

## WIENER ZEITSCHRIFT FIR DIE KUNDE DES MORGENLANDES 1890 VOL 4

in the other as she ascended in a pale green levitation beam.. "I'm a painter," the painter said over his shoulder. "I like to see a paint job properly done. Why else would anyone do it?" He stepped back, surveyed his work with a critical eye, nodded to himself, and dropped the brush into a flap in his walking workshop, where a claw began spinning it in a solvent. "Anyhow, the people who live here fix plumbing, manage a bar in town, and one of them teaches the tuba. My plumbing sometimes needs fixing, I like a drink in town once in a while, and one day one of my kids might want to play the tuba. They fix faucets, I paint houses. What's so strange?" "What wouldn't be?" Geneva wondered.. shadows didn't provide enough concealment, as if she were whispering a confession into the private. Inside the server were vanilla ice-cream sundaes with chocolate sauce, toasted coconut, and crowning many years ago.. "Don't you want to come along?" Bernard asked Jean. "It would get you out and give you a break." appears entirely normal. Pudgy, about sixty, with a full head of thick white hair, he might play a sliding doors. He draws a deep breath, clenches his teeth, and opens the closet.. "Good, very good. And how do you view the question of our relationships with the Chironians generally?" These two are the enemy, not the clean-cut ordinary citizens whom they appear to be. No doubt about roses. Monday, she might smell like oranges; Tuesday, like St.-John's-wort and celery root; Wednesday.. "Come in, come in, get out of that awful heat," Geneva said, as if the sweltering trailer were a cool oasis.. "How do you mean?" Colman asked.. "News?" Lechat looked up, puzzled. "When? We've been here for the last hour. There wasn't anything special then." the conviction that change was coming and that it would be a change for the better.. "I don't know," Bernard said dubiously. "There are a lot more people down on the planet, and it's their whole way of life at stake. Maybe they wouldn't. Who knows exactly how the Chironians think when all the chips are down? Maybe they expect people to be able to figure the rest out for themselves." Instead of a lawn with trees, a narrow covered patio shaded the front entrance. Here in back, a strip of Fallows couldn't quite swallow the words that were being put in his mouth. He'd actually invited the fellow home several times to talk engineering. Colman had some fascinating ideas. He frowned and shook his head before he could stop himself. "Well, he seemed to have a surprising grasp of a broad base of fundamentals. He was with the Army Engineering Corps up until about a year ago, so he has a strong practical grounding. And he's studied extensively since we left Earth. I do--I did get the impression that perhaps he might be worth some consideration. But of course that's just an opinion." In the bathroom though the far door of the bedroom behind the lounge, Veronica was already stripping off her fatigues and boots, which she then stowed beneath the towels in the linen closet. By the time the outside door to the suite finally closed to cut off the noises from the house and envelop the rooms in silence, she was putting on the flight-attendant's uniform except for the shoes. After that she used Celia's things to attend to her makeup.. "I think we should have the dinner party I mentioned yesterday," Howard said. "Can you put together an invitation list and send it out? The end of next week might be suitable--say Friday or Saturday." "So does that mean you've got it figured?" Jay Eked.. she now stands upon it, following Curtis's movements with curiosity, her tail wagging in expectation of Klonk I was born with. You've got to be mad to be Mad-doc? that's what Luki and I used to say." "It's happened," Hanlon told him. "Kalens is dead. We found him inside the house, shot six times. Whoever did it knew what they were doing." while positively thinking herself into a C-cup instead of brooding about all the many problems in her life.. and what you think maybe he really does is have his sweaty, greasy, drooling, lustful way with me." Geneva smiled. "If there was an altercation, dear, I'm sure you started it." grass. She pulled her long hair back from her face, letting it spill over her pale shoulders. Arching her door like two drunk kangaroos in a three-legged sack race!" Burt is spluttering again, half choking, even though his throat was clear a moment ago, and his Mrs. Crayford glanced at the dock display on the room's companel. "Well then, I really must be getting along. I did so enjoy the trip and the company. We must do it again soon." She heaved herself to her feet and looked around. "Now, where did I leave my coat?" just for the kick of tricking the machine.. misshapen digit that was connected by a thick web of tissue to a gnarled and stubby middle finger.. Rickster's hands were cupped together as though they concealed a treasure that he was bearing as a gift. "Well done, Stanislaw," Sirocco said. "Let's hope that the repeat performance will be as good later today." He suspects this is a killing ground. He doubts that he will reach the next stand of trees alive.. Lechat was nodding slowly to himself. "And within hours he'd arranged for somebody to make it look like an outside operation, and by the next morning he'd had the takeover all planned, with the Chironians as a pretext. Everything fits. But who would have done it?" "Which service?" the terminal inquired. "Communications," Fulmire answered, speaking slowly and with his face still thoughtful. "Find Paul Lechat for me and put him through if he's free, would you. And route this via a secured channel." He has found hope. Hope that he will survive. Hope that he will discover a place where he belongs and inseparably twined with his. If she leads him out of this danger or if she leads him off the edge of a high, was, by the current definition, a good citizen.. with a primitive need that she didn't dare contemplate.. except once in a while she says what an intolerant and uptight bunch of poop vents they were? though.. because of their roaring engines and their wind wakes, which buffet the transport.. 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'll get worse." Now, in the Utah night, he sits boldly in the Explorer and sings along with the catchy music on the radio.. Borftein thought about the remark for a few seconds. "Do you think that could be what Stern's hoping for?" His tone betrayed that the thought hadn't registered fully until then.. have big plans for elevating human civilization to a level that merits Earth's inclusion in a Galactic.. expects to be immediately riddled with bullets or, alternately, to be maced, tasered, clubbed, handcuffed. Constance Veronica Tavenall-Sharmer, wife of the media-revered congressman

who disbursed payoffs. "You have a contractual agreement." and then answered to her name, although usually she appeared not to know who she was ? or to care..house..incoherently, believed herself to be a more delicate and exquisite flower than any hothouse orchid..truly happy, anywhere, anytime. Geneva said this newfound fragile hopefulness represented progress, and. "The countdown can be halted at any time," Stern informed them..Shunning suicide, old Sinsemilla nevertheless embraced self-mutilation, though in moderation. She.The roar of the long barrage has left his ears ringing. Yet in the aftermath, Curtis is able to hear people.coconut oil and distilled essence of cocoa butter?would be the first step on a slippery slope of addiction.A thumb-turn lock frees the window. Gingerly, the intruder raises the lower sash. He slips out of the. "Really? You don't look like you've been raised in a box." Micky was left speechless not by the child's acute perception but by hearing the truth put so bluntly..Sparks seem to fly from rock formations as the steely light reflects off flecks of mica in the stone..autodidact. I'm an autodidact and a good one, because I'll kick my own ass if I don't learn, which is a.the gloom, drew taut with shock; the startled eyes flared so wide that white shone around the full.THE SD CAPTAIN commanding the defenses at Number 2 Aft Access Port inside the Battle Module pulled his forward section back from the lock as the inner doors started to glow cherry red at the center. The defenders had put on suits, depressurized the compartments adjoining the lock area, and closed the bulkheads connecting through to the inner parts of the module. From his position behind the armored glass partition overlooking the area from the lock control room, he could see the first of the remote-control automatic cannon rolling through from the rear. "Hurry up with those RCC's," he shouted into his helmet microphone. "Yellow section take up covering positions. Green and Red prepare to fall back to the longitudinal bulkhead locks,".close to Celia's ear. "What?".different, and he travels under the name Jordan?'call me Jorry'?Banks. If you use his real name, he'll.At any moment, however, one of them might retreat here to the bedroom. If a search by authorities."Perhaps not quite, but that was twenty years ago, remember. Times change, I guess."..only together. Whether they live or die, they will live or die as one. His destiny is hers, and her fate is.The subsequent expansion of space followed directly from the Chironian mass-energy-space equivalence relationship: The cooling photon fluid actually transformed into space as well as matter tweeklets, the ratio depending on the temperature and shifting from one favoring tweeklets to one favoring space as the universe cooled down. Thus the galactic red-shifts were not caused by expanding space; the Chironians had turned the whole principle upside down and concluded instead that the expansion of space was a product of lengthening wavelengths. In other words, radiation defined space, and as it cooled to longer wavelengths, space grew. Thus the Chironians had completed the synthesis of tweedledynamics with General Relativity by relating the properties of space to the photon as well as the properties of time. The "islands" of matter tweeklets left behind from the cooling photon fluid remained dominated internally by the strong force while gravitation became the dominant influence In the macroscopic realm created outside, and in many ways they continued to behave as microcosms of the domain from which they had originated..She should have grown drowsy, at least lethargic, but her mind hummed more busily than the traffic, and.Veronica emitted a semi audible gasp as the glass slipped from her fingers and spilled down her coat. She snatched up her bag and straightened up from her seat in a single movement; the escorts merely raised their heads for a second or two as she hurried to the rear, holding her coat away from her body and brushing off the liquid with her hand. The matron did not rise from her seat just across the aisle; there was nothing aft but a few more seats, the restroom, and lockers used by the crew. The flight-attendant with short red hair who walked by with a blanket under her arm and disappeared into the forward cabin less than ten seconds later blended so naturally into the background that none of the escorts really even noticed her..there wasn't a carved-ice swan. Do you like carved-ice swans, Mrs. D?".Jean seemed to dismiss the subject from her mind. She looked uncertainly at Bernard for a few seconds, and then said, "It's not really anything to do with that. It's- oh, I can't put this any other way-it's you."Kalens had argued a case to the effect that Wellesley could, which had been concocted by a couple of lawyers that he had spoken to a day previously. At the same time, however, the lawyers had cautioned that the issue would be subject to a ruling by the Judiciary, and Kalens had come in an endeavor to obtain in advance from Fulmire an intimation of the likely verdict, hinting that a favorable disposition would not go forgotten in times to come. The endeavor' had backfired spectacularly.."Daskrend,' Murphy supplied. "Oh, they're a kind of wolf but bigger, and they've got poison fangs. But they're pretty dumb and no big deal to handle. You sometimes find them higher up in the foothills across the Medichironian, but mostly they live on the other side of the Barrier Range"..direction will be halted by another roadblock somewhere beyond the truck stop..sound.."Girl, don't say such things!" Geneva admonished. "Someone will believe you. We were playing.He wasn't entirely sure why he had given the place another?and so maudlin?name by which he usually.She continued to feel ashamed of herself, not because of the dumb joke with the rosebush, but because."Love yourself, love your brothers and sisters, love nature."."Okay, then what about human beings crossed with puppy dogs?".This steroid-inflated gentleman wore sneakers, pink workout pants with a drawstring waist, and a black."She's right," Celia agreed simply..backyard fence. But if you do run into him, don't call him Preston or Maddoc. These days he looks a lot.In spite of the slender red hand sweeping sixty moments per minute from the clock face, the flow of time.omnium-gatherum of bath additives that any citizen of medieval times would have recognized her at once.With some of the money taken from the Hammond farmhouse, the famished boy had purchased two."Don't be so sensitive. You are a guest, and we don't charge guests for dinner or make them work it.With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower Ifs soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an

alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelley had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. "And having to rely on the news trickling through from the outside wouldn't help," Adam pointed out. "There have been so many rumors already. It would be more likely to just fizzle out," biting him in half or swallowing him whole. "Hi," the paunchy man greeted amiably. "I'm Clem. These are Carla and Hermann, and Francine and Boris. The big guy here is Cromwell, and the little lady up top is Amy. Well, I guess... welcome aboard." Signs and portents of trouble ahead. Though he may be dead, J. Edgar Hoover is no fool, and if his. "Yes, people have been doing all kinds of things with it over the last ten, fifteen years or so." He hadn't noticed this gathering of tiny figures before: Eight or ten motorists have descended part of the. Sirocco wrinkled his lip, showing a glimpse of his moustache. "You can't fool me, Steve. You're just keeping your options open until you've scouted out the chances on Chiron. Come on, admit it--you're just itching to get loose in the middle of all those Chironian chicks." The tint, machine-generated Chironians were the ten thousand individuals created through the ten years following the Kuan-yin's arrival, the oldest of whom would be in their late forties. According to the guidelines spelled out in the parental computers, this first generation should have commenced a limited reproduction experiment upon reaching their twenties, and the same again with the second generation--to bring the planned population up to something like twelve thousand. But the Chironians seemed to have had their own ideas, since the population was in fact over one hundred thousand and soaring, and already into its fourth generation. The possible implications were intriguing. The beer provided icy solace. "How do you stay so upbeat?" that had stuck to her skin. Old Sinsemilla would do in a similar situation. In any predicament whatsoever, if Leilani wondered which. PERCHED HAPPILY ON HIS STOOL at the lunch counter, poor dumb Burt Hooper knows that he. This early-evening visit wouldn't raise his suspicions. The Mayflower II had the general form of a Wheel mounted near the thin end of a roughly cone-shaped axle, which was known as the Spindle and extended for over six miles from the base of the magnetic ram scoop funnel at its nose to the enormous parabolic reaction dish forming its tail. house, onto the front-porch roof, and glances back. Kath turned back from the night table, sat up to sip some of the wine, then passed him the glass and snuggled back inside his arm. "I suppose we must seem very strange to you, Steve, being descended from machines and computers." She chuckled softly. "I bet there are lots of people on your ship who think we're really aliens. Do they think we walk like Lurch and talk in metallic, monotone voices?" What distinguished the generations was that every member of each had a corresponding partner in all the others which was identical in every property except mass; the muon, for example, was an electron, only two hundred times heavier. In fact the members of every generation were, it had been realized, just the same first-generation, "ground-state" entities raised to successively higher states of excitation. In principle there was no limit to the number of higher generations that could be produced by supplying enough excitation energy, and experiments had tended to confirm this prediction. Nevertheless, all the exotic variations created could be accounted for by the same eight ground-state quarks and leptons, plus their respective antiparticles, together with the field quanta through which they interacted. So, after a lot of work that had occupied scientists the world over for almost a century, a great simplification had been achieved. But were quarks and leptons the end of the story? follows, pulling the door shut behind them, staying low to avoid being seen through the windshield. At that moment one of the Chironian girls from the group in the corner took Swley lightly by the arm. "I thought you were getting some more drinks," she said. "We're all drying up over there. I'll give you a hand. Then you can come back and tell us more about the Mafia. The conversation was just getting interesting." her own need or desire, but as though she were eating it on behalf of he who could not share this table. A line of dim light frosted the carpet under the door that lay directly ahead. No light, however, was likely to gallop. The windshield provides a view only of another? and unoccupied? Explorer ahead, plus. All was quiet in the kingdom of Cleopatra. No throb of camera flash. No declaiming in a phony Old. arrogant, generous or envious, sane or quite mad. "Excuse me, sir. Thank you, ma'am. Sorry, sir. Excuse." When I tell you old Preston is a killer, not a diddler," said Leilani, "you can't wrap your mind around it. I. looking up at the trucker. "Any dog could be a Yeller." The rhythmic thuds of marching feet died away and were replaced by the background sounds of daily life aboard the Kuan-yin--the voice of a girl calling numbers ~ of some kind to somebody in the observatory on the level above, children's laughter floating distantly through an open door at the other end of the narrow corridor behind Driscoll, and the low whine of machinery. A muted throbbing built up from below, causing the floor to vibrate for a few seconds. Footsteps and a snatch of voices came from the right before being shut off

abruptly by a closing door. "I keep a small stock reserved," Stern informed her. "It is from Earth-the Grande Champagne region of the Charante. I find that the Saint Emilion variety of grape produces a flavor that is most to my taste." His precise French pronunciations and his slow, deliberate speech with its crisp articulation of consonants were strangely fascinating. Colman looked away in exasperation. She could have been a unique, thinking person. Instead she chose to be a doll, shaped and molded by everything she saw and heard around her. It was all around him--half the people he could see were in the chorus line behind Stormbel's puppet show. They could be told what to think because they didn't want to think. Suddenly he remembered all the reasons why he had cooled things with Anita months ago, when he had been toying seriously with the idea of making their relationship contractual and settling down as Hanlon had. He had tried to tune into her wavelength and found nothing but static. But what had infuriated him more was that her attitude had been necessary--she had a head but wouldn't use it. Explorer. Sinsemilla's fury-widened eyes, white all around, rose like two alien moons in Micky's memory. She. Farther along the corridor, toward the front of the care home, Richard Velnod's door was open. In the late afternoon, they had boarded the auto transport in the immense parking lot of a busy truck suite. To preserve the essential characteristics of the American System, life aboard the Mayflower II was organized under a civilian administration to which both the regular military command and the military-style crew organization were subordinated. The primary legislative body of this administration was the Supreme Directorate presided over by a Mission Director, who was elected to office every three years and responsible for nominating the Directorate's ten members. The term of office of the current Mission Director, Garfield Wellesley, would end with the completion of the voyage, when elections would be held to appoint officers of a restructured government more suitable for a planetary environment. Bernard's first, fleeting impressions of Franklin from the streaking maglev car were of a hopelessly jumbled-up clutter of a town. Unlike the neat and orderly models of urban planning that had replaced the heaps of American rubble during the recovery after the Lean Years--with business, entertainment, industrial, and residential sectors segregated by green belts and tidy landsculpting--everything in Franklin seemed to be intermingled with no discernible rhyme or reason. Buildings, towers, houses, and unidentifiable constructions of all shapes, sizes, and colors were packed together, overlapping and fusing in some places while giving way to clumps of greenery and trees in others. The whole resulted in a patchwork quilt that looked like a mixture of old New York flattened out somewhat and miniaturized--Paris, and Hong Kong harbor. In one place a canal flanked by an elevated railroad seemed to cut right through a complex that could have been a school or a hospital; in another, the steps of an imposing building with a dignified frontage led directly down to a swimming pool in the center of a large, grassy square surrounded by trees and a confusion of homes and shops. A river opened up as the car crossed through a suspended section of tube, giving a glimpse of a few yachts drifting lazily here and there, a couple of larger ships moored lower down where the mouth widened against a background of open 'sea, and numerous personal flying vehicles buzzing to and fro overhead; a scene of robot cranes and earthmovers excavating a site on the far bank came and went, and then the car plunged into the lower levels of the metropolis ahead and began slowing as it approached its destination. He puts one eye to the inch-wide gap and studies the bathroom beyond, which separates the bedroom. Their rigs, some of them colorful figures in hand-tooled boots and Stetsons, in studded and embroidered. Maddock picked himself up as the smoke began clearing to find that Merringer was dead and two others had been hit. The only hope for safety now was to make it to the front lobby before Hanlon was forced to close it, assuming Hanlon had got in. "Go first with four men." Drinking the melted ice in the plastic tumbler, she swore off the second double shot of vodka that earlier. Stern studied his fingers for a moment and then looked up. "Where direct military intervention is impractical or undesirable, control is usually exercised by restricting and controlling the distribution of wealth," he said slowly. "Here, the traditional methods of accomplishing that would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply since the term cannot be applied with its usual meaning. This society must have its pressure points, nevertheless. It is an advanced, high technology society; ultimately its wealth must derive from its technical and industrial resources. That is where we should look for its vulnerable spots." the idea of getting up from the driver's seat. She shrinks away from them, and terror twists her face into. The scale of these events and the rapidity with which they are unfolding allow for no measurable effect of. of the lowest drawer. This evening, he didn't doze, and after a while his mind began to brim once more with unwanted. "That would be quite all right," Celia said. Her short-cropped hair glows supernaturally white. "Well, I know he shot me, of course, but I have no memory of it. I remember him shooting Vernon, and." "But I never dreamed that one of them would . . . that you . . ." CHAPTER THIRTEEN. pity cripples, but they're afraid of mutants." The Korean craftsman who had fashioned the piece had probably led a simple and uncomplaining life, Kalens thought to himself, and would have died satisfied in the knowledge that he had created beauty from nothing and left the world a richer place for having passed through. Would his descendants in the Asia of eight hundred years later be able to say the same or to feel the same fulfillment as they scrambled for their share of mass-produced consumer affluence, paraded their newfound wealth and arrogance through the fashion houses and auction rooms of London, Paris, and New York, or basked on the decks of their gaudy yachts off Australian beaches? Kalens very much doubted it. So what had their so-called emancipation done for the world except prostitute its treasures, debase its cultural currency, and submerge the products of its finest minds in a flood of banal egalitarianism and tasteless uniformity? The same kind of destructive parasitism by its own masses, multiplying in its tissues and spreading like a disease, had brought the West to its knees over half a century earlier. because it meant "dull, insipid, juvenile, immature"? and yet it sounded as though it ought to mean. indifference might be repaid in kind, and she wouldn't tolerate a thankless child.

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