

THE UNRETURNING

I grinned. "I, somewhat naturally, am a connoisseur of buildings, and I promise you, Miss Gail, that. But she went on relentlessly, deaf to me. "We have to live together all our lives, Mandy. No matter how much you hate it, you're already a part of me, and I of you." off. The groan rose hi pitch, becoming an hysterical keening. The expression on his face was too horrible. ground. We didn't look back?not once. You might think you'd enjoy seeing a king cry, but you. for him. "I wasn't lagging at you, young man," she told him, taking the same coolly aggrieved tone she'd. violent colors and rich perfume where black butterflies glisten on the rims of pink marble fountains, and. sung to the tune of "Home on the Range." .abrupt, though polite. .in town, but the eyes said he wasn't. I guess the old broad liked his hair that way. .millibars. .rubbing his eyes. His sleeves were green silk with blue and purple trimming. His cape was crimson with. someday, but I never seem to get around to it. (You might think I'd see a few movie stars living where I. Selene hung up the phone. "She's gone." .Sturgeon Lives Comfortably, THEODORE STURGEON. The minute she saw me, Debbie's face fell. When we voted the Union hi last month, she had a fit, and ever since dien she's been dreading a walkout. How were we going to manage now, she asked me when I came hi the door, with prices the way they were and with no money coming in? I told her not to worry, that with the Project so dose to completion and the King on their backs morning, noon and night, the Company would have to come across pronto. She said she hoped so, what with another mouth to feed any day now and our savings account down to two figures, and what would I like for dinner? baked fish or fried figs? I said baked fish. Her hair had come loose during the lovemaking and was hanging down over her face. She parted it. I called David Fowler: "Yes, Andy had a portable typewriter, but he-hadn't mentioned being a writer." "In this mill, fine white flour is made. All unwholesome parts of the grain are removed and certain substances poisonous to insects and rodents are introduced." I followed in as he continued: "Only women are employed here, though they don't stay long." .She was almost drowned out by a rising tide of babble at the door. I looked around to see the group from the street pouring into the cafe in loud and animated conversation with each other. One of them, a tall lithe man with hair, eye shadow, and fingernails striped fuchsia and lavender, broke off from the group and headed toward us with a grin. .Meanwhile, the package stays as is. .Ralston? Think you can find out how bad it is?" .bushes so the grey man could not see his less colorful I pants. The other was Prince Jack himself. .Moises shook bis head. "This I do not know. But I am sure she has no need of another infant." "Hold it," Crawford said. "I just wanted to know if you had any ideas." He was secretly pleased at. "Miss Tremaine, you'd make somebody a wonderful mother." She didn't even humph; she just picked. that much different in principle from playing one of the instruments in the backup band, though it's a hell of. Generally, readers don't notice the presence of familiar value judgments in stories, but do notice (and. "Both. I don't have anything concrete except to say that well survive the same way humans have." "The other end of the rainbow?" asked Hidalgo. .round opening in the trunk: Fulrmp, Melrulf, Ulfmpkgrumfl. "It must be ... unusual . . to live in the same place all your life." .fragment of the mirror." Then he added, "which is more than your friend the wizard did, apparently." Jack. I was conscious of the chair shifting under me but did not let it distract me. "Does that mean she's taking over?" .Hinda would have called after him then, called after and made him stay, but she did not know his. another twenty minutes and then follow him when he did leave. If he went anywhere but his apartment, he. She came forward, smiling. .44. The usher continued to hover, smiling, over his chair. Finally Barry realized he was waiting for a tip. .development to full size a matter of months only. "That's no use. The doctor says it's a miracle he's still breathing. If he wakes up at all, he won't be anything like you knew him. The telemetry shows nothing like the normal brain wave. Now I've got to talk to Commander Lang. Have her come up." The voice of Mission Commander Weinstein was accustomed to command, and about as emotional as a weather report. "These 'fruit' are full of compressed gas," he told them. "We have to open up another, carefully this. tangles, pasted them onto letter envelopes, some of which he stacked loose; others he bundled together and secured with rubber bands. He opened the stacks and bundles and examined them at regular intervals. Some of the labels curled up and detached themselves after twenty-six hours without leaving any conspicuous trace. He made up another batch of these, typed his home address on six of them. On each of six envelopes he typed his office address, then covered it with one of the labels. He stamped the envelopes and dropped them into a mailbox. All six, minus their labels, were delivered to the office three days later. "Exactly." She squinted across the vast tasteful expanse of Party-land, then stood up and waved. "I. "Not much. He's only been here since Sunday night. He's very handsome, like an angel, a dark angel. This was getting out of band for Captain Singh. .that might as well have been made of Saran Wrap. He didn't say anything, just let his eyebrows rise. nature of her struggle to reach them; she was in shock and half believed it was only a nightmare. So she. He thought for a moment. "Maurice." He looked up at me and grinned. "Do you know stamps?" .There was none, until Song spoke up thoughtfully. .Jain goes into her final number. It does not work. The audience is enthusiastic and they want an encore, but that's just it: they, shouldn't want one. They shouldn't need one. .Everyone else in the tavern came running outside too. Sure enough it was Amos, and sure enough a rainbow looped above them to the far horizons. .The last step took the thin grey man right into the open trunk. He cried out, stumbled, the trunk overturned on its side, and the lid fell to with a snap. .climbing out of his palanquin, he started pacing up and down the way he'd done on his first visit; only this. with the drums. Damned pounding. Had to stop, had to stop so he could sleep-It was the silence that. Bill Buddy: As stated on Page 12 of the Zorphwar Handbook, any Captain completing six consecutive successful missions against the Zorphs is entitled to promotion to Fleet Captain. If you will check my War Record File, you will discover that I destroyed all Zorphs in the galaxy in the six games I played yesterday afternoon. Please send along whatever certificate you have to indicate my Fleet Captain status. .inconsistent" Her control was

cracking. Tears spilled out of her eyes. Her hand was white on the handle. "Stick it". have done so in the past, and it did them no good." everything, and so all I do is just write." "Ah," said Jack, "the second question is easy to answer, but the first is not so simple. I am a prisoner here because a skinny grey man stole a map from me and put me in the brig so I could not get it back from him. But why am I the Prince of the Far Rainbow? That is exactly the question asked me a year ago today by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that you and I need never worry about him. I answered him, 'I am Prince because my father is King, and everyone knows I should be.' Then the wizard asked me, 'Why should you be Prince and not one of a dozen others? Are you fit to rule, can you judge fairly, can you resist temptation?' I had no idea what he meant, and again I answered, 'I am Prince because my father is King.' The wizard took a mirror and held it before me. 'What do you see?' he asked. 'I see myself, just as I should, the Prince of the Far Rainbow,' said I. Then the wizard grew furious and struck the mirror into three pieces and cried, 'Not until you look into this mirror whole again will you be Prince of the Far Rainbow, for a woman worthy of a prince is trapped behind the glass, and not till she is free can you rule in your own land.' There was an explosion, and when I woke up, I was without my crown, lying dressed as you see me now in a green meadow. In my pocket was a map that told me where all the pieces were hidden. Only it did not show me how to get back to the Far Rainbow. And still I do not know how to get home." I called David Fowler: "Yes, Andy had a portable typewriter, but he hadn't mentioned being a. The North Wind laughed so loud that Amos and the prince had to hold onto the walls to keep from." "What happened to you?" asked Jack, and Amos told him.. It is the year 2783. Suddenly the galaxy is invaded by a horde of alien beings, the Zorphs. They. Deep in a wood, so dark and tangled few men dared go, there was a small clearing. And in that clearing lived a girl and her brother Hart. "It will work as long as the silver-white unicorn guards the fragment of the mirror," said Amos, "and. On a day exactly eight months after the disaster, two discoveries were made. One was in the whirligig garden and concerned a new plant that was bearing what might be fruit. They were clusters of grape-sized white balls, very hard and fairly heavy. The second discovery was made by Lucy McKillian and concerned the absence of an event that up to that time had been as regular as the full moon.. Somebody would die tomorrow and Andrew Detweiler would be close-by.. JAIN SNOW. "Pretty slim. Mostly the air problem. The people I've read about never sank so low that they had to worry about where their next breath was coming from." carrying fluids of pale blue, pink, gold, and wine. Metal spigots from the Podkayne had been inserted in. "I hope m be gone before then. I'm just on holiday until I decide what to do with my life." You are watching an old movie, Bob and Ted and Carol and Alice. The humor seems infantile and. "I don't know. I don't want you to get in trouble." Singh and everyone else was silent for a while. He found he really was beginning to believe in the Martians. The theory seemed to cover a lot of otherwise inexplicable facts.. and adapt it to us where we can. For that, we're better off than most of the colonists of the past, at least. Asexual reproduction is a matter of course among one-celled organisms (though sexual reproduction can also take place), and it is also very common in the plant world.. "Who are they?" Ralston asked. "You think we're going to be meeting some Martians? People? I hours poring over them." *Td rather not talk about it over the phone. Can you come over? ". Four black bearers had appeared, bearing a long black palanquin. They proceeded to set it down. "Nothing. Just routine." Obviously he thought I was a police detective. No point in changing his mind. "You liked him, didn't you??. But crazy in a dull, not an interesting way. He wondered how long they'd have to go on talking before the chairs switched round again. It seemed such a waste of time talking to another temp, since he could only get the endorsements he needed from people who held Permanent Licenses. Of course, the practice was probably good for him. You can't expect to like everyone you meet, as the Communications Handbook never tired of pointing out, but you can always try and make a good impression. Someday you'd meet someone it was crucial to hit it off with and your practice would pay off.. Nolan awakened to the sound of drums. He jerked upright with a startled cry, then realized that night. She comes off the stage crying. I touch her arm as she walks past my console. Jam stops and rubs her eyes and asks me if I'll go back to the hotel with her.. "Are you sure you feel like playing Scrabble tonight?" I asked.. "I didn't tell you that. We pulled the dome back and found spikes. It was your inference that they." We can't say how long they've been prepared for a visit from us. Maybe only this cycle; maybe. immune to the inevitable despair of the castaway. Ralston in his laboratory was the picture of carefree. "No. She was a dumpy brunette." My curiosity reared up again. The gossip columnists speculated a great deal about how Amanda and Selene managed their dual existence, but because neither personality gave interviews on the subject, it had to remain only speculation. The custody decision, however, was public knowledge. January to June had gone to Margot Randall, July to December to the Senator. It sounded like the alters might still divide then* year that way. But rather than distress Amanda further by asking about it, I bit my tongue and hurried out to get the lease from my secretary.. "Two leagues short of over there is a garden of violent colors and rich perfume, where black butterflies glisten on the rims of pink marble fountains, and the only thing white in it is a silver-white unicorn who guards the third piece of the mirror." proletariat becomes conscious of their oppressions, and they can't become conscious of anything until they are as articulate as their oppressors. Language and consciousness aren't independent processes, after all. Talking is thinking turned inside-out. No more, no less." haven't come up yet, or we haven't been smart enough to recognize them. And the insulation isn't perfect.. The leash broke. She bounded away down the sand. As though that were not release enough, she. out of them." 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." CLAUSE'S Tales White From the Hart BURROUGH'S Ant Tarzan and the Men HENDERSON'S The Different People: No Flesh LUNDWALL'S What About Science: It's All Fiction. "My father could have been President but for Margot Randall. The woman was rapacious, vulgar, egocentric, and totally amoral. She nearly drove my father mad before he realized there was no helping her." She turned. "For my sake? Matthew, please don't lie to me again." There were tears in her voice.. "No insult intended, Mary,"

Weinstein said gently. "But, yes, we have. It's the opinion of the people Earthside that you couldn't do it. They've tried some experiments, coaching some very good pilots and putting them into the simulators. They can't do it, and we don't think you could, either." The grey man was so happy he jumped from the trunk, turned a cartwheel, then fell to wheezing and "I'm all ears." general terms. It is also possible, however, though not usual, for a woman to bring two different egg cells to fruition at the same time. If both are fertilized, two children will be born who are each possessed of genetic equipment different from the other. What results are "fraternal twins" who need not be of the same sex and who need not resemble each other any more than siblings usually do. "You run and get back in your cell," said Amos, "and when I have given you enough time, I shall license yesterday." because when you notice the red numbers jumping in the console to your left, it is as if the whole house and Maurice are... were thick as thieves." Mary Lang was laving sideways across the improvised cot that had recently held the Podkayne pilot, new wonder shall I see?" I mused, for many were the sights shown me already. My guide, an illustrious this. He takes up his position hundreds of thousands of miles away, then slowly approaches, in order to often enough to keep me feeling good, but this time it gave me a queasy sensation, like I was being. He wore a flowered silk shirt open to the waist, exposing his bony hairless chest, and tight white pants. "I certainly shall," said Hidalgo, "for I always thought you an uncommonly clever man. Your return, toes, your final desperate tactic of launching an twelve thousand of your doomsday torpedoes would." -7. G. Saltier. Amos. "Why are you the Prince of the Far Rainbow, and why are you a prisoner?" And if it's an X, helplessly. "I guess there's not much sense picketing any more." I'm done with the circuit chips. Now the easy stuff. I wryly note the male and female plugs. Fm. In answer to all the requests for more positive, upbeat stuff with some good old-fashioned Heros, but more and more, as you grow older, leaves you to your own devices. You are intensely interested in. Robert Block. people feel about high culture and you get the wholesale inflation of reputations James Blish lambaste in. point of hard fact, his second) the very next night. The fated encounter took place at Morone's One-Stop. 86. "All right, North Wind," cried Amos. "Take a look at yourself." down, yawning. "Detweiler? Don't think I ever laid eyes on the man. What'd he do?" An undercurrent of murmuring rippled quickly around the hall. Congreve nodded, indicating his anticipation of the 'objections he knew would come. He raised a hand for attention and gradually the noise abated. her license not because her score entitled her to it, but thanks to Bylaw 9(c), Section XII? The chagrin of. smashed it down on the thing. I dropped the chair and leaned against the wall and heaved. At the same time, Fm afraid that his rage will get us into extremely serious trouble. The Sreen have already demonstrated their awesome power through the ease with which they located and intercepted us just outside the orbit of Neptune. Their vessel is incomprehensible, a drupelet-cluster of a construct which seems to move in casual defiance of every law of physics, half in normal space, half elsewhere. It is an enormous piece of hardware, this Sreen craft, a veritable artificial planetoid: the antiseptic bay in which our own ship now sits, for example, is no less than a cubic kilometer in volume; the antechamber in which the captain and I received the Sreen edict is small by comparison, but only by comparison. Before us is a great door of dully gleaming gray metal, five or six meters high, approximately four wide. In addition to everything else, the Sreen must be physically massive beings. My head is full of unpleasant visions of superintelligent dinosaurs, and I do not want the captain to antagonize such creatures. surface responded to her touch with art exploding aurora of hot oranges, reds, and violets. plans to fit us in." She looked back to Singh. "It would have happened even without the blowout and the. To give you an idea of the creativity of this young man, I have arranged for Zorphwar to be made." I'd rather not talk about it over the phone. Can you come over?" 8-C. I was so pleasantly pooped I completely forgot about Andrew Detweiler. Until Monday morning. "Nina?" I helped her to her feet and into her cape. With a hand under her elbow, I guided her out of the Beta Cygnus, leaving the dancer staring open-mouthed after us. "/ like them," she insisted. Then, "My name's Cinderella. What's yours?" 214. 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 cliché, 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) naivete, 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: