## THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE VOL 13 JANUARY 1926

He Has a Hole in His Head and His Teeth Glow in the Dark, ROGER ZELAZNY. He whistled his animals to him and left the clearing as swiftly as he had come..feel about any beautiful thing with one overwhelming flaw.."No! There's no other way. Oh, not people like us, maybe. Maybe we're seeing them right now, spinning like crazy." They all looked uneasily at the whirligigs. "But I think they're not here yet I think we're going to see, over the next few years, increasing complexity in these plants and animals as they build up a biome here and get ready for the builders. Think about it. When summer comes, the conditions will be very different. The atmosphere will be almost as dense as ours, with about the same partial pressure of oxygen. By then, thousands of years from now, these early forms will have vanished. These things are adapted for low pressure, no oxygen, scarce water. The later ones will be adapted to an environment much tike ours. And that's when we'll see the makers, when the stage is properly set." She sounded almost religious when she said it..ask the question without in the least seeming to challenge Marvin Kolodny's authority. football-field-size marble-and-glass cocktail table. He sat on the other one, took a cigarette from an chest. Crawford was proud that she had chosen him for her companion when she could no longer that. What do you say? Are you all with me?" often end up with the most sophisticated, flawed, or least-accessible works of great writers: an example of (to my mind) profound, searching, brilliant, political criticism, see Jean-Paul Sartre's Saint. With only a week left till his temporary license expired, Barry abandoned all hope and all shame and. "What's his first name?"."No, babe. Don't say that"."Who are you?" asked the particolored prisoner..presence, her eyes hooded and she lay somnolent in animal repletion.."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.". "Fro glad to hear it" angel, you'd get Andrew Detweiler in a blond wig. His body was slim and well-formed? from where I. But when Hinda came out of the door, closing it behind her to hide what lay inside, the man did not speak again. Instead he took off his fur hat and laid it upon his heart, kneeling down before her..I dropped in at the office for a while Friday morning and checked the first-of-the-month bills. Miss.For instance, suppose you wanted one hundred Isaac Asimovs so that the supply of F&SF essays."He . . . was my brother. We were twins. Siamese twins. All those people died so I could stay alive." There was no emotion in his voice. He was detached, talking about someone else. "He kept me alive. I'll die without him." His eyes met mine again. "He was insane, I think. I thought at first I'd go mad too, but I didn't I think I didn't I never knew what he was going to do, who he would kill. I didn't want to know. He was very clever. He always made it look like an accident or suicide when he could. I didn't interfere. I didn't want to die. We had to have blood. He always did it so there was lots of blood, so no one would miss what he took." His eyes were going empty again. The list went on and on, afl the way back to Thursday, the 7th. On that day was another slashed-wrist suicide near Western and Wilshire, You are thirteen, chasing a fox with the big kids for the first time. They have put you in the north field, the worst place, but you know better than to leave it. Paul Henreid," I said.. Amanda screamed inarticulately. Her whole body convulsed with the effort to tear loose. Selene held on .. 257 ever sprout, we could have a hydroponics plant functioning?" now, I've got a flunky's job in a granary. It doesn't pay very much, but it'll keep Debbie and Little Jake. It would have been inconsiderate to break in upon such testimony by mentioning that his name was, wooden leg and a mouth full of stories that he chewed around and spit out all evening. Billy Belay would falls over the edge into the first rows of spectators..get the picture?".fell on her, she smiled tentatively and took his hand..But she can. I watched Stella outside Bradley Arena in LA when some overanxious bikers wanted to of slow-burning leaves. Then Jain Snow sings. Wednesday morning I made a dozen phone calls. Of the nine victims I knew about, I was able to find. There's one sure gauge for judging a part of town: the movie theaters. It never fails. For instance, a new picture hadn't opened in downtown L.A. in a long, long time. The action ten years ago was on the Boulevard. Now it's hi Westwood. The grand old Pantages, east of Vine and too near the freeway, used to be the site of the most glittering premieres. They even had the Oscar ceremonies there for 8 while. Now it shows exploitation and double-feature horror films. Only Grauman's Chinese and the once Paramount once Loew\*s, now.got stranded here? Who ever heard of a colony without babies? If we don't grow, we stagnate, right?.242.minus a little green patch from the sleeve and a strip from the crimson cape; he had stood behind some. This was getting out of band for Captain Singh..."I swear, man, if you had touched me with a cattle prod you couldn't have got a bigger rise out of me.and didn't know when she'd be home) at this time tomorrow? Thoughtfully, she introduced him to the undersides were flecked with spots of gold. He pushed in a long metal flap at the side of the trunk, very. Amos was so delighted he jumped up and down. The prince swam to shore, and Amos helped him out. Then they leaned the mirror against a tree and rested for a while. "It's well I wore these rags of yours," said Jack, "and not my own clothes, for the weeds would have caught in my cloak and the boots would have pulled me down and I would have never come up. Thank you, Amos.". Source: P. T. Warrington, Headquarters, Los Gringos, California. The clients took the rest of the morning and a good portion of the afternoon, looking at estates all." I have thought about it." She waited for a long time. "I think the chances are about a thousand to one against us if I try to fly it. But Til do it, if we come to that. And that's your job. Showing me some better odds. If you can't, let me know.".private property..listen to someone who says you can live?". They triggered them to be activated only when they encountered certain different conditions. Maybe they knew exactly what it would be; maybe they only provided for a likely range of possibilities. Song thinks they've visited us, back in the Stone Age. In some ways it's easier to believe than the alternative. That way they'd know our genetic structure and what lands of food we'd eat, and could prepare.. It was small comfort, but Nolan had no choice. And he was too tired to protest, too tired to worry.. "You." She points at me. "Here." She indicates the rock face. The words are simple commands given. "About

two months.?.curriculum decades before and refuse to be dislodged, like ?To a Waterfowl." For some reason students."Yes. Aventine has too many rich and famous residents to care about another celebrity, and as we have no hotels or public transportation and the cabletrain from Gateside is the only way in, aside from private aircraft on private landing fields, we manage to discourage most reporters and curiosity seekers.".measured for a mummy case. I showed her my ID, and asked if I could speak to her about one of the became so neurotic when exposed to a large number of users or households where emotion ran hot that. He was flushed with health, rosy and clear and shining. Q: Why are you wearing that enormous hard hat? And, God damn it, I liked him too .. burials. The same sort of thing was happening around the Podkayne, too, triggered by our waste; urine."What makes you think that women are a natural resource, Craw-ford?" she said, slowly and. And she was right Nolan knew it now. At least they'd be together and that would help see him. All the mouths that were hanging open about the tavern closed. From Competition 14: SF "What's the question" jokes image vanished and was replaced by shadows, like the ghost of another image. He had monitored every. When the moon lit the clearing, the hunter returned. He could not wait until the morning. Hinda's fear. He had phoned me about ten after five. I had found the body at seven. "Awhile," I said. "The blood was mostly dry.".making me do it?".From Competition 13: Excerpts from myopic early sf novels 15.That ended the subject for her. She was quiet the remaining ride home. She reached for my hand. "I'm standing here, trying to be friendly," said Amos. "I was told there was nothing of interest down a fascinating article (in response to some critical letters) which tells why critics are such snobs was on the floor behind the bed, scrunched down between it and the wall. The almost colorless chenille. It thought so at first, but I changed my mind. I've seen enough of that and it wasn't the same. Take.We can therefore imagine that at birth, every human individual will have scrapings taken from his little toe, thus attaining a few hundred living cells that can be at once frozen for possible eventual use. (This is done at birth, because the younger the cell, the more efficiently it is likely to clone.). 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. The house lights go all the way down; the only illumination comes from a thousand exit signs and the equipment lights. Then Moog Indigo troops onstage as the crowd begins to scream in anticipation. The group finds their instruments in the familiar darkness. The crowd is already going crazy..place. There were whirligigs twenty meters tall scattered around him, with vanes broad as the wings of a.In their room, Darlene lay shivering on the bed, eyes closed. Her head moved ceaselessly on the healthy-looking?pink and flushed with health, though slightly pale as if he didn't get out in the sun much.."Like these?". "You must have quite an artists' colony here," Amanda said, looking over the collection. She ran a hand down the smooth curves of a sonatrophic sculpture by Drummond Caspar. The trope leaned toward the sound of her voice..to be triggered by the first signs of free water and to start building places for them to live while they. The last step took the thin grey man right into the open trunk. He cried out, stumbled, the trunk. Hollis says, "Do you want one of those units for your birthday?". Invasion of the Body Snatchers is the first "little" '50s s/f film to have the honor of a remake (or at least an acknowledged one). They should have left well enough alone in this case. Color instead of b&w, a big city for the claustrophobic small town, and six chases for every one in the original did not make it better, just bigger. There was a weary sadness in his eyes. "Yes," he said.. "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.. "Ever think of making a new seat for your pants out of part of that flak-jacket?" Colman asked after a pause. "You're probably gonna need it.". "I suppose not. It's just so... unusual."."I don't have the faintest idea." He looked her straight in the eye as he said this. She almost didn't. Amanda walked into my arms and buried her face against my neck. "Next to my father, you're the most dependable and trustworthy person I know.". "Who is your friend?" asked Amos. Though he had not heard the beginning of the story, the whole have been a cat. It was probably a stray looking for food or hiding from a dog. Okay, cat, you don't.the controls with a bored and superior air, has just left the room, saying, "All right, if you know so much, do it yourself."."Oh, no, really, Cinderella. . . . " He took the precious sticker between thumb and forefinger. "I don't deserve this. Why should you go out on a limb for someone you scarcely know?".Summer,? "The Black Hole Passes," "In the Bowl" (Best from F&SF, 22nd series) and his first.orange design, went to the trunk and lowered it through a small round hole in the top. As the last of it.black leg was a crooked line of shadow laying across his body, looking up through the port at the sharp, Far Rainbow, and when you go down into the garden, you can hear the water against the wall just like. This day, like the nine before it, illuminated a Tharsis radically changed from what it had been over the last sleepy ten thousand years. Wind erosion of rocks can create an infinity of shapes, but it."..., and so," the soft grey voice went on, "I need someone clever and brave enough to help my.always survived: by staying warm, by eating, by drinking. To that list we have to add 'by breathing.?.would check in every couple of hours to find out if the slinky blonde looking for her kid sister had shown.think commander.".I drove, not paying any attention to where I was going, almost as deeply in shock as he was. I finally started looking at the street signs. I was on Mullholland. I kept going west for a long time, crossed the San Diego Freeway, into the Santa Monica Mountains. The pavement ends a couple of miles past the freeway, and there's ten or fifteen miles of dirt road before the pavement picks up again nearly to Topanga. The road isn't traveled much, there are no houses on it, and people don't like to get their cars dusty. I was about in the middle of the unpaved section when Detweiler seemed to calm down. I pulled over to the side of the road and

cut the engine. The San Fer-. "Yes?" he asked.. Megalo Network Message: ' July 18, 1977. believable" was the key word. He had to be involved unless the laws of probability had broken down completely. Yet I could swear Detweiler wasn't putting on an act. His guileless innocence was real, damn it, real...By the end of July he had refined and miniaturized the device and had extended its sensitivity range, survival was possible or not, it was necessary to maintain the illusion that it was. Otherwise, you might as. They grabbed the ring and pulled the door back. Through the opening there was only the green surface of the water. Then, below the surface, Lea appeared..hyperspace, al-.Why??Two reasons..opinion is that they are good, interesting, minor authors. And so on. [Or oddities that entered the was in a lot of pain. It would get worse and worse all day; then he'd be fine, all rosy and healthy looking." Miss Ohio, who can't do any-tiling but play a damn jew's-harp, if you'll excuse my language, or Miss. The grey man scowled and contemplated and cogitated, but could not make anything of it At last he said, "Never mind Come to lunch.". "Oh, now," said Michelle placatingly. "We're still your jriends, Mr. Riordan, but business is business. If it were our own personal stickers we were discussing, we wouldn't hesitate to give you an endorsement absolutely gratis. Would we, Jason?". On the com circuit the tech yells: "Idiot! I'm already reading ninety. Ninety, damn it. There's still one number to go.".three years ago.".again, they would crawl farther. There were dozens of them lying motionless in the sand within a.I backed away, throwing my arms up to protect my head. Amanda might not be athletic, but she had to your right; we strip off the outer part and eat the meat underneath. It tastes good. I wish we could. 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.. After that day Lang was ruthless in gutting the old Podkayne. She supervised the ripping out of the wasn't sweating; her skin was curiously cool to the touch, and in her eyes was a mystery..so high that the North Wind lives in a cave there. The second piece of the mirror is on the highest peak of with his wife's infidelity than with her taste; that it wouldn't have been so bad if she'd been shacking up."That's perfectly natural. I hated compulsory talk myself, though I must admit I was good at it. What like leeches. She had been quite a dish?forty years ago. She saw me looking at the photos and smiled..Then she was gone, gliding off into the night where the drums thudded in distant darkness..The first Ozo was smuggled into the Soviet Union from West Germany by Katerina Bclov, a member of a dissident group in Moscow, who used it to document illegal government actions. The device was seized on December 13 by the KGB; Belov and two other members of die group were arrested, imprisoned and tortured. By that rims over forty other Ozos were in the hands of dissidents..some time yet. Yet biologists are anxious to perform the feat and are trying hard. Eventually, they will no.8. A poem analyzing her feelings about beets..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!. No use calling her name again; she'd never hear it And Robbie?. "Oh. Mine's Barry. How are you, Ed?"

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