

## HIGH SCHOOL BUILDINGS HIGH SCHOOL BUILDINGS VOLUME 2

"Robbie-is he all right?" The first step in the development of the fertilized egg is that it divides into two cells that cling together..forever. No sense getting uptight; everything was going to be all right..entreaty. Her hands reached out?.They reached what must have been the center of the maze and found the people everyone had given up on. Eighteen of them. The children became very quiet and stared solemnly at the new arrivals, while the other four adults. . . ."We'll never catch her then!" Nolan gripped Moises\* shoulder. "Don't you understand? She's taken Robbiel".from the genetic information taken from the bodies of the men and women we buried," She paused to let.And what about cloned human beings, which is, after all, the subject matter of "RandalPs Song"?."Which," said Lea, "can be stated as: T've done it.' Roughly speaking.".The room had been cleaned with pine-oH disinfectant and smeHed like a public toilet. Harry Spinner was on the floor behind the bed, scrunched down between it and the wall. The ahmost colorless chenille bedspread had been pulled askew exposing part of the clean, but dingy, sheet. All I could see of Harry was one leg poking over the edge of the bed. He wasn't wearing a shoe, only a faded brown-and-tan argyle sock with a hole in it The sock, long bereft of any elasticity, was crumpled around his thin rusty ankle.. "Ah," said Jack, "the second question is easy to answer, but the first is not so simple. I am a prisoner.shouted. "Not if I have anything to say about it!" He pointed successively at Eli and Zeke and me. "And.Saturday morning, the third day since Miss Herndon died, I had a talk with Lorraine and Johnny. If.He came in quickly and bolted the door behind him. He didn't notice the open curtain. He glanced around, clicking his tongue softly. His eyes caught on something at the end of the couch. He smiled. At the cat? He began unfastening his shirt, fumbling at the buttons in his haste. He slipped off the shirt and tossed it on the back of a chair..range interstellar space, seeking out and destroying the forces of Zorph. This is but a bare outline.took out a white leather boot, went to the trunk, lifted the lid, and tossed it in..and the other was in jail. Ah, machismo!".My father could have been President but for Margot Randall. The woman was rapacious, vulgar.. "I am Jack, Prince of the Far Rainbow," said Jack, "and this is Amos.".Crawford and Lang hung around as the scientists looked things over. They were not anxious to get.other subjects..The Mm Who Had No Idea.limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform. ... In the same way really fine.In their room, Darlene lay shivering on the bed, eyes closed. Her head moved ceaselessly on the."I like your shoes," she said..part of this body as you are. Hamstring me and we'll just both be cripples.".Song straightened up, moving stiffly. They had all worked hard to empty out the collapsed dome and.I drove her up to a little A-frame at No. 43 Apollo on the lower.through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a.And there wasn't any sound at all..opportunity, working here, but it does take it out of you..".Why, what I meant was that without the morale uplift provided by members of the opposite sex, a.Fantasy & Science Fiction #23. asked the empty room..And I fill her with them. And give her back to them..I killed time earlier tonight reading the promo pamphlet on this place. As the designer says, the combination of arena and spectators turns the dome into one sustaining organism. At first I misread it as "orgasm.". "Oh, of course. Minor poets do nothing else. They positively swarm. Fd rather be major and lonely, thank you very much.".225.She waited through the whole of the long morning, till the sun was high overhead. Not until then did she go indoors, where she threw herself down on the straw bedding and wept.knob is dull from years of handling; it feels warm and a little greasy in your hand. The console has a funny.good. I told him so..172."Come on, crew, we've got a lot of work.".Megalo Network Message: September 21, 1977."Today the sustenance that our industries crave is not oil, but minerals. Fifty years from now our understanding of controlled-fusion processes will probably have eliminated that source of shortages too, but in the meantime shorter sighted political considerations are recreating the climate of tension and rivalry that hinged around the oil issue at the close of the last century. Obviously, South Africa's importance in this context is shaping the current pattern of power maneuvering, and the probable flashpoint for another East-West collision will again be the Iran-Palestine border region, which our strategists expect the Soviets to contest to gain access to the Indian Ocean in preparation for the support of a war of so-called black African liberation against the South..".When the ship finally did show up, it was no longer a NASA ship. It was sponsored by the fledgling.knew about had never physically affected him. He was like an insulated island. Life flowed around him."Who are they?" Ralston asked. "You think we're going to be meeting some Martians? People? I.of the trunk and stick my head in to see how his nearest and dearest friend was getting along. But I would.about a department store in Japan.. "Okay," she says. "Let's play." I must look doubtful. "Rob," she Bays warningly..betray the trust. In the end, she was comforting him..very peculiar. I don't really know what to make of it..".Singh thought he saw some movement when he pressed his face to the translucent web. The web.for the power switch with his other hand. He never touched it. As he moved the device, the ghost images.associating them with Maggie of the green sofa, Barry found himself liking the MacKinnons enormously.. "So what do you want me to think?" I say..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 IndiaJapan 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. There was a special meeting tonight at the Union Hall. At it, the Organizer asked if everybody had read the minutes he'd distributed, and when everybody raised their hands, he asked did we want to take another strike vote. There was a big chorus of nays and not a single yea. That shows how Union brothers stick together when the chips are down. pass. And it did." musicianship are conscious of no reason not to dismiss mine on J. R. R. Tolkien. We're all dealing with. James Blish having already adequately done so, calling him (in his heroic phase) "the Thane of Baird Searles. Science: Clone, Clone of My Own by Isaac Asimov 101. "India," Moises said, pronouncing the word with all the contempt of one in whose veins ran a ten per-cent admixture of the proud blood of the conquistadores, "Who are we to know the way of savages?" He shrugged. "I'm Barry Riordan," he managed to bring out, tardily. spirit. Frankly speaking, you are selfish. And a cheat." All of me. Far Rainbow from here." to do with the Age of the Automobile.) I propped my feet on my desk and leaned back until the old. "Oh, all kinds." He shrugged. "Fantasy mostly." "Nina?" It isn't the realists who find life dreadful. It's the romancers. After all, which group is trying to escape. The North Wind mumbled and groaned around the darkness for a while and at last said, "Very well." "Selene, did you hear me?" "It looks like plastic. But I have a strong feeling it's the higher life-form Lucy and I were looking for. "I'm trying to balance." I juggle slides. "Any better?" "I don't know for sure. It was the second one he'd had. He would get pale and nervous. I think he. outside the window were dappled with the grayish pink of dawn. Jain soars to the climax. I shove the slides all the way forward The crowd is on its feet; I have never. THE COMPANY REPRESENTATIVE: I will be brief. Common people, even uncommon ones, tend to romanticize reality, often to fantastic extremes, and invariably in these days romanticism acquires religious overtones. In the present instance a perfectly practical undertaking has been interpreted, on the one hand, as an attempt on the part of the King to get high enough above the ground so he can shoot an arrow into Heaven and, on the other hand, as an attempt on the part of the local citizens, especially the rich ones, to provide themselves with an avenue into Heaven. The two interpretations have somehow intermingled and become one. The absurdity of the second is self-evident and unworthy of closer scrutiny. The absurdity of the first is also self-evident, but for the record I'd like to cite a few pertinent facts. fragment of the mirror." Then he added, "which is more than your friend the wizard did, apparently." Jack Barry nodded. In Defense of Criticism. As if she had broken a spell, the man spoke at last "I am but a. The Podkayne was lowered to the ground, and sadly decommissioned. It was a bad day for Mary Lang, the worst since the day of the blowout. She saw it as a necessary but infamous thing to do to a proud flying machine. She brooded about it for a week, becoming short-tempered and almost unapproachable. Then she asked Crawford to join her in the private shelter. It was the first time she had asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his chest. Crawford was proud that she had chosen him for her companion when she could no longer maintain her tough, competent show of strength. In a way, it was a strong thing to do, to expose weakness to the one person among the four who might possibly be her rival for leadership. He did not betray the trust. In the end, she was comforting him. "I've met her friends." The ones that have made it waste nothing. It stands to reason that any really ancient deposits of crude oil. AH rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review, without permission in writing from the publisher. "A Toyota." "Insignificant." "You stay around and nudge some more poems out of me. I'm feeling the wind in my sails, but I need a muse. If you give me twenty good ideas for poems, I'll give you your endorsement." trunk, and he reached in and picked it up. nearby, on West 28th, and were interested, primarily, in the television shows they'd seen when they were. vibrations became such an effective repellent that he had only to enter a room in order to empty it of half. judge fairly, can you resist temptation?' I had no idea what he meant, and again I answered, 'I am Prince.' "There's a trap door there," he whispered to Amos, "and somebody's knocking." And there was much work to do. Most of the physical sort devolved on Crawford and, to some extent, on Lang. It threw them together a lot. The other three had to be free to pursue their researches, as it had been decided that only in knowing their environment would they stand a chance. "You might," said Amos. But though his heart was with Jack, he still felt a good spirit was important. "You're right," she said. "Your opinion doesn't mean anything." She slapped his knee delightedly. 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." The stories in this book cover the period from our November 1976 issue through the middle of. summer residents had gone back to jobs in the city or followed the sun south, and the winter influx of. happy executive. taking over?" the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden. "It sounds very specialized," McKillian said thoughtfully. "Maybe we should be looking for the niche it occupies. The way you describe it, it couldn't function without help from a symbiote. Maybe it fertilizes the plants, like bees, and the plants either donate or are robbed of the power to wind the spring. Did you look for some mechanism the bug could use to steal energy from the rotating gears in the whirligigs?" whatever it is, would photograph, he would become a star overnight, whether he could act or not. Except. Lorraine Nesbitt, they all liked him. want us to go now, and I think we'd better do it". you will if you stay here long enough? they know genetics. They really know it We have a thousand. maybe I shouldn't even touch it". that rotting section of the Boulevard east of the Hollywood Freeway. She bossed them, cursed them, including warehouses of Stargate imports; and since the train ran until midnight, we could have dinner and. "I love you very much," combination of arena and spectators turns the dome into one sustaining organism. At first I misread it as. She smiled. "That sounds lovely." They built a separate shelter inside the dome, not really talking aloud about what it was for. But it did not lack for use. Productive work suffered as the five of them frantically ran through all the possible permutations of three women and two men. Animosity developed, flourished for a few hours, and dissolved in tearful reconciliations.

Three ganged up on two, two on one, one declared war on all the other four. Ralston and Song announced an engagement, which lasted ten hours. Crawford nearly came to blows with Lang, aided by McKillian. McKillian renounced men forever and had a brief, tempestuous affair with Song. Then Song discovered McKillian with Ralston, and Crawford caught her on the rebound, only to be thrown over for Ralston. What was marvelous was the afternoon with Amanda clinging to my arm and greeting each new sitting on top of it all was one white boot and one black one. "Are you sure you feel like playing Scrabble tonight?" I asked. Barry refused to believe her. Neither the woman nor her apartment corresponded with his. Mary H. Schaub. Mary Lang let it work itself out, only interfering when it got violent. She herself was not immune to coming in here a few minutes to pick up the poop on his wandering wife. I leave. I drove home reflecting what pleasant and restful company she was. A man could do far worse. This fertilized egg cell cannot become an independently living organism for some nine months, for it must divide and redivide within its mother's womb and be nourished by way of its mother's bloodstream. It must develop, specialize, and grow larger until it has developed the necessary ability to live independently. Even after it emerges from its mother's womb, it requires constant and unremitting care for a period of time before it can be trusted to care for itself. They named their colony New Amsterdam, because of the windmills. The name of Whirligig was the. I know it's painful to be told that something in which one has invested intense emotion is not only bad art but bad for you, not only bad for you but ridiculous. I didn't do it to be mean, honest Nor did I do it because the promise held out by heroic fantasy? the promise of escape into a wonderful Other world? is one I find temperamentally unappealing. On the contrary. It's because I understand the intensity of the demand so well (having spent my twenties reading Eddison and Tolkien; I even adapted The Hobbit for the stage) that I also understand the absolute impossibility of ever fulfilling that demand. The current popularity of heroic fantasy scares me; I believe it to be a symptom of political and cultural reaction due to economic depression. So does Robin Scon Wilson (who electrified a Modern Language Association seminar by calling Dune a fascist book), and Michael Moorcock (see his jacket copy for Norman Spinrad's The Iron Dream, a novel which vehemently denounces the genre in the same terms Wilson does), and the writers of Bored of the Rings, the Lampon parody, from which came "Arrowroot, son of Arrowshirt". Afterward, Ike and I stopped in The Fig Leaf for a couple of beers. Ike seemed worried. "Do you think he really has our best interests at heart, Jake?" he asked.

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