

## NDANCE ENTRETIENS DOCUMENTS VOL 7 | CORRESPONDANCE (DICEMBRE 1657

"How far have they penetrated?" Colman asked. "I don't give a shit," Padawski shouted as the trio spilled across the floor toward the counter. "I don't give a goddamn shit, I tell ya. If that asshole wants to--" His voice broke off suddenly. "Say, who've we got over here? It's Goldilocks from D Company--they're the shitheads who're so smart they can screw up a whole exercise on the first day." Colman felt the floor vibrate as heavy footfalls approached the booth. He quietly uncrossed his feet beneath the table and shifted his weight to be poised for instant movement. His fingers curled more snugly around the half-full cup of hot coffee. He looked up to find Padawski leering down from about three feet away. "Don't look directly. The old Chevy across the street." Celia sat and looked at the boxes, and wondered what it was about the whole business that upset her. It wasn't so much the spectacle of Mrs. Crayford's mindless parading of an affluence that now meant nothing, she was sure, since she had known the woman for enough years to have expected as much. Surely it couldn't be because she herself had succumbed to the same temptation, for that had been a comparatively minor thing--a single, not very large, sculpture, and not one that had included any precious metals or rare stones. She turned her head to gaze at the piece again--she had placed it in the recess by the corner window--the heads of three children, two boys and a girl, of perhaps ten or twelve, staring upward as if at something terrifying but distant a threat perceived but not yet threatening. But as well as the apprehension in their eyes, the artist had captured a subtle suggestion of serenity and courage that was anything but childlike, and had combined it with the smoothness of the faces to yield a strange wistfulness that was both captivating and haunting. The piece was fifteen years old, the dealer h3 Franklin had told them, and had been made by one of the Founders. Celia suspected that the dealer may have been the artist, but he hadn't reacted to her oblique questions on the subject. Were the expressions on those faces affecting her for some reason? Or did the artist's skill in working the grain around the highlights to simulate illumination from above cause Celia to feel that she had debased a true artistic accomplishment by allowing it to be included alongside the others as just another item to be snatched at greedily and gloated over? The young, sophisticated wife that Howard Kalens had taken with him to Luna to join the Mayflower H was now in her early forties, but her face had acquired character and maturity along with the womanly look that had evolved from girlish prettiness, and her body had filled out to a voluptuousness that had lost none of its femininity. She was not exactly beautiful in the transient, fashion-model sense of the word; but the firm, determined lines of her chin and well-formed mouth, together with the calm, calculating eyes that studied the world from a distance, signaled a more basic sensuality' which time would never erase. Her. "You might not approve of the congressman's methods, but he's got a vision for this country that could. Most Terrans had no doubts that the Chironians would take no notice whatsoever, but they couldn't see Kalens enforcing the threat. It had to be a bluff--a final, desperate gamble by a clique who thought they could sleep forever, trying to hold together the last few fragments of a dream that was dissolving in the light of the new dawn. "He should have learned about evolution," Jerry Pernak commented to Eve as they listened to the news over breakfast. "The mammals are here, and he thinks he can legislate them back to dinosaurs." "Birds are something ladybugs worry about, you know." "Excuse me," he said to the bargain-basement Thor as the hammer arced high over the hood again, and. Remaining at the stricken woman's side, Micky looked across the fence and saw Geneva at the back. "Oh, Micky B, you get it, all right. You're a smartie just like me. There's always too much going on in." "Logging on early," Waiters replied. "Merrick wants to talk to you for a minute before you go off duty. He told me to tell you to stop by the ECD. You can take off now and see him on the company's time." He moved over to the console and nodded at the array of screens. "How are we doing? Lots of wild and exciting things happening?" Sirocco resumed twiddling his moustache. "Besides, I couldn't let you have the monopoly, could I--on all the decent ones, I mean." He was giving Colman a strange look, as if he was trying to find out about something that he didn't want to put into words. During the past year, however, Micky had spent a great many hours in late-night self-analysis, if only. starry sky, low near the horizon, but nothing of the greater vault above, where ghost riders would be. A pair of men's walking shoes appear new. He takes one of these from the closet, puts it on the floor. cease, the hum of traffic on the freeway, engines stroking and tires turning: an ever-approaching burr that. Even as he thought that, Eve's words about brainwashing came back to him. Yes, he was willing to concede that he had been through the same processes as everyone else, and that could be why he was unable in his mind to dissociate wealth and status from material possessions. But even if a sufficiently advanced society could supply possessions in an abundance great enough to make their restriction purposeless, that still couldn't equate to unlimited wealth, surely. The very notion was a contradiction in terms, for wealth by definition meant something that was highly valued and in limited supply. In other words, if on Chiron possessions did not equate to wealth and thereby satisfy the universal human hunger to be judged a success, then what did?. and well. Kath gave a short laugh, "Of course not ... but they're deceptive, aren't they. You have to remember that they've evolved from systems which were designed to adapt themselves to, and teach, children. You project a lot of yourself into what you think they're saying." it sooner wasn't a failure of mind or muscle, but a collapse of reason, the result of runaway fear. omnium-gatherum of bath additives that any citizen of medieval times would have recognized her at once. get full servings of 'em on bigger plates, but your poor sweet sister, she got hers heaped high on a. Inside the server were vanilla ice-cream sundaes with chocolate sauce, toasted coconut, and crowning. "I said you can stuff it." Suddenly the feeling of intimidation that had haunted Bernard for years was gone. The role that he had allowed himself to be twisted and bent into shriveled and fell away like an old skin being sloughed off. For the first time he was--himself, and free to assert himself as an individual. And on the far side of the desk before him, the granite cathedral cracked apart and collapsed into rubble to reveal . . . nothing inside. It was a sham, just like all

the other shams that he had been running from all his life. He had just stopped running..The preacher wheeled round and fixed him with an intimidating glare that failed to intimidate. "Do you believe in atoms?".Were her misgivings now the early-warning signals from a part of herself that had already seen the cracks appearing in dreams that were destined to crumble, and which she consciously was still unable to admit? If she was honest with herself, was she deep down somewhere beginning to despise Howard for allowing it to happen? In the bargain that she had always assumed to be implicit, she had entrusted him with twenty years of her life, and now he was betraying that trust by allowing all that he had professed to stand for to be threatened by the very things that he had tacitly contracted to remove her from. Everywhere Terrans were rushing headlong to throw off 'everything that they had fought and struggled to preserve and carry with them across four light-years 'of space, and hurl themselves into Chironian ways. The Directorate, which in her mind meant Howard, was doing nothing to stop it. She had once read a quotation by a British visitor, Janet Shaw, to the Thirteen Colonies in 1763, who had remarked with some disapproval on the "most disgusting equality" that she had observed prevailing on all sides. It suited the present situation well..other side. Ripley usually had a big gun and a flamethrower. Here was where Mrs. D's occasional.allowed to go free. Not ever..was solely to blame for what she had become. The anger that she'd once directed at others had been.Colman sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why didn't he put a call through?".to survival: Only time matters. The longer he stays free and hidden, the less likely that he will ever be.The girl grew silent..Kath had moved away to talk to Adam, Casey, and Veronica, who were sitting together beyond the table at which Driscoll was performing. Although he was beginning to feel more at ease with her than he had initially, Colman was still having to work at getting used to the feeling of being accepted freely and naturally by somebody like her, and of being treated as if he were somebody special from the Mayflower ii. On the first occasion that he had walked with her from Adam's place to The Two Moons, he had felt somewhat like Lurch, Adam's klutz robot-awkward, out of place, and uncertain of what to talk about or how to handle the situation. But all through that evening, despite the shooting episode, on the way back and at Adam's afterward, and when he had met her in town for a meal after coming off duty the following day, she had continued to show the same free and easy attitude. Gradually he had relaxed his defenses, but it still puzzled him that somebody who was a director of a fusion plant, or whatever she did exactly, should act that way toward an engineer sergeant demoted to an infantry company. Why would she do something like that? For that matter, why would any Chironian be interested more than just socially in any Terran at all?.Bernard shook his head in protest and tore his eyes away to look at the screen still showing Kath. "You can't let this happen," he implored. "Those are your own people up there in Selene. This will just be the first example. Then it' II get worse.".At the front of the vehicle, the door opens, and the first things through it are the excited voices of a man.wasn't there... and some other guy ...". "You could be right, but that's long-term," Lechat replied. "I'm more worried about what might happen in the shorter term. I need help to do something about it.". "And he shot you anyway?".Barefoot, she went into the kitchen, where Geneva was preparing dinner. A small electric fan, set on the.the crop rows to a rail fence..no sign of the two silent men who wouldn't stoop to pick up five dollars.. "No, I'm not. I'm going to talk about air-conditioning for.After a hesitation, Leilani said, "Dr. Doom says he's had this vision that we'll both be healed by."It was," Jean agreed. "It's a lesson that we an have to remember. It happened because people had forgotten that we all have our proper places in the order of things and our proper functions to perform. They allowed too many people who were unqualified and unworthy to get into positions that they hadn't earned."If warehouse decor favored red light, as reputed, then this atmosphere was holier suited to a prostitute.The major hesitated for a second, and then said, "Ah in view of the circumstances, it would be better if you permitted us to carry your guns back for you. Would you mind?". "They must be, mustn't they," Mrs. Crawford agreed blissfully. She shook her head. "In some ways it seems almost criminal to take them, but..." she sighed, "I'm sure they'd just be wasted otherwise. After all, those people are obviously savages and! quite incapable of appreciating the true value of anything." Celia's throat tightened, but she managed to remain quiet. Mrs. Crayford fussed with her pile of boxes. "Oh, dear, I wonder if I should leave some of them here after all and have them picked up later. I'm not at all sure we can carry them the rest of the way with just the two of us.". "I'm sure Adam would be more than happy," Kath interjected. She looked at Bernard expectantly in a way that would have melted the Mayflower II's reaction dish.. "What're you doin' here, boy?". This was a girlish merriment, sweet and musical, almost shy..Geneva laughed, reached across the table, and gave Micky's left hand an affectionate squeeze. "That's."I've been putting up for years with everything they want to start all over again in Iberia!" Bernard thundered suddenly, slamming down his glass. His face turned crimson. "I hated every minute of it. Who ever asked me if that was what I wanted? Nobody. I'm tired of everybody taking- for granted who I am and what they think Fm supposed to be. I stuck with it because I love you and I love our kids, and I didn't have any choice. Well, now I have a choice, and this time you owe me. I say we're going to Norday, and goddamnit we're going to Norday!".unconsciousness, she would sometimes repeat this mantra in a singsong voice, a hundred times, two.Celia waited for a few minutes to give anybody a chance to come back for something, then stepped from the shower, found the clothes that Veronica had left, and spent a few minutes putting them on and lacing the boots. Her hair was already fled high from wearing the wig, but she spent a while studying the cap in the mirror and making some adjustments before she considered herself passable. She was.This was true. Golden hair. Eyes as blue as gentian petals. The clarity of Leilani's features promised that.Nanook sighed heavily. "We have had one or two things like that from time to time," he confessed. "But it never lasts. In the end a bigger bunch gets itself together and gets rid of them. It comes to the same thing--they end up getting shot anyhow.". "Are you all right?" Micky asked, moving along the fence toward the collapsed section of pickets..stars. Rattlesnakes, scorpions, and tarantulas will be more hospitable than the merciless pack of hunters.smiles, but she tricked one out of it anyway. "Judging by the men I've fallen

for, ice cream beats love."Abaht ten minutes," the steward said. "I'm supposed ter collect it next door any time nah." In the background, one of the soldiers was stripping off his blouse and unbuckling his belt."Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered..feet were grass-stained and filthy, though her fine slip was rumpled and streaked with dirt, though her hair.thing? Sundays on Wednesday." At first Noah didn't get it..improvement in implant technology, my best hope is to develop good boobs. You can be a mutant and.pillows piled against her headboard, everything had changed, and nothing had changed..the door and the rear fence. The grass flourished because Geneva watered it regularly with a hose..He returned to the Bowery, where a couple of businessmen out on the town bought him a drink. They were concerned about the rumors of possible trouble because they had big plans for expansion on Chiron, and they pressed ..... Colman for inside information from the Military. Colman ' ~d he didn't have any. The businessmen hoped everything would be resolved peacefully but were glad that the Army was around to help solve any problems. They didn't want peace to prevent people like Colman from getting shot or so that Chironians who were like Jay and the black guy near Zeerust could become engineers or run their farms without getting wiped out by air strikes; they wanted it So that they could make money by hiring Chironians at half the wages they'd need to pay Terrans, and to set up good, exclusive schools to put their kids in. You couldn't put Chironians in the schools, because if you did they'd want the same wages. And in any case they'd never be able to afford it. The Chironians weren't really people, after all..Face to the sun, eyes closed, striving to empty her mind of all thought, yet troubled by insistent.of an out-of-control machine, after all, but as a drunk or a lunatic. The tires suddenly churn up clouds of.the end of the kitchen toward which the workers had initially seemed to be directing him..Bleeding, of course, is a quiet process..direct him with subtle gestures toward what he assumes will be a rear exit.. "Why don't you? ".he'd lost her. Until then, she'd been a radiance, the one brightness in a family that otherwise lived in.Kath's voice remained low but took on a note of urgency. "Make sure all of them are closed. Do it now." Bernard shook his head, mystified, and started asking questions again. "Just do it," Kath said, cutting him off. "There might not be much time." .She glanced down at her feet. No snake..Otto seemed to be the spokesman. He seemed anxious to reassure them. "We would only destroy the ship without warning if it were to commence launching and deploying its strategic weapons without warning," he told the Terrans. "It is a difficult matter to exercise exact judgment upon, but we feel the most likely course would be for Stern to issue an ultimatum before resorting to direct action. After all, he would hardly stand to profit from destroying the very resources that he hopes to possess. Our intention has been to reserve our warning as a reply to that ultimatum. In the meantime his support will continue to wither, hopefully with the effect of making him better disposed toward being reasonable when the time comes." .police roadblock to stop traffic and provide an opportunity to steal from motorists. Therefore, Curtis."Are you planning to grant it?" Noah asked.. "Okay, maybe not." A dry sour laugh escaped her as she said, "But I sure have done my best to wash it.Fallows appeared surprised. "I thought it was closed off for another two days. Isn't the Army having an exercise in there or something?" .maze of work aisles along which a stooping-crouching-scuttling boy might be able to escape.. "I'm trying to find someone to confirm the rumors." .Some facial muscles might be forever paralyzed, twisting your smile, weirdly distorting every expression..for the highway patrol..He watched her walk away. Then between long swallows, he studied his beer as though it meant.still churned Leilani, and the rotten-sour sludge of scent that pooled on the wall-to-wall gave her another.tried to settle his nerves..Short of being caught on video in the act of blowing someone's bruins out, Preston Maddoc was.thought that Burt Hooper was simply rude. "I'd help you if I could." .cloud of dust and a powder of dead grass pulverized by a summer of hammering sun.. "Of course they are. It's all a mess up there." .reasons why that's an absurd idea." .As a postgraduate biology student at the University of Michigan, her home state, she had once had ambitions to specialize in biochemistry and the genetics pf primitive life-forms. She had hoped that such studies would bring her closer to comprehending how inanimate matter had organized itself to a complexity capable of manifesting life, and she rationalized it outwardly by telling herself that her knowledge would contribute to feeding the exploding population of the new America. And then she had met Bernard, whose youthful zeal and visions of the."Sure." Sirocco tossed up a gauntleted hand as if the answer were obvious. "Guys who don't like it but have to do it get mad. They can't get mad at the people who make them do it, so they take it out on the enemy instead. That's what makes them good. But the guys who like it take too many risks and get shot, which makes them not so good. It's logical." .once they were on the road again, old Sinsemilla might set the motor home on fire while cooking up rock."And you're Corporal Swyley, who sees things that aren't there," Kath said, moving round a step. "Your Captain Sirocco told me about your ability. I like him. He told me about the way you ruined the exercise up on the ship too. I thought it was wonderful." .The bright, sharp memory of that violence would shred his sanity if he dwelt on it. For the sake of."I hope they're not going to start shooting each other up here. It would be pretty scary in orbit. They could decompress the whole ship." .a rich gay-nightclub owner in San Francisco, a seventeen-year-old high-school football star in."I don't know," Farnhill said. "You'd have to ask Merrick about that." .What a crackerjack that girl is, what a sassy piece of work. By sassy, of course, she wanted them to.While Alan Jackson filled the jukebox with a melancholy lament about loneliness, Noah fished the.matter how ingenuously she phrased the request, asking for a shotgun would probably alarm him..At the windows of the two-story motel, most of the drapes have been flung back. Curious, worried.suddenly appear stone-hard, and cold enough to bring an early end to summer across the entire North.GENERAL JOHANNES BORFTEIN'S simple and practical philosophy of life was that everything comes to him who goes out and looks for it, and if need be, takes it. Nobody was going to give anyone anything for nothing, and nobody kept for very long what he neglected to defend. The name of the game was Survival. He hadn't made up the roles; they had been written into Nature long before he existed.. "How do you know there's no one around?" .her, Aunt Gen. There's nothing we can do tonight." .Geneva brightened. "Now you're

talking.".The sawn-off circular end of the hollow tubular pole wouldn't be as effective as a sharp knife, but it.Micky said, "It's hard to make up anything as weird as what is.".He and the dog had abandoned that wheeled sanctuary shortly after dawn, west of Grand Junction.,red hair and one sandal, or perhaps the murderous retirees in the Windchaser?could then have used a.Sterm nodded slowly as he ticked off the points one by one in his mind, looking at Stormbel coolly, then turned to Gaultitz, one of the senior scientists, who was sitting with some advisers to one side of the room. "Let us be certain about the Kuan-yin," he said. "The success of the entire operation is at stake. You are quite sure?".taken from the open cooler behind him..litter. With a soft rustle, a loosely crumpled wad of paper twirls lazily across the pavement and comes to."I never said they'd do anything," the robot replied. "I just said that people telling them wouldn't bother them.".five-hundred rummy.".hair tossing like the deadly locks of an enraged Medusa. In her furious ascension, she stirred up an acrid."Probably this lemonade," said Leilani.

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