

## FROM THE PLEADINGS IN THE VARIOUS COURTS OF LAW AD 1200 TO 1500 FROM THE

"But how did the remains get so far below ground?" Ralston asked. "You'd expect them to be high. He grinned and blitzed me. "Yeah, I guess. Most of the things you read about it are pretty nearly true. It's really a different world back in there, with almost no contact with the outside." -Phoebe Ellis. *The Man Who Had No Idea* by Thomas M. Disch 197. approximately forty minutes for the machine to compute the paths through the galaxy of those torpedoes, friendly with him, felt sorry for him, I guess." *We Sold Space*, POHL & KORKBLUTH *Shove Over! Shove Over!*, HARRY HARRISON. ?Marc Russell. 57. that." The nice thing about guilt is that it's so easy to repress. Within a day Barry had relegated all recollections of his criminal behavior of the night before to the depths of his subconscious and was back at Intensity Five, waiting for whomever to strike up a conversation. The only person who so much as glanced his way, however, was Evelyn, the woman behind the refreshment stand. He went to other speakeasies, but it was always the same story. People avoided him. Their eyes shied away. His vibrations became such an effective repellent that he had only to enter a room in order to empty it of half its custom. Or so it seemed. When one is experiencing failure, it is hard to resist the comfort of paranoia. Barry refused to believe her. Neither the woman nor her apartment corresponded with his preconceptions of poets and the necessarily indigent life they must lead. "Have you ever published a book?" he asked craftily. "thank you very much." Plato have been pointing out, aesthetic and moral matters are usually not susceptible of such "hard" proof. gray. "She's trying to take over, Matthew." houses in the compound, and now you see Bruce standing beside the corral, looking into his viewer, to a carton, marked "On Consignment," to TV outlets in major cities, and the rest to private citizens. "Do you mean it?" Barry asked, marveling over Marvin's tattoo as they shook hands. He managed to. "I'm not sure. Marty thinks there's a chemical metabolism in the upper part of the shell, which I haven't explored yet. But I can't really say if it's alive in the sense we use. I mean, it runs on wheels! It has three wheels, suited for sand, and something that's a cross between a rubber-band drive and a mainspring. Energy is stored in a coiled muscle and released slowly. I don't think it could travel more than a hundred meters. Unless it can recoil the muscle, and I can't tell how that might be done." Michelle MacKinnon leaned across the coffee table that separated the blue settee from Barry's armchair and gave him a sound motherly smack on the cheek. "Wonderful! That's the way to meet a challenge ?head on! You're bound to pass. After all, you've had three months of practice. You've become much more fluent these past months." freeway, and there's ten or fifteen miles of dirt road before the pavement picks up again nearly to. 204. This is new territory," I answer. "We never had a million before." I know she thinks it's an excuse. not see his face, but he lay in sleep like a man who was no stranger to the bed. Hinda's eyes followed nun down the path until she counted even ' the shadows of trees as his own. "How?" last light of the moon winked out. Now even the stars were gone, and the blackness about them was. into the elevator, rides to the fourth floor. She rings the bell beside the door marked 410. The door. *An Ace Book* by Arrangement with Doubleday, Inc. the great Sherlock Holmes / With their Y chromosome) and brought the house down again. But you may. "Take whom you like," said the grey man, "so long as you bring back my mirror." The well-muffled. bet answering service, the address was an apartment building with guard dogs in the lobby and a doorman who didn't talk, or listen. Barry was obliged to wait out on the sidewalk, which wasn't possible, due to a cold wave that persisted through most of January. He left a message at the Apollo Theater, where the pageant was held, giving three different times he would be waiting for her at Intensity Five. She never showed. By mid-February, he'd begun to be alarmed. Early one morning, defying the weather, he posted himself outside her building and waited (five miserable hours) till she appeared. She was profusely apologetic, explained that she did have his sticker, there was no problem, he shouldn't worry, but she had an appointment she had to get to, his fact she was already late, and so if he'd come back tonight, or better yet (since she had to see somebody after the pageant and didn't know when she'd be home) at this time tomorrow? Thoughtfully, she introduced him to the doorman so he wouldn't have to wait out in the cold. flies, and wraps the end product around you. It takes some practice, but it works. The stuff sticks to. into the infrared. He spent most of August, when he should have been on vacation, trying various. Singh stood up. He was moved, but did not trust himself to show it adequately. So he sounded rather. After he left, none of us said a word for a long time. Then Ike whispered, "It was like I said all along. The Organizer was using us." down, because there wasn't a damn thing worth seeing near the camp. Even the exposed layering and its. 45. I will? when the authors keep politics out of their stories. But they never do; in fact, it seems absolutely impossible to write anything without immediately making all sorts of assumptions about what human nature is, what good and bad behavior consists of, what men ought to be, what women ought to be, which states of mind and character are valuable, which are the opposite, and so on. Once fiction gets beyond the level of minimal technical competence, a reviewer must address these judgments of value. Generally, readers don't notice the presence of familiar value judgments in stories, but do notice (and object to) unfamiliar ones as "political." Hence arises the insistence (in itself a very vehement, political judgment) that art and politics have nothing to do with one another, that artists ought to be "above" politics, and that a critic making political comments about fiction is importing something foreign into an essentially neutral area. But if "politics" means the relations of power that obtain between groups of people, and the way these are concretely embodied in personal relations, social institutions, and received ideas (among which is the idea that art ought not to be political), then such neutrality simply doesn't exist Fiction which isn't openly polemical or didactic is nonetheless chock-full of politics. If beauty in fiction bears any relation to truth (as Matthew Arnold thought), then the human (including social and political) truth of a piece of fiction matters, for aesthetic reasons. To apply rigid, stupid, narrow, political standards to fiction is bad because the standards are rigid, stupid, and narrow, not because they are political. For an example of (to my mind) profound, searching, brilliant, political

criticism, see Jean-Paul Sartre's Saint Genet. pointed out the front window, "and right here is the other end." The practical problems of mammalian cloning are such that there is no chance of its happening for some time yet. Yet biologists are anxious to perform the feat and are trying hard. Eventually, they will no doubt succeed. What purpose will it serve? came the hum of insect hordes, the bellow of caimans, the snorting snuffle of peccary, the ceaseless major blowout. 212. standing in his underwear. Then he climbed over the edge of the boat into the swamp. He was so bright. THE ORGANIZER: If the Project's real purpose is to provide a haven, why weren't they. 105. "Everyone is." Her voice was not bitter, but there was a flatness of tone that served as well. I stared at her. "You don't like Amanda, do you?" together, and it still runs. It has a high-impact polystyrene carapace, nontoxic paint on the outside? .lost, doomed look. "Well, we can't live forever, can we? Are you ready to go?" certainly doesn't speak well of his friendship for his nearest and dearest. "I try to change the subject. "Your father didn't come down to the first concert, did he? Is he coming tonight?" began with feudal epics and marchen is no reason to keep on writing them forever. And daydreams. Amsterdamites. The atmosphere was forced and false; an eat-drink-and-be-merry feeling pervaded. New York Harbor, November 4, 1872? a cold, blustery day. A two-masted ship rides at anchor; "These are what I need," said Amos, putting on the clothes quickly, for he was beginning to get chilly. a lot more complex than even Nagami's synthesizer. It all sounds simple enough: my console is the critical. The captain glares at me and balls his meaty hands into fists. I tense in expectation of blows which do not fall. Instead, he shakes his head emphatically and turns to the Intermediaries, "This is ridk-ulons. Thoroughly ridiculous." "Believe me," said the grey man, "I have put a little something in your eggs and sausages that will make you sleep much better than all the air in the world." liked him, mixed with varying portions of pity, to be sure, but liking nevertheless. Harry Spinner liked him, particularly substantial-looking beings, mere wisps of translucent flesh through which their bluish skeletal. HEINLEIN'S Rolling the Stones across the Detweiler boy's back. The thing reached out its hand and wiped the drop back with a. "We're in special circumstances, Lucy," Crawford explained. "Sure, I'd be all for it if we were better. All characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. the doorway and she melted back into the night. a fascinating article (in response to some critical letters) which tells why critics are such snobs. Matthew, promise that if you ever see Selene, you'll tell me. I have to know when she's stealing time." "It's elementary, my dear Sherlock," she said. "Andrew Detweiler is a vampire." I frowned at her. "Of including warehouses of Stargate imports; and since the train ran until midnight, we could have dinner and." "My red hair," said Amos, "is only on the top of my head. My clothes are ragged and dirty and will probably turn grey in no time with all that mist. Are there any bright-colored clothes on the ship, glittering with gold and gleaming with silk?" before smashing into the stone of the fireplace. coming to boil, then a rapid series of clangs. A tiny white ball came through the doorway and bounced off three walls. It moved almost faster than they could follow. It hit Crawford on the arm, then fell to the floor where it gradually skittered to a stop. The hissing died away, and Crawford picked it up. It was lighter than it had been. There was a pinhole drilled in one side. The pinhole was cold when he touched it with his fingers. Startled, thinking he was burned, he stuck his finger in his mouth, then sucked on it absently long after he knew the truth. Towards Here Is Coming An Evil Thing, RAY BRADBURY emerged from the firmament, reached down and seized the tiny shaft A mighty thumb pressed it between. "Fever." Nolan gestured to Mama Dolores, and the old woman held Darlene still while he forced the growing up, about which they were very well-informed. Despite a bad first impression, due to his. THE MEDIATOR: The Company Representative has informed me that considerable confusion exists among the populace as to the true nature of the Project's purpose, and he would like to clear this little matter up before proceeding further with the negotiations. whole idea of having to have a license to talk to someone was as ridiculous as having to have a license to. "Constable, all this culture may be very well, but sometimes a fellow needs, well, d-sh it! What do ordinary people nowadays do for amusement?" his way with his heavy-booted feet. The Intermediaries break easily, and it occurs to me then that they. "One, we have food for twenty people for three months. That comes to about a year for the five of us. With rationing, maybe a year and a half. That's assuming all the supply capsules reach us all right. In addition, the Edgar is going to clean the pantry to the bone and give us everything they can possibly spare and send it to us in the three spare capsules. That might come to two years or even three. I became aware of the wind. It was blowing steadily up from the south. I could smell the sea in it. The Project swayed, ever so slightly. But that was all right. The engineers had allowed for the wind. I'd felt it sway lots of tunes, and I was no stranger to the wind. Eighty. I engage five more tracks. Five to go. The crowd's getting damn near all of her. And, of course, the opposite's true. The room had been cleaned with pine-oH disinfectant and smeHed like a public toilet. Harry Spinner was on the floor behind the bed, scrunched down between it and the wall. The almost colorless chenille bedspread had been pulled askew exposing part of the clean, but dingy, sheet. All I could see of Harry was one leg poking over the edge of the bed. He wasn't wearing a shoe, only a faded brown-and-tan argyle sock with a hole in it. The sock, long bereft of any elasticity, was crumpled around his thin rusty ankle. Virginia Kidd for "The Detweiler Boy" by Tom Reamy. 159. cargo aircraft. "I am Jack, the Prince of the Far Rainbow, and I am a prisoner here." matter. The main control is a metal rod, right in front of you, with a gray plastic knob on the top. The. A: The Man Who Folded Himself. "Do you mind my giving you some honest advice, Barry? soft-sculpture, causing Ethan to nearly lose the nipple?" was designed to contain beings who are no. no reports on the progress of the Zorphwar project from you people. Please get the necessary input into. Andrew Detweiler and had only seven hunchbacks, none of them fitting Detweiler's description. "You two are unbelievable," Barry said. "Do you honestly think I'd sell you my endorsements? Lee Killough has written a series of superior stories for F&SF that share a common theme (the future of the arts) and background (an artist's colony called Aventine). The tales are completely separate entities and may be enjoyed on their own. This one concerns the visit to

Aventine of Selene and Amanda, two different personalities that snare the body of one beautiful young woman..have its belief in such creatures? Could there be some grotesque, distorted element of truth behind all.As the man started to go, Amos said, "It seems a shame to take someone's clothes away, especially.The sailor frowned a little while, then said, "There is nothing at all interesting hi the ship's brig."..adapted to these longer cycles. It hibernates in spores during the cold cycle, when the water and carbon.She put two cigarettes in her mouth and lit them both. She handed me one. "You don't look a bit like.Amanda screamed inarticulately. Her whole body convulsed with the effort to tear loose. Selene held on..living through the happiest moment of his life?I'll help you!"..97.Tharsis Base sat on a wide ledge about halfway up from the uneven bottom of the Tharsis arm of the Great Rift Valley. The site had been chosen because it was a smooth area, allowing easy access up a gentle slope to the flat plains of the Tharsis Plateau, while at the same time only a kilometer from the valley floor. No one could agree which area was most worthy of study: plains or canyon. So this site had been chosen as a compromise. What it meant was that the exploring parties had to either climb up or go down, because there wasn't a damn thing worth seeing near the camp. Even the exposed layering and its areological records could not be seen without a half-kilometer crawler ride up to the point where Crawford had climbed to watch the sunrise..series of steps. We kept right on his heels. It was at this point that I noticed he was mumbling something.asked the empty room..because of all the time you've spent on me."..board and he was told to go to Window 28.."What?" She slurs the word sleepily..Amanda said, "I think this will be fine. Where do I sign the lease?".."Then what are the treasures?" Amos asked, full of curiosity.."Then I am die prince to save you," said Jack..structures and pulsing organs can be seen..too sharp to ignore. At last I reach the summit..energy has made the world rich, but the population is stable, even though early detection has wiped out.I With the mirror safe?nor did they forget the grey man's umbrella I'and sunglasses?they carried him back to the ship. Amos' plan had | apparently worked; they had managed to climb back in the ship and > get the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden..a hundred meters. Unless it can recoil the muscle, and I can't tell how that might be done."..same simple-minded story, made it in color, which for once was an improvement, used splendid effects.273.she could pick up the hem, her left hand stiffened..small painting of a boy and girl, she in a soft white dress, and he in jeans and tee shirt. They looked about.He smiled faintly. "I didn't know much about anything then. Too many people were already dead. If I'd gone to a hospital, they'd have wanted to know how I'd stayed alive so far. Sometimes I'm glad if s over, and, then, the next minute I'm terrified of dying."..darkness..I sat and watched Detweiler. The trembling had stopped. He was asleep or unconscious. I reached.He shrugged. "Oh, nothing much. Take two aspirin, drink lots of liquids, get plenty of rest, that sort of thing." He didn't want to talk about it. "It always goes away."..There was a tiny new star, brighter than all the rest, brighter than Phobos. It hurt to took at it but.a gunshot rang out in the Podkayne..The cause of this high morale rests with one programmer in our department, Morris Hazeldorf, the inventor of Zorphwar. While I admit that his shaggy hair and unkempt personal attire might turn you off on first encounter, Morris is an extremely bright and able young man. Single-handed, he programmed the entire HAFAS (Hierarchical Accounting File Access System). And in his spare time over the past year, Morris has been creating Zorphwar, an exciting game that operates on our system.."Why," said Jack, "I am a prince because I am worthy to be a prince, and with me is a woman worthy to be a princess."..Brother Hart lay on their straw bed. When he looked up at her, Hinda could not bear the twin wounds of his eyes. She turned away and said, "You may go out now. It is safe. He will not hunt you again."..reappeared. He turned the other way; they whirled back.."Ashes?" I say, unsure how to respond. Humor her. "Sure.?"

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