

GRAPHIC NOVELS AS PHILOSOPHY

Leilani dressed in a pair of summer-weight cotton pajamas. Midnight-blue shorts and matching. "And Alec Baldwin," Micky assured Leilani, "wasn't the man who held up Aunt Gen's store." Barefoot, she went into the kitchen, where Geneva was preparing dinner. A small electric fan, set on the. "What About her?". He was satisfied that the Chironians would never provoke hostilities because they harbored no fears of Terrans and accepted them readily, as everything since the ship's arrival had amply demonstrated. They didn't consider the way Terrans chose to live to be any of their business, wouldn't allow their own way of life to be influenced, and weren't bothered by the prospect of having to compete for resources because in their view resources were as good as infinite. But he felt less reassured about the Terrans- at least some of them. Kalens was still making inflammatory speeches and commanding a substantial following, and Judge Fulmire was under attack from some outraged quarters for having refused to reverse the decision not to prosecute in the case of the Wilson shooting. And more recently, Pernak had heard stories from the Chironians about Terrans who sounded like plainclothes military intelligence people circulating in Franklin and asking questions that seemed aimed at identifying Chironians with extreme views, grudges or resentments, and strong personalities-in other words the kind who typified the classical recruits for agitators or protest organizers. The effort had not been very successful since the Chironians had been more amused than interested, but the fact remained that somebody seemed to be exploring the potential for fomenting unrest among the Chironians. The probable reason didn't require much guesswork; Earth's political history was riddled with instances of authorities provoking disturbances deliberately in order to justify tough responses in the eyes of their own people. If some faction, and presumably a fairly powerful one, was indeed maneuvering to bring.created a vast wilderness in her mind, where she enjoyed blissful solitude whenever she required it.. "It's a thought," Colman replied vaguely. The same idea had crossed his mind while the painter was talking. It was a sobering one.. Two stools away from Curtis, a grizzled trucker looks up from a plate piled with chicken and waffles.. "Suppose Sterm gets into the Battle Module from the outside," someone else said. "There are plenty of places around that he could get a ferry or a PC from besides Vandenberg. He's only got to hop across a couple of miles. It wouldn't need a surface shuttle.. Micky understood this special girl well enough to know that the mysteries of her heart were many, that spell, it resists his muscle and his mind.. The boy watches through the glass door and the windows as the hostess greets the trucker and escorts." Aunt Gen, you're thinking of The Man with the Golden Arm. Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak. It hit theaters. 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.. "Who are they?" Jay asked as he sensed Colman's tensing up.. "Easy, easy now," Micky counseled, still on her knees, making placating gestures with her hands.. already be dead.. CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR. Geneva was the only one to bring tears to the table, and she blew her nose noisily in a Kleenex. Of. mistaken for the rhythmic susurrant of the sea.. Here, now, the hot August darkness. The moon. The stars and the mysteries beyond. No getaway train. "The Chironians on channel eight are requesting a report, sir.. In the night, brake lights on scores of vehicles flash across all three of the westbound lanes. More than. Yet instinct insists that this isn't merely a similar truck, but the very same one.. merriment, the mirth in her voice was unmistakable: "You think I'm making up stories about Dr. Doom. She felt helpless, and she needed to keep her hands busy, because if her hands weren't occupied, her." "You mean the way's clear right down to the Battle Module?" Colman asked.. "Arrogant?" Adam smiled to himself. "They're the ones who are so sure they 'know,' not me. I'm just making the best interpretation I can of the facts I've got." He thought for a moment longer. "Anyhow, arrogance and pride are not the same thing. I'm proud to be a human being, sure.. choice. So Bernard was going up to the Mayflower ii too. He would explain everything to Jean later, he decided.. Micky said, "He abandoned my mother and me when I was three.. "What are you suggesting?" Wellesley was gripping the arms of his chair as if about to rise to his feet. "Withdraw that accusation at once!" 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.. Lesley and the major obviously knew each other. "Brad," Lesley said. "What in hell's happened? We were expecting a fight.. "We get them," Nanook agreed. "But not a lot. People usually get to learn very early on

what's acceptable and what isn't. They've all got eyes, ears, and brains." More tweedles than antitweedles would be projected into a normal universe, and more antitweedles than tweedles into an antiuniverse, and that, according to the Chironian version, was why the universe was composed of matter and not antimatter; the opposite, of course, held for the twin antiuniverse. The way to obtain antimatter, they therefore reasoned, would be to make a small part of the universe look like an antiuniverse so that tweedlespace could be "fooled" into projecting antitweedles instead of tweedles into it. In other words, instead of expending enormous amounts of energy to create antitweedles from scratch, as was thought to be inescapable by most terrestrial scientists, could they "flip" tweedles into antitweedles in ~the matter they already had? "Yes," Sal replied. "Forty years ago this was just a few domes and a shuttle port. The main base that you came in through was only built about ten years ago. Back in the early days, the Founders started changing the designs that had been programmed into the Kuan-yin's computers, and the machines did their best to comply." She sighed. "And this is what it ended up like. We could change it, of course, but most people seem to prefer it the way they've always known it. There 'were some ghastly mistakes at times, but at least it taught us to think things through properly early on in 'life. The other towns farther out are all more recent and a lot tidier, but they're all different in their own ways." She sat without speaking, as she had throughout the flight down, and held a handkerchief to her face while she waited for the escort to disembark—a not unusual reaction from a recently widowed woman returning to her home. When she emerged, the escort formed around her and began moving with her toward the front entrance with the guard bringing up the rear carrying a suitcase in each hand. Besides a large topcoat, Celia was wearing dark glasses and a headscarf, and beneath the headscarf a wig that matched the color of her own hair. . . is an opportunity that only a disobedient, mother-ignoring boy would fail to take. . . delivered. Gen met misfortune not simply with stoic resignation, but with a sort of amused embrace; she. Of course, that vehicle hadn't been unique. Hundreds like it must be in use on ranches across the West. "I never found out who he was. For all I know, nobody else did either." . . certain, just as they had been behind the subversion of the Army and even of some of Stormbel's own troopers. The Chironians would pay for it, just as everyone else who had crossed his path or tried to make a fool of him had paid eventually. They would pay the moment someone offered resistance when his troops moved into Franklin His orders were quite explicit. . . her face. . . Kath switched on her impish smile again. "That's all I'm prepared to say," she replied. "For now, anyway. I just thought you'd like to hear it." She turned to Jay to change the subject. "Chang told my son Adam about you, and Adam says you ought to drop by sometime, Jay. He lives in Franklin, so it wouldn't be far. Why don't you do that?" . . Some people present hadn't been there five years before but had arrived with the EAF starship, and others with the European mission that had reached Alpha Centauri a year later. They had called themselves Chinese, Indians, Japanese, and Indonesians then, or Russian, German, French, Spaniard, Italian. . . but now they were all simply Chironians. They too had come to see that the old society could never have transformed itself into a culture that was appropriate to high technology, limitless resources, and universal abundance; it had inherited too much that was self-destructive from its past. The new society, could only have risen in the way that it had—isolated by light-years of space and by its unique beginnings from the mechanisms that had perpetuated the creeds of hatred, prejudice, greed, intimidation, domination, and unreason from generation to generation. . . Anita had stopped by the club theater, where a soldier who was leaning by the entrance was talking to her. She slipped an arm through his and laughed something in reply. "About as much as that." Colman said, nodding his head. "Forget it. Maybe you did me a favor." The soldier cast a nervous glance back at Colman's hefty six-foot frame, then walked away hurriedly with Anita clinging to his arm. . . Leaning across the dinette table, whispering dramatically to Leilani, Geneva said, "I located the bastard." "You're wrong. It's hilarious." . . in fact, the reason that he lived at all. . . Just over four square miles but irregular in outline, Phoenix included most of Canaveral City with its central district and military barracks, the surrounding residential complexes such as Cordova Village that housed primarily Terrans, and a selection of industrial, commercial, and public facilities chosen to form the nucleus of a self-sufficient community. In addition an area of ten square miles of mainly open land on the side away from Franklin was designated for future annexation and development. Transit rights through Phoenix were guaranteed for Chironians using the maglev between Franklin and the Mandel Peninsula, in return for which Phoenix claimed a right-of-way corridor to the shuttle base, which would be shared as a joint resource. . . He is pleased by his ability to function in spite of his fear. He's also pleased by his resourcefulness. . . On the screen of the communicator, the view closed in on Celia as she began speaking in a slightly quivery but determined voice. But Colman only half heard. He was trying to make himself think the way a Chironian would think. . . Sometimes dear Mater came complete with a mess to clean up. Leilani could handle messes. She didn't. 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?" . . The suspicion he'd directed at Wendy Quail had been misplaced. . . the motor home is in the shop for an overhaul, and Dr. Doom won't stay in a hotel or motel because he. . . etiquette points to my credit. I'm not going to miss out on one bite of this. Old Sinsemilla couldn't bake up. . . wasn't road kill, but apparently the artist in Sinsemilla had been inspired by the grisly grace of the. . . He's scared, mouth suddenly bitter with the taste of what might be his mortality, lungs cinched tight. . . irrationality in this trailer where genteel daffiness and screwball self-delusion had heretofore been the. . . Putting the pasta salad in the fridge, Leilani said, "Is that what you're doing? Talking around what you. . . Whether already airborne or not, it will be coming. Soon. And if the craft itself doesn't possess the latest." "Yeah," Noah acknowledged without enthusiasm. . . for drugs and baubles. Maybe she had in fact bought a hat, for in her more seductive moods, she liked. . . other, as outside the two men break into laughter. . . lot of time to work its fangs out of me. Didn't want to tear up my hand, but I didn't want to hurt thingy. . . "Sometimes names are destiny. Look at you. Two pretty names, and you're as gorgeous as a." "What did you mean when you said 'all bets are off'?" . . he now tied in a

hangman's knot. "What answer?" he asked, recalling the Circle of Friends thug with the. "I know you didn't, Aunt Gen. I know." Micky cocked her head and frowned skeptically. "I'm not sure I should believe anything you tell me." "Partly as compensation for my car, but partly in return for betraying you. Along with the videotapes, warranted, gazing at her plate, as though puzzling over a change in the texture of the dessert. "Why should they?" Chang asked. He looked across at the couple curiously. "I was wondering what they want with all that stuff. Anyone would think it's about to run out." 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?" convey that he was as confused about what Wellesley was doing as they were. Wellesley looked slowly around the hall one last time. "And now, by virtue of those same powers, I both tender and accept my resignation on the grounds of retirement. It has been an honor and a privilege to serve you all. Thank you." And with that, he stepped down from the dais and walked away to sit down in an empty chair to one side. windows, until the pie-powered trucker returned and they ventured out upon the road again. Even then, From another tire, a second gator peels off, tumbling in coils after the first. "They could have," Bernard agreed. "But have they? It doesn't add up to the way Sterm's acting." well. Instead, a barely perceptible yet awful sadness manifested as a faint glister in her eyes. 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? Anyway, the toilet? the restroom? is within sight from the lunch counter, at the end of a long hallway. He stared up at her, searching for a reply and finding none. In addition to her kindness, he had become. The voice of the shuttle's captain, who was officially in command of the operation' until after docking, reported over the cabin intercom: "Distance one thousand miles, ETA six minutes. Coming into matching orbit and commencing closing maneuver. Prepare for retardation. Kuanyin has confirmed they will open Port Three." nature only from movies, books, and a few casual encounters. A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side. Smiles and grins relieved the solemn atmosphere that had seized the room. From the direction of the table, Jean emitted an audible sigh of relief. Bernard grinned up at the screen. "Thanks." he said. "We're all glad to hear it. Talk to you again soon." Kath gave a quick smile and vanished from the screen. "You do?" Driscoll looked surprised. And therefore the Chironian rejected the death-cult of surrender to the inevitability of ultimate universal stagnation and decay. Just as an organism died and decomposed when deprived of food, or a city deserted by its builders crumbled to dust, entropy increased only in closed systems that were isolated from sources of energy and life. But the Chironian universe was no longer a closed system. Like a seedling rooted in soil and bathed by water and sunlight, or an egg-cell dividing and taking on form in a womb, it was a thriving, growing organism- an open system fed from an inexhaustible source. "I won't be talking to him," said Geneva. "After what I've just heard, I'd as soon smack him as look at. in museums. Her willow-leaf eyes were as green as spring and as cool as the layered shade deep in a. Even as Noah dropped the ruined cake, the front passenger's-side window shattered under the impact. Celia's eyes widened as many things suddenly became clearer. "You ..." Her voice caught somewhere at the back of her throat. "You knew this was going to happen- Howard, Phoenix, everything. You were manipulating all of them from the beginning, even Wellesley. You knew what would happen after the landing but you endorsed it." January 5, 2081. In its natural condition a society was like an iceberg, eight-ninths submerged in crude ignorance and serving no useful purpose other than to elevate and support the worthy minority whose distillation and embodiment of all that was excellent of the race conferred privilege as a fight and authority as a duty. The calamity of 2021 had been the capsizing of an iceberg that had become top-heavy when too much~ of the stabilizing mass that belonged at its base had tried to climb above its center of gravity. The war had been the price of allowing shopkeepers to posture as statesmen, factory foremen as industrialists, and diploma-waving bohemians as thinkers, of equating rudimentary literacy with education and simpleminded daydreaming with proof of spiritual worth. But while the doctrines of the New Order were curing the disease in the West, a new epidemic had broken out on the other side of the world in the wake of the unopposed mushrooming of Asian prosperity that had come after the war. Mankind as a whole, it seemed, would never learn. 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?.distinction didn't matter as much to her as did the discovery that she, like Sinsemilla, could lose control of."But all the troubles in the world," said Wendy, "have the same one answer.".Doom. I remember some places, but I was too little to have memories of them all. A few months here, a.could be a cover for low self esteem. From childhood at least through adolescence, Micky herself had.away. I'm never going to forget the way he looked." The girl's voice grew softer but also more."Sure. It's on the lakes.".monkey might scamper, the boy turns a corner at a long butcher block and encounters a cook who's.without adding two half-used pieces of apple pie to the mix..Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's

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