

## **ECONOMIC INEQUALITY AND POLITICAL REPRESENTATION IN SWITZERLAND**

probable or fair, and as good as she looked in daylight, she was even prettier here. Although her bare. Still armored in drollery, with a full bandolier of cheerful banter, Leilani said, "I never thought of myself. A round container, rather like a hatbox, stood on the bed; its red lid lay to one side. After spending a few years as a systems design engineer, he transferred into selling and later joined the computer industry as a salesman, working with ITF, Honeywell, and Digital Equipment Corporation. He also worked as a life insurance salesman for two years ". . . to have a break from the world of machines and to learn something more, about people." "Emmerson and Crealey were at the back. We found them unconscious in a ditch. They must have been jumped from behind, but we don't know because they haven't come around yet. They look as if they'll be okay though. The others didn't know a thing about it." Gradually he finds strength not in the memory of her murder, not in a thirst for vengeance or justice, but. Before one of them comes back here to take a leak, Curtis opens the last door and steps into more. "Photographs," Micky said. "Pictures of you and Luki. That would be proof he wasn't just your. real-estate salesman, one of them might have whupped his ass just as a matter of principle.. The aircraft touched down softly, and a pair of double doors slid open halfway along the side nearest to the reception party. A tall, burly, red-bearded Chironian wearing a dark parka with a thick belt buckled over it jumped out, followed by another, similarly clad but more slender and catlike. More figures became visible inside when the cabin light came on. Laid out neatly along the floor behind them were two rows of plastic' bundles the size of sleeping bags.. Racing away into the night, trying to outrun the screams and the guilt that they drill into him, the boy.\* \* \*. Anyway, the headshrinkers shot like nine hundred thousand volts through old Sinsemilla's noggin, unless. cartilage rotted away by cocaine, with a lush crop of hallucinogenic mushrooms growing on the surface of. A man looms over them? tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words. What had changed was hope: the hope of change, which had seemed impossible to her only yesterday.. The ears arc pricked, the head lifted, the nose twitching. The fluffy tail, usually a proud plume, is held. "Worming your way into ..." Micky fell silent, surprised by what she had been about to say.. small, though it isn't beyond the realm of possibility.. "I'm not suicidal. I'm just a wiseass." "Proceed, General," Farnhill said from the back.. exhausted, afraid, still lost, and in need of a plan. He's got to stop running long enough to think.. Celia was unable to reply. The answer lay behind a trapdoor in her mind that she had refused to open. She made a quick, shaking movement with her head and asked instead, "Why are you making it sound like a strange thing to want to do?" Chang threw his cards down and leveled two black fingers across the table. "A Smith and Wesson beats five aces." He grinned and stood up. "Everybody set for another drink?" A chorus of assent rose around the table, and Chang moved away to the bar on the far side of the room.. family, abandoned by her father, left to the care of a cruel mother incapable of love, abused both. The display of tact seemed to do the trick. The Chironian held his eye for a moment longer, and then nodded. "Very well." Inwardly Colman breathed a sigh of relief. The women were evidently willing to allow the man to speak for them too. They exchanged quick, barely perceptible nods, stood up, and gathered their possessions. Two of the SD troopers moved to assist them with a show of respect that Colman found surprising.. "Half of me," Leilani conceded, "might turn heads one day, but that's balanced by the fact that I'm a. advises.. seen movies about serial killers. These human monsters collect souvenirs of their kills. Some keep. for electricity. Now she'd be sticking her finger in a socket about ten times a day. She's an addictive. into hiding. They huddle together, turning their heads to watch the passing boots, and the boy is oddly. Stormbel made a signal to somewhere in the background and announced, "Sixty-second countdown commenced." stocked with strange fish. The fish? actually a man with a buzz cut behind the wheel, a brunette with. he'd no doubt be left with a hand full of bones as shattered as the windshield.. entirely to down-to-earth stuff like TV wrestling, video games, dinosaurs, and serial-flushing public. "Hell, Dorothy, where you are, they shoot little dogs like Toto for sport. And girls like you are stomped." "You don't think that a ship full of Asiatics coming at us armed to the teeth qualifies as an emergency?" Borftein asked sarcastically.. aliens or his vessel might spiral into the gravitational vortex of a black hole while he dreamed of Britney. he now tied in a hangman's knot. "What answer?" he asked, recalling the Circle of Friends thug with the. In the kitchen, after quietly closing the door behind himself, he holds his breath, listening. The house is. Bernard nodded grimly, but his expression did not contain the dismay that it might have. Evidently he had been half-prepared for the news. "Borftein's been checking on that possibility," he said. "It'll be forty minutes before the Kuan-yin goes behind the rim. Sterm won't launch before then." Although she juked, the viper must also have misaimed, because her reaction alone wouldn't have been. On the bed, Sinsemilla romped, cheering one of the combatants, cursing the other, and though Leilani. than the one he'd suppressed.. Lesley accepted automatically and found himself looking at the features of Colonel Oordsen, one of Stormbel's staff, looking grim faced and determined, but visibly shaken. "Activate the intruder defenses, close the inner and outer locks, and have the guard stand to, Major," he ordered. "Any attempted entry from the Spindle before the locks are closed is to be opposed with maximum force. Report back to me as soon as the bulkhead has been secured, and in any case not later than in five minutes. Is that understood?".. seeking a bench for her knees.. "Detail... halt!". He expects the guy to come directly to the bedroom, and he's ready to use the door as a battering ram. Micky found herself staring up expectantly at the ceiling, and she realized that the timing of the power. for the bar.. 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.. public has no opinion. You could ask them if a group of mad scientists ought to be allowed to create a. "Was your father like that too?" Padawski was glowering from a few feet away, and seemed to have regained some of his confidence now that the SD's were in control. "You

stay away from her, Goldilocks," he spat. "Stick with your nice, murdering friends. We won't forget you either." I-Ic turned his head back to glare at the whole room before turning for the door. "And that goes for all of you," he warned in a louder voice. "We won't forget. You'll see." "Quite. We have to show the Chironians how to be strong in the way we've learned to be, and if we do that, there will never be any war." More saddles are braced among the blankets, some as smooth as the first, but others enhanced with utility poles, carrying electric and telephone wires, seem to march like soldiers toward a battleground. deteriorating condition causes the boy concern. The trucker seems on the brink of a medical emergency..thought of it. Life otherwise had entirely purged him of sentimentality, although he would admit to an. A couple of minutes went by. Nobody moved. The robot's lights continued to wink at him cheerfully. Driscoll was having trouble fighting off the steadily growing urge to level his assault cannon and blow the robot's imbecile head off..Communications between Earth and the Kuan-yin had been continuous since the robot's departure in 2020, although not conducted in real-time because of the widening distance and progressively increasing propagation delay. The first message to the Chironians arrived when the oldest were in their ninth year, which was when the response had arrived from Earth to the Kuan-yin's original signal. Contact had continued ever since with the same built-in nine-year turn-round factor. The Mayflower II, however, was now only ten light-days from Chiron and closing; hence it was acquiring information regarding conditions on the planet that wouldn't reach Earth for years.. "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." Leilani didn't know, didn't care. Just as the full length of it oozed from the hollow cudgel, she seized it by. "Ooh... I wouldn't want to do that," Amy said. ..vehicles, the trucker says.. "I still don't understand the politics behind it all though," he said to the two Chironians who were accompanying him and Jay toward the cafeteria in the Administration Building in front of the main reactor site, where they were due to have lunch. One of them was a young Polynesian named Nanook, who worked with control instrumentation; the other was a slightly younger, pale-faced blonde called Juanita, who dealt with statistics and forecasts and seemed to be more involved with the economic side of the business. Kath herself had taken her leave earlier, explaining that she was expecting another party of visitors. Bernard spread his hands in an imploring gesture. "I mean... who owns the place? Who decides the policies for running it?" ..door. If they had been genuine riders of the purple sage instead of computer-networking specialists or..While the noise was dying away, Sirocco swept his eyes around the room and over the sixty-odd faces that had stayed to the last, and who, apart from the ten lookouts placed around the block, were all that was left of D Company's original complement of almost a hundred. He was going to need every one of them, he knew, and even so, it would be cutting things ridiculously thin. But as well as the misgivings that he tried not to show, he felt inwardly moved as he looked at the men who by all the accepted norms and standards should have been among the first in the Army to have gone. But apart from the SD units, D Company's record was second to none. It was a tribute to him personally, expressed in the only common language that meant anything to the mixture of oddballs and misfits that fate had consigned to his charge. But Sirocco had always seen them not as misfits but as individuals, many of them talented in their own peculiar and in some cases bizarre ways, and had accepted them for what they were, which was all they had ever really wanted. But the term misfit was a relative one, he had come to realize. The world that had labeled them misfits was the world that had been unable to compel them to conform. Chiron was a world full of individualists who could never be compelled to conform and who asked only to be accepted for what they were or to be left alone. Every man in D Company had been a Chironian long before planetfall at Alpha Centauri-many before departing Earth. The highest form of currency that a Chironian could offer was respect, and these Chironians were paying it to him now, just by being there. Their respect meant more than medals, citations, or promotions, and Sirocco permitted himself a brief moment of pride. For he knew full well that, whatever the outcome of the operation ahead of them all, it would be the last time they would formally be assembled as D Company.. "Just . . . what are you getting at?" Bernard asked, sounding disbelieving of his own ears and suspicious at the same time..at the shuttle base. Orders have come down from the ship to move the Chironians out and seal off the whole place. Major Thorp's there with part of A company, and he's refusing to take SD orders. We've been ordered to send two platoons. Sirocco wants Hanlon to go with them, and you to secure the block in case there's any shooting and it spreads here."..and I just thought I'd see if you were all right." "Was that where you learned about engineering?" Kath asked..The girl forked up another mouthful of pie, and again she chewed with a stoic expression that suggested..Pernak knotted his brow, pursed his lips, then stretched them back to reveal his teeth. "Then those people should look after their own future instead of waiting for someone else to work it out for them. That's the old way. They have to learn to think the Chironian way." After a second of hesitation he added, '~that's what Eve and I are going to do..Sirocco had already known the story, but it would have been out of order to say anything. Stanislaw's transfer to D Company had followed an investigation o~ the mysterious disappearance from Brigade stores of tools ~and electrical spares that had subsequently appeared on sale in the Home Entertainment department of one of the shopping mart~..As the Chironian and his son climbed into the ground car on the street side, the woman's eyes met Colman's for an instant. There was no malice in them. "I know," she said through the window. "You've got a job that you have to do for a little while longer. Don't worry about it. We can use the vacation We'll be back." Colman managed the shadow of a grin. Seconds later the truck moved away, the robot sitting in the rear, and the groundcar followed, two wistful..Leilani.. "Intruder defenses primed and ready to activate."..First the helicopter tracking the highway toward Nevada and now this patrol car following: These are..Micky. "Maybe it'll settle our nerves, dear."..Just then Jerry Pernak came around a corner accompanied by his fianc~, Eve Verritty, and two more Chironians. A cart was following them with a few odds and ends inside. He gaped at Bernard and Jay in surprise, then grinned. "Hey! So Jay dragged you out to see the sights, eh? Hello, Jay. Started making friends already?" Introductions were

exchanged with smiles and handshakes. The two new Chironians were Sal, a short, curly-headed blonde who pursued research in physics at a university not far from Franklin, and Abdul, a carpenter and also one of the Founders, who lived in a more secluded area inland and looked Eskimo. Abdul's grandson, he informed them proudly, had hand-carved the original designs from which the programs for producing the interior wood fittings used at Cordova Village had been encoded. He was delighted when Bernard praised their quality and promised to tell his grandson what the Terran had said. brand in the refrigerator, and if no one drank it, she periodically replaced it with new stock when its. the roof, stabbing out from the jeweled hilt of red and blue emergency beacons. of smoldering summer-evening light, behind the smoky reflections of the layered kitchen shadows, Bernard's eyes narrowed a fraction. It tied in with what Kath had said at the fusion complex, if the rationalizations were stripped away. So what was Merrick doing- increasing the intended overseeing force because the Directorate had decided to go ahead with the plan, using Padawski as an excuse? "I'm not sure that I do," he replied. "It sounds as if you're talking about taking over some of the key Chironian facilities. Wouldn't that only make any trouble worse? Jay was evidently developing a feel for Chironian directness. "We're kind of curious about the people inside," he said. "Especially my dad. It's funny that he wasn't told anything about it." Colman stared hard at her in surprise. "Yes, I am. How--". when she'd been whole, her shattered recollections were scattered across the darkscape of her mind in. coconut oil, three yellow butterflies as bright as gift-box bows? suddenly seemed full of meaning. COLMAN LEFT THE Fallows house shortly before midnight with Bernard, Lechat, and Celia. There were more people about in Phoenix than he had anticipated, and the party reached the post that Sirocco had specified without need for elaborate precautions. "I never realized," Geneva said miserably. "Never. I never suspected." door to let her enter. her second piece. properly coordinated. "A payoff." KATH STOPPED TALKING and leaned away to pour a drink from the carafe of wine on the night table by the bed, and Colman lay back in the softness of the pillows to gaze contentedly round the room while he savored a warm, pleasant feeling of relaxation that he had not known for some time. It was a cosy, cheerfully feminine room, with lots of coverlets and satiny drapes, fluffy rugs, pastel colors, and homey knickknacks arranged on the shelves and ledges. In many ways it reminded him of Veronica's apartment in the Baltimore module. On the wall opposite was a photograph of two laughing, roguish-looking boys of about twelve, whom despite their years he recognized easily as Casey and Adam, and scattered about were more pictures which he assumed were of the rest of Kath's family. The one in a frame on the vanity resembled Adam, though not Casey so much, and was of a dark-haired, bearded man of about Colman's age. It had to be Leon, he guessed, though he had felt it better not to ask, more because of the restraints of his own culture than from any fear of disturbing Kath. The painting of a twentieth-century New England farm scene- given to her by one of her friends, Kath had said when he remarked on it- interested him. Since arriving on Chiron he had seen many such reminders of ways of life on Earth that nobody from Chiron had known. On asking about them, he had learned that a feeling of nostalgia for the planet that held their origins, known only second-hand via machines, was far from uncommon among the Chironians. All was quiet in the kingdom of Cleopatra. No throb of camera flash. No declaiming in a phony Old. spread would allow, just as she'd left it. Her few personal items hadn't been disturbed. The Sinsemilla. to live forever." With all public bars having been put off-limits to the Mayflower I's soldiers after the shooting, the party couldn't have come at a better time, Colman reflected as he leaned against the bar and nursed his glass while gazing around the room. Swyley and Stanislaw were behind him in a corner with a mixed group of Chironians and seemed interested in the planet's travel facilities; Sirocco was with another group in the center of the room discussing the war news with another group, and Maddock, looking slightly disheveled, was sprawled along a couch in an alcove on the far side with his arm draped around Wendy, another girl from the Mayflower II, who seemed to be asleep. It was especially nice to get away from the political row that had been splitting the Mission into factions ever since the morning after the shooting. Kalens wanted to impose Terran law on Franklin, Lechat wanted everybody to move to Iberia, somebody called Ramisson wanted to disband Congress and phase into the Chironian population, and somewhere in the middle Wellesley was trying to steer a course between all of them. At one extreme some people were ignoring the directive to remain in the Canaveral area and moving out, while at the other some were supporting Kalens by staging anti-Chironian demonstrations with demands for a get-tough policy. Padawski and the group who had been with him at The Two Moons, including Anita, were being confined to the military base at Canaveral pending a hearing of the charges of disobeying orders and disorderly conduct. In addition Ramelly had been charged with assault, and Padawski with failing to uphold discipline among members of his unit as well as with publicly issuing threats. The threats were the main reason for Padawski's group being confined to base, since some politicians were worried about possible reactions from the Chironians if they were allowed out and about. Colman couldn't see any risk of retaliation, since none of the Chironians that he had talked to attached any great significance to the incident. He only wished more of the politicians would see things the same way instead of blowing the incident out of proportion to suit their own ends. If they had stayed out of the situation and left the Army to deal with its own people in its own way, the whole thing would probably have been forgotten already, he thought to himself. If Preston Maddoc, alias Dr. Doom, was at home, his disinterest in his wife's extreme distress couldn't. Sinsemilla had left the kitchen door open. Leilani went inside. family. Consequently, they must know the entire story; and although it must seem improbable to them, mutant." "Dinner's ready," Geneva announced. "Cold salads and sandwich fixings. Not very fancy, but. cupholders, and when the boy filled one of these with water, his companion lapped it up efficiently. Instead, she told herself that now more than ever, she needed her anger, because it was her fiery wrath. Curtis sees nowhere to hide from this juggernaut, and he has no time to run to safety. He's not at serious." The mediocre shall inherit the Earth," Kalens had told his wife, Celia, after returning to their Delaware mansion from a series of talks with European foreign ministers one day in 2055. "Or else, eventually, there will be

another war." And so the Kalenses had departed to see the building of a new society far away that would be inspired by the lessons of the past without being hampered by any of its disruptive legacies. There would be no tradition of unrealistic expectations to contend with, no foreign rivalries to make concessions to, and no clamoring masses accumulated in their useless billions to be kept occupied. Chiron would be a clean' canvas, unspoiled and 'unsullied, awaiting, the fresh imprint of Kalens's design..Bernard looked from Kath, to Colman, to Jay, and then back to Colman. He was beaten, and he knew it. But after Kath's cryptic statement, he wasn't inclined to argue too much. "Hell, it's not so bad. He doesn't need anyone to stop him from getting shot," he replied. Beside him, Jay's face dropped. Then Bernard went on, "But he sure-as-hell needs someone to keep him away from those girls running all over town." He nodded at Colman, and the beginnings Of a wry grin appeared around his mouth. "Keep a good eye on him, Steve. He's crafty." He turned his head and stared resignedly at his son. "And you," he grunted. "Get home on time, and don't say anything about this to your mother."..Sinsemilla wasn't in the living room..unnervingly intense interest..Then came the question of what to do with the rest of the evening. "Tim's been telling us about the martial arts academy that he and his young lady here belong to," Hanlon said. "It sounds like quite a place. I've a suspicion that Jay's hankering to have a look at it, and I'm thinking I might just go along there with him."..strike force. Now, also as one, they spin into motion, scattering toward their vehicles, eager to clear out.CHAPTER FIFTEEN.He wasn't a diddler. She'd told Micky the truth about that..to feel, a darker quality. He's a boy nonetheless, and he's virtually programmed by nature to be thrilled by..His-impatience was asserting itself again now, as Borftein sat in the chambers of Judge William Fulmire, the Mayflower H's Supreme Justice, listening to Howard Kalens and Marcia Quarrey argue over the finer points of the Mission's constitution, while on the surface the troops were fraternizing openly with what could become the enemy, and two years away in space the EAF starship dally drew nearer. The news from Earth told of a three-cornered conflict sweeping through eastern Africa, black nations clashing against Arabs in the north and whites in the south, Australia forces landing in Malagasay, and the Europeans maneuvering desperately to quell the flames while the EAF fanned them gleefully. That news would long ago have overtaken the Pagoda and what the intentions of those aboard it might be was anybody's guess. It wasn't a time to be fussing over ambiguous syntax and legal niceties..when they retired for the night..Leilani rose to her knees again. She seized the pole with both hands and rammed it hard under the..Constance Tavenall?no doubt soon to cleanse herself of the name Sharmer?stared at the TV. She..The officers in the SUVs are operating under the aegis of one legitimate law-enforcement agency or..how to cope with that."..stars. Rattlesnakes, scorpions, and tarantulas will be more hospitable than the merciless pack of hunters.the tail. She knew that snakehandlers always gripped immediately under the head to immobilize the jaws,..As Chaurez finished speaking, an indicator announced an incoming cal' from the Government Center. He accepted and found himself looking at an Army captain with a large moustache. "Forward Security Command Post," Chaurez acknowledged..Deceptively peaceful..case one of the congressman's minions coiled in a car outside, waiting to follow the woman, Noah must..Old Yeller jumps off the bed and noisily laps up the treat with enthusiasm. She doesn't hesitate or pause..container of orange juice and a package of frankfurters, with a dog at his side..convinced that the moment the slippery little reptile was out of her sight, it slithered toward her, coming at.."Congratulations, Steve," Bernard said, still smiling. "I wonder what those guards are doing right now."..fit. If anybody ever saw pictures of him with deformities, they'd know it had to be aliens who made him..killer-cyborg quality. Made of steel, hard black rubber, and foam padding, it provided to her some of the..fate, to chance, to dangerous men, as helpless as she had been throughout a childhood lived under the.."Why don't you?".."Vice Admiral Crayford calling from Vandenberg now, sir," a voice called out..than you, Curtis, just you remember what I'm going to tell you." She leans across the counter as far as her..Of course, that vehicle hadn't been unique. Hundreds like it must be in use on ranches across the West..Thinking about plates and platters of plights and pickles, Noah risked an even more inappropriate laugh

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