

## ZUR ERINNERUNG AN FRIEDRICH LUDWIG KARL WEIGAND

And Brace: "Aw, okay. All cut's in free." And once more they have not found you; your secret place."Now I shall tell all the leaves and whisper to the waves who I am and what I look like, so they can complete. But as they turned to seek shelter in the rising wind, Amos cried, "There's a light!". Cinderella broke one of the polyhedrons off her hat and put it on her chair. "So I'll remember which it is. I try to change the subject. "Your father didn't come down to the first concert, did he? Is he coming tonight?" I could not have been out more than moments. When my sight cleared I was staring into polycarp turned murky green. There was a soft whisper of crushing pile, then a tide of scarlet and purple eddied against the edge of my green. 109. pushbuttons, most of which you don't understand, but you know they are for special purposes and don't. This time Crawford was the last to know. He was called on the radio and found the group all. "A Mr. Bloomfeld called. He wants you to get the goods on Mrs. Bloomfeld so he can sue for divorce." I am also enclosing the rules for Two-Person Zorphwar, a version of the system that Hazeldorf has. Keeping score and the old fart was being tested, an attitude that did not bode well. Finally, with ten. Miss Tremaine looked up from her typing at the rattle and frowned. Her desk was out in the small. bloody head broke into the light. You have seen yourself staggering about the nursery in rompers. 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. . . "Brothers?" I say. "Sisters?". Crawford was not about to answer. He said, with a perfectly straight face, "Me? Maybe you should." "Right? when you get it, you know where you can find us. We're always here on the same settee." "I'm pretty sure he didn't. I asked him about it. He said there was nothing to worry about, it would." I sought the deer today. And what I seek, I find." He did not turn. "We ran him long, my dogs and I. something moved inside it, and they saw it was the form of a lovely girl. It was Lea, who had appeared to rendezvous with a drone capsule full of supplies we hadn't counted on." And besides, Lang thought to. from a nightmare. I am disoriented and can't remember the entirety of the dream, but I do remember hard. Hotel and took her to Harry Spinner's funeral. I told her about Maurice Milian and Andrew Detweiler. We talked it around and around. Hie Detweiler boy obviously couldn't have killed Harry or Milian, but it was stretching coincidence a little bit far. 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. Thomas M. Disch for "The Man Who Had No Idea" Robert F. Young for "Project Hi-Rise" Samuel R. Delany for "Prismatica". dioxide, and quite a bit of oxygen into the atmosphere. Not much, but maybe more than it seems, considering the low concentrations that are naturally available. We've altered the biome. Does anyone know where the exhaust air from the dome was expelled?". Tucking the license into his ID folder, he felt like a complete charlatan, a nobody pretending to be a. Stone by Edward Bryant. He nodded. "I use another name. You probably wouldn't know it either. It's not exactly a household word." His eyes said he'd really rather not tell me what it was. He had a slight accent, a sort of soft slowness, not exactly a drawl and not exactly Deep South. He shoved the typewriter over and pulled out a deck of cards. lights, sound, color, and all the rest of the systems. Finally some nameless tech comes on circuit to give. (1st verse) O, give me a clone. Larry-you're an all-right guy." I was so pleasantly pooped I completely forgot about Andrew Detweiler. Until Monday morning. Margery Goldstein. 77. asada. I live right across the street from Paramount, right across from the door people go in to see them. As the hunter watched, she began to change. Like a rippled reflection in a pool coming slowly into. That's a hard one, but other than that we're no different than any other group of survivors in a tough spot. "I think this discussion has served its purpose, which was to convince everyone here that survival is possible." He glanced uneasily at Lang, still nodding, her eyes glassy as she saw her teammates die before her eyes. "Miss Tremaine, you'd make somebody a wonderful mother." She didn't even hump; she just picked. writhing red shapes, but now you are learning, and you soar down past the crossroads, up the farther hill. 233.2 Damon Knight. advance. After all, he'd only been there three days. So sad about his back. Such a nice, gentle boy? a. Detweiler's flush of health was wearing off that afternoon. He wasn't ill, just beginning to feel like the. \*I'm not promising anything, you understand. Unless we hit it off. If we do, then fine, you have my endorsement. Fair enough?". I drove on home wishing I could have stayed. I wondered what Selene would have to say about the incident. husband's ideal of conversation was very divergent from her own. He enjoyed talking about money. She snickered wanly. identical with those of the original organisms, except for occasional mutations. If the organism is very. As Amos was about to leave, the grey man picked up a brilliant. into his palanquin and clapped his hands. We stared after it as the four black bearers bore it away. exactly short His clothes were nondescript. Everything about him was neutral? except his face. It was seen. That's why he'd taken the job, signed on with the company for a year. The money was good, it? They did, and as they looked, a section of the webbing was pulled open and a rush of warm air. After what seemed a long, long time, he saw a flicker of silver-white, and coming closer, he saw it. Twin Rivers gleamed like gold in the morning sun. At dusk the sun began to fade and the cottage darkened. Hinda got up. She went out to the clearing's. "No neighbors?". Tin not sure. I've never been more than three days. I can't stand it any longer than that. He knew. He always knew when I had to have it And he got it for me. I never helped him." 252. "Ken and Nell, you come down ahead of him by the springhouse. Wanda, you and Tim and Jean stay where you are. Everybody else come upstream, but stay back till I tell you." They have to leave in six months, as I understand it, because of the orbital elements, but in that time. . . Bless you, what makes you think I know? (See, there goes Byline.) Actually, critics can make. Joanna Russ for "In Defense of Criticism". sailor with the coil of rope on his shoulder stepped forward with Amos. Driscoll translated the

question into a computer command and peered at the data summary on one of the compact screens. "Insignificant seismic above threshold at eight hundred yards. Downwind ratio less than five points up at four hundred. Negative corroboration from acoustics-background swamping." The computers were unable to identify vibration patterns correlating with human activity in the data coming in from the sensing devices quietly scattered around the gorge by low-flying, remote piloted "bees" on and off throughout the night; the chemical sensors located to the leeward of the suspected decoys were detecting little of the odor molecules characteristic of human bodies; the microphones had yielded nothing in the way of coherent sound patterns, but this was doubtless because of the white-noise background being generated in the vicinity of the stream. Although the evidence was only partial and negative at that, it supported Swyley's assertion that the main road down to the objective was, incredibly, virtually undefended for the time being..Mary Lang was laving sideways across the improvised cot that had recently held the Podkayne pilot, Lou Prager. Her head was nodding listlessly against the aluminum hull plate behind her, her chin was on her chest. Her eyes were half-open..Jain takes back the book and shrugs..transparent sheets of film to the sunlight, heating the water which circulated through them. The water was..year. They seemed genuinely sorry, but he felt it had been a mistake to ask.."The Martians should be showing up any time now. And we aim to thank them.."Suddenly it was dusk, and Hinda looked up with a start. "You must go now," she said..That knocking came again..It was small comfort, but Nolan had no choice. And he was too tired to protest, too tired to worry.."Tve come to help you," she said. "You have gotten two thirds of the broken mirror. Now you must get the last piece.."Loosely translated," said Lea, "'One's duty is often a difficult thing to do with the cheerfulness, good..In the first place, as an organism becomes more complex and specialized, its organs, tissues, and.."Robbie?" It comes into my left ear, on the in-house com circuit reserved for performer and me..stopped to consider?forty-one years old.."Are you indeed?" asked Lea, smiling. "A piece of the mirror I am trapped in lies at the bottom of this..brown eyes. All you need do is go to Hidalgo who owns the Mariner's Tavern and ask her who has red..I look out at the crowd and it's like staring at the Pacific after dark; the gray waves march out to the..I wasn't lucky enough to get number six or eight, but I did get five. Lorraine Nesbitt's nameless, dingy.."Captain-.."I can't let you ruin my dancing career.."friend Phyllis again.."What do you think that feels like, here?" She grabbed a handful of white nylon in the general area of..the hall. Stella? It never stops..I drive west, away from the soiled towers of the strip-city. I drive beyond the colstrip pits and into the mountains until the paved highway becomes narrow asphalt and then rutted earth and then only a trace, and the car can go no further. With the metal cylinder in one hand I flee on foot until I no longer hear sounds of city or human beings..on first encounter, Morris is an extremely bright and able young man. Single-handed, he programmed the..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..begin costing out the proposal for a production version of Zorphwar. They are talking about a system..breathing grows a little ragged; that is all. And yet she is more demanding of me than ever before.."Yeah. Really isolated. My pa convinced himself he was one of the original settlers. He was actually a laid-off aerospace engineer out of Seattle.."anthologies with something like a very good and very big issue of the magazine. Thus we offer a..it in and picked it up. She peered at the underside and laughed in wonder..X, or that I expect its real, historical author to rewrite it to Byline's prescription, any more than my saying..t Or oddities that entered the curriculum decades before and refuse to be dislodged, like "To a Waterfowl." For some reason students often end up with the most sophisticated, flawed, or least-accessible works of great writers: twelve-year-olds reading Romeo and Juliet, toe example, or Silas Martr..Now I must get back to Zorphwar. Twenty more successful missions, and I move up to Sector..She didn't smile back. "Then what were you thinking?" I have tried to speak to general issues rather than "defend" my own criticism. Issues are, in any case, more important than personalities, although there is a (small) section of fandom which sees in aesthetic or political disagreement nothing but personal squabbling motivated by envy. It's not for me to judge how good my criticism is; if enough readers think it's bad, and the editor thinks so too, presumably hell stop printing it although writing book reviews (except for places like the New York Times) is underpaid, overworked, and a labor of love. The problem is usually to recruit reviewers, not discourage them..muscles protest to watch. She never broke the rhythm of them and her voice came in gasps between..Nolan smiled at the sound, then nodded at Mama. "Tm going to turn in now. You take good care of him.."They're probably from the Blue Orion Theatre up the street Would you like to see the show there..88..know bow powerful it is or if it'll eat the-plastic in your boots, but we'd better play it safe. How about it..It was two, maybe three months ago in Memphis, in a studio just before rehearsal. Jain had been sitting and reading. She reads quite a lot, though the promotional people downplay it?Alpertron, Ltd, likes to suck the country-girl image for all it's worth..the barrow.."Believe me, a little air would make me sleep much better.."jabbering seriously.."There was a silence. Then Zeke said, "I've got to go tell the rest of the guys." He looked at us kind of helplessly. "I guess there's not much sense picketing any more.."Then will you call my friend?"..clothing, have never seen any adult shit or piss, and would be embarrassed or disgusted if they did. Why..Examples of sf titles that have been retranslated back into English after appearing in a French history of..sf..for the power switch with his other hand. He never touched it. As he moved the device, the ghost images