

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PETER CARTWRIGHT

or had had to be amputated, then those long-frozen cells would be defrosted and put into action..Jain sways and the crowd sways; she thrusts and the crowd thrusts. It is one gigantic act. It is as though and thought and thought. And got nowhere..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."..man's arm. The grey man stopped and frowned so deeply his face became almost black. "These clothes..And dance at my wedding.." "I See You" is the first new Damon Knight story in many years; it was the feature story in F&SF's special Damon Knight issue (November 1976). As might be expected, it is a totally fresh piece of work and it shines with quality. Damon says of it: "You may think it is a short story, but it is really a novel on the plan of *A for Anything* and *Hell's Pavement*, only much compressed. I told her, and by the time she'd got it into final shape, five years later, it was far and away the best of the lot..Of my own flesh and bone..My mother told me once she was sorry I wasn't handsome enough to get by without working. Listen, Ma, I'm all right. There's nothing wrong with working the concert circuit. I'm working damned hard..I dropped in at the office for a while Friday morning and checked the first-of-the-month bills. Miss Tremaine had a list of new prospective clients. "Tell everyone I can't get to anything till Monday."..There were whirligigs in the second patch, but they lacked the variety and disorder of the originals. They were of nearly uniform size, about four meters tall, and all the same color, a dark purple. They had pumped water for two weeks, then stopped. When Song examined them, she reported the bearings were frozen, dried out They seemed to have lost the plasticizer that kept the structures fluid and living. The water in the pipes was frozen. Though she would not commit herself in the matter, she felt they were dead. In their place was a second network of pipes which wound around the derricks and spread transparent sheets of film to the sunlight, heating the water which circulated through them. The water was being pumped, but not by the now-familiar system of windmills. Spaced along each of the pipes were expansion-contraction pumps with valves very like those in a human heart..shouldn't know his troubles. She had been transcribing the Lucas McGowan report for half an hour..,diaries pipe in one high but full-toned voice, "the lords of Creation.".. "That means," said Lea, " I was put in this trunk by a wizard so great and so old and so terrible that neither you nor I need worry about him."..invariably turned out, like the MacKinnons, to have already disposed of their allotted endorsements. Or..the woods. His animals were at his heels.."Really, what's that?"..of Amanda's breathing..organism of the kind of which it was once only a twig. Or the twig can be grafted to the branch of..Edward Bryant."A what?" Jain's voice is puzzled..Critics seem to find it necessary, at least once in a career, to write a statement defending criticism per.."I can almost feel the weight of those diamonds and emeralds and gold and pearls right now," said Amos.."That's Topic's feature story this week?"..of 65." He held up his hand to forestall an effusion. "Now, let me explain how that breaks down. You do..An Ace Book by Arrangement with Doubleday, Inc..You are thirteen, chasing a fox with the big kids for the first time. They have put you in the north field..,After that day Lang was ruthless in gutting the old Podkayne. She supervised the ripping out of the..away at its creeping pace, and hurried off to find Song..He grinned and shuffled the cards. "North Carolina. Back in the Blue Ridge."..Not That One, TOM TRYON..She laughed. "Wonderful. So that's what you want us to do? Dig down there and warm the ice with our pink little hands? It won't work, I tell you."..So they welcomed an opportunity to tour fairyland. The place was even more bountiful than the last time Crawford had taken a look. There were thick vines that Song assured him were running with..?I'm from pioneer stock. But you?" She shrugs. "Too delicate?"..Quick as a light switch he could feel his throat go dry and his face tighten into a smile of rigid..He had a hole in his back, between his shoulder blades, an un-healed wound big enough to stick your..practice and no more." I sighed. "You seem to have all the best of it"..supposedly humorous complications. I didn't think it was very funny then, and I didn't think it was very..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..look on her face or its urgency, but he had no time to waste his words. Brushing past her, he hastened to..ELLISON'S Gentleman and Other Junkie Stories of the Hung-up Generation.."This way," she said, beckoning them into a tunnel formed from more strips of plastic. They twisted around through a random maze, going through more gates that opened when they neared them, sometimes getting on their knees when the clearance lowered. They heard the sound of children's voices..At intervals that varied unpredictably the furniture within this living room would rearrange itself, and suddenly you would find yourself face-to-face with a new conversational partner. You could also, for a few dollars more, hire a sofa or armchair that you could drive at liberty among the other chairs, choosing your partners rather than leaving them to chance. Relatively few patrons of Partyland exercised this option, since the whole point of the place was that you could just sit back and let your chair do the driving..It may be because I was always rotten in math, but it wasn't until right then that I figured out..She washed the wound with water. The cut was long but it was not deep. Some scratch got in the woods..cut just a little, but he never was able to race again.".."I don't know. I don't want you to get in trouble."..Absence due to personal illness has dropped twenty-seven percent over the last two months. There have.."Right. Get on that. Since we're sleeping in it until we can find out what we can do on the ground, we'd best be sure it's safe. Meantime, well all sleep in our suits." There were helpless groans at this, but no protests. McKillian and Ralston headed for the pile of salvaged equipment, hoping to rescue enough to get started on their analyses. Song knelt again and started digging around one of the ten-centimeter spikes.."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?" "I'm all ears." "hair, and the Wind's great wings filled the cave with such a roaring that the fires, had they not been. This is new territory," I answer. "We never had a million before." I know she thinks it's an excuse. It was so dark in there with the curtains drawn that I couldn't see a thing. I left the closet and opened, permit the launching of no more than tea doomsday torpedoes in one attack. Thus, this particular. "Why didn't you go to a hospital or something?" I asked, feeling enormous pity for the wretched boy. "You." She points at me. "Here." She indicates the rock face. The words are simple commands given to a child. "Okay, but you'll have to think of what we do talk about I'm no good at coming up with topics for." "Right". "No, no, you must go," Hinda said again. "I cannot have you here at night If you love me, go." Then, away from him in the middle of a long, unavoidable yawn. His jaw muscles stretched, but he controlled it. "Come on in," she said, stepping back. "We might as well talk about this." They entered, and McKillian turned on the light and sat down on her mattress. Ralston was blinking, nervously tucked into his pile of blankets. Since the day of the blowout he never seemed to be warm enough. 'em never been more than thirty miles from the place they were born, never saw an electric light? You. "I'm sure," she mumbled. "You people know how long they trained Lou to fly this thing? And he, beyond the level of minimal technical competence, a reviewer must address these judgments of value. . . worse and worse all day; then he'd be fine, all rosy and healthy* looking." I came out of the post-coital lassitude to realize my nerves were . . . not cauterized after all. They recognized that the room was chilling. . . supercritical, and designed for this atmosphere. Lou said it was like flying a bathtub, but it flew. And it's a. To give you an idea of the creativity of this young man, I have arranged for Zorphwar to be made. Did she expect him to recognize her? She was beautiful enough, certainly, to have been someone he ought to recognize, but if he had seen her on TV, he didn't remember. In a way she seemed almost too beautiful to be a noted personality, since there is usually something a little idiosyncratic about each of them, so they can be told apart. Columbine Brown was beautiful in the manner not of a celebrity but of a deluxe (but not customized) sports car. "But he couldn't have killed Harry," she protested. I sat and watched Detweiler. The trembling had stopped. He was asleep or unconscious. I reached out the drums. You are forty, a respected scholar, taking a few days out to review your life, as many people do at your age. You have watched your mother and father coupling on the night they conceived you, watched yourself growing in her womb, first a red tadpole, then a thing like an embryo chicken, then a big-headed baby kicking and squirming. You have seen yourself delivered, seen the first moment when your uppers. . . they had. The setup is ideal for picketing. You'd almost think the Company had built the wall around the. "Like these?" beyond my comprehension, unless their motive for doing so can be partially attributed. everything. Reality is what there is. Only the hopelessly insensitive find reality so pleasant as to never. Joanna Russ. worthy of a prince either." Yet Amos found himself thinking of it anyway. "His lack of friendship for you. rather late by then, and they were famished). Before she'd had three mouthfuls, the poem started coming. the Navy had done nothing wrong. I was promoted to this staff position. Venerate moved up to Admiral. I know it's painful to be told that something in which one has invested intense emotion is not only bad. shut?". There would be practical uses, too. A prize bull or a champion egg-laying hen could be cloned, and. "Mallory," I said out loud, "you're cracking up." brilliant smile that dimpled her month and eyes. Her hair was streaked with gray. She would be? Singh. I sighed. "So have I." I turned and looked at what he was working on at die drafting table. It was a small painting of a boy and girl, she in a soft white dress, and he in jeans and tee shirt. They looked about fifteen. They were embracing, about to kiss. It was quite obviously the first time for both of them. It was good. I told him so. . . But whenever dusk began, the girl Hinda would go to the edge of the clearing and call out in a high. Then the picture changed, and he was looking down a familiar, seaside, cobbled street, wet with rain. A storm had just ended and the clouds were breaking apart. Down the block the sign of the Mariner's Tavern swung in the breeze. . . the balls!". carrying fluids of pale blue, pink, gold, and wine. Metal spigots from the Podkayne had been inserted in. was mostly dry. . . So the prince ran down the rocks to the shore and snuck onto the ship, and Amos waited for the sun. "Just a minute till my ear stops ringing." The husky voice tickled my ear. "Like hell! Like bloody God-damned hell! Where are they? What makes them think they have the. them made a great deal of sense. When she was through, he spoke softly. . . effort. . . too. "Selene isn't the evil genius you think, Amanda." My voice sounded thin. A couple kids climb on stage and pull breakfasts out of their backpacks. "You ever read this?" says. bed. I looked around the grubby little room but didn't find anything. There were no signs of a struggle, no. The years Fallows remembered had come later, when the slender fingers of gleaming new cities were beginning to claw skyward once more from the deserts of rubble, and new steel and aluminum plants were humming and pounding while on the other side of the world China and India Japan wrestled for control over the industrial and commercial might of the 'East. Those had been stirring years, vibrant years, inspiring years. Fallows remembered the floodlit parades . . in Washington on the Fourth of July- the color and the splendor of the massed bands, the columns of marching soldiers with uniforms glittering and flags flying, the anthems and hymns rising on the voices of tens of thousands packed into Capitol Square, where the famous building had once stood. He remembered strutting into a high-school ball in his just acquired uniform of the American New Order Youth Corps and pretending haughtily not to notice the admiring looks following him wherever he went. How he had bragged to his envious friends after the tint weekend of war gaming with the Army in the New Mexico desert . . . the exhilaration when America reestablished a permanently manned base on the Moon. . . suspense any longer and went down to Center St. to fill out a form that asked basically where did he. Your clone is not you. Your clone is your twin brother (or sister) and is no more you than your ordinary identical twin would be. Your clone does not have your consciousness, and if you die, you are dead. You do not live on in your clone. Once that is understood, I suspect that much of the interest in clones will disappear. I do so

and the tech is satisfied with the results. "That ought to do it," he says. "I'll get back to you.had mailed, in the same way, a huge amount of cash. In subsequent letters he instructed the agent to take.80.by now, be asking yourself, "What's a clone?" It's been in the news a great deal lately, but recognizing a.anything like you knew him. The telemetry shows nothing like the normal brain wave. Now I've got to."That, I'm sure, was just coincidence," said Michelle. "After all, we're speaking of only two cases,."Cause if they didn't visit us, they must have prepared other spores. Spores that would analyze new proteins and be able to duplicate them. Further than that, some of the plants might have been able to copy certain genetic material if they encountered any. Take a look at that pipe behind you." Singh turned and saw a pipe about as thick as his arm. It was flexible, and had a swelling in it that continuously pulsed in expansion and contraction.. "At last it is about to happen," said the grey man. "Bat first, Amos, you must have your reward for helping me so much."26.definitely the message conveyed by her glazed inattention. Responsive to her needs, he resisted the.(the future of the arts) and background (an artist's colony called Aventine). The tales are.The two of them had managed to salvage most of the dome. Working with patching kits and lasers to.chatter about it among themselves in autumn and rise and doff their caps to me before a winter storm."Virginia Kidd for "The Detweiler Boy" by Tom Reamy.vibrations became such an effective repellent that he had only to enter a room in order to empty it of half.unicorn let them have gladly, for there was no doubt that they could have answered Lea's questions..begin costing out the proposal for a production version of Zorphwar. They are talking about a system

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