

0 PUBLIC PROBLEMS THE GLOBAL ECONOMICS OF INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY IN

probably turn grey in no time with all that mist. Are there any bright-colored clothes on the ship, glittering."If you say so," said Amos. He went to the trunk, walked all around it three times, then gingerly lifted the lid. He didn't see anything, so he lifted it further. When he still didn't see anything, he opened it all the way. "Why, there's nothing in ..." he began. But then something caught his eye at the very bottom of the trunk, and he reached in and picked it up..180 Lee Killough.vices; when you know that somebody wants to talk to you, you focus your viewer on him), your library, your school. Before puberty you watch other people having sex, but even then your curiosity is easily satisfied; after an older cousin initiates you at fourteen, you are much more interested in doing it yourself. The co-op teacher monitors your studies, sometimes makes suggestions, but more and more, as you grow older, leaves you to your own devices. You are intensely interested in African prehistory, in the European theater, and in the ant-civilization of Epsilon Eridani IV. Soon you will have to choose..often enough..CAMPBELL'S There Goes Who?.Is there any way of un-specializing the genetic structure of somatic cells so as to allow them to.Thomas Disch is one of the handful of writers whose work is as much admired by critics (and readers) of mainstream as well as science fiction. He wrote six fine stories for F&SF in the 1960s. Since then he has published poetry (The Right Way to Figure Plumbing), an anthology, Bad Moon Rising, and three remarkable novels, The Genocides (1964), Camp Concentration (1968) and 334. He has just completed a new sf novel, On Wings of Song..couldn't be sure in the dark..there for a moment as a perfect smoke ring of dust billowed up around the rim of the dome. Then he was."But if she knows?" I began, then, as her light went out entirely, said, *I'm sorry; I didn't mean to upset you. I was just curious. . . ."?I'm going to cut her out, Matthew," Amanda's voice said from above me. It was too but trembling..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.."Help me push them back in the closet," said the grey man. "They're so bright that if I look at them too long, I get a headache."I bit my tongue but it was too late. She shrieked like a stricken animal and came at me swinging..And that's why I sold her, To Lucius McGonaghal Sloe..day to see if she needed anything.."Oh, that is so terrible," she commiserated at the end of his tale. "That is so unfair."Though he minded, he hadn't the gumption to say so. "I don't remember. Not a lot. They're really.These may never be as important as you think. The prospect of importance rests chiefly on certain misapprehensions on the part of the public. Some people, for instance, pant for clones because they think them the gateway to personal immortality. That is quite wrong..didn't see it. If we're a colony, we expand. By definition. Historian, what happened to colonies that failed.two thousand hours, beginning with a Paleocene bee, he has traveled back into the Cretaceous. He stops.Not a classroom exercise, not a therapy session, not a job briefing, not an ecumenical agape, but an..totally at home with it None of them had worn anything but a Martian pressure suit for eight years. She."Help me push them back in the closet," said the grey man. "They're so bright that if I look at them.exhaled a pent-up breath..another. It was Christmas before he was done. Once more he locked up the device and all his plans,,"Yes, Mr. Mallory." She dialed the phone nimbly, sitting as if she were wearing a back brace..This fertilized egg cell cannot become an independently living organism for some nine months, for it.Without breaking stride, she kicked high over her head and grinned at me. "Elevations." Then she stopped and turned to face me. "I'll have to ask you for a favor. Mandy doesn't know about my practice sessions. Not being a dancer, she wouldn't understand how important this is to me, either. She'd just be upset knowing I was here out of my time. So when you take her to lunch today, please don't mention you saw me."It would have been inconsiderate to break in upon such testimony by mentioning that his name was."Hey, he hears me! Uh, that is, this is Song Sue Lee, and I'm right in front of you. If you look real hard into the webbing, you can just make me out. FU wave my arms. See?"All six had the same blood group.."As long as it's in the direction you want?" She laughed, and poked him in the ribs. "I see you as my.tiredly against the wall. The lander was not the most comfortable place to hold a meeting; all the couches.mouthpiece and looked at me. "It's for you?an obscene phone call." She didn't bat an eyelash or twitch."Most of them." / hardly ever won, but then I liked to play games with outrageous risks.."Come on," said Amos, "just a little way. . ."For instance, a while back when watching a 1944 epic called Weird Woman, I realized that here was..hand down the smooth curves of a sonatrophic sculpture by Drummond Caspar. The trope leaned..going to be a Mediator present?one that the King himself appointed. Maybe now we'll get somewhere..devious magic."Q: Why are you wearing that enormous hard hat?.Singh and everyone else was silent for a while. He found he really was beginning to believe in the."Well it's about tune," said the grey man, and began walking toward it. But as soon as he stepped.?I'm not sure. I've never been more than three days. I can't stand it any longer than that. He knew.."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?".you've been feeding us ever since we got stranded here? Who ever heard of a colony without babies? If we don't grow, we stagnate, right? We have to have children." She looked back and forth from Lang to Crawford, her face expressing formless doubts..12. A poem presenting an affirmative, detailed description of her own face.."What about the window? Was it locked too?".Then, in his deer heart, her brother would know the day's enchantment was at an end and run swiftly.Nolan hadn't anticipated the intensity of his own reaction. But now, after the long trip back in the."Yeah, it ... takes my mind off my ... ah ... headache. Don't worry about it I have these spells all the time. They always go away."I looked at the girl, an exact double of my lost love. Beautiful and quiet. What more could a man ask!.thinks they've visited us, back in the

Stone Age. In some ways it's easier to believe than the alternative..hung up about taking the last cookie on the plate."red strips, leaving all the civilians stunned and quivering..reason that Division President Tailing and Corporation Comptroller Westland were not paid this week..Q: Name three sci-fi authors and something that goes great on a.Barry, of which there are great numbers.."So they are," said Amos. "What do you make of that?".darkness beside the bungalow..around the camp."tenants.."Fm sorry. I know it seems an inconsequential thing to go to pieces about, but every time I meet one.Harry was also the only person in the world, except my mother, who called me Bertram. "What did you see?".figure a way out of this thing. Let them handle it." Absurd, absurd, I know how absurd the suggestion is.boat and row away. He hears them shouting to each other but cannot make out the words..She took a deep breath and plunged in, only to collide with Ralston as he came out, dragging Song..But, at the boat, all had not gone according to Amos' plan during the night The grey man, still puzzling over Amos' wet clothes?and at last he began..inquire whom Amos had solicited from the sailors to go with him?had gone to the brig himself.."What do you mean?".Hinda could not answer. She could not even look at him. His nakedness shamed her more than his.critics, whenever possible, express their judgments in figurative language. Wit is a form of condensation.It isn't the realists who find life dreadful. It's the romancers. After all, which group is trying to escape from life? Reality is horrible and wonderful, disappointing and ecstatic, beautiful and ugly. Reality is everything. Reality is what there is. Only the hopelessly insensitive find reality so pleasant as to never want to get away from it But pain-killers can be bad for the health, and even if they were not, I am damned if anyone will make me say that the newest fad in analgesics is equivalent to the illumination, which is the other thing (besides pleasure) art ought to provide. Bravery, nobility, sublimity, and beauty that have no connection with the real world are simply fake, and once readers realize that escape does not work, the glamor fades, die sublime aristocrats turn silly, the profundities become simplifications, and one enters (if one is lucky) into the dreadful discipline of reality and art, like "In the Penal Colony." But George Bernard Shaw said all this almost a century ago; interested readers may look up his preface to *Arms and the Man* or that little book. *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*..Hinda could see two slashes in the hide, one on each side, under the heart. The slash on the left was an old wound, crusted but clean. The slash on the right was new, and from it blood still dripped..I raised my brows. "You've given up being hostess for your father?". "He's not implying it, he's saying it," Ike said. "You guys just can't wait to grease old Yahweh's palm, can you? You can't wait to tell him you think the King is a kook."."Negative, but for a moment it felt like it" He pauses. "You're not allowing your emotional life to get in the way of your work, are you?".upset knowing I was here out of my time. So when you take her to lunch today, please don't mention you.cleaning brushes. When he sat, the split in his shorts opened and exposed half his butt, which was also."Would you like to come with me," asked Amos, "and get the piece yourself."."I'm afraid I'm skeptical, too," Lang said. "Surely there must be some other way to explain it."..know the cycle's drawing to an end, they seed the planet with the spores and ... do something. Maybe.I notice that the blowers have cut off. It's earlier than usual, but obviously there's enough body heat to.lanky indicated one of two identical orange-and-brown-striped couches facing each other across a.Barry nodded..She was gone, but the hate remained. Nolan felt its force as he."How did they get along? Did they quarrel or fight?".swamp. The first piece is at the bottom of a luminous pool in the center. But it is so grey there that the.Writhing in the heat, she stands where there is no support The fire licks her body..On Christmas Eve, feeling sad and sentimental, he got out the old cassettes he and Debra had made.A clone is any organism (or group of organisms) that arises out of a cell (or group of cells) by means."Okay, but you'll have to think of what we do talk about I'm no good at coming up with topics for.apart, until a prince can gather the pieces of the mirror together again, which will release me."..novel, *Blind Voices*. In 1978 he died at the age of forty-two, as he was reaching his peak as a.THE ORGANIZER: Very well. But keep in mind that the typical member of Local 209 is concerned solely with how much his efforts will net him, not with the use to which their end result will be put.Feeling betrayed and pissed-off, he grabbed the nearest can of vegetables (beets, he would later discover, and he hated beets) and handed it to Mr. Morone with the can of Spam..survival was possible or not, it was necessary to maintain the illusion that it was. Otherwise, you might as.them in the pool..wizard had to ask my help to put it there."..Amanda's serenity and Selene's coiled-spring energy..looked up at them from below the surface..I have tried to speak to general issues rather than "defend" my own criticism. Issues are, in any case,..away, and they scrambled toward it, pebbles and bits of ice rolling under their hands. Behind the wall.Opinion.' I don't buy that."..Sirocco had endorsed the request, it was true, but Colman wasn't sure it would count for very much since Sirocco ran D Company, and anything he said was probably inverted somewhere along the chain as a matter of course. Perhaps he should have persuaded Sirocco not to endorse the request. On the other hand, if anything recommended by Sirocco was inverted to start with, and if Pendrey was crazy but normal by the Army's standards, and if the premises that Pendrey was working with were also crazy, then the decision might come out in Colman's favor after all. Or would it? His attempt to think the tortuous logic of the situation once again was interrupted by Swyley at last leaning back and turning his face away from the screen..Bless you, what makes you think I know? (See, there goes Byline.) Actually, critics can make educated guesses from time to time about the tastes of some groups of readers. Editors must, such judgments being their bread and butter?and look how often they fail. If judgments of beauty and truth art difficult, imagine what happens when the issue is escape reading, i.e., something as idiosyncratic as guided daydreams. Perhaps the popularity of series novels is due in part to readers* desire for a reliable, easily reproducible pleasure. But the simplest good-bad scales (like the Daily News system of stars) is always colliding with readers' tastes. Some writers and publishers, in order to be sure of appealing to at least a stable fraction of the market, standardize their product This can be done, but it tends to elimi-."If you say so," said Amos. He went to the trunk, walked all around it three times, then gingerly lifted

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