

TEAMING WITH FUNGI

with my own ideas. I did have one, though, just this morning on my way here, and I was going to try and.5. A very short poem to be carved on the tombstone of her least favorite president, living or dead..86."There have been (tho' I should not confess),."What about contamination?" she asked. "What do you think that sterilization was for before we.aperture on the interior of the Sun. Others included the system of satellite slave units in stationary orbits.John Varley for "In the Hall of the Martian Kings".Cora Zickwolfe, who lived in a remote rural area of Arizona and whose husband commuted to Tucson, arranged with her nearest neighbor, Phyllis McIl, for each of them to keep an Ozo focused on die bulletin board hi the other's kitchen. On the bulletin board was a note that said "OK." If there was any trouble and she couldn't get to the phone, she would take down the note, or if she had time, write another..Bat there are other reasons. Critical judgments are so complex (and take place in such a complicated context), the vocabulary of praise and blame available in English is so vague, so fluid, and so constantly shifting, and the physical space allowed is so small that critics welcome any way of expressing judgments that will be both precise and compact. If vivid be added thereunto, fine?what else is good style? Hence critics, whenever possible, express their judgments in figurative language. Wit is a form of condensation (see Freud if you think this is my arbitrary fiat) just as parody is a form of criticism (see Dwight McDonald's Modern Library collection thereof)..He stopped at the clearing's edge, raised his head, and sniffed. The smell of man hung on the air",..sake.".77.The wealthy merchant stiffened. "Are you implying that my concern for the Project derives from a selfish desire to be one of the first ones through the Gateway?".his money, but she gave him an alibi for the knifing of an old man in the park on the 16th and the suicide."Listen, Jain?".But when Hinda came out of the door, closing it behind her to hide what lay inside, the man did not.deserve this. Why should you go out on a limb for someone you scarcely know?".the struggle. Gradually, the chairs and carpet softened to bright blue..which, he said, was his nearest and dearest friend. He said if I would work for him and carry his trunk, he.They reached what must have been the center of the maze and found the people everyone had given up on. Eighteen of them. The children became very quiet and stared solemnly at the new arrivals, while the other four adults. . .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..pipe from the rack on his desk..good my criticism is; if enough readers think it's bad, and the editor thinks so too, presumably hell stop.the bed, then to her feet. She fought off the effects of the drug and stood there, eyes bleary but aware.."Sorry. Go to your right about ten meters, where you see the steam coming from the web. There, see it?" They did, and as they.hunchback?".He had been loitering, alone and melancholy, for the better part of an hour, eavesdropping to his right on a conversation about somebody's drastic need to develop a more effective persona and to his left on a discussion of the morality of our involvement in Mexico, when a black woman in a white nylon jumpsuit and a very good imitation calf-length mink swept into the room, took a quick survey of those present, and sat down, unbelievably, by him!.So Amos took off the prince's clothes and the sailor took them to the brig and returned with Amos'.humphing and tsk-tsking at thirty-second intervals. She was having a marvelous time. Miss Tremaine was.Though my vowels may sound a bit wuzzy, And my consonants (hie) somewhat muzzy..Amanda cried, "Matthew, don't?" Her eyes widened with horror. Her mouth moved again..Immediately there was thunder, and light shot from the restored glass. The grey man stepped back.,the small and large screens for F&SF for many years. If you've ever been confused by the many different.she just wants Gwendolyn back.?.Under her cloak she wore a scarlet cape with flaming rubies that glittered in the lightning. Now she.Things did settle down, as Lang had known they would. They entered their second week alone in.gunned the jeep over the rutted roadway, peering into the shimmering haze.."There's still something missing from our picture," Song had told them die night before, when she delivered her summary of what she had learned. "Marry hasn't been able to find a mechanism that would permit these things to grow by ingesting sand and rock and turning it into plasticlike materials. So we assume there is a reservoir of something like crude oil down there, maybe frozen in with the water.".Picket duty wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. There's been some talk about the Company hiring scabs, but I guess that's all h is ?talk. Anyway, nobody tried to get in. Not that they'd have succeeded if they had. The setup is ideal for picketing. You'd almost.214.completely I might never get out of it again.".Amanda's wrist bent back farther. Her fingers fought to hold on to the knife, but with each moment."Well, as you don't appear to be either a mugger or a rapist, there had to be some reason you followed a dotty old woman home from her latest nervous breakdown. Let's make a deal, shall we?". "That's what I want to do in the morning," Song said. "Unless Mary will let us take a look tonight?".the other by the feet, and they only paused long enough to get the mirror from the clearing, which the.he was pushing her.."Basically. In the beginning ... it was to tell her . . . about me, then . . . to let her know . . . who I met and what... I learned in school ... my half the ... year so people wouldn't . . . know about. . . us.".era! rule, in the form either of cash on the barrel or services rendered. Barry said (jokingly, of course) that he wouldn't object to bartering his virtue for an endorsement, or preferably two, to which Michelle replied (quite seriously) that unfortunately she did not know anyone who might be in the market for Barry's particular type. Generally, she observed, it was younger people who got their endorsements by putting out.expensive-looking color TV. He glanced over his shoulder nervously at something behind him. The inner.140.Smith made a disgusted sound. He opened the clamps that held the device and picked it up, reaching for the power switch with his other hand. He never touched it. As he moved the device, the ghost images had shifted; they were dancing now with the faint

movements of his hand. Smith stared at them without breathing for a moment. Holding the cord, he turned slowly. The ghost images whirled, vanished, reappeared. He turned the other way; they whirled back..12. A poem presenting an affirmative, detailed description of her own face..started talking to herself. The Morones looked at each other in alarm. Neither of them were licensed.windsock and open cockpit, this one was a mad confusion of dials, switches, and lights designed to awe.He stayed all the day with her and taught her words she had never known. He drew pictures in the dirt of kingdoms she had never seen. He sang songs she had never heard before, singing them softly into her ears. But he touched no more than her hand..4 Damon Knight.Since then he has published poetry (The Right Way to Figure Plumbing), an anthology, Bad Moon.He came in quickly and bolted the door behind him. He didn't notice the open curtain. He glanced.awakened him. He sat up with a start, realizing he must have slept for hours, because the shadows."No." She shook her hair back over her shoulders. "I don't take over officially until January. I just come early to exercise."."What do you win?".well-known?even to non-football fans. She wouldn't tell me how she got it, just smirked and looked.vivant, and wit, Randall Garrett Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a piece of paper placed on the."Because some people don't. They think it's affected. But I cant help the name I was born with, can.keyboard on Nagami's synthesizer..close and dark, filled with the musk of deer..When Columbine had finally run the gamut of all her feelings, which included fear, anger, joy, pain, and an abiding and entirely unreasoning sense of dread, she thanked him, gave him her address and phone number, and said to get hi touch in January for his endorsement.Barry popped the tops off two beer cans and Madeline swept an accumulation of books and papers.that way. Maybe it was just the semi-darkness. He had the curtains tightly closed and one lamp lit beside.There was only one way to get it out of my head..I was carrying a long list of rentals, owned by summer people who authorized whiter leasing to pay for the upkeep on their property. They were all over Aventine, from a few apartments down near the shopping square to cabins in the woods and along the shores of both the Lunamere and Heliomere. I explained the choices to Amanda as I handed her into the runabout and unplugged the car from its charger. The Lunamere's main attraction in winter was that it froze over, making sixteen kilometers of ice for skating. The Heliomere was fed by hot springs and, at thirty-five degrees C, was suitable for year-round swimming..Singh thought he saw some movement when he pressed his face to the translucent web. The web."I remember that one is two leagues short of over there, the second is up this one, and the third is.Crawford relaxed. The awful burden of responsibility, which he had never wanted, was gone. He.But what did he think?.art difficult, imagine what happens when the issue is escape reading, i.e., something as idiosyncratic as.?It's gonna be a hell of a concert tonight I know it" Jain had said mat and smiled at me when she.as the Speaker of the Law with the abhuman quality that characterized his Dracula. Now Burt Lancaster.tiny gears and the pump itself. She twirled it idly as she spoke..encore, but that's just it: they, shouldn't want one. They shouldn't need one..It was painful to leave the mystery for later, but there was nothing to be done about it. They could not bring themselves to uproot the thing, even when five more like it sprouted in the graveyard. There was a new consensus among them to leave the Martian plants and animals alone. Like nervous atheists, most of them didn't believe Song's theories but had an uneasy feeling of trespassing when they went through the gardens. They felt subconsciously that it might be better to leave them alone in case they turned out to be private property..8.through seven. While this stretches out the predicted completion for Project 8723 by two years, we feel.174."You have no choice." Tendrils of green and blue wormed their way into the pattern. "I'm as much a part of this body as you are. Hamstring me and we'll just both be cripples."..probably turn grey in no time with all that mist. Are there any bright-colored clothes on the ship, glittering.Is it simply that I'm screwing up on my own hook, or is it because we're exploring a place no performance has ever been? I don't have.Even organisms as complex as insects can in some cases give birth to parthenogenetic young and, in the case of aphids, for instance, do.Lying there wide awake on the rough mattress, side by side in the warm air with Mary Lang, whose black leg was a crooked line of shadow laying across his body, looking up through the port at the sharp, unwinking stars?with nothing done yet about the problems of oxygen, food, and water for the years ahead and no assurance he would live out the night on a planet determined to kill him?Crawford realized he had never been happier in his life..man by the right arm, and somebody else grabbed him by the left, and they pulled him down on his back,..suppose it could be worse. There's no use complaining. Life goes on, as they say."."Right".the great Sherlock Holmes / With their Y chromosome) and brought the house down again. But you may,..June 23, 24 -One show nightly at 2100.Song Sue Lee was on her knees, examining one of the hundreds of short, stiff spikes extruding from the ground. She tried to scratch her head but was frustrated by her helmet..Computer Center, simply type "ZORPH" to gain access to the game..They ended up with a long cylindrical home, divided into two small sleeping rooms, a community room, and a laboratory-storehouse-workshop in the old fuel tank. Crawford and Lang spent the first night together in the "penthouse," the former cockpit, the only room with windows..as mine. The kitchen had one plastic plate, one plastic cup, one plastic glass, one plastic bowl, one small.-Chris Riesbeck.When he was sure the others were asleep, Crawford opened his eyes and looked around the darkened barracks. It wasn't much in the way of a home; they were crowded against each other on rough pads made of insulating material. The toilet facilities were behind a flimsy barrier against one wall, and smelled. But none of them would have wanted to sleep outside in the dome, even if Lang had allowed it..Which," said Lea, "can be stated as: Tve done it.' Roughly speaking."."Then what must I do to make this stubborn animal let me by? Tell me quickly because I am in a hurry and have a headache"..percentile will secure the removal of all restrictions, and you will immediately receive your Permanent.From Competition 18: Transposed sf titles 155.so terrible that you and I need not worry about him."."No kidding. You can make a living by being a poet?".Joanna Russ for "In Defense of Criticism".167.The viewer is your babysitter, your television, your telephone (the telephone lines are still up, but they.goldstone than the feral warmth of topaz. Too, despite her slow walk beside me, she

radiated energy so."Yeah, I was working on a story, but I'd rather play gin." He grinned, open and artless. "If I could.² Damon Knight.He has just completed a new sf novel, *On Wings of Song*..So I told her..²⁵.Everybody knows about *Receptacle*?fat best seller of the year. It's all fact, about the guy who went to Prague to have a dozen artificial vaginas implanted all over his body. Nerve grafts, neural rerouting, the works. Fd seen him interviewed on some talk show where he'd worn a jumpsuit zipped to the neck..**THE ORGANIZER**: To me, it was never obvious. It still isn't. In the first place, only minimal."Well it's about tune," said the grey man, and began walking toward it. But as soon as he stepped into the clearing, the unicorn snorted and struck his front feet against the ground, one after the other..**Medusa**. One look turned men to stone. Her locks of hair were live serpents.