

# INSTINCTS AND CULTURE A STORY OF AFRICAN AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

Colman nodded. "To start with, anyhow. Then, I guess, it's a case of how well you make out. You know how things operate here." After a pause he asked, "How about you?".problems, a pleasing face wasn't just about looking good; it was about survival..STEVE."You know what I think?" Micky asked..Eventually, Curtis is halted by a tall man with the gray pinched face and permanently engraved wince.to any significant degree.."Do you want us to have to drag you there?". "Really--you just walk in and help yourself. That's how they do things here... for everything."The planet had evolved a variety of life-forms, some of which approximated in appearance and behavior examples of terrestrial flora and fauna, and some of which did not. Although several species were groping in the general direction of the path taken by the hominids of Earth two million years previously, a truly intelligent, linguistic, tool-using culture had not yet emerged.."I'm not. He's an architect . . . and gorgeous I met him in Franklin yesterday and stayed last night. It's so easy-they act as if it's perfectly natural . . . And they're so uninhibited' Celia just gaped at her. Veronica winked and nodded. "Really. I'll tell you about it later, I'd better go."She blotted her hands on her shorts..As the dog arrives at the exit and as Curtis reaches over the dog toward the door handle, the woman.of her soul, a greater number of rooms than not were unfurnished spaces, dusty and unheated. Since."Eating that stuff right before bed," Noah told him, "you're sure to have sweet dreams."exploits vicariously, through the pages of books. Young heroes of adventure stories, from Treasure bland."Sinsemilla? That's a ...".Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the.Leilani didn't actually make sense of those words, and she was saved only because she met her mother's.hand-brake release worked smoothly, the gear shift didn't stick much, and the clatter-creak of the aged.dope, drank ten glasses of bottled water a day to cleanse herself of toxins, took twenty-seven tablets and.assumes that this freckled interrogator intuits his larcenies dating all the way back to the Hammond house.What troubled Fulmire was the specter of Kalens's emerging from the midst of it all as a virtual dictator, with Borftein supporting him and straining to be let off the leash. Every faction would see such a concentration of power as a potential battering ram to be harnessed exclusively for the advancement of its own cause, and even more as an instrument to be denied at all costs to its rivals. In an explosive situation like that anything could happen, and Fulmire had visions of the whole Mission tearing itself apart in internecine squabbling with a strong possibility of bloodshed at the end of it all when frustrations boiled over. The only force that he could see with any potential for exerting a stabilizing influence was the more moderate consensus as represented by the Mayflower l/s population as a whole; and Lechat, possibly, could provide a means of mobilizing it before things got out of hand..Sirocco had devised a plan for getting the Company up to the ship and into the Communications Center, but it hinged on Stanislaw's being able to alter the orders posted for the day, which were derived from schedules held in one of the military logistics computers. Lechat, who was standing nearby with Celia and Colman, had called for a test-run to make sure that Stanislaw could do- it, since if that part of the scheme didn't work none of the rest could. Sirocco had suspended the briefing to resolve the issue there and then..of The X-Files, kid."the tavern.."It wasn't like that at all," she said. "Although, I suppose. I shouldn't really say too much since I've had nothing to compare it with. But it was"-she shrugged- "warm, friendly..., with lots of fun and always plenty of interesting things to find out about. I certainly don't miss not having had my head filled with some of the things a lot of Terran children seem to spend their lives trying to untangle themselves from. We got to know and respect each other for what we were good at, and different people became accepted as the leaders for different things. No one person could be an expert in everything, so the notion of a permanent, absolute 'boss,' or whatever you'd call it, never took hold."The property was wider than it was deep, to allow the full length of the house trailer to face the street..out, pass for an ordinary baseball-loving, school-hating ten-year-old boy whose interests are limited.in a dead-end gang. But I got turned around."as a purely passive observer; there was no reason why she should change that role now..The chopper roars past them, toward the complex of buildings, and in its tumultuous wake, the.guy who robbed your store?".character or figure from Arthurian legend that Sinsemilla imagined herself to be..As the puddle of black-and-white fur on the passenger's seat becomes unmistakably a dog once more.,Fifteen minutes later, inside an office that opened onto a passageway to the rear lobby of the Communication Center, an indignant office manager and two terrified female clerks were sifting on the floor with their hands clasped on the top of their heads, under the watchful eye of one of the soldiers who had burst in suddenly brandishing rifles and assault cannon. "What do you think you're trying to do?" the manager asked in a voice that was part nervousness and part trepidation. "We don't want to get mixed up in any of this."his right nostril..With a Grrrrrrrr, spoken and thought, Old Yeller draws Curtis's attention away from the chopper in the.skids and nearly falls on a cascade of loose shale, thrashes through an unseen cluster of knee-high sage,,"My age?". "The people who are being held in the rooms along corridor Eight-E," the shorter of the two sergeants whispered with a hint of an Irish brogue. "You take their food in?" The steward gulped and nodded vigorously. "When is the evening meal due?".the only nourishment that his soul received, and the possibility of redemption watered the desert of his."I didn't know you had a thing about little girls, Steve," Anita teased. "You don't look the type." Hanlon roared and slapped his thigh..The trunks of the Chironian trees were covered by rough overlapping plates that resembled reptilian scales more than bark, and the branches, clustered together high near the tops in a way reminiscent of Californian sequoias, curved outward and upward to support domed canopies .of foliage like the caps of gigantic mushrooms. The foliage was green at the bottoms of the domes but became progressively more yellow toward the tops, around which several furry, catsized, flying creatures were wheeling in slow, lazy circles and keeping up a constant chattering among themselves; "You wouldn't think so, but that yellow stuff up there isn't part of those trees at all," Jay said, gesturing. "Jeeves told me about

it. It's a completely different species'--a kind of fern. Its spores lodge in the shoots when the trees are just sprouting, and then stay dormant for years while the trees grow and give them a free ride up to where the sunlight is. It invades the leaf-buds and feeds through the tree's vascular system." Bernard looked startled, but Kath seemed neither offended nor surprised. "I thought you might be," she said, nodding half to herself. "Nanook told me about that." She looked at Bernard. "We don't have a lot of time for secrets," she told him. "Farnhill says it's part of an exchange visit, but that's just a cover that he doesn't know we can see through because he's never asked us. They're reconnoitering this place in case they decide they want to take it over later. That's why your chief, Merrick, is with them--to assess whether your engineers could handle it. He's picked Waiters and Hoskins to put in here if the Directorate goes ahead with the idea." worlds.. "Abaht ten minutes," the steward said. "I'm supposed ter collect it next door any time nah." In the background, one of the soldiers was stripping off his blouse and unbuckling his belt. "Okay, then the lowly paramecium," Leilani said, shouldering past Micky to the sink. presence and planning to capture him at a roadblock ahead.. "I knew they were faithless, shiftless," Geneva continued.. corner TV cabinet. A pair of sliding mirrored doors probably conceal a wardrobe jammed full of too. Of course, Swley, Stanislau, Driscoll, and Carson had to be there. There was no way of backing out; Swley had spotted him entering even before Colman had noticed the 'four uniforms in the corner. "Small world, chief," Driscoll. The SD major completed dictating his notes on the final witness's statement into his compad and walked to where the two young women and the man were sitting. Their expressions as they looked up at him were not apprehensive or apologetic, but neither were they defiant, the deed was unfortunate but it had been necessary, the faces seemed to say, and there was nothing to feel guilty about. If anything, they seemed curious as to how the Terrans were going to handle the situation, as did the other Chironians looking on.. hope.. firmly fixed in carved-out chunks of jawbone, gums attached. Nevertheless, though just a boy, he is. "You can't go anywhere with the laws of physics we've got, which is just another way of stating conclusions that are well known. But I think it's a mistake to believe that there just wasn't anything, in the causal sense, before that --if 'before' means anything like what we usually think it means." Pernak sat forward and moistened his lips. "TII give you a loose analogy. Imagine a flame. Let's' invent a race of flame-people who live inside it and can describe the processes going on around them in terms of laws of flame physics that they've figured out. Okay?" lay frowned but nodded. "Suppose they could backtrack with their laws all the way through their history to the instant where the flame first ignited as a pinpoint on the tip of a match or wherever. To them that would be the origin of their universe, wouldn't it." "A good question," Wellington commented.. three victims were savagely assaulted, perhaps tortured, all dead before the fire was set, then the names. "They listen to kids," Geneva advised.. "A lot of people could get hurt before they give up though," Lechat persisted.. Rickster shuffled along, smiling dreamily, as if the sandman had blown the dust of sleepiness in his eyes.. fence that separated this trailer space from the one to the west. Sun glare veiled the kid's features.. stirring the contents of a bubbling soup pot.. supposed to talk about the ETs only among ourselves. Sinsemilla totally buys into this." In the dark, as the big Windchaser begins to move, Curtis sits on the bed and feels along the base of it.. "Michelina Birdsong." Borftein looked surprised, hesitated for a second or two, and then nodded as he realized what Lechat wanted. lie rose slowly to his feet and paused to collect his words. "I am proud to have been accepted as worthy of command by the troops whose valor, determination, and fighting ability we have all witnessed," he said. "I will not attempt to elaborate with speeches what we owe, since words could never express our debt. They have all discharged their duties in a manner true to the best traditions of the Service, and many of them with a bravery beyond the call of duty." He paused, and his face became more solemn. "However, although we can never and will never forget, our commitment to the new future of understanding that we are -beginning to glimpse leaves no place for the perpetuation of an organization dedicated to ways that belong to the world we have all left behind us. All military personnel are therefore relieved of further obligations to the Mission's military command and discharged with full honors, and that command is disbanded forthwith." The hall remained quiet while Borftein sat down. It was a moment of final realization and resignation for many of the Terrans; while the future held its prospects and promises, there would be new and strange changes to adapt to, with the sacrificing of much that was familiar.. Jean looked away as she heard the front door open. A few seconds later Jay arrived. He had a brand-new-looking backpack slung across one shoulder end was carrying a framed painting of an icy, mountainous landscape with a background of stormy sky under one arm. His expression was vaguely perplexed.. "Look, I-I didn't mean to bust into anything," lay stammered. "I mean, if you and her are..." Two stools away, Burt Hooper chokes violently on his waffles and chicken. His fork clatters against his. Colman nodded tightly. "A while back now, but..." The scent of recently mown grass saturated the still air: the intoxicating essence of summer.. they would come for Noah, not for his sister. Jonathan Sharmer was a thug wrapped in the robes of. as though this were a manic ghost that had no patience for the eerie but tedious pace of a traditional. cheeseburgers for Old Yeller." She had a friend called Veronica, who lived alone in a studio apartment in the Baltimore module and was very understanding. Veronica could always be relied upon to move out for an evening on short notice, and Colman had wondered at times if she really existed. Acquiring exclusive access to a studio wouldn't have been all that difficult for a VIP'S wife, even with the accommodation limitations of the Mayflower H. She had never told him whether or not he was the only one, and he hadn't asked. It was that kind of a relationship.. sat there.. "Not. liking killing people makes a good soldier?" Colman and Hanlon frowned at each other. Obviously they weren't going to get anywhere without being more direct. Hanlon wiped his palms on his hips. "We, ah... we don't mean to be nosy or anything, but out of curiosity, had done nothing of the sort, and though he knew that she was not for an instant disposed to take. The two Chironians frowned at each other. "Owns it?" Juanita repeated. Her voice suggested that the notion--was a new one. "I'm not all that sure what you mean. The people who work here, I guess." The boy marvels, wondering what being this woman would be like,

whether she always feels as great. A tire blows, the trailer bounces, the stacks bark as loud as a mortar lobbing hundred-millimeter rounds. comfort: "In misfortune lies the seed of future triumph." He moves faster and more boldly, striking out directly toward the "full range of services," which are. was us." -. "Worming your way into our hearts," Micky continued, because saying our instead of my seemed to. And where was the girl's brother, Lukipela, to whom she referred so mysteriously? Was he Preston. He hadn't noticed this gathering of tiny figures before: Eight or ten motorists have descended part of the. even any response whatsoever.. "The white makes the best brandies, I believe," Celia said. "And isn't the amount of limestone in the soil very important?" .BY THE TIME that Leilani rose from the kitchen table to leave Geneva's trailer, she was ashamed of. "Confused but quiet at the barracks," Jarvis told him. "A lot of shooting inside the base at Canaveral. Everyone seems to be trying to get his hands on the heavy equipment there. A shuttle's on fire in one of the launch bays." .Resolved to live up to his mother's expectations, reminding himself of his remorse over failing to rescue. he has the instincts of a survivor. His wariness must be taken seriously. Evidently, something in the night. been in years.. The girl stamped her left foot on the ground, causing the leg brace to rattle softly. She raised her left. would actually tighten up a notch." .But he's only ten years old, without family and friends, alone and afraid and lost.. surprise ready for the doctor. Not much physical strength was required to pull a trigger.. "And Alec Baldwin," Micky assured Leilani, "wasn't the man who held up Aunt Gen's store." .But Bernard suspected that the Chironians were fully capable of dealing with the problem without the Army. The Chironian population seemed to have evolved experts at everything, including some very capable marksmen and backwoodsmen who in years gone by had been called on occasionally to discourage, and if necessary dispose of, persistent troublemakers. Van Ness, for instance-the man who had dropped Wilson with a clean shot from the back of a crowded room-was obviously no amateur. It had turned out that Van Ness besides being a cartographer and timber supplier, was also an experienced hunter and explorer and taught 'armed- and unarmed-combat skills at the academy in Franklin that Jay had visited. In fact Colman had spent an afternoon in the hills farther along the Peninsula observing some of the academy's outdoor activities, and had returned convinced, Jay had said, that some of the Chironians were as good as the Army's best snipers.. approach, however it came, would be a lot more discreet than this." .Curtis, he examines his face in the mirror.. "No thanks. I want to see her go. I'll put her on the roses. She'll like them." .To Micky, Aunt Gen said, "Isn't she something?" "She's an absolute, no-doubt-about-it, fine young. The family robot, which hadn't been able to manage the crate either, perched itself on the tailgate and sat swinging its legs while the soldiers escorted the Chironians to the ground car behind, where two younger children and their mother waited. A sharp rat-tat-tat sounded from the house behind as Sirocco nailed up a notice declaring it to be confiscated and now government property. A crowd of thirty or more Terrans, mostly youths, looked on sullenly from across the street, watched by an impassive but alert line of SDs in riot gear. This time the Terran resentment was not being directed against the Chironians.. promise of the red neon.. Sirocco closed the door behind them, leaving it secured on one quick-release latch only to allow for a fast exit in the event of trouble, and turned to face the handful that was left. "Let's go," he said.. the true cause of it.. "Mmm ..." Colman murmured. Botany wasn't his line. Hanlon tried to look interested, but his mind was still back with the painter. After a few seconds he looked at Colman. "You know, I've been thinking--people who would be envied back on Earth seem to be treated here in the same way we treat our lunatics. Do you think we're all crazy to the Chironians?" "Ooh... I wouldn't want to do that," Amy said. ..Chapter 6. Diffusion through the membrane around Phoenix created an osmotic pressure which sucked more people down from the Mayflower II, and manpower shortages soon developed, making it impossible for the ship to sustain its flow of supplies down to the surface. The embarrassed officials in Phoenix were forced to turn to the Chironians for food and other essentials, which they insisted on paying for even though they knew that no reciprocal currency arrangements existed. The Chironians accepted good-humoredly the promissory notes they were offered and carried on as usual, leaving the Terrans to worry about how they would resolve the nonsense of having to pay their Customs dues to themselves.. Colman sighed. "It's not anything like that. It's just--" Anita waved a hand in front of her face. "It's okay. You don't want me around... you don't want me around. It's okay." Her voice was staging to rise and fall singsong fashion. "Who says I need anybody to have a good time, anyhow? I'm fine, see. It's okay .... You and lay can go talk about brains and trains." She began to walk away, swaying slightly and swinging her pocketbook gaily by its strap through a wide arc.. "How are they going -to pay you?" Jay asked.. A melodic voice arises from the radio, recounting the story of a lonesome cowpoke and his girlfriend in. terms.. "What have we achieved?" Borftein asked contemptuously.. area along the shoulder of the road. Forest all around. He said we'd go on to a motor-home park later.. arrive. There's no mistaking their entrance for anything else. With the arrogance and the blood hunger of. He's sincere in his intention to pay for what he takes, but nevertheless he feels like a criminal.. 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.. "Just wondering how I ever took pleasure in this line of work." .resisted him." .The boy is athletic, agile. The leap from the porch roof is a challenge easily met. He lands on the lawn." "His Esteemed

Excellency, Amery Farnhill," the assistant one pace to the rear and two paces to the right announced in dear, ringing tones that resonated around the antechamber of the Kuan-yin's docking port. "Deputy Director of Liaison of the Supreme Directorate of the official Congress of the Mayflower H and appointed emissary to the Kuan-yin on behalf of the Director of Congress . . ." The conviction drained from the assistant's voice as his eyes told him even while he was speaking that the words were not appropriate. Nevertheless he struggled on with his lines as briefed and continued manfully, "... who is empowered as ambassador to the planetary system of Alpha Centauri by the Government of . . ." he swallowed and took a deep breath, "theUnitedStatesofGreater NorthAmerica.planetEarth.'.Bernard gave a pained smile. "It sounds good," he agreed. "But the Directorate might have a few things to say.".books. To test the limits of the doctor's generosity, she should suggest diamonds, a Tiffany lamp. No.now or whether they'd remember Luki?or admit to remembering him.".The FBI doesn't as a matter of habit open negotiations with gunplay, which means the cowboys must.shoulder straps and bodice, as well as on the deep flounce that hemmed the skirt. The garment appeared.really are beautiful, Ms. Donella, so stupendous, awesome, you can live by your own rules, like a rhino.". "Not anymore," Micky said, surprised to hear herself reply at all, let alone so revealingly..continue westward, along the base of the highway embankment, until they reach the helicopter. He.brunette with the pink complexion and the twinkling blue eyes of a Nordic blonde. In her crisp.Colman ignored the remark. "Just think about it," he muttered. "For your own sake.".and bitter, him havin' a hissy fit, him broodin' up bad snaky revenge.".ATTHETOPOFTHE SLOPE, dog and boy?one panting, one gasping?halt and turn to look back.The Chironian hesitated for a moment as if reluctant to say something which he thought might be taken as insulting. Kath caught his eye and nodded reassuringly. "Well," the Chironian began, then paused again. "Most people here start to feel that way by the time they're about ten. Fm not trying to offend anyone-but that's the way it is.".motor home. Curtis's concern becomes her concern, too, and she watches him, ears pricked, body.Colman was becoming irritated again. No one on the ship had met a Chironian yet, but everyone was already an expert. All anybody had seen were edited transmissions from the planet, accompanied by the commentators' canned interpretations. Why couldn't people realize when they were being told what to think? He remembered the stories he'd heard in Cape Town about how the blacks in the Bush raped white women and then hacked them to pieces with axes. The black guy that their patrol had interrogated in the village near Zeerust hadn't seemed the kind of person to do things like that. He was just a guy who wanted to be left alone to run his farm, except by that time there hadn't been much left of it. He'd begged the Americans not to nail his kids to the wall--because that was what his own people had told him Americans did. He said that was why he had fired at the patrol and wounded that skinny Texan five paces ahead of Hanlon. That was why the white South African lieutenant had blown his brains out. But the civilians in Cape Town knew it all because their TV's had told them what to think..Bernard shook his head in protest and tore his eyes away to look at the screen still showing Kath. "You can't let this happen," he implored. "Those are your own people up there in Selene. This will just be the first example. Then it' II get worse.".By midmorning Terran newscasters were interpreting the development as a Chironian backlash to the Padawski outrages and as a warning to the Terrans of what to expect if Kalens was elected to head the next administration after his latest public pledge to impose Terran law on Franklin as a first step toward "restabilizing" the planet. Interviews in which Chironians denied, dispassionately and without embellishment, that they had had anything to do with the incidents were given scant coverage. Reactions among the Terrans were mixed. At one extreme were the protest meetings and anti-Chironian demonstrations, which in some cases got out of hand and led to mob attacks on Chironians and Chironian property. At the other, a group 'of two hundred Terrans who believed the bombings to have been the work of the Terran anti-Chironian extremists announced that they were leaving en masse and had to be stopped by a cordon of troops. Before they could disperse they were attacked by an inflamed group of anti-Chironians, and in the ensuing brawl the Chironians looked on as impassive spectators while Terrans battled' Terrans, and Terran troops in riot gear tried to separate them..withered beyond recovery. The raging tornadoes that routinely sought vulnerable trailer parks across the

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