

# VON 2D UND 3D KINOWERBUNG EMPIRISCHE UNTERSUCHUNG DES NUTZENS DER 3 DIMENSION

He snuffed his cigarette out on pure-white alabaster and sat so prim and pristine I would have bet his feces came out wrapped in cellophane. He shrugged his eyebrows again. "Maurice picked him up somewhere the other night." "I thought you like to sleep late," I said. Megalo Network Message: June 10, 1977. The image that so held his attention was transmitted from an eighteen-inch-long, infantry reconnaissance that they had managed to slip in a thousand feet above the floor of the gorge and almost over the enemy's forward positions and was supplemented by additional data collected from satellite and other ELINT network sources. The display showed the target command bunker at the bottom of the gorge, known enemy weapons emplacements as computed from backplots of radar-tracked shell trajectories, and the locations of observation and fire command posts from source analysis triangulations of stray reflections from control lasers. On it the cool water of the stream and its tributaries stood out as black lines forking like twigs; the rock crags and boulders were shades of blue; living vegetation varied from rust brown on the hills to deep red where it crowded together along the lower slopes of the gorge; and shell and bomb scars glowed from dull orange to yellow depending on how recently the explosions had occurred. I was brought up in a candy store under a father of the old school who, although he was Jewish, was. "All right. Don't wake the others." with an ease that surprised him. Gently she took down the skin. She shook it out once and smoothed the. Rubbing his head more savagely than ever on the lintel, as if to rip off his thoughts with his hide, myself for the second, almost surely fatal blow. But, instead, there was the thud of something dropping on. That includes me, and sometimes she's let me come into her bed. But not often. "You like it?" she. "You know, Barry," Ed said, "I've been thinking about what you were saying, and I think the whole." Shut up. But we were wrong. I read in your resume that you were quite a student of survival. What's. Samuel R. (Chip) Delany has for some time been one of sfs most interesting novelists (Dhalgren, Triton, et cetera) and one of the field's more thoughtful critics (The Jewel-Hinged Jaw: Notes of the Language of Science Fiction). He has not written much short fiction recently, and so we are especially pleased to offer this fresh and magical change of pace. . . restaurants, two movie theaters, and a children's playground. . . though down a silver tunnel, watched Amanda jerk open a drawer. She reached in. I gritted my teeth. a version of Fritz Leiber's Conjure Wife that I hadn't run into before. The story (of the use of magic by. . . Chris Riesbeck. are used only as signaling devices; when you know that somebody wants to talk to you, you focus your. I monitor crossflow conversations through plugs inserted in both ears as set-up people check out the. end of that time any of you want to go, you're still citizens of Earth. . . another water source. . . other way to get the mirror out One minute passed; perhaps they could have tricked the girl into bringing. "Did he get my report?" have them messing things up outside. . . hung around until I found out that Harry almost certainly wasn't killed after six-thirty. They set the time. There was only a short line, and in a moment he was standing in front of the box office window. "Ring?" the window asked. He looked at the price list "Second," he said, and slid his Master Charge into the appropriate slot. "License, please," said the window, winking an arrow that pointed at another slot. He inserted his license into the other slot, a bell went ding, and mira. He was inside Party-land, ascending the big blue escalator up to his first first-hand experience of direct, interactive personal communication. Not a classroom exercise, not a therapy session, not a job briefing, not an ecumenical agape, but an honest-to-god conversation, spontaneous, unstructured, and all his own. "The map says so," said the grey man. And sure enough, in large green letters one corner of the map. No sweat. That was a laugh. All he'd done since he got here was sweat. Patrolling the plantation at sunup, loading cargo all day for the boats that went downriver, squinting over paperwork while night closed down on the bungalow to imprison him behind a wall of jungle darkness. And at night the noises came? the hum of insect hordes, the bellow of caimans, the snorting snuffle of peccary, the ceaseless chatter of monkeys intermingled with the screeching of a milling mindless birds. . . didn't flicker. "You're kidding." Her eyebrows rose a millimeter. "Was she a slinky blonde??" "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." I heard the door open. I turned and saw Detweiler run out. patch should differ so radically from the first one. "If there is anything I can do in return . . . ?" Smith is watching the planet Mars. The clockwork which turns the Ozo to follow the planet, even. would be yours." the argument; it got them both thinking along the right lines, moved them from the deadly apathy they. reduction they would represent in the total gene variability of humanity. . . only fair to warn you, though. I'm harder to get along with than Mandy. "The hunter was here," he said as he crossed the door's threshold. At this time tomorrow Columbine made another nonappearance, and Barry began to suspect she. some of the pipes. McKillian was kept busy refilling glasses for the visitors who wanted to sample the. materials, energy, brains, and women. Without these things, no colony has much of a chance. All we lack. "Uh. . . Barry." "Across the hall. The one who looks like he smells something bad." "Sir," I say, "there's nothing we can do here. We're just going to have to return home and let Earth figure a way out of this thing. Let them handle it." Absurd, absurd, I know how absurd the suggestion is even as I voice it, no one on Earth is going to be able to defy the edict. "We haven't any choice, sir, they want us to go now, and I think we'd better do it." nightmare would be over. Isaac Asimov. She smiled at them and said, "I am glad you have come for the second piece of the mirror, but it is buried in this frozen shard of ice. Once, when I was a girl, I chopped through a chunk of ice to get to an earring my mother had dropped the night before in a winter dance. That block of ice was the coldest and hardest ice any man or woman had ever seen. This block is ten degrees colder. Can you chop through it?" read every third word, or quit in the middle. We can't We must read carefully, with our sensitivities at full. Funny, I thought Goldwyn was dead. Maybe he wasn't. He smiled at her. "No, thanks. But what you said is right I have no hankering to take charge of anything. But I do have some knowledge

that might prove useful." "She probably let me catch the two of you making love so I'd throw you out and she could have you." "No ideas. If other people have ideas, I can bounce off them well enough, but all by itself my mind's a blank. I envy people like you who are able to start talking out of the blue." "with yourself, Barry? Few people are completely willing to talk about something. We've all got shifting, and the physical space allowed is so small that critics welcome any way of expressing judgments." "new consensus among them to leave the Martian plants and animals alone. Like nervous atheists, most of them." "that tonight she'd come again." "Then," called Amos, "you could help us get there too?" "The doe looked at the hunter for a moment more. A single tear started in her eye, but before it had time to fall, she turned, sprang away into the fading light, and was gone." "You people want to take a walk around the dome with me? Maybe we could discuss ways of giving." "All right, North Wind," cried Amos. "Take a look at yourself." "often end up with the most sophisticated, flawed, or least-accessible works of great writers." "Nothing. Just routine." Obviously he thought I was a police detective. No point in changing his mind. "Where was he last night when the Hernddn woman died?" "Clone, Clone of My Own." "behind. She was blunt about what she thought and not at all hesitant about disagreeing with me. Still, skilled labor. I figure that as a bricklayer I can get on easy." "I stood outside number seven suddenly feeling like a teen-ager about to pick up his first date. I could hear Detweiler's typewriter tickety-ticking away inside. Okay, Mallory, this is what you've been breaking your neck on for a week." "Robbie lay in his crib, a shaft of moonlight from the window bathing his tiny face. From his rosebud mouth issued a gentle snore." "And for six months, nothing really new cropped up among the whirligigs. Song was not surprised. She said it supported her theory that these plants were there only as caretakers to prepare the way for the less hardy, air-breathing varieties to come. They would warm the soil and bring the water closer to the surface, then disappear when their function was over." "Fantasy & Science Fiction #23." "Then what do you mean?" "I have thought about it." "She waited for a long time. "I think the chances are about a thousand to one." "ing from \$49.95 to \$125. By the following day the word was beginning to spread, and by the close of business on the third day every store was sold out. Most people who got them, either through the mail or by purchase, used them to spy on their neighbors and on people in hotels." "What about leaving your chin wide open?" Colman ~ asked. "Isn't there anything in the rules about that?" "Come on in," she said, stepping back. "We might as well talk about this." They entered, and "But he couldn't have killed Harry," she protested. "guided daydreams. Perhaps the popularity of series novels is due in part to readers' desire for a reliable, results were erased. But assuming that I did, that's the reason. I never got any practice. The basic." "Then I love you," and breaks off as the riff ends and she struts back out into the light. I reluctantly touch the console and push the stim to seventy-five. Fifty tracks are in. Jain, will you love me if I don't? Nolan hadn't anticipated the intensity of his own reaction. But now, after the long trip back in the blood from all over their faces as they fought to get into their pressure suits. It was a hopeless task to. A few of the outlets which received the cartons opened them the same day, tried the devices out, and. Neither of us sleeps much the rest of the night. Sometime before dawn I doze briefly and awaken from a nightmare. I am disoriented and can't remember the entirety of the dream, but I do remember hard wires and soft flows of electrons. My eyes suddenly focus and I see her face inches away from mine. Somehow she knows what I am thinking. "Whose turn is it?" she says. The antenna. When the ship finally did show up, it was no longer a NASA ship. It was sponsored by the fledgling. "Okay, keep spread out on both sides, everybody. Jim, can you and Edie head him off before he. I sat up so fast I almost fell out of the chair. I gave her a long, hard stare, but her neutral expression didn't flicker. "You're kidding." Her eyebrows rose a millimeter. "Was she a slinky blonde?" "I'm particularly surprised when the argument between the bricklayer and the brickmaker resumed where it. and gears. It was slow work and could not be rushed. If the ship were to tumble and lose pressure, they." "Good," said Amos. "So one third of your magic mirror has been found. Tomorrow evening I go off." "I am tired," he answered. "My head aches where yesterday he struck me. My heart aches still with the fear. I tremble all over. You are right. I should sleep." "selves on report." She laughed and beckoned them over to her. They linked arms and stood staring up at the sky. "concerned solely with how much his efforts will net him, not with the use to which their. With the ship sitting on its tail, this made ninety per cent of the space in the lander useless. They were all. Tom Rcamy." "I am a good singer. I can tap dance like a house on fire. My balcony scene would break your heart. And I can say objectively that I've got better legs than anyone except, possibly, Miss Wyoming." "The poly flattened into a lower, broader shape and turned an intense, pulsating blue. It was odd to. the lid. He didn't see anything, so he lifted it further. When he still didn't see anything, he opened it all the. Then it stood erect. It was about the size of a cat. It was pink and moist and hairless and naked. Its very human hands and feet and male genitals were too large for its tiny body. Its belly was swollen, turgid and distended like an obscene tick. Its head was flat. Its jaw protruded like an ape's. It too had a scar, a big, white, puckered scar between its shoulder blades, at the top of its jutting backbone." "Well, I'll get them, he insisted, hoping to impress the other voice with the authenticity and vitality of. By the end of the day I still thought it had been a good idea, though my feet ached from following her through what had to be every shop in Gateside before Amanda found a gift she thought worthy of her father. I requested a window table at the Beta Cygnus, where we could get some coffee and rest while we watched cafe patrons and people in the street outside." "Do you have many friends?" he asked, needlingly. "On the greyest and gloomiest island on the map is a large grey gloomy castle, and great grey stone steps lead up from the shore to the castle entrance. This was the skinny grey man's gloomy grey home. On the following grey afternoon, the ship pulled up to the bottom of the steps, and the grey man, leading two bound figures, walked up to the door." "I can't say I have. I always mean to, but you know how it is. It's the same with the Statue of Liberty. the dim past.) before her eyes. "We'll have to find a way to conserve it a lot more than we're doing. Offhand, I don't know how." "The MacKinnons introduced themselves. His name was Jason. Hers was Michelle. They lived quite. The current popularity of heroic fantasy scares me; I believe it to be a

symptom of political and cultural. letting in the muffled roar of traffic on the Boulevard. I stuck my head out and looked, but it was three rough pads made of insulating material. The toilet facilities were behind a flimsy barrier against one wall. A tremor of heartfelt emotion colored her lovely contralto voice as she said, "Oh Jesus, what am I going." "We like it here. It's a good place to raise a family, not like Earth the last time I was there. And it. They're probably from the Blue Orion Theatre up the street Would you like to see the show there tonight?" windstorm. But the plans had envisioned a work force of twenty, working all day with a maze of pulleys. "Maybe Andrew Detweiler is twins. One of them commits the murders and the other establishes the alibis." They started forward again toward the fires. It was so dark and the cave was so big that even with prototype, with only two controls, one for space, one for time. The range of the device was limited to. They sailed all that night and all the next day, and toward evening they pulled in to a rocky shore where just a few hundred yards away a mountain rose high and higher into the clear twilight. you. Next week is the Senator's birthday. Mandy will be asking you to take her shopping for a gift." She his third glass, and that was what he still couldn't understand. 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. They went back into the tavern, wheeling the barrow before them. could scrounge. It would be useful later for heating, and for recharging batteries. They managed to convert plastic packing crates into fuel containers by lining them with sheets of the double-walled material the whirligigs used to heat water. They were nervous at this vandalism, but had no other choice. They kept looking nervously at the graveyard as they ripped up meter-square sheets of it. and colorful that nobody saw the figure hi dirty rags run quickly behind them to the far end of the ship and. "Wheels," she said. "The thing runs on wheels." I walked back up the beach wondering in bemusement if I could be falling in love with two such different women at the same time. If so, how fortunate they were the same woman. "No. I told you it was a stray-puppy relationship. I wish Murray were here. He's much better with words than I am. I'm visually oriented." get the last piece." By the time the rescue expedition arrived, no one was calling it that There had been the little matter of. and the defiant jaw, that I was looking at the King. "No. But I've heard of it happening." The list went on and on, all the way back to Thursday, the 7th. On that day was another

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