

MISS ROVEL

to see how well I had learned my lessons, asked me three questions. I answered all three, and these category (that, historically, is what it is) of heroic fantasy. I don't need to bad-mouth Pool Andersen., "Not once you understand what this graveyard is and why it became what it did," Song said. She was. To Lucius McGonaghal Sloe.. "Who is your friend?" asked Amos. Though he had not heard the beginning of the story, the whole. Mama Dolores put her hand to her mouth. "I forget? the little one, he is alone?" "You are as innocent as any creature in the woods," he said over and over hi amazement.. talking, steadily, for three hours!.. tiredly against the wall. The lander was not the most comfortable place to hold a meeting; all the couches. They began again, climbing faster than ever, but in another hour the bottom of the moon had already. He had been born almost at the end of the Lean Years following the war, so he didn't remember about that period, but his father had told him about the times when fifty million people lived amid shantytown squalor around the blackened and twisted skeletons of their cities and huddled in lines in the snow for their ration of soup and bread at government field-kitchens; about his mother laboring fifteen hours a day cutting boards for prefabricated houses to put two skimpy meals of beef broth and rice from the Chinese food ships on the table each day and to buy one pair of utility-brand pressed-paper shoes per person every six months; about his older brother killed in the fighting with the hordes that had come plundering from the Caribbean and from the south.. "At last it is about to happen," said the grey man. "But first, Amos, you must have your reward for helping me so much." "Elevations?" "I'd like to see that process from the start," he said. "Where you suit up for the outside, I mean." By this time life was flowing slowly back into his listeners. Although many of them were still too astonished by his proposal to react visibly, heads were nodding, and the murmurs running around the room seemed positive. Congreve nodded and smiled faintly as if savoring the thought of having kept the best part until last.. It was a small story on page three, not very exciting or newsworthy. Last night a man named Maurice Milian, age 51, had fallen through the plate-glass doors leading onto the terrace of the high-rise where he lived. He had been discovered about midnight when the people living below him had noticed dried blood on their terrace. The only thing to connect the deaths of Harry Spinner and Maurice Milian was a lot of blood flowing around. If Milian had been murdered, there might be a link, however tenuous. But Milian's death was accidental? a dumb, stupid accident It niggled around in my brain for an hour before I gave in. There was only one way to get it out of my head.. "Not if you fat cats get there first," Ike said.. The purplish cloud broke. "Well, you may rest assured you aren't going to!" the wealthy merchant shouted. "Not if I have anything to say about it!" He pointed successively at Eli and Zeke and me. "And neither are you or you or you!" With that, he stamped back to his palanquin, got in and yanked the curtains closed, and the bearers trotted off with it. We stood there laughing.. But for those with conventional pets we should mention.. He thought for a moment. "Maurice." He looked up at me and grinned. "Do you know stamps?" Q: What is Hellstrom always scratching? (Similarly from others). return.. "Can I have a while to think it over?" inconsistent Her control was cracking. Tears spilled out of her eyes. Her hand was white on the handle. chemically inert as any plastic yet devised. But Lang had learned her lesson. And she had a talent for. scored in the tenth. And he knew with a priori certainty that he hadn't done that well. The most he'd. "I don't really get it," Crawford admitted, talking quietly to Lucy McKillian. "What's so revolutionary. Song had given her a sedative from the dead doctor's supplies on. affair with Song. Then Song discovered McKillian with Ralston, and Crawford caught her on the. To Your Broadcast Bodies, Get Yourselves, PHILIP JOSE FARMER. "Because we were expected," Song said, still looking away from them. "They must have watched the Earth, during the last summer season. I don't know; maybe they even went there. If they did, they would have found men and women like us, hunting and living hi caves. Building fires, using clubs, chipping arrowheads. You know more about it than I do, Matt." our situation?".. because the promise held out by heroic fantasy? the promise of escape into a wonderful Other. 200. "But that's not important. The important thing is what you said from the first, and I'm surprised you didn't see it. If we're a colony, we expand. By definition. Historian, what happened to colonies that failed to expand?".. shape hanging by the cottage door. It was a deerskin, a fine buck's hide, hung by the antlers and the legs. Gateway and disappear. It was high enough: it had to. But it didn't. For, all of a sudden, a great hand. "Mm," said Madeline, not unkindly. "It's odd you should put it like that; it's almost a definition of what I do for a living.".. rough pads made of insulating material. The toilet facilities were behind a flimsy barrier against one wall.. It turned out that they were safe from that imagined danger. There were spores in the air now, but.. "Howdoldothatr." "Don't you see?" she went on, calmer now. "It's too pat, too much of a coincidence. This thing is like.. Nolan shuddered. That's what she was; an animal. In repose, the lithe brown body was grotesquely.. steaming platter of sausages and eggs.. She shook her head, eyes hooded and expressionless, and then Nolan remembered that she didn't speak English. He raised the bottle and drank again, cursing himself for his mistake.. it almost halfway so that it was opened toward the mirror. But from where Amos and Jack were, they.. again, close and insistent. She ran to the window to see.. "Does this map tell where the pieces are hidden?".. of one kind or another, it would be very unlikely that any one of them would be another Isaac Asimov.. 4th.. Once there was a poor man named Amos. He had nothing but his bright red hair, fast fingers, quick feet, and quicker wits. One grey evening when the rain rumbled in the clouds, about to fall, he came down the cobbled street toward Mariner's Tavern to play jackstraws with Billy Belay, the sailor with a wooden leg and a mouth full of stories that he chewed around and spit out all evening. Billy Belay would talk and drink and laugh, and sometimes sing. Amos would sit quietly and listen? and always win at jackstraws.. had thought of no better way to describe it. Each of the plastic spikes had blossomed into a fanciful.. other wonderfully amusing bits from a studio jungle full of dinosaurs to Fay Wray's uncovered bosom.. the brig, and told me that he and his nearest and

dearest Mend would find the mirror all for themselves." She was in time to see McKillian and Ralston hurrying into the lab at the back of the ship. There was.130.by ROBERT F. YOUNG.took from his pocket an envelope, and from the envelope he took a large, fluttering moth. "This flew in.I was disturbed by her vehemence and the implied criticism of Selene. "You don't know Selene is like that," I said in what I intended to be a soothing voice. "You've never met her." "It's true," I say..fitted the arrow to the bowstring and launched it into the sky..So finely drawn, and with the glitter of ice, the manipulating wires radiate outward. Taut bonds between her body and the flickering darkness, all wires lead to the intangible overshadowing figure behind her. Without expression, Atropos gazes down at the woman.."Not once you understand what this graveyard is and why it became what it did," Song said. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor nursing her youngest, Ethan..certainly used that way far too often.).Amanda sat back sipping her coffee with a contented smile. "I hope your business isn't suffering."Pretend then. And don't make it anything flip like that last one. Make it sad and delicate and use some rhymes.".endorsement. Fair enough?".hair, is so tall, with such eyes, and she will tell you, 'It is her own darling Amos.' And Hidalgo's word.Just after New Year's, he told his partner that he wanted to sell out and retire. They discussed it in general terms..The editor hereby makes grateful acknowledgment to the following authors and authorsI representatives for giving permission to reprint the material in this volume:.82.Birdie Pawlowicz was a fat, slovenly old broad somewhere between forty and two hundred. She was blind in her right eye and wore a black felt patch over it. She claimed she had lost the eye in a fight with a Creole whore over a riverboat gambler. I believed her. She ran the Brewster Hotel the way Florence Nightingale must have run that stinking army hospital in the Crimea. Her tenants were the."That's what you meant, all right. And you meant women, available to the real colonists as a reason to."I said back off! We don't want her higher than ninety.".not lack for use. Productive work suffered as the five of them frantically ran through all the possible.22, violent storms: the ship is dashed upward by waves, falls again, visible only intermittently; it takes him.I tried to extend the day by inviting her out for dinner as I was driving her back to her cabin..I had expected a more sympathetic reaction. I snapped, "You don't sound very sorry it happened.".than you did with what you said a few minutes ago. Do I dare ask?".form of data and supplies. There was one more capsule load due; after that, its presence would only be a.Two willowy young men gave me appraising glances in the carpeted lobby as they exited into the sunlight like exotic jungle birds. It's one of those, I thought My suspicions were confirmed when I looked over the tenant directory. All the names seemed to be male, but none of them was Andrew Detweiler.."The luminous pool!" cried the prince, and they ran forward..works. I'd seen him interviewed on some talk show where he'd worn a jumpsuit zipped to the neck..She stopped in midstride with her leg in the air. She held the position a few moments, then slowly lowered the leg and hooked her hair behind her ears while fixing me with a speculative topaz gaze. Her voice was deliberate. "Why should I be? Nothing happened, Teddy is a dear thing and Mandy's archaic sensibilities are her problem, not mine.".ground. Only her eyes remained the same..I was never genius enough that I could have got a really good job with, say, Bell Futures or one of the big.hung around for a while, smoking cigarettes and speculating on how long we'd be out. Then we.out the drums.."Then I love you," and breaks off as the riff ends and she struts back out into the light. I reluctantly.It had been nearly two hours since Harry called me. "Bertram, my.I'm sure she thought he was an imp from hell. I almost died. Fm not sure what was wrong. Apart, we.together. So he put the last piece on top of the trunk, swallowed several aspirins, and lay down.."We were never suspected before.".came?the hum of insect hordes, the bellow of caimans, the snorting snuffle of peccary, the ceaseless.Amanda was still very quiet when I took the lease in to her. I offered her myself and my runabout to.That must be where you got your gift of gab. You must have kissed the Blarney stone.".He sat for a moment then solemnly held out his hand. I took it He shook my hand, then opened the.though void storms may toss you about a bit in space and time. In addition, you will have to handle a variety of problems with your ship such as invasion by mind-warping beings, power-system failure, and occasional crew mutinies. The console commands that control your warship are simple and are given in the attached instructions being transmitted to your local printout facility.."Sorry, Captain. That was rude. But we're not going back.". "What staple?" she countered, becoming in an instant rigid with suspicion, like a hare that scents a.Then I hurl the empty cylinder down toward the timberline; it rolls and clatters and finally is only a distant glitter on the talus slope..know?".Ike and I remained on the apron below..be long.."I am a woman worthy of a prince," said the face in the water, "and my name is Lea.".226.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 ahnost 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..dead. In their place was a second network of pipes which wound around the derricks and spread.Dear heart, Brother Hart, Come at my crying. We shall dine on berry wine AndNot long afterward I left. I didn't want to be hung-over on my first spell of picket duty. It was a cool night, and the stars were thick in the sky. I caught glimpses of the Project as I made my way home through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a pale, blurred look in the starlight, the six completed stages blending together, the uncompleted seventh one softly serrated against the night sky. Working on it every day, I've kind of forgot how high it is, how much higher it's going to be when we get back on the job. The highest thing ever, they say. I won't dispute that. It makes a palm tree look like a blade of grass and a man look like an ant. Looking at it tonight, I felt proud to be one of the builders. It was as though I'd built the whole thing myself. That's the way a bricklayer feels sometimes. It's really great I feel sorry for brickmakers. You'd never catch me slogging all day in a mud hole.."Yes," said the North Wind, "there is a mirror there. A wizard so great and so old and so terrible that."Now before you play," I said, "you must understand that we did not

wish it known we were working on a proposed naval system. Thus, we have pretended that we are fighting a space war of the future against the mythical race of Zorphs. The weapons you will be using will not have the standard Navy nomenclature, but you'll have no trouble recognizing what they really are."*.218.the business. New York says so." June 10, 1977 Source: W. S. Halson Destination: P. T. Warrington Subject: Schedule Compliance Park, Old Buddy, when your message appeared on my display.across the clearing. The darkness boomed..would be on my ass over the com circuit."Will you pipe down in there," called the jailor without opening his eyes..needs of the moment The dome material was weakening as the temporary patches lost strength, and so a."I'm not Selene," Amanda whispered..was beginning to get the idea he was trying to play Doctor Watson to my Sherlock Holmes.."Not at all, Dr. Kolodny. I'd be grateful." Smith got his consignment of Ozos early in the week, took one home and left it to his store manager.Although the room was already quiet, the silence seemed to ~intensify with these words. Here and there in the audience, faces turned to glance curiously at one another. Clearly, this was not to be just another retirement speech. Congreve went on. "We have already come once to the brink of a third world war and hung precariously over the edge. Today, in 2015, twenty-three years have passed since U.S. and Soviet forces clashed in Baluchistan with tactical nuclear weapons, and although the rapid spread of a fusion based economy at last promises to solve the energy problems that brought about that confrontation, the jealousies, mistrusts, and suspicions which brought us to the point of War then and which have persistently plagued our race throughout its history are as much in evidence as ever..but it could kill you if it hit you right. We stay right here until it goes off. The hell with the damage. And."Nothing." Darlene was staring past him. "I thought I saw someone outside the window." they would have to stop, but the clear stars made a mist over the jagged rocks, and a little later the moon.I know it's painful to be told that something in which one has invested intense emotion is not only bad art but bad for you, not only bad for you but ridiculous. I didn't do it to be mean, honest Nor did I do it because the promise held out by heroic fantasy?the promise of escape into a wonderful Other world?is one I find temperamentally unappealing. On the contrary. It's because I understand the intensity of the demand so well (having spent my twenties reading Eddison and Tolkien; I even adapted The Hobbit for the stage) that I also understand the absolute impossibility of ever fulfilling that demand. The current popularity of heroic fantasy scares me; I believe it to be a symptom of political and cultural reaction due to economic depression. So does Robin Scon Wilson (who electrified a Modem Language Association seminar by calling Dune a fascist book), and Michael Moorcock (see his jacket copy for Norman Spin-rad's The Iron Dream, a novel which vehemently denounces the genre in the same terms Wilson does), and the writers of Bored of the Rings, the Lampoon parody, from which came "Arrowroot, son of Arrowshirt".And so we continue to look for good writing and fresh ideas and entertaining narratives, and once those.We sped through the city in what I judged to be a locomotive, although there were no tracks. "What.morning. I think the Organizer should back down a little?settle, say, for a ten-percent raise and forget.We will both think of nothing but sex..Miss Tremaine looked up from her typing at the rattle and frowned. Her desk was out in the small reception area, but I had arranged both desks so we could see each other and talk in normal voices when the door was open. It stayed open most of the time except when I had a client who felt secretaries shouldn't know bis troubles. She had been transcribing the Lucas McGowan report for half an hour, humphing and tsk-tsking at thirty-second intervals. She was having a marvelous time. Miss Tremaine was about forty-five, looked like a constipated librarian, and was the best secretary I'd ever had. She'd been with me seven years. I'd tried a few young and sexy ones, but it hadn't worked out. Either they wouldn't play at all, or they wanted to play all the time. Both kinds were a pain in the ass to face first thing in the morning, every morning..There was only a short line, and in a moment he was standing in front of the box office window..It seems tike the first time I was in Jam Snow's bed. Jain keeps the room dark and says nothing as."I was afraid that might happen," Crawford said. "What do we do, Mary?".I had put away the report I was writing on Lucas McGowan's hyperactive wife. (She had a definite predilection for gas-pump jockeys, car-wash boys, and parking-lot attendants. I guess it had something to do with the Age of the Automobile.) I propped my feet on my desk and leaned back until the old swivel chair groaned a protest.Farther Than Apollo, BARRY MALZBERG.and everybody quieted down. He climbed up on the platform, in that casual way he has, and stood there.Advent, Chicago, 1964, p. 83.).Commandant!.153

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