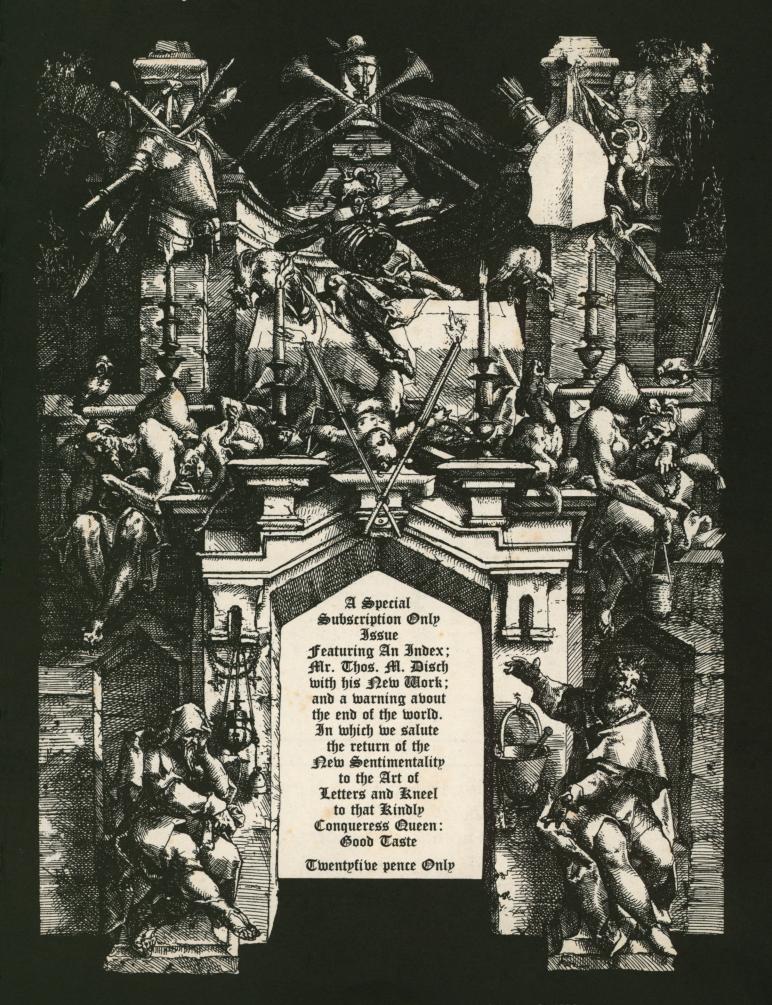
## NEW WORLDS



## NEW WORLDS No. 201 SPECIAL GOOD TASTE ISSUE

Edited by Michael Moorcock Associate Editor: Langdon Jones Art and Design: R. Glyn Jones Books Editor: M. John Harrison

New Worlds 201 is copyright March 1971, published by New Worlds Publishing, 27l Portobello Road, London W.11. with the assistance of the Arts Council of Great Britain.

The next New Worlds you see will, with luck, be appearing on most bookstalls in Britain, the U.S.A. and elsewhere. It will be in a paperback format (rather similar to the old New Worlds format before issue 173) and it will be a Quarterly. We had hoped to publish simultaneously in Britain and America but more problems came up and now New Worlds Quarterly No. 1 (issue 202) will be published in June 1971 by Sphere Books (U.K.) and in September 1971 by Berkley Books (U.S.A.). Perhaps at a later date we shall be able to stagger schedules so that publication will be simultaneous. This, needless to say, is the last 'monthly' issue, although we hope in future to publish the odd subscription only issue in this format.

The first Quarterly New Worlds will contain some fine work from Thomas M. Disch, Keith Roberts, John Sladek, Brian Aldiss, J. G. Ballard and others, with illustrations by Mervyn Peake, R. Glyn Jones and Keith Roberts. Books will be reviewed by M. John Harrison.

Although we should have liked to have remained in the present format, we received such strong resistance from retailers and distributors who disapproved of us that it became impossible to continue, unless we had been content to turn into a small circulation literary magazine. It has never been part of our purpose in publishing New Worlds to appeal only to a small and possibly elitist public. We feel that if we cannot appeal to a reasonably large public, we have no right to survive at all. The return to paperback format should enable us to reach that public again. There will be no lowering of standards in the Quarterlies and we hope to retain the best of our old policies while trying to extend our range in other directions as well.

Because we shall now be published 'commercially' we shall no longer need the Arts Council's help, after this issue, but we should like to thank the Arts Council for its

financial support since 1967. Without that support we should not have been able to continue in any form. There is no doubt that, whatever our failures, by continuing to publish we influenced a general improvement in the standards of science fiction and speculative literature over the past few years. We encouraged many authors, both new and established, to produce their best work and we encouraged publishers to publish that work. Without the financial and moral support of the Arts Council and of Mr Angus Wilson in particular we should not have been in a position to do this.

There is one other group of people to whom we should like to offer particular thanks and that group is made up of those who took out subscriptions to the magazine. Without our subscribers we should have folded perhaps for good. Without the hard core of enthusiastic readers it is doubtful if we should have had the heart to go on producing the magazine in its darker days. And, for that matter, without the hard core of enthusiastic writers and illustrators who sent us their best work for rates much lower than they might have received almost anywhere else, we should have had nothing to offer those readers. Contributors and staff sacrificed a great deal of time and money in order to ensure the magazine's survival and we hope that you feel it was all worthwhile. New Worlds will survive, with a larger circulation and able to pay its contributors good rates, and when you pick up the next paperback-size issue we think you will find your support has been justified. We shall, needless to say, go on encouraging new writers (publishing at least one story by a previously unpublished author in every issue after No. 202) and new ideas in writing-and we shall be able to do it without the threat of imminent financial disaster which has been with us over the past four

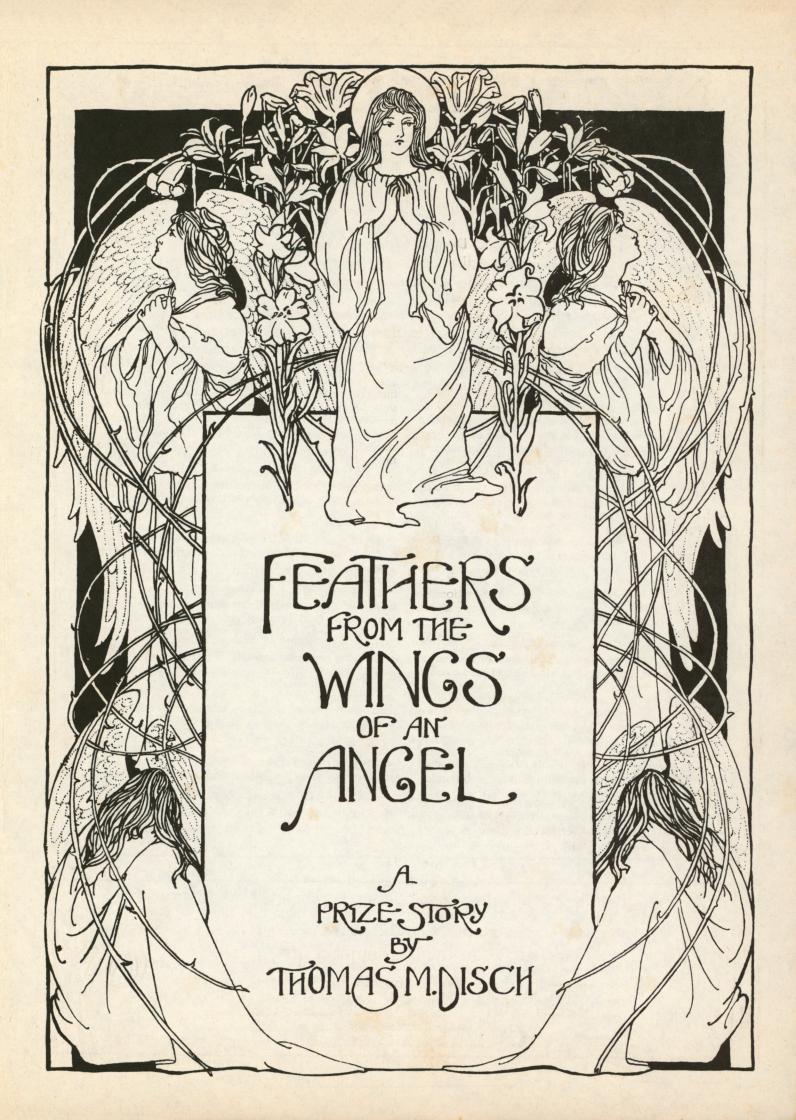
Michael Moorcock

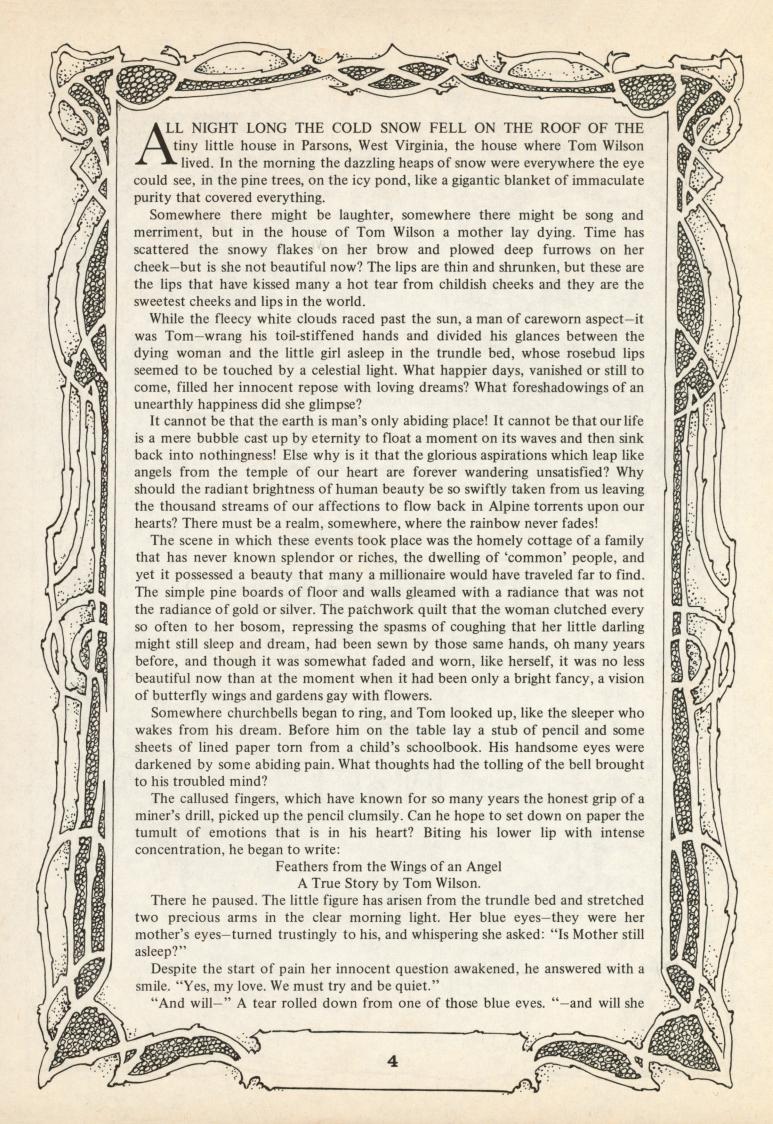


Messrs Aldiss, Ballard, Disch, Harrison,
Roberts, and Sladek
are all in the first number of

NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY

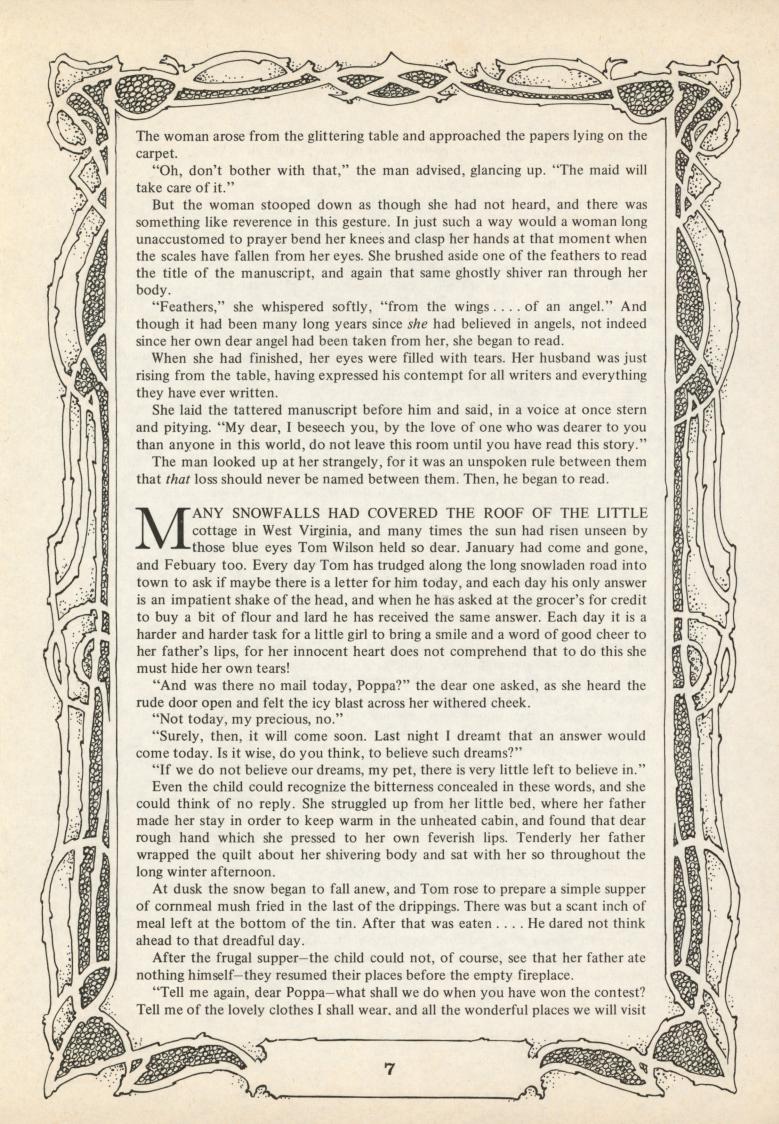


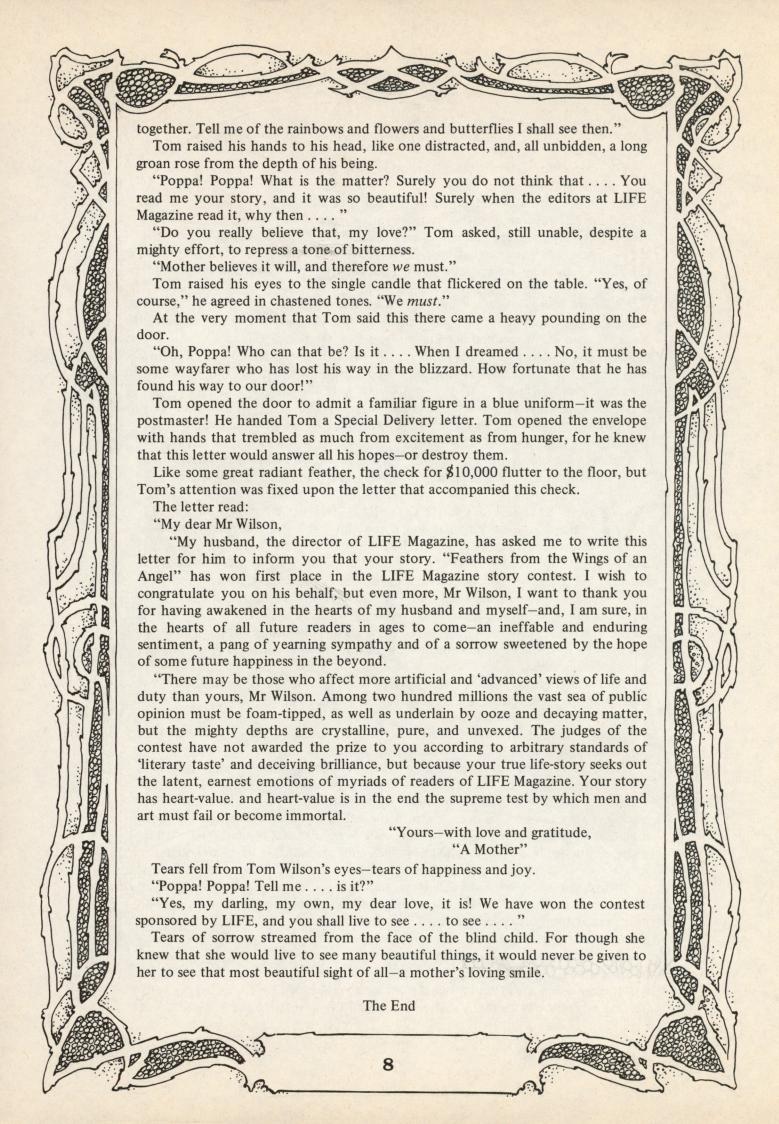




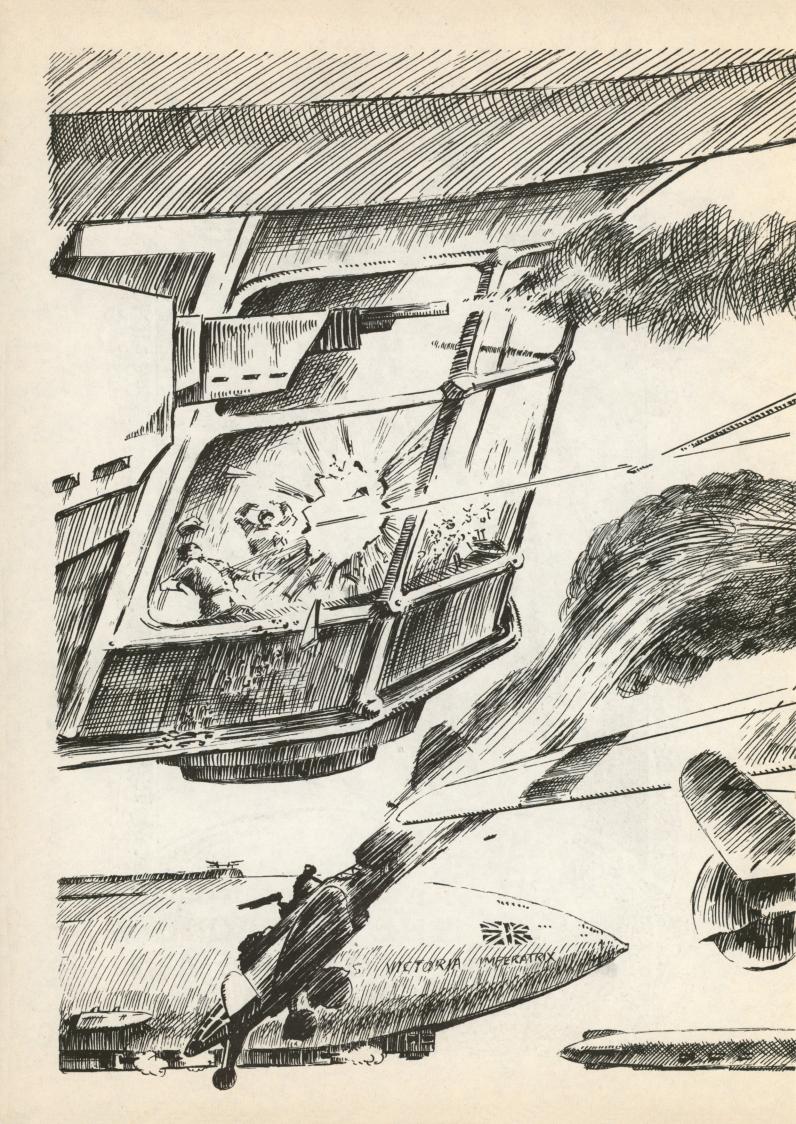
soon be well again, Poppa? Like she used to be?" "Yes, my darling, soon she will be much . . . . much better." "Why then you have the medicine! Oh Poppa, how happy we shall be!" Tom shook his head sadly. "No, my love. As I have told you, I cannot get the medicine unless I have money. And—"His strong voice choked with sobs. "And there is no work for you. I know." "Because the mine is closed, you see." "The mine has been closed so very long, Poppa. When will it open again?" "Soon, my darling, soon." The little girl pressed her pale cheek against the single pane of glass that looked out across the snow-jeweled hills. "The window is so cold this morning" she said in a puzzled voice. "As though it had turned to ice." "It snowed last night, my dear child, and now the window is frosted." The child sighed. "Ah, the snow! How lovely it must be, all white and gleaming! How I should love to be able to see the snow!" Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being came up once again before Tom's mind. All beauty shut from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of His designs, had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which the little one will often and often willingly offer years of existence. And yet to think that sight might be hers! To think that the sun could rise to banish that endless night! But if Tom could nowhere find the few dollars that would save the life of his darling's mother, how was he to provide the thousands that were required for the delicate optical surgery? Ah, the torture of these vain hopes! Nevermore must he entertain these painful yearnings! 1968 Unless . . . . Once again his eye sought out the printed announcement tacked to the wooden boards of the wall, a page torn from LIFE Magazine. The renowned publication was sponsoring a story contest, and the writer of the winning story was to receive a prize of \$10,000. \$10,000! It would be enough to provide the very best medical attention for his wife and the operation that would restore his daughter's sight. Tom was no storyteller. He had only one story he could tell, and that was the story of his life. But if he told that story honestly and truly, surely there was a chance that it might win its way to some sympathetic heart? Oh, it was a desperate hope—he knew that—but it was the only hope he possessed. With one more fond glance at the two beings he loved most in the world, Tom once again took up pen and began to set down, in simple heart-felt words . . . . the story of his life. At first the words came slowly, and he feared he would never be able to write it all down in time. For the deadline was January 1, and this was . . . . yes, this was Christmas morning! "Tom?" It was the voice of the dying woman, hushed, and yet one knew there was great strength in that voice, and natural dignity. "Yes, my dear heart?" "Are you writing the story for that contest?" "I'm trying to, but I fear I wasn't born to be a writer. There are so many people cleverer than I." The woman was racked with a deep cough, and then she spoke again. "Tom, 5

you must promise me you'll finish that story and mail it to New York. No matter what happens. Lying here this morning and listening to the churchbells, I felt a strange sensation, a feeling I cannot explain. It was as though, somewhere, a wonderful promise had been pledged to me. But I know this, Tom-you must write that story, you must!" Tom nodded, fighting to keep his voice steady. "I promise you, my love. For your dear sake I will finish my story." The woman smiled. And now the words seemed to pour out onto the paper like a mountain torrent, and, with them, more than a single tear. THE CLOUDED LIGHT OF ANOTHER MORNING WAS STREAMING through the magnificent French windows of an elegant penthouse apartment in New York City, where a man and a woman were sitting at a long table laid with silver and fine linen. Nothing could have been more different from the uncalculating simplicity of Tom Wilson's rude home than this abode of wealth, and yet there was a chill in the air of these vast rooms that no central heating devices could ever dispel. It was the chill that settles upon hearts that have forgotten how to love. The man and woman, both of middle years, sat without speaking. Sometimes the woman would lift her eyes to the man's face, as though about to break the silence, but each time the stern cast of his features prevented her words, and she returned her unhappy gaze to the cup of tea steaming fragrantly before her. The man was glancing hastily through a pile of papers laid out by his secretary for his attention. What he read in these papers seemed greatly to displease him for he cast them aside, one after another, with always the same grunt of displeasure. After several such disappointments, he picked up a thick sheaf of papers fastened together with a pin and laughed. "Now, will you look at this!" The woman glanced up at him expectantly. "A manuscript handwritten on lined paper! And there isn't even a stamped and self-addressed envelope! Someone must be playing a joke on me." He tossed it at the wastebasket, but it fell short and lay face up on the expensive brocade carpet. "Aren't you even going to look at it?" the woman inquired. "If I looked at every manuscript that came in looking like that, I'd be kept at it till Doomsday." He laughed with chilling cynicism. "There are thousands of stories that come in thus, untyped, ink-splattered, with errors of grammar. The secretaries are paid good money to weed them out." The woman sighed. "I suppose you're right. Although—" Her voice dropped to an inaudible whisper. "-it does seem a pity." The man continued with his work, which seemed to consist of no more than leafing through sheets of neatly typed papers contemptuously and shifting the pile that stood on the right hand side of his plate gradually to the left hand side. The woman remained at the other end of the table, although her tea had grown quite cold in its delicate porcelain cup. She shivered suddenly, as though the abiding chill of the room had penetrated to her very heart—or as though a ghostly hand had been lain upon her shoulder. She lifted her eyes once again to look at her husband's face, and as she did so she glimpsed, floating down in graceful arcs from the ceiling of the room, two small feathers of dazzling whiteness. She traced their descent with a bewildered admiration, unable to imagine how these two feathers could have found their way into the dustless, filtered air of her city apartment. The feathers settled gently on the topmost page of the discarded manuscript. 6













Vol. 51 No. 173 Cover by M. C. Escher

Fiction

Camp Concentration (Part 1) The Death Module 1937 A.D.! The Heat Death of the Universe Not So Certain

In the House of the Dead

Poetry

The Soft World Sequence

George MacBeth

Thomas M. Disch

J. G. Ballard

John T. Sladek Pamela Zoline

David Masson

Roger Zelazny

**Features** 

Sleep, Dreams and Computers Expressing the Abstract The Lessons of the Future The Hiroshima Man

Dr Christopher Evans Charles Platt Thomas M. Disch Brian W. Aldiss

Illustrations by Zoline, Douthwaite, Young, Cawthorn etc.

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August 1967 Vol. 51 No. 173 Cover by Eduardo Paolozzi

Fiction

Camp Concentration (2) The Green Wall Said Kazoo Mars Pastorale Multi-Value Motorway Concentrate 1

Thomas M. Disch Gene Wolfe James Sallis Peter Tate Brian W. Aldiss Michael Butterworth

**Features** 

Eduardo Paolozzi New Directions in Medicine Going down, Being there, Coming Back Thomas Alva Edison and the Novel Today

Christopher Finch Thomas H. Crouch Thomas M. Disch

Thomas M. Disch

Illustrations by Zoline, Young, Cawthorn etc.

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September 1967 Vol. 51 No. 175 Cover by Peter Phillips

**Fiction** 

Camp Concentration (3) Still Trajectories Masterson and the Clerks Thomas M. Disch Brain W. Aldiss John Sladek

**Features** 

Polonius at Delphi Psychological Streamlining A New Look at Vision Man Against the Well-grown Specimen Thomas M. Disch Christopher Finch Dr C. Evans 'C. C. Shackelton'

Illustrations Zoline, Lambourne, Platt

Vol. 51 No. 176 Cover by Richard Hamilton (21st Anniversary issue) **Fiction** 

An Age (Part 1) Solipsist Camp Concentration (conclusion) The City Dwellers The Baked Bean Factory The Last Inn on the Road

Brian W. Aldiss Bob Parkinson Thomas M. Disch Charles Platt Michael Butterworth Roger Zelazny

**Features** 

The Language of Science A Fine Pop Art Continuum The Inconstant Alpha The Rise of the Decline A Reverie of Bone

Dr David Harvey Christopher Finch Dr Chris Evans Thomas M. Disch Langdon Jones

Illustrations by Young, Zoline, Lambourne, Platt, Peake

Vol. 51 No. 177 Cover by Vivienne Young

Fiction

An Age (2) Stand on Zanzibar (extracts) Wine on an Empty Stomach

Brian W. Aldiss John Brunner George Collyn

Poetry

After Galactic War

Michael Butterworth

Features

The Terror Pleasure Paradox Off-beat Generation Hugh, Me and the Continuum Peace and Paradox

Christopher Finch Dr. John Gardner James Cawthorn John Sladek

Illustrations by Young, Cawthorn etc.

December 1967/January 1968 Vol. 51 No. 178 Cover by Charles Platt and Christopher Finch

Bug Jack Barron (Part One) The Line-up on the Shore **Auto-Ancestral Fracture** Linda and Daniel and Spike An Age (conclusion)

Norman Spinrad Giles Gordon Brian W. Aldiss Thomas M. Disch Brian W. Aldiss

**Features** 

Free Agents and Divine Fools Movies A Literature Of Acceptance Mac the Naif

Christopher Finch Ed Emshwiller James Colvin John Sladek

Illustrations Paolozzi, Platt, Finch, Moorcock

February 1968 Vol. 51 No. 179 Cover from 'Barbarella'

Fiction

Bug Jack Barron (2) The Serpent of Kundalini The Square Root of Brian A Single Rose In Seclusion

Norman Spinrad **Brian Aldiss** Fritz Leiber Jon DeCles Harvey Jacobs

**Features** 

Barbarella and the Anxious Frenchman Michael Moorcock Under the Sea with Hubert Humphrey Atrocities of the Loves-Slaves

**Hubert Humphrey** 

of Equanimity

John Sladek

Illustrations Rose, Cawthorn, Platt etc.

Vol. 51 No. 180

Cover by Vivienne Young (The largely undistributed 'banned' issue)

Fiction

The Eye of the Lens

Langdon Jones Carol Emshwiller Norman Spinrad

Poetry

The Interrogation The Head-Rape

Bug Jack Barron (3)

David Lunde D. M. Thomas

**Features** 

Fun Palace not a Freakout Sex and Sitars Superimposed Getting the Stuff

Charles Platt Stacy Waddy Douglas Hill

Illustrations by Rose, Young, Platt, Whittern etc.

Dr Gelabius

Vol. 52 No. 181 Cover by Stephen Dwoskin

**Fiction** 

Bug Jack Barron (4) Weather Man The Man Who was Dostoevsky **New Forms** 

Concentrate 2

The Valve Transcript

Leo Zorin John Sladek Michael Butterworth Joel Zoss

Hilary Bailey

Thomas M. Disch

Norman Spinrad

Sallis & Lunde

**Features** 

The Mechanical Hypnotist The 77th Earl

Dr John Clarke Langdon Jones

Illustrations by Koutrouboussis, Platt

Vol. 52 No. 182

Cover by Michael Moorcock (design Dwoskin)

**Fiction** 

Scream Drake Man Route Bug Jack Barron (5) **Plastitutes** 

Methapyrilene Hydorchloride Sometimes Helps The Circular Railway

Poetry

Instructions for Visiting Earth Two Voices

Christopher Logue D. M. Thomas

Giles Gordon

John Sladek

John Calder

Brian W. Aldiss

Norman Spinrad

Carol Emshwiller

**Feature** 

Dr Moreau versus the Utopianists (1) **Brian Aldiss** 

Illustrations by Dean, Cuff, Gordon, Epps, Imrie, Vasseur, Cawthorn

Vol. 52 No. 183 Cover by Mal Dean

**Fiction** 

Disturbance of the Peace The Generations of America Bubbles Casablanca

Biographical Note on Ludwig van Beethoven 11

Bug Jack Barron (conclusion)

J. G. Ballard James Sallis Thomas M. Disch

Harvey Jacobs

Langdon Jones Norman Spinard

**Features** 

Into the Media Web Cartoons **Photographs** Boris Vian and Friends Dr Moreau Versus the Utopianists (conclusion)

Michael Moorcock Mal Dean Roy Cornwall James Sallis

Brian W. Aldiss

Illustrations by Young, Dean, Platt, Ligocki, Lambourne

November 1968 Vol. 52 No. 184

Cover by Gabi Nasemann (Special 'New Writers' Issue)

Fiction

Area Complex Pauper's Plot The Pieces of the Game Black is the Colour How May I Serve You Crime Sub-Synchronisation Baa Baa Blocksheep

Brian Vickers Robert Holdstock Gretchen Haapanen **Barry Bowes** Stephen Dobyns Graham Charnock Chris Lockesley M. John Harrison

**Features** 

The Impotence of Being Stagg Phantom Limbs

M. John Harrison Francis Johnston

Illustrations by Nasemann, Myrdahl, Vickers, Obtulowicz etc.

December 1968 Vol. 52 No. 185

Cover by Nasemann (This issue largely pulped by distributors)

Fiction

. . And the Stagnation of the Heart The Apocalypse Machine The Delhi Division The Colours The New Agent Time Considered as a Helix of

Brian W. Aldiss Leo Zorin Michael Moorcock Thomas M. Disch. Joel Zoss

Samuel R. Delany

Poetry

Peace Talking

Semi-Precious Stones

Bill Butler

**Features** 

Andy Warhol Two Kinds of Opium The Angle of Attack A Devil of a Job

Andrew Lugg William Barclay Joyce Churchill M. John Harrison

Illustrated by Warhol, Nasemann, Myrdahl, Cawthorn, Cornwall

Vol. 52 No. 186 Cover by Nasemann (the first A4 size issue)

Fiction

The Tank Trapeze Anxietal Register B Epilogue for an Office Picnic The Summer Cannibals Spiderweb Juan Fortune Ouspenski's Astrobahn

Michael Moorcock John T. Sladek Harvey Jacobs J. G. Ballard John Clute **Opal Nations** Brian W. Aldiss

Hospital of Transplanted Hearts

D. M. Thomas

Criticism

The 1000 Wounds and Flowers John Cage's 'Silence' **Predictive Parameters** The Patsy **Buying Brutish** On 'Quicksand' The Anthology Bag

J. G. Ballard Langdon Jones John Brunner William Barclay James Cawthorn Thomas M. Disch Joyce Churchill

Illustrations by Dean, Nasemann, Platt, Jones, Haberfield

February 1969 Vol. 52 No. 187 Cover by Gabi Nasemann

Fiction

Jeremiad Period Piece Construction The Master Plan The Adventures of Foot Fruit The Angstrom Palace The Conspiracy How Dr Christopher Evans Landed on the Moon Entropy

Norman Spinrad J. G. Ballard Thomas Pynchon

James Sallis

J. M. Rose **Barry Bowes** 

Giles Gordon

John Sladek

Mervyn Peake

C. J. Lockesley

Poetry

The Spectrum

D. M. Thomas

**Features** 

The Innocent as Paranoid (Salvador Dali) Mervyn Peake (obituary)

J. G. Ballard Michael Moorcock

Illustrations by Nasemann, Platt, Peake, Prigann etc.

Vol. 52 No. 188 Cover By Nasemann

**Fiction** 

A Cure for Cancer (Part 1) White Dove

Michael Moorcock Carol Emshwiller

The Death Layout The Luger is a 9mm Handgun Plekhanov Screams I. D.

The Killing Ground

Graham Charnock J. J. Mundis Leo Zorin Charles Platt J. G. Ballard

Poetry

The Hiroshima Dream Mr Black's Poems of Innocence George MacBeth D. M. Thomas

**Features** 

The Future of Art Drawings in Poster Form

Kenneth Coutts-Smith M. C. Escher

Illustrations by Platt, Nasemann, Dean etc.

**April** 1969 Vol. 53 No. 189 Cover by Mervyn Peake

**Fiction** 

A Boy and His Dog The Ash Circus The Beach Murders Inside A Cure for Cancer (2)

Harlan Ellison M. John Harrison J. G. Ballard J. J. Mundis Michael Moorcock

Poetry

How the Sponsors Helped Out Labyrinth For Czechoslovakia

A. Haden-Guest D. M. Thomas George MacBeth

**Features** 

A Turning World The Cannon Kings A Slight Case of Tolkien **Brian Aldiss** Joyce Churchill James Cawthorn

Illustrations by Dean, Nasemann, Platt etc.

May 1969 Vol. 53 No. 190 Cover by Nasemann

**Fiction** 

The Moment of Eclipse The Negotiators A Cure for Cancer (3) The Hurt

Brain Aldiss Harvey Jacobs Michael Moorcock Marek Obtulowicz

Poetry

New Poems

Libby Houston

**Features** 

The Responsive Environment The Dreams of the Computer Charles Platt Dr Christopher Evans

Illustrations by Nasemann, Dean, Platt

June 1969 Vol. 53 No. 191 Cover by Mal Dean

**Fiction** 

A Cure for Cancer (4) Three Events of the Same View Playback Babel

Michael Moorcock John Chapman Granville Hawkins Alan Burns

Between the Tracks
Spoor

Sub-Entropic Evening
The Firmament Theorem

Ron Padgett & Tom Veitch Alan Passes Graham Charnock Brian W. Aldiss

Poetry

Flower Gathering

Langdon Jones

**Features** 

Use Your Vagina
The Boy from Vietnam

J. G. Ballard M. John Harrison

Illustrations by Dean, Nasemann etc.

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July 1969 Vol. 53 No. 192

Cover by Mal Dean (The last of the 64 page issues)

Fiction

The Garden of Delights
The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde
The Errogenous Zone
Surface If You Can
Circularisation
An Experiment in Genocide
Pejorative

Langdon Jones Norman Spinrad Graham Charnock Terry Champagne Michael Butterworth Leo Zorin Robert Toomey

**Features** 

Terrible Biological Haste

K. Coutts-Smith

Illustrations by Nasemann, Dean etc.

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August 1969
Vol. 53 No. 193
Cover by Charles Platt (The first 32 page A4 issue)

**Fiction** 

Gravity
The Nash Circuit
The Entropic Gang Bang Caper
Like Father

Harvey Jacobs M. John Harrison Norman Spinrad Jon Hartridge

Poetry

New Poetry

D. M. Thomas

Review

Halts in the Becoming

R. Glyn Jones

Illustrations by Platt, Jones, Nasemann

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September/October 1969 Vol. 53 No. 194 Cover by Mal Dean

**Fiction** 

A Place and a Time to Die Pictures from an Exhibition The Party at Lady Cusp-Canine's Lines of White on a Sullen Sea J. G. Ballard Giles Gordon Mervyn Peake Maxim Jakubowski

Poetry

Transplant
The Capitol

Langdon Jones George MacBeth

**Features** 

The Incomplete Science Slum Clearance Come Alive—You're in the William B. J. Bayley John Clute Sanson Generation Getting It Out M. J. Harrison Norman Spinrad

Illustrations by Dean, Peake, Nasemann, Platt

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November 1969 Vol. 53 No. 195 Cover by John Bayley

Fiction

The Wind in the Snottygobble Tree (Part 1)
The Girl Who Went Home to Sleep Roof Garden Under Saturn
Alien Territory
Travel to the Sun With Coda Tours

Jack Trevor Story Jannick Storm Ian Watson John Sladek Chris Lockesley

Poetry

New and Reasonably New Poems
The End of the Cycle

Thomas M. Disch Langdon Jones

Reviews

Pouring Down
The Trangreese Gimmick
Coke Culture

John Clute M. John Harrison R. Glyn Jones

Illustrations Cornwall, Storm, Myrdahl, Jones, Southern

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December 1969 Vol. 53 No. 196 Cover by Andrew Lanyon

**Fiction** 

Rise and Fall
Hemingway
Michael Biggs
The Last Awakening
The Wind in the Snottygobble Tree (2)

Marek Obtulowicz
Michael Biggs
C. R. Clive
J. T. Story

Special Books Section

The Alphabet of Unreason Space Hopping with Captain God The Revolutionary Singsong Last Year's Truth No New is Good New Pot Pourri J. G. Ballard
John Sladek
Mike Walters
Charles Platt
Michael Moorcock
M. John Harrison

Feature

Graphics and Collages

Ian Breakwell

Illustrations by Nasemann and Cornwall

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January 1970 Vol. 53 No. 197 Cover by Charles Platt (Special '1980' issue)

Fiction

Michael Butterworth Concentrate 3 Graham Charnock The Suicide Machines Sending the Very Best **Ed Bryant** The Glass Teat Harlan Ellison The Nature of the Catastrophe Michael Moorcock The Nostalgia Story M. John Harrison J. G. Ballard Coitus 80 198-, A Tale of Tomorrow John Sladek The Wind in the Snottygobble Tree (3) **Jack Trevor Story** 

Poetry

Two Poems, Six Letters

R. Glyn Jones

Baby Watson (1936-1980) Four Crosswords of Graded Difficulty

Hilary Bailey Thomas M. Disch

**Features** 

The Secret of Holman Hunt What is the Nature of the Bead Game Big Brother is Twenty-One Brian W. Aldiss Dr John Clark Joyce Churchill

Reviews

The Wireless School Gonorrhea and Logorrhea M. John Harrison John Clute

Illustrations by Gabi Nasemann, Platt, Jones, Bayley, Hunter, Cawthorn, Zoline, Cornwall

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February 1970 Vol. 53 No. 198 Cover by Roy Cornwall

**Fiction** 

Journey Across a Crater Soul Fast 6B 4C DD1 22 The Bait Principle

Gwyneth Cravens Michael Butterworth M. John Harrison

J. G. Ballard

The Wind in the Snottygobble Tree (conclusion)

**Jack Trevor Story** 

Poetry

Apocrypha
A Spot in the Oxidised Desert
A vid

D. M. Thomas Paul Green James Sallis

**Feature** 

Japan

Ian Watson

Illustrations Bayley, Watson, Stephenson, Cornwall, Platt

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March 1970 Vol. 53 No. 199 Cover by Platt

**Fiction** 

The Sex Machine
Agatha Blue
Princess Margaret's Facelift
Cinnabar Balloon Tautology
High in Sierra
Front and Centaur
The Terminal
Edward at Breakfast
Nest Egg

Ian Watson
Hilary Bailey
J. G. Ballard
Bob Franklin
Reg Moore
James Sallis
Michael Butterworth
Jannick Storm
Sandra Dorman

Poetry

Computer 70: Dreams and Love Poems D. M. Thomas

**Features** 

Does Sex Have a Future? Still More Bad Books Monsieur Gimpel and the Bohemians Broaden Your Horizons

Voting Games
Urban Life

John Landau
William Barclay
Michael Dempsey
Joyce Churchill
John Sladek
Peter White

Illustrations: Gabi Nasemman, Jones, Bayley, Stephenson, Latto, Platt, Myrdahl

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April 1970 Vol. 54 No. 200

Cover by Lanyon(Last monthly issue on general sale and Special 200th Issue)

**Fiction** 

The Dying Castles

Secret Identity

The Floating Nun

Samuel R. Delany, James Sallis, Michael Moorcock John Sladek M. John Harrison Ian Watson Gwyneth Cravens Raymond Johnson Philip Jose Farmer

The Tarot Pack Megadeth Two Stories Gunk Under the Skin The Jungle Rot Kid on the Nod

Poetry

The Time Ship Computer 70 (continued) Paul Green D. M. Thomas

Features

Comic Strip Judy Watson
The Koestler Kick Bob Marsden

Illustrations Stephenson, Lanyon, Watson, Jones

201

February/January 1971 Special Good Taste
Vol. 54 No. 201 Subscription Only issue.
Cover by Dietterlin Last in large format.

Fiction

Feathers from the Wings of an Angel Thomas M. Disch

Features

Is the End of the World Near?

John Munro

Illustrations by R. Glyn Jones, Paul Hardy and others.

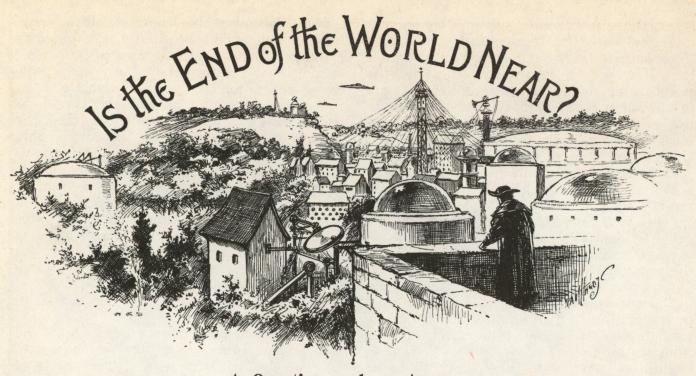


BACK NUMBERS OF MOST ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE

New Worlds, 271 Portobello Road, London W.11.



"TOWNS WILL BE SACKED, FIRED, AND DESERTED BY THEIR INHABITANTS."



## A Question and an Answer.

BY JOHN MUNRO.

With some Sketches of what may be, by Paul Hardy.



EOPLE talk of the fin de siècle "decadence," but surely the word is a misnomer. Ours is, on the whole, an age of rapid growth. If there be any unhealthiness, it is rather due to feverish life than to slow decay. Men are making haste

to be rich, to procure titles, and to found families which will carry their names down to a remote posterity. Popular education and the enormous development of the Press are bringing all the treasures of literature and the gossip of the whole earth within reach of the poorest. Everywhere the cry is "Progress!" One would think the world was going to last for ever.

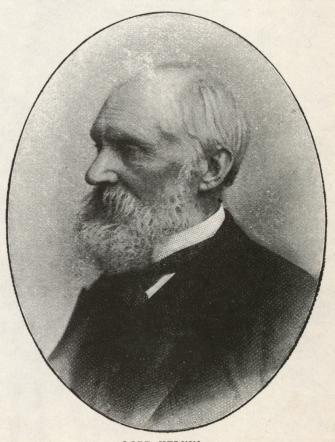
In the midst of all this restless activity, the like of which was never seen before, comes the staggering announcement that in 400 years from now every human being, and even every animal, will have perished

off the face of the globe!

This is not the prediction of some latter-day prophet—a Dr. Cumming interpreting the Scriptures. It is not the vision of some romancer—a M. Flammarion trying to depict the future. It is not a threat of some frenzied Nihilist seeking to alarm society. It is, if America has interpreted him rightly, the solemn warning of Lord Kelvin, the highest living authority in the domain of physical science.

The destruction of the world that he

foresees will neither come from its collision with a wandering comet or a new star, nor from the extinction of the sun; but from a quarter of which nobody was thinking but himself. At the last meeting of the British



LORD KELVIN.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

Association in Toronto, and in a subsequent interview with the representative of a New York journal, he showed by facts and figures that, if we go on as we are going now, the stores of fuel in the earth and of the oxygen in the air will fail us by the end of four or five centuries, and the entire human race must die of cold or suffocation within that comparatively short period.

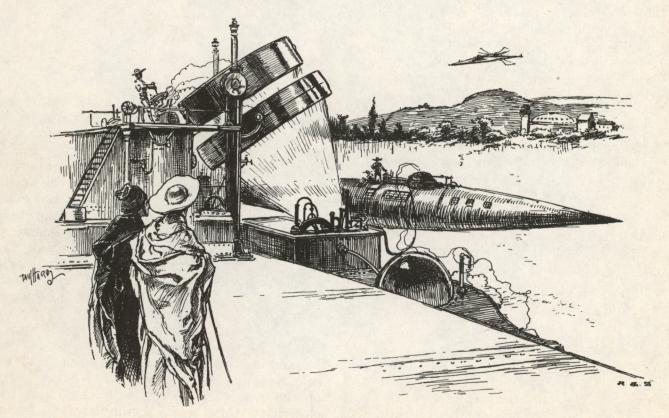
Here is his argument.

When first the earth cooled down from a red-hot state it was surrounded by an atmosphere of steam, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas. Evidently it contained little or no free oxygen, as none has been found in cavities of the primitive rocks—for example, granite. It follows that all, or nearly all, the free oxygen in the atmosphere to-day has been produced by vegetation, which, under the action of sunlight, has the power of liberating oxygen from water and carbonic acid. Perhaps a beginning was made by plants like the confervæ, which flourish in the hot springs of the Yellowstone Park, and liberate oxygen from the water and the carbonic acid gas dissolved in it. Thus oxygen would pass into the atmosphere, and, in course of time, plants and trees which grow in the soil would continue the preparation of air for the support of breathing animals. In so doing, the vegetation stored up carbon in the form of wood and foliage, and much of this was preserved as coal, peat, or petroleum oil.

Now, assuming that there was little or no free oxygen at the beginning, the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere at any time would be just sufficient to burn up all the living vegetation and its dead remains upon the earth. Even at present this consideration holds good, for, practically speaking, the amount of free oxygen in the air is only increased by growing vegetation, and diminished by combustion of vegetable matter. How much free oxygen have we then? Every square metre (rather more than a square yard) bears ten tons of air, and of this about two tons are oxygen. The surface of the earth is 124,000 million acres, or 510 million millions of square metres, therefore it is easy to see that the total quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere is 1,020 million million tons.

Since that is sufficient to burn up all the fuel derived from vegetation on the earth, how much fuel have we? Every ton of ordinary fuel, whether coal, peat, wood, or petroleum, requires about three tons of oxygen to burn it. Hence there cannot be more than 340 million million tons of fuel in the whole earth. Moreover, it may not be all available, for some of it probably lies under the sea or too far below the surface of the ground to get at.

Taking the present population of the world at 1,500 millions or thereabout, we have reason to suppose that each of us has



SUNLIGHT MOTORS.

only 200,000 tons to serve his wants. The average householder might consider this a pretty fair allowance; but what about the manufacturer and the shipowner? It would not keep an Atlantic greyhound long afloat. Kelvin, basing his calculations on the existing rate of increase in the population and development of industries requiring fuel, has arrived at the conclusion that it cannot last for more than five hundred years. That is not the worst of it. In burning up this fuel the oxygen of the atmosphere will be consumed, and carbonic acid formed, so that in four hundred years, a century before the fuel is done, the air will be unfitted to sustain life. Humboldt and others foresaw the exhaustion of the coalfields, but it remained for the penetrating genius of Lord Kelvin to point out the failure of oxygen.

We are standing face to face, then, with two sources of extermination. Animals cannot live without oxygen to breathe, and man —at all events, the civilised man cannot live without fuel to burn. The outlook may well give us pause in the race for wealth and power, in the preparation of armaments, and the struggle for empire. What is the good of it all if the world is coming to an end in four hundred years, perhaps earlier? Would it not be wiser to sink our differences, and try to make a good end? The beginning and

have been.

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be, The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he."

the middle has not been all that it might

With ruin staring us in the eyes, what is to be done? We must have oxygen to save life, and fuel to save civilisation. Lord Kelvin has uttered a timely warning, and our thanks are due to him; but can he propose a remedy? Cultivate enormous quantities of vegetation to increase our store of oxygen. That, he says, is of much more importance than anything we can do to prolong human life on the earth. Let the Colonist see to it that he does not extirpate the forest. It will not do to plant only timber trees, for that would diminish the food supply. Fruit trees and forage plants would provide nourishment as well as oxygen. Perhaps the chemist will



EMIGRATION BY GUNSHOT.

help in producing oxygen from water and oxides, or carbon from the carbonates.

As to heat for warming us, cooking our meals, and working our machinery, there is electricity, which can be derived from wind and water-power, independently of coal, peat, and other fuel. Lord Kelvin, however, does not believe that water-power can help us much. The cataract of Niagara has been harnessed to drive the dynamo, but all the power at present obtained from it would hardly run ten Atlantic liners, and all it might supply would not maintain a hundred of them. Has he considered the energy of the tides and the waves? It seems prac-Dynamos could be tically inexhaustible. worked by the power of the tides if dammed in coves, docks, or friths, or by the force of the waves if properly directed, and the electricity stored up in accumulators. Again,

there is the sunlight. It has been said that the solar energy which falls on a square metre of the earth is sufficient to keep five persons alive. We have only to find a means of utilising it. Something can be done by focussing it on boilers and generating steam, or on thermopiles for the production of electricity. Chemists may also compound some gas or explosive which will give us heat or motive power with a very slight consumption of oxygen, or none at all. Lastly, there is the possibility that we shall eventually succeed in tapping the luminiferous ether, and drawing from it a limitless supply of energy.

If we neglect the warning that has been

THE LAST MAN LEFT ALIVE.

raised, or should all our efforts to prevent the catastrophe prove unavailing, what will happen? Industry and commerce will decline as fuel becomes dearer. People will cease to travel owing to the expense. Great strikes and famines will break out, fever and pestilence will stalk through the land.

Domestic animals will be slaughtered to support their masters. The military will be powerless to prevent the "masses" from rising against the "classes" and seizing on their Towns will be sacked, fired, and deserted by their inhabitants, who will fly to the country in quest of sustenance, and, growing savage, learn to hunt the wild animals as their forefathers had done thousands of years ago. The northern people will destroy the forests to keep them warm, or attack the southern people and press them towards the tropics, where the glut of population will lead to extirpating wars, cannibalism, and the burning of human bodies.

Probably a far-sighted few will go to sea in

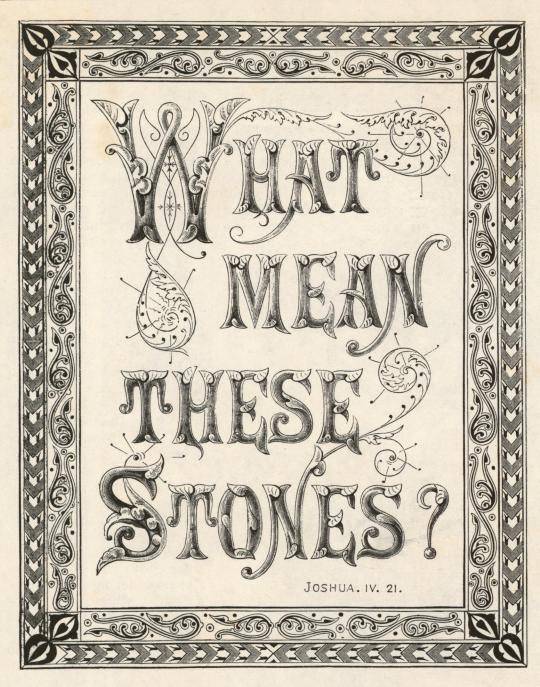
vessels and live upon fish. Perhaps a scientific Noah, taking time by the forelock, will build him an ark in the form of a projectile and get himself shot into space from an electric gun, such as we have described elsewhere, to try his fortune in another planet.

At last the sun will shine upon the bleak and silent wastes of a dead world, on roofless and vacant cities, dropping piecemeal, on rusting engines, and vessels rotting on the strand, on the mouldering skeleton of a world which has committed suicide and failed of

its destiny.

Will it continue to roll in desolation around the sun for ever? In course of centuries the reviving vegetation will restore the oxygen to the atmosphere. By-and-by, perhaps, a new creation of animals will prepare the way for another type of men, either native to the soil, or immigrants from another planet, who, in

their researches amidst the rocks and groves, will find the vestiges of our ill-fated race, and, reading the story of that ruin which we could not avert, draw wisdom from it to value their existence and make a better use than we did of the old earth and the gifts of Providence.



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