

## LANGHORNE CLEMENS WITH LETTERS COMMENTS AND INCIDENTAL WRITINGS

Most self-mutilators were deeply self-involved. A small number could be confidently diagnosed as what the coroner will certify as the cause of his death. "I've served over seven years, which puts me on a quarter-to-quarter renewal option. Therefore I owe you a maximum of three months. Okay, I'm giving it. But I also have more than three months of accumulated leave from the voyage, which I'm commencing right now. You'll have that confirmed in writing within five minutes." He stood up and walked to the door. "And you can tell Accounting not to worry too much about the back pay," he said, looking back over his shoulder. "I won't be needing it." They race past. They leave him untouched, and still in possession of his dangerous jug of orange juice and. Colman stood near Hanlon in front of the Third and Second platoons of D Company and a short distance behind Sirocco, well to one side of the main Army contingent. Only a few of the Company were absent for one reason or another, conspicuous among them Corporal Swley, who was in Brigade sick bay and looking forward to a turkey dinner; the standing order for a spinach-and fish diet had mysteriously erased itself from the administration computer's records. The dietician had been certain he'd seen something of the sort in there before, but conceded that perhaps he was confusing Swley with somebody else. Swley had agreed that there had been something like that in the records by saying he disagreed, and the dietician had misunderstood and decided to forget 'about the whole thing.. When Jay called that morning Adam had told him to invite as many Terrans as he wanted. Jay reached Colman at the school that the Army was using as a temporary barracks in Canaveral City, but Colman started to explain that he had set the afternoon aside for other things--in fact he'd intended to find out more about Port Norday from the Chironian computers. However, he changed his plans when Jay mentioned that Kath would be there to see her grandchildren. After all, Colman reasoned, he couldn't have hoped for a better source of information on Port Norday than Kath. As Hanlon was off duty, Colman had invited him along too.. the day.. 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.. terms.. "Why do a lot of cops from back then like ZZ Top?" he wondered.. Donella appears to be arguing with Mr. Hooper, probably trying to get him to shut his trap, but poor.. They crossed the machinery compartment in the direction the others had taken, passed through an instrumentation bay, and ascended two flights of steel stairs to reenter the Government Center proper behind offices that had been empty since the end of the voyage, using a bulkhead hatch that Colman and Driscoll had opened on their way down. There was no sign of the others who had gone ahead. Here the group split three ways.. it. When he pulls a lever without paying, the machine won't give him a packet of Trojans, whatever they.. he'll have a lifetime for anguish, loss, and loneliness.. "I guess I'm not in Kansas anymore".. stepfather or not, the proper authorities will?".. heard only sincerity. He didn't know squat about kids, didn't care to learn, and lie expected them to be.. by other government agencies that have more-ominous initials and less-honorable intentions, Curtis.. public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a.. That touched at what was really at the bottom of it all. The unspoken suggestion, which Kalens had been implying and to which everybody had been responding though few would have admitted it openly, was that the entire social edifice upon which all their interests depended was threatening to fall apart, and the real attraction of an enclave within a well-defined boundary was More to deter Terrans' leaving than bomb-carrying Chironians' entering. Now that Kalens had come as close as any would dare to voicing what was at the back of all their minds, all the lobbies and factions stood behind him, and Wellesley knew it. If Wellesley opposed, he stood to be voted out of office. So, he concurred, and the resolution was passed all but unanimously.. roadblock is still a considerable distance ahead, beyond the top of the hill and not yet in sight, but this.. "If you want to put it that way.." Refreshed, hurrying along the corridor between the restrooms and the restaurant, Curtis comes to a.. "It's a wonderment, isn't it?" the girl said. "More than a wonderment. It's impossible.." Yet instinct causes the young intruder to halt one step past the threshold.. The rattletrap engine turned over on the first try. The other car had always needed coaxing. The.. the tavern.. Jay thought about it for a few seconds and nodded slowly. "I think I get it. You're saying that the ways people act and how they feel can't be described in terms of the chemicals they're made from. A DNA molecule adds up to a lot more than a bunch of disorganized charges and valency bonds. The way you organize it makes its own laws.." Rhymes isn't his only mistress. There's one in New York, one in Washington. Circle of Friends indirectly.. are in the middle of Godzilla.." pity cripples, but they're afraid of mutants.." back door. He must leave the same way he entered? or go out of a window.." Well now, I'm sure Veronica could be persuaded if I.. "But how can you be so sure?".. believe his cockamamie story about Luki being levitated to the mother ship. The aliens sometimes abduct.. "Well, there's something to think about," Cromwell suggested.. even goes clean and straight some days, though that's when the depression sets in.." Wendy sighed. "We all have our plights and pickles.." Colman had reached the place where a raised catwalk joined the gallery from a door leading through a bulkhead into one of the booster-pump compartments, where tritium bred in the stem bypass reactors was concentrated to enrich the main-drive fusion plasma before it was hurled away into space. With little more than the sound of sustained, distant thunder penetrating through to the inside of his helmet, it was difficult to imagine the scale of the gargantuan power being unleashed on the far side of the reaction dish not all that far from where he was standing. But he could feel rather than hear the insistent, pounding roar, through the soles of his boots on the steel mesh flooring and through the palm of his gauntlet as he rested it on the guardrail overlooking the machinery bay below the catwalk. As always, something stirred deep inside him as the nerves of his body reached out and sensed the energy surging around him--raw, wild, savage energy that was being checked, tamed, and made obedient to the touch of a fingertip upon a button. He gazed along the

lines of super conducting bus bars with core maintained within mere tens of degrees from absolute zero just feet from hundred million-degree plasmas, at the accelerator casing above his head, where pieces of atoms flashed at almost the speed of light along paths controlled to within millionths of an inch, at the bundles of data cables. marching away to carry details of everything that happened from microsecond to microsecond to the ever-alert control computers, and had to remind himself that it had all been constructed by men. For it seemed at times as if this were a world conceived and created by machines, for machines--a realm in which Man-had no place and no longer belonged.. "We-we never believed that story," Bernard said weakly..On the Bridge of the Battle Module, Colonel Oordsen turned his head from the screen that had just gone dead in front of him. On an adjacent screen, another SD officer 'was reporting from a position farther back at a longitudinal bulkhead. "Negative at Number Two Aft," Oordsen said to Stenn, who was watching grim faced. "They'll be through there in a matter of minutes."the field here, which now seems likely, and possibly the CIA, as well?those guys won't sell out their. Who're you running from, boy?"as a schoolgirl in another age might have been returned to one of the chairs around the dance floor at a. "It's okay, Driscoll," Sirocco called ahead as the party came into sight around a bend in the wall. "Forget the pantomime. We're back in the Bomb Factory." Driscoll relaxed his pose and sent a puzzled look along the corridor..rubbing soot from a window, might facilitate the passage of a thin but precious light into the darkness."A lot of people could get hurt before they give up though," Lechat persisted.. "Sure... thanks." They began walking toward the door..LIKE THE SUPERNATURAL SYLPH of folklore, who inhabited the air, she approached along the.bribed, anyway. They aren't politicians, after all. If the National Security Agency also has operatives in.Sterm, in a maroon dinner jacket and black tie, watched her silently through impenetrable, liquid-brown eyes while the steward filled two brandy glasses, set them alongside the decanter on a low table, then departed with his trolley. Through the meal Sterm talked about Earth and the voyage, and Celia had found herself following his lead, leaving him the initiative of broaching the subject of her visit. Finally,. "Lucky you feel that way," Donella replies, "because that's not actually a choice you have." "Did you ask him about it?" "Uh-huh." "And?" lay squinted into the distance and scratched his head. "Pretty much what I expected. Nothing personal; you're an okay guy; if it was up to him, things would be different, but it's not--stuff like that. But he was only saying that so as not to sound mean--I could tell. It goes deeper than that. It's not a case of it being up to him or not. He really believes in it. How do people get like that?".like an attractively aligned pair of mosquito bites..dislike her had given way to admiration. She wore her beauty with humility, but more impressively, she.name just because this here is the best old dog in the world, just exactly like Old Yeller in the movie." "I know, but I figured rd go take a 160k at the place anyhow out of curiosity. That can't do any harm. Later on, well... maybe anything could happen." "How long ago?" "It's Michelina." Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?".shadow and fed on darkness..Funny had better be sad somewhere..have initiated hostilities. And the two men wouldn't resort to violence so immediately if they weren't.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..Farnhill frowned uncertainly from side to side then licked his lips and inflated his chest as if about to answer. He deflated suddenly and shook his head. The words to handle the situation just wouldn't come. The diplomats shuffled uncomfortably while the soldiers stared woodenly at infinity. A few awkward seconds dragged by. At last the assistant took the initiative and peered quizzically at the man who had introduced himself as Clem..home.. "Judge Fulmire." Lechat frowned and tapped in a code to reconnect. The unit returned a "number unobtainable" mnemonic. He rattled in another code to alert a communications operator. The same thing happened. "The regular.grove of trees..Noah finished his beer. "Guys like you and the congressman used to hide behind Jesus. Now it's.4. Problem families?Fiction.." "The Giant is not slain," the tall, muscular, steely-eyed hero declared to his loyal, wavy-haired aide as they stood in front of an Air Force VTOL on a peak of the San Gabriel Hills above the Los Angeles ash-bowl. "It must sleep a while to mend its wounds now its task is done. But it will rise again, hardened and tempered from the furnace. This will not have been for naught." The figures and the mountain shrank as the view widened to include the setting sun that would see another dawn, and the music swelled to a rousing finale of brass and drums backed by what sounded like a celestial choir.. "You do. Don't you like it when your team wins in the Bowl? Why do you work hard at school? You like science, sure, but isn't a lot of it proving to everybody that you're smarter than all the assholes who are dumber than you, and getting a kick out of it? Be honest. And when you were a kid, didn't you have gangs with special passwords and secret signs that only a handful of very special pals were allowed into? I bet you did."The bedroom is too small and too utilitarian for decorative bowls or for knickknacks that might be of." "Was it respect they showed that boy who was killed last night?" Jean asked bitterly. "And our people say they're not even going to press charges against the man who did it. What kind of a way is that to live? Are we supposed to just let them dictate their standards to us by shooting anyone who steps over their lines? Are we supposed to do nothing until we get a call telling us that Jay's in the hospital-or worse-because he said the wrong thing?".the idea of getting up from the driver's seat. She shrinks away from them, and

terror twists her face into. But first things had to come first. It was time to begin mobilizing the potential allies he had been quietly sounding out and cultivating for the three years since the last decisions. He replaced the Korean porcelain carefully in its recess among the bookshelves and walked through the lounge to the patio, where Celia was sitting in a recliner with a portable compad on her lap, composing a note to one of her friends..might be the man himself now," Hanlon's voice said from the grille by the screen. "Ah, yes., a little the worse for wear, but he'll be as good as new." He gave a final heave on the lines and pulled another figure up into the picture. Bernard and Celia breathed sighs of relief as they recognized Colman's features beneath the watch-cap inside the helmet, dripping with perspiration but apparently unharmed. Column anchored himself to another part of the structure that Hanlon was on, unhitched his safety line and untangled it from the other one, and then helped Hanlon pull it in to produce another spacesuited figure, this time upside down and with a pudgy, woebegone face that was somehow managing to keep a thick pair of glasses wedged crookedly across its nose..The major's jaw quivered; his face colored. He could see the throat muscles of the troopers in the background tighten with frustration, but there was nothing for it. He had his orders. "On your way," he growled. "And don't think you've been so lucky," he warned as the Chironian walked away. "We've got your face taped. There'll be a next time."..sandwiches. "Those people are just pessimists. The economy's always going down the drain for some..reeling off the stool. He thinks for a moment that they see through him, recognize him as the most-wanted.between the service islands, terrorizing the same hapless folks who only moments ago escaped death.coconut oil, three yellow butterflies as bright as gift-box bows?suddenly seemed full of meaning..When the boy looks out the window in the driver's door, he sees a familiar vehicle streaking past, faster."Not exactly like," the driving machine disagrees. "Old Yeller was a male. This lovely black-and-white."He was a perfect gentleman about it," Geneva recalled..thinks they're all just breeding grounds for legionnaires' disease and that gross flesh-eating bacteria..Rickster?s sloped brow, his flat nose, and the heavy lines of his face seemed best suited for morose."Of course it is.', Jay sighed wearily. "I wouldn't just walk in with it like this if I'd stolen it or something, would I?"..cover behind hulking culinary equipment of unknown purpose, Curtis moves indirectly but steadily into.After he had walked a block and a half, he arrived at a major street lined with commercial enterprises..The snake lay looped like a tossed rope on the floor, as dead as Leilani had left it.. "She's tough, too. She knows what she can handle."..are."..squeaks softly, as do the hinges, and the door swings outward..visiting from Beyond. Pale and willowy, the woman spun and swooned and jerked erect and spun again..Meanwhile, Leilani did the best that she could with the skills she had and with the materials at her."There's no need to look," Driscoll told him nonchalantly. "You've got a pair of kings." Adam snorted and tossed his cards face up on the table to reveal the kings of hearts and spades and three odd cards..particular specimen happened to be ambitious, if it always gave that extra ten percent, like the hero of..with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass..about a confrontation, and if what Pernak was beginning to glimpse of the Chironians was anything to go by, then that faction might well be in for some nasty surprises. That didn't worry Pernak so much as the thought that a lot of people stood to get hurt in the process. Knowing what he now knew, he felt he couldn't allow himself just to sit by on the sidelines and leave things to take such a course..stop."..After a hesitation, Leilani said, "Dr. Doom says he's had this vision that we'll both be healed by."That's you, Mr. Hooper," Curtis observes. Then he understands. "Oh." The trucker's tears of laughter..Bernard sighed and forced his voice to remain reasonable. "Now, come on ... That 'boy' disobeyed strict orders not to get drunk, and he started roughing up the girl long after he'd been warned lots of times to cool it. And Van Ness's son was right there among the people who went over to try and calm things down. Now, what would you have done if a drunk who had gone out of control was waving a loaded gun in your kid's face? What would anybody have done?'.with a primitive need that she didn't dare contemplate.. "Are we to run and hide on the far side of the planet for fear of offending a disorganized and undisciplined race who owe us everything that they take for granted and waste freely as if nothing had any value or ever had to be earned?" Kalens was asking from the screen. "Whose sciences and labors conceived and built the Kuan-yin, and with it the very machines that created the prosperity of Chiron? Whose knowledge and skills, indeed, created the Chironian race itself, who would now lay claim to all around them as theirs and send us away like paupers from the feast that we have provided?" He paused a second for effect, and his face took on an indignant scowl below his crown of silver hair. "I say no! I will not be driven away in such fashion I will not even contemplate such an action. I say, publicly and without reservation, that any such suggestion can be described only as surrender to moral cowardice that is beneath contempt. Here we have come, after crossing four light-years of space, and here we will remain, to share in that which is our right to share, and to enjoy that which is no more than our just due." A thunder of applause greeted the exhortation. Jean had heard enough and told Jeeves to turn off the screen, okay?"..bite, so quickly reducing her to these spasms, these half-mad headlong frenzies, out of control.. "On the other hand, if you mean who's in charge of assigning the equipment up here and keeping track of who's scheduled to do what and when, then that would be Cromwell," Carla said. "He's linked into the ship's main computers and through them to the planetary net.".. "It's true," Leilani said, correctly reading the looks that the women exchanged. "We've only lived beside..hearts, wounded minds, torn spirits..until they have achieved total synergism..After a long silence Otto looked up. "Then I'm afraid we can offer no more."..far end of the adjacent living room, a ginger-jar lamp with a rose damask shade went dark with a pink..Micky leaned forward from the angled back of the lounge chair. "Leilani?"..slips across the threshold as flu-idly as a supernatural familiar ready to assist with some magical..Not even a major city, with a fat budget and crime-busting mayor, could turn out a force of this size and..Nanook rubbed his chin and looked dubious. "That situation sounds very farfetched," he said after a few seconds. "I can't see how anyone else could walk in with the same experience. But if it did happen, and it was true... then I suppose Kath would have to agree with him. She'd be indebted by that amount. And -that would decide it for

everyone else." In most boys' books the world over, and in those for grownups, too, adventure always involves treasure.. "Just clarifying," Noah assured him.. Lechat picked up his fork again. "I never looked at it in quite that way. It's an interesting thought." He began eating again, then stopped and looked up. "I suppose that was how the first generation of them sought to gain individual recognition at the beginning ... when machines did all the work and our traditional ideas of wealth had no meaning. And it's become embedded in their basic thinking." He nodded slowly to himself and reflected further. "A completely different kind of conditioning, absorbed from the earliest years... based on recognizing individual attributes. That would explain the apparent absence of any group prejudices too, wouldn't it? They've never had any reason to feel threatened by other groups." "Not all, I guess," Colman replied with a grin. He turned to Adam and then Kath. "You, er--you don't seem to have any religion here at all, at least, not that I've seen. Is that right?" Having grown up to accept it around him as a part of life, he hadn't been able to help noticing..her face..STEVE..her body grew stiff with a tension that the sun couldn't cook from her.. "Everybody's got something," Shirley insisted. "What do you like doing?" "Oh, that's sad. You resorted to an arbitrary number. That reveals a shallow capacity for independent." "No, we can't. I've got to think." "tip?" "No, no, Mr. Farrel. I'll distribute the rest of these and then see if she wants the last one. I'll feed her if I.rod, taking the clothes to the closet floor..turned upon herself..great resources and urgency across the West. He's probably returning from a late dinner, with a thermos..Although Casey and Barbara remained outwardly cordial and polite, they were making no attempt to disguise the fact that they felt the same way. Colman realized that for the first time he was seeing Chironians with the gloves off. All the warmth, exuberance, and tolerance that had gone before had been genuine enough, but beneath it all lay more deeply cherished values which came first, no matter who made the pleas. On that, there could be no concessions..wasn't there... and some other guy ...".The suggestion had served its purpose. Stem was watching Kalens curiously, and Marcia Quarrey was looking across the table with new respect. Farnhill shuffled his feet uncomfortably..himself is a truck driver and knows that he himself is eating chicken and waffles, but he doesn't know that." "Something."..and backs. Two carry shotguns; the others have handguns. They are prepared, pumped, pissed ? and.\* \* \*.snake-gnawed face and her snake-chomped nose..She wanted nothing more than to hold on to whatever she had that looked normal and worked properly..HOWARD KALENS SAT at the desk in the study of his villa style home, set amid manicured shrubs and screens of greenery in the Columbia District's top-echelon residential sector, and contemplated the porcelain bottle that he was turning slowly between his hands. It was Korean, from the thirteenth-century Koryo dynasty, and about fourteen inches high with a long neck that flowed into a bulbous body of celadon glaze delicately inlaid with mishima depicting a willow tree and symmetrical floral designs contained between decorative bands of a repeated foliose motif encircling the stem and base. His desk was a solid-walnut example of early nineteenth-century French rococo revival and the chair in which he was sitting, a matching piece by the same cabinetmaker. The books aligned on the shelves behind him included first editions by Henry James, Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Mailer; the Matisse on the wall opposite was a print from an original preserved in the Mayflower II's vaults, and the lithographs beside it were by Rico Lebrun. And as Kalen's eyes feasted on the fine balance of detail and contrasts of hues, and his fingers traced the textures of the bottle's surface, he savored the feeling of a tiny fraction of a time and place that were long ago and far away coming back to life to be uniquely his for that brief, fleeting moment.."It seems to be. How about Borftein and Wellesley?" Behind Sirocco, Celia came through the doorway, escorted by Malloy and Fuller. Stanislaw was behind, carrying a field compack..Talking to Jay had brought to the surface a lot of things that Colman usually preferred not to think about. Life was like the Army: It took people and broke them into little pieces, and then put the pieces back together again the way it wanted. Except it did it with their minds. It took kids' minds while they were plastic and paralyzed them by telling them they were stupid, confused them with people who were supposed to know everything better than they did but wouldn't tell them anything, and terrified them with a God who loved everybody. Then it drilled them and trained them until the only things that made sense were those it told them to think. The system had turned Anita into a doll, and it was trying to turn Jay into a puppet just as it had turned Bernard into a puppet. It turned people into recording machines that words went into and came out of again . and made them think they knew everything about a planet full of people they'd never seen, just as it blew black guys' brains out because they wanted to run their farms and didn't want their kids nailed to walls, and then told the civilians in Cape Town it was okay. And what had it done to Colman? He didn't know because he didn't know how else it might have been..This was nice. Quiet. Placing a nonstick cotton pad over the punctures. Opening a roll of two-inch-wide."iTener cuidado, muchacho!".Rickster's slightly slurred voice was further numbed by the cold treat: "You know what's a really good.Exhaling explosively, inhaling in great ragged gasps, the woman flung herself toward exhaustion, whether

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