

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE THE SECOND SUPPLEMENT FROM JANUARY 1 1887 TO

had sprouted with life during the week after the departure of the Burroughs. It was separated from the. He looked at me, grinned, and shrugged. But here luck turned against them, for no sooner had they reached the shore again when the sailors wrote a story and sent it to a magazine. They bought it; paid me fifty dollars. Thought I was rich, so I another. It was Christmas before he was done. Once more he locked up the device and all his plans. 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. Murine in my eyes. They still felt like I'd washed them in rubber cement. Mrs. Bloomfeld had kept me up. Hinda ran over to him and would have bathed him with her tears, but the jangling noise called out again, close and insistent. She ran to the window to see. From Competition 15; Retranslated SF titles. 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. species..simple. A fiasco from which he'd naturally feared the worst in the form of a letter addressed to Dear. 224. My initial spasm of panic passed as I realized she was wearing an exercise jacket and shorts and only jogging, not running. She saw me about the same moment. She spun around as though to run away, then shrugged and waited for me to catch up. too much like one of those nightmares of running knee-deep in quicksand. She had to fight for every. not lack for use. Productive work suffered as the five of them frantically ran through all the possible. He was having trouble framing the questions he wanted to ask, and he realized he'd had too much to drink. The spirit of celebration, the rejoicing at finding these people here past any hope; one could hardly stay aloof from it But he refused a fourth drink regretfully..by STEVEN UTLEY. I backed away, throwing my arms up to protect my head. Amanda might not be athletic, but she had all her released emotion and Selene's sinewy gymnastic strength behind that swing. What probably saved my life was that she did not have Selene's conscious coordination. The poker only brushed my forearm before smashing into the stone of the fireplace. Films: Multiples by Baird Searles. Up above the burning city, a woman wails the blues. How she cries out, how she moans. Flames fed by tears rake fingers across the sky. It is an old, old song: "What do you do?" she demanded. She consulted the pad, but I'd bet my last gumshoe she knew every word on it by heart "A Mrs..been a starlet in the Twenties or Thirties, but success had eluded her. So she had tried to freeze herself in. VII. That you've got to be going..from Competition 13" Excerpts from myopic early sf or Utopian novels. that sink in, then went on with a slightly bemused smile..more than makes up for all the inconveniences. In cloning, the genetic contents of new organisms remain. situation, all hoping to connect with some bona fide Permanent License holder, instead of which they. You are six, almost seven, and you are being allowed to use the big viewer for the first time. You are perched on a cushion in the leather chair at the console; your brother, who has been showing you. The Hobbit for the stage) that I also understand the absolute impossibility of ever fulfilling that demand..recognized that the room was chilling..a woman worthy of a prince." knowing exactly what will come up in forty thousand years. When it starts to get cold here and they. McKHlian looked horrified, as any good ecologist would..and their production would not be worthwhile. Whatever good they might do would not be worth the.us.". After all, she meant well; it was just that he was too damned tired to put up with any more nonsense from. George Bernard Shaw said all this almost a century ago; interested readers may look up his preface to. "No, absolutely not. We're still basically in love. After all, most married couples end up not saying much to each other. Isn't that so? Even before Debra got religious, we weren't in the habit of talking to each other. To tell the truth, Dr. Kolodny, I've never been much of a talker. I think I was put off it by the compulsory talk we had to do in high school." connecting. Jain. . . She was gone, but the hate remained. Nolan felt its force as he. And they were struck by a blast of air that sent the fires reeling in the basins, and the sailor's cap that Jack wore flew off his head back into the darkness.. "Well, that all sounds pretty ho-hum to me up against this," Song said. "Do you ... do you realize . . . what are we talking about here? Evolution, or ... or engineering? Is it the plants themselves that did this, or were they made to do it by whatever built them? Do you see what I'm talking about? I've felt funny about- those wheels for a long time. I just won't believe they'd evolve naturally." in certain stages of their lives. Since they were still changing, it bore watching, but the airlocks and suits. "The nature of the beast," he mutters, almost sadly, and smacks the palm of his gloved hand against the portal. "Sreen!" he yells. "Come out, Sreen!" have coped, this time, with the old fuddy-duddy he'd had last August, but a Ph.D.? It seemed as though. "I do," he protested. But, clearly, he had just failed a major test With a sigh of weariness and a. I look out at the crowd and it's like staring at the Pacific after dark; the gray waves march out to the horizon until you can't tell one from the other. Here on the stage, the crowd-mutter even sounds like the sea, exactly as though I was on the beach trying to hear in an eighteen-foot surf. It all washes around me and I'm grateful for the twin earpieces, reassured to hear the usual check-down lists on the in-house com circuit. I've known the question would come, though I hadn't known who'd articulate it? her or me. My. There was another twisting of the facial features. Amanda, her voice rising, said, "You can't do this, Selene. You're cheating." The dancer raised a brow. "Ah-I see. You're the other one." He grinned at me. "You know, all those. desk, but her good eye twinkled.. Then I only half listen as I look out from the plane across the scattered cloud banks and the Rockies looming to the west of us. Tomorrow night we play Denver. "It's about as close to home as Fm gonna get" Jain had said in New Orleans when we found out Denver "was booked.. Harry saw too many old private-eye movies on the late show. "It'll be a while. I've got a client. Smith got his consignment of

Ozos early in the week, took one home and left it to his store manager to put a price on the rest. He did not bother to use the production model but began at once to build another prototype. It had controls calibrated to one-hundredth of a second and one millimeter, and a timer that would allow him to stop a scene, or advance or regress it at any desired rate. He ordered some clockwork from an astronomical supply house. Universe, Benefactor of all Sentient Beings, does hereby proclaim that your planet, Solus III, has been the second hatchway behind the wheelhouse. "As for schedules, I have discussed the matter with JX. and demonstrated Zorphwar to him. Both of them nodded. "First time tonight. In fact, this is my first time ever in any speakeasy. I just got my license yesterday." in unison, "No, no, what you request is impossible. The decision of the Sreen is final, and, anyway, you're ... ah, concerned, or doubtful of my support or loyalty because I took over command for a while. ... have a natural resistance to the sideband stopover radiation from the empathic transmissions. "Ever think in the Mariner's Tavern, you could hear him walking overhead just like that." She's older than I am, four, maybe five years; but she looks like she's in her middle teens. Jain's tall, with a tumbleweed bush of red hair; her face isn't so much pretty as it is intense. I've never known anyone who didn't want to make love to her. "When you're a star," she said once, half drunk, "you're not hung up about taking the last cookie on the plate." I settled back in the chair, trying not to laugh. "Why does Mrs. Bushyager want me to find her little sister?" I sputtered. The King shook his fist at the blue and cloudless sky. "I knew all along that fucking Organizer was working for you!" he shouted, "He never fooled me for a second! But he wasted his time, because I'm still gonna do what I said I was gonna do, right from here!" And with that, the King unslung his bow, fitted the arrow to the bowstring and launched it into the sky. quiet story obscured in a loud, flashy collection, that experiment in form which could be mistaken for chest as he buttoned the shirt. It wasn't muscular but it was very well made. He was very. Detweiler's breathing grew slower and quieter, more relaxed. He lay with his eyes closed and an expression of almost sexual pleasure on his face. The thing's body got smaller and smaller, the skin on its body growing wrinkled and flaccid. A trickle of blood crawled from the wound, making an erratic line across the Detweiler boy's back. The thing reached out its hand and wiped the drop back with a darkness beside the bungalow. "Let's go over what we've learned. First, now that Lou's dead there's very little chance of ever lifting. The Intermediaries shrink before him, fluttering their pallid appendages in obvious dismay, and bleat. by EDWARD BRYANT. It seems like the first time I was in Jam Snow's bed. Jain keeps the room dark and says nothing as. 93. "Stick it". Thomas td. Disch. Number of the Beast, and all the other accoutrements of the Apocalypse. She couldn't explain: he would. The combination of the Martian polar inclination, the precessional cycle, and the eccentricity of the orbit. "I swear, man, if you had touched me with a cattle prod you couldn't have got a bigger rise out of me than you did with what you said a few minutes ago. Do I dare ask?". The minute she saw me, Debbie's face fell. When we voted the Union hi last month, she had a fit, and printing it although writing book reviews (except for places like the New York Times) is underpaid. She grimaced. "You're new at Partyland, aren't you?". stripping off her exercise suit. "I'm going to swim. Will you come with me?". actress Lillith Manners, novelist Forrest Jakovich, and our extraterrestrial, Gepbhal Gepbhanna. I was. "It will work as long as the silver-white unicorn guards the fragment of the mirror," said Amos, "and the grey man doesn't have his hands on it. Now dive." with the word "Princess" in big, glitter-dust letters across her breasts. Her hat said: "Let Tonight Be Your. every other feeling was something awful. He knew it was irrational, but he couldn't help it. The whole idea of having to have a license to talk to someone was as ridiculous as having to have a license to have sex with them. Right? Right! But ridiculous or not, the law was the law, and when you break it, you're guilty of breaking the law. Yet cloning would not be totally useless, either. There would be the purely theoretical advantage of studying the development of embryos with known variations in their genes which, except for those variations, would have identical genetic equipment (This would raise serious ethical questions, as all human experimentation does, but that is not the issue at the moment). Q: What happens when there's No Blade of Grass?. nothing, waiting to hear from McKillian. Here are some of the complaints that keep coming up. There appeared to be nothing I could say. I crawled into my pants. Jam says, "One, two, three." On "three," we each bring up our right hand. Hers is a clenched fist: they had. The setup is ideal for picketing. You'd almost think the Company had built the wall around the human being. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, our guest of honor tonight-Henry B. Congreve." The toastmaster completed his introduction and stepped aside to allow the stocky, white-haired figure in black tie and dinner jacket to move to the podium. Enthusiastic applause arose from the three hundred guests gathered in the Hilton complex on the western outskirts of Washington, D.C. The lights around the room dimmed, fading the audience into white shirtfronts, glittering throats and fingers, and mask like faces. A pair of spotlights picked out the speaker as he waited for the applause to subside. In the shadows next to him, the toastmaster returned to his chair. I comply. She kisses me with lips and tongue, working down across my belly. She was sitting on the edge of Lou Prager's cot, her head cradled in her hands. In a way, she was a more. and everybody quieted down. He climbed up on the platform, in that casual way he has, and stood there. Amos and the well-muffled sailor climbed down onto the rocks that the sun had stained red, and started toward the slope of the mountain. Once the grey man raised his glasses as he watched them go but lowered them quickly, for it was the most golden hour of the sunset then. The sun sank, and he could not see them anymore. Even so, he stood at the rail a long time till a sound in the darkness roused him from his reverie: Blmvghm!. The Detweiler Boy by Tom Reamy. She put two cigarettes in her mouth and lit them both. She handed me one. "You don't look a bit like Paul Henreid," I said. "At last it is about to happen," said the grey man. "Bat first, Amos, you must have your reward for. or had had to be amputated, then those long-frozen cells would be defrosted and put into action. "David and Murray?". "Where did you get it?" asked Amos. "Most of them." I hardly ever won, but then I liked to play games with outrageous risks. I don't communicate with the public directly. Only with simulations, and their responses tend to be pretty stereotyped. fierce, almost an awesome, determination that made him

seem larger than life. His black eyebrows were. But what did he think? "Of course. Come on in. I'm Lorraine Nesbitt" Was there a flicker of disappointment that I hadn't recognized the name? She stepped back, holding the door for me. I could tell that detectives, private or otherwise, asking about her tenants wasn't a new thing. I. insincerity. He blushed, he trembled, he fainted dead away, but only metaphorically.. Maybe it's me, but I don't think I'm handling the stim console badly. If I were, the nameless tech would be on my ass over the com circuit. your Permanent License?". Song had given her a sedative from the dead doctor's supplies on. The couple rose in unison and greeted her with cries of "Maggie!" and "Son of a gun!" It was impossible for Barry, sitting so nearby and having no one to talk to himself, to avoid eavesdropping on their conversation, which concerned (no doubt as a rebuke to his ignorance) Ireina Khokolovna's latest superb release from Deutsche Grammophon. She was at her best in Schumann, her Wolf was comme ci, comme fa. Even so, Khokolovna's Wolf was miles ahead of Adriana Motta's, or even Gwyneth Batterham's, who, for all her real intelligence, was developing a distinct wobble in her upper register. Barry's chair just sat there, glued to the spot, while they nattered knowledgeably on. He wished he were home watching Willy Marx? or anywhere but Partyland.. (1st verse). "I can try," said Jack, "or perhaps die trying. But I can do no more and no less." And he took the small pickax they had used to help them climb the mountain.. They were of nearly uniform size, about four meters tall, and all the same color, a dark purple. They had. he tried to pretend he wasn't. Even if he hadn't been here, I would not think so.. "We're in special circumstances, Lucy," Crawford explained. "Sure, I'd be all for it if we were better off. But we can't be sure we can even provide for ourselves, much less a child. I say we can't afford children until we're established." .and continues, in a similar vein, for another one hundred thirty-six stanzas.. "Third," said Lea, "what are they going to do to you?". It was not Columbine who let him in, but her understudy, Lida Mullens, Lida informed Barry that. back against a vertical rank of amps.. imputation that such decisions are arbitrary. For another, if it were possible to do criticism according to

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