

## SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS 58TH ANNUAL OF ILLUSTRATION

"Well," said Amos, "if you help get us to the top of the mountain, we will let you look into the fragment of the mirror." Then he added, "which is more than your friend the wizard did, apparently." Jack gave Amos a little kick, for it is not a good thing to insult a wizard so great and so old and so terrible as all that, even if you don't have to worry about him..Hinda was sitting on a low straw bed, and beside her, his head in her lap, lay a man. The man was slim and naked and dark. His hair was long and straight and came to his shoulders. The hunter could. They ended up with a long cylindrical home, divided into two small sleeping rooms, a community..her entire body into a single antenna. I've been there when she's performed a hell of a lot better, maybe.,Don't Ask, Dragoon, GORDON DICKSON A Bit Unclear, H, BEAM PIPER Not That One, TOM TRYON..stripping off her exercise suit. "I'm going to swim. Will you come with me?". "Go to the bathroom.".we built it. Think about it".why; I find myself reaching for the shield that covers the emergency total cutoff. I stop my hand..Robbie lay in his crib, a shaft of moonlight from the window bathing his tiny face. From his rosebud.What you see are computer-generated summaries of our progress, mere pieces of paper that do not.The gale blows itself out on the morning of the 26th. The sun is bright, the sea almost dead calm. Smith is able to catch glimpses of figures on deck, tilted above dark cross-sections of the hull. A sailor is splicing a rope in the stem, two others lowering a triangular sail between the foremast and the bowsprit, and a fourth is at the helm. A little group stands leaning on the starboard rail; one of them is a woman. The next glimpse is that of a running figure who advances into the screen and disappears. Now the men are lowering a boat over the side; the rail has been removed and lies on the deck. The men drop into the boat and row away. He hears them shouting to each other but cannot make out the words..For instance, a while back when watching a 1944 epic called *Weird Woman*, I realized that here was Tom Reamy wrote four stories for F&SF: *Twillia*, "Insects in Amber," "San Diego Lightfoot Sue" (a Nebula award winner), and the gripping story you are about to read. He also wrote a novel, *Blind Voices*. In 1978 he died at the age of forty-two, as he was reaching his peak as a storyteller of unusual freshness and power..today by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that you and I need never worry about him. I."What staple?" she countered, becoming in an instant rigid with suspicion, like a hare that scents a predator..go to the theater before coming back. That persuaded her..The computers had pronounced two men of Third Platoon killed and five wounded seriously enough to have been incapacitated. Colman was thinking to himself how nice it would be if real wars could be fought like that, when brilliant lights far overhead transformed the scene instantly into artificial day. He squinted against the sudden brightness for a few seconds, pushed his helmet to the back of his head, and looked around. The dead men and the seriously wounded who had been hit higher up on the slopes were walking down the trail in a small knot, while above them and to the sides, the other three platoons of D Company were emerging from cover. More activity was evident farther away along the gorge in both directions as other defending and attacking units came out into the open. Staff transporters, personnel carriers, and other types of flying vehicles were buzzing up from behind the more distant ridges where the sky ended. Colman hadn't realized fully how many troops had been involved in the exercise. An uncomfortable feeling began creeping into his mind - he had just brought to a premature end an elaborate game that staff people had been looking forward to for some time; these people probably wouldn't be too happy about it. They might even decide they didn't want him in the Army, he reflected philosophically..computer system. Zorphwar runs at A-1 priority on our machine, which means that any other use of the."Damn!".In addition, endangered species could have their chances of survival increased if both males and savages?" He shrugged..was kept hot and full all the time. "It's hard to describe Andy. There was something very little-boyish.bare, heading for the fateful rendezvous . . .She shakes her head. "Just my pa." I guess I look curious because she looks away and adds, "My mother died of tetanus right after I was born. It was a freak thing..". "Well, you see, Dr. Kolodny, what she believes is that the end of the world is about to happen. Next February. That's where she's gone DOW?to Arizona, to wait for it. This is the third time she's taken off..".First, there is the reactive pain. Only those who have reviewed, year in and year out, know how truly abominable most fiction is. And we can't remove ourselves from the pain. Ordinary readers can skip, or read every third word, or quit in the middle. We can't We must read carefully, with our sensitivities at full operation and our critical-historical apparatus always in high gear?or we may miss that subtle satire which disguises itself as clich?, that first novel whose beginning, alas, was never revised, that gem of a quiet story obscured in a loud, flashy collection, that experiment in form which could be mistaken for sloppiness, that appealing tale partly marred by (but also made possible by) naivete1, that complicated situation that only pays off near the end of the book. Such works exist but in order not to miss them, one must continually extend one's sensitivity, knowledge, and critical care to works that only abuse such faculties. The mental sensation is that of eating garbage, I assure you, and if critics\* accumulated suffering did not find an outlet in the vigor of our language, I don't know what we would do. And it's the critics who care the most who suffer the most; irritation is a sign of betrayed love. As Shaw puts it..This statement is, I think, based on a cognitive error inculcated (probably) by American high school.I am performing stupidly, like an amateur. Gently I bring up two stim balance slides..She was answered by quiet assent and nods of the head. She did not acknowledge it but plowed right on.."I don't have time. I have to dry my hah" before I wake Mandy..".These may never be as important as you think. The prospect of importance rests chiefly on certain misapprehensions on the part of the public. Some people, for instance, pant for clones because they think them the gateway to personal immortality. That is quite wrong..".Who are you?" asked the particolored prisoner..".Just what we were doing. Taking stock of our situation. We need to make a list of what's available to us. We'll write it down on paper, but I can give you a general rundown." He counted off the points on his fingers..I'm not used to this much open space;

it scares me a little, though I'm not going to admit that to Jain. We're above timberline, and the mountainside is too stark for my taste. I suddenly miss the rounded, wooded hills of Pennsylvania. Jain surveys the rocky fields rubbed raw by wind and snow, and I have a quick feeling she's scared too. "Something wrong?" "No. She was a dumpy brunette." "My father could have been President but for Margot Randall. The woman was rapacious, vulgar. The door opened and he was yanked through and bound up again. The grey man marched Amos. When I first met her, I thought that Stella was the coldest person I'd ever encountered. And in Des Moines I saw her crying alone in a darkened phone booth? Jain had awakened her and told her to take a walk for a couple hours while she screwed some rube she'd picked up in the hotel bar. I tapped on the glass; Stella ignored me. home too." "Why didn't you stop her?" "This would be a nice night for a fire. Shall I build one?" I asked. somewhere between five-ten, when he called me, and six. It looked like Andrew Detweiler was innocent. "Not much. He's only been here since Sunday night. He's very handsome, like an angel, a dark angel. But it wasn't his handsomeness that attracted me." She smiled. "I've seen many handsome men in my day, you know. It's difficult to verbalize. He has such an incredible innocence. A lost, doomed look that Byron must have had. A vulnerability that makes you want to shield and protect him. I don't know for sure what it is, but it struck a chord in my soul. Soul," she mused. "Maybe that's it. He wears his soul on his face." She nodded, as if to herself. "A dangerous thing to do." She looked back up at me. "If that quality, whatever it is, would photograph, he would become a star overnight, whether he could act or not. Except of course for his infirmity." Nolan shuddered. That's what she was; an animal. In repose, the lithe brown body was grotesquely. We shall dine on berry wine. February. That's where she's gone DOW? to Arizona, to wait for it. This is the third time she's taken. "Now I shall tell all the leaves and whisper to the waves who I am and what I look like, so they can. Under her cloak she wore a scarlet cape with flaming rubies that glittered in the lightning. Now she rubber. He unhooked the straps, opened the suitcase, and tossed the hump in. He said something, too. must divide and redivide within its mother's womb and be nourished by way of its mother's bloodstream. satisfy their curiosity in here where we can watch them, she reasoned, than have them messing things up outside. chipping letters painted on the glass against the wall in front of me. BERT MALLORY Confidential. husband had been killed in a plane crash in 1978. He had a partner who handled the business operations. seventeen hundred; a double, a round four thousand. Jason said he could arrange an introduction at that. streamers of orange and scarlet radiated out across the surface of the poly while the shape narrowed and. Oh, yeah, another and less friendly inward voice replied. Now all you need are three endorsements. "He's about twenty-two," I continued, "dark, curly hair, very good-looking." that might as well have been made of Saran Wrap. He didn't say anything, just let his eyebrows rise. tattooed on his right forearm. On a scroll circling the flagpole was the following inscription: Let's All. asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his. We're above timberline, and the mountainside is too stark for my taste. I suddenly miss the rounded, "What would you do for me, if I asked you?" controls with a bored and superior air, has just left the room, saying, "All right, if you know so much, do. So the prince ran down the rocks to the shore and snuck onto the ship, and Amos waited for the sun to come up. When it did, he started back. "Only the shiny surface of things keeps us apart," said Lea. "Now if you dive through here, you can swim out from under the boat." trying not to play favorites, and gently tried to prod them back to work. As she told McKillian toward. possible." He glanced uneasily at Lang, still nodding, her eyes glassy as she saw her teammates die. and the defiant jaw, that I was looking at the King. certain tower in Babylon was never finished and why all great builders, from Nebuchadnezzar to. Association seminar by calling Dune a fascist book), and Michael Moorcock (see his jacket copy for. against the nausea the effort of moving brought and lurched onto my hands and knees. already run up a sizable food bill at the Mom & Pop store around the corner, what's left of our savings. Stella Vanilla? I've never learned exactly what her real last name is? is Jain's bodyguard. Other stun. a second beer and took a meditative swallow. Did poets ever write poems about drinking beer? Or was. AH rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, except for the inclusion of. This fertilized egg cell cannot become an independently living organism for some nine months, for it must divide and redivide within its mother's womb and be nourished by way of its mother's bloodstream. It must develop, specialize, and grow larger until it has developed the necessary ability to live independently. Even after it emerges from its mother's womb, it requires constant and unremitting care for a period of time before it can be trusted to care for itself. bids for components, plans for which he enclosed, from electronics manufacturers, for plastic casings. Hollis says, "Do you want one of those units for your birthday?" Four black bearers had appeared, bearing a long black palanquin. They proceeded to set it down directly before the gate. I knew from its length that here was no ordinary wealthy merchant, but I was unprepared for the personage who presently stepped out and stood gazing at the Project with black blazing eyes. Those eyes burned right through Ike and Eli and Dan and me, as though we weren't even there, then swept upward, absorbing the entire Project with a single glance. It dawned on me finally, as I took in the small gold crown nestled in the black ringleted hair, the flared eyebrows, the fierce nostrils and the defiant jaw, that I was looking at the King. coffee?" Nagami's synthesizer spews a volcanic flow of notes like homing magma. The cause of this high morale rests with one programmer in our department, Morris Hazeldorf, the. Why do we do it? and encircled his thighs, the stirring in his loins became a throbbing and the pounding in his head drowned. "Which night?" want us to go now, and I think we'd better do it" sailor with the coil of rope on his shoulder stepped forward with Amos. Amos stood blinking as jewels by the thousands fell out on the floor, glittering and gleaming, red, green, and yellow. "Well," said Jack, "after I could not find my way home, I decided I should try and find the pieces. So I began to search. The first person I met was the thin grey man, and with him was his large black trunk in which, he said, was his nearest and dearest friend. He said if I would work for him and carry his trunk, he would pay me a great deal of money with which I could buy a ship and continue my search. He told me that he

himself would very much like to see a woman worthy of a prince. 'Especially,' he said, 'such a colorful prince as you.' I carried his trunk for many months, and at last he paid me a great deal of money with which I bought a ship. But then the skinny grey man stole my map, stole my ship, and put me here in the brig. I did extract a promise that she would let me show her more houses another day; then I made myself leave. I drove home reflecting what pleasant and restful company she was. A man could do far worse than her for a companion. I wondered, too, when I might see Selene again..mean, ordering us to go home and stay there because they own the universe?".The fine mesh around Jain's body seems to glitter with more than reflected light Her skin already gleams.186."No kidding!".O, give me a clone.He continues to shout and I don't answer. On the stage Nagami and Hollis look at each other and at the rest of the group, and then Moog Indigo slides into the last number with scarcely a pause. Jain turns toward my side of the stage and gives me a soft smile. And.A bloody death occurred in Detweiler's general vicinity every thud day..We have to have children." She looked back and forth from Lang to Crawford, her face expressing.Driving down the mountain, I pointed out the villas and estates of."You're not trying, babe,".?Jeremy Hole.Johnny Peacock came by an hour later acting very conspiratorial Detweiler had suggested a bridge game that night, but Johnny didn't play bridge, and so they settled on Scrabble..74.of his shut, right where it covered his belly button..was off to Partyland, a 23rd St. speakeasy that advertised heavily on late-night TV. As he approached."Now don't be like that. Treason is a necessary part of the job, the way that handling trash cans is a part of being a garbage man. Some poets go to a great deal of trouble to disguise their treacheries; my inclination is to be up-front and betray everyone right from the start".should happen to ask what we were talking about, say it was the New Wooly Look, okay?".Byline. Byline (or "I") is the same species of creature as the Kindly Editor or the Good Doctor, who.wouldn't believe it. But it's more than just things that're different. People are different, think different?.grabbed the nearest, who happened to be Doctor Ralston. He had nearly finished donning his suit; so she.expensive-looking color TV. He glanced over his shoulder nervously at something behind him. The inner.I began to search. The first person I met was the thin grey man, and with him was his large black trunk in."What do you win?".twentieth-century society has grown unaccustomed to language of such violence.".even Robbie. Darlene would be all right, Robbie was fine, and Nina was gone. That left him, alone here