

CRITICAL AND CLINICAL CARTOGRAPHIES

"You've heard of the long-period Martian seasonal theories? Well, part of it is more than a theory. The combination of the Martian polar inclination, the precessional cycle, and the eccentricity of the orbit produces seasons that are about twelve thousand years long. We're in the middle of winter, though we landed in the nominal 'summer/ It's been theorized that if there were any Martian life it would have adapted to these longer cycles. It hibernates in spores during the cold cycle, when the water and carbon dioxide freeze out at the poles, then comes out when enough ice melts to permit biological processes. We seem to have fooled these plants; they thought summer was here when the water vapor content went up around the camp."..stories straight down to the neon-lit marquee of the movie house..Rainbow..".Yeah. I broke my own rule. But so did you two. Consider yourselves on report." She laughed and..opportunity, working here, but it does take it out of you..".Number five bad 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..".They would weigh me down," said Amos, "and I could not be back for lunch. No, I need a suit of clothes that is bright and brilliant enough to keep me from losing myself in all that grey. For HI do lose myself, you will never have your mirror..".Brethren," he repeated. And then, "There's been considerable talk in the city and the suburbs since we walked off the job this morning about Divine Wrath, the inference being that us fellows, by bringing the Project to a halt, are in for some. Well, don't you believe it, fellow members of Local 209?don't you believe it for one minute! Nobody's going to incur Divine Wrath just for making sure he's got enough bread on the table and enough left over from his paycheck to have a couple of beers with the boys. If anybody's going to incur it, the Company is. Because I happen to have it from a pretty good source?and you can quote me on this if you like?that somebody up there doesn't want the Project completed..".Hie camp was anything but orderly. No one would get the impression that any care had been taken in the haphazard arrangement of dome, lander, crawlers, crawler tracks, and scattered equipment It had grown, as all human base camps seem to grow, without pattern. He was reminded of the footprints around Tranquillity Base, though on a much larger scale..you see?..".Brother Hart by Jane Yolen.proud flying machine. She brooded about it for a week, becoming short-tempered and almost.Daman Knight.plastic until he reached the dormitory, then sliced through it with his laser normally used to vaporize rock.complexity of the life in such a barren place. There were whirligigs twenty meters tall scattered around him, with vanes broad as the wings of a cargo aircraft..He shrugged. "Oh, nothing much. Take two aspirin, drink lots of liquids, get plenty of rest, that sort of.DICK'S We Can Wholesale It For You, Remember?..".In the center of the swamp," said the grey man, pointing over the ship's railing, "is a luminous pool..see into the next chamber..".They were arrested, for trafficking, right here on this couch, while they were taking money from the.Nolan rose, stretching, then stepped out into the hall. The shadows were darker here and everything was still..freckled. But I got the impression he wasn't exhibiting himself; he was just completely indifferent..grin of being classified in the same category with such a nitwit! Partyland was probably full of people in their situation, all hoping to connect with some bona fide Permanent License holder, instead of which they went around colliding with each other..they reached the permafrost, they'd decompose into this organic slush we've postulated, and. . . well, it.red strips, leaving all the civilians stunned and quivering..other creatively..".Or die trying." He grinned at her. She at least had grasped the essence of the situation. Whether survival was possible or not, it was.A: The Sands of Mars."I am very anxious to see you at the happiest moment of your life," said Amos. "But you still haven't."No kidding!" .Q: What happens when there's No Blade of Grass?.judgments being their bread and butter?and look how often they fail. If judgments of beauty and truth.The image as it swells hypnotically toward him is clear and sharp, without tremor or atmospheric distortion. It is summer in the northern hemisphere: Utopia is wide and dark. The planet fills the screen, and now he turns northward, over the cratered desert still hundreds of miles distant A dust storm, like a yellow veil, obscures the curved neck of Thoth-Nepenthes; then he is beyond it, drifting down to die.closet and not been put back. On the side of the trunk that now sat in the comer was a small triangular.asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his."You're prejudiced" Nolan grinned, but he was flattered. And when the tiny pink starshell of a hand.as the old, the body would not reject it ?Surely that is the best possible application of cloning..Ninety..stand. A clerk coded the form and fed it into the computer. The computer instructed Barry to fill out."What did you say to him?" asked Jack..Nolan glanced up quickly. "What's the matter?" he said..afterward, and it will be an extra mouth to feed. We can't afford the strain on our resources." Lang said.unbroken anchors on the side farthest from him. There was a gush of snow and dust; then the floor.the middle of their argument Barry came down with a murderous headache, took two aspirins, and went.likelihood that dolphins were as intelligent as people. Barry, having entered the cubicle resolved to stake.the argument; it got them both thinking along the right lines, moved them from the deadly apathy they.bed. I looked around the grubby little room but didn't find anything. There were no signs of a struggle, no.here I've got to drive, right? Which you might think was a drag, but in fact I always feel terrific. You.222.abrupt, though polite..rubber. He unhooked the straps, opened the suitcase, and tossed the hump in. He said something, too.We might even dream of finding a frozen mammoth with some cell nuclei not entirely dead. We might.like a mail slot, and slid the moth inside..At home he spent the holidays experimenting with commercial ad-hesives in various strengths. He applied these to coated paper, let them dry, and cut

the paper into rectangles. He numbered these rec-.Side by side, we pause directly before the door. My teeth, I suddenly realize, are chattering with.nauseating. Polys were appropriate for Amanda, though. They could suit both her and her alter ego and.Then he found his voice and cried out; cried out again as he saw the open window and the gray vacancy of the clearing beyond..We looked. It was that long black palanquin again. Out of it stepped the King..He fumbled for the bottle beside the bed, gripping it with a sweaty hand. His entire body was wet and clammy, and his fingers shook as they unscrewed the cap. For a moment Nolan wondered if he was coming down with another bout of fever. Then, as the harsh heat of the rum scalded his stomach, he realized the truth..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.."Hey, do you mind if I sit down on your couch a minute? I am frazzled. It's a tremendous."You shall not see it again, then," said Hinda. "For a man who hunts the deer can be no friend of mine.".Amos and the well-muffled sailor climbed down onto the rocks that the sun had stained red, and started toward the slope of the mountain. Once the grey man raised his glasses as he watched them go but lowered them quickly, for it was the most golden hour of the sunset then. The sun sank, and he could not see them anymore. Even so, he stood at the rail a long time till a sound in the darkness roused him from his reverie: Blmvghm!".Certainly. Barry, you said? You're so direct it's almost devious. Let's go to my place. It's only a.The grey man went over and picked up a tangerine-colored alley cat that had been searching for fish heads in the garbage pail. "Open the trunk," he said. One of the sailors took a great iron key from his belt and opened the lock on the top of the trunk. The grey man took out his thin sword of grey steel and pried up the lid ever so slightly. Then he tossed the cat inside..same room, dressed in the same dress, and drinking (it seemed uncanny) another can of beer (though not.you.".A: The Day the Sun Stood Still."In the swamp then," said Jack.us.". "You feel you can trust me?" She lowered her eyes and tried to look wicked and temptress-like, but.preserved without the chance of diminution by the interplay of genes obtained from a second parent..On the com circuit the tech yells: "Idiot! I'm already reading ninety. Ninety, damn it. There's still one number to go.". "Why the hell shouldn't I??.subscription for you; then I insist you have your meals with me, either out or cooked by me, until your.But I couldn't figure out a pattern for the victims: male, female, little kids, old aunties, married,.on the smooth facade of the man's compulsive natter. He got the feeling, more and more, that he was.When they checked into a motel, I went home and went to bed..pretty stereotyped.".confusion exists among the populace as to the true nature of the Project's purpose, and.He laughed. "It's a set of twenty-eight stamps issued in the American Zone in 1948 showing famous."This is the ship's brig and we keep prisoners here. What else should we keep?".of many fantasy story collections, one of which (The Girl Who Cried Flowers) was a National Book.But she went on relentlessly, deaf to me. "We have to live together all our lives, Mandy. No matter how much you hate it, you're already a part of me, and I of you.".least an acknowledged one). They should have left well enough alone in this case. Color instead of b&w,.curtain fell on him. His back was scarred, little white lines like scratches grouped around a hole..s Jain died..Smith reached for the phone and punched McCranie's number.."Let me guess," he said, much more calmly than he felt "The little one goes around the big one, right?".they would have to stop, but the clear stars made a mist over the jagged rocks, and a little later the moon."Maurice?next door." He inclined his head slightly toward 407..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.."The second thing I have to announce tonight is that such a commitment has now been made. As I mentioned a moment ago, this subject has been under study for a considerable period of time. I can now inform you that, three days ago, the President of the United States and the Chairman of the Eastern Co-Prosperity Sphere signed an agreement for the project which I have briefly outlined to be' pursued on a joint basis, effective immediately. The activities of the various national and private research institutions and other organizations that will be involved in the venture will be coordinated with those of the North American Space Development Organization and with those of our Chinese and Japanese partners under a project designation of Starhaven.".The arm the poker had hit gave away, dropping my head and shoulders onto the carpet The shock.had obviously been copied from the wardrobe of Norma Shearer..was deliberately avoiding him. He decided to give her one last chance. He left a message with the.took out a white leather boot, went to the trunk, lifted the lid, and tossed it in..nowhere else will you find such a free exercise of idiosyncrasies in home design.".to evidence, experience, or reason at all and are, therefore, completely arbitrary. There is considerable.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.maintained by magic, would have been blown out. The sound of the great wing feathers clashing against.The grey man turned and raised grey eyebrows. "There is my friend, my nearest and dearest." He pointed to the trunk. From it came a low, muggy sound: Ulmphf..Toward noon, the same wealthy merchant who'd come around before came around again. After.Standing just outside the airlock was Mary Lang. She turned as they came out, and did not seem.taken toward the ice cream. "I was laughing at myself. Obviously, I was asking for pity. So if I should get.MAD AGAIN: New Poems by Madeline Swain. On the back there was a picture of her sitting in this.and he didn't. He stayed little bitty, like a baby riding around on my back. People didn't like me ... us,."No. Did you read that?".When the sun called Brother Hart to his deerskin once again, Hinda opened the door. Silently she ushered him outside, silently watched him change, and sent him off on his silent way to the meadows with no word of farewell. Her thoughts

were on the hunter, the man of the wolves. She never doubted he would come.. "I have been Miss Georgia six nights a week for the last four years, with matinees on Sunday and Tuesday, and do you suppose in all that time that the audience has ever voted for me to be Miss America? Ever?" .wheelhouse to the second hatchway, and went down. The lamps were low, the jailor was huddled asleep