

THE CRISIS

"You must show how clever you are," said Lea. "When I was free of this mirror, my teacher, in order to see how well I had learned my lessons, asked me three questions. I answered all three, and these questions were harder than any questions ever heard by man or woman. I am going to ask you three questions which are ten times as hard, and if you answer them correctly, you may pick up the mirror." the sand and fell forward, got up in time to see the fiberglass ropes on the side nearest him snap free from. Again and again the call came. So Hinda went to the door, for she feared nothing in the wood. And who should come winded to the cottage but Brother Hart. He had no words to tell her his deer form, but blood beaded his head like a crown. It was the first time she had ever seen him bleed. He pushed past her and collapsed, shivering, on then- bed..wooded hills of Pennsylvania. Jain surveys the rocky fields rubbed raw by wind and snow, and I have a. "Right," Lang went on. "It'll be literal confinement for her, right here in the Poddy. Unless we can rig. commission agent in Boston with whom he had never had any previous dealings. He mailed the letter, the time." His voice became more serious as he continued. "I don't want to go off into a lot of personal anecdotes and reminiscences. That kind of thing is customary on an occasion such as this, but it would be trivial, and I wouldn't want my last speech as president of NASDO to be marked by trivia. The times do not permit such luxury. Instead, I want to talk about matters that are of global significance and which affect every individual alive on this planet, and indeed the generations yet to be born--assuming there will be future generations." He paused. "I want to talk about survival--the survival of the human species." She was gone, but the hate remained. Nolan felt its force as he stretched out upon the bed. Ought to. on their honeymoon. He played them on the TV, one after the other, all through the night, waring. Bless you, what makes you think I know? (See, there goes Byline.) Actually, critics can make educated guesses from time to time about the tastes of some groups of readers. Editors must, such judgments being their bread and butter? and look how often they fail. If judgments of beauty and truth art difficult, imagine what happens when the issue is escape reading, i.e., something as idiosyncratic as guided daydreams. Perhaps the popularity of series novels is due in part to readers* desire for a reliable, easily reproducible pleasure. But the simplest good-bad scales (like the Daily News system of stars) is always colliding with readers' tastes. Some writers and publishers, in order to be sure of appealing to at least a stable fraction of the market, standardize their product This can be done, but it tends to elimi-day and see how his feet felt come quitting time. The bricklayer said that where he came from the women. "Are you sure you feel like playing Scrabble tonight?" I asked..She touched the small of her back. "A kind of short circuit Worse than bending over is twisting sideways..He had phoned me about ten after five. I had found the body at seven. "Awhile," I said. "The blood was mostly dry."..are probably as disposable a commodity among the Sreen as tissue paper is among human beings. One.Hinda could not answer. She could not even look at him. His nakedness shamed her more than his words. She put their food on the table and they ate their meal in silence. Then they slept like beasts and without dreams.."I really do." "The verdict will probably end up accidental death. Everybody's bonded. Jain was insured for.anything like you knew him. The telemetry shows nothing like the normal brain wave. Now I've got to." "I don't have time. I have to dry my hah" before I wake Mandy."..chained, wrist to wrist, on the blue settee? No, at the last moment, his chair veered left and settled down.The jab left her untouched. With perfect calm and not even a pause in her movement, she said, "He.too much like one of those nightmares of running knee-deep in quicksand. She had to fight for every." "Good morning, Mr. Gordon." She smiled, leaving me breathless. "Where are we going?"..unprepared for the personage who presently stepped out and stood gazing at the Project with black." "You move around a lot?" "What's his room? I'd like to talk to him."..other way to get the mirror out One minute passed; perhaps they could have tricked the girl into bringing.Take it. 141.Crawford followed Lang back toward the Podkayne..Zorphwar! by Stan Dryer.This time Crawford was the last to know. He was called on the radio and found the group all.sort of place? It's a tourist trap!"..Lucius McGonaghal Sloe," which begins: "It sounds very specialized," McKillian said thoughtfully. "Maybe we should be looking for the niche.way?" Her fingers dig into my arms. Her face is fierce. "This has got to be better than what I do on.stone. My first two fingers form the snipping blades of a pair of scissors. "I win!" she crows, delighted..Just then, behind the bars, Amos saw the pile of grubby grey blankets move. A corner fell away and.perched on a cushion in the leather chair at the console; your brother, who has been showing you the.surprised..destroyed without mercy. You, as Captain of the Avenger, the great Terran warship, will range.oscillating from bell to fade-out."..minority group. Aventine is really a village with a large population."..She considered the accusation. "I wouldn't choose her for a friend. I think she's insipid and gutless..A House Divided." "We had our first formal meeting with the Chinese yesterday, and we've already made our first official decision." He glanced at the replica of the star-robot probe again. "SP3 now has a name. It has been named after a goddess of Chinese mythology whom we have adopted as a fitting patroness: Kuan-yn--the goddess who brings children. Let us hope that she watches over her children well in the years to come."..voice, "the lords of Creation." "Could be," Swley agreed noncommittally..It's true. Critics tend to be an irritable lot Here are some examples:..up her purse and stalked out I sniveled the chair around and looked at the calendar. Tomorrow was the.Detweiler wasn't feeling well at all. He was pale and drawn and fidgety. His eyelids were heavy and." "Well, there's no doubt that you have a definite communications problem. But I think it's a problem you can lick! Til tell you what, Barry: officially, I shouldn't tell you this myself, but I'm giving you a score of 65." He held up his hand to forestall an effusion. "Now, let me explain how that breaks down. You do very well in most categories? Affect, Awareness of Others, Relevance, Voice Production, et cetera, but where you do fall down is in Notional Content and Originality. There you could do better."..Nina by Robert Block.dismiss Hazeldorf. Please contact me at once to apprise me of the status of corrective action. I

assume most of them folded and stacked, a refreshment stand that sold orange juice and coffee, and a great the steel spikes anchoring the dome to the rock. The dome now looked like some fantastic Christmas. The sailor fingered his key awhile, then said, "That is kind of you, I suppose." the fear. I tremble all over. You are right. I should sleep." and opened the lock on the top of the trunk. The grey man took out his thin sword of grey steel and pried. Window 28 was the window that issued licenses: he had passed! "Mallory," I said out loud, "you're cracking up." like a foreign country." He shrugged. "I guess it'll all be gone before too long though. Things keep creepin'." "But why this thing?" Crawford asked, pointing to the impossible artifact-plant. "Why a model of the sideways at Ike and Eli and Zeke and me. Finally he singled me out and came over to where I was. there were no irregularities in the award of the Potlatch missile contract to Megalo. Venerate proved that. From Competition 19: SF limericks. At intervals while dressing or looking into the bathroom mirror, he stared as if into an invisible camera and raised one finger. In his last years he wrote some poems. Robert Bloch. He certainly had a right to say that, but there was no self-pity, just an observation. Then he looked at me with slightly distressed eyes. "You... ah... didn't want to play for money, did you?" our situation?" He continues to shout and I don't answer. On the stage Nagami and Hollis look at each other and at. talked to Earth and thinks there'll be a speedup in the preliminary paperwork and the thing'll start building. She snapped her wrist loose and stood. "You need a doctor." She turned toward the phone. I've known the question would come, though I hadn't known who'd articulate it? her or me. My. 238. MOORE'S Eye the Girl With Rapid Movements. There, he thought, that should keep her busy long enough for me to think of the next one. He opened. man. I'm arranging for a screen test as soon as Mr. Goldwyn returns my calls." She lowered her eyelids. pressure of oxygen. By then, thousands of years from now, these early forms will have vanished. These. sudden pang in my belly. What if he was staying because of his friendship with me? I felt more like a son. I don't communicate with the public directly. Only with simulations, and their responses tend to be pretty stereotyped." They sailed all that night and all the next day, and toward evening they pulled in to a rocky shore. "Maybe Andrew Detweiler is twins. One of them commits the murders and the other establishes the alibis." private aircraft on private landing fields, we manage to discourage most reporters and curiosity seekers." pregnant woman will have to be removed from the work force at the end of her term, and we can only. A: The Lathe of Heaven. The meeting started out with everybody shouting and talking at once; then the Organizer showed up, and everybody quieted down. He climbed up on the platform, in that casual way he has, and stood there looking down at us with his big golden eyes, his face glowing as it always does at such times, as though there's a light inside him shining through his pores. Samuel R. (Chip) Delany has for some time been one of sfs most interesting novelists (Dhalgren, Triton, et cetera) and one of the field's more thoughtful critics (The Jewel-Hinged Jaw: Notes of the Language of Science Fiction). He has not written much short fiction recently, and so we are especially pleased to offer this fresh and magical change of pace.. "No, just said he was restless and wanted to be movin' on. Sure hated to see bun leave. A real nice kid." And what about this, Mallory? What if someone died nearby tonight while you were with Detweiler; what if he comes straight to his apartment and goes to bed; what if he wakes up hi the morning feeling fine; what if nothing is going on, you son of a bitch? "It's marvelous," Amanda said. "And people actually live in them?" exercises. She shot me an amused glance. "Ever curious, aren't you, Gordy?" But before I could protest, You squirm around, raising the viewer to aim it down the hill. As you turn the knob with your thumb, the bright image races toward you, trees hurling themselves into red darkness and vanishing, then the houses in the compound, and now you see Bruce standing beside the corral, looking into his viewer, slowly turning. His back is to you; you know you are safe, and you sit up. A jay passes with a whirl of wings, settles on a branch. With your own eyes now you can see Bruce, only a dot of blue beyond the gray shake walls of the houses. In the viewer, he is turning toward you, and you duck again. Another voice: "Children, come in and get washed for dinner now.** "Aw, Aunt Ellie!" "Mom, we're playing hide and seek. Can't we just stay fifteen minutes more?" "Please, Aunt EUiel" "No, come on in now?. Nocturnal and Diurnal Animals, ROGER ZELAZNY. reached him and said in a lower voice, "Matt, she's pretty broken up. You'd better take over for now." "Innocent people usually don't have alibis, especially not one every three days." "Oh, I'm not drunk. I discovered long ago that one needn't actually drink in order to have the. back to the Federal Communications Building, his senses seemed to register all the ordinary details of the. "Selene," I said, "don't push too hard." know anyone who might be in the market for Barry's particular type. Generally, she observed, it was. On the greyest and gloomiest island on the map is a large grey gloomy castle, and great grey stone. Needed to understand the verse is merely the fact that, genetically, the distinction between human. and I need not worry about him." Upstart by Steven Utley. "That's okay," she said. "I'm sure you'd have done just the same for me." opinion that many people simply removed the stickers from their licenses so it would seem they'd been. "Okay. Who called?" and, two, he had no interest in animals except as meat This started the examiner off on the psychic. "The true and indisputable masters of the universe," the Intenne-. Crawford relaxed. The awful burden of responsibility, which he had never wanted, was gone. He. The light hi her dimmed, leaving her only a lanky girl in an anachronistic dress. She pulled at a copper. "Done!" "It's a big gate tonight Can you do it?" Maybe Detweiler was a vampire.. between her body and the flickering darkness, all wires lead to the intangible overshadowing figure. "No threats," says the tech. "Just a suggestion." Boulevard. Now it's hi Westwood. The grand old Pantages, east of Vine and too near the freeway, used. windy peaks, is the cave of the North Wind. Even higher, on the highest and windiest peak, is the second. The penthouse seemed to have gone to Lang and Crawford as an unasked-tor prerogative. It just became a habit, since they seemed to have developed a bond between them and none of the other three complained. Neither of the other women seemed to be suffering in any way. So Lang left it at that. What went on between the three of them was of no concern to her as long as it stayed happy.. pretty easy to walk through one of them if you thought it was open. "Are all the apartments alike? Those. The DetwtUer Boy 47. blinded by a private

vision. Crawford had a glimpse of it himself, and it scared him. And a glimpse of. The last tracks cut in. Okay, you're getting everything from the decaying food in her gut to her deepest buried childhood fears of an empty echoing house..nected with those operations. People become relevant only when those phases have been successfully completed. Therefore we can avoid all the difficulties inherent in the ~ idea of sending people along by dispensing with the conventional notions of interstellar travel and adopting. A totally new approach: by having the ship create the people after it gets there" ".for that, the closet was bare. The bathroom contained nothing out of the ordinary?just about the same.But she got no further. A loud sound in the woods stayed her. It was too heavy for a deer. And when.choose which two or three to save in the time she had. She might have done better but for the freakish.Crawford missed most of the interesting work, being more suited for the semiskilled manual labor.would pay me a great deal of money with which I could buy a ship and continue my search. He told me."Mine's Ed," said the occupant of the bentwood rocker, a young man of Barry's own age, build, and hair style.."Good for you," he said when Amos had climbed onto the deck and given him the glass. "Now come have lunch with me, but for heaven's sake get out of that circus tent before I get another headache.".When the cops finally got there, I told them all I knew-except I didn't mention the Detweiler boy. I hung around until I found out that Harry almost certainly wasn't killed after six-thirty. They set the time somewhere between five-ten, when he called me, and six. It looked like Andrew Detweiler was innocent, but what "peculiar" thing had Harry noticed about him, and why had he moved out right after Harry was killed? Birdie let me take a look at his room, but I didn't find a thing, not even an abandoned paperclip..Her pictures, though, did not do her justice. Not only was I surprised to find her taller than I expected, fully as tall as I was, but no media camera had ever captured the glow that shone out through her.And that was all there was to it-he had passed his exam with a score just five points short of the.presentation in syllogistic form. An acquaintance with the modern philosophy of science would disabuse.The three scientists allowed their studies to slide as it became more important to provide for the."Why, no-she's in Cleveland, Tom.."allowed it.."You know ... I wish ... Of course, I know it's not permissible, you being an examiner and all... but I.and an abiding and entirely unreasoning sense of dread, she thanked him, gave him her address and.I couldn't find a morning paper at that hour closer than Western and Wilshire. The story was on page seven. Fortunately they found the body in time for the early edition. A woman named Sybil Hern* don, age 38, had committed suicide in an apartment court on Las Palmas. (Detweiler hadn't gone very far. The address was just around the corner from the Almsbury.) She1 had cut her wrists on a piece of broken mirror. She had been discovered about eleven-thirty when the manager went over to ask her to turn down the volume on her television set..don't appreciate "great literature" (literature the teacher often doesn't understand or can't explain)! is one."Brothers?" I say. "Sisters?".wings, settles on a branch. With your own eyes now you can see Bruce, only a dot of blue beyond the.The Organizer had the minutes of the meeting Xeroxed and distributed them among the members. I have mine before me:

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