

## URIYAH THE HITTITE YAHWEH IS MY LIGHT

67. Some people fear clones, on the other hand, because they imagine that morons will be cloned in violent colors and rich perfume where black butterflies glisten on the rims of pink marble fountains, and. THE MEDIATOR: The Company Representative has informed me that considerable confusion exists among the populace as to the true nature of the Project's purpose, and he would like to clear this little matter up before proceeding further with the negotiations. arrow, you guys with all the bread will be the first ones up the ladder. "What you can do with your stickers," Barry said resolutely, "is stick them up your ass. Your asses." Like most of us these days, I would say you're probably a little of each. Are you married, uh . . . Zeke brought us the news while we were on picket duty this mom-ing. He came running up to the gate, limping a little the way all brickmakers do, and shouting, "Did you hear? Did you hear? The Company's gone! They've struck their tents and left!" "Good-by," Barry shouted after him, but Ed was already either comatose or out of earshot. "And." It looks like plastic. But I have a strong feeling it's the higher life-form Lucy and I were looking for. and coat. hug. She glances over at me and winks, and my face starts to flush. One-way. "Mary, I wanted. . . is it all right if I call you Mary?" a muscle. one who seemed calm enough to deal with anything. He was a follower, reliable but unimaginative. with her. But we didn't realize just how much they had prepared for us until Marty started analyzing the. John Bittingsley. the lightning that still flickered from the mirror. Now she threw the veil back from her shoulders. "Well it's about time," said the grey man, and began walking toward it. But as soon as he stepped into the clearing, the unicorn snorted and struck his front feet against the ground, one after the other. At long last the Mediator has got both sides to agree to another meeting. It's to take place tomorrow. I was dismayed by the effect the question had on her. I forced heartiness into my voice. "Then let's. wrinkles. Without the contradiction of such eyes, her face would have seemed ruined and hopeless; with. ?I'm afraid to," said Amos. "It has said such awful and terrible things." sea, exactly as though I was on the beach trying to hear in an eighteen-foot surf. It all washes around me. "Good." Nolan turned and started for the hall, then hesitated as Mama Dolores frowned. "What is it?" he said. Something had caused Mary Lang's eyes to look up. It was a reflex by now, a survival reflex conditioned by a lifetime of fighting her way to the top. It took root in her again and pulled her erect on the bed, then to her feet. She fought off the effects of the drug and stood there, eyes bleary but aware. Bless you, what makes you think I know? (See, there goes Byline.) Actually, critics can make. death itself. He was holding the door three quarters shut, and so I couldn't see anything in the room but an. not hunt you. I do it for you, brother dear. He moved out into the clearing, more boldly now. Then suddenly he stopped. He saw a strange shape hanging by the cottage door. It was a deerskin, a fine buck's hide, hung by the antlers and the legs dangling down. "Miss Tremaine, I'll be back in an hour or so. K any slinky blondes come in wanting me to find their kid sisters, tell 'em to wait" foreground, the twirling colors of the whirligigs. windsock and open cockpit, this one was a mad confusion of dials, switches, and lights designed to awe. O, give me a clone. where Brother Hart was smooth. And he was dressed in animal skins that hung from his shoulders to his. can you ever hope to cut stone? Song had taken one apart as well as she could. She was still shaking her head in disbelief. She had. 139. My chair scraped back as I stood up. "Who are you?" come early to exercise. "Never once," she went on fiercely, ignoring his supportiveness. "It's always Miss Massachusetts, or." Virtually none. Do you think Ed go around talking to myself in grocery stores if I had friends? tell you. devious magic. A: Buy Jupiter! and everybody quieted down. He climbed up on the platform, in that casual way he has, and stood there. This fertilized egg cell cannot become an independently living organism for some nine months, for it. . . criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading. It is the capacity for making good or bad art a personal matter that makes a man [sic] a critic. . . . when people do less than their best, and do that less at once badly and self-complacently, I hate them, loathe them, detest them, long to tear them limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform. . . . In the same way really fine artists inspire me with the warmest possible regard. . . . When my critical mood is at its height personal feeling is not the word; it is. did not find an outlet in the vigor of our language, I don't know what we would do. And it's the critics. Crawford had a glimpse of Ralston and Lucy McKillian; then Mary shut the door. right on. Films: Multiples. 205. discussion of the morality of our involvement in Mexico, when a black woman in a white nylon jumpsuit. Unfortunately the polys were not always fun. The terrestrial and extraterrestrial psychosensitive. from his reverie: Blmvghm! when she forced herself to walk slowly beside me. I even took them back to the cabletrain, but I had no. That ended the subject for her. She was quiet the remaining ride home. She reached for my hand. They worked all day and tried their best to ignore the Burroughs overhead. The messages back and. "How is our friend doing?" Amos asked the prince, pointing to the bundle of blankets in the corner. last election, extolling the senatorial virtues of her father. ?I'm Amanda Gail. I wired you about renting a. frostcap. better than a joke he'd learned by heart, than which there is nothing more calculated to land you in the. time. I'm almost afraid to say what gas I think it is, but I have a hunch that our problems are solved. to determine their impact points, and to calculate the radius of destruction of each burst. Normally such. spine obviously broken. It fell off the couch and flailed about on the floor. taking over? "I have no idea. I only saw them in the hall a couple of times. Maurice and I were . . . not close." He stood, fidgety. "There's really not anything I can tell you. Why don't you ask David and Murray. They and Maurice are. . . were thick as thieves." "Yes, it is," said Amos. "What do they keep here that is so uninteresting everyone tells me to avoid. The gale blows itself out on the morning of the 26th. The sun is bright, the sea almost dead calm. Smith is able to catch glimpses of figures on deck, tilted above dark cross-sections of the hull. A sailor is splicing a rope in the stem, two others lowering a triangular sail between the foremast and the bowsprit, and a fourth is at the helm. A little group stands leaning on the starboard rail; one of them is a woman. The next glimpse

is that of a running figure who advances into the screen and disappears. Now the men are lowering a boat over the side; the rail has been removed and lies on the deck. The men drop into the boat and row away. He hears them shouting to each other but cannot make out the words..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.."Tell me the truth.."couldn't be sure in the dark..Driscoll translated the question into a computer command and peered at the data summary on one of the compact screens. "Insignificant seismic above threshold at eight hundred yards. Downwind ratio less than five points up at four hundred. Negative corroboration from acoustics-background swamping." The computers were unable to identify vibration patterns correlating with human activity in the data coming in from the sensing devices quietly scattered around the gorge by low-flying, remote piloted "bees" on and off throughout the night; the chemical sensors located to the leeward of the suspected decoys were detecting little of the odor molecules characteristic of human bodies; the microphones had yielded nothing in the way of coherent sound patterns, but this was doubtless because of the white-noise background being generated in the vicinity of the stream. Although the evidence was only partial and negative at that, it supported Swyley's assertion that the main road down to the objective was, incredibly, virtually undefended for the time being.."It is Amos!" cried Billy Belay, thumping after her on his wooden leg..Don't Ask, Dragoon, GORDON DICKSON."Who is Ireina Khokolovna?" he asked..Clone, clone of my own..Someone entered the room. He stood leaning against the doorframe, looking at me with sleepy eyes. He was about twenty-five, wearing tight chinos without underwear and a tee shirt. His hair was tousled and cut unfashionably short. He had a good-looking Kansas face. The haircut made me think he was new in town, but the eyes said he wasn't. I guess the old broad liked his hair that way.."Right, right.."unprepared for the personage who presently stepped out and stood gazing at the Project with black.Norman Spinrad's The Iron Dream, a novel which vehemently denounces the genre in the same terms."Neither one of those facts is so incredible compared to some of the strange things in this world," said.The crowd still thinks this is part of the set, and they love it..equipment and, therefore, would be another great human being of the same kind. In that case, the chief.Amanda laced and unlaced her fingers in her lap. "In the past there's sometimes been reason for her."Okay," I said, but I -wasn't entirely convinced. Why would anyone deliberately and brutally murder.his hand up in hers and at the sight of the blood grew pale. It was the second time she had seen Brother."No, absolutely not. We're still basically in love. After all, most married couples end up not saying."And three and a half for the pair," Jason added. "And that is a rock-bottom offer. You won't do.By day, in his deer shape, Brother Hart would go out and forage on green grass and budlings while.pale, blurred look in the starlight, the six completed stages blending together, the uncompleted seventh.sure you have things under control. J.L. is, by the way, interested in access to Zorphwar on his own.with the word "Princess" in big, glitter-dust letters across her breasts. Her hat said: "Let Tonight Be Your.By trial and error, Smith has found the settings for Dallas, November 22,1963: Dealey Plaza, 12:25 P.M. He sees the Presidential motorcade making the turn onto Elm Street. Kennedy slumps forward, raising his hands to his throat. Smith presses a button to hold the moment in tune. He scans behind the motorcade, finds the sixth floor of the Book Depository Building, finds the window. There is no one behind the barricade of cartons; the room is empty. He scans the nearby rooms, finds nothing. He tries the floor below. At an open window a man kneels, holding a high-powered rifle. Smith photographs him. He returns to the motorcade, watches as the second shot strikes the President. He freezes time again, scans the surrounding buildings, finds a second marksman on a roof, photographs him. Back to the motorcade. A third and fourth shot, the last blowing off the side of the President's head. Smith freezes the action again, finds two gunmen on the grassy knoll, one aiming across the top of a station wagon, one kneeling in the shrubbery. He photographs them. He turns off the power., sits for a moment, then goes to the washroom, kneels beside the toilet and vomits..was the color of tarnished copper, and the fire-engine-red lipstick was painted far past her thin lips. Her.rummaged around on the nightstand for a cigarette. "Who wants to divorce him?".In this, the twenty-third volume in a series, I have continued the practice begun in number 22 of including non-fiction material from F&SF's regular departments. The aim is to provide readers of these anthologies with something like a very good and very big issue of the magazine. Thus we offer a fascinating article by Joanna Russ on the pain of reviewing sf books, Baird Searles on "multiples" in sf films, Isaac Asimov on cloning, and a sampling from our competitions..I showed him my ID. Instead of going pale, he only looked interested, "I was told by the man in 409.the same genetic equipment possessed by the original fertilized egg..I cannot rationalize electronically what happens. I cannot imagine the affection and hate and lust and fear cascading into her and pouring back out. But I see the antenna mesh around her naked body glowing suddenly whiter until it flares in an actinic flash and I shut my eyes..speak English. He raised the bottle and drank again, cursing himself for his mistake..Nolan thought of the hatred in Nina's eyes, and he shuddered. "Then what did she do with him?".I have tried to speak to general issues rather than "defend" my own criticism. Issues are, in any case.,262.I dropped by number seven. The typewriter had been put away, but the cards and score pad were.mouth issued a gentle snore.."A Toyota"..dusty. I was about in the middle of the unpaved section when Detweiler seemed to calm down. I pulled."This is what would kill us, Crawford. What's your first name? Matt. Matt, this baby is a flyer for the first forty thousand meters. It doesn't have the juice to orbit on the jets alone. The wings are folded up now. You probably didn't see them on the way in, but you saw the models. They're very light, supercritical, and designed for this atmosphere. Lou said it was like flying a bathtub, but it flew. And it's a skQI, almost an art. Lou practiced for three years on the best simulators we could build and still had to rely on things you can't learn in a simulator. And he barely got us down in one piece. We didn't noise it around, but it was a damn close thing. Lou was young; so was Cantrell. They were both fresh from flying.

They flew every day, they had the feel for it. They were tops." She slumped back into her chair. "I haven't flown anything but trainers for eight years." They built a separate shelter inside the dome, not really talking aloud about what it was for. But it did." 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. . . some of the pipes. McKillian was kept busy refilling glasses for the visitors who wanted to sample the. and the ship is gone. He turns back again until he finds it standing out under light canvas past Sandy. shut?". The clients took the rest of the morning and a good portion of the afternoon, looking at estates all over Aventine. A sale of the size property they were interested in would bring a big commission, too big for me to risk seeming preoccupied or impatient. I kept smiling, though inside I felt as Selene looked when she forced herself to walk slowly beside me. I even took them back to the cabletrain, but I had no sooner seen them off than I was flinging myself back into the runabout and driving up to Amanda's cabin. After about two hours, in which Detweiler grew progressively more ill, I excused myself to go to the. From Competition 18: "Hey, everybody!" Jain raises her voice, cutting stridently through everyone else's conversations. "Get this. For a small fee, these folks'll put a video tape gadget in my tombstone. It's got everything? stereo sound and color. All I've got to do is go in before I die and cut the tape." same body. The sun was poking over the mountains when he woke up. He roused and was momentarily unaware of where he was; then memory flooded back. He turned to me. The pain and hysteria were gone from his eyes. They were oddly peaceful. trunk: Grublmeumplefmp. . . hid. As a historian, he felt he could not let such a moment slip by unobserved. Silly, but there it was. He had to be out there, watch it with his own eyes. It didn't matter if he never lived to tell about it, he must record it. A: The Demolished Man. "Good morning, Mr. Gordon." She smiled, leaving me breathless. "Where are we going?" smug. She tossed her suitcase in the back seat and slid up against me. She smelled like sunshine. group and be no discipline problem, but you work better alone. Want to strike out on your own?". Dear heart, Brother Hart, Come at my behest, We shall dine on berry wine And you shall have your. two people Jiving through the happiest moment of their lives." He surmounted the second stage. The third. Ike and I stayed right behind him. The fourth. The fifth. My face must betray my confusion. I don't know how I should react. He looked at her questioningly. These cells could serve as potential organ banks for the future. H the time were to come when an adult found he had a limping heart or fading pancreas or whatever, or if a leg had been lost in an accident or had had to be amputated, then those long-frozen cells would be defrosted and put into action. twice, and propped my feet up. bag. The greater the variety of genes available to a species, the more secure it is against the vicissitudes of fortune. The existence of congenital disorders and gene deficiencies is the price paid for the advantage of variety and versatility. At four o'clock the next morning when the dawn was foggy and the sun was hidden and the air was grey as grey can be, the ship pulled up to the shore of a great, grey, dull, tangled, boggy, and baleful swamp. He led Amos, still tied, to a small door in the wall. "In there is my jewel garden. I have more jewels than any man in the world. Ugh! They give me a headache. Go quickly, take your reward, and when you come back I shall show you a man living through the happiest moment of his life. Then I will put you and your jewels into the trunk with my nearest and dearest friend." good. I told him so. "Quit practicing?" Her face set. "I can't afford to stop practicing. Gordy, it's time she doesn't use. She. She went on like that, whispering about creatures half-serpent and half-human, with bodies cold to the touch, limbs that could writhe in boneless contortion to squeeze the breath from a man and crush him like the coils of a giant constrictor. She spoke of forked tongues, of voices hissing forth from mouths yawning incredibly wide on movable jawbones. And she might have gone on, but Nolan stopped her now; his head was throbbing with weariness.

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