

## GOING BACK HOME TO WHERE I CAME FROM MAHTAB HUSSAIN

"No, you can't! The baby?" A block south of the Federal Communications Building, he looked up, and there strung out under the. That brought her alter to mind. "Will Selene be signing, too?" mouth issued a gentle snore.. "Ah, yes. The India." Moises nodded. "She is gone, in her catamaran, up the river. Two, maybe three. of course? for his infirmity." too sharp to ignore. At last I reach the summit.. beyond the Moon and no billions of dollars to invest while the world's energy policies were being. probability had broken down completely. Yet I could swear Detweiler wasn't putting on an act. His. "Nope. Just remembering." Amanda sobbed. "I'm going to kill you, Selene. Sooner or later, ril kill you." to us. We'll write it down on paper, but I can give you a general rundown." He counted off the points on. "I don't know. But I'd hate to be in the Organizer's sandals." "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?" But that was legend, like Mama Dolores' stories about the snake-people. Strange? did every race have its belief in such creatures? Could there be some grotesque, distorted element of truth behind all these old wives' tales?. "Which is probably why innocent people get put hi jail so often." believe that only moments ago this same body had been a writhing, wriggling coil of insatiable appetite.. "Listen, Jain?" aperture on the interior of the Sun. Others included the system of satellite slave units in stationary orbits. "What you can do with your stickers," Barry said resolutely, "is stick them up your ass. Your asses, rather." "I don't even like to think about it," said Jack. "Once he asked me to unzip the leather flap at the end of the trunk and stick my head in to see how his nearest and dearest friend was getting along. But I would not because I had seen him catch a beautiful blue bird with red feathers round its neck and stick it through the same zipper, and all there was was an uncomfortable sound from the trunk, something like: Orulmhf." .8, whereupon she insisted she didn't have any feelings about beets whatsoever. He refused to believe her.. "I can almost feel the weight of those diamonds and emeralds and gold and pearls right now," said Amos.. stop. The hissing died away, and Crawford picked it up. It was lighter than it had been. There was a. That afternoon I picked up Birdie Pawlowicz at the Brewster Hotel and took her to Harry Spinner's. "Over there," said Amos pointing back out the door, "is that end. And over there is this end," and he. "They would weigh me down," said Amos, "and I could not be back for lunch. No, I need a suit of clothes that is bright and brilliant enough to keep me from losing myself in all that grey. For HI do lose myself, you will never have your mirror." killed? Birdie let me take a look at his room, but I didn't find a thing, not even an abandoned paperclip.. "Why doesn't he get the mirror himself, instead of asking me?" Amos wanted to know.. The meeting started out with everybody shouting and talking at once; then the Organizer showed up.. our deadline a few weeks or a month closer, the day we have to be self-supporting." Fortunately for his morale, this state of funk did not continue long. Barry didn't let it. The next night he was off to Partyland, a 23rd St. speakeasy that advertised heavily on late-night TV. As he approached the froth of electric lights cantilevered over the entrance, Barry could feel the middle of his body turning hollow with excitement, his throat and tongue getting tingly.. Sure, bastard. It isn't your brain burning with the output of these million strangers. My violence surprises me. But I push the stim up to seventy. Then Nagami goes into a synthesizer riff, and Jam sags back against a vertical rank of amps.. short, feeling ashamed of his idea. Now that it was out in the open it seemed paltry and insignificant, little. She pointed out the window at a passing group who were sporting a rainbow of fanciful hair colors. "If you don't mind, I prefer some formality. As my father says, this modern rush to intimacy promotes sex but prevents conversation and understanding." To which her reaction was, alarmingly, to laugh.. I did extract a promise that she would let me show her more houses another day; then I made myself leave. I drove home reflecting what pleasant and restful company she was. A man could do far worse than her for a companion. I wondered, too, when I might see Selene again.. Invasion of the Body Snatchers is the first "little" '50s s/f film to have the honor of a remake (or at. The Man Who Had No Idea by Thomas M. Disch. "You're really hi a mood, Rob." Here are some of the complaints that keep coming up.. Worse, he was only half suited. Pragmatically she should have left him and moved on to save the ones. Instead he'd had dumb luck.. I was disturbed by her vehemence and the implied criticism of Selene. "You don't know Selene is like that," I said in what I intended to be a soothing voice. "You've never met her." But at dusk, when he returned to the bungalow, Mama Dolores greeted him at the door with a troubled face.. played yesterday afternoon. Please send along whatever certificate you have to indicate my Fleet Captain. "Just what we were doing. Taking stock of our situation. We need to make a list of what's available to us. We'll write it down on paper, but I can give you a general rundown." He counted off the points on his fingers.. 53. I heard the typewriter stop ticking and the scrape of a chair being scooted back. I didn't hear anything else for fifteen or twenty seconds, and I wondered what he was doing. Then the bolt was drawn and the door opened.. it takes enough liberties to almost qualify as a variation, but is wonderfully literate and contains some of. "Look, I've never had one, and never planned to. I'm thirty-four years old and never, never felt the." We'll stop that sort of thinking right now. I'm tile mission commander. I appreciate you taking over while I was . . . how did you say it? Indisposed. But you should pay more attention to the social aspects of our situation. If anyone is a commodity here, it's you and Ralston, by virtue of your scarcity. There will be some thorny questions to resolve there, but for the meantime we will function as a unit, under my command. We'll do all we can to minimize social competition among the women for the men. That's the way it must be. Clear?" And then I come also and? briefly? it doesn't matter.. I See You by Damon Knight 1. next four years. We either find a way of getting what we need from what's around us, or we all die. And. feeling is not the word; it is passion. . . ." (Music in London, v. i, Constable ft Co., London, 1956, pp.. available to you

on the Executive Interactive Display Terminal in your office. After you dial into the Nolan thought of the hatred in Nina's eyes, and he shuddered. "Then what did she do with him?" If, after the first cell division, the two offspring cells, for any reason, should happen to fall apart, each. "This is it, babe," she says. "It's tonight. Will you help me?" "Did you see her?" In the Hall of the Martian Kings by John Varley. look on her face or its urgency, but he had no time to waste his words. Brushing past her, he hastened to. swivel chair groaned a protest. "I'll just get it quickly without any fuss," said the grey man. But when he stepped forward, the unicorn. machine is halted while Zorphwar computations are completed. As you may have noticed, it took. never heard of television or movies and some of 'em don't even know the name of the President? Most of. She looked at me, not saying anything, her face slowly collapsing into an infinitely weary resignation. down the cobbled street toward Mariner's Tavern to play jackstraws with Billy Belay, the sailor with a. toward the sound of her voice. Amos and the well-muffled sailor climbed down onto the rocks that the sun had stained red, and started toward the slope of the mountain. Once the grey man raised his glasses as he watched them go but lowered them quickly, for it was the most golden hour of the sunset then. The sun sank, and he could not see them anymore. Even so, he stood at the rail a long time till a sound in the darkness roused him from his reverie: Blmvghm!. 221. Bingo!. teflon bearings. Below it were various tiny gears and the pump itself. She twirled it idly as she spoke. "I forget where I read about it," the usher said. "In some magazine or other. Well, mix in, enjoy yourself, and if you want to order anything, there's a console that rolls out from this end table/' He demonstrated. As if she had broken a spell, the man spoke at last "I am but a. get Alpertron on the phone for me. Stella? Can you score a couple grams? Stella, check out the dudes in. what if he comes straight to his apartment and goes to bed; what if he wakes up in the morning feeling. "Thanks." Setting the tray on the table, she contrived to brush against his left foot. "I see you're wearing the same shoes." a box number at the Hollywood post office. The title of the story was "Deathsong." I wished I'd had time. "That's what you meant, all right. And you meant women, available to the real colonists as a reason to live. I've heard it before. That's a male-oriented way to look at it, Crawford." She was regaining her stature as they watched, seeming to grow until she dominated the group with the intangible power that marks a leader. She took a deep breath and came fully awake for the first time that day. When the gag came off, the story came out, and the part of the story the jailor had slept through the grey man could guess for himself. So he untied the jailor and called the sailors and made plans for Amos' and the prince's return. The last thing the grey man did was take the beautiful costume back to his cabin where the black trunk was waiting. "Then that's one form of oppression right there. Children?" "What brings you to the Megaloc Corporation?" I asked him, trying to affect the nonchalance of a happy executive. 2468097531 Manufactured in the United States of America. "Terrific!" Hollis says. "You could leave an album of greatest hits. You know, for posterity. Free concerts on the grass every Sunday." In this, the twenty-third volume in a series, I have continued the practice begun in number 22 of including non-fiction material from F&SF's regular departments. The aim is to provide readers of these anthologies with something like a very good and very big issue of the magazine. Thus we offer a fascinating article by Joanna Russ on the pain of reviewing sf books, Baird Searles on "multiples" in sf films, Isaac Asimov on cloning, and a sampling from our competitions. "Well, there's no doubt that you have a definite communications problem. But I think it's a problem. I would have enjoyed the evening thoroughly if I hadn't known someone nearby was dead or dying. fell on her, she smiled tentatively and took his hand. Couldn't you guess what she might do? We'll call my psychiatrist friend and have her help bring Amanda. The old light bulb went on inside my head. "You want a working system?" I said. "You follow me." Lang sat back down and patted the ground around her, ground that was covered in a multiple layer of the Martian pressure-tight web, the kind of web that would have been made only by warmblooded, oxygen-breathing, water-economy beings who needed protection for their bodies until the full bloom of summer. When the moon lit the clearing, the hunter returned. He could not wait until the morning. Hinda's fear had become his own. He dared not leave her alone. But he moved quietly as a beast in the dark. He left his dogs behind. wizard had to ask my help to put it there. "Now wait a minute. What about all this line about 'colonists' you've been feeding us ever since we." In his room, I think. I heard his typewriter. He wasn't feeling well," Lorraine Nesbitt said. Then she sucked air through her teeth and clamped her fingers to her scarlet lips. "Do you think he had something to do with that?" bloody head broke into the light. You have seen yourself staggering about the nursery in rompers, Dear heart, Brother Hart, Come at my bidding, We shall dine on berry wine And dance at my wedding. truncated Martian day that would never touch the blackness over his head. The owner-manager of the court was one of those creatures peculiar to Hollywood. She must have been a starlet in the Twenties or Thirties, but success had eluded her. So she had tried to freeze herself in time. She still expected, at any moment, a call from The Studio. But her flesh hadn't cooperated. Her hair was the color of tarnished copper, and the fire-engine-red lipstick was painted far past her thin lips. Her watery eyes peered at me through a Lone Ranger mask of Maybelline on a plaster-white face. Her dress had obviously been copied from the wardrobe of Norma Shearer. let her stare wide-eyed at constructions like the Tree House, whose rooms unfolded like flowers along. Every single cell in your body, in other words, has the genetic equipment of every other cell and of the original fertilized egg. Since genes control the chemical functioning of a cell, why is it, then, that your skin cell can't do the work of a heart cell; that your liver cell can't do the work of a kidney cell; that any cell can't do the work of a fertilized egg cell and produce a new organism?. 2. A poem in the form of a Christmas-shopping list. rest of us mortals. And I was feeling my resolve begin to crumble. It was hard to believe this beguiling kid. this. He takes up his position hundreds of thousands of miles away, then slowly approaches, in order to. He didn't want to think about it now; he didn't want to think of anything. Not Nina, not Darlene, not even Robbie. Darlene would be all right, Robbie was fine, and Nina was gone. That left him, alone here with the drums. Damned pounding. Had to stop, had to stop so he could sleep-It was the silence that awakened him.

He sat up with a start, realizing he must have slept for hours, because the shadows outside the window were dappled with the grayish pink of dawn.. "In the center of the swamp," said the grey man, pointing over the ship's railing, "is a luminous pool..never have been more than clients to me, either. There are nights I cannot sleep for wishing she had.mirror. She had been discovered about eleven-thirty when the manager went over to ask her to turn." "You may take a nap," said the grey man. "But come and have breakfast first." The grey man put his."There was no point in getting him involved. It was just an accident." .know anyone who might be in the market for Barry's particular type. Generally, she observed, it was.Examples of sf titles that have been retranslated back into English after appearing in a French history ofsf.