

# WINDYCON XV





# WINDYCON XV

NOVEMBER 11-13, 1988

*presents*

**Orson Scott Card**  
Author Guest of Honor

**Lou Aronica**  
Editor Guest of Honor

**Erin McKee**  
Artist Guest of Honor

**Lynne and Mark Aronson**  
Fan Guests of Honor

**Wilson Q. Tucker**  
Toastmaster

## With Special Guests

George Alec Effinger; James P. Hogan; Barry B. Longyear;  
Mickey Zucker Reichert; Christopher Stasheff

## And Other Notables

Andrea Alton; David Lee Anderson; Arlan Andrews; Jim Baen;  
Robin Bailey; P.J. Beese; Suzanne Blom; Veronica Chapman;  
Darlene P. Coltrain; Glen Cook; Buck Coulson; Juanita Coulson; Bill Fawcett;  
Beth Fleisher; Phil Foglio; Martin H. Greenberg; Todd Hamilton;  
Joan Hanke-Woods; P.C. Hodgell; Betty Ann Hull; Lee Killough; Pat Killough;  
Ellen Kozak; Michael P. Kube-McDowell; Mercedes Lackey;  
George Laskowski; Ricia Mainhardt; Chris Morris; Janet Morris;  
Frieda A. Murray; Jody Lynn Nye; Richard Pini; Wendy Pini;  
Frederick Pohl; Mike Resnick; Doug Rice; Joel Rosenberg;  
Fred Saberhagen; Joe Sanders; Susan Shapiro; Martha Soukup;  
Leon Stover; Jack Williamson; Gene Wolfe; Timothy Zahn

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**Asst. Chairman:** Leonard J. Wenshe

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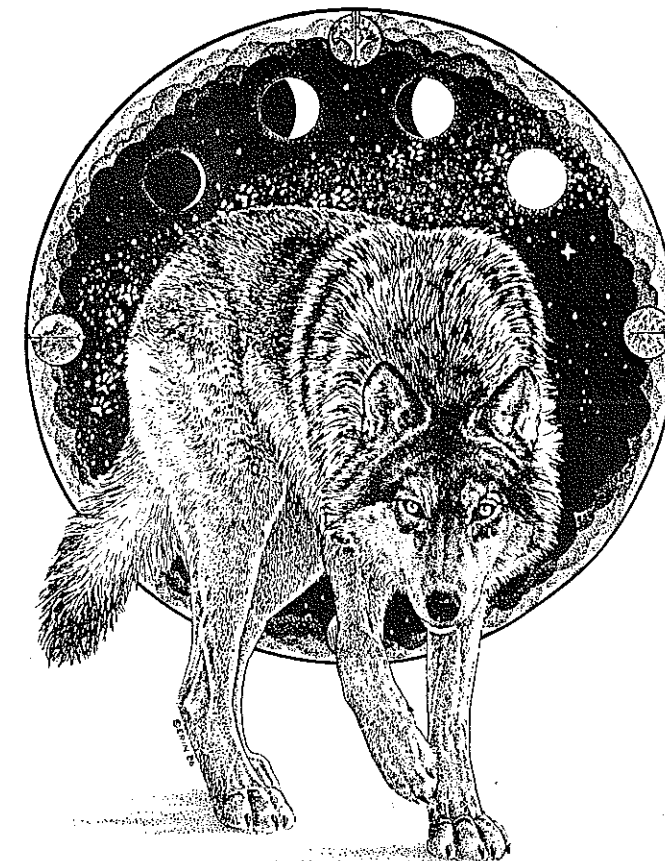
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**(Progress Report & Flyers):** Debra A. Wright

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**Special Events:** Dina E. Krause

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## Table of Contents

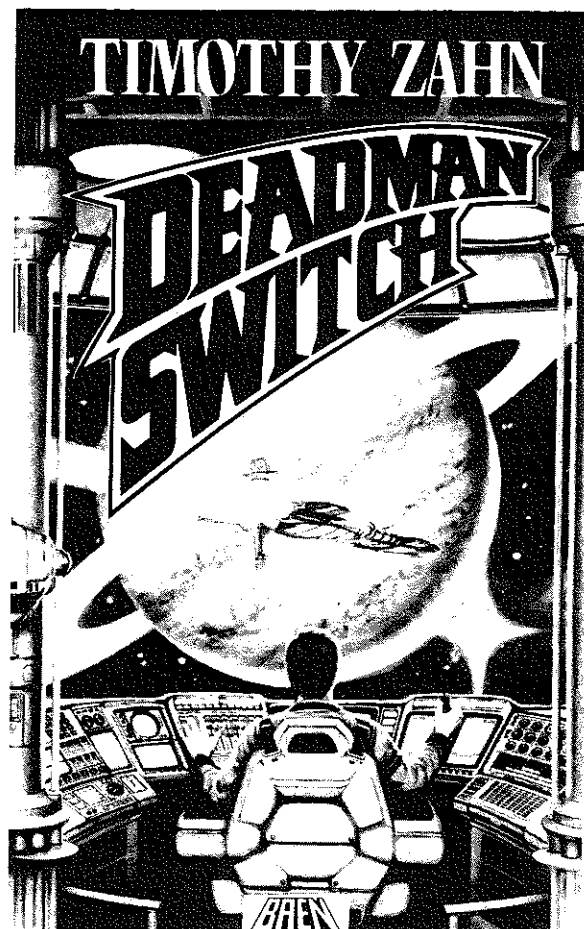
Lynne Aronson	3
Mark Aronson	4
Art Show	15
Chairman's Message	7
Child Care	15
Con Suite	14
Dealer's Room	14
Filking	14
Films	15
Gaming	14
ISFiC Contest Winners	16
Operations	15
Programming	9
Special Events	13
Wilson Tucker	5
Weapons Policy	16
Jack Williamson	7

**Special thanks** to Tim Allison and Michael Madaj for their assistance in the production of this Program Book. Thanks also to Robert 'Mr. Moose' Lovell for the use of his equipment.

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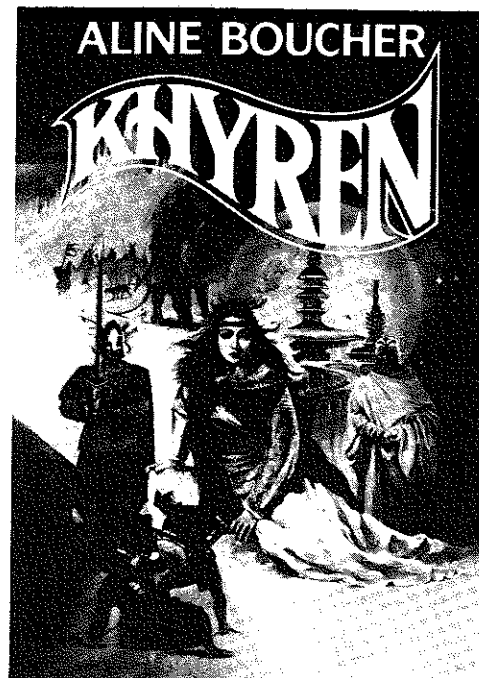
# NEW FROM BAEN IN OCTOBER

Kill a convict, get a map: There's only one way into the Solitaire system and that's by means of human sacrifice. Only when a freshly dead corpse is present can a ship navigate the torturous nebula surrounding Solitaire—a nebula that just may possess the spark of life in its depths. The author of **Cobra**, **Cascade Point** and **Triplet** leads us on an exciting adventure in a new science fictional universe where the powers of the intuitive mind are just as important as the laws of science.



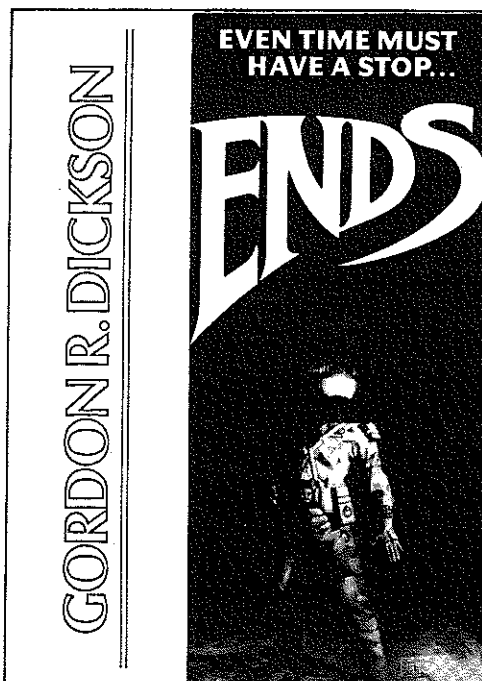
69784-6 • 384 pages • \$3.95

BAEN BOOKS  
Distributed by Simon & Shuster  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10020



69781-1 • 384 pages • \$3.50

She was a stranger in a very strange land...  
In this elegant adventure, a twentieth century jogger is transported from her comfortable suburban neighborhood to a world at once primitive and scientifically advanced. A world where woman are chattel and it takes more than a pair of Reeboks to survive. This is the story of one woman's struggle to triumph over fate.



69782-X • 352 pages • \$3.95

All things have a time of innocence. A time when the world is new and no false steps have been taken. When no good fight has yet been lost, and no good cause turned bad. But that is only the beginning. Sooner or later that step is taken, the fight lost in a cause become unworthy. Time must have a stop; entropy will out. That is the theme of this companion volume to **Beginnings: ENDS**.

## Lynne Aronson by Phyllis Eisenstein

When I was in high school, I hung out with a pretty talented bunch of guys. They were smart and creative, they played musical instruments ranging from the piano to the glockenspiel, and all of them managed to avoid gym class by joining the R.O.T.C. From that last you may guess why I call them "guys"—I was the only female in the crew. And while there were distinct advantages to this sex, there were also disadvantages. For example, one time the group decided to tape a reading of J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look." Unfortunately, the play required *two* female voices.

"Fear not," said Ira, who had already offered to do the other female voice and been vetoed, "I have the solution." And when the afternoon of the taping came around, he showed up with a stranger in tow: Lynne.

Well, twenty-five years have passed since that afternoon, and what happened to the tape, and to the various other projects that group concocted, I couldn't say. In fact, I've pretty much lost touch with the guys. But I haven't lost touch with Lynne. Because within days, perhaps even minutes, of that play reading, she became my best friend. And here I am, to try and tell you something about her, to distill from those twenty-five years some essence that will show her to you as I have seen her. To try to recall times like the night she and I sang folksongs in the bar of a bowling alley on the South Side for five bucks apiece. Or the time we went to Riverview, that defunct but never-to-be-forgotten amusement park, and rode the baddest roller coaster in the world till the sun went down. Or the times she came over to my house while my mother was dying of cancer there, and none of my other high school friends would even phone. Or the time...but you get the idea. Best friends.

She let me drag her into fandom. Her father

read sf, so she had a certain genetic predisposition to the genre; they both especially loved *Wild Talent* by Bob Tucker. And Lynne had a driver's license and access to the family car. So every month the two of us would drive up to Wrigleyville from the South Side to attend regular fan meetings at George Price's place. That was the center of Chicago fandom back then, twenty or thirty people crammed into a three-room apartment. As for cons—back in those pre-Windycon days, if you wanted to go to a con, the nearest was in Cincinnati; so we went, still teenagers, and we got to meet Tucker and a flock of other friendly folks. For Lynne, there was no turning back after that. Her first Worldcon was 1967, where she competed in the Masquerade in a dress entirely covered with rejection slips from the sf magazines. She became well-known in Midwestern fannish circles, a regular attendee of such seminal smof-fests as Midwestcon and Windycon. Eventually, she masterminded Windycon, chairing the first three. She also worked unstintingly at numerous Worldcons, generally at registration. In 1980, she organized and conducted the Great Noreascon Two One-Shot Chorale. And, of course, she met her husband in fandom.

But for Lynne, as for most of us, there's more top life than fandom. In her secret identity as a real person, Lynne is a gifted singer and actress. As a youngster, she sang in her temple choir and in our high school girl's chorus. As a college student in the Sixties, she appeared in such productions as "The King and I" (playing Lady Thiang) and "Pagliacci" (as Nedda). Later, at local Chicago theaters, she worked in less traditional — and non-musical — plays such as "The People Versus Ranchman," a production which called for the audience to be frisked before it was allowed into the theater. During this time she was also on tech crews, running light boards and trying to avoid being electrocuted. But perhaps her most interesting behind-the-scenes experience was a musical one — she coached the chorus in the original production of "Grease" (which was of course, in Chicago — did you know that?)

I can't underestimate the importance of music in Lynne's life. For years, she has sung

spend years honing their talents to the point where they can make you suspend your disbelief while they write about other worlds. Mark can transport you to Nirvana just by picking up his violin and playing a few notes on it. And as if that weren't enough, while the rest of us were sweltering through the Midwest's worst summer of the century, Mark was actually being paid good money to sing with his chorale group in cool, comfortable Salzburg, Austria.

Perhaps the worst of all is his sense of humor. He's not only a brilliant and witty public speaker, but every now and then—as with his now-classic detective story about Tucker's missing "Smooth"—he puts pen to paper just to embarrass the rest of us guys who write for a living.

Which is a roundabout way of saying that I'm not going to write anything nice about Mark Aronson after all, and Windycon can go find some other poor slob to blindly praise this half of their Fan Guest of Honor.

So there!

—Mike Resnick

WENDY

and

STERNO

have the pleasure  
of announcing  
their marriage  
on

Sunday, the thirty-first  
of July, nineteen  
hundred and  
eighty-eight

## Who Loves Ya, Mr. Tucker?

by  
Martha Beck

How does one write an introduction for a "LIVING LEGEND OF FANDOM"? This man of many names—Ho Ping Pong, Wilson, Bob, Son of Rusty, Builder of Fan Motels, Lover of beautiful women, grandfather of all beautiful women under sixteen, writer of many fine science fiction books, many fine mysteries, many, many fanzine articles, producer of infamous fanzines—Who is this man?? Having known and loved him for only thirty-one years, I am not qualified to speak about his many fine characteristics. Humbleness overcomes me—and I cannot speak about his bad side—having found only one in thirty-one years (I'm asthmatic, and he loves those little cigars—I used to smoke them with him, but my lungs betrayed me). Now we spend much time on opposite sides of big rooms, so he can enjoy his filthy habit...I say that only out of pure jealousy, I want to smoke them, too...

Enough of praise, everyone knows what a wonderful man Wilson "Bob" Tucker is—listen to his introductions of others, or when he is a fan guest of honor, or Pro Guest of Honor—he wears many hats, and all well. Do not let my words of praise frighten you away, especially if you are young and female, he is gracious to all fans, and loves to be asked any and all questions about SF, or fandom. Do not ask about "Rosebud" or "Mama Rabbit" stories, as he will embellish (add to, lie, i.e. etc. ...) beyond belief. Ask for autographs, explanations about the great fannish myth of "Smooth". Ask him out to breakfast, lunch or dinner (again, it will help if you are young, female, and rich).

Who Loves Ya, Mr. Tucker????? We all do.

—Martha Beck

professionally (i.e., for money) under various circumstances, especially at synagogues during the Jewish High Holy Days. In the late seventies, she organized the Chicago Semi-Pro Musica, which started out as a bunch of fans who wanted to sing Christmas carols and ended up as a reasonably disciplined choral group performing all sorts of music; and because so many of us in the CSPM were marginal musical literates, she functioned both as our director and our teacher. Ultimately, her interest in music and teaching led her to quit her job as a secretary in an insurance office and return to college to major in music education. She got her certificate, and from 1986 to 1988, she taught music at Senn High School. Currently she is only a thesis away from her Master's Degree.

The years pass. Cons of the past fade into memory, and then even beyond that. The people she worked with, the people she helped, the people that had a good time or an easier time because of her efforts — they forget after a while. And that's in the nature of fandom, because there's always something new to take up our attention, a new con to go to, a new committee to serve on, just as there are always new books to read. But it's good to remember that without Lynne and people like her, we wouldn't have all the conventions that fill up the weekends of the year these days. And fandom would be the poorer for that. And now, no one is more pleased than I that Windycon has chosen to honor her this year.



## About Mark Aronson, Whom I Almost Like.

by  
Mike Resnick

I have a number of problems writing this brief autobiography of Mark Aronson, not the least of which is that I haven't really got anything nice to say about him.

For example: he is a fabulously successful advertising executive, a Vice-President yet, and fully capable of buying me five times over with his pin money. And yet, although we've known each other for more than 20 years, the ingrate hasn't so much as made an offer.

Or take his hair. Please. I wake up every morning and start combing mine—3 back, 2 over, 3 back, 2 over, just trying to keep the sun off my ever-increasing bald spot—while Mark has so much hair that it not only covers his head but has slopped over to his chin as well. (And if there is one thing I hate more than a hairy guy, it's a hairy guy who's over 40 years old.)

Fannishness? Well, without him and Lynne there wouldn't be a Windycon, and if there wasn't a Windycon, I wouldn't always miss my November deadlines. Mark's fault, no question about it, even though my hide-bound editors refuse to see it that way.

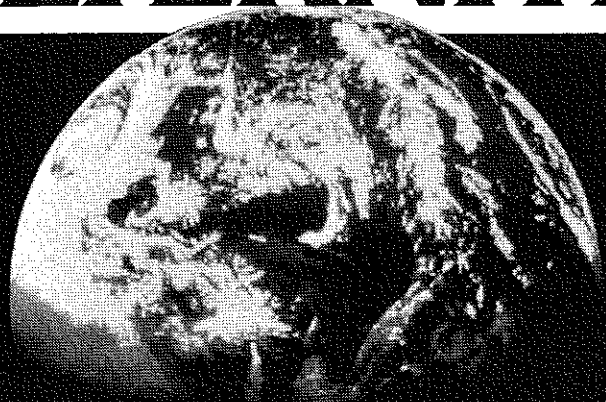
Ability. I thought I was doing pretty well when I got my short story rate up over a dime a word. Mark—a man of few but very well-chosen words—gets over ten dollars a word. And I use really tough words like "cosmology" and "bifurcate" and "zap", whereas Mark uses incredibly simple words like "Cadillac" and "Pepsi". It just isn't fair.

And speaking of unfair, who says he has to make me feel inferior by getting nominated for so many Emmy awards? I bought the first tuxedo I've ever owned when I was Toastmaster at this year's Worldcon; Mark has worn out five tuxedos just attending awards dinners where his work has been nominated.

He cheats, too. Most science fiction writers



ONE EARTH TO RISK.  
ANOTHER TO CONQUER.  
**ALTERNITIES**



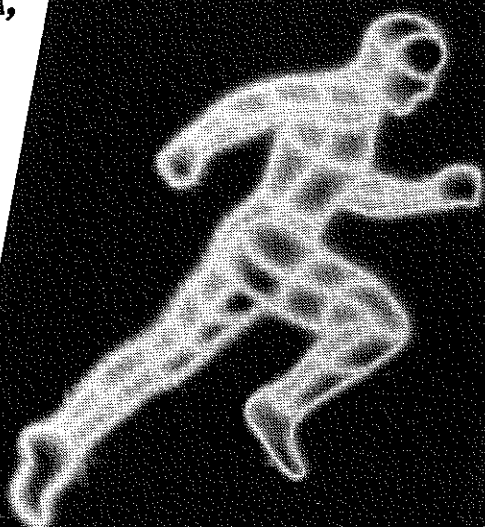
by **Michael P.  
Kube-McDowell**

**Author of EMPRISE, ENIGMA,  
and EMPERY**

Kube-McDowell's writing is "reminiscent of Arthur C. Clark at his best."  
— *Newsday*

The best-kept secret of President Robinson's tyrannical administration is the gate house — a portal to alternate realities... *alternate Americas for him to rule. And the most dangerous thing for Tower Guard Rayne Wallace to do is turn traitor against an oppressive government bent on conquest.*

\$3.95



**JACK WILLIAMSON,**  
the Legionnaire of Space

I haven't really known Jack Williamson for fifty years (actually, it's only a little over forty-nine), so I can't say I knew him from the beginning. I can say that he was part of *my* beginning, because when I first began reading science fiction, at the tender age of eleven or so, one of the names of my literary heroes immediately became Jack Williamson. More than that, he is the one who got me into financial trouble at the age of twelve. I had been buying my sf magazines at the local second-hand store for a nickel a copy; then I came across a very recent one, which contained Part One of Jack's serial, *The Stone from the Green Star*. My dilemma was terrible. I could tough it out and hope the second-hand store would get Part Two reasonably fast . . . or I could step right up to the newsstand and lay out the whole quarter that would let me find out *right now*.

I couldn't wait. And my allowance was never big enough again.

That's a long time ago. Now I'm a little older, and so is Jack. This spring he celebrated his 80th birthday and his 60th year as a professional writer. These occasions did not exactly go unnoticed. To help him mark them, his home town of Portales, New Mexico, elected him its Man of the Year; the state legislature passed a resolution honoring him; his school established a lectureship and a series of symposia in his name — and the local Safeway supermarket ran a treasure hunt, with clues taken from Jack's stories.

Now that's what I call *fame*.

The other thing about Jack is that he richly deserves all the fame and honor and affection this planet has to offer. I don't believe there is a soul in this world who doesn't like Jack Williamson. (If there is, that person sleeps in a room with rubber walls). Starting his ninth decade, Jack is busy planning his next eight or ten novels. I can't say for sure what the books will be. All that I can say is that I'm confident I will love them. . . as I have all his other books, and Jack himself, for most of the years I've been alive.

— Frederick Pohl

**Welcome to  
Windycon XVIII**

Windycon was rough this year. So many of Windycon's staff were deeply involved in Chicago's bid for the 1991 Worldcon that many of Windycon's needs were pushed back. . . and back. . . and back. I want to thank all of Chicago's fans for their patience and understanding during the bid. With the bid behind us, we can now expand Chicon V's base of operations outside of Chicago and return Windycon a good portion of its staff!

This year Windycon has its usual long list of guests, each with his/her won distinctive style. We are pleased to have *Orson Scott Card* as our GoH and thank him for taking time out from his tight calendar to join us. Windycon also welcomes back *Mark* and *Lynne Aronson*, both gone too long from the fold. *Bob Tucker*, our Toastmaster this year, is a long standing friend of Windycon and we're glad he's elected to share his special brand of humor with us as he conducts the Opening and Closing Ceremonies. *Erin McKee's* art adorns the cover of this program book as well as the Progress Report, T-Shirt, Gopher Badges, Registration Badges and flyers! We kept her very busy. *Lou Aronica* brings with him his extensive editing skills that I coulda sure used writing this intro!

Be sure to drop in on the films this year. We have an impressive list of "big" releases that should please all tastes. As usual, we have a big and diverse Dealer's Room. Feel free to browse and spend. The Art Show is great! The quality and variety of art media displayed never fail to amaze me. (And cost me big bucks!!!)

I hope you all have a marvelous time at Windycon and you all come back again next year.

— Kathleen Meyer

Chairman,  
Windycon XV

**ACE  
OCTOBER**

THE #1 PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

THE  
TRIUMPHANT  
CONCLUSION TO  
THE CYCLE OF FIRE!

# SHADOWFANE Janny Wurts

Co-author of *Daughter of the Empire*

"Janny Wurts is a gifted creator of wonders."—Raymond E. Feist

"The world she writes about is wonderfully vivid."  
—Stephen R. Donaldson

Ivainson Jaric, Firelord's heir, must survive the ordeal of the Cycle of Fire if he is to stand against Lord Scait and his demon horde. But deep within the demon realm of Shadowfane a darker, more ancient evil stirs...foreboding doom for mortal and demon alike! \$3.50

Be sure to read the first two books of the exciting and vivid *Cycle of Fire* trilogy, *Stormwarden* and *Keeper of the Keys!*

**ACE**  
NOVEMBER

THE #1 PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

## Programming

Here it is, what you've all been waiting for: the Windycon XV Program! This year, there are *two* author/artist/editor tracks; one track of science and one track of media with a liberal sprinkling of fan programs. Please note that this is *not* a schedule but a *descriptive listing* of programs. The Pocket Program is the **only** printed program schedule.

### \*IMPORTANT\*

These programs were accurate at the press time of the Program Book. There is no guarantee that it will still be accurate for the convention. Please, *please* consult your Pocket Program.

## Author/Artist/Editor

**Con Art: It Sells or It Smells?** An awful lot of books are sold by what appears on the front cover. The problem is a lot of covers have absolutely nothing to do with the story inside.

**Do You Really Believe in Little Green Men?** Quite a few science fiction stories have characters that are aliens; beings that aren't human. Do authors really believe aliens exist or is it just 'Literary License'? As far as it goes, do authors really believe what they write?

**Do You Know the Way to Areton III? Music and science fiction.** Often a science fiction story includes the words to a song or songs that play an integral part in the plot. Sometimes whole novels are based on a musical premise. Problem is, you can't hear them! Especially if you're a musical klutz. What purpose does this music serve and how is it supposed to be interpreted? Also to be discussed: music adapted from science fiction. At least you can hear that!

**How to Create an Alternate World and Make it Work.** The Bible says it took six days to create this world. This panel discusses how alternate worlds are created and whether it can be done in six days!

**Images From the Past: Research for art and story.** There's been a lot said about the creative music that inspires the artist or author. The time has come to talk about all the blood, sweat and tears that go into the research for art and/or story.

**It Came From My Skull! Art not inspired by a story.** As much of the art in the art show doesn't come from a story as does. Where does this art come from and where is it going to? Most importantly, does it sell?

**It Ain't Worth It!** Two serious and possibly conflicting things an artist has to consider is how much a piece of art is worth and how much it can be sold for. This is a panel to discuss just how to set that minimum bid for the art show.

**It's A Living.** An editor is paid to make the final changes in a written work before it is published. That's his/her job. Just like everyone else's job, no one says they have to like it. Maybe it helps, though.

**Jerrymandering = Co-Authoring?** Collaborating on a story sounds simple, right? A panel of past, present and maybe future collaborators discuss just how simple it is ... or isn't.

**On The Road To Fame And Fortune.** A discussion of what happens after your first success. Are people beating down your door with requests for more? Can you finally afford to pay your bills? Or are your bills just bigger?

**Science Fiction And Fantasy: Alike And Yet So Unalike.** Most bookstores and libraries blend science fiction and fantasy into one homogeneous lump. Are they really related?

**Splintered Science Fiction.** As a literary form, science fiction seems to have gone off in a dozen different genres and subgenres. Here is a discussion of future trends, predictions and wild speculation on where it's going.

**The Story Generator.** Back by popular demand (!?!). A panel of authors will create a story by passing an idea from one to the other down the line. Just like a game of telephone, only better! (Or worse?)



"Tension getting to you? Take an Asprin!"  
—FANTASY REVIEW

# Robert Asprin's MYTH-NOMERS AND IM-PERVECTIONS

THE EIGHTH—AND *WILDEST*—PUN-FILLED  
FANTASY IN THE MILLION-COPY  
BESTSELLING MYTH SERIES!

"All the *Myth* books are hysterically funny!" —*Analog*  
"An excellent, lighthearted fantasy series." —*Epic Illustrated*

This time Aahz, the Pervert demon, sets off in a huff after myth-understanding something his partner Skeeve has said. So now it's Skeeve's job to apologize for his thoughtless myth-deed and convince his myth-creant cohort to rejoin the firm.

Traveling to the Aahz's home dimension, Skeeve's up against a myth-cellany of sordid characters in the worst neighborhood of the multiverse...where jokes are a felony, and courtesy a myth-demeanor!

\$3.50



**ACE**  
NOVEMBER

THE #1 PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

**Stump The Artists.** A panel of willing victims stand ready to take suggestions from the audience and create a work of art right on the spot. Here's the perfect chance to see how an artist works.

**Pulp And The Short Story Market.** A lot of very well known authors started out in the pulp market and a lot of them still contribute to it. There are also a lot of "unknowns" contributing to it right now. Just what is the pulp market? How does it work and where is it going?

**What Am I Doing Here?** We all like to go to conventions, obviously; we're here. A lot of us probably are here for many reasons, be they business or pleasure. Here's a chance to "fess up" on why you go to conventions.

**Writer's Workshop.** Barry Longyear's writer's workshop has become a tradition at Windycon. If you want to write and haven't yet attended, now is your chance. Note that it runs for two hours both Saturday and Sunday. If you have something you've been working on, be sure to bring it along.

**Yes, But Will It Sell At The Bus Terminal?** All of us here know our favorite styles, our favorite authors and can't wait for the next issue of *Locus* so we can see what new books are out. But is there a market for science fiction and fantasy beyond Fandom? Is it a closed community or is there room for the browser who occasionally buys a book?

**Zen And The Art Of Science Fiction.** According to those who are supposed to know, the "new age" is upon us. Art, music, philosophy, religion have all been affected by this change. Is it new? Is it a change? Has it had any effect on science fiction?

## Fun

**Animal Magnetism.** Love me, love my dog, or cat or boa constrictor or tarantula. Almost all fans have pets. Come and trade your favorite fannish animal story and maybe we can figure out why all God's creatures put up with us.

**The Creative Use Of Elevators.** In the mundane world, elevators take people from one floor to another. Fans can find quite a few other uses for them however.

**Fan Bloopers, Blunders And Practical Jokes.** Seasoned veteran convention goers trade stories of fandom's less graceful moments. And if that doesn't work they'll lie a lot.

**Just say NO!-lacon.** Ever been to a convention that didn't seem to be running quite right? This panel discusses how a con, even a worldcon, shouldn't be run.

**Meet The Bids.** Representatives of various Worldcon bids are here to convince one and all why theirs is the best location for Worldcon. This is your chance to learn to make an educated site selection vote. As an added bonus, the Chicago in '91 bid, now Chicon V, will be able to tell you what happens now that they've won.

**Welcome To Your First Convention!** If this is your first convention you might be a little unsure as to what's going on and how to behave. Here is a panel of experts to help you through the nuances of con etiquette.

**Why We Filk.** There's been filking almost as long as there have been conventions, maybe longer, and filkers are quite intense about their art. Here's a chance to find out why.

## Media

**Science Fiction On Video: Where Is It?** Why aren't science fiction movies more readily available on videotape? Where and how can you find what's out there?

**Re-animation: The "Re-emergence Of Animation."** From Bugs Bunny to Roger Rabbit, how has animation grown?

**Science Fiction Films In Your Future.** A discussion of upcoming science fiction films.

**The Men In Gray Rubber Suits.** Science Fiction movie monsters and aliens from the '50's and '60's. A nostalgic look down latex lane.

**"Stereotype"** A studio presentation of a Russian/American co-production live action-



## THE SPECTACULAR WARLOCK SERIES CONTINUES!

At last, the untold adventures of the Warlock's faithful cybernetic steed, Fess, in the series that is "fresh...well written and entertaining!" —*Fantasy Review*

# THE WARLOCK'S COMPANION Christopher Stasheff

Fess was, indeed, a beloved cyborg. But what about the masters he served before Rod Gallowglass? What about the young, spoiled joyrider? Or the revolutionary hero? Or the crew of a pirate ship? The Gallowglass children are about to hear the truth...from the horse's mouth!

\$3.50



**ACE**  
DECEMBER

THE #1 PUBLISHER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

Productions.

**"Life On The Edge."** A studio presentation of film starring Anne Ramsey and John Glore. From Linden Productions.

**Movie Previews.** Trailers of upcoming films from 20th Century Fox, United Artists, Warner, Columbia and Amblin. Previews include "Cocoon-The Return", "The Fly II", "Child's Play", "Batman", "Back to the Future II", "Indiana Jones III" and "Munchhausen (A Terry Gilbon film)".

The following authors will be among those doing readings of one of their works:

David Lee Anderson  
Orson Scott Card  
Phyllis Eisenstein  
Lee Killough  
Mercedes Lackey  
Barry Longyear  
Mike Resnick

The following authors will be among those scheduled for autograph sessions:

Robin Bailey  
Phyllis Eisenstein  
Todd Hamilton  
P. C. Hodgell  
Lee Killough  
Michael Kube-McDowell  
Mercedes Lackey  
Barry Longyear  
Janet & Chris Morris  
Frederik Pohl  
Mickey Zucker Reichert  
Mike Resnick  
Joel Rosenberg  
Fred Saberhagen  
Wilson Tucker  
Jack Williamson

**Note:** As of press time, the information for the science track was not available. Again, please consult your Pocket Program.

## Special Events or What's Happenin' that's Out-A-Sight

**Friday:** Our fun and ya-ought-to-be-there Opening Ceremonies.

A wonderspectacular Moebius Comedy review — rated ha ha he he (4\*).

**Saturday:** The outrageous Costume Masque (wear a costume and maybe win a prize!)

The 'Bizarre Bazaar' - this time doing it 60's style: wear your beads and fringe and boogey down to the boss sound of Motown and the Beatles. Plus the Stones, Beach Boys and other fun sounds. Write your stuff on the Bathroom Wall — to be given away at the Closing Ceremonies. There will be a prize in the Costume Masque for the best 60's costume. There might be a twist contest. Face painting! Be part of the Flower Children! Come as your favorite 60's TV or movie alien!

**Sunday:** So long, farewell, it's time to say adieu with the Closing Ceremonies. At the Closing Ceremonies, the naming of the Chairman of Windycon XVI will be announced and the 'Thanks, it's been grand' speeches from the GoH's.

### Windycon XV Masque Rules and Regulations

- 1) This is fun!
- 2) There will be a short meeting at the con during the day on Saturday at which time numbers and other info will be passed out. BE THERE!
- 3) About an hour before the 'Bizarre Bazaar', all contestants (children first) will come in and give the judges their forms (from the meeting on Saturday) and get a polaroid picture taken - to be used by the judges for judging.
- 4) As soon as all contestants have been seen and photographed, the doors will open for the dance.
- 5) As soon as the judges have finished, the announcement of winners will be made at the



dance. Again, children first.

6) This is fun!

**Note:** Judging will be done in various categories including Judges Whim. Prizes will be in \$Dealer \$Dollars and be given to the prize winners *only*.

The Masquerade Judges are:

Louisa Foster — A professional theatrical actress, a cosmetical genius, a long time fan and a good buddy of the person in charge of the Masquerade.

Mia McDavid — A fancy-dress fan for 10 years and has sworn not to cut her hair until Chicago politics starts to make sense.

Erin McKee — The Artist GoH and the designer of the Masquerade awards.

Time Travel — Back.

Special Events would like to thank the following:

The Judges: Louisa Foster, Mia McDavid, Erin McKee;

Moebius Theater: E. Michael Blake, Jerry Corrigan, Phil Foglio, Lisa Golliday, George Kraus, Charles Ott, Julie Szczny, Michele Solomon;

and the hordes of people who gave their undying support: John J. Buckley Jr.\*, Mary Susan Ott, Kurt Sakaeda.

### Con Suite

The Windycon Con Suite will be open its usual late hours: from 3 p.m. Friday until 5 or 6 a.m. Saturday; from noon Saturday until 5 or 6 a.m. Sunday; and from noon Sunday until ???

We will have the usual comestibles, and possibly some unusual ones, too!! The golden liquid (bheer) will be available from 5 p.m. until 2 a.m. on Friday, from 5 p.m. until 3 a.m. on Saturday and from noon on Sunday until the Con Suite closes. We have had some problems with our guests becoming over-served, so the Convention decided to limit the hours that bheer was being distributed to the standard liquor license hours in the Cook County area.

Be aware, also, that the *legal drinking age* in the State of Illinois is 21. The convention badges will be color coded, but please don't feel offended if someone on the Con Suite staff asks you for further ID; with the increased awareness of alcohol problems, we're just

covering ourselves from problems with the Blue Meanies.

The Con Suite staff would also like to issue an urgent plea ~~beg~~ for anyone who would like to work in the Con Suite during the Convention. If you would like to work with our merry band of ~~maniacs~~ people, please see us in the Con Suite after you have registered, or see Operations and tell them that you want to work in the Con Suite. Especially appreciated would be people over the legal drinking age to assist in the distribution of the bheer. We would ask, however, that anyone volunteering for this job refrain from ingestion of the golden substance until their shift is over.

We will be in the same suite that we have had in previous years, but in a major change from previous years, the entire Con Suite will be non-smoking. The hotel informed the Convention that the Smoking Con Suite was left as such a disaster area, that it was not to be, this year.

Come up and see us during the convention; it promises to be the usual crazy time!!!!!!!

### Dealer's Room

Once again, the Dealer's Room will be located in the Mayoral Ballroom, on the lower level of the hotel. There will be over 70 tables of merchandise, where more than 40 dealers will present their wares for your perusal. Remember that it is not too early to begin Christmas shopping for your fannish friends.

Also note that food and drink are still not allowed in the Dealer's Room.

— Mike Jencevice

### Gaming Room

Yes. Probably lots and very late. We wish to extend our thanks to the people at **Software Plus** for donating their services for this year's Computer Room. Please check your Pocket Program for details.

### Filksinging

Same time(s) and place(s) as last year (also lots and also probably very late). Again, please check your Pocket Program for details.

### Art Show

This year the Windycon Art Show will be better than ever. We are again going to have an artists' studio demo area and are making arrangements for a print shop. Both of these are in addition to our regular, excellent art show, of course.

Art Show rules will be similar to past years'. For further information, look in your Pocket Program.

— Vicki Bone

### Child Care/Kid's Con Suite

Yes, folks, we will once again take care of your tiny (and not-so-tiny) tots and tot-ettes (ages 6 months to 10 years) while you enjoy the con. Professional child care will be available from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon. Planned hours (as of press time) are:

**Friday:** 7 p.m. - 1 a.m.

**Saturday:** 10 a.m. - 2 a.m.

**Sunday:** 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

But, fellow mummies and daddies, here's the catch: if you wish to avail yourselves of this service, your tots and tot-ettes must be pre-registered. The cost is \$20 per child. Remember, No child care memberships are being sold at the door.

To get technical for a moment: The purchase of a child care membership allows a child unlimited use of the Kid's Con Suite during operating hours, but does not permit the child to wander through the public spaces and function rooms unescorted.

That said, two last reminders: 1) All required medications must be administered by a parent or guardian, and 2) infant survival kits (diapers, bottles, etc.) must accompany your bundles of joy (?) when you drop them off. O.K.? O.K.!

— Chris Malebranche

### Operations

Conventions such as Windycon don't work by themselves. They need able-bodied people to help run it smoothly. If you feel you would like to help, please stop by Operations and give us a hand. We are located in the Schaumburg Room. Workers will receive

membership refunds as well as a few surprises. Come and be a part of the behind-the-scenes of a smoothly run Windycon. We'd love to see you help us all enjoy the con.

Thanks,

Bill Krucek  
and Kirby Sloan

### Film Program

It's showtime! Here's the complete rundown (trust me) of movies we're showing (listed alphabetically). Cartoons and selected short subjects will be interspersed throughout the weekend. (Times for each film can be found in the Pocket Program Guide.)

**A BOY AND HIS DOG** — A buddy picture of a different sort. With Don Johnson and his loyal mutt Blood wandering through a post-apocalyptic world in search of food, water and women (not necessarily in that order).

**BEETLEJUICE** — Life after death becomes chic, as director Tim Burton ("Pee Wee's Big Adventure") gives Michael Keaton a sorely needed career boost as the titled "demonologist" who's summoned by a newly deceased yuppie couple to rid their house of unwanted human inhabitants. Geena Davis, who survived intimate contact with Jeff ("The Fly") Goldblum, here endures the passionate smooches of the moldering Keaton, earning her a "kiss me, you fool" lifetime achievement award.

**BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA** — Or, John Carpenter lays another egg-foo-yung. Kurt Russell tries out his John Wayne impersonation as Jack Burton, daring adventurer, bon vivant and all-around handy guy to have along in a subterranean, evil, ancient Chinese kingdom. In this muddled mass, Confucious reigns.

**BLADE RUNNER** — A moody, evocative view of El-Lay in the year 2019. Film noir at its best. A technological triumph.

**BRAZIL** — This devastatingly cynical satire of a beauracracy of the near future is not for everyone, but it's a dizzying, roller coaster ride through a paper-choked hell you're



looking for, then this film delivers! A splendidly diverse cast, including Katherine Helmond, Bob Hoskins, Michael Palin and Robert DeNiro. Directed by Monty Python alumnus Terry Gilliam.

**THE COMPUTER ANIMATION SHOW** — Get ready for an amazing look into the world of computer-generated images.

**THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK** — Part 2 of Everybody's Favorite Trilogy.

**FREAKS** — Tod Browning's 1932 cult classic presents a horrifying glimpse at the world of the abnormal circus performer, utilizing the more normal plot devices of revenge, greed and murder.

**THE NIGHT OF THE COMET** — Even if a powerful comet wreaks havoc and destruction on an unsuspecting planet, girls still just want to have fun.

**THE PRINCESS BRIDE** — A fairy tale for grown-ups? Wishes do come true, children. Through the magic of motion pictures and the gentle direction of Rob Reiner comes a wonderful story about true love, fair maidens and handsome princes, evil sorcerers, diabolical thieves, screaming eels and other culinary delights. Enjoy.

**REPO MAN** — It's about time... it's about space... it's about an alien in a strange place. What it's really about is anyone's guess, but you're welcome to try. Let's just say "a man's trunk is his universe" and leave it at that.

**RETURN OF THE JEDI** — Part 3 of Everybody's Favorite Trilogy.

**STAR WARS** — Part 1 of Everybody's Favorite Trilogy (although my personal favorite is "The Three Faces of Eve").

**WILLOW** — From the same man who brought you Everybody's Favorite Trilogy comes a fantasy that's truly different — it's long, slow, boring and pointless, with a plot line and characters lifted directly from numerous other films. "Force" yourself to sit through this dreary spectacle, if you dare.

## ISFiC Writers Contest Winners

**First Place:**  
Richard Chwedyk for  
"A Man Makes a Machine..."

**Honorable Mention:**  
Jennifer Stevenson for  
"Green Light on 514"

### Weapons Policy

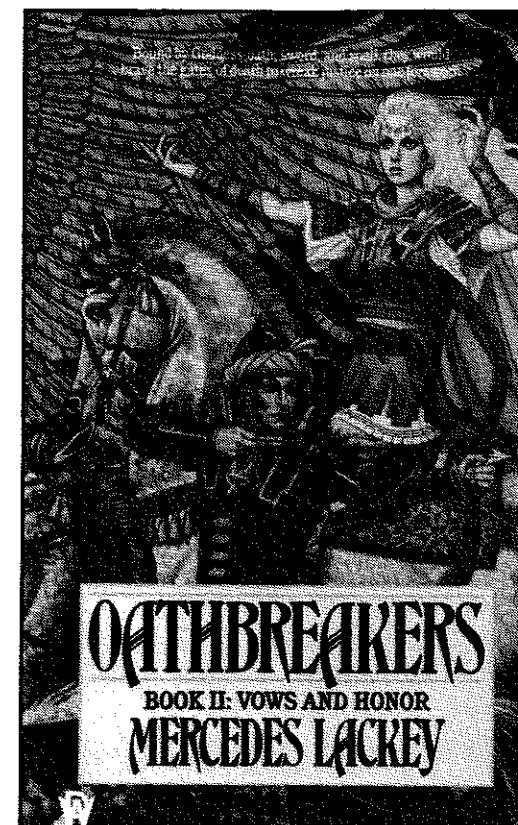
Past incidents have forced us to adopt a strict policy concerning weapons. Consequently, no real or realistic-looking weapons will be allowed anywhere at Windycon. Such weapons cannot be worn or displayed in any way, at any time, and their sale is prohibited.

Violators of Windycon's weapons policy will be required to relinquish their weapons for the duration of the con, or surrender their memberships. In all matters regarding weapons and the enforcement of this policy, the Windycon Committee reserves the right to be completely and viciously arbitrary.



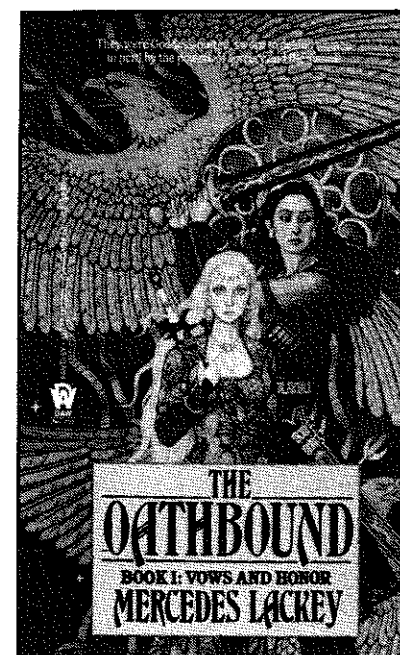
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And evil had indeed cast its shadow over the kingdom of Rethwellan. When Idra, leader of the crack mercenaries known as the Sunhawks, failed to return from a journey to her home, Tarma and Kethry, warrior and mage, set out in search of their vanished leader. In Rethwellan they were told Idra had left on a search for a legendary magical sword which could reveal which of her two brothers was meant to become the new king. With the princess gone, her younger brother had been branded an outlaw and her older brother had claimed the throne. Both instinct and mage-lore told Kethry and Tarma that Idra and her people were in terrible jeopardy. Yet would their Goddess-given powers, aided by those of a Herald of Valdemar, prove strong enough to break the dark enchantment possessing this land?

### Vows and Honor Book I THE OATHBOUND

*Tarma.* She had witnessed the murder of her entire nomadic clan, and, vowing blood revenge upon the killers, had become one of the elite, highly trained warriors—the Sword Sworn.

*Kethry.* She had fled the harshness of her hateful, forced "marriage" to become an adept—pledged to use her magical talents for the greatest good.

When Kethry became the bearer of a magical sword which drew her to others in need, the two were led to a fateful meeting... a meeting which united them by sword-spell, the will of the Goddess—and a sworn blood oath—as they joined forces to avenge not only the wrongs done to them but to all womankind!

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Fred Saberhagen brings new light to bear on some old myths, viewing the legends of King Minos and the Minotaur, Daedalus and Icarus, Theseus and Ariadne, through a uniquely science fictional lens.

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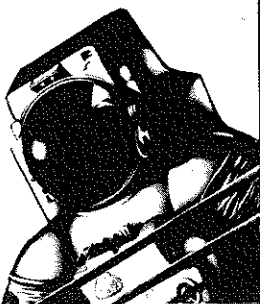
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The latest issue features stories and articles by Charles Sheffield, F. Paul Wilson, Dean Ing, and Jim Baen himself. Write to us about subscription information and get a free poster!

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## "A Man Makes a Machine . . ."

by Richard Chwedyk

"A man makes a machine to do a job faster or better than he himself can do it." So the old phrase goes. It came to me just as I was messaging Nova Galactica Carrier's Control Center about the broken freezer unit and the thawed zhemzhi child. Once the phrase was there, it wouldn't go away.

The lights of the very spare communication board went on.

"N.G.C. is receiving you now," the ship said.

"Thank you." I kept the screen dark, and had not turned on the lights in the Communication Room, using only the soft glow of the board lights.

"I read you, Ariosto. Maggie! What's up, sweetheart?"

That was Gunther. I couldn't see him, but he always addressed me with those phrases: sweetheart, darling, baby. It's the way most monitors speak to intelligences. If it's meant to demean, to embarrass and mock us, Gunther was very good at it. One of the benefits he garnered from long hours at the monitor screens was that he could speak to us in a way that he would never be permitted to speak to real human females.

"There's a malfunction in number seventy-four On Board Freezer Unit. Two of the 64p conduit beams are out. Total shutdown."

"Replacement parts?"

"None."

"Well, why the hell not?"

Ship's inventories are reviewed by intelligences, but humans are responsible for final requisition approval. I'm permitted to point out failures in human judgment, but as a matter of spacefaring etiquette, it simply isn't done.

Gunther understood and moved on to the next question. "What can you rig up?"

"Nothing that will work. The OBFU's were booked solid. Without cannibalizing parts from the unoccupied units, I have nothing to work with."

"You'd better leave that one alone, then."

The concern in his voice seemed genuine. I could have turned on the visual to gauge his response, but I really didn't want to see his face. Gunther had his visual on, I was sure, watching me. He seemed to enjoy that.

But his interest for once might have been more professional. I think that he was referring to

another case, some time back, when an intelligence made a Human Value Judgment in a similar matter, taking parts from an OBFU occupied by an elderly male to repair a unit containing a pregnant female. The results were scandals, lawsuits, decertification of the intelligence. Intelligences are allowed a good deal of leverage on operational matters, but Human Value Judgments, vague as the boundaries may be, are strictly forbidden.

"I don't know what to tell you, baby. Looks like whoever you got unfrozen out there better like ship life. Are you set for food? Atmosphere adjustments?"

"Yes." Whoever had approved the final inventory was probably more concerned with catastrophic events — a crash or disabling of the ship — than with minor mechanical malfunctions.

"Another load of zhemzhies, aren't they?"

"That's correct."

He chuckled. "At least those lizards don't have lawyers, otherwise the carrier would be in a load of shit."

"In Terran terms, the Zhemzhi are considered metasaurians, not lizards." I knew the specific term meant little to Gunther. It also meant little to him that the zhemzhi children matured in about seventeen years; that their average life span was sixty-seven; that they bore their children alive; that affection, upbringing, strong family bonds, were all significant elements of Zhemzhi culture. They were much like humans, at least in some ways. This was the third group of zhemzhi colonists I had taken aboard the Ariosto, all of them bound for Illa, a new world they have been settling for about two centuries.

"Lizards, saurians, so?"

"The unfrozen zhemzhi is a youth. Male, in human approximation. About seven years old."

"Look, Maggie, I know what you're getting at. But what the hell can I tell you?"

"Have there been any unreported course changes recently? Private vessels?"

"Your ship would spot it as soon as we did. The ship with the closest approach to you is the Kora. In another five years it'll be 5.4 AU from Ariosto. Too far to intercept."

"In an emergency?"

"You know as well as I do that for a government ship one thawed lizard does not constitute an emergency. They're afraid of violating the Private Cargoes Act."



"There may be a chance. Kora's equipped with eighteen OBFU's and they set off for Redburn with a crew of twelve humans. That's at least six units not being used." "Then you know more about it than I do. Why ask me?"

"The trip to Illa takes another seventy years. The child will grow old and die on this ship. His parents, when they thaw . . ."

Gunther cleared his throat. "Yeah. I know. It's tough. We'll pay reparations. As far as the kid goes . . . do your best."

"What else can I do?"

He took a deep breath. "Right. Look, have you done a self-diagnostic recently? Checked your hormone balance?"

I told Gunther I would.

"You really look sweet, in those dim lights, you know? I'd go out there and save you myself if I knew you'd be really grateful." I had to be tolerant of this sort of trans-galactic flirting, even as he belittled a serious situation. Intelligences of my classification were designed to be attractive in part to make the work of men like Gunther more pleasurable. After all, Gunther would be retired, maybe even dead, and I would still be en route to Illa. To me he would never be more than a voice, a face on the screen, like many other faces.

"N.G.C. has signed off," said the ship.

"Fine. Thank you."

I sat back, taking in the barren Communication Room much longer than I needed to. "A man makes a machine to do a job faster or better than he himself can do it." I still couldn't get rid of it. It must have come from old text I'd read long ago.

Hhesst was waiting for me, sitting quietly on the floor outside the Communication Room. He was humming or singing some sort of melody. Zhemzhis have pebbly grayish-beige skin, snoutlike faces and vestigial tails. Even in these features they remind me nothing of lizards. I could only think of Hhesst as a child, like any other child.

"Let's go to the reading room," I said to him in Zhemzhi.

He hopped up, excited. "May we look at more pictures there?"

"Oh, yes. I've many pictures to show you." I had already started to teach him a number of things to keep him amused and occupied: the layout of the ship, some simple games, how to operate the text readers in the library.

Hhesst looked at me, his rare gold-colored eyes brightening. Hhesst stood about four feet tall, still dressed in the light blue jumpsuit he must have worn the day he and his family set off for Illa. Clothes, I thought. I would have to do something about clothes when Hhesst grew.

"I know the way!" He raced down the corridor ahead of me, letting out a high-pitched cheer that came mostly from his tiny nostrils.

"What did they say?" His voice echoed. "The people you spoke to in the Communication Room."

"They said . . . we could call them anytime, and talk to them some more."

"May I talk to them sometime?" He stopped at the entrance of the library and waited for me.

"Of course. That's a very good idea. A wonderful idea, Hhesst."

His wide mouth stretched upward; a zhemzhi grin.

"And we can talk to others as well. I can show you how to use the Dirac. Nearly instantaneous communication throughout the galaxy. We can call Zhay-ym, your home world. I think they'd be very pleased to talk to you."

Hhesst cheered once more, running up to one of the reading tables and climbing onto a chair. "May we see the big zhemzhis from Terra again?"

"We called them dinosaurs on Terra, Hhesst. But yes, some of them looked like big zhemzhis, like the big ancestors of your pre-history." I keyed in the text request and waited for the images to fill the tablescreen.

"There was a legend that started a few hundred years ago, that the dinosaurs we believed to be extinct had really been transported from Terra to one of the other worlds in our galaxy."

"Really? Do you think they may have gone to Zhay-ym?"

"I really wouldn't know, Hhesst."

The dinosaurs kept Hhesst fascinated until it was time to go eat. After that, I walked him to his cabin, intended for a human crew member who might have to be unfrozen for at least part of the trip. Though the bunks were considered small, it fit Hhesst with room to spare.

Hhesst, like many other children, would not go to sleep right away. He lay on his side (ves-

tigial tails make it difficult for zhemzhis to sleep on their backs), watching me as I tried to tell him a story.

"I think hot chocolate is the most wonderful food in the universe." Hot chocolate was a recent discovery for him, and resembled a thick, dark chaumek that is popular with zhemzhi children.

"It's supposed to help humans sleep, but it doesn't seem to have that effect on you."

"Do you sleep, Maggie?"

"A little. My metabolism is very differently geared than humans, but since I'm an organic intelligence I have to eat and sleep. Just like them."

"Aren't you human, Maggie?"

"I'm and intelligence, Hhesst. I only look human."

Hhesst made giggling noise. "How can you look human and not be human?"

"Humans are born live from their mothers, like zhemzhis. They have a chance to choose what they'll do with their lives when they grow up. After several bad experiences with human breeding a few hundred years ago, it was decided that the arbitrary development of the gene pool was the safest way to go, at least for human. Do you understand any of that?"

He shook his head slowly. The thick lids of his eyes were beginning to droop.

"I'll explain it later. Anyway, I was designed. There are serial numbers on my genes. I was designed because they needed something to pilot the big starfaring ships, and they didn't want to leave it all to mechanical intelligences. Humans feel more comfortable dealing with humans, even though no human has a long enough life-span to survive the long trips. They don't seem to do well with long periods of solitude, either. So they designed me, and other intelligences, to do the jobs they couldn't do."

Hhesst stared straight ahead, expression leaving his face. In another minute or so he would be asleep.

"But . . . you are human, Maggie."

No, I'm not," I whispered.

"You are . . ." His breathing slowed. I watched him a few minutes more to make sure he was fast asleep, then gently ran my hand over his brow, and over the frill of skin in his head, I hummed a little tune I'd learned long ago from a spacer on my first trip out. "Greensleeves." I didn't know the words, or even if it had any words, but it

seemed like a suitable lullaby. As I left the cabin I wondered if all children were so beautiful in sleep.

Returned to my solace, I could think as I wished, without worrying if my language carried too many human presumptions. I went two levels up to the bridge, to check once more on any possible course changes: the kind of futile gesture that Gunther wanted me to guard for. But Gunther wasn't watching me, nor anyone else from N.G.C.

Even with the supervising of a large ship like the Ariosto, intelligences have a great deal of free time. I spent most of mine reading and studying. Other intelligences do much the same thing, but their work is of a much more applied nature. None of the carriers seemed to mind, for it kept us occupied, and the carrier retained rights for any useful work we might have turned up.

I read poetry, philosophy, novels and plays, describing my work as 'normative linguistics' to keep N.G.C. satisfied that I could tell, was all they were concerned with. Don't strain the budget, keep the overhead low, and don't mess with Human Value Judgments. If we acted like humans, fine. Passengers like that. Government spacers might even enjoy a little warm comfort when duty forced them to dock for supplies or whatever. As long as the property wasn't damaged and everything was paid for, the carriers didn't mind.

After all, humanity to them was just a definition. One, however, that was enforced by law. All the fine work of the Renaissance in conceiving the image of humanity was undone by the time human engineering developed organic machines. The twenty-second century philosophy of Conditionalism changed "I think, therefore I am," to "I only think that I think I am." In such a whirl of involution, it was possible to justify the population corrections of two centuries ago, and the continual elimination of old bio-intelligences to be replaced by their upgrades. The value of 'being' was reduced to a matter of biological imperatives.

I act as a ship's guidance. I must also serve personnel and crew to suit their needs and comforts whenever such persons are on board. I may think I feel worry and concern, show affection to Hhesst, even when he's asleep. But I must not confuse these feelings with real human feelings. I may believe my-



self anything I want, but the registered numbers on my genes make me the property of N.G.C.

"A man makes a machine . . ."

"Maggie." The ship said.

"What is it?"

"Here are the calculations you requested."

"That I requested?"

"Closest approach of the Kora, 5.387 A.U., is now estimated at four years, eleven months, six days, eleven hours."

I couldn't remember asking for them. So this is stress, I thought. Perhaps I should check my hormone balance.

"Ariosto, we have some texts on zhemzhi diet and hygiene, don't we?"

"Two."

"Could you pull them to the bridge screen?"

"One moment."

"Anything like a cookbook? Something about zhemzhi food that I could adapt to ship's supplies?"

"No cookbooks, Maggie."

"I didn't think so. Does the infirmary have enough medicines and antibiotics suitable for zhemzhis?"

"There are some supplies that can be adapted for childhood diseases. The record for number seventy-four, Hhesst Sscharrva, is that he's had all his inoculations and is in good health."

"I don't know what I'll do if he gets sick. Thank you. Oh yes, could you also pull Hamlet for me?"

"It's pulled, Maggie."

"Thank you." The ship had grown used to me by this time.

I did all the technical reading before I returned to Hamlet. I can't recall how many times I've read it. Like all the works of literature that intrigued me, there was something elusive in this story of the Prince of Denmark, something I seemed to be on the verge of grasping but could never quite reach. At times I thought it was my own slowness as a reader, and at other times I felt that this was the ultimate effect of literature, to take us to this boundary of thought and leave us there, because we could never go any further.

"Yet I, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak like John-a-Dreams, unpregnant of my cause, and can say nothing."

I awoke long before Hhesst did. After making him breakfast we returned to the library

and spent more hours looking through texts and running holos. I taught him to play chess, and planned to teach him other games as time passed. And more. With the help of the zhemzhi grammars in the library we could both learn in time to read the long poems of the Masters, written in the form called Ffw-yuh: part epic and part confession. The zhemzhi Masters, I'd heard, could ruminate on the particulars of reality without breaking the impression that each poem is an apprehensible reality of its own. And there would be mathematics, languages, and all of the sciences. I had a text of Terstler's Brief History of Zhemzhi Civilization, an inevitably English/Terran interpretation of the subject; also Percelli's Meaning and Mystery of the Zhemzhi Settlements. Always from a human perspective, I could teach him about his native world, or the world his parents planned to adopt as their own, though he could never experience those worlds for himself. Perhaps he could find a friend that would talk to him from Zhay-ym or Illa on the Dirac, but they might be to him like the monitors were to me: faces on a screen.

I could introduce him to the limited expanse of knowledge which he could learn within the confines of his all-too-limited world.

The ship would be his world, and I would be the population of that world, until his death.

"Maggie?" Hhesst looked up from the table-screen, eyebrows forlornly low. "Where are my parents?"

I felt everything sink inside me. "In the OBFU room."

"May I see them?"

"Of course. I'll take you."

We walked slowly through the main corridor, which was strange for Hhesst, who loved to race and leap. He looked over each adjoining corridor carefully, eyes reflecting his awe.

"Ariosto is a big ship," he said.

"A very big ship."

"It's a good ship?"

"I'm not sure what you mean, but yes, I think it's a one of the best. It's cleared for all classes of voyage, powered by a Foreman Slingshot Drive, equipped with just about everything but offensive weapons."

In the OBFU room, I pointed out the pods his parents occupied. He looked at each one for a long time.

"Can't we let them out?"

"No, Hhesst. They disengage if they malfunction, or if they're deactivated by an emergency code. But it's against the law to tamper with or disturb them, unless there's a grave emergency."

He thought about this for some time, and when I was certain he was about to ask me the question I truly feared, he patted his parents' pods and looked up at me.

"You'll take care of these two? Make sure nothing happens to them like what happened to mine?"

I bent my knees to the floor and hugged him.

"It's my duty to protect all these units. But yes, for you, I'll be especially watchful over these."

We passed by the open pod that Hhesst had occupied before the conduit beams went out.

"Look!" He raced over to the unit and pulled out something. "It's Terzhu! I left him here!"

"Terzhu?"

"He's my friend." He showed me a purple doll, no bigger than his hand, with large obsidian eyes. It was shaped something like one of the "big zhemzhis" that had fascinated him in the picture texts. "He's very afraid of things, which is why I should always be with him."

With one finger he petted the doll's head.

"I'm sorry, Terzhu. I'll never leave you alone again."

I stopped and petted the doll in his hand.

"Hello, Terzhu."

As we walked back to the library, I remembered a line from a recent poem: "What we love is alive and real, if anything is." The population of Hhesst's world was just increased by one hundred percent.

Hhesst and I were sitting at the bridge. I was showing him how to spot Zzhu-may, Illa's sun, and several of the neighboring stars. He watched carefully, holding Terzhu up to the screen so he could see as well.

"When we turn on the rear scopes, we can see Nay-yar, and then we bring up the magnification, and there's Zhay-ym, the world where you were born. See it? The crescent speck? It's orbit will take it behind Nay-yar soon."

"Where were you born, Maggie?"

"In a lab."

Were your parents born in a lab too?"

"I didn't have parents. I was raised in what

they called an academy, where intelligences are raised and trained. It was a little like the orphanage we read about in Oliver Twist."

the people in the academy wouldn't have been fond of that comparison, but it was the only text we'd read so far with mention of anything like the academy.

"You could stay with us on Illa, Maggie. Then we'd all be together. My parents will be like your parents."

"Thank you, Hhesst, I'd love to stay with you, but Ariosto is my home now. It's been my home for over a century. Together we've seen collapsing stars, maneuvered through asteroid belts, warded off pirates after the Perseid Rebellion. We're like you and Terzhu, Hhesst. I don't know what this big ship would do without me."

"But what would I do without you, Maggie?"

"You'll do fine. You'll see. Now, do you remember the names of the other two stars in your home system?"

After a year of taking care of Hhesst, I was starting to wonder if that question could be posed the other way around.

Time passed in its invisible way, as it does through any voyage, when the markers for its passage are affixed to language and nothing more, when "night" is the time one sleeps and "breakfast" is the meal one eats after waking. Hhesst's growth to me was almost as invisible, but I would still look up from my routine at times and there he would be, using an empty food container as a toy spaceship, repeating after the text his lessons in Spanish, or rolling his stylus over the picture board as he sang some verses from the Masters' Ffw-yuhs. I would say to myself: how much taller he looks, how his features have strengthened, how much more mature he has become. The next thought would be of how proud his parents would feel, and for my own protection I would stop thinking about it altogether.

Through the Dirac, he made many friends. Gunther would greet him with a "Hey, Captain! How're you running my ship today?" and tell Hhesst of all kinds of sports that he would later try to recreate on the ship. Beiji, another N.G.C. monitor, would tell him stories that he learned as a child in Ghana. Beth, on the Lilliput, described for him the worlds of Saris, Alcazar and Hellenia. Angie, on the Kennedy, helped him with French les-

sons. Communications operators on Illa and Redburn greeted him whenever he called. From Zhay-ym, he spoke to several zhemzhi men and women, most often to a grave, kindly, older zhemzhi named Tzurrem who always called Hhesst "little fellow" and asked Hhesst almost as many questions as Hhesst asked of him. The monitors sometimes worried that the budget for this voyage was being blown by these extra transmissions, but I reminded them that they were planning to pay reparations to Hhesst's parents anyway, and that the Dirac transmissions would be a fraction compared to that cost.

Hhesst was very well liked, and I suspected that some of his correspondents looked forward to his transmissions almost as much as Hhesst looked forward to them. But as to anyone hinting at being able to help him, there wasn't a word. Once I saw old Tzurrem on the screen sighing and calling Hhesst "my brave little friend," but outside of such little betrayals, the situation was barely acknowledged.

"You did it on purpose, didn't you?" Gunther finally asked me. "Put Hhesst on the Dirac. Trying for sympathy, Hoping maybe someone might be convinced to bend the rules and set out after you."

"You don't have to talk to Hhesst if you don't want to."

"That's not the point! I like the kid, do you understand? But you've got to watch it, Maggie! We're getting awfully worried about you."

"I'm sending in my hormone tests once every three months now. What else can I do? You told me to do my best."

"Not when we've got calls every few months from Zhemzhi attaches, asking us what we can do about this thing. They bother the government and the government bothers us. And there's nothing we can do. Nothing! Period! You try to take any further steps and this is the last big trip you take to anywhere! You know what some of those government crews do to intelligences when we agree to turn our backs?"

"I understand, Gunther."

"You better. As it stands, we've got another guidance intelligence on Illa waiting to take over when you come in. We're going to have a look at you before we send you out again. If we send you out again."

"Ariosto's my ship, Gunther, It's been my

ship since before your father was born."

"It's N.G.C.'s ship, babe. You want to damage your case any more before you sign off?"

I remembered a set of instructions I once stumbled upon, supposedly restricted to humans, concerning the shutting down of bio-intelligences. It didn't seem like they were very concerned about causing us pain. I couldn't read much of it before it made me feel ill.

Well, I said to myself, we'll proceed as usual. Gunther didn't say anything about forbidding Hhesst to use the Dirac. It didn't seem fair, though, to take Ariosto away from me only on their vague suspicions. I could hope that the generation in charge of N.G.C. by the time I reached Illa's orbit would have almost forgotten the affair, but it wasn't likely.

"Ariosto, could you repeat your last calculation?"

"Two years, six months, twenty days, eleven hours."

"Thank you."

"Maggie! Tzurrem wants to talk to you!" Hhesst tugged at my sleeve and pointed to the Communication Room.

"To me?" I put down a set of coveralls I'd been working on for Hhesst. "Wait here. Work on your geometry until I get back."

Tzurrem was looking grave, as usual, when I sat down in front of the screen.

"I'm afraid I haven't turned up any living relatives, here or on Illa, for the little fellow. The Sscharva line is a very old one, but a very thin one as well. His mother and father are the only family he has. I know you wanted him to find someone of his kin to talk to. I am sorry."

"That's all right, Tzurrem. Thank you for trying."

He shook his head. "We have much to thank you for. I am afraid our authorities are equally unable to deal with Terran trade laws." He stared downward. "I would someday wish to know why Terrans are so concerned with laws that they blind themselves to what is right."

"I can't help you there, Tzurrem. I don't know."

"My suspicion, Maggie, is that it is fear, but I know too little about humans to guess what it is they fear."

"Themselves." The answer came out of me without thinking. I wasn't even sure if I be-

lieved it.

Tzurrem put his hand up to his chin. "The Master Dzurrich once wrote, 'They who fear themselves have good reason to be afraid.'"

Of all the activities we enjoyed doing together, the best was to sit and listen to music. We had hundreds of recordings on the library, and we listened to everything. We heard the music of a dozen worlds, letting each piece take our imaginations far away, far off the Ariosto, to places that would have been strange to even the most well-traveled wanderers of the galaxy.

Looking through the lists of music once, Hhesst asked me, "Who is Vaughan Williams?"

"I don't know. Key it in and let's hear it."

I sat back and shut my eyes. The piece started slowly, sadly, as if deep in the ritual of mourning. And then the strings stirred and rose like a great wind, picking us up and carrying us across a brilliant countryside. I had never seen such a world before, as the one I held behind my eyelids. Never was there such life and beauty.

"Have you been to Illa, Maggie?" Hhesst's voice was soft, in deference to the music.

"I've been there twice. It's a world of lakes and lagoons, with rich land running between them. There are mountains, and short low hills, filled with trees and plant life, all red and green and gold."

"Is it beautiful?" He picked up Terzhu and stared at him.

"It's a lovely world, Hhesst."

"Not as beautiful as this." He brought Terzhu closer to his face.

"No, not quite."

The music took us further and further past our imperfect conceptions, bringing us closer to a beauty that confounded us with our inability to reach it. The universe burned passionately with all this beauty, and all of it was out of reach.

"I'll never see Illa, will I, Maggie?"

I took his hand. My face was hot and wet, and I wanted to say, "Yes, you'll see Illa, Hhesst. Every morning you'll wake up and smell the czathn blossoms out in the fields, and bright Zzhu-may will warm your face." I wanted to tell him this so badly that I almost cried out, and it was then the music seemed to reach even further, took our hands, lifted them so that we could reach that beauty at

last. For a moment, we could really touch it. "Maggie?" He put the doll down on the table. "I'm happy. The Master Dzurrich calls it 'The Song in the Heart of Sadness.' 'Sadness is a lonely messenger. He brings no good news, but it isn't his fault.'"

The music receded. Hhesst stood up and put his arms around me.

"I'm happy because you've been good to me. You can't bring me to Illa, but I've known much goodness from you. You've given me much to be thankful for."

I tried to speak but couldn't. I looked at him, hoping he could see that there was very much for which I could thank him.

"You'll see my parents when Ariosto arrives at Illa?"

I nodded.

"You'll tell them about me? That I remembered them? And that I always loved and honored them?"

I nodded again.

"And I will leave them a text. I'll tell them that you were my true friend, that I loved you very much. I was happy because you helped me and taught me, and I will never forget you."

"Your . . . your parents . . . will be very proud of you, Hhesst, as I'm proud of you." I tried to stand, but it was all I could do to speak and hold Hhesst's hand.

"What . . . what is this piece of music called?" I asked.

Hhesst looked back at the tablescreen. "It's called the 'Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis.'"

"Well, we'll know where to find it when we need it again, won't we?"

Hhesst was puzzled, but I couldn't attempt an explanation.

"It really doesn't matter to N.G.C. what we say," Beth told me. "They just laugh it off as 'monkey see, monkey do' or blame it on an imbalance of hormones. The only time they sit up is when we mess with their priorities. Why do you think they gave us these insipid names? That's an old trick from the slavery years."

She was about to deliver some texts from the Lilliput's library in a shotgun transmission.

"Sorry I couldn't find that cookbook."

"After four years, I've really given up hope."

"That long, isn't it? How is he?"

"Working on his history. He's such a fast



learner. And he stands almost to my shoulders now." She veered her head away from the screen. "Sorry. Did you hear that Angie's due to dock with the Northpoint in five days? You know what that means."

"I'm afraid I do."

"It's one of our services." She said this with lilting irony. "In that way you're lucky, Mag. You've got a clear shot to Illa. Government goons. All rough handlers. The only thing that keeps them from ripping us apart is the fifty million they'd have to pay for destroying a carrier's property."

"Sometimes I wish I were a mechanical intelligence. Pure utilitarian. Not in the least anthropomorphic."

The mechs have their problems too. Imagine Ariosto being run by some hotshot goon. I respect all kinds of intelligence, Mag. It's who uses them, and what they use them for that I have trouble with. Tell Hhesst and Terzhu that I'll call them at 0200 hours. Here goes the transmission. Take care."

*Hamlet* never resonated all my questions so surely as it did when I heard Hhesst reading it aloud. He read it as a stranger, with uncertain steps at every turn, innocent of every nuance and irony. And as I explained each difficult passage to him, I seemed to be explaining something that up until that moment I had not understood myself, bringing clarity not only to *Hamlet* but to myself.

"What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. Sure he that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused." Hhesst looked up at me.

"Hamlet is berating his inability to act upon his course of revenge. In so doing, he asks the question, 'What is it to be human?' They have reason and knowledge of themselves, but if they never use this knowledge they're really no different from the other species on Terra. There must, he wonders, be some purpose in that possession, though his own inability to act belies that purpose."

"To act?" asked Hhesst. "You mean, as the players act in the performance before Hamlet's uncle?"

I was about to say no, when it occurred to me that, of course, he was right. A human is no more than an actor, whose role it is to play

the human. Some play it in overindulgence, like the actor who "out-herods Herod." Others play it in whispers, as if afraid to take on the role, or else it is played "so strutted and bel-lowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

"Maggie, are you all right?"

"What, Yes, I'm sorry. Let's continue with the play."

I considered the scuffle of Hamlet and Laertes in the grave of Ophelia; the whole fabric of *Hamlet* sewn with base desires gratified; violence upon violence. The human is an animal in a mask, a protective camouflage. They have to work at roles they've set out for themselves, bolster themselves with laws and restrictions. That's the implicit message that I had missed for so long in *Hamlet* and the other works. What, then, separates the human from the intelligence other than our being designed to better fit the role? The safeguards built into us and the rule of law. Nothing more.

We read on until Hhesst was too tired to read any further, and I took him to bed.

"You're too old now for a lullaby, Hhesst." I watched as he played with Terzhu, sitting him on his chest, then placing him carefully beside him on the pillow.

"I hope I'll never be too old to want to hear you sing."

I sang a song for him, and when I was sure he was fast asleep I went up to the bridge.

"Ariosto, how much time before Kora reaches its closest approach to us?"

"Three minutes, fifteen seconds."

"Not a minute too soon. 'I do not know why I yet live to say 'this thing's to do,' sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means to do't.'" I'd waited five years for this. Had Hhesst been any more restless I would have missed it.

I keyed in the password that overrode the mechanical guidance. There were passwords for authorization and purpose of course change. A pause after each override, yellow lights switching to orange, orange to red, to flashing red. In the next pause I thought that N.G.C. should be pleased that I had made the most cost-effective detour.

"Please key in coordinates for new course," said the ship.

"This is it." I had to take a deep breath before

I could go any further. The red light went off. Half a minute later there was slight, almost imperceptible rolling sensation. Ariosto was responding. I hoped the new motion would not disturb Hhesst's sleep.

I took another deep breath when the rolling stopped, followed it with a flood of tears: tears that would make no sense to my designers, that they would only attribute to an overbalance of Cortisol.

Already, N.G.C. would be receiving a message from the ship that a course change had been made, and N.G.C. would alert the authorities, and the authorities would alert the Kora. Six months until it arrived. The worst part now would be the waiting.

I heard Hhesst calling me when I came down from the bridge. I imagined that the listing had disturbed him. After all, in five years the ship had never varied from its pre-charted course. I hurried to his cabin.

"It was a dream, Maggie! I had a dream!" Dreaming is a very rare activity for a zhemzhi, consequently those dreams that are had must be looked upon as significant events.

"I saw Illa, Maggie. I could smell the czathn blossoms just like on Zhay-ym. I *saw* them! Mother held me in her arms! Father was standing next to me. We were in a house, and there was light coming through the windows. I think it must have been Zzhu-may."

I let Hhesst's head rest under my chin. "It's a good dream, Hhesst. A very good dream."

"But I was worried, Maggie. I couldn't find you. I didn't know where to look."

"All the same, it was a good dream." It took several verses of "Greensleeves" before I could get him to sleep again.

All Gunther said was, "Now you've done it!" and scowled, informing me of how much money N.G.C. lost with every point I took the ship off course.

Beth did all she could to keep from calling me a fool, then called me one anyway.

"What would you have done in my place?" I asked her.

"I don't even want to imagine. But I wish it were you calling me a fool."

And old Tzurrem, looking sadder and graver than ever, said I was "Ingzzra": bravest creature.

"Thank you, Tzurrem, but I don't think I'm brave. Do you remember the lines of Master Dzurrich? 'And fear ceased from him, as the

color ceases from the leaf that knows the change of season.'"

"I feel as if the season will never change again, but I know you are right." He said farewell and shut off his screen.

I found Smart's poem for his cat Geoffrey by accident. "For he is the servant of the Living God duly and daily serving him." Perhaps there is something in the words of a presumed madman that would appeal to a malfunctioning intelligence. I was reading the poem over in my cabin when Hhesst ran in, excited and breathless.

"Maggie! Why didn't you tell me you changed course? I just talked to Captain Fuentes! The Kora's on its way! They're heading for us!"

"We constitute an emergency now, Hhesst. There's malfunctioning intelligence on the Ariosto."

I had never seen those golden eyes so wide. "Maggie!"

"We'll have the parts for the OBFU. You'll get to Illa, with your parents. They'll be surprised at how much you've grown, but think how happy they'll be to see you. And you'll have a real life on a real world, and . . ."

He threw his arms around me. "They'll hurt you, Maggie! Beth told me!"

I held him tightly. "It hurt me to think of how your parents would feel. It hurt me to see you every day on this ship, knowing you'd have to live out your life here."

"Maggie!"

"It was the best of a bad situation, but it was still a bad situation."

"I'm afraid!" He started to make the wild, mournful nasal sound that was the zhemzhi version of crying.

"So am I," I told him.

"I won't let them hurt you! I'll tell them that I made the course change, I love you, Maggie!"

"I love you, too, Hhesst."

I passed the point where I could speak. There was nothing to do but hold him more tightly.

He understood so well. After a while he got up and put on the music we loved best. The "Fantasia" soared, and we soared with it all the way to its transcendent crescendo.

Captain Fuentes was a much more amiable man than I'd feared he would be, considering

the circumstances. He took to Hhesst instantly, telling him stories of his early service during the Perseid Rebellion, making faces for all the characters he described. All the crew that boarded the Ariosto were good to him, and Hhesst, like Miranda in *The Tempest*, was thrilled by these new citizens to his world.

It was surprising how quickly the conduit beams were fixed. The thorn in my side for five years was fixed in five minutes. It was Fuentes who brought up the cost for the repair.

"You've really put me on the spot, Maggie," he said.

"I seem to have put everyone on the spot, sir."

"It's really the man who approved the inventory on Zhay-ym that put you on the spot." "I know the rules, sir. All I ask is that you wait until Hhesst is in cold sleep again before you shut me down. He shouldn't have to see . . ."

"I wouldn't think of letting him see that. No, what I have to worry about now is leaving this ship without a guidance all the way to Illa. I have bio-intelligence laws and the Private Cargos Act squeezing me from two sides."

He looked me over very carefully. Fuentes was an old soldier, and it seemed that every skirmish he fought in the Perseid Rebellion formed a line on that thick, rugged face. "I haven't made a decision yet."

I was the one who helped Hhesst back into the OBFU pod. He was wearing the overalls I'd made for him, and he held Terzhu in one hand.

"Maybe Terzhu should stay with you." He tried to hand him to me.

"No, no. You mustn't leave Terzhu behind. He'd miss you too much."

"Terzhu is older and braver now."

"So are you. There's too much parting already, Hhesst. Keep Terzhu with you." I put him down next to Hhesst.

"I'll tell my parents," Hhesst confided. "I'll tell the others on Illa. They won't let you get hurt. You can stay with us."

I nodded.

"We'll be happy."

"I'm happy already. I'm very happy for you."

"Say goodbye to the ship for me."

"Of course."

He still seemed frightened, and I held his

hand, humming "Greensleeves," until he shut his eyes. I kissed him, and then I kissed Terzhu. The somatic hum of the OBFU did the rest, and I stood back to let one of the others close the air locks.

Captain Fuentes stared at me.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now?" He looked away, as if to regather his interrupted thoughts. "We're seven months off schedule for reaching Redburn as it is." He didn't speak to me as much as he spoke aloud to himself. "I need more time."

"If it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all."

This seemed to trouble Fuentes even more. I thought in my conceit that he plays a man too well for his own good.

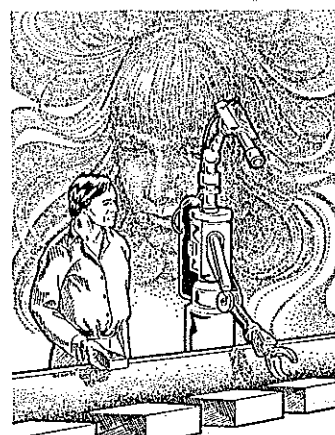
Words keep part of us alive. In this we can see how humans are creatures of language as much if not more than of flesh and fluids and cells. Beings from most groups in the galaxy have derived their own versions of the afterlife, even those creatures whose lives appear to be afterlives in themselves. These words will serve as mine, if there is no other for me.

Fuentes still hasn't decided. They may allow me to bring the ship to Illa. And then I'll say goodbye to the Ariosto too.

If only for myself, it counts as something to have done this, and perhaps it does *only* because it counts just for myself. The world of categories and definitions fades away, and I'm no longer concerned with the issue of my humanity. I am whatever I am, sick machine or well human.

"A man makes a machine to do a job faster or better than he himself can do it." Even when the job at hand is *being* a human.

Music has started, I can hear the Vaughan Williams "Fantasia." I don't remember putting it on.



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