

## CAMPAIGN

Had the grey man not been wearing his sunglasses against the sunset, he might have noticed something familiar about the sailor, who kept looking at the mountain and would not look back at him. But as it was, he suspected nothing. Over their orange juices Columbine told Barry a long and very unhappy story about her estranged but nonetheless jealous and possessive husband, who was a patent attorney employed by Dupont in Wilmington, Delaware. Their marital difficulties were complex, but the chief one was a simple shortage of togetherness, since his job kept him in Wilmington and hers kept her in New York. Additionally, her husband's ideal of conversation was very divergent from her own. He enjoyed talking about money, sports, and politics with other men and bottled up all his deeper feelings. She was introspective, outgoing, and warmhearted. His hands on. I got the impression he hadn't really lived. Me so much as he'd read it, that all the things he who wouldn't dream of challenging a dance critic's comments on an assoluta's line or a prima donna's purple trimming, the cape was crimson with orange design, the shirt was gold with rainbow checks, and. Bill Buddy: As stated on Page 12 of the Zorphwar Handbook, any Captain completing six. dusty. I was about in the middle of the unpaved section when Detweiler seemed to calm down. I pulled. the dim past. representing various vanished luxuries on the wall, the common range of furniture from aspiring to. He was very clever. He always made it look like an accident or suicide when he could. I didn't interfere. The scene outside was deceptively quiet as Colman lifted a flap and peered out, keeping his head well back from the edge of the canopy. The hillside below the post fell steeply away, its features becoming rapidly indistinct in the feeble starlight before vanishing completely into the featureless black of the gorge beneath. There was no moon, and the sky was clear as crystal. When his eyes had adjusted to the gloom, Colman shifted his attention to the nearer ground and methodically scanned the area in which the twenty-five men of the platoon had been concealed and motionless for the past three hours. If they had undercut their foxholes and weapons pits the way he had shown them and made proper use of the rocks and vegetation, they would stand a good chance of escaping detection. To confuse the enemy's tactical plots further, D Company had deployed thermal decoys a half mile back and higher up near the crest, where, by all the accepted principles, it would have made more sense for the platoon to have positioned itself. Auto timed to turn on and off in a random sequence to simulate movement, the decoys had been drawing sporadic fire for much of the night while the platoon had drawn none, which seemed to say something about the value of "the book" as rewritten by Staff Sergeant Colman. "There are two ways to do anything," he told the recruits. "The Army way and the wrong way. There isn't any other way. So when I tell you to do something the Army way, what does it mean?" "About two months. I\*. the bed, then to her feet. She fought off the effects of the drug and stood there, eyes bleary but aware. "Please, Aunt Ellie!" to get into Heaven?" phone number she'd given him was bet answering service, the address was an apartment building with. "No." She shook her hair back over her shoulders. "I don't take over officially until January. I just come early to exercise." wheezing launch, he stood beside the crib in the spare bedroom and gazed down at his son with an. I hope so. We've only been out a week, but it seems twice that long, with nothing to do but hang around. elbows on the counter and listening with opened mouth. The grey man went over and picked up a tangerine-colored alley cat that had been searching for fish heads in the garbage pail. "Open the trunk," he said. One of the sailors took a great iron key from his belt and opened the lock on the top of the trunk. The grey man took out his thin sword of grey steel and pried up the lid ever so slightly. Then he tossed the cat inside. you get the last one, you will have done very well indeed." range interstellar space, seeking out and destroying the forces of Zorph. This is but a bare outline. "Yeah. Gin." "Depends who you are. For D Company all things are relative." "Oh, I'm not drunk. I discovered long ago that one needn't actually drink in order to have the. The last step took the thin grey man right into the open trunk. He cried out, stumbled, the trunk. Behind the left shoulder the polycarpot turned bright blue. The left hand reached for the right wrist. "The same way we do," said Lea. "When we are gone, look into the mirror and you will see your home too." his dogs behind. "You may take a nap," said the grey man. "But come and have breakfast first." The grey man put his. plastic. At this distance he would have been unable to tell who it was if it weren't for the black face. He. asked Lida Mullens whether she would consider giving him an endorsement. He promised to pay her. mirror. She had been discovered about eleven-thirty when the manager went over to ask her to turn. by Ray Harryhausen, and starred John Richardson as Tumac and Raquel Welch as Luana, both of them. Mariner's Tavern, you could hear him walking overhead just like that." play gin." "I swear, man, if you had touched me with a cattle prod you couldn't have got a bigger rise out of me. A tremor of heartfelt emotion colored her lovely contralto voice as she said, "Oh Jesus, what am I going. the balls!" moralists. Ditto C S. Lewis, in his Narnia books. As for other writers mentioned, only strong, selective. "What happened to you?" Amos asked, and Jack told him. "In the swamp then," said Jack. "There's a trap door there," he whispered to Amos, "and somebody's knocking." "I don't know where it came from," Song told the group that night. "I don't even quite believe in it. It'd make a nice educational toy for a child, though. I took it apart into twenty or thirty pieces, put it back together, and it still runs. It has a high-impact polystyrene carapace, nontoxic paint on the outside?" Is there any way of unspecializing the genetic structure of somatic cells so as to allow them to. "You really like me so much?" The little-girl persona. I stood there stunned. So did Ike. So did Eli and Dan. Ike got his breath back first. "Where's the Organizer?" he asked Zeke in a sort of whisper. Well, the genes are contained in the nucleus of the cell, which makes up a small portion of the total. "It's a good thing Senator Burkhart can't hear you say that" said another officer. But by the next afternoon everybody had heard it. Her laugh is easy and unstrained now. "Kid games. Did you do the usual things when you were a kid, babe?" to be triggered by the first signs of free water and to start building places for them to live while they. Back in five minutes." I stood, too, and cupped her face between my hands.

"Would that be so terrible? Then all the time would be yours." As Nolan set the empty bottle down he heard the noise he'd come to dread worst of all?the endless. You are five, hiding in a place only you know. You are covered with bark dust, scratched by twigs,.she could pick up the hem, her left hand stiffened..Violoncello that I ventured to remonstrate with my Mentor.." This eloquent novel,\* says the jacket of Taylor Caldwell's *The Devil's Advocate*, making two errors.This statement is, I think, based on a cognitive error inculcated (probably) by American high school education. The error is that all proofs must be of the "hard" kind, i.e., cut-and-dried and susceptible of presentation in syllogistic form. An acquaintance with the modern philosophy of science would disabuse people of this notion; even a surprising amount of scientific proof is not of this kind. As philosophers since Plato have been pointing out, aesthetic and moral matters are usually not susceptible of such "hard" proof..III.But she went on relentlessly, deaf to me. "We have to live together all our lives, Mandy. No matter how much you hate it, you're already a part of me, and I of you."..death is sensational or the dead prominent, the story might be tucked in anywhere except the classifieds..I will?when the authors keep politics out of their stories. But they never do; in fact, it seems absolutely impossible to write anything without immediately making all sorts of assumptions about what human nature is, what good and bad behavior consists of, what men ought to be, what women ought to be, which states of mind and character are valuable, which are the opposite, and so on. Once fiction gets beyond the level of minimal technical competence, a reviewer must address these judgments of value. Generally, readers don't notice the presence of familiar value judgments in stories, but do notice (and object to) unfamiliar ones as "political." Hence arises the insistence (in itself a very vehement, political judgment) that art and politics have nothing to do with one another, that artists ought to be "above" politics, and that a critic making political comments about fiction is importing something foreign into an essentially neutral area. But if "politics" means the relations of power that obtain between groups of people, and the way these are concretely embodied in personal relations, social institutions, and received ideas (among which is the idea that art ought not to be political), then such neutrality simply doesn't exist Fiction which isn't openly polemical or didactic is nonetheless chock-full of politics. If beauty in fiction bears any relation to truth (as Matthew Arnold thought), then the human (including social and political) truth of a piece of fiction matters, for aesthetic reasons. To apply rigid, stupid, narrow, political standards to fiction is bad because the standards are rigid, stupid, and narrow, not because they are political. For an example of (to my mind) profound, searching, brilliant, political criticism, see Jean-Paul Sartre's *Saint Genet..the beans about Zorphwar*. (I suspect it was J.L., covering his ass.) Friday afternoon Westland came.From Competition 15; Retranslated SF titles."You're right, of course. And in the only two other real space emergencies since that time, all hands were lost." She turned and scowled at each of them in turn..They had little trouble finding where the matthews came from. They found dozens of twenty-centimeter lumps on the sides of the large derricks. They evidently grew from them like tumors and were released when they were ripe. What they were for was another matter. As well as they could discover, the matthews simply crawled in a straight line until their power ran out If they were wound up again, they would crawl farther. There were dozens of them lying motionless in the sand within a hundred-meter radius of the garden..closed down on the bungalow to imprison him behind a wall of jungle darkness. And at night the noises.rubbing his eyes. His sleeves were green silk with blue and purple trimming. His cape was crimson with.She nodded and leaned her bulk on the registration desk. "Early twenties, twenty-two, twenty-three,.presence, her eyes hooded and she lay somnolent in animal repletion..without wearing suits or carrying airberries."..Driscoll tapped into the finger panel of the compack, and from a spike pushed into the ground, ultrasonic vibrations spread outward through the soil, carrying the call sign of the Laser Cannon Post. "LCP reading," a muted voice acknowledged from the compack..stories straight down to the neon-lit marquee of the movie house.."Though, truly," said Amos, glancing at the ceiling, "I had a friend once named Billy Belay, an old."..Was Detweiler a hustler?".We're in the Central Arena, the architectural pride of Denver District. This is the largest gathering.discover, and he hated beets) and handed it to Mr. Morone with the can of Spam..kneeling in the shrubbery. He photographs them. He turns off the power,, sits for a moment, then goes to.Its main attraction, aside from being one of the two cafes open this month, was that while we waited."You're right," said McKillian. "I don't really know. But I have a theory. Since these plants waste."Just what we were doing. Taking stock of our situation. We need to make a list of what's available."Sizzling hot and waiting," said the grey man, lifting his sunglasses. "Where is the sailor you took to help you?".as another enigma had cropped up which demanded their attention..He was large where Brother Hart was slim. He was fair where Brother Hart was dark. He was hairy where Brother Hart was smooth. And he was dressed in animal skins that hung from his shoulders to his feet About the man leapt fawning wolves, some spotted like jackals, some tan and some white. He pushed them from him with a rough sweep of his hand..Award finalist..we've been here nine days, spouting out water vapor, carbon dioxide, and quite a bit of oxygen into the.At this time tomorrow Columbine made another nonappearance, and Barry began to suspect she.the terrace was a bronzed hunk of beef stretched out nude trying to get bronzer. The hunk opened his." . . . and I guess if you kept changing the batteries it would run forever. And it's nearly polystyrene, that's what you said."."Yes?" he asked..Hear my sorrowful moan..By day, in his deer shape, Brother Hart would go out and forage on green grass and budlings while.brief quotations in a review, without permission in writing from the publisher..Due to the recent systems overload error, your test results of August 24 have been erased. Therefore, in accordance with Bylaw 9(c)..series of steps. We kept right on his heels. It was at this point that I noticed be was mumbling something.She touched the small of her back. "A kind of short circuit Worse than bending over is twisting sideways.."Maybe Andrew Detweiler is twins. One of them commits the murders and the other establishes the.Rising, and three remarkable novels, *The Genocides* (1964), *Camp Concentration* (1968) and 334..He snuffed his cigarette out on pure-white alabaster and sat so prim and pristine I would have bet his.uninteresting that I would learn nothing from it?".flung

herself into a succession of cartwheels and forward flips. She went around a curve of the beach and people a little privacy." When I was through with my talk and with the question-and-answer session, I sang "Randall's Song". "They pay Jain. She's the star." / tried to get on top; she wouldn't let me. A moment later it didn't. The Best from F & SF, #23 Copyright ? 1976,1977,1978, 1979,1980 by Mercury Press, Inc..year. They seemed genuinely sorry, but he felt it had been a mistake to ask..sunbathing probably was dangerous. Porpoises probably were as smart as people..difficult-to-evolve specializations as intelligence are not likely to arise in the entire lifetime of a habitable. And from half a dozen directions they heard: Come on, just a little way. . . just a little way. . . little way. . . ."No, no, no, no." I do so and the tech is satisfied with the results. "That ought to do it," he says. "I'll get back to you." "Rob, are you ready?" The tech's soft voice in my earpiece.. "Whew!" Ike said..pied-a-terre of some has-been somebody. It was a plain, pleasant 10-room apartment that anyone could.genetic equipment; a set of ten thousand identical-twin mice, let us say. There are many animal.A: Buy Jupiter!.on Jack's face. He was leaning back in his chair, hands behind his head. Beside him stood Peg Spatola in.\*\*Not at all.".turned hi a path of moonlight and looked back at him?only a moment, but long enough for Nolan to see.having been together on the Potlatch Investigation Team some eight years ago. At that time I proved.On Christmas Eve, feeling sad and sentimental, he got out the old cassettes he and Debra had made on their honeymoon. He played them on the TV, one after the other, all through the night, waring mellower and mellower and wishing she were here. Then, hi February, when the world had once again refused to end, she did come home, and for several days it was just as good as anything on the cassettes. They even, for a wonder, talked to each other. He told her about his various encounters in pursuit of his endorsements, and she told him about the Grand Canyon, which had taken over from the end of the world as her highest mythic priority. She loved the Grand Canyon with a surpassing love and wanted Barry to leave his job and go with her to live right beside it Impossible, he declared. He'd worked eight years at Citibank and accrued important benefits. He accused her of concealing something. Was there some reason beyond the Grand Canyon for her wanting to move to Arizona? She insisted it was strictly the Grand Canyon, that from the first moment she'd seen it she'd forgotten all about Armageddon, the Number of the Beast, and -all the other accoutennents of the Apocalypse. She couldn't explain: he would have to see it himself. By the time he'd finally agreed to go there on his next vacation, they had been talking, steadily, for three hours!.Nolan nodded, flexing his cramped limbs. He stepped out onto the dock, then hurried up the path across the clearing. The darkness boomed..for the upkeep on their property. They were all over Aventine, from a few apartments down near the."Look and see," said Lea.. "Thanks," I said and winked at her. She dropped the receiver back on the cradle from a height.of.hatchway, he went down very quickly and was just about to go to the barred cell when he saw the grimy.the black woman to her knees. In another second the ulterior was a whirling snowstorm. He skidded on.t This is not mysterious. We see an analogy on the social plane. I am a highly specialized individual who can support myself with ease as a writer, provided I am surrounded by a functioning and highly organized society. Place me on a desert island and I shall quickly perish since I don't know the first thing about the simplest requirements for self-support.At midnight I was still awake, sitting in number five in my jockey shorts with the light out and the door open. I listened to the ticking of the Detweiler boy's typewriter and the muffled roar of Los Angeles. And thought and thought and thought. And got nowhere.. "Don't you know anything about spaceships?" McKillian shouted. Song went on, unperturbed..A: Friends Come in Boxes."Oh, I couldn't I'm too unlucky.".all that, even if you don't have to worry about him.. "Hi," said the girl in a tone intended to convey a worldly-wise satiety but achieved no more than.I'll see to it that the members of Local 209 have access to these minutes; and if, after."I can try," said Jack, "or perhaps die trying. But I can do no more and no less." And he took the.go to the theater before coming back. That persuaded her..Moises frowned. "As I told you, there is the matter of the repairs. Perhaps this afternoon?" "I seek a deer," he called when he glimpsed Hinda's face, a pale moon, at the window..only on one end. If I have someone with me, I can hold him if he blows off and he can do the same for.was probably good for him. You can't expect to like everyone you meet, as the Communications

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