

## ENTERTAINING PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS AS WELL IN MANUSCRIPT AS IN PRINT

" This eloquent novel,\* says the jacket of Taylor Caldwell's The Devil's Advocate, making two errors in three words. . . ." (Damon Knight, In Search of Wonder, Advent, Chicago, 1967, p. 29.). "The treasure is happiness, for me and my nearest and dearest Mend." "I thought you like to sleep late," I said. "Well," he called up to the thin grey man who sat on the top of the trunk, waiting, "here is your mirror from the bottom of the luminous pool." The sun was poking over the mountains when he woke up. He roused and was momentarily unaware of where he was; then memory flooded back. He turned to me. The pain and hysteria were gone from his eyes. They were oddly peaceful. At midnight I was still awake, sitting in number five in my jockey shorts with the light out and the door. The only light came from the illuminated dials that the guard was supposed to watch all night. There, desk, but her good eye twinkled. Frustration to both groups. There was a great deal of irony in having two such powerful ships so close to where you do fall down is in Notional Content and Originality. There you could do better. "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." \*chemically inert as any plastic yet devised. But Lang had learned her lesson. And she had a talent for. "He told me about some Japanese department store." of the tool caddy. Amos was so delighted he jumped up and down. The prince swam to shore, and Amos helped him out. Then they leaned the mirror against a tree and rested for a while. "It's well I wore these rags of yours," said Jack, "and not my own clothes, for the weeds would have caught in my cloak and the boots would have pulled me down and I would have never come up. Thank you, Amos." She smiled. "That sounds lovely." millions. Everything will turn out all right for everyone." She stares at me for several seconds. "Except your honest assessment of our chances?" It was Nina. That brought her alter to mind. "Will Selene be signing, too?" demanding of me than ever before. Selene punched the three-digit emergency number and asked for an ambulance. It was like a rerun. He lived a block away from where a man was mugged, knifed, and robbed in an alley on the 13th? though the details of the murder didn't seem to fit the pattern. But he was sick, had an alibi, and moved to Silver Lake. Ph.D. "Who are you?" Hinda asked again. "Say what it is you are." "We'll stop that sort of thinking right now. I'm the mission commander. I appreciate you taking over." "I meant, would you like some now, with me? I've got a six-pack." could almost smell the smoke from my sizzling nerve endings. And this time when I pushed her onto the. "No." "That's right," said Jack. "And nearer than you think is a great, grey, dull, tangled, boggy, and baleful." . . . Mr. Zirul has committed so many other failures of technique that a whole course in fiction writing. "I love you very much," recognize you if I saw you walking quietly down the street toward me when you were off duty." tracks it backward until the men are again in their places on deck. He looks again at the group standing. As if she had broken a spell, the man spoke at last "I am but a man," he said. "A man who has." Edward Bryant. "I'm Barry Riordan," he managed to bring out, tardily. 239. But not quite. He still had to get one more endorsement. But now it seemed possible, likely, even inevitable. A matter, merely, of making the effort and reaping the reward. though a temblor shakes the Front Range. (2nd verse) O, give me a clone. From Competition 19: SF limericks. "These are what I need," said Amos, putting on the clothes quickly, for he was beginning to get chilly. "Tomorrow evening when the sunset is golden and the sky is turquoise and the rocks are stained red. afternoon everybody had heard it. basement apartment with bare walls, crackly linoleum over a concrete floor, and radiators that hissed and because the promise held out by heroic fantasy? the promise of escape into a wonderful Other. A lot of the other Union members had stopped in The Fig Leaf, and the place was full. Some of the. At intervals that varied unpredictably the furniture within this living room would rearrange itself, and. "I love you." as the discoverer? "I'm sorry to hear it." Fm done with the circuit chips. Now the easy staff. I wryly note the male and female plugs Fm connecting. Jain. . . The jailor fingered his key again, then said, "Nothing of interest at all." chest as he buttoned the shirt. It wasn't muscular but it was very well made. He was very. A good theory, but meanwhile he had the immediate problem of what in particular to talk about. "A temp." fascinating article by Joanna Russ on the pain of reviewing sf books, Baird Searles on "multiples" in sf. Tickets \$30, \$26, \$22. Strip nights and was working on her. "Have you ever heard of Apollo 13?" standing, shooting the breeze with Ike. He had pink cheeks, with jowls to match, and a big blunt nose. It took Smith six weeks to increase the efficiency of the image intensifier enough to bring up the ghost. figure a way out of this thing. Let them handle it." Absurd, absurd, I know how absurd the suggestion is. 262. Later in the castle hall, Amos and the prince stood bound by the back wall. The grey man chuckled. Can you believe in that as just a coincidence? and to prove his point he cooked up a quick dinner on her hotplate of Spam and canned beets (it was. ?I'm afraid to," said Amos. "It has said such awful and terrible things." The man rose then, and Hinda marveled at the height of him, for he was as tall as the cottage door and his hands were grained like wood. swamp. "Gone?" I sat bolt upright. A wave of dizziness knocked me flat again. "How can she be gone?" "Alas," said Amos, "he was blown away in the wind." He climbed up the ladder and handed the grey man the mirror. "Now we only have a third to go, if I remember right. When do I start looking for that?" "Good." Nolan turned and started for the hall, then hesitated as Mama Dolores frowned. "What is. 52. Crawford shrugged, uneasy at the question. He didn't know if it was the right time to even postulate that they might fail. 229. That includes me, and sometimes she's let me come into her bed. But not often. "You like it?" she said. I answered sleepily, "You're really good." "Not me," she said. "I mean being in a star's bed." I told her she was a bitch and she laughed. Not often enough. Bushyager and Bloomfeld." She lowered her eyelids at me. I spread my hands. "Would Sam Spade go. addresses supplied by Smith: five hundred to electronics manufacturers and suppliers, six

thousand, thirty. Then what do you mean?" splicing a rope in the stem, two others lowering a triangular sail between the foremast and the bowsprit. "Good," said Amos. "Oh, but one more thing. You say it is windy there. I shall need a good supply of. and struck the mirror into three pieces and cried, 'Not until you look into this mirror whole again will you not see his face, but he lay in sleep like a man who was no stranger to the bed. . .?' Al Sarrantonio. Ten minutes later, Sirocco had worked out a hastily contrived fire-plan with his executive officer and relayed details to First, Second, and Fourth platoons, and Colman had briefed Third Platoon via his section leader. Colman secured and checked his equipment; unloaded, reloaded, and rechecked his M32 assault cannon; checked and inventoried his ammunition. "Right, I know." He turned back to the radio, and McKillian listened over his shoulder as Weinstein. grey man would blend completely in with the scenery and never get out again. Up this one is a mountain. "You run and get back in your cell," said Amos, "and when I have given you enough time, I shall. She waited through the whole of the long morning, till the sun was high overhead. Not until then did. under his breath. I listened hard, but I couldn't make out what it was. She rolled to her feet Swinging up onto the deck, she began using the railing as a bar for ballet exercises. She shot me an amused glance. "Ever curious, aren't you, Gordy?" But before I could protest, she grinned. "We split when we were six. I told Mandy about it when we were seven, after we'd learned to read and write. Any more questions?" makeshift, and enough ordinary debris to suggest a life being carried on, with normative difficulty, among them. On each of six envelopes he typed his office address, then covered it with one of the labels. He. Jane Yolen. Few of the younger astronauts, scientists, engineers, and North American Space Development Organization executives could remember NASDO without Congreve as its president. For all of them, things would never be quite the same again. They triggered them to be activated only when they encountered certain different conditions. Maybe they knew exactly what it would be; maybe they only provided for a likely range of possibilities. Song thinks they've visited us, back in the Stone Age. In some ways it's easier to believe than the alternative. That way they'd know our genetic structure and what lands of food we'd eat, and could prepare. and who must engage in all the complex phenomena, both physical and chemical, involved in sexual. killed? Birdie let me take a look at his room, but I didn't find a thing, not even an abandoned paperclip. While she was stuffing Nakamura into his suit, Crawford arrived. He had walked over the folds of plastic until he reached the dormitory, then sliced through it with his laser normally used to vaporize rock samples. crucial point. He signed off and they joined the other survivors. ground. We didn't look back? not once. You might think you'd enjoy seeing a king cry, but you. nightmare would be over. "I don't know," he told her cheerfully. "It's a tough problem, isn't it?" He went to the half wall separating the kitchen and poured two cups from a pot that looked like h. undersides were flecked with spots of gold. He pushed in a long metal flap at the side of the trunk, very. roof of the Megalo Corporation Headquarters for pickup by Zorph shuttle craft. Failure to comply with. He smiled at her, a commiserating guilty smile, and she smiled back, a mechanical next-please smile. "I can't say I have. I always mean to, but you know how it is. It's the same with the Statue of Liberty. It's always there, so you never get around to it." I smiled and spoke some platitudes about the vast technical expertise available at the Megalo. "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?" exploring the ship and I have very little time since I'm to be up at four o'clock in the morning. I was told. unwinking stars? with nothing done yet about the problems of oxygen, food, and water for the years. And that was all there was to it- he had passed his exam with a score just five points short of the crucial eighth percentile. Which was a tremendous accomplishment but also rather frustrating in a way, since it meant he'd come that close to not having to bother scouting out two more endorsements. Still, with another three months in which to continue his quest and an introduction to Intensity Five, Barry had every reason to be optimistic. too. "Selene isn't the evil genius you think, Amanda." My voice sounded thin. breakfast?" court on Las Palmas, or not far away. curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole. Nolan rose, stretching, then stepped out into the hall. The shadows were darker here and everything was still. the lightning that still flickered from the mirror. Now she threw the veil back from her shoulders. Detweiler stepped toward it, ignoring me, tears pouring down his face. The thing's struggles grew weaker, the scream became a breathless rasping. I couldn't stand it any longer. I picked up a chair and smashed it down on the thing. I dropped the chair and leaned against the wall and heaved. Amos himself was well aware how long he would have hesitated had the question been asked of him. "I know," she sighed, "but I still can't believe it" She tapped her. haven't the foggiest idea." She sighed again, but this time with relief. "The Detweiler boy was down here with me until six-thirty. He'd been here since about four-fifteen. We were playing gin. He was having one of his spells and wanted company." "It pays the bills, Harry. Besides, there aren't enough Maltese falcons to go around." its arm and kept crawling about mindlessly, growing weaker. 144. hollow with excitement, his throat and tongue getting tingly. 132. "Hey," I say. encourage native manufactures. Many readers are, in fact, unacquainted with the general canon of English. I got back to my apartment on Beachwood fairly late Sunday night and barely had time to get something to eat at the Mexican restaurant around the corner on Melrose. They have marvelous carne asada. I live right across the street from Paramount, right across from the door people go in to see them tape The Odd Couple. Every. Amanda laced and unlaced her fingers in her lap. "In the past there's sometimes been reason for her to come out of time, some errands I can't do or a need to write me a message, but there's no note this time. I also found damp towels that weren't there last night. If she isn't honoring our agreement any longer, soon it won't be minutes she's taking, it will be hours, then days, until there's no time left I can count on for my own. I don't know what to do, Matthew. How can I fight her?"

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