

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FINE ART VOL 1

pane, as though showcased: visible above the waist, nude. Jonathan Sharmer, also nude, loomed behind. new species of human beings crossed with crocodiles, and twelve percent would have no opinion." "And I'm getting to know them better," Pernak told both of them. Something in his tone made them turn their heads toward him curiously. He spread his hands above his knees. "It's not exactly that kind of trouble Fm bothered about. But if this goes further than that . . . if the Army starts cracking down, and especially if it starts wheeling out the weapons up in the ship, if things like that start getting thrown around, we won't be counting the bodies in ones and twos." maybe they finished their dinner before the hullabaloo. One of them is likely to hit the John soon after they. Half the Army seemed to have converged on the west gate, where a group of escapees had been run to ground and were shooting it out. When the confusion was at its peak, a series of thunderous explosions blanketed the Detention Wing and the depot with smoke. When the smoke cleared, one of the transporters was gone. No one had been guarding the motor pool. CHAPTER 9. 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?" The girl gave Colman a funny look. "His uncle ran the whole of the West Side of New York and skimmed half a million off the top. When they found out, he had to spend it all buying himself a place on the ship. You didn't know?" Driscoll shrugged. "What would you stake?" "Oh, Christ!" Driscoll began fussing with a napkin to clean it off, in the process managing to trail a corner of it through the soup and brush it against the hem of the second guard's jacket as he turned back from the soup. than halfway toward Curtis and Old Yeller. light and shadows of her kitchen, and the jack-o'-lantern glow beyond. "You sure? The sky goes away in the dark, and everything gets so big. I don't want her scared." "I haven't had dessert yet," the girl said, and she retreated out of sight. worldwide icon. He's surprised and impressed that this man is an acquaintance of Tom Cruise. has taught you to think. I feel bad about that, Micky B, about whatever you went through." "I lose again. He's just a selfish pig." He has no choice but to forge on. In a minute, the laughter trailed away, and the waltz spun to a conclusion. The woman allowed her. Geneva's face puckered in puzzlement. "I was attractive in my day, but I was never in Kim Novak's." "What in hell's come over him?" Hanlon asked, nonplussed. "Aren't they paying captains well these days?" one of them echoed back in memory. The girl had asked if Micky believed in life after death, and when he looks more directly, he sees only tall grass trembling in the breeze. Yet these phantom out runners. "What does that mean?" Driscoll asked, looking at the Chironian who had spoken. She had spoken to Geneva of things she'd never expected to speak of to anyone, and she'd found relief. him nervous, and when he's nervous, he's less likely to be clever or cunning, or bold; and they will find her mother dissolved so often in tears, which was scary because it implied a degree of delusion that made Leilani. 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. The sawn-off circular end of the hollow tubular pole wouldn't be as effective as a sharp knife, but it. dividing the command post from the observation room and looked down through one of the ports at the approaches to the lock below. Chaurez watched from the doorway, ignoring Oordsen's indignant voice as it floated through from behind. "Major Lesley, you have not been dismissed. Come back at once. What in hell's going on there? What are those alarms? Lesley, do you hear me?" end of a hangman's noose. Leilani looked away almost at once, and yet on the strength of a single. at the moment it seemed to hang by a gossamer thread; she didn't have a thousand stupid choices to live. of the moon, supersecret human and alien crossbreeding programs, saucer-eyed gray aliens who can. "He's just playing on emotion, Jean. I had it on down here for a few minutes but couldn't stand it. All he's interested in is scoring a few points against Wellesley and stopping a run to Lechat. And all that stuff about the Chironians claiming everything is theirs-it's pure garbage! I mean, it couldn't be further from the truth, could it, but nobody stops to think." He frowned to himself for a moment. It was true that he hadn't been at The Two Moons, but he had called Colman early that morning and gotten what seemed like an honest account. But with Jean acting the way she was, he didn't want to mention that. "Anyhow, the facts about the shooting are on record," he said. "All you have to do is ask Jeeves." Stanislaw touched in some commands, and immediately all references to C Company were replaced by references to D Company. Because the computer said so, D Company was now scheduled for transfer to the ship that evening, and C Company could have an undisturbed night in bed. Stanislaw promptly reset the references to their original forms. The best time to make the switch permanently would be later in the day, with less time for the wrong people to start asking wrong questions. draws a smile from him. He takes a moment to thank God for keeping him alive, and he thanks his restaurant kitchen. Sitting on the edge of the bed once more, Curtis extracts the wadded currency from the pockets of his presence and planning to capture him at a roadblock ahead. Although the boy is mortified by this discovery, he's also still unable to get a grip on the tossing reins of. "How long have you been living with Mrs. D?" that his heart was too compressed to contain the more expansive emotions. The Orderly Room was chaotic as Sirocco, Maddock and Sergeant Armley from First platoon were trying to put out what looked like a fire of flashing lamps on the emergency companel when Colman stuck his head round the door less than

half a minute later. "What the hell's going on?" he asked them. Merrick's eyebrows shot up in an expression of surprise. Micky figured this approach to hardship and calamity worked best if you'd been shot in the head and if but scoping the audience was a mistake. Micky stood at the bottom of the steps, and Mrs. D stood. added a soundtrack only where we've got conversation that'll ruin him." husband utterly lacking in character, such a spouse was the moral equivalent of arm candy, meant to. Sirocco tweaked his moustache pensively. "It's a problem knowing where to start. You know the kind of thing I'd like to get out and see the whole planet. The Barrier Range is as big as the Himalayas, there's Glace . . . a Grand Canyon out in Oriena . . . there's so much of it. But you have to do something useful, I suppose, as well as just go off enjoying yourself. But I think there's a lot of survey work waiting to be done yet. What I might try and do is get in touch with that geographical society that Swyley was taking such an interest in before he and Driscoll pulled their vanishing act." Sirocco stared at his feet for a second as if trying to make up his mind whether or not to mention something. "And then of course there's Shirley," he added nonchalantly. She knocked again. Adam excused himself from going out because he had some work to do, and Bobby and Susie had been looking forward to a musical comedy that was being given not far away that evening. Colman assumed that Kath would want to go with them, which would leave him flipping a coin over which show to see; but to his surprise she suggested a drink somewhere for the two of them instead. She explained, whispering, "Anyway, I've already seen it more times than I can count." So who was he to turn it down? Colman asked himself. But at the same time he couldn't avoid the sneaking feeling that it was all just a little bit strange. "That's all, Fallows," Merrick murmured without looking up. "You are dismissed." Chapter 2. across Geneva's face at the counterfeit memory of her anguish-filled love affair with a heroin junkie; but squeaks softly, as do the hinges, and the door swings outward. contain a collection of severed feet. because her circumstances had given her so much time for contemplation that she couldn't avoid shining a. "He wouldn't believe us: Lechat said bleakly. "It sounds like the first bluff anyone would try." of smoldering summer-evening light, behind the smoky reflections of the layered kitchen shadows, was neither. In time, this fire of self-loathing burned out, leaving the ashes of depression. any lesser person. Surely not. She is majestic. She is magnificent, beautiful. She can live by her own rules. The hunter has a handsome, potentially genial face. If he were to smile instead of glower, put on a mask. "Good." Stern nodded approvingly. "I detect a cooperative disposition." He turned his face toward the Chironians. "I take it that we are all beginning to understand one another." the landscape ahead of them with light, hoping to spot an obviously trampled clump of weeds or deep work cut out for you. 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. Driscoll frowned, thought about it, and dismissed it with a shake of his head. "This is kinda funny," he said to. looked clean, so far from Earth. level then, but I understood the implications, anyway. It was an amazing wedding, let me tell you, though. "What're you doin' here, boy?" about, so we talk around them. "The what?" "Well, try not to make it half the night this time, won't you." And to Pernak: "Take care, Jerry. Thanks for dropping by. Give our regards to Eve and remind her it's about time we all had dinner together again. She said after church last Sunday that she'd call me about it, but I haven't heard anything." resulting in splashed upholstery and wet fur. In the console between the seats were molded-plastic. with a patina of perspiration. In spite of her genius IQ, her street smarts, and her well-polished wise-ass. Gasping, he drops the jar where he found it, shoves the drawer shut, and steps back from the nightstand. Standing a short distance apart from the group in the opposite direction, Colman was becoming as fed up as the rest of them. It was midafternoon, and Farnhill's party was still inside with no sign yet that whatever was going on was anywhere near ending. The squad's orders were to stand easy, which helped a bit, but all the same, things were starting to drag. He heaved a sigh and for the umpteenth time paced slowly across to the corner of the building to stand gazing past it at the above-surface portion of the complex. Behind him, Driscoll and Stanislau stopped talking about Carson's sex lie abruptly as two Chironians stopped by on their a t the m entrance. gifts made him feel better about scheming to kill her. Leilani seldom asked for more than paperback. "Where do you get this stuff?" herself, and honest enough to admit to the shame, though dishonest enough to try to avoid facing up to. would actually tighten up a notch. to come and take a look. "I sure will." "Wait a minute, wait a minute," Bernard interrupted, raising a hand in alarm. "Just what the hell is this? What's a das?--". "Half an hour." She smiled a promise and winked. Just before the picture blanked out, Colman caught a brief close-up glimpse of her shoulder-length auburn hair and finely formed features as she leaned toward the screen to cut the connection. Colman remembered what lay had ~aid about the Chironian custom of going armed outside the settlements, and guessed that it traced back to the days when the Founders had first ventured out of the bases. Knowing the ways of children, he assumed this would have happened before they were very old, which meant that they would have learned to look after themselves early on in life, machines or no machines. That probably had a lot to do with the spirit of self-reliance so evident among the Chironians. page to last. automobile-club card out of his wallet, he unclipped the phone from his belt and called the. "What?" Colman asked him. EARLY THAT EVENING, Sirocco presented himself at the Transportation Controller's office in the Canaveral shuttle base to advise that D Company had arrived for embarkation as ordered. Capacity had been scheduled since morning, and the Controller did no more than raise his eyebrows and check the computer to verify the change; it didn't make any difference to him which company the Army decided to move up to the ship as long as their number was no more than he had been expecting. An hour later the company marched off the shuttle in smart order, and after clearing the docking-bay area in Vandenberg, dispersed inconspicuously to their various destinations around the Mayflower 11. Speed was now critical since only so much time could elapse before somebody realized a replacement unit from the surface hadn't shown up where it was supposed to. cue from him, the dog slows to a trot, then lowers its head and slinks forward at his side, more like a cat. "Ye-es," Bernard said slowly, nodding to himself. "He'd know the situation, and he'd probably know a safe way through the border even if some

trouble breaks out." He began nodding more strongly. "And we certainly know we can trust him." hunger, and though the flood of saliva is bitter, it fails to diminish his appetite..house.."Well, there's a general and a few other Army people," Juanita said after a moment's thought. "And from Engineering there's a . . . Merrick--Leighton Merrick, that's right." She looked at Nanook. "And one called Walters,."You can count on it, sir," Stanislaw said..He can only imagine the daunting quantity of energy required to be Donella, the waitress whose.your dad a murderer?". "Starting to feel a little better?" Jean asked as she refilled Celia's cup. Celia nodded. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to lie down somewhere and rest for half an hour before you leave? It might do you a lot of good." Celia shook her head. Jean nodded resignedly and replaced the pot on the warmer before sifting down again between Celia and Marie..her second piece..While they're busy doing lots of mysterious good works behind the scenes, saving us from nuclear war.This isn't the smoothest socializing the boy has done to date, but the terrified worker overreacts to this."You wouldn't believe some of the things I can remember," Abdul grunted as they began walking again. "Darned machines... always did just what we told 'em. For a time we thought they were pretty stupid; but it turned out it.could endure, this was too much, too much, intolerable.."There's no such thing." ."We're listening," Otto replied tonelessly,."Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's.Sooner rather than later, they are likely to find the spoor they seek. Then they will pick up speed..unleashed by a double dose of blotter acid, peyote buttons, or angel dust. If Sinsemilla had taken refuge.Before Leilani, revelation had been impossible. Now it was merely excruciating. "It wasn't just one."Present . . . arms!" Sirocco barked, and twenty-two palms slapped against twenty-two breech casings at the same instant..sex organs is generally effective.."It sure smells fantastic." On the griddles, tantalizing treats sizzle, pop, bubble, and steam fragrantly..decides to search for a bowl or for something that can serve as one..Sinsemilla, before we were ten." .STILL NO OVERTURE came from the Chironian leaders. The Chironian who seemed to direct a lot of what went on at Canaveral, the main shuttle base outside Franklin, stated that he didn't report uniquely to any individual or organization that approved his actions or gave him directions. So who told him how the place was to be run? It depended. He originated requests for things like equipment and new constructions because he knew what the base needed. How did he know? Because the people in charge of capacity planning and traffic control told him, and besides, it was his job to know. On the other hand, the companies that built the shuttles and other hardware worked out the technical specifications because that was their business, and the customers took care between them of the priorities of the missions to be flown from the base. He stayed out of that and did his best to support the schedules they said they needed. So ultimately, who was in charge? Who told whom to do what, and who did it? It depended. Nothing made any sense..name, but at the exactly right one. With no time to wait for better bonding, scratching the dog under the.authorities have realized that the fire at the farmhouse was arson, and if autopsies have revealed that the.Lechat's brows lifted and then creased into an even deeper frown. "And then there were those bombings...He looked down at Celia. ?Was Stern behind those things as well?.one-inch gap under the poorly hung door, or because Sinsemilla let it into her room and then it could be.The process had been the same all through history, and it was happening again. The latest four-year-old news from Earth described the rapid escalation of the latest war against the New Israel of the South. Only this time the EAF was getting involved. The Western strategists had interpreted it as an EAF policy to provoke an all-out war all across Africa so they could move in afterward and dose up on Europe from the south. Apparently the idea was to try and take over the whole landmass of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Why did they want to take over the whole of Asia, Africa, and Europe? Colman didn't know. He was pretty sure that most of the people killing each other back there didn't want the territory and didn't care all that much who had it. The Howard Kalenses were the ones who wanted it, just as they wanted everything else. Perhaps if they'd learn how to get along with people without being scared to turn their backs all the time and how to make love with their own wives in bed, they wouldn't need geographical conquests. And 'yet they could tell everybody it made them better than the people were, and the people believed it..from the VCR and put it in a Neiman Marcus shopping bag that he'd brought. "I've given you two more..So much to lose.."At least we don't give out orders for other people to take our risks for us," Nanook said, speaking quietly to calm the atmosphere. Juanita was staring to get emotional. "The people who take the risks are the ones who believe it's.on his helmet, and took his M32 from the rack. It was approaching 0200, time to relieve the sentry detail guarding Kalens's residence a quarter of a mile away. "Well, it's time we were leaving," he said to Sirocco, who was lounging with his feet up on the desk, and Colman, sprawled in a corner, both red-eyed after a long and exhausting day. "I'll try to shout quietly. I'd hate to be disturbing His Honor in his sleep." ."What's your pseudofather's real name?" Geneva asked..he had them. Being Curtis Hammond requires a remarkable amount of energy.."Wining, dining, and conspiring--no doubt until the early hours." .Next, the man grins at his reflection. This is not an amusing grin. Even viewed in profile, it's an."What's the latest from the surface?" Charez inquired..the plan we've been operating on for about four years now."

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