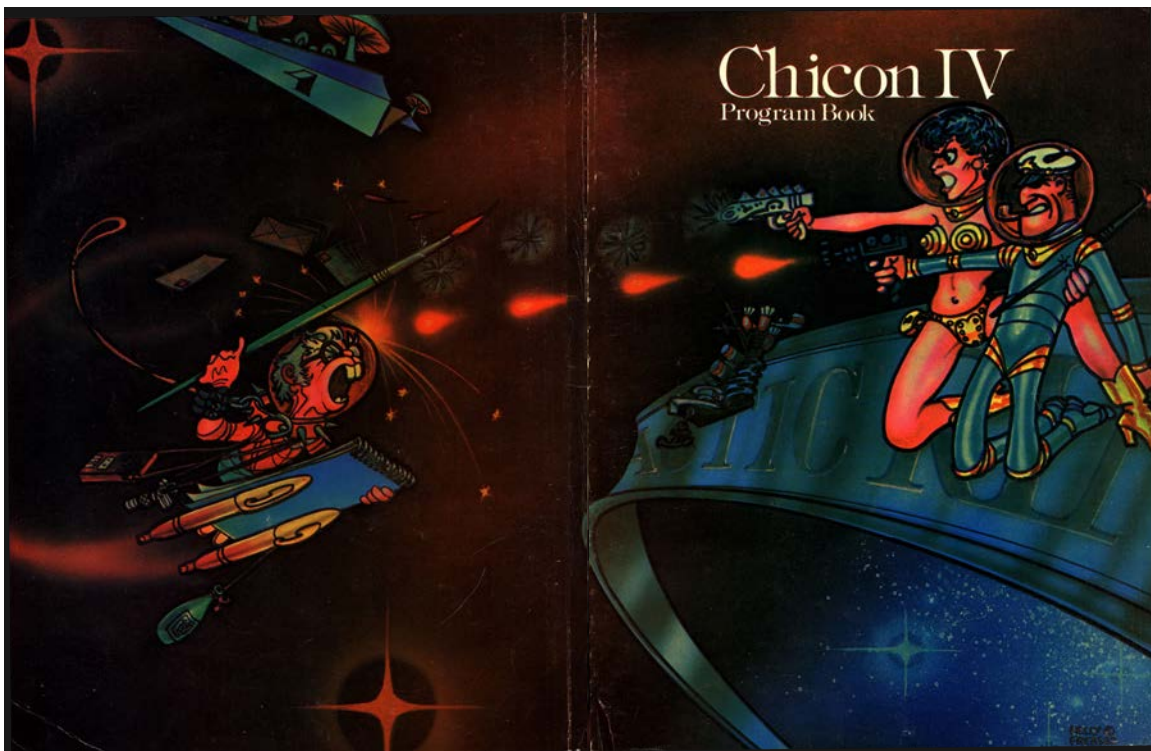


Courtesy of FANAC.org





Courtesy of FANAC.org





Glasgow in 2024

A Worldcon For Our Futures

Glasgow is a vibrant city filled with science fiction, fantasy and inventiveness, and our team aims to bring our love of these to our Bid to host the 82nd Worldcon. Our venue, the Scottish Event Campus, has seen much growth with new onsite hotels and restaurants, and will serve as a hub for a fantastic Worldcon. Join us as we bring all our futures together in one great celebration!

8th-12th August 2024 • Glasgow SEC

www.glasgow2024.org • [🐦@glasgowin2024](https://twitter.com/glasgowin2024) • info@glasgow2024.org



MEMBERSHIP DEMOGRAPHICS



The following table summarises the Chicon 8 membership demographics as of August 28, 2021.

Country	Adult Attending *	Age Attending **	Supporting	Total
Australia	4		12	16
Austria			2	2
Belgium	1			1
Bermuda	1			1
Brazil	2			2
Canada	25		19	44
China			1	1
Denmark			1	1
Finland			15	15
France			2	2
Germany	9		13	22
Ireland	8		10	18
Israel	1		1	2
Italy			1	1
Japan	3		2	5
Luxembourg			1	1
Netherlands	3		2	5
New Zealand	1		3	4
Norway			3	3
Poland			1	1
Saudi Arabia			14	14
Spain	1			1
Sweden	5		5	10
Switzerland			2	2
Thailand			1	1
United Kingdom	29	3	43	75
United States	955	33	240	1228
TOTAL	1048	36	394	1478

(*) includes First Worldcon attendees

(**) includes Young Adults, Teen and Child Attending Members

The US state demographics for the 1,228 US members are shown on the following table and chart. We are delighted to already have members from 45 different states (plus Washington D.C.) – and if you’re in (North or South!) Dakota, Montana, Utah, or West Virginia, we’d love to hear from you!

Alabama	(5)	Kansas	(13)	North Carolina	(16)
Alaska	(2)	Kentucky	(4)	Ohio	(34)
Arizona	(14)	Louisiana	(5)	Oklahoma	(11)
Arkansas	(2)	Maine	(2)	Oregon	(24)
California	(162)	Maryland	(36)	Pennsylvania	(27)
Colorado	(25)	Massachusetts	(55)	Rhode Island	(3)
Connecticut	(7)	Michigan	(51)	South Carolina	(7)
Delaware	(5)	Minnesota	(70)	Tennessee	(7)
District of Columbia	(5)	Mississippi	(1)	Texas	(47)
Florida	(23)	Missouri	(21)	Vermont	(1)
Georgia	(5)	Nebraska	(12)	Virginia	(35)
Hawaii	(7)	Nevada	(9)	Washington	(56)
Idaho	(1)	New Hampshire	(10)	Wisconsin	(52)
Illinois	(241)	New Jersey	(21)	Wyoming	(2)
Indiana	(24)	New Mexico	(12)		
Iowa	(10)	New York	(40)		

