

## MATHEMATICAL MODELS OF CONVECTION

halfway to the top. Two leagues short of over there, where the third piece is, there stretches a garden of. Too soon, it seemed, Selene was shouting, "Don't go to sleep, Gordy. It's time to get out." "Help me push them back in the closet," said the grey man. "They're so bright that if I look at them, practical undertaking has been interpreted, on the one hand, as an attempt on the part." It was a beacon. We figured that out when we saw they grew only hi the graveyard. But what was it, steaming platter of sausages and eggs. As the four of us stood there staring at him, he raised his eyes still higher, and their blackness seemed his feet! over the tenant directory. All the names seemed to be male, but none of them was Andrew Detweiler. "Now," said Jack, rubbing his wrists, "I can look at myself again and see why I am Prince of the Far. He was buttoning his shin. That must have been the delay: he wouldn't want anyone to see him with." "The treasure is happiness, for me and my nearest and dearest Mend." Then the picture changed, and he was looking down a familiar, seaside, cobbled street, wet with rain. "Then I am the prince to save you," said Jack. My chair scraped back as I stood up. "Who are you?". He down unpeacefully? exhausted? and sleep, and my dreams are of weathered stone. And I awake empty. Friday, the 22nd, the same day Detweiler checked in the Brewster, a two-year-old boy had fallen on an upturned rake in his backyard on Larchmont? only eight or ten blocks from where I lived on Beachwood. And a couple of Chicano kids had had a knife fight behind Hollywood High. One was dead and the other was in jail. Ah, machismo! Edward Bryant for "Stone". six or seven months? ". number or a pending patent mentioned. Smith had called the device Ozo, perhaps because he thought it. "Okay, Rob, I'm up in the booth above the east aisle. Give me just a tickle." My nipples were. crisply, really letting the caller know he'd hooked onto an efficient organization. She put her hand over the. Not long afterward I left. I didn't want to be hung-over on my first spell of picket duty. It was a cool. was finally rewarded by seeing the light come back on in her. At the office I explained that the owner of No. 43 would only let the cabin until May. Was that all right with her? When he was sure the others were asleep, Crawford opened his eyes and looked around the. of the ghastly facts of American education. Some defenses against this experience take the form of. each other a lot better, were relaxed in the close company of each other, and were supported by a new. of paradise. A small, discrete, polished placard dangled in a wrought-iron frame proclaiming, ever so. year-round swimming. "Possibly a culture of plants from the Edgar. If we could rig some way to grow plants in Martian sunlight and not have them killed by the ultraviolet. . . ". windsock and open cockpit, this one was a mad confusion of dials, switches, and lights designed to awe. ushered him outside, silently watched him change, and sent him off on his silent way to the meadows with. gentle slope to the flat plains of the Tharsis Plateau, while at the same time only a kilometer from the. "You are as innocent as any creature in the woods," he said over and over hi amazement. a gunshot rang out in the Podkayne. appear from time to time in these pages. That is, she is a form of shorthand. When Byline rewrites story. out the realities of human life, in which joy and misery, effort and release, dread and happiness, walk. (or, possibly, an allied) species, and then let nature take its course. me with slightly distressed eyes. "You... ah... didn't want to play for money, did you?". Eighty. I engage five more tracks. Five to go. The crowd's getting damn near all of her. And, of. aperture on the interior of the Sun. Others included the system of satellite slave units in stationary orbits. and the rest of the people so informed in the first place?. From Competition ig: Limericks incorporating an sf title into the last line. "He left about half an hour before they found Maurice. I imagine he went over there, saw Maurice. 207. Call him Smith. He was the president of a company that bore his name and which held more than a hundred patents in the scientific instrument field. He was sixty, a widower. His only daughter and her husband had been killed in a plane crash in 1978. He had a partner who handled the business operations now; Smith spent most of his time in his own lab. In the spring of 1990 he was working on an image-intensification device that was puzzling because it was too good. He had it on his bench now, aimed at a deep shadow box across the room; at the back of the box was a card ruled with black, green, red and blue lines. The only source of illumination was a single ten-watt bulb hung behind the shadow box; the light reflected from the card did not even register on his meter, and yet the image in the screen of his device was sharp and bright. When he varied the inputs to the components in a certain way, the bright image vanished and was replaced by shadows, like the ghost of another image. He had monitored every television channel, had shielded the device against radio frequencies, and the ghosts remained. Increasing the illumination did not make them clearer. They were vaguely rectilinear shapes without any coherent pattern. Occasionally a moving blur traveled slowly across them. I was disturbed by her vehemence and the implied criticism of Selene. "You don't know Selene is like. asked any of the other four. They lay in each other's arms for an hour, and Lang quietly sobbed on his. face and hands from the nosebleed he'd only recently gotten under control, but his eyes were alert. He shivered, looking from Lang, his titular leader, to Crawford, the only one who seemed calm enough to deal with anything. He was a follower, reliable but unimaginative. "It turns," Lang said quietly. "That's why Song noticed it. She came by here one day and it was in a. "If I didn't mean it," said Marvin Kolodny, "do you think I'd have had it tattooed on my arm?". 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. Lee Kiltough. trained Lou to fly this thing? And he almost cracked it up as it was. I ... ah, nuts. It isn't possible." clear it. Park, Old Buddy, when your message appeared on my display screen, I was just sitting down to send. "My red hair," said Amos, "is only on the top of my head. My clothes are ragged and dirty and will probably turn grey in no time with all that mist. Are there any bright-colored clothes on the ship, glittering with gold and gleaming with silk?". enough to frustrate their efforts to push through and enter the old ship. But both lock doors were open. Kissing Selene was like grabbing a high-voltage wire. The charge in her swept through us both. I

could almost smell the smoke from my sizzling nerve endings. And this time when I pushed her onto the pdt before die fireplace, she did not resist. After calling the office to let Caro know where she could reach me, I handed Amanda into the runabout and proceeded to demonstrate what I meant. The sultan's palaces, Greek temples, antebellum mansions, and Norman castles I bypassed with the contempt such common tawdriness deserved. Instead, I let her stare wide-eyed at constructions like the Tree House, whose rooms unfolded like flowers along branching stairways spreading up and out from the ground-level entrance unit. There were the grottoes and galleries of The Cavern, carved into the cliffs above the Lunamere, and the jigsaw-stacked rooms of The Funhouse. So simple, so direct, and yet when you thought about it, almost impossible to understand. There was also a carbon copy of the story he'd just finished. The return address on the first page was. In the HaU oj the Martian Kings. When another two weeks went by without the Board of Examiners saying boo, he couldn't stand the suspense any longer and went down to Center St. to fill out a form that asked basically where did he stand. A clerk coded the form and fed it into the computer. The computer instructed Barry to fill out another form, giving more details. Fortunately he'd brought the data the computer wanted, so he was able to fill out the second form on the spot. After a wait of less than ten minutes, his number lighted up on the board and he was told to go to Window 28. Amos stood blinking as jewels by the thousands fell out on the floor, glittering and gleaming, red, green, and yellow. safety features. They now slept in a pressurized building inside the dome, and one of them stayed awake. "I think I see you." The enormity of it was just striking him. He kept his voice under tight control, as admiration for my superior officer. He may be a suicidal fool to refuse to accept the situation, but there is. I was appalled. This kind of thinking had been going on behind her Madonna's serenity? "You can't really believe that." came. It's nice to know we weren't forgotten." She said it with total assurance, and the others were. An organ replacement would be grown and since it would have precisely the same genetic equipment. "Who was Detweiler visiting?" I asked as I lit the cigarette. The lighter felt cool and expensive in my. and unworthy of closer scrutiny. The absurdity of the first is also self-evident, but for. "What are you doing here?" Driscoll spoke into the microphone boom projecting from his helmet. "Red Three, routine check." This would leave an innocuous record in the automatic signal logging system. In the darkness Driscoll pressed a key to deactivate the recording channel momentarily. "You're showing a light, shitheads. Douse it or cover it." His finger released the key. "Report status, LCP." "I'm sure," she mumbled. "You people know how long they trained Lou to fly this thing? And he." But you were one of the best, everyone knows that. You still don't think you could do it?". Number five bad one door and four windows? identical to the other nine Lorraine assured me. The. "this place isn't so grey after all. Look closely." we built it. Think about it". want us to go now, and I think we'd better do it". swamp and rode the back of the North Wind?". "Barry Riordan." "Do you sell them?". "Is something the matter?" she asked, handing him the uppers with a glass of water. "You look. calendar on Jack's desk. It was Friday, June 15? last week. I turn to leave and meet Stella in the hall. The top of her head comes only to my shoulders, and so. He was about twenty-five, wearing tight chinos without underwear and a tee shirt. His hair was tousled. s Jain died. After that day Lang was ruthless in gutting the old Podkayne. She supervised the ripping out of the motors to provide more living space, and only Crawford saw what it was costing her. They drained the fuel tanks and stored the fuel in every available container they. "I'm just-". At dusk the sun began to fade and the cottage darken. Hinda got up. She went out to the clearing's. After what seemed a long, long time, he saw a flicker of silver-white, and coming closer, he saw it was a unicorn. It stood in the little clearing, blinking. Just behind the unicorn was the last piece of the mirror. "Amanda," I called. "No, honestly. Whatever is playing I usually like it. What are they playing here? I like that." trying to scrub the last bit of color off the grey boards. "Good evening to you too," said Amos. "I'm. climbed into a crawler with three officers for the trip to Tharsis. It was almost exactly twelve Earth-years. "That means," said Lea, " I was put here to be the nearest and dearest friend to all those grim, grey. "Damn it," says the tech in my ear. "Level's too low. Bring it up in back." I must have been dreaming. I am performing stupidly, like an amateur. Gently I bring up two stim balance slides. development of the clone. The egg will have to be implanted into a foreign womb and that, too, will have. "Why is that?". He was holding the door three quarters shut, and so I couldn't see anything in the room but an expensive-looking color TV. He glanced over bis shoulder nervously at something behind him. The inner ends of his eyebrows drooped in a frown. He looked back at me and started to say something, then, with a small defiance, shrugged his eyebrows. "Sure, but there's not much I can tell you." and cut unfashionably short. He had a good-looking Kansas face. The haircut made me think he was new. you might be able to tell me something about Andrew Detweiler." " This eloquent novel,\* says the jacket of Taylor Caldwell's The DeviTs Advocate, making two errors in three words. . . ." (Damon Knight, In Search of Wonder, Advent, Chicago, 1967, p. 29.) of 65." He held up his hand to forestall an effusion. "Now, let me explain how that breaks down. You do. "Oh, happiness!" laughed the thin grey man. "She is grey tool". by EDWARD BRYANT. She was answered by quiet assent and nods of the head. She did not acknowledge it but plowed right on. "No reason to stay. When I was eight, my parents were killed in a fire. Our house burned down. I was taken in by a balmy old woman who lived not far away. I had some kin, but they didn't want me." He looked at me, trusting me. "They're pretty superstitious back in there, you know. Thought I was . . . marked. Anyway, the old woman took me in. She was a midwife, but she fancied herself a witch or something. Always making me drink some mess she'd brewed up. She fed me, clothed me, educated me, after a fashion, tried to teach me all her conjures, but I never could take 'em seriously." He grinned sheepishly. "I did chores for her and eventually became a sort of assistant, I guess. I helped her birth babies . . . I mean, deliver babies a couple of times, but that didn't last long. The parents were afraid me bein' around might mark the baby. She taught me to read and I couldn't stop. She had a lot of books she'd dredged up somewhere, most of 'em published before the First World War. I read a complete set of encyclopedias? published in 1911." 249. secret. when she forced herself to walk

slowly beside me. I even took them back to the cabletrain, but I had no compound three days ago. At first he thought she was one of the company people? somebody's wife., occur outside, as well as inside, science fiction..1. A poem about her favorite beer, written as though it were an ad..154. When I was through with my talk and with the question-and-answer session, I sang "Randali's Song" in my most resonant baritone and absolutely brought the house down.. swing back to traditional, even old-fashioned themes and forms. Compare 2001 to Star Wars.. pool. Once I myself dived from a rock into the blue ocean to retrieve the pearl of white fire I wear on my. I know I don't have any right to feel this, but I'm pissed, and so I move away in the bed. "I don't care." The first time: "Such a goddamned adolescent, Rob.".. So he lay down on the bed and Hinda sat by him. She rubbed cinquefoil on his head to soothe it and sang him many songs, and soon Brother Hart was asleep.. "If I might be able to-". "Maybe Andrew Detweiler is twins. One of them commits the murders and the other establishes the alibis.".. touch the console and push the stim to seventy-five. Fifty tracks are in. Jain, will you love me if I don't?. minutes left on the clock, he'd just up and left, which was not, strictly speaking, a violation. It did imply. Half an hour later the curtains over the barred open window moved. I had squatted down in the closet and wasn't looking in that direction, but the movement caught my eye. Something hopped in the window and scooted across the floor and went behind the couch. I. Earthside that you couldn't do it. They've tried some experiments, coaching some very good pilots and. I was sorry to hear. His eyes dropped and he was silent for a moment "I want to tell you. But I don't know how without you thinking I'm a monster.".. man flung out his cape, grabbed Amos by the hand, and ran out into the street.. could scrounge. It would be useful later for heating, and for recharging batteries. They managed to convert plastic packing crates into fuel containers by lining them with sheets of the double-walled material the whirligigs used to heat water. They were nervous at this vandalism, but had no other choice. They kept looking nervously at the graveyard as they ripped up meter-square sheets of it.. "Alas," sighed the North Wind, "mirrors are always kept inside people's houses where I am never invited. So I never had a chance to look in one. Besides, I have been too busy.".. "Your greatest happiness will be to look into this mirror?". Steven Utley for "Upstart". "It was one of the fruit," she said, gasping for breath and coughing. "I was heating it in a beaker., I." Right. The thing about cars is ... Well, I live in Elizabeth across the river, right? So any time I come. For Lea was cloaked in grey from head to foot But almost before the words were out, she loosed. "I don't know. The subject never came up." He wasn't being defensive.. "His back?"

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