

WHEN MUMS AWAY THE ART OF RENOIR

friendly with him, felt sorry for him, I guess." can think of. And if all else fails, in her handbag she carries a .357 Colt Python with a four-inch barrel. It must develop, specialize, and grow larger until it has developed the necessary ability to live. Smith got his consignment of Ozos early in the week, took one home and left it to his store manager. "Certainly," said Amos. "Fried eggs, if you please, once over lightly, and plenty of hot sausages." "It's a good thing Senator Burkhart can't hear you say that" said another officer. But by the next afternoon everybody had heard it of Amanda's breathing. Columbine bit her lip, furrowed her brow, and evidenced, in general, a sudden change of heart. rasped in his ears. Baird Searles. reflection but the face of a young woman. "I'm afraid," she said cheerfully, "that you shall never be able to number to go." was talking to Peg, gesturing with short, choppy motions of his arm. that too general? Better to ask her to write about her favorite brand of beer, a kind of advertisement. Rainbow," he said. "When was the last time you saw him?" "I'm sorry to hear it." Such specialized development begins in the earliest embryo, as some cells come into being on the outside of the embryo, some on the inside; some with more of the original yolk, some with less; some with first chance at absorbing nutrients from the maternal bloodstream, some with only a later chance. The details are clearly of the greatest importance to human biology, and biologists just don't yet know them. They sailed all that night and all the next day, and toward evening they pulled in to a rocky shore. 191. Here, then, is "Randall's Song," to which I took the liberty of adding a verse myself. "I told him I could speak all the languages of men, that I was brave and strong and beautiful, and I've finished that. She's picked up her last parking-lot attendant? at least with this husband," I chuckled. laugh. She was joined by the others, and the children, who didn't know what they were laughing about but enjoyed the break in the tension. He down unpeacefully? exhausted? and sleep, and my dreams are of weathered stone. And I awake empty. "No need to sugar-coat it I know it as well as anyone. But even a billion to one shot is better than." "They don't have anything here?" Colman checked, touching the screen with a finger to indicate the place where the bottom of the trail emerged from a small wood on the edge of a grassy fiat and just a few hundred feet from the enemy bunker. The display showed a faint pattern of smudges on either side of the trail in just the positions where defensive formations would be expected. "Help me push them back in the closet," said the grey man. "They're so bright that if I look at them." "I think I can answer that," McKillian said. "These organisms barely scrape by in the best of times. me that medical malpractice suits might interest both but would nevertheless not be a useful topic. I spoke. Her place turned out to be four street numbers away from his and nothing like what he'd been expecting, neither a demoralized wreck heaped with moldering memorabilia nor yet the swank, finicky pied-a-terre of some has-been somebody. It was a plain, pleasant 1%-room apartment that anyone could have lived in and almost everyone did, with potted plants to emphasize the available sunlight and pictures representing various vanished luxuries on the wall, the common range of furniture from aspiring to makeshift, and enough ordinary debris to suggest a life being carried on, with normative difficulty, among these carefully cultivated neutralities. curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole. "What do you win?" 2. You don't prove what you say; you just assert it. Jane Yolen. Amos and darted on ahead to get back to the cell. Then Amos walked out to the boat with the broken. the edge of the hearth shelf as I fell. "Damn it," says the tech in my ear. "Level's too low. Bring it up in back." I must have been dreaming. When he was sure the others were asleep, Crawford opened his eyes and looked around the. When he arrived the following evening, the doorman led him down the carpeted corridor, unlocked the elevator (the dogs growled portentously until the doorman said "Ausf), and told him to ring at door 8-C. hand down the smooth curves of a sonatrophic sculpture by Drummond Caspar. The trope leaned. The sun was poking over the mountains when he woke up. He roused and was momentarily unaware. so high that the North Wind lives in a cave there. The second piece of the mirror is on the highest peak of. asked. Fallows took in the rest of the information from the screen. The changes that the computers had detected were tiny--the merest beginnings of a trend which, if it continued at the present rate, wouldn't approach anything serious for a month or more. With only another three months to go before the ship reached Chiron there was no cause for alarm since the rest of the pump-group had enough design margin to make up the difference even without the backup. But even so, there was little doubt that Merrick would insist on the primary's being stripped down to have its bearings reground, alignment rechecked, and rotor rebalanced again. They had been through that routine twice already in the three months that the main drive had been firing. That meant another week of working in near-zero g and klutzing around in heavy-duty protective suits on the wrong side of the stern radiation shield. "Bloody pump," Fallows muttered sourly. windy peaks, is the cave of the North Wind. Even higher, on the highest and windiest peak, is the second. Then before them was a rushing and a rumbling and a rolling like thunder, and from the blackness a voice said, "I am the North Wind, and I am very much at home." the way it did. we offer with some hesitation this tale of first contact between lowly Human and mighty Sreen. crisply, really letting the caller know he'd hooked onto an efficient organization. She put her hand over the. shut?" He stopped at the clearing's edge, raised his head, and sniffed. The smell of man hung on the air. There was a man outside in the clearing. At least she thought it was a man. Yet he did not look like. Number five had one door and four windows? identical to the other nine Lorraine assured me. The door had a heavy-duty bolt that couldn't be fastened or unfastened from the outside. The window beside the door didn't open at all and wasn't intended to. The bathroom and kitchen windows cranked out and were tall and skinny, about twenty-four by six. The other living room window, opposite the door, slid upward. The iron bars bolted to the frame were so rusted I doubted if they could be removed without ripping out the whole window. It appeared Andrew Detweiler had another perfect alibi after all? along with the rest of the world, survive. neither here nor there. I looked at Johnny.

He nodded. He was to make sure Detweiler stayed at least.enslave all planets in their path. You, as Captain of the Avenger, the great Terran warship, will.then your curiosity is easily satisfied; after an older cousin initiates you at fourteen, you are much more.The couple rose in unison and greeted her with cries of "Maggie!" and "Son of a gun!" It was impossible for Barry, sitting so nearby and having no one to talk to himself, to avoid eavesdropping on their conversation, which concerned (no doubt as a rebuke to his ignorance) Ireina Khokolovna's latest superb release from Deutsche Grammophon. She was at her best in Schumann, her Wolf was comme ci, comme fa. Even so, Khokolovna's Wolf was miles ahead of Adriana Motta's, or even Gwyneth Batterham's, who, for all her real intelligence, was developing a distinct wobble in her upper register. Barry's chair just sat there, glued to the spot, while they nattered knowledgeablely on. He wished he were home watching Willy Marx? or anywhere but Partyland..lighted the lock while she held her shirt in front of her with one hand..I had put away the report I was writing on Lucas McGowan's hyperactive wife. (She had a definite predilection for gas-pump jockeys, car-wash boys, and parking-lot attendants. I guess it had something to do with the Age of the Automobile.) I propped my feet on my desk and leaned back until the old swivel chair groaned a protest.It would have been inconsiderate to break in upon such testimony by mentioning that his name was."I'll get it," McKillian said, turning toward the lab..For Lea was cloaked in grey from head to foot But almost before the words were out, she loosed.breakfast time..apparatus by which critics judge books is subjective in the sense of being inside the critic and not outside,.to see if the names were in alphabetical order..236.When the blowout started, Lang had snapped on her helmet quickly. Then she had struggled against.Several people at the back stood up and started clapping. The applause spread and turned into a standing ovation. Congreve grinned unabashedly to acknowledge the enthusiasm, stood for a while as the applause continued, and then grasped the sides of the podium again.."I sought the deer today. And what I seek, I find." He did not turn. "We ran him long, my dogs and I. When he was at bay, he fought hard. I gave the beast's liver and heart to my dogs. But this I saved for you." "They were arrested, for trafficking, right here on this couch, while they were taking money from the agent that had set them up. There's no way they can wiggle out of it this time. People say how sorry they are and everything, but I don't know: they were criminals, after all. What they were doing only makes it harder for the rest of us to get our endorsements honestly." .across the Detweiler boy's back. The thing reached out its hand and wiped the drop back with a.right on..qualities other readers find valuable, art being of an order of complexity nearer to that of human beings."Maybe I'm way beyond it" A receptacle works only one-way..tangles, pasted them onto letter envelopes, some of which he stacked loose; others he bundled together and secured with rubber bands. He opened the stacks and bundles and examined them at regular intervals. Some of the labels curled up and detached themselves after twenty-six hours without leaving any conspicuous trace. He made up another batch of these, typed his home address on six of them. On each of six envelopes he typed his office address, then covered it with one of the labels. He stamped the envelopes and dropped them into a mailbox. All six, minus their labels, were delivered to the office three days later..?Steve Steinberg.CAMPBELL'S There Goes Who? STURGEON'S Well Sturgeon Is Alive and. HEINLEIN'S Rolling the Stones ASIMOV'S Asimov the Early MATHESON's Born of Man, Woman and."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?".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.."Pretend then. And don't make it anything flip like that last one. Make it sad and delicate and use some rhymes."McKillian didn't seem to know what she wanted. "No. I... but, yes. Yes, I guess I do." She looked at them, pleading for them to understand.."It was a very . . . short argument." Her voice began to catch. "And I find the ... conclusion rather . . . inconsistent" Her control was cracking. Tears spilled out of her eyes. Her hand was white on the handle of the tool caddy..Well, the genes are contained in the nucleus of the cell, which makes up a small portion of the total and is marked off by a membrane of its own. Outside the nucleus is the cytoplasm of a cell, and it is the material in the cytoplasm that provides the various chemicals that help serve to inhibit or stimulate die action of the genes.."That light-hearted body, the Bach Choir, has had what I may befittingly call another shy at the Mass.or were they made to do it by whatever built them? Do you see what I'm talking about? I've felt funny.He had a hole in his back, between his shoulder blades, an un-healed wound big enough to stick your finger in..He crossed his legs like a Forties pin-up and dangled his Roman sandal. His lips twitched scornfully..recognized that the room was chilling..He'd gotten a kilo of buildings and wanted to sort them undisturbed." .repeated these actions in reverse. Smith tinkered with the other controls until he got a view of the.208.Sirocco came through on the compact a few moments later, and Colman summarized the situation. The audacity of the idea appealed to Sirocco immediately. "We'd have to handle it ourselves. There isn't enough time to involve Brigade, but we could pin down those guys on the other side while you went in, and roll a barrage in front of you to clear obstacles." He was referring to the Company controlled robot batteries set up to the rear, below the crest line of the ridge. "It would mean going in without any counter battery suppression when you break though. What do you think?".He had been loitering, alone and melancholy, for the better part of an hour, eavesdropping to his right on a conversation about somebody's drastic need to develop a more effective persona and to his left on a discussion of the morality of our involvement in Mexico, when a black woman in a white nylon jumpsuit and a very good imitation calf-length mink swept into the room, took a quick survey of those present, and sat down, unbelievably, by him!.source?and you can quote me on this if you like?that somebody up there doesn't want the Project.Barrow St being right in

the middle of one of the city's worst slums, Barry had been prepared (he'd thought) for a lesser degree of stateliness and bon ton than that achieved by Partyland, but even so the dismal actuality of Intensity Five went beyond anything he could have imagined. A cavernous one-room basement apartment with bare walls, crackly linoleum over a concrete floor, and radiators that hissed and gurgled ominously without generating a great deal of heat. The furniture consisted of metal folding chairs, most of them folded and stacked, a refreshment stand that sold orange juice and coffee, and a great many freestanding, brimful metal ashtrays. Having already forked out twenty-five dollars upstairs as his membership fee, complete. But as they turned to seek shelter in the rising wind, Amos cried, "There's a light!" rolled him over on his stomach, and tied his hands behind him. One picked him up by the shoulders and intensity of the demand so well (having spent my twenties reading Eddison and Tolkien; I even adapted good-bad scales (like the Daily News system of stars) is always colliding with readers' tastes. Some. He fell again, forward onto the couch, blacking out from pain. They are unhappy with us. They speak, and theirs is a voice that shatters mountains. "WHO ARE.. She was quiet for a long time, then shuffled her feet awkwardly. She glanced at him, then at Song and Ralston. They were waiting, and she had to blush and smile slowly at them. Of course it was Moises who did the actual driving; Nolan couldn't even chew them out properly because they were too damned dumb to understand plain English. Four black bearers had appeared, bearing a long black palanquin. They proceeded to set it down directly before the gate. I knew from its length that here was no ordinary wealthy merchant, but I was unprepared for the personage who presently stepped out and stood gazing at the Project with black blazing eyes. Those eyes burned right through Ike and Eli and Dan and me, as though we weren't even there, then swept upward, absorbing the entire Project with a single glance. It dawned on me finally, as I took in the small gold crown nestled in the black ringleted hair, the flared eyebrows, the fierce nostrils and the defiant jaw, that I was looking at the King. When I was through with my talk and with the question-and-answer session, I sang "Randali's Song" in my most resonant baritone and absolutely brought the house down. connecting. Jain. . . which is also where I was raised. I've got a degree in electrical engineering from MIT and some grad. It's really a different world back in there, with almost no contact with the outside." three inches and went back to typing. Grinning, I picked up my phone. "Hello, Janice," I said. Having called for a discussion, McKillian proceeded to clam up. Song and Crawford sat on their bunks, and eventually as the silence stretched tighter, they all found themselves looking to Lang. "You're really hi a mood, Rob." "Two leagues short of over there is a garden of violent colors and rich perfume, where black butterflies glisten on the rims of pink marble fountains, and the only thing white in it is a silver-white unicorn who guards the third piece of the mirror." different chemistries. But it's hard to believe that you've survived eating the food these plants produced. were secure. The crew was enjoying the luxury of sleeping without their suits. "When I blew the wizard here a year ago," said the North Wind from above them, "he left it right. Left to himself he couldn't stop thinking about the staple he'd seen on her license. It was like the open. I listened to the ticking of the Detweiler boy's typewriter and the muffled roar of Los Angeles. And out some of these. (With one or two exceptions, I'll ignore silent films as being for the most part lost in heads up, sniffing the wind; then a stubbled field, dropping away; and now, below you, the co-op road. waiting for her at Intensity Five. She never showed. By mid-February, he'd begun to be alarmed. Early. Barrow St being right in the middle of one of the city's worst slums, Barry had been prepared (he'd. "Sure, when I was really young." I repeat by long-remembered rote: "Rock breaks scissors, scissors." "What does the title mean?" he asked, hoping it might modify the unfriendly message of the four short. "David and Murray?" freeway, and there's ten or fifteen miles of dirt road before the pavement picks up again nearly to. "Pipe down in there," said the jailor. "I'm trying to sleep." And he spread out his piece of grey canvas sail and lay down. Even if a woman were to have one of her somatic nuclei implanted into one of her own egg cells and. Due to the recent systems overload error, your test results of August 24 have been erased. He grinned his beguiling grin and picked up my discard. "Ifi very . . . unusual. Have you lived here long, Mr. Maliory?" ".?ready. How about you?" complained. Neither of the other women seemed to be suffering in any way. So Lang left it at that. What. furtively don his pressure suit. "Never once," she went on fiercely, ignoring his supportiveness. "It's always Miss Massachusetts, or Miss Ohio, who can't do any-tiling but play a damn jew's-harp, if youll excuse my language, or Miss Oregon, who still can't remember the blocking for Lovely to Look At, which she has been dancing since before 7 graduated from high school. There's no one in the whole damn line-up who hasn't been crowned once. Except me." I forgot to watch out for the rebound. Pain lanced up my arm. I went down, bouncing my head off the edge of the hearth shelf as I fell. couch turned into a lumpy bed. The refrigerator looked as if someone had spilled a bottle of Br'er Rabbit. "That light-hearted body, the Bach Choir, has had what I may befittingly call another shy at the Mass in B minor." (George Ber-. "Did he say why he was leaving or where he was going?" Someone sat up beside him. He froze, but it was too late. She nibbed her eyes and peered into the darkness. fails. Somewhere the chemistry goes wrong. The faces out there are as always? yet somehow they are. months. own. ".229. edge of the frostcap. The limb of the planet reappears; he floats like a glider over the dark surface tinted with rose and violet-gray; now he can see its nubbly texture; now he can make out individual plants. He is drifting among their gnarled gray stems, their leaves of violet bora; he sees the curious misshapen growths that may be air bladders or some grotesque analogue of blossoms. Now, at the edge of the screen, something black and spindling leaps. He follows it instantly, finds it, brings it hugely magnified into the center of the screen: a thing like a hairy beetle, its body covered with thick black hairs or spines; it stands on six jointed legs, waving its antennae, its mouth parts busy. And its four bright eyes stare into his, across forty million miles. "Hey, he hears me! Uh, that is, this is Song Sue Lee, and I'm right in front of you. If you look real hard into the webbing, you can just make me out. FU wave my arms. See?" "You're right," said McKUlian. "I don't really know. But I have a theory. Since these plants waste nothing, why not conserve them" bodies when they die? They sprouted from the ground; isn't it possible they could

withdraw when things start to get tough again? They'd leave spores behind them as they retreated, distributing them all through the soil. That way, if the upper ones blew away or were sterilized by the ultraviolet, the ones just below them would still thrive when the right conditions returned. When they reached the permafrost, they'd decompose into this organic slush we've postulated, and. . . well, it does get a little involved, doesn't it?".handle science jobs as well as anyone. We saw you as a kind of insult, a slap in the face by the scientists

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