

A CHICAGOLAND SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

WINDYCON XIII

WITH GUESTS-OF-HONOR

HARRY HARRISON
DONALD WOLLHEIM
ELSIE WOLLHEIM
ARLIN ROBINS



THE PAST

WINDYCON I

Location—Blackstone Hotel
GOH: Joe Haldeman
FanGOH: Lou Tabakow
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

WINDYCON II

Location—Ascot House
GOH: Wilson Tucker
FanGOH: Joni Stopa
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

WINDYCON III

Location—Sheraton Chicago
GOH: Algis Budrys
FanGOH: Beth Swanson
Chairs: Lynne & Mark Aronson

WINDYCON IV

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GOH: Bill Rotsler
FanGOH: Meade Frierson
Chair: Larry Propp

WINDYCON V

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GOH: Bob Shaw
FanGOH: George Scithers
Chair: Doug Rice

WINDYCON VI

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GOH: William Tenn (Philip Klass)
FanGOH: Tony and Suford Lewis
Chair: Larry Propp

WINDYCON VII

Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GOH: Robert Sheckley
FanGOH: Gardner Dozois
Chair: Midge Reitan

WINDYCON VIII

Location—Hyatt Regency Chicago
GOH: Larry Niven
FanGOH: Mike Glyer
Chairs: Ross Pavlac & Larry Propp

WINDYCON IX

Location—Lincolnwood Hyatt
GOH: Frederik Pohl
& Jack Williamson
Chair: Dick Spelman

WINDYCON X

Location—Arlington Park Hilton
GOH: George R.R. Martin
ArtGOH: Victoria Poyser
FanGOH: Ben Yalow
Chair: Tom Veal

WINDYCON XI

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GOH: Alan Dean Foster
ArtGOH/FanGOH: Joan Hanke-Woods
Chair: Kathleen Meyer

WINDYCON XII

Location—Hyatt Regency Woodfield
GOH: C.J. Cherryh
ArtGOH/FanGOH: Todd Hamilton
Chair: Kathleen Meyer

THE PRESENT

WINDYCON XIII

CHICAGO • NOVEMBER 14th-16th, 1986 • HYATT REGENCY WOODFIELD

Guest of Honor:
HARRY HARRISON

Editor Guests-of-Honor
DONALD & ELSIE WOLLHEIM

Artist/Fan Guest-of-Honor
ARLIN ROBINS

Toastmaster
MARTA RANDALL

Special Guests:
JOHN BRUNNER • TOM DOHERTY
BARRY LONGYEAR • WILSON Q. TUCKER
JOHN VARLEY • ELEANOR WOOD

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Arlan Andrews
Robin W. Bailey
Algis Budrys
Lois McMaster Bujold
Emma Bull
Glen Cook
Robert C. Cornett
Juanita Coulson
Robert Coulson
Pamela Dean
Bradley Denton
Phyllis Eisenstein
Peter M. Fergusson
Beth Fleisher
Phil Foglio
John M. Ford
Frank Kelly Freas
Mike Glyer
Steven Gould

Roland J. Green
Martin H. Greenberg
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Jack Williamson

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The staff of Windycon XIII would like to extend their sympathies to John Brunner on the death of his wife, Marjorie Brunner, this year. Marjorie would have been a newcomer to our convention, and we regret that so many midwestern fans have lost the opportunity to meet this charming lady.

John Brunner has asked us to print the following memorial:

Marjorie Rosamond nee' Sauer
9 December 1920 - 8 August 1986
For 29 years, partner and beloved helpmeet of John Brunner.
Requiescat.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Wayne Roberts, Gerald O'Malley, Scott Jenkins, Jeffrey Leason and Greg Scott for their help with the production of this program book, and Mayfair Games for use of their equipment.

Art for this program book was provided by Arlin Robins (cover) Keith Berdak (pgs. 13 & 15), Todd Hamilton (pg 36), Rosalyn Levin (pg. 17) and Gerald O'Malley & Greg Scott (pgs. 28-35). See copyright notice below.

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<i>Fiction by Richard Chwedyk: Winner of ISFiC Writers' Contest.</i>	

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In WEST OF EDEN, master storyteller Harry Harrison began a magnificent epic of courage, conflict and love at the dawn of prehistory. Now the saga continues...

HARRY HARRISON

WINTER IN EDEN

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HARRY'S AWAY! GUEST-OF-HONOR APPRECIATION

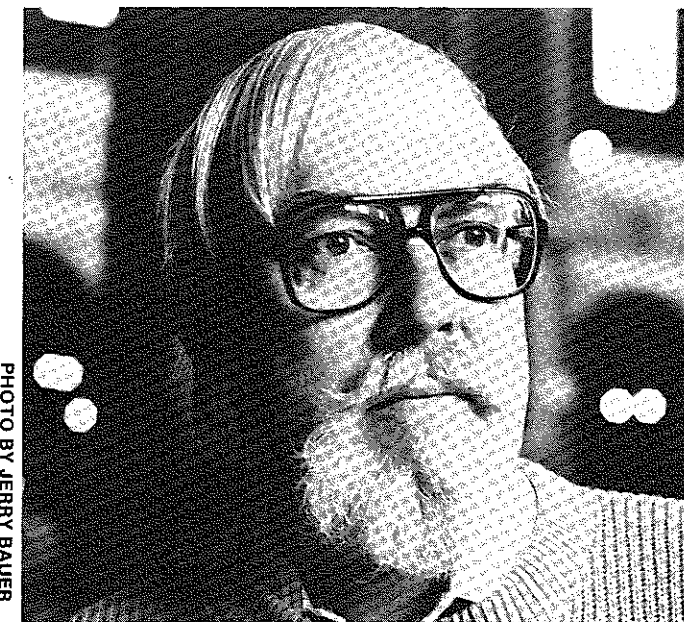


PHOTO BY JERRY BAUER

When I was asked to write 750 words on your Guest of Honor, Harry Harrison, several of them sprang to mind straightaway: gallant, creative, ebullient, eudemonistic, witty, plantigrade, multifarious, tough, staunch, shy, eloquent, uproarious, homothermic —

But stop! That's enough. Let's track back to the creative bit.

Maybe you need reminding (or maybe you don't) that Harry Harrison is one of the long-standing, record-breaking giants in the SF field. He charged into print in the great days of John Campbell and has been unstoppable ever since. He began as an artist, he once wrote the storylines for good old Flash Gordon, and he has edited a thousand legendary anthologies — some of them with a sliver of help from me.

There's hardly a thing Harry hasn't done, and done well. Look at the list of his novels. Not a dud among them, and many a masterpiece. Although he's now so famous for the Stainless Steel Rat books, you youngsters attending your first convention and saving up to buy your first razor should seek out early Harrisons, which have matured like good vintage wine.

Like: the Deathworld trilogy, MAKE ROOM, MAKE ROOM, and all the early group of funnies, BILL THE GALACTIC HERO, THE TECHNICOLOR TIME MACHINE, and TUNNEL THROUGH THE DEEPS. Plus a dozen more I could name. They rank among the best SF novels ever written.

So how come Harry hasn't got a whole shelf full of Hugos and Nebulas? I grow angry at this question, and let me tell you the answer throws no rosy light on those who vote for such trophies.

The fact is, Harry is a great traveller, an exile in the best sense of the word, with a true science-fictional sense (granted to few SF writers) that every corner of the world is his home. So while young Joe Soap, the latest 'favourite writer' of the clan and author of a six-volume trilogy, is touring conventions and buttering up readers to vote for Soap books, where's Harrison? Why, Harrison's away — two fathoms down, tour-

ing the Great Barrier Reef with oxygen tank and flippers, or charming all Beijing with his mastery of Mandarin and Esperanto.

So Harry and his charming and jolly wife Joan have been all around the globe, living here and there, often in delightful places worth a ton of Hugos.

Harry's cheery approach to life breaks down barriers and sobriety wherever he goes. I remember once when Margaret and I were travelling with Harry and Joan in the Croatian sector of Yugoslavia and we arrived at a fairly godforsaken port on the Istran peninsula. We really hoped to be somewhere else. We stopped on a cliff where people were either promenading or thinking about hurling themselves into the Adriatic.

Out jumps Harry, buttonholes one of the passing guys, and immediately starts an immense conversation bristling with gestures and sound effects, punctuated with laughter. The rest of us sit tight in the vehicle, wondering vaguely how Harry came to be a secret master of Serbo-Croat.

After about an hour, Harry comes back to the buggy, still smiling, and says, "Okay, he says there's a good cheap hotel just down the road where we can stay. Easiest way to get there is drive the wrong way down their one-way system."

"Harry," I say, plaintively, "what was that about?"

He has been talking to the man in Esperanto.

"The poor sod works down in a Croatian coalmine. He was telling me how awful it was. Brian, have you ever thought what life must be like down a Croatian coalmine?!"

Somewhere buried in the Stainless Steel Rat books you will find what is manifestly a comic description of a Croatian coalmine. Harry enjoys, as I do, the more awful broken-down aspects of life, and such touches of real experience add flavour to his narrative. You will remember, of course, that Esperanto — as the Bishop reminds Jim in A STAINLESS STEEL RAT IS BORN — is "the galactic language, the simple, second language that everyone learns early and speaks like a native..." If it worked on the Istran peninsula, why not in Outer Space?

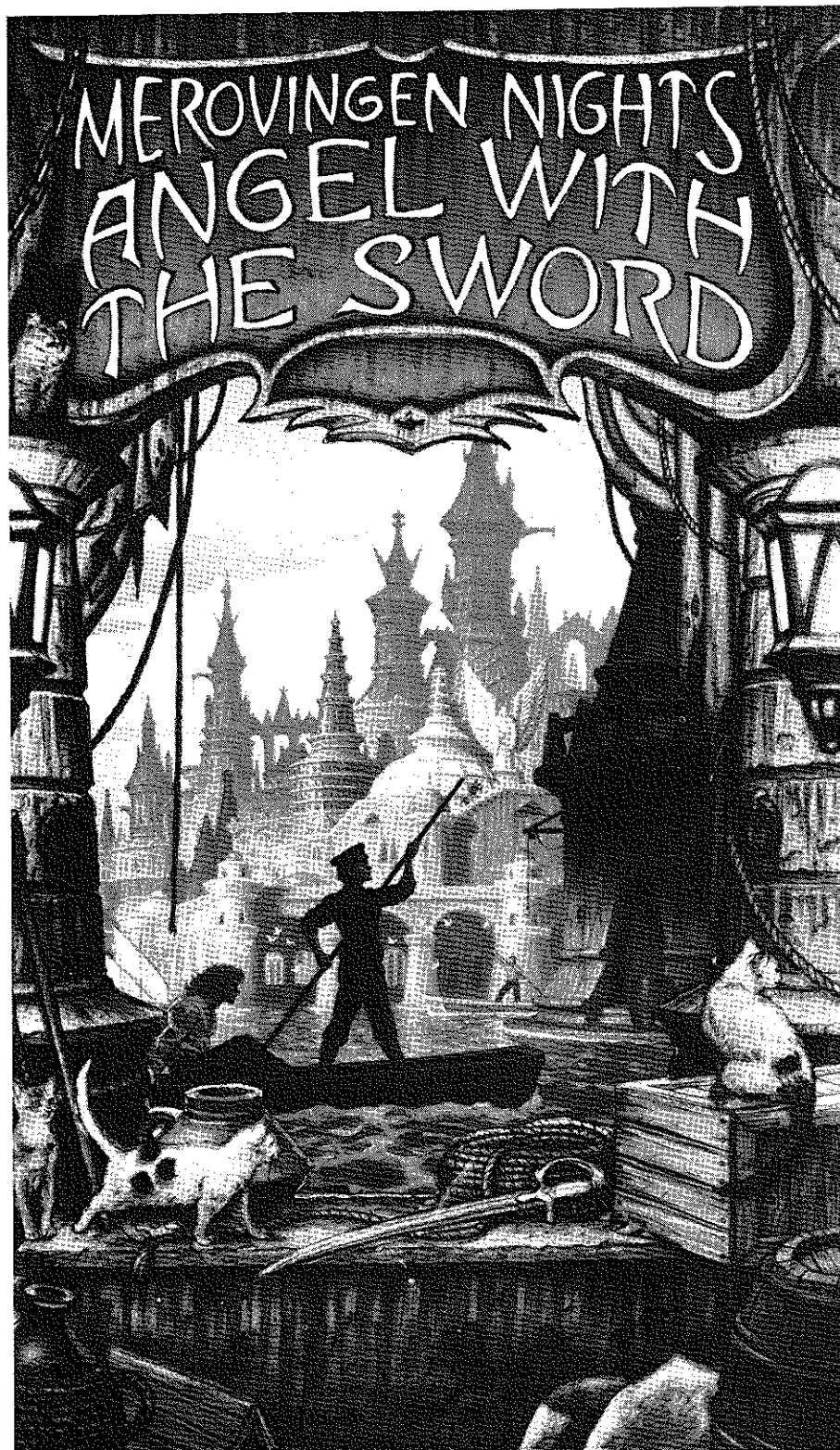
But the surest proof of Harry's marvelous comic genius is —

Hang on, though, I've done 750 words, and that's all Harry's paying me for. Besides, you'll discover his comic genius for yourselves during Windycon. Over to you, Harry, old chum!

— Brian Aldiss

NOVELS & SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS BY HARRY HARRISON

Deathworld (1960)	The Stainless Steel Rat Saves The World (1972)
The Stainless Steel Rat (1961)	Star Smashers and Galaxy Rangers (1973)
Planet of the Damned (1962)	The Lifeship (1976) with G. Dickson
War with the Robots (1962)	Skyfall (1976)
Deathworld 2 (1964)	The Best of Harry Harrison (1976)
Bill, the Galactic Hero (1965)	The Stainless Steel Rat Wants You! (1978)
Two Tales and Eight Tomorrows (1965)	Planet Story III. by Jim Burns (1979)
Plague from Space (Jupiter Legacy) (1965)	Homeworld (1980) (To the Stars Series)
Make Room! Make Room! (1966)	The QE2 Is Missing (1980)
The Technicolor Time Machine (1967)	Wheelworld (1981) (To the Stars Series)
Deathworld 3 (1969)	Starworld (1981) (To the Stars Series)
Captive Universe (1969)	The Stainless Steel Rat For President (1982)
The Daleth Effect (1970)	Invasion Earth (1982)
The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge (1970)	A Rebel In Time (1983)
Prime Number (1970)	West of Eden (1984)
One Step from Earth (1970)	A Stainless Steel Rat is Born (1985)
Tunnel Through the Deeps (1972)	Winter In Eden (1986)
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DAW



SCIENCE FICTION

DONALD & ELSIE WOLLHEIM

EDITOR GUESTS-OF-HONOR APPRECIATION



When I was about fourteen years old, which was quite some several years ago, I went to a meeting of something called the Brooklyn Science Fiction League. About a dozen people turned up for this strange new thing. All of them proved to be science-fiction fans, as hungry as I for the company of others like us, and most of them seemed to be about my age. There was one fellow, though, who was much older—had to be eighteen or nineteen anyway—and he wasn't only a fan. He was very nearly a professional—at least, he had actually had a story accepted by a professional science-fiction magazine. His name was Donald A. Wollheim.

It's true that Donald's credentials as a Real Pro were still a little doubtful at that point. His story had been accepted, all right, and even published in the magazine *Wonder Stories*. It just hadn't been paid for. In fact, it didn't get paid for for quite some time, and the reason for that, Donald explained to the rest of us as we sat hanging on every word, was that science-fiction editors and publishers as a class included a lot of scoundrels, rogues and persons whose parents had never seen a marriage license.

I saw at once that this Wollheim person had a lot more knowledge than I did about the world I wanted to live in, and so I began hanging around with him a lot. That wasn't hard to do. Science-fiction fan clubs were springing up everywhere in the New York City area, like mushrooms after a rain, and we visited them all. We went through the Brooklyn Science Fiction League and the East New York Science Fiction League and the New York Branch of the International Scientific Association (another fan club, don't take the name seriously) and the Independent League for Science Fiction, and as we ranged through the successive fan groups in the New

York area a lot of other people began hanging around with us—John B. Michel, Richard Wilson, Dirk Wylie, Robert W. Lowndes, Cyril Kornbluth, Isaac Asimov and about a dozen others—so we decided to form our own club. It was called the Futurians.

The Futurians was a pretty neat group in a lot of ways, but we saw that it had one serious drawback. It was a hundred per cent male at the beginning, and we were all getting old enough to realize that that left something missing in our lives.

Fortunately, I had a girl friend named Doris Baumgardt. She had a lot of female friends who were unattached. So Doris and I gave a party, inviting all of her friends and all my fellow Futurians; and, as a result, in the course of time Dick Wilson paired off with Doris's friend Jessica Gould, and Dirk married Doris's friend Rosalind Cohen, and Rosalind had a friend, too, a young lady named Elsie Balter . . . but by the time Elsie showed up the field had been pretty well picked over and so Elsie wound up with Donald.

Well, actually, I don't suppose it's been that bad for her. It certainly hasn't been for Donald. The two of them have been married for, my God!, it must be forty-some years by now. They don't feel any urgent desire to change, and it begins to appear that they never will.

Along about that time a lot of us Futurians, fans desperate to become pros, began to make a little progress toward our goals. Donald became editor of two sf magazines, *Stirring* and *Cosmic*. They weren't what you would call very professional magazines. That is to say, they didn't pay their writers, either, though at least they were candid enough to admit it up front. Still, they looked like real magazines, and they did appear on newsstands all over the country. And when those petered out, Donald became science-fiction editor for Avon Books, and later editor-in-chief for Ace Books, where he remained for the best part of twenty years. Then, in the early 1970's, he took the big jump. He left Ace, hocked the family sf collection to raise capital and started his own publishing company, DAW Books.

Running a publishing company is not only a big job but an exhausting one. Donald was wise enough to realize he didn't have enough jets to handle it by himself, so he took in as partner the smartest publishing executive he knew, namely Elsie, and the two of them went from success to success.

Now both Donald and Elsie are pretty much retired, and the operating management of DAW Books is in the capable hands of still another Wollheim, their daughter Betsy. There is obviously a lot to heredity. The company still flourishes, and now the senior Wollheims are freed up to do the things that really matter in life . . . such as giving us all a great deal of pleasure by attending this year's Windycon as its Guests of Honor.

So, when you run into Donald or Elsie in the hotel corridors or room parties or coffee shops, don't hesitate, go right up to them and say hello. They've always got interesting things to say, and if the conversation runs short you can always help it along by asking Donald, for instance, if he still thinks science-fiction publishers and editors tend to be scoundrels, rogues, and persons whose parents have never seen a marriage license.

But don't tell him I suggested it . . .

—Frederik Pohl

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B O O K S

ARLIN ROBINS

ARTIST/FAN GOH APPRECIATION by Frank Hayes¹



Arlin Robins was born in Garfield Park, on the near west side of Chicago in 1954. Life was pleasant enough in Garfield Park, but cold when it rained, and after six months of Park District police rousting the family off park benches and picnic tables, Arlin moved to Skokie. There she lived happily in a wee cottage by the sea until she was 20, when she packed her bags, bade farewell to her friends, and set off for the big city: Evanston.

Many are those who travel to Evanston and disappear without a trace, without a ripple left upon the smooth surface of the city to mark their passing. Only a few rise above to make a permanent mark on the bustling thoroughfares and magnificent commercial venues of that great metropolis. It takes a rare quality—a spirit invested with the uniqueness and power that demands attention, willing or no, of those who cannot make a mark of their own.

Studs Terkel she wasn't. Arlin vanished without a trace.

But that wasn't the end of the story. Arlin reappeared, phoenix-like, at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where she earned her BFA² degree. Her specialty was Functional Sculpture—sculpture that was somehow wearable or usable. Jewelry. Musical instruments. Ornate bathroom fixtures. She also did a little painting, a little photography, a little lithography—and a few etchings, in hope that she would be able to get men to come up and look at them.

She played folk music in a lot of bars that, this being Chicago, no longer exist. She earned her way through school restoring old Orientals, until the Department of Health threatened to arrest her for practicing medicine without a license, after which she earned her way through school restoring old Oriental rugs. She learned to appreciate detail. She learned to appreciate craftsmanship.

Mostly, though, living on Oreos and pasta, she learned that all in all she'd rather be rich. She considered rolling drunks or knocking over liquor stores or becoming a precinct captain before finally settling on an appropriate way of life: extortion in a historical context.

Thus it was that Arlin joined the Society for Creative Anachronism and became a musician to a household of the Dark Horde. Those were heady times—the days of Yang the Nauseating, of Bork the Indestructible, of Dumbo the Elephantine. In such exalted company, it was no surprise that Arlin didn't get rich. Nor was it any surprise that, being

centuries out of her own time, she once again vanished without a trace.

Arlin reappeared, phoenix-like, at the first Windycon. Friends smuggled her into the convention and dragged her off to the filksings to perform Scottish songs and other unnatural acts. Thus began a tradition of smuggling and dragging. Bob Asprin dragged her off to meet Gordy Dickson. ("Gordy, ya gotta meet this girl, she sings all these Scottish songs."). Gordy dragged her off to meet Anne McCaffrey. ("Annie, ya gotta meet this girl, she sings all these Scottish songs.")

And so it went. Within a year Arlin met every sf or fantasy author within a thousand miles of Chicago who was even marginally interested in Scottish songs. She shared their hospitality. She drank their soda and ate their munchies. She even read some of their books—mostly out of a sense of guilt.

During the course of the next half decade, Arlin became a notorious figure at Windycons. She talked a boyfriend into doing a striptease out of a kilt. She won the Male Chauvinist Pig award for a costume that consisted of either scarves or doilies, depending on whom you ask. She sang Scottish songs. She sculpted. She partied. And along with her BFA², she became a BNF³.

Then came January, 1979. Remember January, 1979? It was the winter when Michael Bilandic said we should all pray to make it stop snowing. The winter when the Chicago Police towed cars to the Lincoln Park Lagoon because there was no place else to put them. The winter when Arlin Robins was last seen plunging into a snowbank on her way to pick up a pizza.

Once again, mysteriously, she vanished without a trace.

And now—as mysteriously as she disappeared—she's back. She claims she moved to California, across the bay from San Francisco, where she lives with a man old enough to be her husband—who is her husband—in a wee cottage by the BART tracks. She says she discovered her true passion, sculpture, and her favorite subject, horses—along with centaurs, unicorns, and various other horsely beings. She says she's become serious about marketing her own artwork and jewelry, and becoming a backup musician on filk tapes from Off Centaur, with a tape of her own coming soon.

Me? I don't believe it. I figure she's just reappeared phoenix-like again. But this time she's Fan/Artist Guest of Honor at Windycon XIII. So ask her about her life as the little darling of the SCA. Ask her about the 75th anniversary of Oreos. Ask her about her work—her desire to express fantasy made real, to create an emotional environment, small textural images that people will be moved and drawn to. Ask her about her etchings. Ask her husband about her etchings.

Ask her about anything. She may smile enigmatically and raise an eyebrow meaningfully, sing a Scottish song or do the Dance of the Seven Doilies. But you can be sure that, for this weekend at least, she won't disappear without a trace again.

Anyhow, not if you buy one of the etchings⁴.

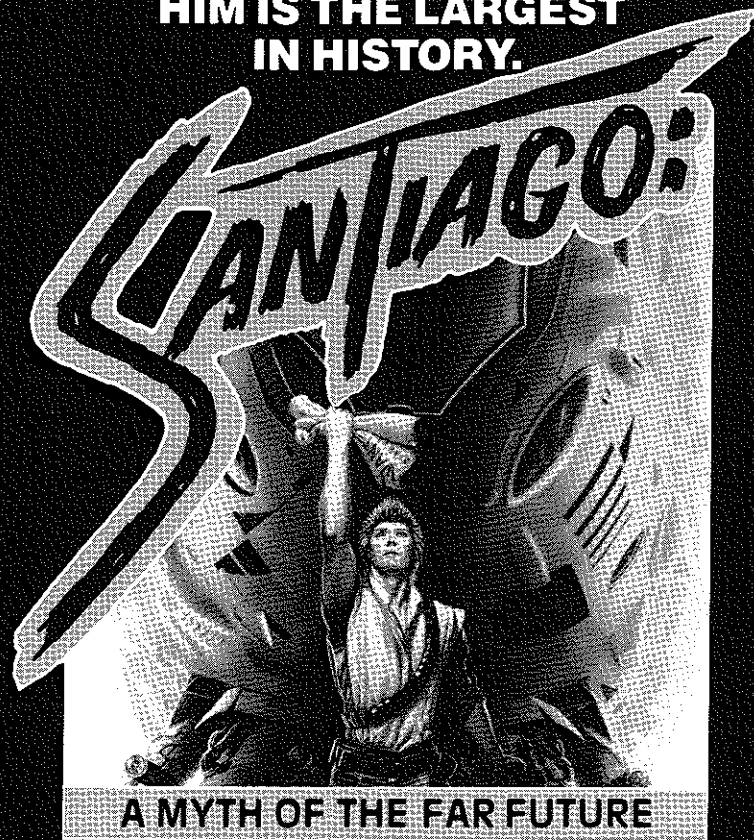
¹ Frank Hayes is a fan, a former Chicagoan, and a former friend of Arlin Robins. The names are true; only the events have been changed to incriminate the innocent.

² Big F*ck*ing Artist

³ Big-Nosed Fan

⁴ Or drawings, or jewelry, or especially sculpture.

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MARTA RANDALL
TOASTMASTER APPRECIATION

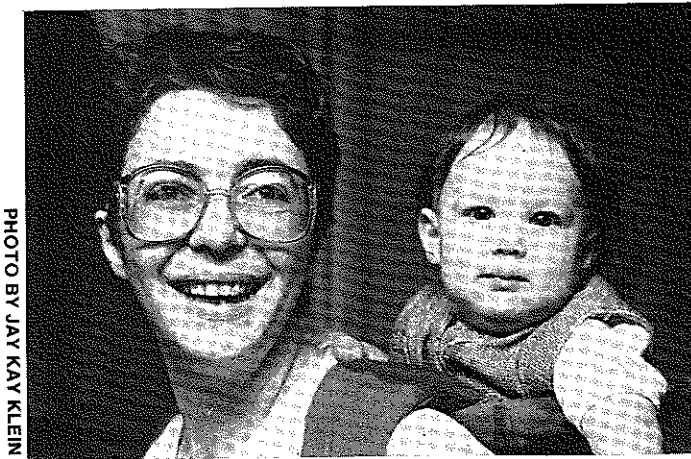


PHOTO BY JAY KAY KLEIN

Marta Randall is an adventuress and so she set her sights and her heart on rowing a boat, or at least paddling a canoe, through the Panama Canal. She learned, after reading on of those 'One Thousand and One Facts' books that it had never been done but almost at once it became her next goal.

Next goal because she had already met and conquered two others. She had long wanted to go white-water rafting down one of those dangerous westcoast rivers and after a suitable period of training and in company with expert guides, she did just that — not once, not one river, but several times on rivers near to her. Having once conquered the rivers to her satisfaction, she turned her attention to mountain climbing. There were several suitable mounts in California and Oregon that tempted her again and again, and after prudent training, she climbed her first one. It was exhilarating. During the preparations for her second climb she chanced to visit her doctor on quite another matter and that doctor was aghast when she told of her plans.

The doctor cried "No! Absolutely not! What will happen up there if the child is born prematurely?"

Marta Randall took a turn at being aghast but she had the presence of mind *not* to ask "What child?"

Her daughter was born just over six months later. That daughter is now sixteen months old and Marta yearned for a new adventure.

That opportunity presented itself when she read the 'Facts' book and learned that something as easy and as mundane as passing through the Panama Canal in a rowboat, or canoe, had never been done. It fired her imagination. She began her preparations, but almost at once ran headlong into bureaucratic barriers. The Canal Authority at first neglected to answer her letters (possibly in the belief that she was some kind of a nut) but when she persisted they finally replied with a flat refusal and quoted bureaucratic codes. They advised (quote) "sports boating and other recreational water vehicles, as defined under Section Three, Subsection C, 1, 2, and 3 (a and b) Revised, of the General Public Access Code" (unquote) limited recreational water vehicles to Lake Gatlin (outside the international shipping lanes) and to the Gatlin River (not used by international shipping) but that transit of the Canal and its locks was restricted to ocean-going vessels. They hinted that she was not an ocean-going vessel.

Marta didn't want to ocean-go, she wanted to canal-go.

Taking the direct action of an injured citizen, Marta wrote her Congressman and outlined her goal. There was silence. She wrote him again. The only reply was a form letter stating that he/they had received her first letter. Marta became angry and sent the hapless Congressman a blistering letter, stating precisely what she wanted to do, and asking him to state precisely what he was going to do about it.

After a passage of time, the Congressman replied. He told her that he *could* get permission for her to transit the Canal in one direction only but that it would be both difficult and costly. For openers, she would have to file a number of bureaucratic forms stating and swearing that she was not now, nor had ever been a Communist, a Marxist, or a Luddite. She would have to swear that she was not carrying on her person or on board her watercraft any explosive device or subversive literature. She would have to certify that she was not attempting to smuggle into the Canal Zone an illegal alien. And finally, she would have to pay (in advance) the normal fee charged to all ocean-going vessels for using the locks: \$18,250 in cash or certified check.

Now you know why Marta is here this weekend, and not paddling a canoe through the Canal.

Many of you will remember her for good reasons. In 1982 she was the sparkling and inventive toastmistress and/or mistress of ceremonies at the Chicago world convention. She presided over the Hugo ceremonies in an eye-catching tuxedo. She did something on stage to an award presenter that had never been done before, or since. The science fiction newspapers took note of it and *Locus* said it "was the high (or low) point of the convention." She has no shame.

Marta is a past president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and while in that post she was responsible for shaking up a company called Timescape Books (a subsidiary of Pocket Books). Several writers being published by that company had complained of shoddy treatment and Marta, together with the other officers and an attorney, set out to correct the mischief. She shook the tree vigorously. Timescape Books no longer exists and the chief executive officer of that company has since moved on to other pastures. Because of her activities, on behalf of the shafted writers, she was written up in *Publishers' Weekly* and the *New York Times*. Dear friends, Marta *does* have a bit of a temper.

She has published six novels, and between fifteen and twenty short stories and novelettes. She doesn't remember the precise number, she merely cashed the checks and went on to the next story. And she has been twice nominated for a Nebula Award.

Finally, a word of caution for those of you who will appear with her on this stage, this weekend. When you are on stage together, never, NEVER turn your back to her. If you do that, if you are forgetful, it is likely that you too will find your name in print in the next issue of *Locus*. —Bob Tucker

NOVELS BY MARTA RANDALL

- A City in the North (1976)
- Islands (1976)
- Journey (1978)
- Dangerous Games (1980)
- The Sword of Winter (1983)
- Those Who Favor Fire (1984)

WINDYCON XIII SPECIAL GUESTS

JOHN BRUNNER

The author of such classics as *STAND ON ZANZIBAR*, *THE SHEEP LOOK UP*, and *SHOCKWAVE RIDER* was born in Oxfordshire, England on Sept. 24th, 1934. He read his first science fiction novel, *WAR OF THE WORLDS* at age six, received his first rejection slip at age thirteen, and sold his first paperback while still in college.

One of SF's most prolific and versatile writers, he was the first non-American to win the Hugo Award for Best Novel (*STAND ON ZANZIBAR*) in 1968.

He has also won the British Fantasy Award, the British SF Award (twice), the Clark Ashton Smith Award for poetry, and has been guest of honor at fifteen SF conventions including Baltimore's Worldcon in 1983.

Since it is his declared intention to write, "anything one can write bar technical manuals and advertising copy . . .", he also has contemporary novels, mysteries, thrillers, historical fiction, articles, reviews, songs, and verse to his credit.

One of his songs has been recorded by Pete Seeger, and his some stories were adapted for BBC Television's *Out of The Unknown* and Rod Serling's *Night Gallery*.

His newly revised edition of *THE TRAVELLER IN BLACK* has just been released by Bluejay Books.

TOM DOHERTY

Six years ago there was no such company as Tor Books. Today it is one of the major publishers in America. One man is responsible for this: Tom Doherty.

After Tom graduated college (he played guard on the football team and fought epee on the fencing team), he joined the Simon and Schuster sales force. Two decades later he moved over to Ace Books, becoming president of the company before leaving it to form Tor. Along the way he met and married his delightful wife, Barbara, and together they produced three first editions: Linda, Kathleen, and Tom (not even Junior, but the Fifth!)

Beginning with a total publishing schedule of two science fiction titles a month, Tor bought its properties wisely and promoted them vigorously—and before anyone quite knew what had happened, Tom was up to his current

schedule of 16 paperbacks a month and another 20 hardcovers a year, with solid lines in science fiction, fantasy and horror field, and an embryonic mystery line in the near offing. Along the way, he gathered such top editorial personnel as Beth Meachum, David Hartwell, Terry Carr and Ben Bova to work for Tor, and his stable of best-selling authors includes Piers Anthony, Gene Wolfe, Ramsey Campbell, Jack Chalker, Orson Scott Card, and host of others.

Tom celebrated his fifth year as Tor by publishing *ENDER'S GAME*, which won both the 1986 Hugo and Nebula awards. As these words go to press, the top four contenders in the 1987 Nebula standings for novels are all Tor books. Not bad for a company that isn't old enough to shave yet. —Mike Resnick

BARRY B. LONGYEAR

An author who began publishing in 1978. He stunned the SF world in 1980 by winning the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer and the Nebula, Hugo and *Locus* Awards for his novella *Enemy Mine*, thus becoming the only writer to collect all four in a single year.

His latest two books, *IT CAME FROM SCHENECTADY*, and *ENEMY MINE* (a novelization of the 1985 movie based his novella) are now available, and his new novel, *SEA OF GLASS* will soon be released from Bluejay Books.

Barry is very open about his treatment for alcoholism at St. Mary's Rehabilitation Center over five years ago, and his continuing sobriety.

As he did last year, Barry will conduct a Writers' Workshop on Saturday.

WILSON Q. TUCKER

"I was born in a trunk in the Princess Theater in Pocatello, Idaho. My daddy was the family bass man, my momma was an engineer. When I was a little bitty baby my momma used to ruck me in the cradle. I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me. I'm gonna learn to read and write, I'm gonna see what there is to see. Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job, but I get no offers. I don't give a damn about a greenback dollar—spend it as fast as I can. By the time I got to Woodstock I was half a million strong. Some people claim there's a woman to blame, but I know it's my own damn fault. Don't you

know me? I'm your native son. I don't know what's wrong with these kids today. Who can understand anything they say? Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain. I get no kick from champagne. I'm heading for the last round-up. And when I die, and when I'm gone, there'll be one child born in the world to carry on. But I'm back in the saddle again, and I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." —Wilson Q. Tucker

JOHN VARLEY

John has garnished two Nebula Awards and three Hugos. He is the author of the novels *THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE*, *MILLENNIUM*, *TITAN*, *WIZARD*, and *DEMON*.

His short story collections are *THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION*, *PICNIC ON NEARSIDE* (*THE BARBIE MURDERS*) and *BLUE CHAMPAGNE*.

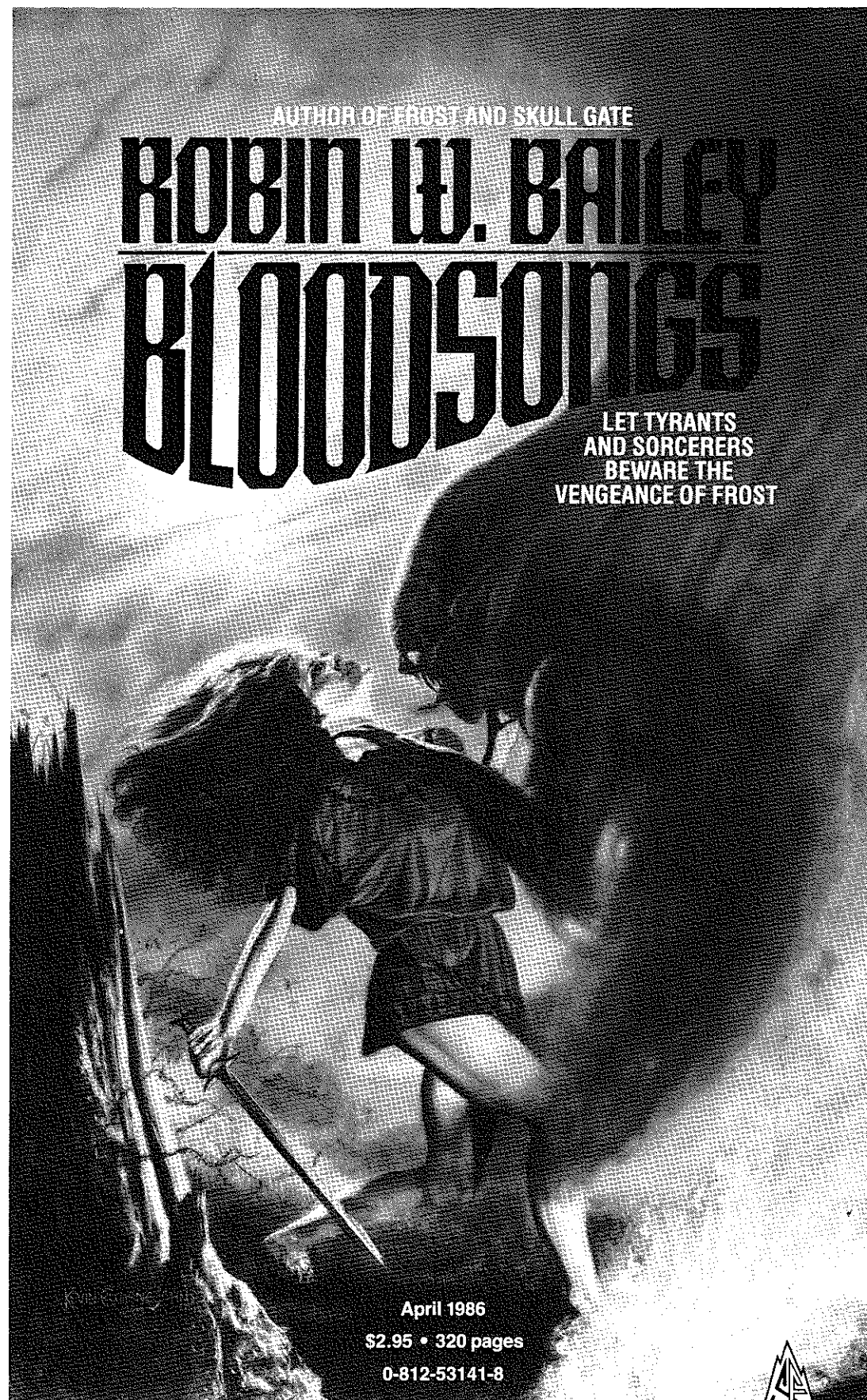
He has a pet octopus named Tako.

ELEANOR WOOD

Eleanor Wood is one of those rare literary agents who, when she's all through reading manuscripts at the office, is such a devotee of the written word that she goes home and reads another few hours just for pleasure. She is also one of those even rarer literary agents who has been so successful that she has no need to advertise, and indeed needs to do nothing but stand still for 30 seconds to be surrounded by hopeful potential clients.

After receiving her BA at New York University and her MA at Bryn Mawr, Eleanor went to work in the publishing field in 1971. Then, five years later, she decided to form her own literary agency: Spectrum. Her client list, which is not limited to science fiction writers, currently includes Robert A. Heinlein, Jack Williamson, L. Sprague de Camp, James P. Hogan, Jack Chalker, Mike Resnick, Spider Robinson, and Fred Saberhagen, all of them intensely loyal to her.

Eleanor loves good jazz, murky foreign movies with subtitles, bad New Jersey jokes, and above all, fine literature. Married to NBC Nightly News producer Ken Bell, she is accompanied at most conventions—including Windycon—by Christina, aged 5, and the discoverer of the secret of perpetual motion, Justin, who will turn 3 next month. Neither of them is yet old enough to know that Mama is a superstar in her chosen profession. —Mike Resnick



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WINDYCON XIII GUESTS

DAVID LEE ANDERSON

In the artist's own words:

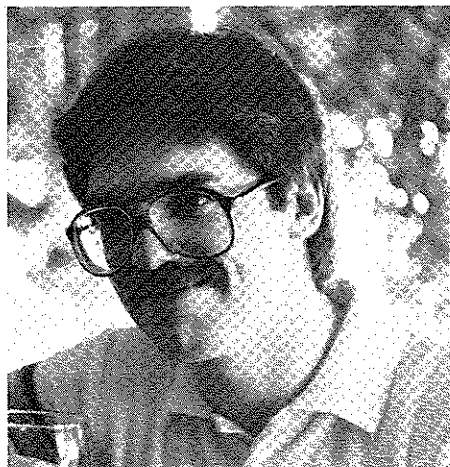
"I am currently working as a science fiction/fantasy illustrator, doing odds and ends of publications such as magazine, hardback, and paperback covers, etc. I've exhibited at more than 300 convention art shows over the last six years, and haven't got tired of traveling across the country to have fun. I'm known for raising living-to-excess to an art form while maintaining a brave face to oncoming middle age. No reason to slow down yet! (Look at Tucker!)"

ARLAN ANDREWS

At the age of nine, Arlan Andrews saw *RED PLANET*. He has yet to recover. In those days, he says, Little Rock, Ark., was a lonely place for a science fiction buff. Eventually, Andrews decided to pick up stakes and to seek company. He picked the most likely place to meet like minds: White Sands Missile Range.

As a missile tracker, Andrews watched more than 6,000 launches. Later, he worked for Bell Labs on the anti-ballistic missile program. He has spent the last 12 years serving on various AT&T civilian projects.

Andrews published his first article in a 1970 issue of *Fate*. That same year, he wrote his first fanzine article for *Sandworm*. His first SF sale was a poem, published in 1979 in *Omni*. Andrews has written for a number of general interest, special interest and academic publications, including *Omni*, *Analog*, and *Infoworld*. He has written cartoons and plays, and has completed a novel. Andrews has been a member of SFWA since 1979.



ROBIN W. BAILEY

In the author's own words:

"I've authored three novels, *FROST*,

SKULL GATE, and *BLOODSONGS*. I'm a regular *THIEVES' WORLD* author, and contributor to Marion Zimmer Bradley's *SWORD AND SORCERESS*.

"On weekends when I'm home, I sing in a restaurant. I also teach aerobic classes to benefit a local hospital.

"I'm into physical things, like weightlifting, martial arts and good massages."

ALGIS BUDRYS

Algis Budrys was born in 1931 in East Prussia. As he explains, he is "A free Lithuanian citizen from birth, under a diplomatic passport." He has lived in the U.S. since 1936.

He has published eight novels, three story collections, three non-fiction books, some 120 magazine articles, about 200 short stories, several screenplays, radio scripts and teleplays, and a countless number of reviews and critical pieces. His works have appeared in the *Washington Post*, *Chicago Sun-Times*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *The New Republic*, and other publications.

Two of his works, the novel *WHO?* and the story *THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS* were developed into movies (the latter as *TO KILL A CLOWN*).

Budrys has served as a book and magazine editor, and has worked in advertising and public relations. He has received an Edgar Award, a Locus Poll Award, and an Invisible Little Man Award for service to the SF community. Budrys is a director of the Phillip K. Dick Award committee, and is a member of the Science Fiction Hall of Fame, and the Mark Twain Society.

LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD

Lois is a new writer. Her first two novels, *SHARDS OF HONOR* and the *WARRIOR'S APPRENTICE* were published this year by Baen Books. She's also been published in *Twilight Zone Magazine*, and sold story rights to the television series *Tales From The Darkside*.

GLEN COOK

Glen Cook's works include *THE HEIRS OF BABYLON*, *OCTOBER'S BABY*, *STARFISHERS*, *THE FIRE IN THE DOOMS*, *SHADOWS LINGER*, *DOOMSTALKER*, and *WARLOCK*.

In the author's own words:

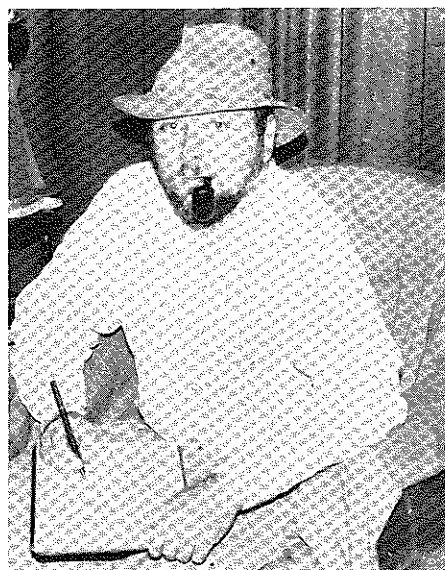
"I'm 42 years old, write books, collect books and stamps, sell books. I flew 58 missions over North Vietnam and never

got hit. I played three years for the Browns and got hit lots.

"I was a tailgunner on a shrimp boat, dove for sharks' teeth with the natives of Pago Pago, smuggled drugs in Paraguay, helped lose Dr. Livingston and find Martin Bormann. I parachuted into Iran with Uncle Duke (the Ayatollah is letting me come to Windycon on a work release program).

"When not cavorting with Indiana and Remo, I work for General Motors.

"Some of the above may be true."



ROBERT CORNETT

Bob Cornett is a former security officer, former police officer and former magazine editor. Also, he's a former Air Force and Marine officer, former pilot, former motorcycle racer, former skydiver, former husband and former member of the eight-to-five workforce.

He promises to become a former mountain climber as soon as he can find a former mountain.

With 28 novels and an undetermined number of short pieces and articles to his credit, Cornett describes himself as "Probably Iowa's second most prolific author." He counts his writing partner, Kevin Randle, as the first (along with Randle, he was co-winner of a Tucker Award last year).

He has written two series of novels on the Vietnam War, and two series of science fiction novels, *The Time Mercenaries*, and the *Fifty Million Years War*.

He frequently can be found at SF conventions. His interests include, "Beam's Choice, Point Beer, and being a little kinky with the right ladies."



SKETCH BY JUANITA

ROBERT AND JUANITA COULSON

Between them, the Coulsons have written 21 novels and countless short stories and articles. Their works have netted each a Hugo Award, honors bestowed upon them at the 1965 World SF Convention in London. (They have lost track, by the way, of the number of conventions that they've attended.)

Robert's novels include *THE GATES OF THE UNIVERSE*, *CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS*, and *TO RENEW THE AGES*. Juanita's novels include *CRISIS ON CHEIRON*, *SPACE TRAP*, and *OUTWARD BOUND*.

A past editor of the *SFWA Journal* and former SFWA secretary, Robert has published 258 issues of *Yandro* since 1953.

Robert's interests include history, hunting, target-shooting, stamp and coin collecting and folk music. Juanita's interests include history, singing, art, gardening, folk music, crocheting and abnormal psychology.

They have a coonhound named Kari, a housecat named Rocketeer, and an undetermined number of outside cats. Their plans for the future are "Staying alive to see it."

PAMELA C. DEAN

"I was born in Illinois, and raised in Illinois, Missouri, and Nebraska. I spent my childhood reading books, writing bad poetry, avoiding softball, and sitting in trees.

"The first big city I ever saw was London which has irretrievably spoiled me for all the rest."

Pamela two novels to her credit, *THE SECRET COUNTRY* and *THE HIDDEN LAND*. She is also a contributor to the Liavek series.

BRADLEY DENTON

Bradley Denton is a newcomer whose first professional piece, the novelette "The Music of the Spheres," appeared in the March 1984 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

That piece won him a spot on the ballot for the selection of the 1985 John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer.

Since then, Denton has published three more novelettes and a short story in *F&SF*. Another piece, his poem "Mountain Shadow: Shawnee County, Kansas," appeared in a 1985 issue of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Forthcoming works include a novella in *F&SF*, a novelette in *POINTS OF DEPARTURE*, the third Liavek anthology, and *WRACK AND ROLL*, a novel published by Popular Library/Questar/Warner Books.



PHOTO COURTESY OF AMERICAN FANTASY

PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

Phyllis Eisenstein published her first science fiction piece in 1971. Since then, she has published almost 30 stories and four novels.

Her stories have been nominees for Hugo, Nebula, Balrog and S.F. Chronicle Awards. Four of her short stories have been included in best of year anthologies.

Eisenstein served as a Nebula trustee for several years. She was co-founder and director of the Windy City SF Writers' Workshop, and taught SF writing at Columbia College and Clarion.

She has been married for 20 years. Her husband, Alex, she says, "Is my

rock and my strength and a good source of SF ideas." Her interests include sewing, crocheting, the guitar, lawn work, cooking, television, roller coasters and lobsters. She intends to keep writing, "Til my mind turns to Jello."

BETH FLEISHER

In her own words:

"A long time ago, in a far-away land, at a time when I was reading an inordinate amount of science fiction, I came across an Isaac Asimov short story collection. "In this collection, Dr. Asimov talked about some of the wonderful editors he had had.

"Inspiration struck. The next time I was asked the dreaded question, 'What do you want to be when you grow up?', I replied, 'A science fiction editor.'

"So here I am, an editor for Berkeley/Ace, working with such authors as Michael P. Kube-McDowell, and having a wonderful time of it."

MIKE GLYER

In his own words:

"This Los Angeles fan was a student at USC when Bob Gale took him to his first LASFS event (that's the same Bob Gale who later co-authored *BACK TO THE FUTURE*).

"Mike eventually went to work for the IRS.

"Both Bob and Mike were influenced in selecting their careers by fellow USC grad George Lucas.

"However, Mike just recently learned that Lucas's film wasn't titled *TAX 1138*."





STEVEN GOULD

Steven Gould counts himself as one of the many writers discovered and encouraged by the late Ted Sturgeon.

Gould has published in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing* and *Far Frontiers*. His first published piece, "The Touch of Their Eyes," was narrowly defeated by Clifford Simak's Hugo Award-winning "Grotto of the Dancing Dear" for most popular short story. His short story "Rory," published in the July 1984 issue of *Analog*, was a Hugo nominee.

He is director of the South/Central Region of the SFWA.

In his own words: "I am unmarried, single, with red hair and fuzzy green teeth. I make a living by working with computers, writing scenarios for computer games and writing SF.

"I enjoy sailing, skiing, scuba diving, martial arts, racquetball, golf, Japanese culture and history, rock and roll, bad piano-playing (but only my own), survival techniques for hostile environments, ethnic foods and frogs."

ROLAND GREEN AND FRIEDA MURRAY

Roland Green's works include the Wandor series, the Peacekeepers series, and several collaborations, among them *JANISSARIES*; *CLAN AND CROWN* (with Jerry Pournelle), *JAMIE THE RED* (with Gordon Dickson), *GREAT KINGS' WAR* (with John Carr), and *THE BOOK OF KANTELA* (the first book of The Throne of Sherran trilogy, written with his wife, Frieda Murray). He is at work on *JANISSARIES*; *STORMS OF VICTORY* and a new Peacekeepers book, *THE MOUNTAIN WALKS*.

Green and Murray are now working on the second and third installments of

the Sherran trilogy, *THE BOOK OF JOVIZ* and *THE BOOK OF DAIVON*.

Both were involved with the Society for Creative Anachronism. They both enjoy walking. In addition, Green's interests include military and naval history and malt Scotch. Murray's other interests include folklore, and folk and country dancing.

MARTIN H. GREENBERG

Martin H. Greenberg is perhaps the leading anthologist in the SF field. He has 150 sf, fantasy, and horror anthologies published to date. This doesn't count his other 70 books of everything from assorted mystery collections to his *STUDIES IN NUCLEAR TERRORISM*.

The books are his hobby. He is employed as a Professor of International Relations at the University of Wisconsin—Green Bay with a specialty in Middle East politics and international terrorism. He is married to Rosalind M. Greenberg, a member of the SFWA and "a wonderful person."

TODD HAMILTON

Todd turned professional this year, the year after he was Guest of Honor at Windycon XII. What does this mean? We're not sure. Maybe, that we just have good taste.

He has currently illustrated three books for Berkley, nine for Tor, and one for Dark Harvest.

His hobbies are metal-smithing, puppetry, bad movies, and Kendo.



P.C. HODGELL

In the author's own words:

"I've been writing fantasy seriously since 1972, when I took a year off between college and graduate school to find out once and for all if I actually could write. At the end of that year came Clarion.

"Then, to my amazement, people like Kate Wilhelm and Harlan Ellison told me I had some talent.

"Since then, I've been juggling the role of author and graduate student. At the moment, I'm just short of a doctorate in English Lit.

"I've sold two novels and five short stories, most of them set in the same world, Rathillien, with the same basic characters. These are the stories I grew up telling myself. They are the reason I became a writer in the first place.

"I very much look forward to finishing the wretched dissertation and getting back to the stories."

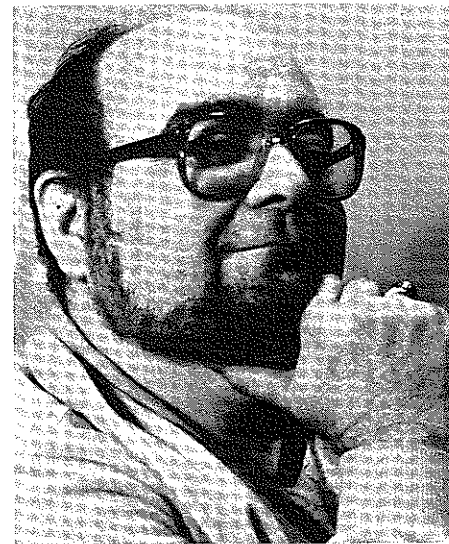


LEE KILLOUGH

Lee is the author of several novels including *DEADLY SILENTS*, *SPIDER PLAY*, and the soon to be published, *BLOOD HUNT* (Tor Books, Feb., 87).

She has dozens of short stories to her credit—among them "Symphony For a Lost Traveler" which 'almost' won a Hugo.

She writes: "I've been storytelling for myself, living in worlds of my own, since I was four years old. The best of the worlds being SF, especially when I can mix SF with mystery and cops (vampire cops, werewolf cops, ghost cops . . .)."



PAT KILLOUGH

Pat's wife, Lee, writes:

"David Cherry once painted Pat as a Renaissance man. It fits. He's been a sheriff's dispatcher, radio announcer, a counsellor for the mentally retarded, member of a highway crew building I-70, and musician on several instruments (he and I used to court singing along to his guitar at midnight on the steps of a local church)."

He's also a pilot, hypnotist, psychologist, photographer, teacher, and lawyer. He now handles one client, Lee, and writes. He co-authored the short story "Keeping the Customer Satisfied" with his wife.

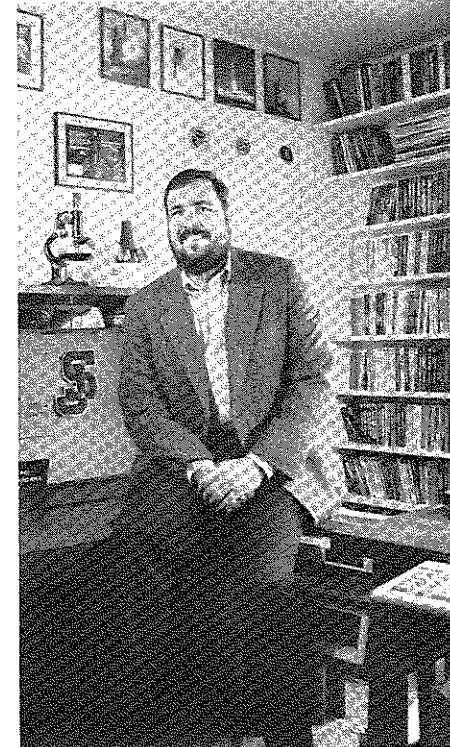
ELLEN KOZAK

In the author's own words:

"I never had any ambition to be a science fiction writer. I devoured the stuff like popcorn, but I wanted to be a war correspondent, a screenwriter, and/or the *Great American Novelist*. Not having the faintest notion of how to get started, I became a lawyer.

"Being everyone's tongue-for-hire was such an awful job that I found myself in my favorite refuge, science fiction. When I acquired my first TV to watch the Watergate hearings, I discovered *Star Trek* in re-runs. eventually, I wrote a *Star Trek* story, then half a dozen more that were published and finally collected in *INDIAN SUMMER AND OTHER SEASONS*.

"Somewhere along the way, I acquired an agent who conned me into writing a series of space operas under the pseudonym, Jarrod Comstock. These Lawless Worlds was a series about a female version of Judge Roy Bean in space.



MICHAEL KUBE-McDOWELL

His stories have appeared in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing*, *Twilight Zone*, and *F&SF*, and have been collected in various anthologies published in the US and Europe. Three of them have even been adapted into episodes of the television series *Tales from the Darkside*.

His first novel *EMPRISE*, was a finalist for the 1986 Philip K. Dick Award. *Newsday* described it as "reminiscent of Arthur C. Clarke at his best." A related novel, *ENIGMA*, was published in May and *EMPERY*, the final novel in the Trigon Disunity series, will be published next year.

GEORGE LASKOWSKI

George publishes the Hugo Award winning fanzine, *Lan's Lantern*. Other than the fact that he has been Fan Guest of Honor at several conventions, we don't know much more about him. Meet him, and find out for yourself.

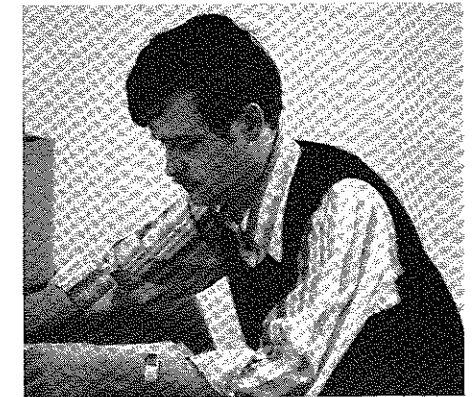
LYNETTE MESEROLE

After several years working in pediatrics as a registered nurse, Lynette Meserole took to writing fiction for children and teens. Her first piece was published in 1984.

She married her nursing and writing experiences, and with Rob Chilson, wrote two novelettes about medicine in

the future, "The White Hope" and "The White Box." She is working on sequels to the novelettes and on a science fiction novel for young adults.

Meserole has been published in *Wee Wisdom* and *Analog*. She has served as a guest speaker or panelist at several SF conventions, and has led a number of writing workshops.



KEVIN RANDLE

Writing steadily since 1973, selling his first article on UFOs to *Saga*, Kevin has written more than 40 magazine pieces dealing with UFOs and also Vietnam.

He has also published 11 books about the Vietnam war and science fiction. Thirteen more are scheduled for release. With his frequent writing partner, Robert C. Cornett, Randle has worked on the SF series the Time Mercenaries and the Fifty Million Years War.

Considered an expert on UFOs he was a contributor to the *UFO ENCYCLOPEDIA*, and as a student of the supernatural he also contributed to *TRUE TALES OF THE UNKNOWN*.

He hopes to move from Iowa to Las Vegas, where it is warm in the winter and he can gamble.



WINDYCON XIII GUESTS



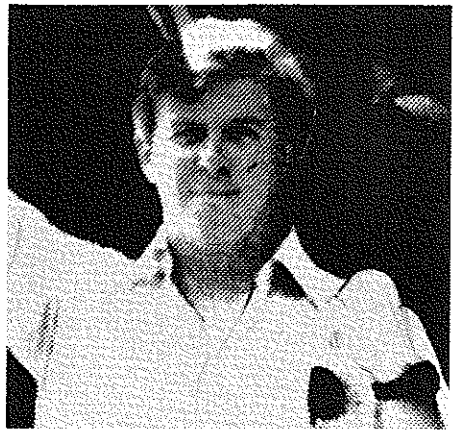
PHOTO BY JAY KAY KLEIN

MIKE RESNICK

Mike Resnick would rather his books speak instead of his private life.

They include *THE SOUL EATER*, *BIRTHRIGHT: THE BOOK OF MAN*, *WALPURGIS III*, *SIDESHOW*, *THE THREE-LEGGED HOOTCH DANCER*, *THE WILD ALIEN TAMER*, *THE BEST ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' GUNSLINGER IN THE WHOLE DAMNED GALAXY*, *THE BRANCH*, *UNAUTHORIZED AUTOBIOGRAPHIES*, *ADVENTURES*, *EROS ASCENDING*, *EROS AT ZENITH*, *EROS DESCENDING*, *EROS AT NADIR*, and *SANTIAGO: A MYTH OF THE FAR FUTURE*.

Forthcoming are: *STALKING THE UNICORN: A FABLE OF TONIGHT* and *THE DARK LADY: A ROMANCE OF THE FAR FUTURE*. He is at work on: *IVORY* and *PARADISE: A CHRONICLE OF A DISTANT PLANET*.



DOUG RICE

In the artist's own words: "Place in SF: Fan turned pro, though in the underrated comics field. A Chicago fan since 1973. Seems longer."

"My past: Chairman of Windycon V. My present: Working on staff for First Comics on *Dynamo Joe* and freelancing for Comico on *STARBLAZERS*. My future: too damn busy."

"My family: large, close, caring. My pet: Small, gray and nervous. My hobbies: Japanese SF animation, B-movies, pulps, painting and wandering aimlessly."

Rice is at work on an adaptation of Japan's foremost SF media series. He has won several regional SFcon awards for art, and collected a nomination as "Most Promising Newcomer" in the Russ Manning Awards competition at the San Diego Comic Con '85.

JOEL ROSENBERG

It took awhile for Joel Rosenberg to find his true calling.

He drove a truck. He cared for the retarded. He was a bookkeeper. A gambler. A motel desk clerk. A head chef. (The last, by the way, very briefly.) Rosenberg's first sale, an opinion piece favoring nuclear power, was published in the *New York Times*. His stories have appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *PERPETUAL LIGHT*, *Amazing Science Fiction Stories*, and TSR's *The Dragon*.

His hobbies include backgammon, bridge, poker and other forms of gaming, and cooking (his broiled butterfly leg of lamb, he says, has to be tasted to be believed).

Rosenberg has published the novel *TIES OF BLOOD AND SILVER*. His *Guardians of the Flame* saga so far has been chronicled in *THE SLEEPING DRAGON*, *THE SWORD AND THE CHAIN*, and *THE SILVER CROWN*.

WILL SHETTERLY

William Howard Shetterly has acted Off-Broadway in New York, played bass in a sort-of-a-new wave band, created and writes the comic *CAPTAIN CONFEDERACY*, and takes a perverse pride in having been expelled from the Choate School.

Along with Patricia Wrede, Steven Brust, Pamela C. Dean and other, he is a founding member of Minneapolis's Scribbles (A.K.A. the Interstate Writers' Workshop).

He and his wife, Emma Bull are the co-editors of the shared-world fantasy anthology series—*Liavek*, and co-founders of SteelDragon Press.



Portrait of Paul O. Williams after just having been sprayed with XJ27PY brought from the planet Mongdar.

PAUL O. WILLIAMS

In the author's own words:

"I am a longtime professor of English who has lately left teaching and moved to San Francisco. What am I doing in San Francisco? So far, I have been working on the house, which needed some major repairs."

"I do not have a line of 'gainful endeavor.' I will be writing, though."

"My bibliography is really very long, and aside from 7 Pelbar novels not of great interest to SF readers. I have a son in the Marines, stationed somewhere in the Pacific. He never writes. And a daughter, who is a grad student in journalism at the U. of Missouri. My wife, KerryLynn, a longtime fog fancier from the Bay area, works for Delta Airlines. She is always ready when I am, especially to go out to eat."



JACK WILLIAMSON

Jack was born in 1908 in Bisbee, AZ, to pioneering parents. His family moved to a mountain ranch, an irrigation project in Texas and finally, in 1915 by covered

WINDYCON XIII GUESTS

wagon to a sandhill homestead in New Mexico.

The turning point in his childhood was discovering Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*, which opened an escape into science fiction from duststorms and drought.

Later, though rates were a cent a word, sometimes less, Williamson made a living as a writer, taking time out for World War II. In the early '50's, he created a comic strip *BEYOND MARS*, which ran for three years in the *New York Sunday News*. When the strip expired, he returned to college and became an English professor and a pioneering teacher of science fiction. His 1964 doctoral dissertation was published in 1973 as *H. G. Wells: Critic of Progress*.

Writing steadily since 1928, Williamson figures that he has published several million words of science fiction in magazines. His 44 books have sold in the millions and have been translated into almost every major language, including Serbo-Croatian.

His autobiography, *WONDER'S CHILD*, received a Hugo Award in 1985. Other honors include the Science Fiction Hall of Fame Award and the Grand Master Nebula from the SFWA for lifetime achievement. Williamson was once a president of the SFWA. Retired from teaching, he is Distinguished Research Professor in English at Eastern New Mexico University.

He is not, though, retired from writing. Williamson is at work on two novels, *LAND'S END* with Frederik Pohl and *DEADFALL*.

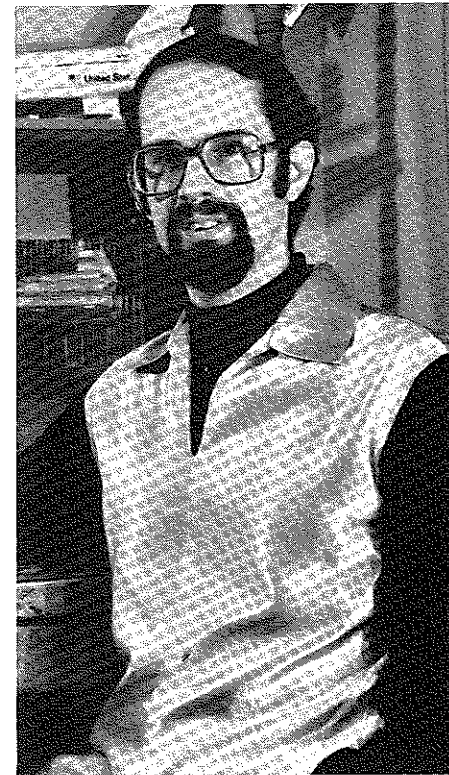
GARY K. WOLFE

A listing of Gary's works consumes pages and pages. Even typed and single-spaced to compact it, the listing takes six-and-a-half pages.

Dean of the College of Continuing Education at Roosevelt University and a renowned educator, he is a prominent science fiction critic, reviewer, biographer and researcher. His works have been published in numerous general-interest, special-interest and academic magazines, and several anthologies, and have been honored with awards.

He has served as an editorial consultant, editor, and judge for the Philip K. Dick Memorial Award.

His most recent book was *CRITICAL TERMS FOR SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY: A GLOSSARY AND GUIDE TO SCHOLARSHIP*.



TIMOTHY ZAHN

Timothy Zahn has written 43 short stories, one story collection and six novels. He has received a number of Locus Poll and Analog Anlab Awards. His novella "Cascade Point," was honored with a Hugo Award in 1984.

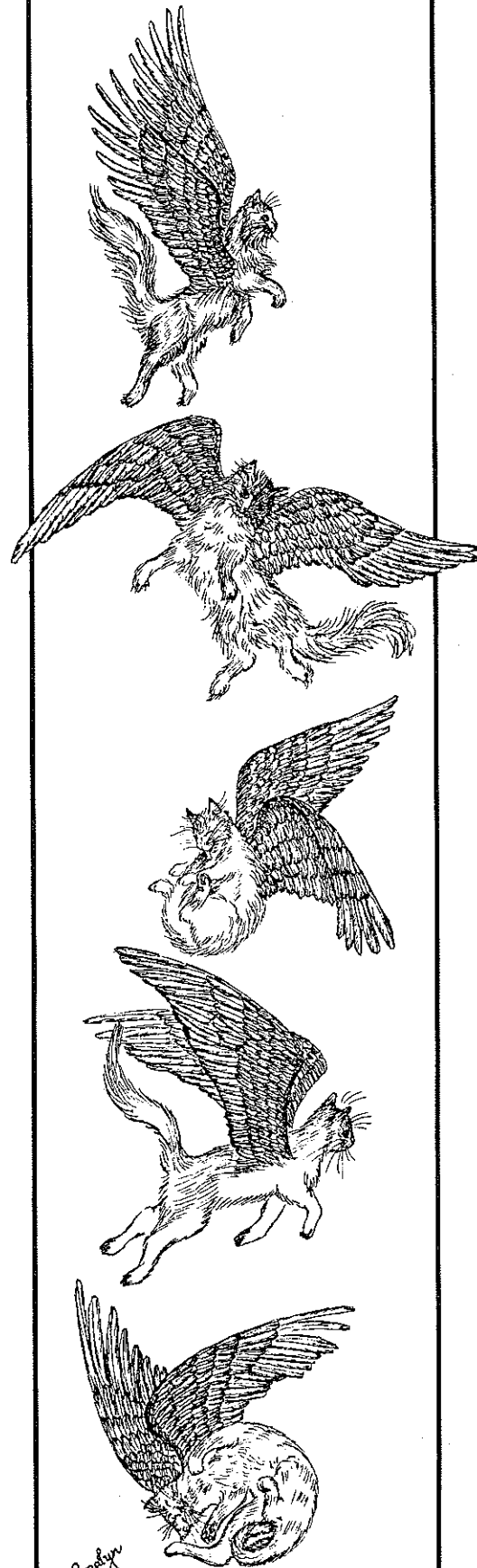
His most recent novel was *BLACK-COLLAR: THE BACKLASH MISSION*, published in 1986. Forthcoming are two other novels, *TRIPLET* and *COBRA II*.

In the author's own words:

"Timothy Zahn was born in the latter half of the 20th century, where he has spent all of his life thus far. Afflicted in childhood with chicken pox, mumps, measles and science fiction, he recovered from all but the latter, which had a permanent effect."

"Success came slowly, but he was persistent (some would say muleheaded). In 1984 he received science fiction's highest award, the Hugo. The award, a silver rocket ship, has earned him the admiration of SF fans, the attention of local media and the scrutiny of airport security."

"He works out of his central Illinois home; his wife, Anna, at his side, his four-year-old son, Corwin, under his feet. Becoming an author has left him generally unaffected, except for a slight tendency to go glassy-eyed in the middle of conversations."



Resnick © 1985

JOIN THE PARTY ANIMAL



Chicago in '91

CHICAGO IN '91

reintroduces...

THE ONE ROOF WORLDCON!

Absent for lo, these many years, Chicago in '91 presents the first Worldcon without streets since Suncon in 1977. We will use three hotels interconnected by the two story underground shopping mall, the Illinois Center. These hotels will provide enough space for the largest Worldcon yet held, plus plenty more.

Our flagship hotel, the Hyatt Regency Chicago, is a convention center in its own right. Its Wacker Hall level provides over 70,000 square feet of function space, while the upstairs Ballroom level has two enormous ballrooms that can be subdivided to fit anything from the Hugo ceremonies to intimate fanzine panels. If this isn't enough (and it won't be), the Hyatt has sixteen additional function rooms. And of course, there will be more space in our two other hotels, the Swiss Grand and the Fairmont.

These new hotels are in the early stages of construction. Ground has been broken and financing arranged for both of them. We have them tentatively booked for Labor Day, 1991, an estimated two to three years after their scheduled completion dates.

But enough about our facilities. Let's talk about our committee a bit.

All of us but one live in the Chicago area. Between us, we have probably experienced everything that can be thrown at a concomm. We have worked at all levels from gofer at regionals to co-chair of a Worldcon, and handled all facets of running a convention. The core twenty or so of us have at least five years experience working with one another on the major Chicago regional, Windycon. Practically all of us worked on Chicon IV, often in multiple hats.

We have the facilities, the experience, and a city as vibrantly alive as any in the world. Vote Chicago in '91, and remember -- local traditions are to be enjoyed; vote early and often!



CHICAGO IN '91

P. O. BOX A3120

CHICAGO, IL. 60690

A paid, non-political announcement of the Party Animal Party.

SPECIAL EVENTS

FRIDAY

Help us get the convention off to a rousing start, and come to the Opening Ceremonies at 8PM. You'll meet our Guests of Honor: Harry Harrison, Donald and Elsie Wollheim, and Arlin Robins. Marta Randall will be toasting the doings.

There is also a special autograph party scheduled for our Guests of Honor and special guests: Harry Harrison, Marta Randall, John Brunner, John Varley, Wilson Tucker, and Barry Longyear.

The pool will be open for your paddling enjoyment from 10PM to midnight both Friday and Saturday.

This is Moebius Theatre's Tenth Anniversary, and as part of their celebration, they will be performing a revue at Midnight. Seating will be first come, first served. Special seating will be reserved for the handicapped.

SATURDAY

And again, the Bizarre Bazaar! Music, carryings on, whatnot. Oil up your feet and dance the night away, with or without costume. The carnage begins at 8PM.

Yes, we will be having a Masquerade with a panel of judges present during the dance. Prizes will be given for several traditional categories and some that we'll make up on the spot. In honor of the premiere of Harry Harrison's WINTER IN EDEN, we'll also be looking for the Best Dinosaur, so polish those scales, gang.

Don't miss the special autograph party for Donald A. Wollheim and DAW authors: Timothy Zahn, Lee Killough, and Martin H. Greenberg

SUNDAY

Closing Ceremonies commence at. 3PM Chicago time. Come cuddle cohorts and cry "ciao."

CHILD CARE

To accomodate our next generation of fans, we have a Kid's Con Suite in Rooms 3102 & 3201 for pre-registered children (6 mos.-10yrs) which is staffed by professional child care workers.

We have toys and games, and hope to organize special group activities for the children. Light snacks will be provided.

Diapers, formula, and other day-to-day necessities must be provided by the parent(s).

Kid's Con Suite hours:
FRIDAY 7PM-1AM
SATURDAY 9AM-2AM
SUNDAY 10AM-4PM

Please remember, the children's membership allows a child unlimited use of the Kid's Con Suite, but does not permit the child to wander through the public spaces and function rooms unescorted. Any child found unescorted will be brought to Operations HQ. These children will be returned to their parents after payment of a special \$20.00 child care surcharge.

WEAPONS POLICY

Incidents at past Windycons and other conventions have

forced us to adopt a strict policy concerning weapons. this year, and for the foreseeable future, no real or realistic-looking weapons will be allowed anywhere at Windycon. Weapons cannot be worn or displayed in any way, at any time, and their sale is prohibited.

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

ART SHOW

The hours for the Art Show (Regency Ballroom) are as follows:

FRIDAY 3PM-8PM
SATURDAY 10AM-7PM

The Art Auction conducted by Passovoy & Company will be held Saturday night at 8PM. Three bids are needed to bring a piece to auction.

DEALERS' ROOM

The Dealers' Room is located in the Mayoral Ballroom in the lower level of the hotel. There are 50 dealers displaying 77 tables of merchandise for your shopping pleasure. Merchandise crosses the entire spectrum from books to magazines to jewelry to buttons to T-shirts to comics to who-knows-what-all. Come down and find everything from the most current paperbacks to the "perfect" piece of jewelry you've been searching for years to find. Also remember this is an excellent opportunity to begin Christmas shopping for your fannish friends.

The Dealers' Room hours will be:

FRIDAY 3PM-7PM
SATURDAY 10AM-6PM
SUNDAY 11AM-3PM

There will be NO eating, drinking or smoking permitted in the Dealers' Room. Your understanding and cooperation is appreciated.

Due to an arrangement with the hotel, there will be no dealing permitted from any of the hotel guest rooms. Also, there will be no selling of any type of real weaponry. This includes all bladed instruments, blunt instruments, and whips. These policies will be enforced by the committee and by the hotel.

GAMING

This isn't Gencon or Origins, but you have three meeting suites to plug in your computers, assemble your boardgames, and spread out your maps, judge's screens, miniatures, etc.. Go to it, and battle all night long.

MEETINGS

The ISFiC Board will hold an open meeting on Sunday, November 16th, at 1:00PM in Room 4112. The annual election of directors and officers will take place at that time.

ASFA Members: A regional meeting of the Association of

Science Fiction Artists will take place on Saturday, November 15th at 3:00PM in Room 4321.

SFWA Members: A regional meeting of the Science Fiction Writers of America will take place on Saturday, at 4:30PM in Room 4321.

CON SUITE

The Windycon Con Suite will be open its usual late hours. This year's schedule:

FRIDAY: 3PM-5AM
SATURDAY: 11AM-5AM
SUNDAY: 11AM-??

A SMALL REMINDER:

Although the badges will again be color coded, the Con Suite staff may ask for additional identification. The drinking age in Illinois is 21. Please don't be upset with this, but the Blue Meanies have been cracking down on underage drinking, and the people that serve!

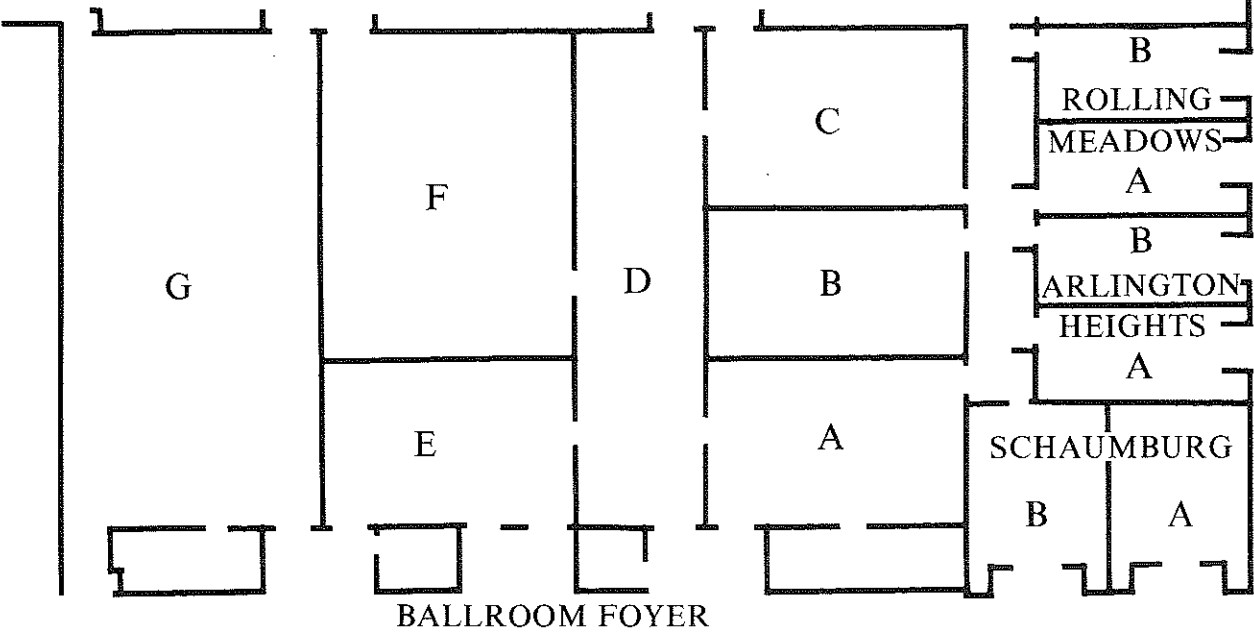
We reserve the right to be viciously arbitrary in the serving of alcoholic beverages to anyone, and also reserve the right to remove anyone from the Con Suite, and/or the convention, for the overindulgence of alcoholic beverages.

We also may have different suites for non-smoking and smoking fen. Please check the Pocket Program for confirmation of the room numbers.

HOTEL

Here's the map. Good Luck!

REGENCY BALLROOM



WHERE IT IS!

- Art Auction Regency Ballroom G
- Art Show Regency Ballroom E & F
- Child Care Rooms 3102 & 3201
- Dealers' Room Mayoral Ballroom
- Filksinging (Fri.).....Schaumburg Room. (Sat. after films*) .. Mayoral Ballroom Pre-function Area
- Films (All times except Sat. eve.).....Regency Ballroom (Sat. eve.) Mayoral Ballroom Pre-function Area
- GamingRooms 3129, 3135, & 5335 Computer Gaming courtesy of Data Domain
- Con Suite Room 5321
- Operations Gofer Lounge Rolling Meadows A HQ Arlington Heights Room
- Programming Green Room Rolling Meadows B Tracks 1,2,3,4,5Blossoms Bar, Regency Ballroom A, B, & C, & Schaumburg Room
- Author Readings Rooms 3335 & 4335
- Registration Mayoral Ballroom Pre-function Area
- Special Events Pool Party Pool Opening Ceremonies ... Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D Bizarre Bazaar Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D Closing Ceremonies Regency Ballroom A, B, C, & D Special Autograph Parties Room 4112

*For early evening filksing location, please see Bill Roper.

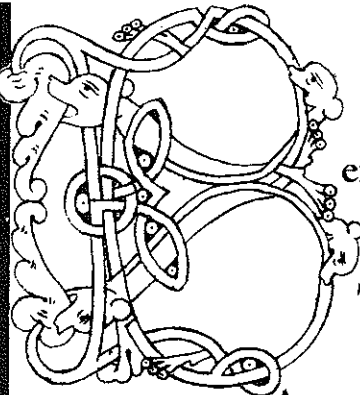
PROGRAM SCHEDULE

SATURDAY

	TRACK 1 Education BallRoom A	TRACK 2 Science Ballroom B	TRACK 3 Fan Ballroom C	TRACK 4A Author Forum Blossoms	TRACK 4B Author Readings Room 3335	TRACK 4C Author Readings Room 4335	TRACK 5 Media/Special* Schaumburg A&B
10 ^{am} -11 ^{am}	Star Trek Suggestion Box	Presentation by Center for Robotic Technology	Weapons at Cons: A Fannish Forum	Foundation . . . Building Aliens	Author Reading	Author Reading	Elfquest Local Group
11 ^{am} -12 ^{pm}	Science Fiction Writing: Can it be taught?	Presentation by Crown Space Center, Museum of Science & Industry	Are fans creative or just weird?	Sam Spade on Rigel 4! Detectives in SF	Author Reading	Author Reading	Elfquest National Group
12 ^{pm} -1 ^{pm}	Agents/Agenting: Are they useful? How do you get and keep one?	L5 Presents: O'Neill Colonies	Does fandom help or hurt pro writers?	Interview: Steve Gould interviews Marta Randall	Author Reading	Author Reading	Studio Presentation
1 ^{pm} -2 ^{pm}	BARRY LONGYEAR'S WRITERS' WORKSHOP	IBT Presents: Fiber Optics— Glass Wire?	How to deal with fannish children	Law Enforcement in the Future: Advances or retreats?	Author Reading	Author Reading	Studio Presentation
2 ^{pm} -3 ^{pm}	BARRY LONGYEAR'S WRITERS' WORKSHOP	Adler Planetarium: Astronomy for the Beginner	The misunderstood filker	Weapons of the Future	Author Reading	Author Reading	Studio Presentation
3 ^{pm} -4 ^{pm}	Agents & Editors: A Creative Team	What are they cooking up at Fermilab?	How to be a Party Animal!	Interview: Mike Glyer interviews Harry Harrison	Author Reading	Author Reading	Militarism in SF (TRACK 4A)
4 ^{pm} -5 ^{pm}	Is there life after print: Marketing games, toys, and media	Space Stations & other ideas for the Space Program by L5	APAs: Are they a thing of the past?				Fantasy Illos made Easy: Painting Demo (TRACK 4A)

SUNDAY

10 ^{am} -11 ^{am}	Copyright Law	L5 Presents Uranus: A Slide Show	1990+		Author Reading	Author Reading	Sexism in SF Films
11 ^{am} -12 ^{pm}	Writers of Future	Holography Demo	How not to run a convention! Conventions I've run and run from!				Media Fans: Love 'em or Leave Them
12 ^{pm} -1 ^{pm}	If you throw it over the transom will it fly? Do unsolicited manuscripts get read?	Video: Space Shuttle Memorial	Benefit Auction for: George Alec Effinger				Trends in SF Movies
1 ^{pm} -2 ^{pm}	Critique of ISFiC Writers Contest Submissions	. . . And Empire: Building Cultures: (Panel takes Aliens of Sat.'s panel and creates their society [TR. 4A])	Auction Continues				Special Effects: Well done or over done?



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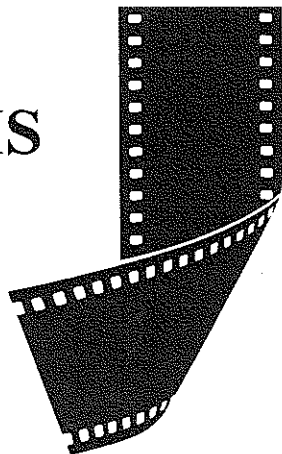
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FILMS



While most of the films listed here will be shown a few will not be. (Then why are they listed? That's a good question, read on.) This book goes to press weeks before the convention and the final word has not yet been received from all distributors. Therefore descriptions of the alternate movies are also included here.

The dates and the times of the film program are listed in the pocket program, however, the sexist pig film orgy (with an all-girl projectionist crew) will be Friday night.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO

(1951) Running Time: 99 min.
Dir. Fred de Cordova

This movie about a scientific experiment in which a creature with sub-human intelligence is raised as a human to see if he can pass for a sapient being: he can't. It stars Ronald Reagan, a former entertainer. Diana Lynn, Walter Slezak.

DR. GOLDFOOT AND THE BIKINI MACHINE

(1965) Running Time: 90 mins.
Dir. Norman Taurog

In this adolescent sexual fantasy, women are portrayed as something tinkered together so guys have something to play with. (See WEIRD SCIENCE) Specifically, the diabolical Dr. Goldfoot is constructing female robots, who seduce and marry rich people, then kill their husbands, giving economic hegemony over the world to Dr. Goldfoot. Secret agent Frankie Avalon thwarts this nefarious plot. Vincent Price, Jack Mullaney, Annette Funicello, Dwayne Hickman.

GALAXINA

(1980) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. William Sachs

Playmate of the year, Dorothy Stratten, portrays a robot intergalactic policewoman. The movie spoofs other SF movies and TV shows. Avery Schreiber.

HOW MUCH AFFECTION

(195-) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. ?

This is a 50's high school sex-education film.

ENEMY MINE

(1986) Running Time: 108 mins.
Dir. Wolfgang Petersen

Barry Longyear's excellent 1979 Nebula award winning story is translated to the

screen. The story concerns soldiers of two warring races; the human Davidge and a Drac named Jeriba. They manage to keep each other alive on a planet later renamed Friendship. Lou Gossett Jr., Dennis Quaid. Barry Longyear will say a few words about the story and film before the screening.

EXPLORERS

(1985) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. Joe Dante

An excellent children's movie, unfortunately marketed for adults. A trio of adolescents build a spaceship and contact aliens who have only learned about Earth from TV. Lucas's Industrial Light and Magic provided the special effects.

FLESH GORDON

(1972) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. Mike Light

This is the X-rated version. Have fun.

GHOSTBUSTERS

(1984) Running Time: 105 mins.
Dir. Ivan Reitman

Bring your own marshmallows. Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, Bill Murray, Harold Ramis.

GLEN OR GLENDA (I LED TWO LIVES)

(1952) Running Time: 67 mins.
Dir. Edward D. Wood

Edward Wood's (PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE) 1952 film on transvestites. In one moving scene a transvestite's girl friend gives him her sweater, which he lusted after. Bela Lugosi narrates. Lyle Talbot, Dolores Fuller, Daniel Davis.

GODZILLA-1985

(1985) Running Time: 91 mins.
Dir. Hashimoto & Kizer

After a decade, it is back! Bigger than ever! (And Raymond Burr isn't tiny either.)

LOST PLANET AIRMEN

(1949) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. ?

This is a condensation of a 1949 Republic serial. In this epic, Rocket Man (A.K.A. Commando Cody) prevents the evil Dr. Vulcan (no relation to Spock) from destroying New York.

MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT

(1951) Running Time: 84 mins.
Dir. Alexander Mackendrick

An inventor produces a cloth that lasts forever and won't soil or burn, much to the dismay of the textile manufacturers and unions. Alec Guinness stars in this comedy classic. Cecil Parker, Michael Grough, Joan Greenwood.

MR. BILL

Oh Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

MORONS FROM OUTER SPACE

(1986) Running Time: 95 mins.
Dir. Michael Hodges

They came. They saw. They did a little shopping. Dimwitted aliens come to Earth and become punk rock stars. By the end of a convention I feel the same way. This is an

underrated film that bombed at the box office.

NAKED APE

(1973) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. Zef Bufman

Desmond Morris's popular anthropology book is turned into a semi-fictional documentary. Johnny Crawford portrays the human race. The film is somewhat dated. Victoria Principal.

THE PERILS OF GWENDOLINE

(1985) Running Time: 88 mins.
Dir. Just Jaeckin

This critical and box-office disaster is based on a 40's underground bondage comic strip. The plot is senseless, but provides opportunities for kinky sex, graphic violence, and women being tied up. Not recommended for children, transvestites, homosexuals, women, adolescents, men, wookies, ETs, or anyone else.

REPULSION

(1965) Running Time: 105 mins.
Dir. Roman Polanski

A horror classic. A young woman is fascinated and revolted by men and sex. Her psychopathic tendencies expand as she enters a tormented nightmare world. The Catholic Legion of Decency gave this one a "C" (Condemned) rating. Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Roman Polanski.

SPACE CAMP

(1986) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. ?

A group of high school age students, while attending space camp, are inadvertently launched aboard a space shuttle.

STAR CRASH

(1979) Running Time: 91 mins.
Dir. Luigi Cozzi/Lewis Coates

A Windycon favorite. Caroline Munro stars as Stella Star, in what was to be the first of a series. Unfortunately, the sequels were never made. I have seen this movie three times so I know it has a plot, but I cannot remember it. It's a space opera with a gorgeous heroine. Christopher Plummer, Marjoe Gortner, Judd Hamilton.

WEIRD SCIENCE

(1986) Running Time: 94 mins.
Dir. John Hughes

In this adolescent sexual fantasy, women are portrayed as something tinkered together so guys have something to play with. (See DR. GOLDFOOT...) Specifically two high school nerds create Lisa, using their computers. She de-nerdifies them. It is not as bad as it sounds.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

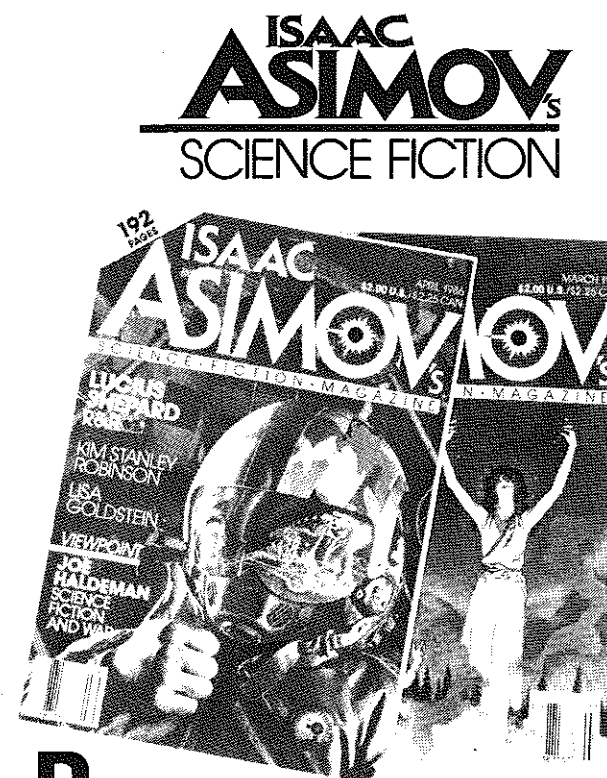
(1970) Running Time: ? mins.
Dir. Val Guest

The cavemen and the dinosaurs are not getting along very well, but then they become friends. Rated G. Parental note: some may wish that the cave women dressed more modestly. Victoria Vetri, Robin Hawdron, Patrick Holt.

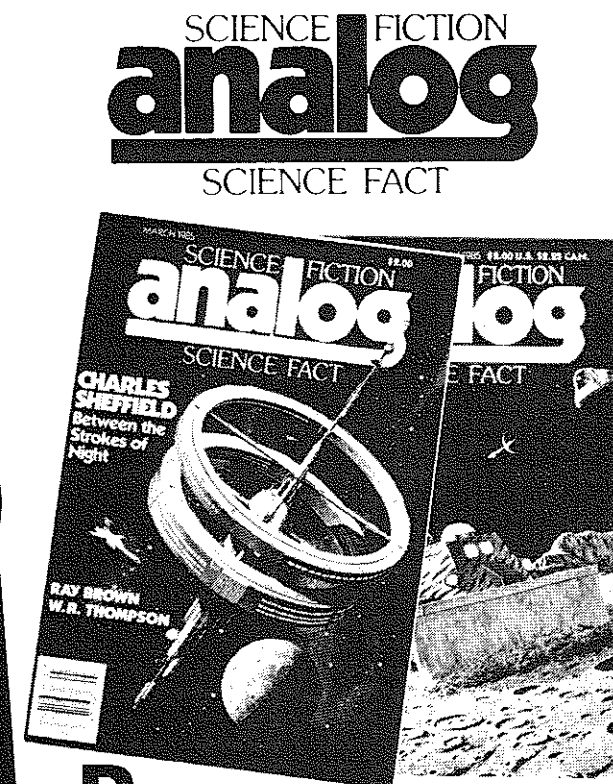
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PICNICon II

If you're one of the hundreds of Chicago-area fans who did not attend PicniCon this year, here's what you missed:

Volleyball
Baseball

Smocking
Frisbees

Frolicking in the woods,
and
Mass quantities of picnic-style food.

But don't despair. The enthusiastic response of those who attended has encouraged the organizers to make PicniCon an annual affair. Sometime during summer, 1987, PicniCon II will be held. Here are the particulars:

- DATE:** *Don't know yet.*
LOCATION: *To be announced.*
COST: *Ask us later.*
WE PROVIDE: *Something. We'll let you know.*
YOU BRING: *We're not sure. What would you like to bring?*

If you'd like to be notified of the details when we have them (which won't be for a while — we're fans too, you know), just complete the reply form at the bottom and mail it to us at: PicniCon, P.O. Box 11328, Chicago, IL 60611. Print neatly or type, please, or we'll just put you down as a volunteer for Chicago in '91. (And yes, if you don't want to ruin your nice, pristine program book by carving a chunk out of it, you may send us a facsimile of this form.)

☐ Yes! I want to frolic in the woods with other Chicago-area fans in summer, 1987. Tell me about PicniCon II and how I may play a role in this summer epic.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ **STATE:** _____ **ZIP:** _____

Sponsored by ISFiC — Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago

ISFiC 1986 WRITERS CONTEST WINNER

GETTING ALONG WITH LARGA

By Richard Chwedyk

"Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor anything virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes, that no such things exist in the whole creation."

— Henry Fielding, Tom Jones

"Not . . . getting along . . . with . . . Larga?"
I had just slapped my hand down on the conference table. "No, I am *not* getting along with you, Larga."

"Angry?" Larga's voice reminded me of gravel slowly melting in a metal cannister.

"Angry, maybe. Frustrated. We go around in circles. You just can't seem to step out of your own, Danovian frame of mind."

Larga was probably sifting through my thoughts again. I could tell when he was doing it. There was a fogging up inside, synapses going in slow motion, as if swimming through some thicker, inkier medium; images all but forgotten would be summoned into immediate memory, like dreaming on your feet. And the amphibian-looking rubber-armed munchkin would smile: Larga, smiling in his own, Danovian way. With amused pensiveness, the long digits of Larga's right arm rubbed gently over his furrowed checks, rather like an old Ukrainian chess master I once met in London.

"Anger . . . is . . . funny." He made the rapid sniffing sound which is the Danovian version of laughter. Larga laughed every time I entered his quarters. For a room in a space station just beyond the orbit of Pluto, it was comfortably appointed: lamps instead of overhead light grills, strips of imitation wood panels, chairs that had a little more than the usual Spartan cushioning. It had been meant for the U.N. officials, who still scowled at me from the corridor when I entered the room, as if it had been my idea to usurp it from them. Larga would raise his arms upon seeing me, laughing, twiddling his pliant digits as if performing on some invisible instrument. "Ahhh . . . here . . . is Susan. We may . . . begin . . . again."

"So anger is funny." I drew my bangs back and rubbed my forehead. It wasn't where my head hurt most, but I couldn't tell anymore where it *did* hurt most. "I can't understand how a being with a sense of humor finds it so hard to understand art." As I said it I realized my error. A sense of humor is a jumble of qualities, not all of them joined to the imagination by necessity. A little boy laughs when a man slips and falls, but a subtle pun may be completely beyond him. And Larga was so much like a little boy, one who has reached that stage where the experimental scientist is mated with the fiend.

"Larga laughs . . . at what . . . happens. Art . . . is not . . . what happens."

After days and days of bashing my brains against the triple-thick walls of the *Walkuere* space station, this sounded like progress.

"Right, Larga, in a way. As much as art is supposed to reflect or imitate an event, art is not what 'happens.' But in the

act of creation it becomes its own event: it 'happens' then. And again for the person experiencing the work."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

Larga's enormous mouth curled upward. "Why . . . speak of . . . *creating* . . . *experiencing* . . . *happening* . . . when art is . . . representation . . . not . . . *real* . . . not . . . *true*?"

On the conference table was a book — a good, old fashioned book — a thick hardcover anthology of English poetry I'd brought from Earth. I picked it up for the sole purpose of slamming it down hard. "Because we're insane, okay? We're aberrant and useless!" My anger fused with a draining sort of weariness. A yellow spark, like a little star, flickered in the field of Larga's magenta eyes. He sat still in his chair, "hands" on the table with digits knitted in an uncannily human fashion.

"Possible," he replied.

As far as I could discern, Larga was a happy mating of pragmatist and epicurean. Physical or physiological pleasure was comprehensible to him; so was the intellectual pleasure of working at a task with a concrete, measurable goal. But to Larga, a drawing or a painting was merely primitive. What he had been shown of theater and dance looked to him like a kind of irrational semaphore or a physiological derangement. He was impatient with music: even as he listened to it he asked when it was going to "happen." And worst of all, the one that really disturbed Larga, the one that brought me out here in the first place, was this thing, "poetry," this vaguely specialized term, "literature."

I returned the word to Larga: "Possible."

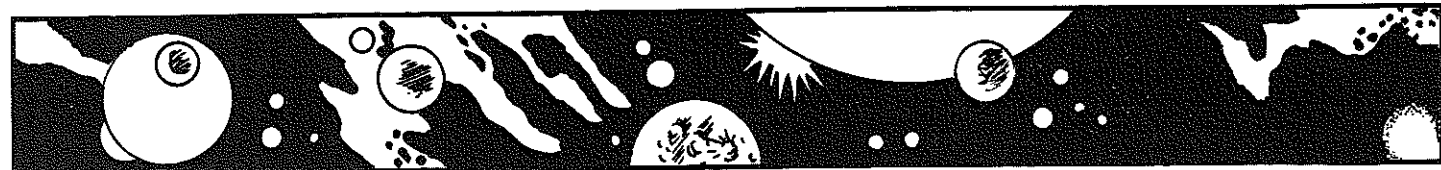
####

"Do you have any idea what it might mean if we can get along with him?"

That's how Dr. Beaumont put it. I *did* have an idea, but what caught my attention was the use of that phrase, "get along." It had the connotation of starting out at a disadvantage, like the new boy on the block trying to make friends. The space specialists must have been having a rough time, after all these years of trying to imagine what the first encounter would be like. The assumption was that the greatest effort would be spent in *our* trying to understand *them*. No one was prepared for an alien struggling so hard to understand *us*.

Beaumont told me all about it, as he sat on my couch, looking trim and healthy for his sixty-two years (mountaineering was his passionate hobby). The *Walkuere* spotted a small ship passing near the station at an unmatched speed. They sent out a Universal Greeting Signal. The ship responded, docked, and out came Larga. The residents of *Walkuere* found themselves playing host to our world's first alien.

Larga was reluctant to tell them anything about himself ("himself" being a simplification, not knowing whether his race had one or more other gender types), which I thought was a sensible move on Larga's part. He came from a world that roughly translated as Danovia. His ship was obviously centuries ahead of our technology. "He adapted readily — I'd say



miraculously — to the *Walkuere's* gravity and atmosphere. He's walking around the station with no apparent life support systems. Beyond that, we know very little about him. What he's doing, where he's going, what his world is like: we don't know."

To help Larga feel more at ease, they introduced him to the culture of Earth. How *that* is supposed to make an alien feel at ease I'll never fathom, but Larga took it all in at an incredible rate. He learned languages as quickly as they were introduced to him, and read through the entire station library. All three of the U.N.'s operating space stations on the system's perimeter are equipped with enormous, extensive libraries. Some of my colleagues in the English Department helped make the selections, so I was aware of the scale of Larga's accomplishment. He knew more about Earth than a good ninety-nine percent of its inhabitants. What's more, Larga's interest was perfunctory. Frankly, he was a little bored by it all, with the exception of this business of "art." It was the odd piece to an otherwise facile puzzle. Once he'd found it he couldn't leave it alone.

"Is that good or bad?" I asked Beaumont. I sat in my prize twentieth century desk chair, cradling a small glass of vodka and ice. Beaumont kept his hands on his knees, as if afraid of the two maroon pillows to either side of him on the couch.

"I don't know." He shrugged. "I don't think Larga himself knows. If he were human I'd say he was obsessed."

"Why not compare it to human obsession?" At last I broke his monologue. "That's all we *can* do, compare and contrast. Measurement and metaphor, and sometimes only the metaphor will do. Unless you want to invent a new language, or remake an old one. You won't understand it, though. The Danovians might."

Afternoon sunlight sat on his shoulders like a layer of dust. "Is it really so impossible? You know, Larga can read minds. He can . . ." He stopped, gestured as if all his words had just become strangers. "May I have some of that vodka you offered me before?"

I hurried to mix him a drink and he relaxed a little, leaning back, fingering the maroon pillow to his right as if it was a sleeping kitten. It was about time, I thought, that the head of the U.N. Space Station Program — himself, not some petty functionary — explained the nature of his visit to a relatively obscure writer and teacher. I'm strictly ivy and ivory tower, perhaps even more alien to Beaumont than Larga. If he needed "expert advice," there were dozens of professors older and more qualified than myself to serve in that capacity.

"Mind and language. Try to explain one without the other," I mused out loud. "It may be a good thing that your Danovian is obsessed. In some ways art is all about obsession, but I despise simplifications."

"You wrote a book," he said with a touch of accusation. "Aspects . . ."

I breathed out hard. "That thing." I could only refer to *Aspects of the Experience of Literature* as "that thing." It was one of those books that academics have to do once, if they're lucky, and never again. I'd had a hope that when Beaumont

mentioned a book it would be one of my collections of poems, or the novel that had come out the year before.

"Larga's read it. He also read *The Fabric of Reason* and *The Snows of Another Sleep*."

The ice rattled in the bottom of my glass. "Quite a fan."

"He is." A very disconcerting, "professional" look came into his eyes. "Are you aware of any medical reasons why you can't travel in space?"

I stammered out that I wasn't aware of any.

"Our doctors will check you over before you leave tomorrow."

"Leave?"

"Larga wants to meet you. He requested that we bring you to him."

I can't say that things became clear from that point on. The term was just starting. I had classes, work to do, and I put up a fight until Beaumont reminded me that the Special Powers Act permitted him to have me taken to the U.N. cruiser under guard if necessary. Everything had been cleared with the university officials. The old mountaineer wouldn't argue. He stated in direct, vociferous terms that the presence of Larga on the *Walkuere* was putting his people under great stress, and that he would do anything to insure their well-being. His own stress was evident, as tremors ran from his shoulders to his hands.

"Do you have any idea what it might mean if we can get along with him?"

There came the fateful sentence. "But why does he want me?" I asked.

"I don't know. Ask Larga. The others he wanted to see were all, well, historical figures, long dead. He wanted to talk to Euripides, would you believe that?"

I poured myself more vodka and drank it down in one long swallow.

"I suggest you take some work with you. Four and a half months out to the *Walkuere*, and it can get very dull. On my last trip out I completed the first volume of my memoirs."

"Good for you!" I laughed. The second vodka hit me quickly. "Very dully indeed!"

Beaumont left and I slowly started to pack. It's difficult to decide what to bring to a space station, especially when you're standing in for Euripides. I tried to convince myself that millions of miles away there was this strange creature, Larga, waiting for me.

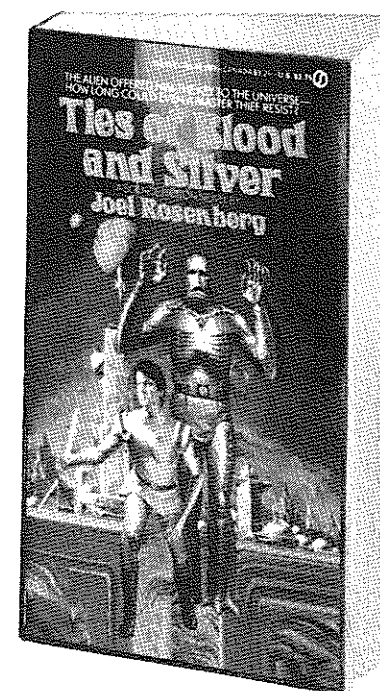
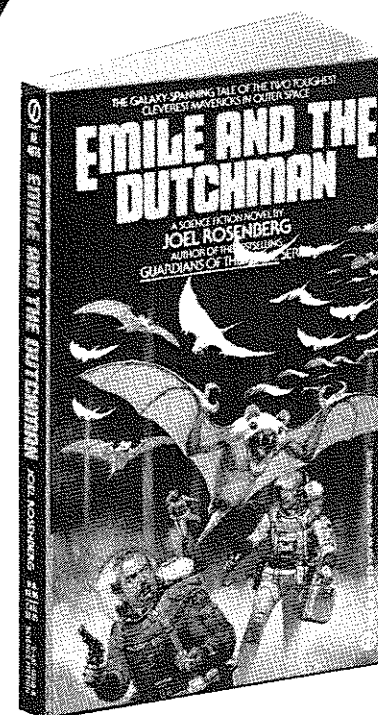
And that so much depended on our "getting along."

###

I spent most of the trip in my cabin, where I started half a dozen poems and finished the second half of a short novel. Beaumont would have been pleased.

My only companions were the pilot, the navigator and two young U.N. officials. All males. The pilot had a vast collection of pornography tapes that he invited me to come watch with him in his cabin. The navigator seemed content to steal glances at my legs. The U.N. officials treated me like an exotic specimen and kept asking me if I found the food satisfactory.

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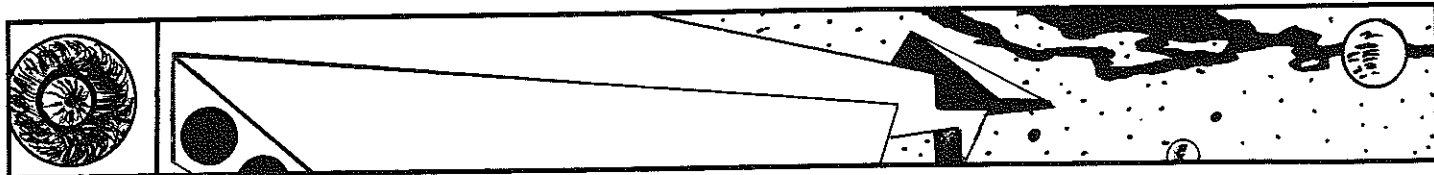


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I'm sure they were more than competent at their work, and well-meaning in their way, but this encounter with the real world did nothing to tempt me out of the ivory tower.

We never spoke of Larga, and by the time our ship docked at the *Walkuere* the whole story had taken on the quality of legend in my mind.

A brief tour of the station made it clear that Larga was no legend. The evidence was in every set of bleary, twitching eyes, from Dennis Ojumwo, the Project Administrator to Dr. Grace Fawcette, the astrobiologist who acted as my tour guide. As we went from the labs, to the offices, to the refectory, to the recreation rooms, Grace would stop in her tracks every so often as if jolted, hold one hand up to her tightly curled brown hair and stare around like an awakened sleep-walker. The truly unsettling aspect of it was that everyone else seemed to be doing it too.

Grace took me to a large porthole where I could see Larga's ship. It rested on the fat, cylindrical axis of the station, opposite to where the U.N. cruiser had docked. The ship looked small and insubstantial compared to the wheel-like hulk of the *Walkuere*, but sleek, strong, impressively simple. It had the beauty of a bird of prey, a beauty that the *Walkuere* lacked with all its distended towers, odds and ends, like a thing made of scraps. And they told me that Larga was baffled by aesthetics! Was the problem that he just didn't realize his own sense of aesthetics, or was it that I, being human, saw things, any things, aesthetically?

"The eye of the beholder," I mumbled. Grace, who had been quietly gnawing at the corner of her fingernail, jumped as if someone had leapt at us from nowhere.

"Sorry." She exhaled deeply and clutched her chest.

"No, please. I realize it's been difficult. Do you feel anything when he tries to read your mind?"

"It's more than that. He . . ." She shook her head. "You'll see."

We left it at that.

Dr. Wajda, the Director of Physics Studies, showed me to the conference room where Larga waited. People from Space Studies, Administration and Operations had assembled there, all wearing the same weak smiles. I felt as if I was being presented to Larga on a platter, swimming in orange sauce with an apple in my mouth.

Larga, seated at the center of the conference table, had his back turned. The mound of olive-colored flesh hardly seemed alive, more like something built out of plastic and paint. It occurred to me that I must be the victim of some elaborate joke, one that would cost me almost a year's traveling time.

But there was a slow pulsing to the thing in the chair. He swiveled around and I saw the wide mouth stretching past the ends of his face like a great amphibian, and large magenta eyes set in fleshy brows. His looks were not utterly beyond imagination, following bilateral symmetry, a shape that did not resemble but at least corresponded to human form. All he wore was a gray jerkin of some simple leather-like material. His legs were shorter than his arms, but they had great elastic-

ty, so that at first his legs dangled from the chair, then stretched down to gently drum the floor as I approached. There was a ripple of muscle in his noseless nostrils, as if he was trying to pick up my scent.

An awful feeling flooded through my nerves that I first thought was due to my awe at this incredible being, but it was Larga, reaching into my mind and drawing me closer. My own will was rudely pushed aside and Larga's took over. My head turned left, right, as Larga inspected his new creature. My legs lost all strength, but I remained standing, wholly through Larga's power. Memories flew up into my consciousness, like the grains meant to resemble snow in antique souvenir bulbs. I was suddenly five years old, reading a book, sitting on my father's lap; I was nine, crying to my parents that Darlene Kilbourn had called me a freak, and the other children had chanted "Freak! Freak! Freak!" as I ran home in tears; I was fifteen, in bed, dreaming of a man I would meet tomorrow, or next week, or next year. Larga shook and shook this little head of mine, and the grains of ancient snow flew round and round, until he found one lost moment where I writhed, naked, entwined in the limbs of some pompous undergraduate whom I had once adored with idiot devotion. Larga rocked back and forth in his chair, tiny legs swinging upward as if someone was giving him a ride on an old child's swing. He played the climax of my adolescent coupling over and over again, squeezing every drop of amusement out of my hopeless ecstasy. That was the first time I heard his awful sniffing and recognized it as laughter. There was more laughing in the room: everyone was laughing. Could Larga project my memories into these other minds, let them see what he was seeing? I wriggled uselessly against Larga's power.

When Larga finally let go of me I fell to the floor, howling and giggling. I crawled across the floor, away from the greater laughter, away from the oozing basso voice that came from Larga.

"Yes . . . this is . . . Su-san. *She* will teach . . . Larga."

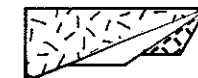
I didn't leave my room for days, refusing to eat, refusing to speak to anyone, rarely moving out of a fetal crouch. In my dreams I kept spinning around, running down long rubber-matted corridors, feeling Larga following me. The worst of it had been that my "fellow humans" had laughed while I was being psychically raped. I found myself hating them much more than I hated Larga. It took a few heavy doses of sedatives before I could hear what Grace Fawcette was yelling at me:

"We've *all* been through it! *More* than once!"

My eyes rolled back into my head. In a few seconds I understood more than I ever wanted to about Larga, the *Walkuere* and Beaumont. Cruel as the people in the conference room had seemed, they may have been under Larga's control, or at worst they were seeing me get my even measure of what they'd gotten already. Larga "played" with everyone, overgrown child that he was. The probability of a whole race of Largas out there was enough to unsettle an old mountaineer like Beaumont. We were completely vulnerable. The



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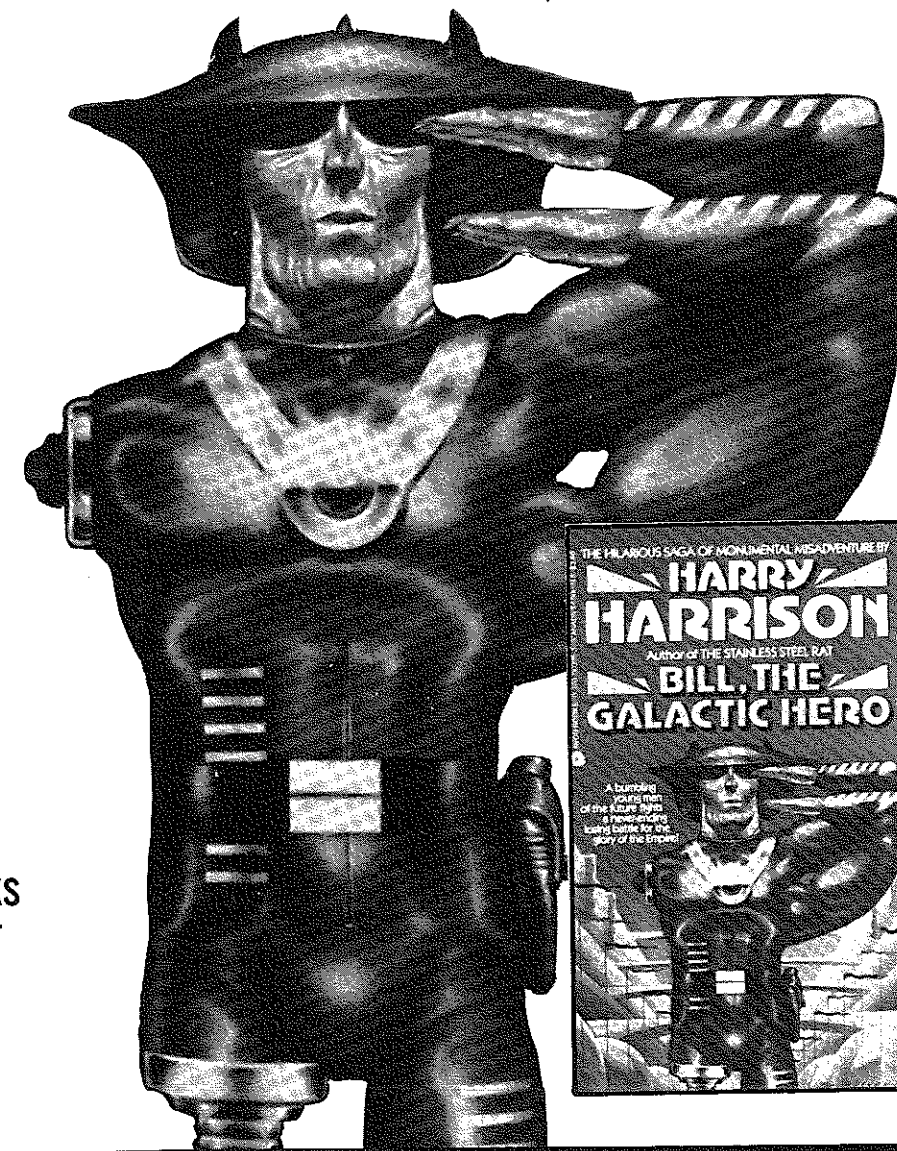
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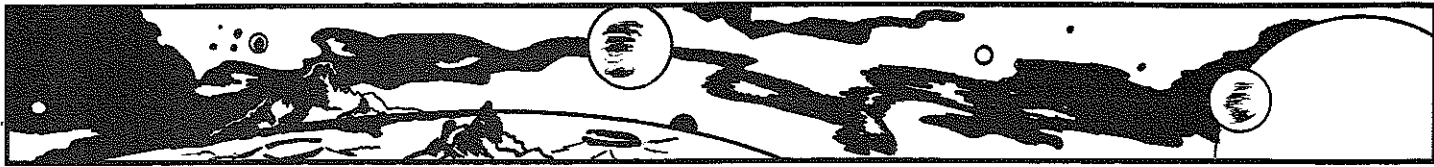
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Danovians could view us as toys, specimens, pets, or else as derangements who were dangerously infectious to any other beings in the galaxy.

Recovery was necessarily brief. Larga was waiting. It was surprising that he allowed me *this* much time. Throughout that period, I did the natural thing and tortured myself with estimations of my complete inadequacy to meet the task. Everyone on the *Walkuere* had been through more or less the same thing as I had, and somehow they managed to keep things going. I had been reduced to infantile jelly.

Dr. Karlinsky, the head physician, must have sensed what I was thinking. He had one of those grave fatherly, squared-off faces, even more geometrical with his gray hair in a crew cut. I liked Karlinsky, who seemed human and clunkily anachronistic amid all the mere technicians practicing medicine.

"You're acutely sensitive, Susan. That's all," he told me. "I don't think you could be what you are and be any less sensitive."

"And what am I?"

"A poet."

####

"We who *do* make," I told Larga, "and the Greek word 'poet' translates literally as 'maker,' do it because it satisfies a need to establish forms — I prefer that word to 'order' — on what appears at times to be a chaotic, accidental universe."

"But . . ." Larga's rubbery finger traced a crescent along the table's surface, ". . . why . . . make up? Why is . . . physics . . . technology . . . not sufficient? Through these . . . you find . . . *real* forms."

"Perhaps. But there are still a few of us back home who do not equate physical knowledge with anything like understanding or wisdom."

"Why not . . . create . . . through coition?"

By this time "coition" had become Larga's favorite word. Human mating habits amused and fascinated him. When he learned of the pilot's stash of porno tapes, Larga requested them. Nearly every moment not spent with me was spent watching the tapes, like a child enthralled by an ant farm or a tropical fish tank. But this was something physical, after all. Larga understood the active and the tangible. Between the porno tapes and myself, the *Walkuere* was getting back to normal. "Babysitting Larga," was how Grace put it.

I was feeling the toll of my employment. There was a warm metallic throb behind my right eyeball and my forehead was getting hot. I attributed this to having my brain squeezed through a Danovian collander.

"The custom for some time has been to practice coition for sensation rather than creation." I hoped that would put an end to the subject for a while. "Larga, can you imagine a goal that is never achieved, but that the striving toward is its greatest purpose? Read *Faust* Part Two again. '*Wer immer streband sich bemüht . . .*' We'll talk about it next time." I got up to leave.

"No . . . stay." Larga drubbed the floor with his feet. "Larga . . . wants . . . to talk . . . more."

"Larga, you have a ninety thousand word vocabulary of English. Have you ever considered using the word 'please'?"

"No."

"I didn't think so." The door slid open for me and I stepped out into the slate-colored corridor.

I got no further before Larga grabbed hold of me by the mind and spun me around. The breath was pushed out of me, and all the fine constructs of consciousness and will crumbled away. I was drawn back like a swimmer caught by an undertow.

"Susan . . . courtesy . . . is null concept . . . for Tanovians."

I'll never figure out why the idiot linguist on the *Walkuere* heard that initial consonant as a "d" instead of a "t." I dropped back into my seat, feeling Larga searching through my brain some more, not so idly this time, as if there was something specific he was looking for.

"Tanovians . . . are not . . . du-pli-ci-tous," he told me. "What we think . . . what we say . . . what we are . . . all the same."

"So I've noticed. I'm tired, Larga. I don't feel well. I've taken you from cave paintings to Permmate holograms and laser-sculpting; from beating on hollow logs to Harmonetics; Greek amphitheaters to Performect; from the prayers of shamans to — God help us — Mister Word. Can't this wait?" I hated Performects and Permmates and Harmonetics, solar point chip batteries, editbases and all the other trash that made art easier but not much better. I wanted intuitions, discoveries, wild impulses. I wanted to be home, in my old chair with the worn leather arm rests, clicking and scrawling away.

Larga hummed. I doubt that he even listened to me. He flipped through my daydreams, ideas, deliriums, beliefs, memories, like pages from an ancient picture album.

"I'm tired, Larga." I folded my arms on the table, then dropped my head down on this improvised cushion.

"Not necessary . . . to talk. Larga . . . is still . . . looking."

"Let me know if you find anything you want. I'll let you have it cheap." For a moment I thought I could sleep, but how can you sleep when someone is rifling through your thoughts like a burglar rifling through your possessions? "And will you *please* drop that miserable broken English of yours? With your vocabulary you should be ashamed of yourself."

"Still difficult. Your idioms . . . syn-tax . . . your . . . frightening . . . syntax."

"That's better," I mumbled into my elbow. "I like to hear you use adjectives." I blinked, painfully, then brought my head up.

"Why do we frighten you? I didn't think you *could* be frightened, whooshing around the galaxy as if everything is a great amusement."

Larga didn't answer. The rippling sensation through my head continued: Larga flipping the pages more furiously. My forehead was getting hotter.

"Hump-ty . . . Dump-ty?" Larga's tongue — or tonguelike



oracular muscle — flexed out to form the difficult pairings of consonants.

"Just a thought, Larga. I was thinking that this resembled the scene between Alice and Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking Glass*, except that we're exchanging roles every few minutes. It's in the library. I'm sure you've read it."

Larga paused, grunted, checking his memory. He stroked the ripple of flesh that connected head and torso. "This . . . is . . . exactly . . . what Larga finds . . ." he really struggled to find the word he wanted, ". . . disturbing."

"We find it disturbing too. 'When I choose a word . . . it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less.'"

"Why?" Larga stamped the floor with both his feet.

"I'll tell you what Humpty Dumpty told Alice: 'Why not?'"

Larga looked graver than ever. He ran his fingers over his mouth, looking as though he was considering swallowing one, or all, or continuing the process until he devoured himself.

"Language is . . . a translation . . . or codification . . . of the physical."

"The perceived," I threw in.

"The same," he answered. "When the . . . vocabulary is . . . arbitrary . . . the system collapses . . . and becomes . . . chaos."

"Keeps you on your toes, eh?"

"Or is this code . . . deception . . . deliberate?"

That made me laugh, and the laughter brought on a nausea that spread through me like a drop of ink falling into a dish of clear water. My clothes felt soggy. Moving my eyeballs was like rubbing them against sandpaper.

"Consider it a game, Larga. Wittgenstein: look him up. All language is a compromise, filled with imprecisions. Even yours, I'll bet. And the poet takes that, builds between the cracks of your bloody empiricism." I thought of asking to leave again, but I doubted I had the strength to make it back.

"A flexible code," I went on. "Imperfect and variable as the human beings who created it. Not a code in the way I *think* you understand the term." I wasted precious energy to pound on the table. "How am I supposed to find a frame of reference to explain all this — imperfectly at that — when you won't tell me if you're a young Tanovian, an old one, exceptionally bright or exceptionally dense, or if you're all perfectly, blandly balanced." My vision blurred, and there were two Largas now staring at me obliquely from across the table. I shut my eyes, preferring blindness to feeling outnumbered.

"When forms . . . are not known . . . you . . . *invent*."

"Or speculate, or surmise, or evoke. You understand imagination only so far as it suits a practical purpose. Or so you say. Yet we use it for entertainment, curiosity, as well as edification. Or all of them at once."

"But they . . ." Larga's voice reached a raspy peak, ". . . are . . . not . . . *true*."

"They don't *claim* to be. They need only be conditionally comprehensible." Long before, I began to doubt everything I told Larga, to doubt everything I ever believed. Our reality is fashioned of such flimsy material.

"Maybe you don't experience linear time the way we do. Maybe you can have every moment of the past right there before you, feelings and everything. And the future too. Maybe all you have is consciousness, this one river with one strong current. We don't assert that all our forms are true. Maybe your higher physics are so apparent to you that you needn't ever surmise or revise anything ever again. We're infinitely revisable. We're victims of our own subjectivity. Art gives us a momentary sense of having stepped out of that infernal subjectivity. It may be illusory, but are the 'forms' of *your* universe so indisputably real, or are your physics another imperfect translation, like our language? Are they impositions of consciousness upon an infinite, frightening, dark, *dark* chaos? Pascal, Larga. Look up Pascal. I only wish you could appreciate music . . . *then* you might tell me how music can *not* be true!"

I was blithering, of course, swimming for my life, sounding more and more like Larga as my sentences lost their cement; Larga was pulling them apart before I could get them out of my mouth. I used the table as a brace and rose, not very far. My mind was too besieged to manage more than this sleep-walk escape. My knees fluttered, indecisive between chills and fire.

"Do you dream, Larga?" When I half-shut one eye I could see him. Larga's eyes had grown twice as large, making him look frightened, frightened enough to put a greater scare in me.

"I . . . cannot . . . answer. What you call . . . dream . . . it may be."

I may as well have been in a dream. Old dreams were coming back vividly, one after another, as if on parade for Larga's review. I could hear a jingly orchestra as if broadcast from a speaker in another room. My back bumped hard against something that must have been the floor: the *Walkuere's* artificial gravity making its impression on me. It pressed down to keep my words from spilling out more wildly.

"Why am I trying to justify myself to you? I'll make poems anyway!" But I was no longer sure I could, or that I had ever been able to before. All I had been doing, for my life it seemed, was justifying myself.

"You can't understand us, Larga. It's no one's fault. You just can't." Larga stood over me, curious, still delving, two spots of hazy gold in magenta pools. "Unless you can become us, for one imaginative and empathetic moment, all we'll ever be to you are ghosts and giddy dreams."

I was babbling, but Larga kept staring at me. I lost consciousness, or perhaps I had lost it long before. Poems flooded into my head, things by Yeats and Hopkins, Keats, Pope, Donne, Lorca, a railing chorus from *Samson Agonistes*, the hammering pulse of Beowulf's chronicler, and the softer notes of Caedmon's angel, all jumbled together. The words of all my own poems stood upside down, mixed around, as if someone had cut them up and rearranged the pieces.

A voice called to Larga: not mine, a pleading voice. "Larga! Let her go!" It sounded far off, like an argument between my



parents that I wasn't supposed to hear. I tried to shut it out with a pillow — I covered my ears with something — and I tried to lie still but my heart beat too hard. It would burst if I didn't get up. I did get up, and found myself in the corridor of my old high school, running, running furiously, risking detentions and endless lectures. There was a sound, a crying, a very strange sort of crying, like nothing I'd ever heard, and I was looking for its source. It was so woeful, so full of despair and loss and utter desolation.

"Lost . . . lost . . ."

"Larga, dammit! Where are you?" I raced through vestibules, cloakrooms, opened dark varnished doors, stared into empty classrooms. Where the hell was he?

"Larga . . . is . . . lost!"

"Wait a minute! I'll find you!" I shot down the old main staircase, which in my day was precarious enough at slower speeds. It wasn't fair, I told myself I was the one who was sick. Unfair! But these were *my* terrible memories. Larga wouldn't be lost in this place if it wasn't for me. I continued my search on the floor below.

"Alone!"

He cried out, like God awake in the empty universe; like a little boy in the darkness of his bedroom.

"I'm coming!"

In the basement, the old storeroom looked as scary as it ever did: as it will always be in my memory. Once I had been locked in that awful place: a very clever joke. I pushed away some empty crates that blocked the door and plunged in.

"Larga . . . is . . . alone!"

The voice sounded closer, but how much closer? The room was suffocating darkness, like thick velvet drapery thrown over us. I reached out in every direction, probably as afraid as Larga. I knew what he was feeling, not that I had managed to leap the rift between his understanding and my own, but that *he* had managed it. No one should ever feel such loneliness, I told myself, and knew what I was talking about.

"Larga!" I flayed about more desperately. Larga had made my life miserable for weeks, but I couldn't bear to think of him lost in this.

"Larga!"

At last my hand slapped against a limb of clammy flesh. I lunged, wrapped my arms around the pear-shaped torso. The trembling figure felt much smaller: a shrunken Larga, a little boy-sized Larga who gripped me tightly, held on for dear life, sobbing into my shoulder.

"It's all right. You see? I'm here, Larga."

Tanovians can't shed tears, as far as I could tell, at least not in this delirium dream of mine. The sobs grew softer, and he repeated my name: "Su-san . . . Su-san . . ."

And for all I knew this was a dream enacted within myself, solely with myself. I had raced to find the lost, crying infant in me, the one I can feel even now when I sit at my desk to tap my words onto my screen. But it's part of a human, aesthetic failing to think that Larga's shivering figure and my own were made of the same stuff.

"Remember what Humpty Dumpty said," I told him, "The question is . . . which is to be master — that's all."

I opened my eyes to the overhead light grills of the *Wal-kuere's* infirmary, and I could hear the softly-kept voices of Karlinsky and a young intern. On the table next to my bed was a glass of water. I reached for it, misjudged the distance and knocked pitcher, glass, everything to the floor.

"Back with us at last, Susan." Karlinsky came over, brushed away my bangs and put his thick fingers on my forehead. The intern brought me more water, checked all the readings on my bedscreen, making notes in his clipboard-terminal.

"Temperature's almost normal." Karlinsky poked my shoulder lightly, then leaned back, folding his arms.

"I wish I were dead."

"You almost were." Karlinsky had a voice that didn't joke about death.

A pleasant thought. "Where's Larga?" I asked.

"Gone. Took off in that preposterous ship of his. Could be heading home. He didn't tell us."

My stomach stiffened and sank. "Nor much of anything else, I imagine."

Karlinsky's broad lower lip pressed upward, forming a half-smile as he shook his head.

I took a sip of the warm, tasteless water. "I'm sorry. God knows what I've started."

"You did your best."

"And what was that?"

"You knew Larga better than anyone. Do you think he would have left if he *hadn't* gotten his answers?" Karlinsky slipped his hands behind his back. "Larga was quite concerned about you. I couldn't be certain, but I think he may have even felt some remorse for the way he treated you."

"I think you're reading things into him," I told Karlinsky. "That's what we humans always do . . . at least we poets. If it was remorse it was nothing like human remorse."

"Perhaps."

The intern finished playing with his readouts and left us alone.

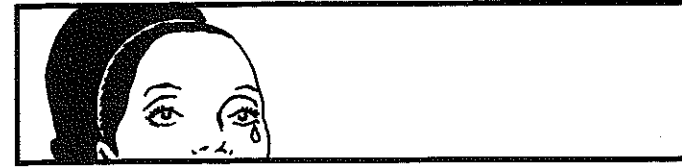
"Larga wouldn't leave until you were out of danger," Karlinsky continued. "You know, he left our minds to ourselves in the end."

"I'm glad of that." I shut my eyes, appreciating once more how marvelous a pillow can feel under your head. "But I can't help feeling I've botched everything. Beaumont, back on Earth: he must be fretting like a lunatic."

"The hell with Beaumont. You should look at this before you decide." Karlinsky nudged me with his clipboard-terminal, offering it to me. "The U.N. people can't make head or tail of it. But then, it *was* meant for you, after all. It's from Larga."

I took the terminal from him, and read the short lines arranged down the flat, liquid-gray screen:

"Space is dreaming
on,
meaning both noun and verb.
And in this, my envelope,



I cut through space's lonely lips.

Here, you are memory and destiny,

Always getting, never gotten.

This self is waiting for the mystery
that has turned me into words, and you
into a piece
of my reality."

I read it over a dozen times. "I'll be damned!" To my mind, it was a poem, but the caution I tried to impress on Karlinsky restrained me from trying to "humanize" Larga. *Was* it a poem? Larga, you incredible toad! If it *was* a poem!

Karlinsky was wiping my cheeks. I was getting everything wet with unabashed tear ducts. "I suppose," he said, "it's irrelevant whether or not you think it's any good."

"You should have seen *my* first poems." My voice came out in squeaks. "And I didn't even come from another planet."

How did he manage it, if it was a poem? It wasn't from the gibberish I'd thrown at him for days. While combing through my mind, he may have stumbled upon something, an image or a collision of images, that communicated beyond the failure of my words. Was it the presence of potential death? What did he know of human death? And his cries in my "dream": Was it that Larga lacked an unconscious, or only that he lacked a perception of it?

Karlinsky gave me a printout of Larga's little opus, but I had already memorized it. I was experiencing that stunned paralysis one feels when a number of blunderous and half-hearted episodes reveal themselves to be an inevitable sequence. That the feeling may be illusory does nothing to dampen its effect. I had enough questions, enough things to consider, to fill the long trip home.

For Larga too, the trip home would be very long.

"Karlinsky." I sat up. "Larga and I: do you think we got along?"

He smiled back, justifiably, as if I were out of my mind. "Pretty damn well, I'd think!"

ILLINOIS SCIENCE FICTION in CHICAGO

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For their submissions meriting Honorable Mention.

IN MEMORIAM

CLYDE S. KILBY

1902-1986

Clyde Kilby passed away in his sleep on the evening of Friday, October 17. A Professor Emeritus at Wheaton College, he is best known for having founded Wheaton's Wade Collection, which is the world's largest collection of works and memorabilia by and about J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Charles Williams, Dorothy L. Sayers, George MacDonald, G.K. Chesterton, and Owen Barfield.

In addition to being Curator Emeritus of the Wade Collection, Kilby was a scholar of the first rank, and one of the foremost authorities in the world on C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien. He wrote a number of books, most notably *Tolkien and the Silmarillion*, which was based on the summer of 1966, which Kilby spent with Tolkien. Other books include the beautiful photo book *C.S. Lewis: Images of His World* (with Douglas Gilbert), *Images of Salvation in the Fiction of C.S. Lewis*, and *The Christian World of C.S. Lewis*. He edited some of C.S. Lewis' letters in *Letters to an American Lady*, Lewis' brother's diary in *Brothers and Friends* (with Marjorie Mead), and compiled an anthology of C.S. Lewis' more pithy quotes in *A Mind Awake*.

More than a Scholar, Clyde Kilby was a dear friend, one with whom we spent all too little time — it's sad how that happens all too often in life. His constant warmth and cordiality were accompanied by one of the most brilliant minds we have ever encountered.

We wish that all of you reading this could have met him and shared in some of wonderful chats we had in his living room. We'll miss him very much.

—Ross and Diana Pavlac

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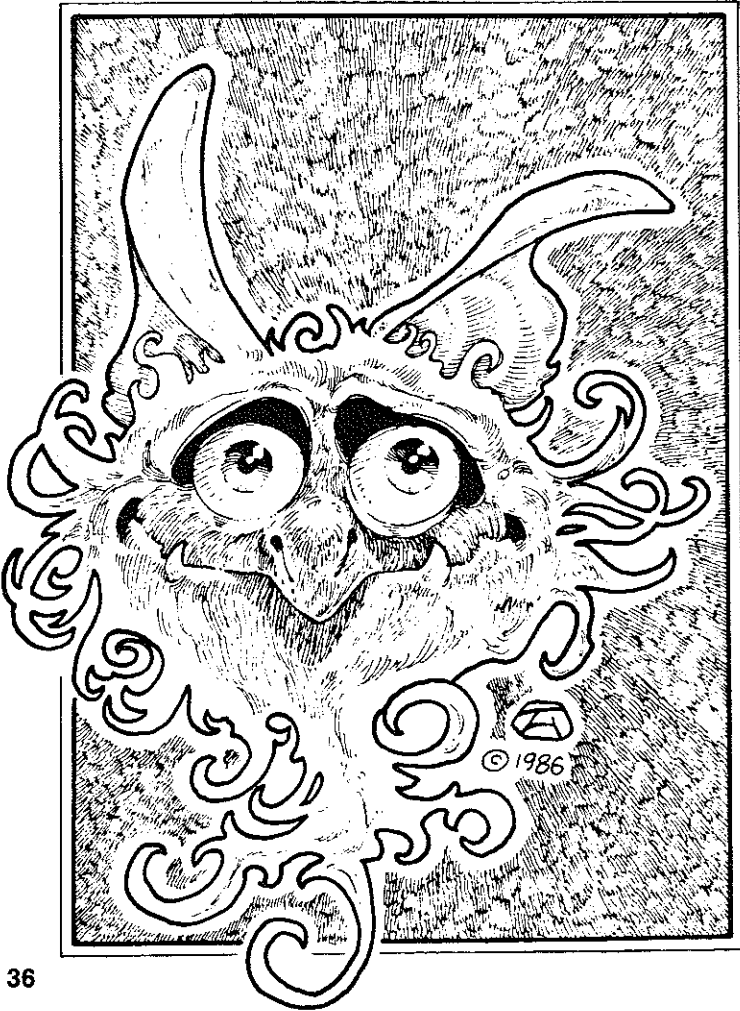
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RESTAURANT GUIDE

Welcome to the restaurant capitol of Chicago's northwest suburbs! Besides the three restaurants in the hotel and the dozens of them in and around Woodfield, there are any number of sit-down eateries up and down Golf Road and a myriad of fastfood, carryout and delivery establishments in the area.

PIZZA * Delivery ** Carryouts

DOMINO'S PIZZA* 253-3200
3143 Kirchoff Rd. Rolling Meadows

DOWN THE HATCH** 259-6880
1414 W. Algonquin Rd. Arlington Hgts. (open late)

GINO'S EAST OF CHICAGO* & ** 364-6644
1321 Golf Rd. Rolling Meadows

LOU MALNATI'S PIZZERIA** 980-1525
Schaumburg & Roselle Rds. Schaumburg

ROSATI'S PIZZA* 577-0088
2913 Kirchoff Rolling Meadows

FAST FOOD (All these are carryouts/sit-ins)

ARBY'S ROAST BEEF 228-0790
1331 Golf Rd. Rolling Meadows

BROWN'S FRIED CHICKEN 255-7310
1911 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

D'LITES 228-9000
1100 Golf Rd. Rolling Meadows

LONG JOHN SILVER'S 259-5588
5500 New Wilke Rd. Rolling Meadows

MCDONALD'S
Woodfield & 1875 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

TACO BELL 259-9732
1530 W. Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

MODERATE

BAKER'S SQUARE 392-7450
1755 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

DENNY'S 593-3240
17 W. Algonquin Rd. Arlington Heights

DENNY'S 394-0060
2905 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

DON MOY (Cantonese) 398-0560
3201 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

PEPE'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT 577-7373
5153 New Wilke Rd. Rolling Meadows

MODERATE -EXPENSIVE

BILL KNAPPS (no alcohol) 640-1955
550 E. Golf Rd. Arlington Heights

CARLOS MURPHY'S 884-6662
406 E. Golf Rd. Schaumburg

COPPERFIELD'S 843-1956
795 E. Golf Rd. Schaumburg

HOUSE OF HUNAN 882-1166
1233 E. Golf Rd. Schaumburg

SAKURA (Japanese, closed SUN.) 397-2166
4011 Algonquin Rd. Rolling Meadows

LEONARDO'S LA GONDOLA 364-5151
1415 S. Arlington Heights Rd. Arlington Heights

MOTHER TUCKER'S 397-2666
1925 N. Meachem Rd. Schaumburg

RUSTY SCUPPER 885-0605
1925 E. Golf Rd. Schaumburg

TGI FRIDAY'S 397-2433
1893 Walden Office Square Schaumburg

WINDYCON XII expresses its sincerest thanks to the workers who helped make it a great event.

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Catherine Wood
Kimberly Yale
and those not known,
but not forgotten.

With special tribute to:
James Raper who lives on in those left behind . . .
Mary Elen Terlikowski, through thick and thin . . .
and
Jack Krolak artfully disguising his absence with live ones.