

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE VOLUME 17

the lowly mission commander. He saw himself as another Michael Collins..THE ORGANIZER: To me, it was never obvious. It still isn't. In the first place, only minimal.clear it..colonist on Mars, either. I... things have changed, don't you see? I've been depressed." She looked.Jain soars to the climax. I shove the slides all the way forward The crowd is on its feet; I have never been so frightened in my life..calendar on Jack's desk. It was Friday, June 15?last week.."I forget where I read about it," the usher said. "In some magazine or other. Well, mix in, enjoy.He gave me a cheerful, if slightly strained, smile. "Oh, sure. I'm all right I'll be fine in the morning..".The grey man peered across the unicorn's shoulder, and in the piece of glass he saw not his own reflection but the face of a young woman. "I'm afraid," she said cheerfully, "that you shall never be able to pick up the mirror unless the unicorn lets you, for it was placed here by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that you and I need not worry about him..". "What is it a map of?" Amos asked. He knew you should ask as many questions as possible when there were so many things you didn't know.. "Then," called Amos, "you could help us get there too?".our eyes it had become a thunderbolt?a thunderbolt cast heavenward by a madman in a magnificent, if.tiny gears and the pump itself. She twirled it idly as she spoke..Orulmhf..".I was dismayed by the effect the question had on her. I forced heartiness into my voice. "Then let's drive back to the office and sign. Yon can move in today..".Before they could shut it they heard a whistling, like a teakettle.Now Amos looked over his shoulder too and saw that the white disk was going slowly down..Using an assumed name and a post office box number which was not his, Smith wrote to a.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..184.essentially neutral area. But if "politics" means the relations of power that obtain between groups of.time..rubbing his eyes. His sleeves were green silk with blue and purple trimming. His cape was crimson with.But this time it was Selene's voice, firm and brisk, that spoke. "I think we'd better have a talk, Mandy..".judge fairly, can you resist temptation? I had no idea what he meant, and again I answered, "I am Prince..".Mrs. Bushyager called. Her sister and Mr. Bushyager are still missing..". "No!" Amanda jumped up, clutching her shawl around her with white-knuckled hands. "She'd only.but odder yet that, despite them, she looked like herself and not Amanda. Energy ran like a restless, self-willed thing under her skin. She could not even sit without that coiled-spring tension..The grey man scowled and contemplated and cogitated, but could not make anything of it At last he.runabout and proceeded to demonstrate what I meant. The sultan's palaces, Greek temples, antebellum.."Doesn't matter," I say..Nolan had shrugged, too, and dismissed her from his mind. But that night as he lay on his bed..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..which, he said, was his nearest and dearest friend. He said if I would work for him and carry his trunk, he.But when he said it, it sounded false. It wasn't fan*..After sixty-eight years of tussling with life, Congreve's bulldog frame still stood upright, his shoulders jutting squarely below his close-cropped head. The lines of his roughly chiseled face were still firm and solid, and his eyes twinkled good-humoredly as he surveyed the room. It seemed strange to many of those present that a man so vital, one with so much still within him, should be about to deliver his retirement address..had to remain only speculation. The custody decision, however, was public knowledge. January to June.An organ replacement would be grown and since it would have precisely the same genetic equipment as the old, the body would not reject it ?Surely that is the best possible application of cloning..Two weeks of research left them knowing no more. They had to abandon the matthews for the time, as another enigma had cropped up which demanded their attention..I left to pick up Amanda..can you? You can't wait to tell him you think the King is a kook..".rubber. He unhooked the straps, opened the suitcase, and tossed the hump in. He said something, too.sitting cross-legged on the floor nursing her youngest, Ethan..his pile of blankets. Since the day of the blowout he never seemed to be warm enough..all, however, were the swarms of golden gnats that bused about him. He would beat at them with the..Just after New Year's, he told his partner that he wanted to sell out and retire. They discussed it in general terms.. "Not at all," laughed Jack. "They didn't even notice that the jailor was gone." For what they had done last night after we left them, was to take the jailor's key, free the prince, and tie up the jailor and put him in the cell under all the grey blankets. In the morning, when the sailor had come to exchange clothes, Jack had freed himself again when the sailor left, then slipped off the ship to join Amos..then your curiosity is easily satisfied; after an older cousin initiates

you at fourteen, you are much more. Barry was as good as his word and went to Center St. the very next morning to take his third exam. The computer assigned him to Q: Say, Guv, what's the author of "Chthon" ?ave in 'is car that he loves to 'onk?. huddled together wishing for a fire and toweled ourselves dry while the polycarp ran rainbows of. A For Whatever, DAMON KNIGHT. his officers rushed up around him, and managed not to stammer. "Are you well? Is there anything we can. He replied, "They quickly become deaf and so have no need to speak. Indeed, few work more than a year. They are prized as wives, for they never nag their husbands." There were whirligigs in the second patch, but they lacked the variety and disorder of the originals. arm around Amos' shoulder and took him down to his cabin where the cook brought them a big. "In just a moment," said the thin grey man, "you will see a man living through the happiest moment of. I scooted up in bed and leaned against the headboard. Janice snorted into the pillow and opened one. Amanda sat wrapped in a shawl and staring into the empty fireplace. The polychair had turned pale. I charged after him. My legs felt rubbery but I caught him at the street He didn't struggle. He just stood there, his eyes vacant, trembling. I saw people sticking their heads out of doors and Johnny Peacock coming toward me. My car was right there. I pushed Detweiler into it and drove away. He sat hunched in the seat, his hands hanging limply, staring into space. He was trembling uncontrollably and his teeth chattered. heart, with all else vestigial, or a full-sized kidney or lung or liver or leg. With just one organ developing. Nolan rose, stretching, then stepped out into the hall. The shadows were darker here and everything. "Me." I manage a weak smile. The eggs of reptiles and birds, however, are enclosed in shells, which adds to the technical difficulty. 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." I forgot to watch out for the rebound. Pain lanced up my arm. I went down, bouncing my head off. results were erased. But assuming that I did, that's the reason. I never got any practice. The basic. creatures. interesting episodes that I'd like you to tell me about someday, from your 'soldier-of-fortune? days?" "Basically. In the beginning ... it was to tell her ... about me, then ... to let her know ... who I met and what... I learned in school ... my half the ... year so people wouldn't ... know about. ... us." It was too early to drop around, and so I ate breakfast, hoping this was one of the times Detweiler. "Not really polystyrene," Ralston interjected. "I'll get it," McKillian said, turning toward the lab. musicianship are conscious of no reason not to dismiss mine on J. R. R. Tolkien. We're all dealing with. Now Jack said, "To the top of the mountain where there is a piece of a mirror." Yon are watching an old movie, Bob and Ted and Carol and Alice. The humor seems infantile and unimaginative to you; you are not interested in the actresses' occasional seminudity. What strikes you as hilarious is the coyness, the sidelong glances, smiles, grimaces hinting at things that will never be shown on the screen. You realize that these people have never seen anyone but then* most intimate friends without clothing, have never seen any adult shit or piss, and would be embarrassed or disgusted if they did. Why did children say "pee-pee" and "poo-poo," and then giggle? Yon have read scholarly books about taboos on "bodily functions," but why was shitting worse than sneezing? his feet! So he lay down on the bed and Hinda sat by him. She rubbed cinquefoil on his head to soothe it and sang him many songs, and soon Brother Hart was asleep. "So? If you ask me, this is a damned stupid topic for a conversation. Aren't you going to tell me your name?" The grey man went over and picked up a tangerine-colored alley cat that had been searching for fish. theories about what they may be like, and I won't bore you with them yet, but this is one thing we do. "No, come on in now? you'll have plenty of time after dinner." "I am Amos and this is Jack, Prince of the Far Rainbow," said Amos. "And we wandered into your. He'd been here since about four-fifteen. We were playing gin. He was having one of his spells and. way. "Why, there's nothing in ..." he began. But then something caught his eye at the very bottom of the. branch so the grey man had not been able to see him from the waist up. "God, Larry? you're right! I've been kidding myself: the pageant isn't my problem? it's my excuse. My. "Oh, all kinds." He shrugged. "Fantasy mostly." 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. "He's not implying it, he's saying it," Ike said. "You guys just can't wait to grease old Yahweh's palm, can you? You can't wait to tell him you think the King is a kook." vices; when yon know that somebody wants to talk to you, you focus your viewer on him), your library, your school. Before puberty you watch other people having sex, but even then your curiosity is easily satisfied; after an older cousin initiates you at fourteen, you are much more interested in doing it yourself. The co-op teacher monitors your studies, sometimes makes suggestions, but more and more, as you grow older, leaves you to your own devices. You are intensely interested in African prehistory, in the European theater, and in the ant-civilization of Epsilon Eridani IV. Soon you will have to choose. "What does the title mean?" he asked, hoping it might modify the unfriendly message of the four short lines that followed. "Ken and Nell, you come down ahead of him by the springhouse. Wanda, you and Tim and Jean. We have our congruencies. Nolan gestured quickly. "Get that engine started? we're going after her." Tonight at the Hall, die Organizer told us to tighten our belts, that at the bargaining table this afternoon the Company had refused to. "Go see what's in the trunk," said Jack. "It's probably not so terrible after all." "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. 38, had committed suicide in an apartment court on Las Palmas. (Detweiler hadn't gone very far. The. "Can I have a while to think it over?" "That's no use. The doctor says it's a miracle he's still breathing. If he wakes up at all, he won't be anything like you knew him. The telemetry shows nothing like the normal brain wave. Now I've got to talk to Commander Lang. Have her come up." The voice of Mission Commander Weinstein was accustomed to command, and about as emotional as a weather report. under the proper circumstances. The captain's lips draw back over his teeth in a mirthless grin as he plants his fists on his hips, throws. "Most of 'em." Subject: Promotion to Fleet Captain. Nolan nodded, flexing his cramped limbs. He stepped out onto the dock, then hurried up

the path.the second hatchway behind the wheelhouse.".Her pictures, though, did not do her justice. Not only was I surprised to find her taller than I expected, fully as tall as I was, but no media camera had ever captured the glow that shone out through her.our asses, that's scrubbed, too?".beckoned them over to her. They linked arms and stood staring up at the sky.. "What's his first name?".CAMPBELL'S There Goes Who?."It's just a whole new area," McKillian whispered back. "Think about it Back on Earth, nature never got around to inventing the wheel. I've sometimes wondered why not There are limitations, of course, but it's such a good idea. Just look what we've done with it But all motion hi nature is confined to up and down, back and forth, in and out, or squeeze and relax. Nothing on Earth goes round and round, unless we built it. Think about it".Marvin Kolodny responded with a boyish grin and offered his hand. An American flag had been."Yes, I am really the North Wind," came the thunderous voice. "Now you tell me who you are before I blow you into little pieces and scatter them over the whole wide world."

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