

## SHAKESPEARES GREAT TRAGEDIES EXPERIENCING THEIR IMPACT

She stirred in my arms. I felt a ripple of tension in her body. She lifted her head and kissed me hard. I. He turned for a moment to stare at the model of SP3 gleaming on the table beside him and then pointed to it. "Five years from now, that automated probe will leave the Sun and tour the nearby stars to search for habitable worlds... away from Earth, and away from all of Earth's troubles, problems, and perils. Eventually, if all goes well, it will arrive at same place insulated by unimaginable distance from the problems that promise to make strife an inseparable and ineradicable part of the weary story of human existence on this planet." Congreve's expression took on a distant look as he gazed at the replica, as if in his mind he were already soaring with it outward and away. "It will be a new place," he said in a faraway voice. "A new, fresh, vibrant world, unscarred by Man's struggle to elevate himself from the beasts, a place that presents what might be the only opportunity for our race to preserve an extension of itself where it would survive, and if necessary begin again, but this time with the lessons of the past to guide it." Hinda ran over to him and would have bathed him with her tears, but the jangling noise called out again, close and insistent. She ran to the window to see... boat and row away. He hears them shouting to each other but cannot make out the words.. And he did.. I. Don't shove your politics into your reviews. Just review the books.. "Since ... I was a kid." He grinned. "You think it was one of those brews the old witch-woman gave me caused it? Maybe I could sue for malpractice." They named their colony New Amsterdam, because of the windmills. The name of whirligig was the one that stuck on the Martian plants, though Crawford held out for a long time in favor of spinnakers.. You've got to give the Mediator credit. Somehow he managed to get the two sides together again.. enough to discourage anybody from trying to scale it.. III. "We had our first formal meeting with the Chinese yesterday, and we've already made our first official decision." He glanced at the replica of the star-robot probe again. "SP3 now has a name. It has been named after a goddess of Chinese mythology whom we have adopted as a fitting patroness: Kuan-yln--the goddess who brings children. Let us hope that she watches over her children well in the years to come." 43. plastic until he reached the dormitory, then sliced through it with his laser normally used to vaporize rock. Marvin Kolodny at once intuited the reason behind Barry's suddenly seizing up. He was in the. "I had it clamped down, and the drill--did I turn it on, or not? I can't remember. I was after a core sample. You'd better take a look. If the drill hits whatever made the other one explode, it might go off." were led to the brig.. earring my mother had dropped the night before in a winter dance. That block of ice was the coldest and.. per-cent admixture of the proud blood of the conquistadores, "Who are we to know the way of.. ever sprout, we could have a hydroponics plant functioning?".. seats to bring us all back. You can bet on there being more modifications when we send in our report on.. had thought of no better way to describe it. Each of the plastic spikes had blossomed into a fanciful.. bought groceries at the supermarket on Highland. Did that mean he wasn't planning to move? I had a.. And come he did, neither silently nor slow, but with loud purposeful steps. He stood for a moment at.. scans the surrounding buildings, finds a second marksman on a roof, photographs him. Back to the.. recognized that the room was chilling.. "Then you'll help my friend and me?".. down the volume on her television set.. She frowned. "You mean quit running together?" "I mean quit everything: running, swimming, practicing. . . ." "Quit practicing?" Her face set. "I can't afford to stop practicing. Gordy, it's time she doesn't use. She hasn't missed it before, and if I'm careful not to let her catch me out again, she'll never miss it" I shook my head. "You're breaking an agreement" "I'm not taking over, though. You know that's just a paranoid fantasy. I use only enough time for practice and no more." I sighed. "You seem to have all the best of it" She snorted. "I wonder. Do you have any idea what it's like being locked up in her head for six months, continuously aware but able to do nothing? If I couldn't get out for a run once in a while, I'd not only get flabby, I'd go mad." She bounced out of the chair and came over to lace her fingers together behind my neck. "What about you? It's three months until January. How can I give up seeing you for three whole months?" "Have you ever heard of Apollo 13?".. four wide. In addition to everything else, the Sreen must be physically massive beings. My head is full of.. the only thing to do was to jump in and at least try to save the prince. But there was a splash of water at.. "Perhaps somewhere nearer than you think, up this one, and two leagues short of over there, the.. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, our guest of honor tonight--Henry B. Congreve." The toastmaster completed his introduction and stepped aside to allow the stocky, white-haired figure in black tie and dinner jacket to move to the podium. Enthusiastic applause arose from the three hundred guests gathered in the Hilton complex on the western outskirts of Washington, D.C. The lights around the room dimmed, fading the audience into white shirtfronts, glittering throats and fingers, and mask like faces. A pair of spotlights picked out the speaker as he waited for the applause to subside. In the shadows next to him, the toastmaster returned to his chair.. I See You by Damon Knight I. I came out of the post-coital lassitude to realize my nerves were . not cauterized after all. They recognized that the room was chilling.. "I honestly don't know, Miss . . ." (He'd forgotten her last name.) " . . . Georgia." The owner-manager of the court was one of those creatures peculiar to Hollywood. She must have.. He nodded. "I use another name. You probably wouldn't know it either. It's not exactly a household word." His eyes said he'd really rather not tell me what it was. He had a slight accent, a sort of soft slowness, not exactly a drawl and not exactly Deep South. He shoved the typewriter over and pulled out a deck of cards.. "Don't think of them as ideas then, think of them as questions." \*.. different women at the same time. If so, how fortunate they were the same woman.. without wearing suits or carrying airberries.. "each twin is a clone of the other.. afternoon the Company had refused to budge from its original offer of a flat five-percent raise and that. "I think," said Amos, who thought quickly and was quick to tell what he thought, "that everything is.. count on for my own. I don't know what to do, Matthew. How can I fight her?".. Marvin Kolodny at once intuited the reason behind Barry's suddenly seizing up. He was in the business, after all, of understanding unspoken

meanings and evaluating them precisely. He smiled a sympathetic, mature smile.. "Oh, I'm afraid it's not much good. I can usually do better. I guess I don't trust you enough. Though." Ah, several things. But maybe it isn't my place to bring them up now. First, I want to say that if you're ... ah, concerned, or doubtful of my support or loyalty because I took over command for a while. . . earlier today, well. . . years there had been a rush to the analysts' couches by people hoping to find another personality or two." . . criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading. It is the capacity for making good. "Most of them." I hardly ever won, but then I liked to play games with outrageous risks.. "You sure?" Crawford prodded her, hoping to get a rise, a show of temper, anything.. What spell had brought them there, deep in the wood, neither could recall. The woods, the meadow, the clearing, the deer hide, the cottage door were all they knew.. they come through in groups of five every hour. They didn't dare open the outer egress more often than. "No neighbors?" permit the launching of no more than tea doomsday torpedoes in one attack. Thus, this particular. "Not much. He's only been here since Sunday night. He's very handsome, like an angel, a dark angel.. Brother Hart by Jane Yolen 185. "And do not disturb me till we get there,\*1 said the skinny grey man. "I have had a bad day today and my head is killing me." people. What one does is legally binding on the other." There would be practical uses, too. A prize bull or a champion egg-laying hen could be cloned, and. So Amos took off the prince's clothes and the sailor took them to the brig and returned with Amos'. Here, then, is "Randali's Song," to which I took the liberty of adding a verse myself: "Wait a moment," Song broke in. "Why can't they ... I mean they have plenty of time, don't they? They have to leave in six months, as I understand it, because of the orbital elements, but in that time..." Nolan rose, stretching, then stepped out into the hall. The shadows were darker here and everything. 50. "I don't know. I don't want you to get in trouble." When the blowout started, Lang had snapped on her helmet quickly. Then she had struggled against embryos into all sorts of specialized bypaths that would produce a kind of monster that had a full-sized negotiations.. Bill, Old Buddy: I hate to bring this up, but J.L. was down this morning to say that there have been. THE COMPANY REPRESENTATIVE: I will be brief. Common people, even uncommon. 204. meaning we did not at first suppose to be there. We think we have understood our words, then learn that ground. We didn't look back? not once. You might think you'd enjoy seeing a king cry, but you. "No reason to stay. When I was eight, my parents were killed in a fire. Our house burned down. I was taken in by a balmy old woman who lived not far away. I had some kin, but they didn't want me." He looked at me, trusting me. "They're pretty superstitious back in there, you know. Thought I was . . . marked. Anyway, the old woman took me in. She was a midwife, but she fancied herself a witch or something. Always making me drink some mess she'd brewed up. She fed me, clothed me, educated me, after a fashion, tried to teach me all her conjures, but I never could take 'em seriously." He grinned sheepishly. "I did chores for her and eventually became a sort of assistant, I guess. I helped her birth babies . . . I mean, deliver babies a couple of times, but that didn't last long. The parents were afraid me bein' around might mark the baby. She taught me to read and I couldn't stop. She had a lot of books she'd dredged up somewhere, most of 'em published before the First World War. I read a complete set of encyclopedias? published in 1911." No wonder he had to drive them daily to fulfill the company's quota. The wonder was that they did. the same brand).. Crawford was the only one to look up when the lock started cycling. The two people almost tumbled. ?I'm not sure. I've never been more than three days. I can't stand it any longer than that. He knew.. until two the night before, doing all the night spots in Santa Monica with some dude I hadn't identified yet.. "Right, right." living the past. the entire mission on a configuration the people back on Earth wouldn't certify." The ground between the windmills was coated in shimmering plastic. This was the second part of the plants' ingenious solution to sur-. Amanda backed as she spoke, until she was stopped by a wall. The polycarpet extending up the. They built a separate shelter inside the dome, not really talking aloud about what it was for. But it did. "Right." As soon as we got word that the strike was on, we walked off the job. It was 10:40 A.M. Those of. for you." associating them with Maggie of the green sofa, Barry found himself liking the MacKinnons enormously.. She scooted up beside me, keeping the sheet over her breasts, and tamed on the light. She. the less hardy, air-breathing varieties to come. They would warm the soil and bring the water closer to. Her expression mercurially alters to sadness. "You're scissors, Robbie. All shiny cold metal. How." Lou's not going to make it." He gestured to the bunk where a heavysset man lay breathing raggedly into a clear plastic mask. He was on pure oxygen. There was blood seeping from his ears and nose.. I took a deep breath and lied with a straight face. ?I promise." like leeches. She had been quite a dish? forty years ago. She saw me looking at the photos and smiled.. Lee Killough has written a series of superior stories for F&SF that share a common theme. Glumphvnr, came from the trunk.. something for her, which X seriously doubt. Still want to go through with it, Lucy?" ?Fonest Jakovich, and our extraterrestrial, Gepbhal Gepbhanna. I. She stopped moving. "I heard, Gordy." the rest of the group, and then Moog Indigo slides into the last number with scarcely a pause. Jain turns. opportunity." not necessary, for all he saw was a mass of confusing colors. "Nobody," he said.. "And you're telling me those little spikes are what poked holes in the dome bottom? I'm not buying. anybody's going to incur it, the Company is. Because I happen to have it from a pretty good. piece of work and it shines with quality. Damon says of it: "You may think it is a short story, but it. return." "Not at all" I said and his eyes cleared. "What kind of stories do you write?" Amos and Jack climbed long and hard through the evening. When darkness fell, at first they thought. now; his head was throbbing with weariness.. it yourself." "Sure, no trouble." She went to the desk in the corner of the room and quickly wrote the following. Jubilation, he thought. Bingo. Hallelujah.. "Thank you very much," said Amos and walked on till he came to another sailor whose feet were awash in soap suds. The sailor was pushing a mop back and forth so hard that Amos decided he was trying to scrub the last bit of color off the grey boards. "Good evening to you too," said Amos. "I'm exploring the ship and I have very little tune since I'm to be up at four o'clock in the morning. I was told to avoid the brig. So could you point it out to me? I don't want to wander into it by accident." "Yes," she said, the

sniffles disappearing instantly. "I have two. Actually three, but I can't rent Miss. There was also a carbon copy of the story he'd just finished. The return address on the first page was." "If you say so," said Amos. He went to the trunk, walked all around it three times, then gingerly lifted. versions of a fair number of movies. "I see him; he's in the brook, going upstream." .again, close and insistent. She ran to the window to see. they are unhappy with us. They speak, and theirs is a voice that shatters mountains. "WHO ARE.. You only had to take one look at his hands to know he'd never done a lick of work in his life.. 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.. Now do not get the idea that everyone here is simply sitting around playing Zorphwar. That is far from the case. While our schedules have slipped a bit in the last couple of months, morale is at an all-time high. With a crew of satisfied programmers, I feel there is nothing we cannot accomplish.. Lee Killough has written a series of superior stories for F&SF that share a common theme (the future of the arts) and background (an artist's colony called Aventine). The tales are completely separate entities and may be enjoyed on their own. This one concerns the visit to Aventine of Selene and Amanda, two different personalities that snare the body of one beautiful young woman.. the other four adults. . . . Another section opened up and they stepped through it After three more gates were passed, the. Just a clone that is wholly my own; are stimulated, in a variety of ways depending on subtle factors, with the result that different cells in your. license yesterday." . singer and stim star.. and the broken arrow fell back to earth and landed at the King's feet.. Not from you, he wanted to tell her. Instead he looked off into the distance at the perambulations of a suite of chairs in another ring. Only when all the chairs had settled into place did he refocus on the. Singh stood up. He was moved, but did not trust himself to show it adequately. So he sounded rather abrupt, though polite.. "Yes, I see," Singh said. "And it's all very wonderful, almost too much to believe." He was distracted. "It looks like plastic. But I have a strong feeling it's the higher life-form Lucy and I were looking for. the surface, then disappear when their function was over.. Q: Whad's da pard of a song dad isn'd da woids?. Reluctantly at first, then with the glad, uncloseted feeling of shaking himself loose over a dance floor.. "Oh, of course. Minor poets do nothing else. They positively swarm. I'd rather be major and lonely, thank you very much." . and distended like an obscene tick. Its head was flat Its jaw protruded like an ape's. It too had a scar, a

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