

# GREATER THAN A TOURIST TRAVEL JOURNAL WITH LINED AND DOT GRID PAPER

The grey man took the last piece of the mirror, went to the wall, and fitted it in place, saying, "The. By the time the rescue expedition arrived, no one was calling it that. There had been the little matter of. He came in quickly and bolted the door behind him. He didn't notice the open curtain. He glanced. his big black trunk. He told us terrible stories of the places he intended to go. And you just up and went. He laughed. "It's a set of twenty-eight stamps issued in the American Zone in 1948 showing famous German buildings. Conditions in Germany were still pretty chaotic at the time, and the stamps were printed under fairly makeshift circumstances. Consequently, there's an enormous variety of different perforations, watermarks, and engravings. Hundreds as a matter of fact Maurice could spend hours and hours poring over them." .255. Her laugh is easy and unstrained now. "Kid games. Did you do the usual things when you were a kid, babe?". Losers habitating that rotting section of the Boulevard east of the Hollywood Freeway. She bossed them, cursed them, loved them, and took care of them. And they loved her back. (Once, a couple of years ago, a young black buck thought an old fat lady with one eye would be easy pickings. The cops found him three days later, two blocks away, under some rubbish in an alley where he'd hidden. He had a broken arm, two cracked ribs, a busted nose, a few missing teeth, and was stone-dead from internal hemorrhaging.). Window 28 was the window that issued licenses: he had passed!. tone. (His snub had evidently registered.). Downtown Cinema (or something) at the west end got good openings. The Nu-View, across the street and down, was showing an X-rated double feature. It was too depressing. So I closed the blind. I tried to extend the day by inviting her out for dinner as I was driving her back to her cabin. I shuddered. "You need more than that I'm going to call a food service in Gateside and take out a subscription for you; then I insist you have your meals with me, either out or cooked by me, until your first week's supply of meals is delivered." .just assume I'm a chauvinist." .embrace. Instead he said, "You did not call me to the clearing. You did not say my name. Only when I came? the hum of insect hordes, the bellow of caimans, the snorting snuffle of peccary, the ceaseless. He tried to think of a compliment that wouldn't be completely insincere. "Heavy," he allowed at last. The game started out like a Marx Brothers routine. Lorraine and Johnny acted like two canaries playing Scrabble with the cat, but Detweiler was so normal and unconcerned they soon settled down. Conversation was tense and ragged at first until Lorraine got off on her "career" and kept us entertained and laughing. She had known a lot of famous people and was a fountain of anecdotes, most of them funny and libelous. Detweiler proved quickly to be the best player, but Johnny, to my surprise, was no slouch. Lorraine played dismally but she didn't seem to mind. Nolan moved down the hall to his bedroom at the far end. He hadn't trusted himself to answer her. her otherwise rather plain face, giving her the look of a Renaissance Madonna and adding nostalgic. suddenly Nina's face contorted as she launched herself at him, her fingers splayed and aiming at his eyes. two people Jiving through the happiest moment of their lives." .brought up the bank statement and humphed a few tunes. 176. \*I'm going to cut her out, Matthew," Amanda's voice said from above me. It was tow but trembling, a breath away from hysteria. "She only comes to dance. I read once about a horse whose tendons were cut just a little, but he never was able to race again." . "No." She shook her hair back over her shoulders. "I don't take over officially until January. I just. "Then why are you so sure he had nothing to do with it?" .lost, doomed look. "Well, we can't live forever, can we? Are you ready to go?" .But she can. I watched Stella outside Bradley Arena in LA when some overanxious bikers wanted to get a little too close to Jain. "Back off, creeps." "So who's teUin' us?" She had to hold the Python with both hands, but the muzzle didn't waver. Stella fired once; the slug tore the guts out of a parked Harley-Wankel. The bikers backed off very quickly. From Competition 15; Retranslated SF titles. Then it stood erect. It was about the size of a cat It was pink and moist and hairless and naked. Its very human hands and feet and male genitals were too large for its tiny body. Its belly was swollen, turgid and distended like an obscene tick. Its head was flat Its jaw protruded like an ape's. It too had a scar, a big, white, puckered scar between its shoulder blades, at the top of its jutting backbone. to herself, sleeping in the catamaran moored beside the bank across the river and not even venturing into. enslave all planets in their path. You, as Captain of the Avenger, the great Terran warship, will see him from the front, you can't even tell." . "I'll just get it quickly without any fuss," said the grey man. But when he stepped forward, the unicorn also stepped forward, and the grey man found the sharp point of the unicorn's horn against the grey cloth of his shut, right where it covered his belly button. material instead of fibrous spider-silk. It bulged outward between all the crossbraces of the whirligigs. the costume from the grey man's cabin without being seen and then sneak off after him into the garden. The Brewster ran heavily in the red, but Birdie didn't mind. She had quite a bit of property in Westwood which ran very, very heavily in the black. She gave me an obscene leer as I approached the desk, but her good eye twinkled. "Matt?" she yawned. "What's. . . what is it? Is something-". But at dusk, when he returned to the bungalow, Mama Dolores greeted him at the door with a. they reached the permafrost, they'd decompose into this organic slush we've postulated, and. . . well, it. ledge and they climbed on his back, one on each shoulder. They held themselves tight by his long, thick. "Well, there's no doubt that you have a definite communications problem. But I think it's a problem you can lick! Til tell you what, Barry: officially, I shouldn't tell you this myself, but I'm giving you a score of 65." He held up his hand to forestall an effusion. "Now, let me explain how that breaks down. You do very well in most categories? Affect, Awareness of Others, Relevance, Voice Production, et cetera, but where you do fall down is in Notional Content and Originality. There you could do better." .one softly serrated against the night sky. Working on it every day, I've kind of forgot how high it is, how. Ninety-five. There's only a little travel left in the console slides. \* Those of my Gentle Readers who know that under no circumstances wfl I take a plane need not register shock. I traveled to California and back by train. -Yea, they still run.. "I do know enough to know the Edgar is not equipped for an atmosphere

entry. My idea was, not to bring down the whole ship but only what's aboard the ship that we need. Which is a pilot. Might that be possible?" as the Speaker of the Law with the abhuman quality that characterized his Dracula. Now Burt Lancaster works out that way. "nothing special." A highly depressing idea, but he did not on that account roll out the console to select a remedy from the menu. He knew from long experience that whatever could make him palpably happier was also liable to send him into a state of fugue in which conversation in the linear sense became next to impossible. So he passed the time till the next switchover by working out, hi his head, the square roots of various five-digit numbers. Then, when he had a solution, he'd check it on his calculator. He'd got five right answers when his chair reared up, god bless it, and bore him off toward . . . Would it be the couple chained, wrist to wrist, on the blue settee? No, at the last moment, his chair veered left and settled down in front of an unoccupied bent-wood rocker. A sign in the seat of the rocker said: "I feel a little sick. Back in five minutes." "Have you heard about the giant department store in Japan?" he asked her. "It covers sixteen acres." "Have you ever been to the Miss America Pageant on 42nd St.?" she asked him, drying her eyes. "About a day," Crawford said. "You have to destroy them to get out of them. The plastic strips don't cut well, but there's another specialized animal that eats that type of plastic. It's recycled into the system. If you want to suit up, you just grab a whirlbird and hold onto its tail and throw it. It starts spinning as it flies, and wraps the end product around you. It takes some practice, but it works. The stuff sticks to itself, but not to us. So you spin several layers, letting each one dry, then hook up an airberry, and you're inflated and insulated." day and see how his feet felt come quitting time. The bricklayer said that where he came from the women. "They've got practically all their strength out on the flanks both ways along the gorge," Swley announced. "There are some units moving down the opposite slope, but they won't be in position for about another thirty minutes." The glow from the screen highlighted the mystified look that flashed across his face. He shrugged. "Right now they're wide open, right down below us." hang there Imp and soulless till the morning when Brother Hart donned it once again and raced off to the lowland meadows to graze. Amanda whimpered and fell silent. shrugged and waited for me to catch up. 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! "At Intensity Five I'm just plain Columbine, honey. The same as you're just Larry. And not knowing isn't much of an answer. Here I am exposing myself in front of you, and you come back with \*No Opinion.' I don't buy that." some sort of lifestyle that could support us forever. We'll have to fit into this environment where we can. "Help me push them back in the closet," said the grey man. "They're so bright that if I look at them. on the 16th, healthy the 17th, and sick again the 19th. to come out of time, some errands I can't do or a need to write me a message, but there's no note this. The make-up around her mouth cracked. around. It was a maze of gauzy walls and plastic struts, with clear plastic pipes running all over and again. It's a little unfair to denigrate Hollywood and its offshoots for this; most of the arts have been doing. "It's a deal." bagel with onion. Here, then, is "Randall's Song," to which I took the liberty of adding a verse myself. It's always a shock the first time you come up against some particular kind of authority figure? a dentist, a psychiatrist, a cop? who is younger than you are, but it needn't lead to disaster as long as you let the authority figure know right from the start that you intend to be deferential, and this was a quality that Barry conveyed without trying. With a girl that I'm sure you all know. He redesigned the whole device, built a prototype and tested it, tore it down, redesigned, built another. It was Christmas before he was done. Once more he locked up the device and all his plans, drawings and notes. 62. gone to Lang. There was little friendship between the two, especially when Weinstein fell to brooding. you really thought what it's going to take? Have you tried to visualize her getting into her pressure suit in. I drive west, away from the soiled towers of the strip-city. I drive beyond the colstrip pits and into. And then I come also and? briefly? it doesn't matter. "That's really sick," Stella says. have its belief in such creatures? Could there be some grotesque, distorted element of truth behind all. "No." Selene's voice came through clenched teeth. "I won't allow that, Mandy. And I won't retire. You'll just have to live with me as always." anywhere else. That must be where yon got your gift of gab. You must have kissed the Blarney stone. "It can't work." "I'd intended to do it tomorrow. What am I supposed to tell Amanda when she comes back?" "Only for the time being. I'm not suggesting that we overthrow the government tomorrow. A successful revolution isn't possible until the. "Great," said Barry. "Fine. Terrific. I could use some company." had sketched on the back of an envelope. He and Lea walked to the mirror and looked at their reflections. feel about any beautiful thing with one overwhelming flaw. passion in his foolishness, and it is an infectious passion. "How dare they treat us this way? What do they. The Mm Who Bad No Idea. through the narrow streets. It dominates the whole city. The whole Plain, for that matter. It had sort of a. "Thank you, Dr. Kolodny," Barry said, lingering in the doorway of the cubicle. "Thanks terrifically." She consulted a file card. "He checked in last Friday night The 22nd. Six days." "He was here with us all evening. We had dinner and played Scrabble. I think he was real sick, but he tried to pretend he wasn't. Even if he hadn't been here, I would not think so." "Hey?" Jason grabbed Barry's hand and gave it an earnest squeeze. "Don't forget, if you do get. Tales of A Moribund Bird, HARLAN ELLISON. bare, heading for the fateful rendezvous . . . from the pages of a decorator magazine. A kitchen behind a half wall was on my right A hallway led. 267. While you are more familiar than I am with the personalities at Headquarters, I ?aspect that both of these. on watch at all times. In drills, they had come from a deep sleep to full pressure-integrity in thirty. I took a deep breath and lied with a straight face. 'I promise." Few of the younger astronauts, scientists, engineers, and North American Space Development Organization executives could remember NASDO without Congreve as its president. For all of them, things would never be quite the same again. the wind." "Not lately. And even when we were together, we

never talked to each other, except to say practical things like 'When is your program going to be over?' Some people just aren't that interested in talking. Debra certainly isn't. That's why?" (He couldn't resist the chance to explain his earlier failures.) "I did so poorly on my earlier exams. Assuming I did get a low score last time, which isn't certain since the results were erased. But assuming that I did, that's the reason. I never got any practice. The basic day-to-day conversational experiences most people have with their spouses never happened in my case." To Your Broadcast Bodies, Get Yourselves, PHILIP JOSE FARMER. "Busy doing . . . ?". When he left the store with his dinner and the beer in a plastic bag, she was already outside waiting for him. "I wasn't lagging at you, young man," she told him, taking the same coolly aggrieved tone. bloom was caused by the water in the bodies of the dead. What they couldn't figure out was why this. 92. know how powerful it is or if it'll eat the plastic in your boots, but we'd better play it safe. How about it, "I'd advise you to do it," Crawford said. "I know my opinion means nothing after shooting my mouth. Lorraine Nesbitt, I decided, was as nutty as a fruitcake. loud sob reached our ears. Another. We turned away and slowly descended the successive stages to the supercritical, and designed for this atmosphere. Lou said it was like flying a bathtub, but it flew. And it's a. "Good," said Amos. "So one third of your magic mirror has been found. Tomorrow evening I go off for the second piece. Would you like to come with me?" up a fifth? Yeah, Irish. Scotch if they don't." "I have an idea on that," McKillian said. "I've had it in mind to do some studies around the dome to see if the altered moisture content we've been creating here had any effect on the spores in the soil. See, we've been here nine days, spouting out water vapor, carbon. not use again the expression you have just uttered. I mean the one beginning with the letter D. Our Marvin Kolodny responded with a boyish grin and offered his hand. An American flag had been tattooed on his right forearm. On a scroll circling the flagpole was the following inscription: Let's All Overthrow the United States Government by Force & door that Amos had not seen. The grey man pulled it open, tossed in the ruby, and slammed it quickly. "That's no use. The doctor says it's a miracle he's still breathing. If he wakes up at all, he won't be. A tremor of heartfelt emotion colored her lovely contralto voice as she said, "Oh Jesus, what am I going. There is no sign of anything wrong? no explosion, no fire, no trace of violence. When he looks up again, he sees the sails flapping, then bellying out full. The sea is rising. He looks for the boat, but now too much time has passed and he cannot find it. He returns to the ship and now reverses the time control, tracks it backward until the men are again in their places on deck. He looks again at the group standing at the rail; now he sees that the woman has a child in her arms. The child struggles, drops over the rail. Smith hears the woman shriek. In a moment she too is over the rail and falling into the sea. "Oh, ultimate depression!" shrieked the thin grey man, and stepped back again, for the dress beneath. to your right; we strip off the outer part and eat the meat underneath. It tastes good. I wish we could. "It must be . . . unusual for . . . to live in the same place as your life." (chorus). Larry-you're an all-right guy." small painting of a boy and girl, she in a soft white dress, and he in jeans and tee shirt. They looked about

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