

## A TARPAULIN MUSTER

his co-op apartment in Manhattan and his summer house in Connecticut, moved to his new home and. Using the tracer, an entomologist in Mexico City is following the ancestral line of a honey bee. The. asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his. "We had a back-up pilot, of course. You may be surprised to learn that it wasn't me. It was Dorothy Cantrell, and she's dead. Now I know what everything does on this board, and I can cope with most of it easily. What I don't know, I could learn. Some of the systems are computer-driven; give it the right program and it'll fly itself, hi space." She looked longingly at the controls, and Crawford realized that, like Weinstein, she didn't relish giving up the fun of flying to boss a gang of explorers. She was a former test pilot, and above all things she loved flying. She patted an array of hand controls on her right side. There were more like them on the left.. Samuel R. (Chip) Delany has for some time been one of sfs most interesting novelists (Dhalgren, Triton, et cetera) and one of the field's more thoughtful critics (The Jewel-Hinged Jaw: Notes of the Language of Science Fiction). He has not written much short fiction recently, and so we are especially pleased to offer this fresh and magical change of pace.. didn't see it. If we're a colony, we expand. By definition. Historian, what happened to colonies that failed. I try to change the subject. "Your father didn't come down to the first concert, did he? Is he coming." "Brother Hart" by Jane Yolen Edward Bryant for "Stone". read the letter as a secretary typed it. The agent followed his instruction to mail his reply in an envelope. blank anomie. "What's up?" .She shook her head, eyes hooded and expressionless, and then Nolan remembered that she didn't speak English. He raised the bottle and drank again, cursing himself for his mistake.. Towards Here Is Coming An Evil Thing, RAY BRADBURY. Unfortunately the polys were not always fun. The terrestrial and extraterrestrial psychosensitive materials that were supposed to enable the poly furnishings to match their owner's personality and moods became so neurotic when exposed to a large number of users or households where emotion ran hot that they developed shapes and colors whose effect on humans ranged from mildly annoying to violently nauseating. Polys were appropriate for Amanda, though. They could suit both her and her alter ego and eliminate any conflict over taste hi furniture.. husband's ideal of conversation was very divergent from her own. He enjoyed talking about money., think the Company had built the wall around the Project to make it easy for strikers to picket the place, come strike time, instead of to keep people from stealing bricks. The gate's pretty wide, of course, but four pickets can guard it easily, and the wall's high enough to discourage anybody from trying to scale it.. When Westland left, I headed for the men's room to down a couple of aspirin to steady my nerves. And who should I meet coming out of the door but Admiral Venerate. Venerate and I are old buddies, having been together on the Potlatch Investigation Team some eight years ago. At that time I proved there were no irregularities in the award of the Potlatch missile contract to Megalo. Venerate proved that the Navy had done nothing wrong. I was promoted to this staff position. Venerate moved up to Admiral.. "All right. Don't wake the others..". would give tinny but recognizable sound from any vibrating surface? a wall, a floor, even the speaker's. The hunter searched her face with his eyes but could not find what he was seeking. He walked past her to the cottage door. Hinda followed behind him, uncertain.. "Fifteen," she countered.. ELLISON'S Gentleman and Other Junkie Stories of the Hung-up Generation. sunbathing probably was dangerous. Porpoises probably were as smart as people.. "You know ... I wish ... Of course, I know it's not permissible, you being an examiner and all... but I. From Competition 18: Transposed SF titles. for our order we could walk around the cafe looking at the paintings and sculpture on exhibition by local. They're probably from the Blue Orion Theatre up the street Would you like to see the show there tonight?". closet and not been put back. On the side of the trunk that now sat in the corner was a small triangular. precautions," he told her, gravely. "Right now I've got to rest And I want to see Robbie..". working for you!" he shouted, "He never fooled me for a second! But he wasted his time, because Fm." "We're doing some diving off Catalina tomorrow. Want to come along?" . infidelities forced him to divorce her.. ". He smiled faintly. "I didn't know much about anything then. Too many people were already dead. If. Harry saw too many old private-eye movies on the late show. "It'll be a while. I've got a client coming in hi a few minutes to pick up the poop on his wandering wife..". In the audience was my good friend of three decades? the well-known science fiction writer, bon. "She committed suicide..". "Elaborate," Barry suggested.. -Phoebe Ellis. vertebrae have been badly dislocated. The thing nevertheless succeeds in overtaking the captain and. ushered him outside, silently watched him change, and sent him off on his silent way to the meadows with. the balls!". "The hunter was here," he said as he crossed the door's threshold.. I organized my arguments while I waited for her protest that she could look after herself. To my surprise, after another short pause, she said in a quiet voice, "You're right, of course, Matthew. Thank you for taking so much trouble for me..". Science fiction is a small country which for years has maintained a protective standards-tariff to. "Selene," I hissed. "What are you doing here?". rest of us mortals. And I was feeling my resolve begin to crumble. It was hard to believe this beguiling kid. I wasn't lucky enough to get number six or eight, but I did get five. Lorraine Nesbitt's nameless, dingy apartment court was a fleabag. Number five was one room with a closet, a tiny kitchen, and a tiny bath? identical with the other nine units she assured me. With. 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.. "That's perfectly

natural. I hated compulsory talk myself, though I must admit I was good at it. What about your job, Barry? Doesn't that give you opportunities to develop communication skills?" "Go away? get out of here." sector. You may fire off laser probes to determine the location of Zorph warships. You have a number of. You are five, hiding in a place only you know. You are covered with bark dust, scratched by twigs. "Not at all!" I said and his eyes cleared. "What kind of stories do you write?" Stella goes white and bites off whatever it is she was about to say. bet answering service, the address was an apartment building with guard dogs in the lobby and a doorman who didn't talk, or listen. Barry was obliged to wait out on the sidewalk, which wasn't possible, due to a cold wave that persisted through most of January. He left a message at the Apollo Theater, where the pageant was held, giving three different times he would be waiting for her at Intensity Five. She never showed. By mid-February, he'd begun to be alarmed. Early one morning, defying the weather, he posted himself outside her building and waited (five miserable hours) till she appeared. She was profusely apologetic, explained that she did have his sticker, there was no problem, he shouldn't worry, but she had an appointment she had to get to, hi fact she was already late, and so if he'd come back tonight, or better yet (since she had to see somebody after the pageant and didn't know when she'd be home) at this time tomorrow? Thoughtfully, she introduced him to the doorman so he wouldn't have to wait out in the cold. build up a biome here and get ready for the builders. Think about it. When summer comes, the conditions wasn't sweating; her skin was curiously cool to the touch, and in her eyes was a mystery. "I love you. Every single one of you." 242. asada. I live right across the street from Paramount, right across from the door people go in to see them. I look up as she bursts into raucous laughter. Til be goddamned. Will you look at this?" She points at the open catalogue on her lap. of the tool caddy. get the last piece." Q: In Sword & Sorcery Poker, what beats a full castle? "Will you pipe down in there," called the jailor without opening his eyes. He gave me a cheerful, if slightly strained, smile. "Oh, sure. I'm all right I'll be fine in the morning." "What makes you think that women are a natural resource, Craw-ford?" she said, slowly and. "Damn it," says the tech in my ear. "Level's too low. Bring it up in back." I must have been dreaming. I am performing stupidly, like an amateur. Gently I bring up two stim balance slides. crucial point. He signed off and they joined the other survivors. course, are directly based on Mary Shelley's novel itself; of these, only one besides the great classic of Larchemoot is a middle-class neighborhood huddled in between the old wealth around the country club and the blight spreading down Melrose from Western Avenue. It tries to give the impression of suburbia? and does a pretty good job of it- father than just another nearly downtown shopping center. The area isn't big on apartments or rooming houses, but there are a few. I found the Detweiler. She grimaced. "No need to panic. It's not an emergency. Fm licensed." 'course, he's a clever vampire. Vampires are usually stupid. They always give themselves away by leaving. Clone, clone of my own. "Then it's good I am going to get it for you," said Amos, "because even with your sunglasses, it would give you a terrible headache." "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 neither you nor I need worry about him." From across the room Billy Belay tried to make a sign for Amos to be quiet, but the grey man turned around, and the finger Billy had put to his lips went quickly into his mouth as if he were picking his teeth. He examined the dome as he walked back to camp. There was a figure hazily visible through the. through with a bigger one. to expand?" "I am Amos and this is Jack, Prince of the Far Rainbow," said Amos. "And we wandered into your. right on. advance. After all, he'd only been there three days. So sad about his back. Such a nice, gentle boy? a. on six jointed legs, waving its antennae, its mouth parts busy. And its four bright eyes stare into his, Lang groaned. "All the air-lock seals, for one thing." There were grimaces from all of them at the. But I couldn't hold her, McCranie sounded puzzled. "Is anything the matter?" In the screen, he had swiveled his chair and. the whirlbirds had built it, only taking down an obstruction here and there to allow humans to move. selfish desire to be one of the first ones through the Gateway?" He lost his balance and toppled over. His arms flailed for equilibrium, but never found it He struck. would have sustained life." That afternoon I played gin with the Detweiler boy. He was genuinely glad to see me, like a friendly. "It's a beautiful shoe," she said, holding it up to the light, "Thank you so much." career men and women we set out to be. Like it or not, and I suggest we start liking it, we're pioneers. As Nolan set the empty bottle down he heard the noise he'd come to dread worst of all? the endless echo of drums from the huts huddled beside the riverbank below. Miserable wretches were at it again. No wonder he had to drive them daily to fulfil the company's quota. The wonder was that they did anything at all after spending every night wailing to those damned drums. "Do you live with your wife?" He retreated a step. "No," he said. "Almost we do not make it," he said. "The motor is bad. No matter, it is good to be home again." "Still, it got you picked for this mission out of hundreds of applicants. The thinking was that you'd be a wild card, a man of action with proven survivability. Maybe it worked out. But the other thing I remember on your card was that you're not a leader. No, that you're a loner who'll cooperate with a group and be no discipline problem, but you work better alone. Want to strike out on your own?" to send him into a state of fugue in which conversation in the linear sense became next to impossible. So. pool. Once I myself dived from a rock into the blue ocean to retrieve the pearl of white fire I wear on my. "I didn't tell you that. We pulled the dome back and found spikes. It was your inference that they. Conversation was tense and ragged at first until Lorraine got off on her "career" and kept us entertained. "I love you very much," 166. But that night, as the rain poured over the deck, and the drum-drum-drumming of heavy drops lulled. meaning we did not at first suppose to be there. We think we have understood our words, then learn that. offering with a sigh of pleasure or gasp of delicious dismay. In the course of it she stopped calling me Mr.. She leaned forward and touched the wound with her hand. Tears started in her eyes. "Oh, my dear Brother Hart," she cried. "It was for me you died. Now your enchantment is at an end." Expedition had not had any chance in the first place. There had been no time for luxuries like space travel. A young

physicist started to stray Toward metaphysical questions one day..with which I bought a ship. But then the skinny grey man stole my map, stole my ship, and put me here in. That stopped me for a minute, but I'm not sure why. I must've had a mental picture of Charles. From Competition 18: Nolan moved down the hall to his bedroom at the far end. He hadn't trusted himself to answer her. After all, she meant well; it was just that he was too damned tired to put up with any more nonsense from the old woman..So Darlene went down the hall to their bedroom for a siesta, and I spied four of the creatures. Song took a sample bag from her pouch and held it open in front of the beast..wrapping them from head to toe in strips of webbing like human maypoles..Amanda's serenity and Selene's coiled-spring energy..brown haunch, brown body and head. The horns shriveled and fell to the ground. Only her eyes remained the same..addresses supplied by Smith: five hundred to electronics manufacturers and suppliers, six thousand, thirty..couldn't be much better now, right after another war. And we can't leave, even if we wanted to." She. The sailor leaned his chin on his mop handle awhile, then said, "If you want to avoid it, don't go down the second hatchway behind the wheelhouse." At long last the Mediator has got both sides to agree to another meeting. It's to take place tomorrow morning. I think the Organizer should back down a little? settle, say, for a ten-percent raise and forget the fringe benefits. True, it's only been two weeks since we walked off the job, but Debbie and I have already run up a sizable food bill at the Mom & Pop store around the corner, what's left of our savings will just about cover the rent, and I'm smoking Bugler instead of Winstons. And any day now, as Debbie keeps reminding me, we're going to have another mouth to feed. Feeding it doesn't worry me half so much as paying the hospital and doctor bills..A good theory, but meanwhile be had the immediate problem of what in particular to talk about..She went on like that, whispering about creatures half-serpent and half-human, with bodies cold to the touch, limbs that could writhe in boneless contortion to squeeze the breath from a man and crush him like the coils of a giant constrictor. She spoke of forked tongues, of voices hissing forth from mouths yawning incredibly wide on movable jawbones. And she might have gone on, but Nolan stopped her now; his head was throbbing with weariness..attend the Union meeting tonight Ike told me to listen real good so I could tell him all about it, and I said I. There was a note from her on my door the next morning..She threw herself into the Heliomere without looking back. After a bit I undressed and followed her..pipe from the rack on his desk.. "It'll keep. It's cold out there, baby."..alibi, and moved to Silver Lake..?Joanna Russ. Selene went on exercising. "She won't ask. People have been taking care of Mandy all her life. She." "What can you do?" he asked, figuratively.

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