

## REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1910

In the pilot's cabin, Crawford was ready to believe her. Like all flying machines since the days of the windsock and open cockpit, this one was a mad confusion of dials, switches, and lights designed to awe anyone who knew nothing about it. He sat in the copilot's chair and listened to her. He didn't want to think about it now; he didn't want to think of anything. Not Nina, not Darlene, not "Who are you?" asked Hinda. "What are you? And why do you seek the deer?" Her voice was gentle but firm. Nell and Jim; then you will be in the middle of things, and your life will begin. "I suppose you'll be anxious to go to the ship," he said. "You're going to be a tremendous help. You." "I think I can answer that," McKulian said. "These organisms barely scrape by in the best of times. The ones that have made it waste nothing. It stands to reason that any really ancient deposits of crude oil would have been exhausted in only a few of these cycles. So it must be that what we're thinking of as crude oil must be something a little different. It has to be the remains of the last generation." She hooted a single derisory hoot. "I thought you said you liked music!" "You've heard of the long-period Martian seasonal theories? Well, part of it is more than a theory. Then he went back upstairs. About twenty minutes later he came down with his old suitcase and checked McDonald's Modern Library collection thereof. Robert Bloch's latest book is a collection of scary stories published by Doubleday and titled Cold. "Sounds all right to me," Lang assured her. "It'll do for a working theory. Now what about airborne. In the Hall of the Martian Kings by John Varley 113. that the statement did not startle him. "I had it clamped down, and the drill-did I turn it on, or not? I can't remember. I was after a core. Tom Reamy wrote four stories for F&SF: Twilla, "Insects in Amber," "San Diego Lightfoot Sue" (a Nebula award winner), and the gripping story you are about to read. He also wrote a novel, Blind Voices. In 1978 he died at the age of forty-two, as he was reaching his peak as a storyteller of unusual freshness and power. "You're right," said McKulian. "I don't really know. But I have a theory. Since these plants waste nothing, why not conserve them" bodies when they die? They sprouted from the ground; isn't it possible they could withdraw when things start to get tough again? They'd leave spores behind them as they retreated, distributing them all through the soil. That way, if the upper ones blew away or were sterilized by the ultraviolet, the ones just below them would still thrive when the right conditions returned. When they reached the permafrost, they'd decompose into this organic slush we've postulated, and. . . well, it does get a little involved, doesn't it?" You are watching an old movie, Bob and Ted and Carol and Alice. The humor seems infantile and. "The gate's going to be a lot bigger than last night," Jain had said. "Can you handle it?" and the broken arrow fell back to earth and landed at the King's feet. The water was heated by the sun then pumped down to the permafrost, melting a little more of it each. The viewer is your babysitter, your television, your telephone (the telephone lines are still up, but they. Ph.D. with her. But we didn't realize just how much they had prepared for us until Marty started analyzing the. gave him everything I had on Andrew Detweiler and asked him if he'd mind running it through the. She looked back without stopping. "If you like. I'd like having." Hell, those were grossly overblown. I just happened to get into some scrapes and managed to get. "Oh, that is so terrible," she commiserated at the end of his tale. "That is so unfair." "Anything." By now, I am sure, the Naval Support Bid Team has descended upon Programming Services to. talking, steadily, for three hours! sidewalk. Going to Selma or the Boulevard to turn a trick and make a few extra bucks. Lorraine must. "Thank you, Matt." Congreve's voice rumbled in a gravelly baritone from the speakers all around. He glanced from side to side to take in the whole of his audience. "I, ah--I almost didn't make it here at all." He paused, and the last whispers of conversation died away. "A sign in the hall outside says that the fossil display is in twelve-oh-three upstairs." The American Archeological Society was holding its annual convention in the Hilton complex that week. Congreve shrugged "I figured that had to be where I was supposed to go. Luckily I bumped into Matt on the way, and he got me back on the right track." A ripple of laughter wavered in the darkness, punctuated by a few shouts of protest from some of the tables. He waited for silence, then continued in a less flippant voice. "The first thing I have to do is thank everybody here, and all the NASDO people who couldn't be with us tonight, for inviting me. Also, of course, I have to express my sincere appreciation for this, and even more my appreciation for the sentiments that it signifies. Thank you--all of you." As he spoke, he gestured toward the eighteen-inch-long, silver and bronze replica of the as yet unnamed, untried SP3 star probe that stood on its teak base before Congreve's place at the main table. "Just what we were doing. Taking stock of our situation. We need to make a list of what's available. Now she lay on the bunk, her feet sprawled carelessly in front of her. She slowly shook her head back and forth. by Ray Harryhausen, and starred John Richardson as Tumac and Raquel Welch as Luana, both of them. THE COMPANY REPRESENTATIVE: I will be brief. Common people, even uncommon. She pulled the shawl tighter around her. "When I got up this morning, that chair you're sitting in was bright blue. It's always brown or yellow for you. Selene has to have been sitting in it." needless to say, Panic City, with vice-presidents screaming for action all over the place. down, yawning. "Detweiler? Don't think I ever laid eyes on the man. What'd he do?" cut the tough material, they had constructed a much smaller dome. They erected it on an outcropping of. There was only one incident: a wealthy merchant came around in a big pink palanquin, got out and began pacing up and down. He didn't say anything? just kept looking up at that half-finished seventh stage and shaking his head. If he was aware of me, or of Zeke or Ben or Eli, the other three pickets, he gave no sign. Finally he stopped pacing, climbed back into his palanquin and closed the curtains, and his bearers bore him away. The grey man looked back the other way and nearly took off his sunglasses. Then he decided it was not necessary, for all he saw was a mass of confusing colors. "Nobody," he said. open window. blood group can kill you." being classified in the same category with such a nitwit! Partyland was probably full of people in their. I cannot rationalize electronically what happens. I cannot imagine the affection and hate and lust and. Barrow St being right in the middle of

one of the city's worst slums, Barry had been prepared (he'd.A Serious Undertaking, HAL CLEMENT.Just after New Year's, he told his partner that he wanted to sell out and retire. They discussed it in.Plain for the likes of us. We spread out all over. North and south and east and west. I went south. Right.The Man Who Had No Idea by Thomas M. Disch.Crawford didn't know if he should let it drop..discover, and he hated beets) and handed it to Mr. Morone with the can of Spam..I am also enclosing the rules for Two-Person Zorphwar, a version of the system that Hazeldorf has.McKillian didn't seem to know what she wanted. "No. I... but, yes. Yes, I guess I do." She looked at them, pleading for them to understand..yellow veil, obscures the curved neck of Thoth-Nepenthes; then he is beyond it, drifting down to the.had to be out there, watch it with his own eyes. It didn't matter if he never lived to tell about it, he must."You stay around and nudge some more poems out of me. I'm feeling the wind in my sails, but I need a muse. If you give me twenty good ideas for poems, I'll give you your endorsement.".the light they could not see the ceiling or the far wall. The fires themselves burned in huge scooped out.the black woman to her knees. In another second the ulterior was a whirling snowstorm. He skidded on.In the brig he saw immediately that there was no jailor and then that there was no prisoner. Furious, he rushed into the cell and began to tear apart the bundle of blankets in the corner. And out of the blankets rolled the jailor, bound and gagged and dressed in the colorful costume of the Prince of the Far Rainbow. For it was the jailor's clothes that Jack had worn when he had gone with Amos to the mountain..7. A poem for a Get Well card to someone who has sciatica..On the following grey afternoon, the ship pulled up to the bottom of the steps, and the grey man, leading.being pumped, but not by the now-familiar system of windmills. Spaced along each of the pipes were.She had given a lot of thought to the last emergency, which she still saw as partly a result of her lag in responding. This time she was through the door almost before the reverberations had died down, leaving Crawford to nurse the leg she had stepped on in her haste.."Doesn't matter," I say.."That means," said Lea, " I was put here to be the nearest and dearest friend to all those grim, grey people who cheat everybody they meet and who can enjoy nothing colorful in the world.""The verdict will probably end up accidental death. Everybody's bonded. Jain was insured for.they had. The setup is ideal for picketing. You'd almost think the Company had built the wall around the.And then Jain is there. Center stage..rags. When he had dressed and was about to go with the grey man to lunch, his sleeve brushed the grey.cant be held responsible for what they say in their poems. We're all compulsive traitors, you know.".Stone.not see his face, but he lay in sleep like a man who was no stranger to the bed. .."How can you help me?" asked the Wind..27.At first he'd assumed that he'd failed. A reasonable assumption, since he had struck out his first time to bat, with a shameful 43. But when two weeks had gone by and there was still no word from the Board of Examiners, he wondered if maybe he'd managed to squeak through. He didn't see how he could have. The examiner, a wizened, white-haired fuddy-duddy whose name Barry instantly forgot, had been hostile and aggressive right from the word go, telling Barry that he thought his handshake was too sincere. He directed the conversation first to the possible dangers of excessive sunbathing, which was surely an oblique criticism of Barry's end-of-August tan and the leisure such a tan implied, then started in on the likelihood that dolphins were as intelligent as people. Barry, having entered the cubicle resolved to stake all his chips on a tactic of complete candor, had said, one, he was too young to worry about skin cancer and, two, he had no interest in animals except as meat This started the examiner off on the psychic experiences of some woman he'd read about in Reader's Digest. Barry couldn't get a toehold anywhere on the smooth facade of the man's compulsive natter. He got the feeling.."An Irish name: that explains it then.".A sponge, or a freshwater hydra, or a flatworm, or a starfish can, any of them, be torn into parts and.safety features. They now slept in a pressurized building inside the dome, and one of them stayed awake.Hinda was sitting on a low straw bed, and beside her, his head in her lap, lay a man. The man was."I know. I'll call you back tomorrow." She switched the set off and sat back on her heels. "I swear, if the Earthside tests on a roll of toilet paper didn't ... he wouldn't. . ." She cut the air with her hands. "What am I saying? That's petty. I don't like him, but he\*s right" She stood up, puffing out her cheeks as she exhaled a pent-up breath..?Jeremy Hole.mammalian egg has had its nucleus replaced, it would then have to be implanted into the womb of a.Norman Spinrad's The Iron Dream, a novel which vehemently denounces the genre in the same terms.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!.The package comes later, along with a stiff legal letter from a firm of attorneys. The substance of the message is this: "Jain Snow wished you to have possession of this. She informed you prior to her demise of her desires; please carry them out accordingly." The packet contains a chrome cylinder with a screw cap. The cylinder contains ashes; ashes and a few bone fragments. I check. Jain's ashes, unclaimed by father, friends, or employer..A bitter look."Haven't I?" said the grey man. He reached under the table and took out a white leather boot, went.frostcap.."Next time m tell her. I won't lie to her again. So I guess this will all have to stop.".that he himself would very much like to see a woman worthy of a prince. 'Especially,' he said, 'such a.start downriver to meet them, escort them here. He'd had his qualms about their coming; they'd have to.rocker, was carried off in the opposite direction..Not long afterward I left. I didn't want to be hung-over on my first spell of picket duty. It was a cool night, and the stars were thick in the sky. I caught glimpses of the Project as I made my way home through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a pale, blurred look in the starlight, the six completed stages blending together, the uncompleted seventh one softly serrated against the night sky. Working on it every day, I've kind of forgot how high it is, how much higher it's going to be when we get back on the job. The highest thing ever, they say. I won't dispute that. It makes a palm tree look like a blade of grass and a man look like an ant. Looking at it

tonight, I felt proud to be one of the builders. It was as though I'd built the whole thing myself. That's the way a bricklayer feels sometimes. It's really great I feel sorry for brickmakers. You'd never catch me slogging all day in a mud hole."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." against your breastbone. You grip the knob harder, push it forward just a little. The screen lights, and you fund, and we've got six more weeks to go before we become eligible for unemployment insurance..Suddenly it was dusk, and Hinda looked up with a start. "You must go now," she said..CAMPBELL'S There Goes Who?.you've been feeding us ever since we got stranded here? Who ever heard of a colony without babies? If we don't grow, we stagnate, right? We have to have children." She looked back and forth from Lang to Crawford, her face expressing formless doubts..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.. "That's ail right. Do you feel better now?" "I wish you wouldn't take that attitude, Mr. Riordan," said Jason in a tone of sincere regret "We do like you, and we have enjoyed your company. If we didn't, we would certainly not be offering this opportunity." "Believe me," said the grey man, "I have put a little something m your eggs and sausages that will.shifting, and the physical space allowed is so small that critics welcome any way of expressing judgments.Q: How did little June Dailene Fromm pronounce her name when.have an effect on its personality, too.."Hold it," Crawford said. "I just wanted to know if you had any ideas." He was secretly pleased at the argument; it got them both thinking along the right lines, moved them from the deadly apathy they must guard against..And he had had time to think about the problem of whom to save. He went straight to Lou Prager and finished suiting him up. But it was already too late. He didn't know if it would have made any difference if Mary Lang had tried to save him first.."The girl-Nina?\*.female line, then the male ... a teacher of biology in Boston, a suffragette, a corn merchant, a singer, a.climbed into a crawler with three officers for the trip to Tharsis. It was almost exactly twelve Earth-years."I'm Miss Georgia.".There was only a short line, and in a moment he was standing in front of the box office window..as a luxury, and about as useful as the nipples on a man's chest. But I was wrong. All the NASA people were wrong. The Astronaut Corps fought like crazy to keep you off this trip. Time enough for that on later flights. We were blinded by our loyalty to the test-pilot philosophy of space flight. We wanted as few scientists as possible and as many astronauts as we could manage. We don't like to think of ourselves as ferry-boat pilots. I think we demonstrated during Apollo that we could handle science jobs as well as anyone. We saw you as a kind of insult, a slap in the face by the scientists in Houston to show us how low our stock has fallen." .gunned the jeep over the rutted roadway, peering into the shimmering haze..Nina by Robert Block."We've had a change in plan up here," he said, with no preface. "I hope this doesn't come as a shock. If you think about it, you'll s? the logic hi it We're going back to Earth hi seven' days." .and the rest of the people so informed in the first place?.Later in the castle hall, Amos and the prince stood bound by the back wall. The grey man chuckled.Well curry your prmcess-turned-frogs, And groom your domestic balrogs, But for those with conventional pets we should mention, In passing, We Also Walk Dogs..another tree (of a different variety even), where it can grow and flourish. In either case, it is an organism.an example of (to my mind) profound, searching, brilliant, political criticism, see Jean-Paul Sartre's Saint."It is. I am. C'est la vie." She took a long, throat-rippling sip of the Schlitz and set her can down on.Smith is watching the planet Mars. The clockwork which turns the Ozo to follow the planet, even when it is below the horizon, makes it possible for him to focus instantly on the surface, but he never does this. He takes up his position hundreds of thousands of miles away, then slowly approaches, in order to see the red spark grow to a disk, then to a yellow sunlit ball hanging hi darkness. Now he can make out die surface features: Syrtis Major and Thoth-Nepenthes leading in a long gooseneck to Utopia and the frostcap.."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?" "You should sleep," she said at last. "Sleep and I will rub your head and sing to you." .lungs and dove headlong into the pool.."Then I am die prince to save you," said Jack..thought of that. "For another, a good part of our suits. Song, watch it, don't step on that thing. We don't."I had rather hoped we might have avoided that," said Lea, as she came over to untie Jack and Amos. "But there is nothing we can do now. I can never thank you enough for gathering the mirror and releasing me." .I closed the door quietly behind me and walked around the end of the bed so I could see all of him. He was huddled on his back with his elbows propped up by the wall and the bed. His throat had been cut. The blood hadn't spread very far. Most of it had been soaked up by the threadbare carpet under the bed. I looked around the grubby little room but didn't find anything. There were no signs of a struggle, no signs of forced entry?but then, my BankAmericard hadn't left any signs either. The window was open, letting in the muffled roar of traffic on the Boulevard. I stuck my head out and looked, but it was three stories straight down to the neon-lit marquee of the movie house..have lived in and almost everyone did, with potted plants to emphasize the available sunlight and pictures.Detweiler wanted to play cards or something that night, I wanted them to agree and suggest I be a fourth..which is the other thing (besides pleasure) art ought to provide. Bravery, nobility, sublimity, and beauty.strong. Above, there seemed no way to go any higher..seven. Fortunately they found the body in time for the early edition. A woman named Sybil Herndon, age."I don't have the faintest idea." He looked her straight in the eye as he said this. She almost didn't.I am fortunate in that, unlike Hollywood, F&SF seems to be largely immune from trends. The magazine has a reputation for offering variety, and to uphold that image, it seems to me that it must carefully

avoid trends and formulas in an effort to publish a balance of different types of fantasy and sf. And so we continue to look for good writing and fresh ideas and entertaining narratives, and once those general criteria are satisfied, we take on whatever seems to be pleasing our writers at the time. That's the best way I know of pleasing our leaders..Another section opened up and they stepped through it After three more gates were passed, the temperature and pressure were nearly Earth-normal. And they were standing beside a small oriental woman with skin tanned almost black. She had no clothes on, but seemed adequately dressed in a brilliant smile that dimpled her month and eyes. Her hair was streaked with gray. She would be? Singh stopped to consider?forty-one years old..Now do not get the idea that everyone here is simply sitting around playing Zorphwar. That is far