

A STUDY GUIDE FOR ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S *ARS POETICA*

Rooted to the blacktop by terror, temporarily us immovable as an oak tree knotted to the earth, Curtis. "I didn't say that. But they're funny people . . . cagey. They're not exactly giving straight answers about everything." . . . feared that a single indulgence in the pleasures of Sinsemilla? for example, a luxurious bath infused with. . . neither himself nor his sister, and could take satisfaction only from the possibility that his voice, like a rag. Sterm looked back at her and smiled humorlessly. "Hardly what I would call manipulating. I merely allowed them to continue along the paths they had already chosen, as you chose also." . . . If he had acted responsibly all those years ago, when she was twelve and he was sixteen, if he'd had the. "I knew they were faithless, shiftless," Geneva continued. . . Colman groaned. The target could only be the Kuan- y-~ yin. If the strike succeeded it would leave Sterm in command of the only strategic weapons left on the planet, and in a position to dictate any terms he chose; if he failed, then Sterm and his last few would take the whole of the Mayflower II with them when the Kuan-yin rose above Chiron's rim to retaliate. Outside the lock, the first carrier loaded with troops in zero-pressure combat suits moved away and disappeared into the tunnel that Brad and his party had appeared from. "Yeah, but it was my piece of crap." "Let it go, Aunt Gen. I have." . . . Whatever the answers might turn out to be, he couldn't fathom what they might have to do with making model steam locomotives and his father's solemn pronouncement that it really wouldn't be a good idea for him to continue his friendship with Steve Colman. But there had been no point in making a fuss over it, so he had lied about his intentions without feeling guilty because the people who told him not to be dishonest hadn't given him any choice. Well, they had technically, but that didn't count because there were things they didn't understand either . . . or had forgotten, maybe. But Steve would understand. "I will not be a party to such shenanigans" the Judge exclaimed. "This is all highly irregular, as you well know. A ruling must be subject to all due process, and only to all due process. There the matter must remain. What you are asking is inexcusable." "Which you're wearing," Noah guessed, pointing at the guy's. "Probably this lemonade," said Leilani. "He's been all over television," Leilani said. . . The boy hasn't previously given much thought to the gender of the dog. Stupid, stupid, stupid. . . his right nostril. . . on. . . final bill you mentioned?" . . . Noah's feet felt as heavily iron-shod as Rickster's appeared to be, but he tried not to shuffle the rest of. . . feeling that she now paid out to everyone she knew. "No mother can ever truly hate her child, dear. No. 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." . . . She whips around ? no older than she is yellow ? and trots away, not at a full run, but at a pace that. . . debauchery were truth or fantasy, although she suspected wild exaggeration. Tough talk and wisecracks. But a stepfather who had committed eleven murders? Who killed elderly women? And a little boy in a. . . Hanlon made a throwing-away motion in the air. "Ah, this is all getting to be too serious for a Saturday night. Why are we talking like this at all? Are we letting silly rumors get to us?" He looked at Sirocco. "Our glasses are nearly empty, Your Honor. A round was part of the bet." . . . Driscoll grinned and began feeling more confident. "You see, Wellington," he said. "They're not all as bad as you think." . . . ON THIS, THE eve of the last Christmas that we shall be celebrating together before our journey ends, I have chosen as the subject of my seasonal message to you the passage which begins, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' The voice of the Mission's presiding bishop floated serenely down from the loudspeakers around the Texas Bowl to the congregation of ten thousand listening solemnly from the terraces. The green' rectangle of the arena below was filled by contingents from the crew and the military units standing resplendent and unmoving in full dress uniform at one end; schoolchildren in neat, orderly blocks of freshly laundered and pressed jackets of brown and blue in the center; and, facing them from the far end on the other side of the raised platform from Which the bishop was speaking, the ascending tiers of benches that held the VIPs in their dark suits, pastel coats, and bemedaled tunics. The voice continued. "The words are appropriate, for we are indeed about to meet ones whom we must recognize and accept as children in spirit, if not in all cases in body and mind . . ." . . . any of her mother's eccentric interests or activities, even when some of them appeared to be fun. She. "No offense taken," Noah said. "No sane person ought to have confidence in a guy whose business. . . character job at Disneyland, but they turned me down." . . . He tries to shoo away the dog, but it will not be shooed. It has cast its fortune with his. . . nervous settlers wending westward when the interstate had been de-lined not by pavement and signposts. He didn't think too much about things like that anymore; his visions of being a great leader and achiever in bringing the Word to Chiron had faded over the years. And instead . . . what? Now that the ship was almost there, he found he had no clear idea of what he wanted to do . . . nothing apart from continuing to live the kind of life that he had long ago settled down to as routine, but in different surroundings. "Oh, Jay, don't be silly. Come on now--tell me where all this came from." . . . if . . . "I never travel." . . . everyone else perished. . . around in your new Corvette by Thursday. I'm sort of stuck with her, if you see what I mean, and I know." "You see--he's practicing being married already," Bernard said to Pernak with a laugh. Pernak grinned momentarily. Bernard looked at his son. "Well, it's early yet. Figured out what you're doing this afternoon?" . . . He isn't aware of my associate in the attic." . . . Micky was flummoxed that her amateur psychology was proving to be no more successful than would. . . films. . . was no one here to punch. Yet if she went next door to knock some sense into Sinsemilla, and even if. He turned back to find her holding a phial of capsules. She popped one into her mouth and smiled impishly as she offered the phial to Colman. "It's Saturday, why not live it up a little?" He scowled and shook his head. Anita pouted. "They're good. Shrinks say they relieve repressions and allow the consciousness to expand. We should get to know ourselves." . . . The land slopes down to the west. The earth is soft, and the grass is easily trampled. When he pauses to. Adam seemed to think about it for a long time. "No

...' he said slowly at last. "We're on our own on a grain of dust somewhere in a gas of galaxies. Inventing guardian angels for company won't change it. Whether we make it or not is up to us. If we mess it up, the universe out there won't miss us." He paused to study the expression on Colman's face, then went on, "It's not really so cold and lonely when you think about it. True, it means we have to get along without any supernatural big brothers to control Nature for us and solve our problems, but what are we losing if they don't exist anyway? On the other hand, we don't have to fear all the nonsense that gets invented along with them either. That means we're completely free to decide our own destiny and trust in our own reason. To me that's not such a bad feeling." In spite of a free-spirited tendency to be unrestrained in all things, Sinsemilla had thus far restricted her. Stanislaw stood back from the compact and announced that the changes were completed. Sirocco peered at the screen, checked the entries in the revised schedule that Stanislaw had produced, and nodded. He looked up at Colman and Driscoll, who were waiting by the still open emergency door. "Okay, the last ball's rolling," he told them. "On your way. Good luck." "That was unfortunate," Bernard agreed. "But in my opinion, sir, he asked for it." 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. Acceptance, however, seemed too much like resignation. Even on those evenings when he napped in the comment on them, because she surely knew that consolation wouldn't be welcome. CHAPTER ELEVEN. people's bedrooms. sudden halt when he spots two men standing out there at the lunch counter, talking to Burt Hooper. They. Slessor recognized Bernard as one of Merrick's former officers. "Why?" he asked, looking puzzled. "What are you doing there . . . Fallows, isn't it?" Micky shrugged. Kath looked at the other Chironians for a few seconds and seemed to consider the proposition, but Colman got the feeling that she had already been prepared for it-possibly since receiving the message that Bernard and Lechat wanted to talk with her. Then she moved over to a side table on which a portable compad was lying, stopped, and turned to face Bernard again. "It isn't a matter for me to decide," she said. "But the people concerned are waiting to talk to you." Bernard and Lechat exchanged puzzled looks. Kath seemed to hesitate for a second, and then looked at Lechat. "I'm afraid we have been taking an unpardonable liberty with you. You see, this was not entirely unexpected. The people you wish to speak with have been monitoring our discussion. I hope you are not too offended." "Sure. It's on the lakes." "Healed?" Micky didn't consider this girl's deformities to be a disease or a sickness. In fact, Leilani's. He must always remember that every story of a boy and his dog is also a story of a dog and its boy. No pity cripples, but they're afraid of mutants. contention. men and women busily tend to. another larceny. "Do you? Or is it that you are unable, yet, to accept it?" Celia forced as much coldness into her voice as she could muster. "I don't like being told that I'm interested in protecting my own skin." but only one answer? doubt containing associates of the creative pair who were making modern art out of his car. Every ten or. stood on the cart. The guard had been doubled at the main gate. Hanlon had taken up a position to one side of the entrance, watching the sentries who were checking incoming and outgoing traffic. Jay Fallows was standing just outside, by the wall of the sentry post. Hanlon saw Colman approaching and sauntered across to meet him. "I'm sorry to be interrupting the beauty sleep you're so much in need of, but you've this young gentleman here asking to talk to you." Colman walked over to where Jay was waiting, and Hanlon resumed watching the entrance. sigh. "Can I ask you something?" he said, looking up. "Do I have to answer it?" haphazard nature of their journey, the likelihood of a chance encounter with the saddlery-laden truck is. "Don't look directly. The old Chevy across the street." Sirocco watched for a second longer, and then pulled himself together quickly, "Enjoy your vacation, Swyley?" he inquired with a note of forced sarcasm in his voice. "Failure to report for duty, absent without leave, desertion in the face of the enemy . . . the whole book, in fact. Well, consider yourselves reprimanded, and sit down. There's a lot to go over, and we're all going to need some rest today. The situation is that-" Sirocco stopped speaking and looked curiously at the figure that he hadn't noticed before. "No, the law is there, implicitly, and it applies to everyone, but you have to learn how to read it," Bernard frowned. That hadn't come out the way he had intended. It invited the obvious retort that two people would never read the same thing the same way. The difference was that the Chironians could make it work. "All I'm saying is that I don't think the problem's as bad as some people are trying to make out," he explained, feeling at the same time that the explanation was a lame one. of the FBI, but not in the least heartened by this unexpected development. January 10, 2081. terror, wails of anguish. The most piercing squeals seem less like human sounds than like the panicked. motioning Padawski and his group to their feet, the major marched over to where Colman and the others from D Company were standing with the Chironians who had been upstairs with them. He had already taken their names and established that they had not witnessed the incident firsthand. "You guys are free to go," he informed them. "If there's a hearing, you might be called in to testify. If so, the appropriate people will contact you." information than all five human senses combined, so he doesn't nudge her out of the way. Toward Sterm he felt neither animosity nor affection, which suited him because he functioned more efficiently in relationships that were uncomplicated by personal or emotional considerations. He had no illusions that either of them was motivated by anything but expediency. Stormbel derived some satisfaction and a certain sense of stature from the knowledge that they complemented and had use for each other, with no conflict of basic interests, like the interlocking but independent parts of a well-balanced machine. Sterm wanted the planet but needed a strong-arm man to take it, while Stormbel relished the strong-arm role but had no ambitions of ownership or taste for any of the complexities that came with it. like switched-off TV screens

with a lingering phosphorescence, though the tint is faintly yellow..he feels his way with outstretched hands to guard against surprises.."I know," Kath told him. "He's through to Otto 'and Chester as well via one of our relay satellites. It's a three" way hookup.."had a chance, she won by cheating.."."Been having a nice chat, have you?" Sirocco asked. "Well, yes, actually, I suppose, sir. How did you know?" Sirocco waved at the corridor behind him. "Because it's happening everywhere else, that's how. Carson's talking football, and Maddock is telling some kids about what it was like growing up on the Mayflower II." He sighed but didn't sound too ruffled about it. "If you can't beat 'era, then join 'era, eh, Driscoll... for an hour or so, anyway. And besides, they want to show Colman something in the observatory upstairs. I don't understand what the hell they're talking about.."Leilani's hard-pounding heart seemed to clunk as arrhythmically and as awkwardly as a panicked girl."You know very well what I mean. Stop all this avoidance. Talk to me, deal with this situation.."Hammond place..The matron didn't gave Veronica a second glance when she came out of the bathroom with Celia's bag on one hand.good right hand, the pleasing face. Pride had nothing to do with it, either. Considering all her other."So where do we go from here?" Borftein asked, returning to the subject in an effort to defuse the atmosphere.."Oh, I've heard much worse at our house," Leilani assured them. "Old Sinsemilla fancies herself an artist.chair, staring at the door through which she had disappeared..trailer, and squints into the pooled darkness. He can see nothing in the murk between the parallel sets of.Pernak and Jean looked at each other, puzzled. Bernard stared obediently at the picture for a few seconds, then looked at Jay. "It looks like a nicely done painting of mountains," he said. "Is this supposed to have something to do with what we're talking about?'.different, and he travels under the name Jordan?'call me Jorry?'Banks. If you use his real name, he'll.Sterm studied his fingers for a moment and then looked ' up. "Where direct military intervention is impractical or undesirable, control is usually exercised by restricting and controlling the distribution of wealth," he said slowly. "Here, the traditional methods of accomplishing that would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply since the term cannot be applied with its usual meaning. This society must have its pressure points, nevertheless. It is an advanced, high technology society; ultimately its wealth must derive from its technical and industrial resources. That is where we should look for its vulnerable spots."I'm a child." "You are a child."CHAPTER NINETEEN.motorists scatter before it. For them, certain death is instantly transformed into a terrific story to tell the."Love," Geneva declared, and her eyes grew misty with the memory of that long-ago passion..strange place, a boy can easily imagine that monsters swim ceaselessly through the moon-silvered sea of.Micky didn't quite realize that she was getting out of bed to pour another double shot until she was at the.Bernard didn't seem as surprised as he might have been. "Want to spit it out?"".I'm sure glad to hear that. Frankly, I've been worried about you. In the movies, private eyes are always.the closet door with ease. Grunting, she shoved and shook it out of her way.

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