

# НОВЫЕ МИРЫ

Number 214

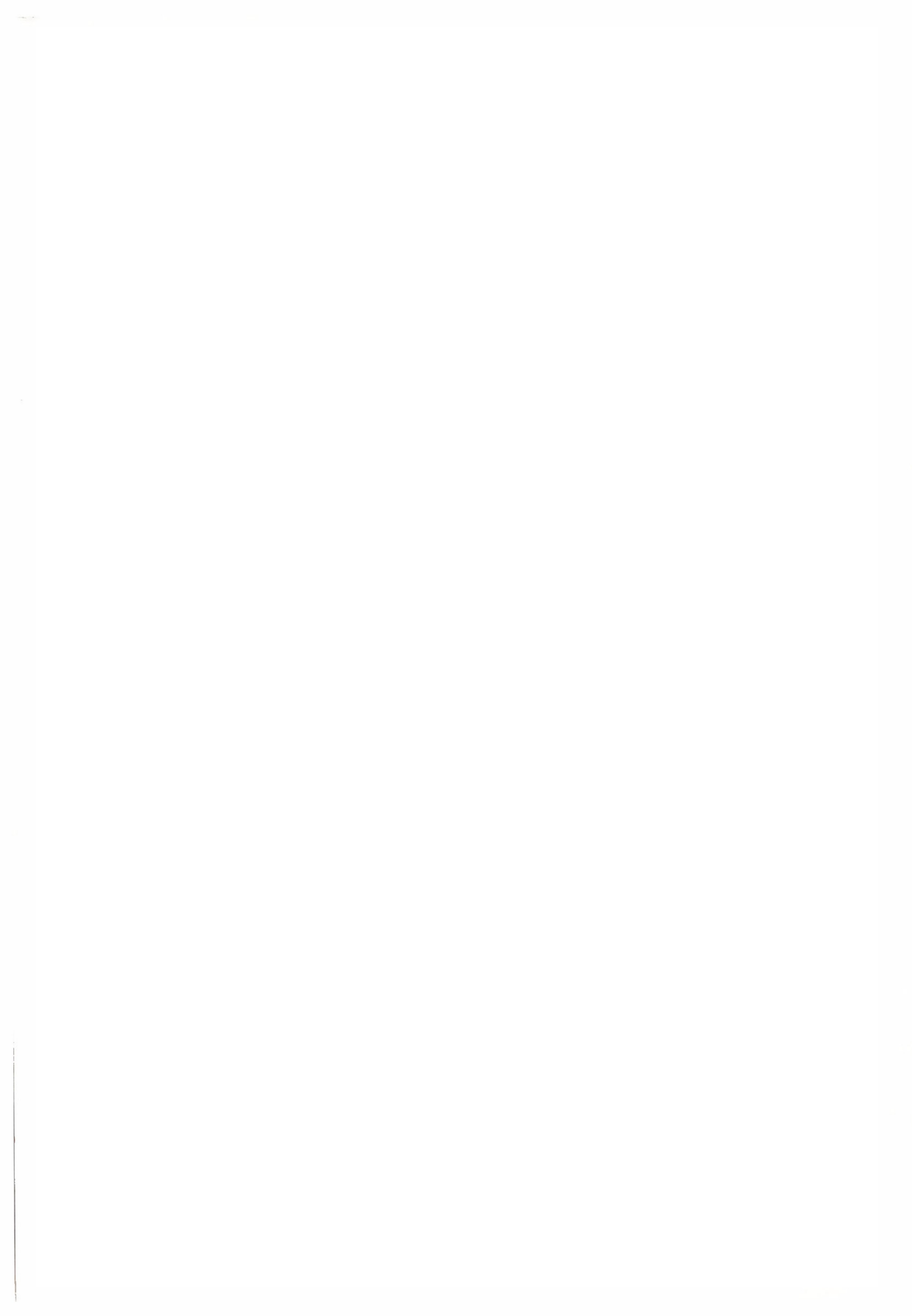
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**POLITICS  
SPORT·SCIENCE**

**Meadley  
Platt·Moorcock  
Spinrad·Bayley·Et al**

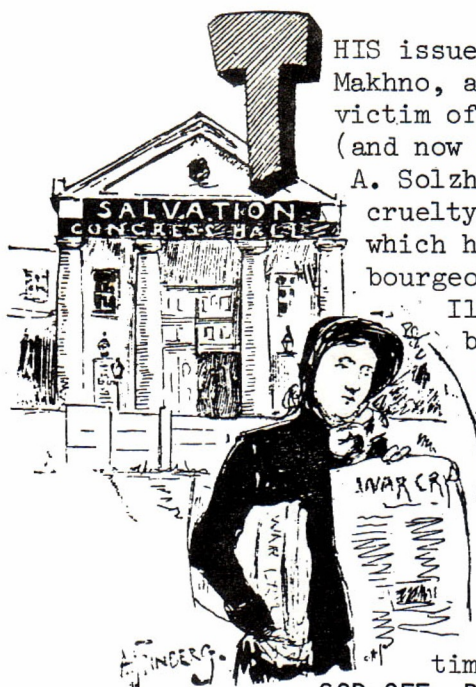






## Food From the Victors for Famished Friend and Foe

For readers who have demanded an editorial manifesto:



HIS issue is dedicated to Leo Tolstoy (150 this year); to Nestor Makhno, a victim of Lenin and Trotsky (d. 1936); to Isaac Babel, a victim of Stalin (d. 1941); to A. Sinyavsky, a victim of Brezhnev (and now in exile); and to Harvard University, a victim of A. Solzhenitsyn (aren't we all). We also celebrate 51 years of cruelty, authoritarianism, and mass murder in the Soviet Union which has culminated in the production of one of the dulllest bourgeois societies known to history. Was it worth it, Vladimir Ilyitch? Hello, out there, you self-serving, bigoted, murdering, drink-sodden Party bureaucrats. You'd make a Welsh City Council look like The Twelve. And hello out there all you people of the Soviet Union. Isn't it time you had a Revolution? And hello out there all you Trotskyists. Isn't it time you found a less corrupt hero? And hello to all Communists. Isn't it

time you had a new idea? SOD OFF, BREZHNEV, AND ALL YOUR LACKEYS TOO, says Novya Miri (*New Worlds*). And which Bulgarian killer gave a new meaning to the concept of the Soviet umbrella? DOWN WITH THE FUTURE! DOWN WITH THE BOURGEOISIE! DOWN WITH THE MINDLESS LACKEYS OF AUTHORITARIAN SOCIALISM/COMMUNISM! DOWN WITH THE SELF-RIGHT-

EOUS TRAITORS OF THE SOVIET WRITERS' UNION! DOWN WITH CENSORSHIP AND DULL WRITING! DOWN WITH NAIVE SOVIET PROPAGANDA WHICH, IF NOTHING ELSE, INSULTS OUR INTELLIGENCE! COMRADES OF THE RUSSIAN LITERARY RENAISSANCE, OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU ARE!!! GREETINGS TO ALL HATERS OF CORRUPT BOURGEOIS IDEOLOGY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! GREETINGS TO ALL LOVERS OF FREEDOM AND THE WORD! WORKERS AND PEASANTS! RADICAL INTELLIGENTSIA! BE CUNNING! DESTROY ALL LEADERS! YOUR LAUGHTER IS THEIR DOWNFALL!



ON THE WAR-PATH.



THE "CHUCKER OUT."

Contributors to this issue include C. Partington (printing & publishing); C. Platt, J. Riches, R. G. Meadley, M. Moorcock, J. Clute, B. Bayley, M. D. M. Butterworth, N. Spinrad, A. Binstead, R. Cornwall, P. Knifton, P. Pavli, D. Hardy etc; with help and inspiration from D. Britton, M. J. Harrison, H. Bailey, L. Jones, J. G. Ballard, R. Glyn Jones; and financial assistance from many people including Brian Tawn, Christopher M. Priest and ARIEL Magazine. Editorial Address: Surrender Magazine, PO Box 556, New York, NY 10011, USA. New Worlds is available from Charles Partington, Patricroft Mill, Legh Street, Eccles, Manchester M30 0RT, England. Copyright 1978



# NEW YORK CITY

AS IT WILL BE

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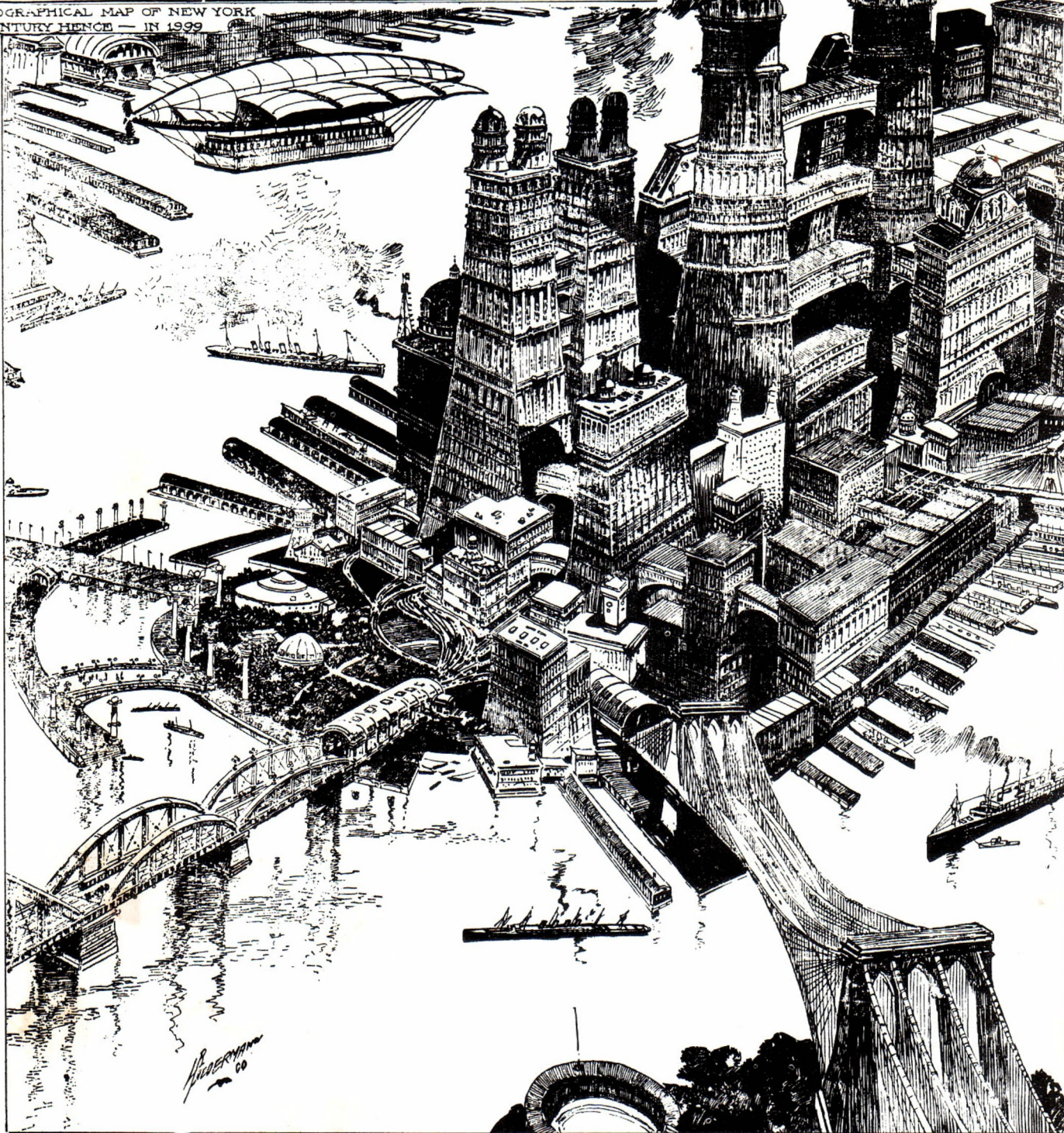
## IN 1999

SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE NY WORLD  
DEC 31, 1909

PICTORIAL FORECAST OF THE CITY

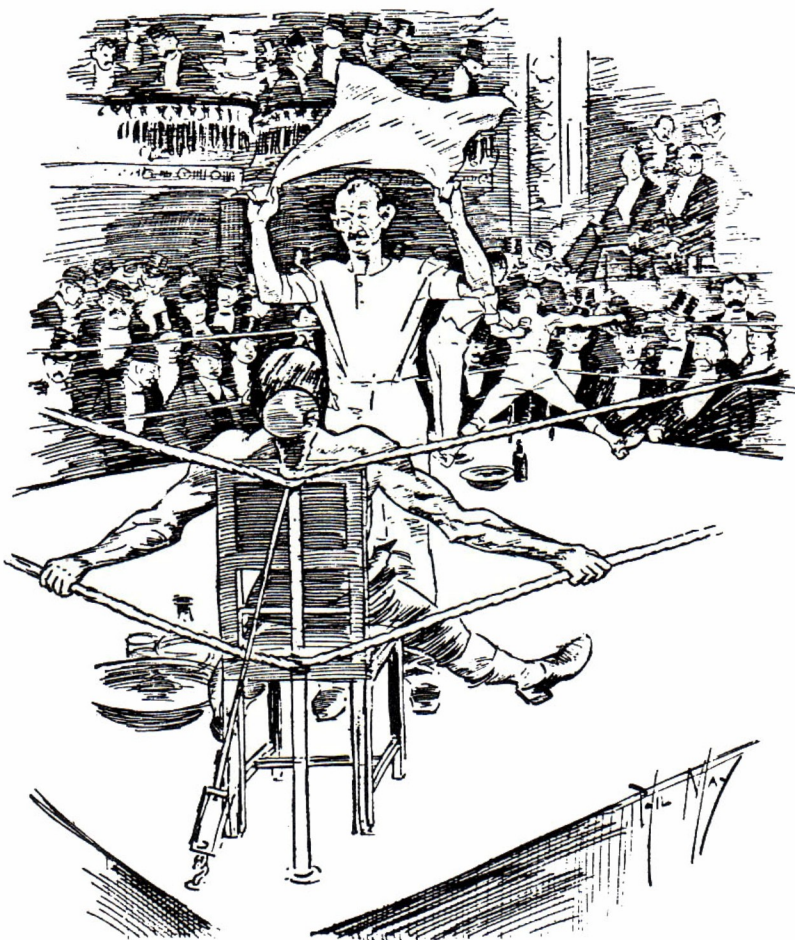
AS APPROVED BY  
ANDREW H. GREEN, H. H. VREELAND,  
and JOHN B. McDONALD.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF NEW YORK  
A CENTURY HENCE — IN 1999



New York is preeminently the city of skyscrapers; the situation of its financial district, with rivers on either side forbidding lateral expansion, has encouraged architectural and engineering skill to find room aloft for the vast interests that demand office space in this heart of the New World





# A Tale of the Old Brigade

BEING A FAITHFUL AND INTIMATE ACCOUNT OF THE MANLY CONTEST BETWEEN MR BORROW & MR HARDY, AND OF THE NOTORIOUS EVENTS WHICH OVERTOOK THAT ENCOUNTER; WITH SOME DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE LOTTERY OF LITERARY FAME



I was sitting — I will not be formal — I was sitting in the back room of the *Eternity & Tipstaff* drinkin and water with Tom Quincy, Nimrod Apperley and Dick Martin, on the day in question. It

was the morning after the news of *Spion Kop* has followed that of *Colenso*, throwing all the punters into confusion. There were strong suspicions that Red-

vers Buller had *thrown* the battles to lengthen the odds on the outcome of the War (though we later discovered he was shell-shocked), and the dark mood was compounded by a certain coolness between our party and the other occupants of the back room who were with Arthur Binstead, better known as 'Pitcher' of the *Pink'Un* and chronicler of the PELICAN CLUB. Now Binstead is *one of* the best and I was sorry that his friends thought he should quarrel with me; the facts of the matter being that he had annoyed me with a scurrilous opinion of *Tom Sayers*, and I had revenged myself upon him by catching him in his cups at one of *Hughie Drummond's* parties and taking his cheque for an interest in *some couples of Indonesian*



pighounds I was proposing to import. The Indonesian pighound is a rough-coated gazehound, big as a donkey, and used for coursing wild boar in the jungles of the Malay Archipelago. It is said by some to have been bred from a pair of Yorkshire *bargest*s taken East by a dog-fancying Arab in the entourage of Rajah Brooke, and is, I need hardly add in the presence of so well-certificated a readership as prevails in these over-examined times, an entirely imaginary beast.

All harmless enough, you say, especially as I knew Binstead's cheque would bounce and was only able to cash it for half its value with a greedy publican in *Wandsworth*, but the story got about after a BLACK DAY at *Newmarket* and the horse-racing fraternity chose to make a quarrel of it. Now I am not a quarrelsome cove but I was damned if I was going to apologise to a rabble of horse-dealers'-moll-chasers without the price of a drink between them. I am not quarrelsome, I say, but I can be stubborn; a result perhaps of my being born, under the Chinese system of Astrology, in the Year of the Pig, which may also explain my fervent opposition to the pernicious feed-grain tax imposed on our pig-breeders by the successors of Napoleon and Bismark and the Borgias, and why I have been known to appal my friends by occasionally befriending policemen

However, we were, as I remarked, pretty quiet in the back room of the *Eternity & Tipstaff* when the pear-shaped head and great green umbrella of Georgie Borrow burst through the bar with a brandished newspaper. His long silver hair stood away in outrage from a face shaded — 'as if illumined through a bloody prism' as the showman said — from purple in the jowls to puce over the polished dome of his frontal lobes, and his fist gripped the newspaper like an axe. Indeed, with umbrella in one fist and newspaper in the other he looked for all the world like an old *master-at-arms* surging out to simultaneous battle with both climate and critics; which, now I look at it, is as good a short description of the author of *Lavengro* as I've yet seen.

Now, in a seat by the main door of the *Eternity* there sits an ancient (I will refrain here from digressing on the importance of the ancient in English Hostelryes) knew to regulars as Old Posterity; and the business of this old 'un, as of all his kind, is to receive free bottles of strong ale

from the other customers as a fee for not entertaining us with scurrilous, and *lengthy*, tales of our friends, families and *selves*. So when George stepped from the bar without noticing Old Posterity, the ancient squeaked a protest.

'Sir!' roars George, who is as good an egg as ever baffled a curate, but can be *touchy*, 'The Smoke of Popery is in the Air, the Sugar is in the Gin, and you pule over a fourpeny ale? Bah! May the Man in Black take you for his pitchfork and twirl you over a vat of damnable sweet sherry!'

'Sherry, is it?' squeals the outraged old 'un, 'Sweet sherry, is it?' here the ancient's tone teetered above the precipice of *Bathos*, 'you would force Sherry on a man matured in Beer since the first Beakers brimmed at Avebury! May the public rend you as your publishers have done, and may the future be untrammelled by your memory!'

Which made as round a brace of



Your Correspondent



curses as any of us had heard in a long time.



gentlemen,' says George, thumping down into a chair and pulling himself stily from his pewter, 'have any of you seen this?'

Here he flung his newspaper on the table and flourished his hand over it. The paper was four years old but that did not surprise us; George has a broad sense of History, in which four years ago could be yesterday, or even tomorrow.

'This,' here George wrestled with the newspaper while we snatched our glasses to safety, 'Aha! Here!' and finally satisfied he smoothed a page of the paper on the table, then stabbed at it with a large finger.

One glance at the page persuaded all that we could easily be bored.

'Dear George,' drawls Nimrod, signalling discreetly to the potman for another round of drinks, 'why are you showing us a piece of prose by the Bishop of Wakefield? Are you opening a book on the Sermon Stakes for Sunday?'

'Sir,' glares George, 'you must know I am not a Betting Man; and if I were I would not wager on the shortness of Anglican, or as you would say, flat-racing sermons, nor on the Staying Power of Dissenters as if they were steeplechasers. This bishop, for it is easier to turn a hound from a hare than George from his chosen topic, 'this bishop, sir, the Bishop of Wakefield, has elected to burn a Book; and when a bishop turns in his torpor it is time for Englishmen to Watch Out!'

In the interests of brevity, and for the benefit of readers, I will not report *verbatim* the whole of our conversation. The gist of the matter was that this bishop had attacked, with all the vigour of which a bishop is capable, a novel called *Jude the Obscure* by one THOMAS HARDY, a Dorset tradesman. The bishop charged the book, quite rightly, with *pessimism*

and *subversion*, but appeared, after the manner of hysterics, not to have considered whether these attitudes might be justified by circumstance. All he had seen was that this was not a book to give one's servants — if you think your servants could be persuaded to read it, for it is more the sort of book that people read in prison.

Now if George had read the book I do not think he would have wholly disliked it, but stumbling on it only in this paltry review, the concepts *pessimism* and *subversion* suggested to his oblique and idiosyncratic perception the spectre of *Popery*, a subject on which he could never be expected to be wholly rational. Students of form may find it useful to learn that George's definition of *Popery* does not restrict itself to the Church of Rome, but includes Buddhism, of which he



"What this fellow needs is a thorough trouncing with the RAW 'UNS!"



believes *Romishness* to be the mordant offspring, along with Druidism and all other forms of Priestcraft and pernicious *mystery*. Enlarging on this, I remember him once roaring in his cups, 'What is a surgeon but a Butcher in a Surplice, or a barrister more than a Usurer's Tout in a Cassock, a very Jesuit in a Wig?' One could say that what George likes is *English*, and what he dislikes is *Popery*, but the simplicity of this explanation is often disguised by what vestiges of meaning still flap at the loins of those terms, and against the Foreign Imposition of *Popery* he sees the Church of England as a defaced but substantial bulwark, its faults a family matter, like a large uncle prone to fits but profoundly useful in throwing bailiffs out of windows while the furniture is moved. Hence the present authority of the bishop.

'What this fellow needs,' thumped George, referring to *Hardy* and not, as might easily have been the case, the bishop, 'is a thorough trouncing, a trouncing with the Raw *'Uns!*'

'I think he might give you a fight of it,' says Quincy, whereat a short, interested, silence fell upon the room, followed by a murmur of speculation.



here are few, I understand, among the present, *despondent* generation who are familiar with the pleasure of the old, bare-knuckle, *Literary Prize Ring* in its hey-day. Even by the date of this event it had long been in decline, and the fashion for *gloves* and *three-minute rounds* had already produced such jaw-cracking displays as SWINBURNE vs.

MEREDITH, which Swinburne won narrowly after 872 interminable rounds of *strophe* and *anti-strophe* when he managed to rivet home an *epode* in the 873rd.

Though even after such Dire Warnings we did not suspect that *Erin*, which

gave us such Masters as *Dean Swift* and *Dan Donnelly*, was soon to over-



The stakes at Hardy's suggestion were agreed at £500 a side



whelm us with the Splendours of *James Joyce* and his Shadow-Boxing Routines. I confess I did not stay the distance of either of his major performances. I left after the 7th round of the *Ulysses* (in training for which, I am told, he spent eight years sparring with a reluctant chambermaid), though I have read intermittent reports of the rest, and I dropped in to watch rounds 5-7 and 186-9 of the *Finnegan* (12 years practice with a committee of wealthy, masochistic matrons), but my sympathies were not engaged. I could not dispel the feeling that he knew the punters would only give him 2 minutes of the 1st round against *Jane Austen* or 5 rounds at the outside against *Mrs. Gaskell*. Still, perhaps I should have felt more sympathy if the crowd had not been packed with the sharp-suited pool-sharks of the *Bloomsbury* set, in whose company I always feel uneasy, like a Horse in a Church.

However, to return to my tale, the upshot of subsequent enquiries was that *Hardy*, the Dorsetshire Stonemason, being heartily sick of the abuse of his book, was more than willing to accommodate *Mr. Borrow*, just as soon as terms could be agreed. For which purpose a meeting was arranged down at the *Whip and Critic*, which was as near to Reality as most



"If you had to live with my wife you might incline to an occasional Skirmish with Complacency."

of us cared to venture. There was much speculation following this announcement as to whom *Mr. Hardy* would engage as his trainer. *Byron*, who had relapsed into enigma recently, was much fancied; though his preferred diet of dry biscuits and seltzer was not generally approved

of, many thought highly of his heavy emphasis on Swimming for strengthening the Lungs and Shoulders. Others thought *Cobbett*, with his *anathema* against Tea and his insistence on the Abdominal Virtues of Riding, might usefully be rescued from retirement. But all were confounded when, on arrival at the *Whip and Critic*, we found *Mr. Hardy* sitting with a pair of bearded Greeks, already familiar to us by reputation, who were introduced to us as Messrs. Aeschylus and Sophocles.

This discovery, while the cause of some *chap-falling* among those who had already, *rashly* begun Betting, was considered by most to greatly increase the interest of the occasion and its *hoped-for* sequel. Some, it is true, doubted whether the Greeks could be brought to appreciate the *peculiarities* of Our Ring, and those of our company who had escaped having a Classical Education beaten into them suspected the introduction of *hocus-pocus*, or Fixing, whenever the conversation lapsed into *Foreign*; but once the Greeks had displayed the nicety of their understanding by suggesting *Broughton's* Rules, and had been persuaded to drink Gin as an alternative to mixing Turpentine with their Claret, the company relaxed in anticipation of a satisfactory outcome.

The Stakes, at *Hardy's* suggestion, were agreed at £500 a side, with *Thomas Love Peacock*, one of the few present whose probity was beyond question, appointed Stakeholder, and the choice between *Thackeray* and *Dickens* as Umpire finally settling on *Thackeray* as being less susceptible to the excitement of the moment. The choice of venue was more difficult. *Hardy* held out strongly for Egdon Heath, *Borrow* for Moulsey Hurst, until an ad hoc committee of Backers voted unanimously for *Binstead's* suggestion of the Lansdowne race-course near Bath, which had unexceptionable associations with Beckford and History, with the useful addition that its adjacent hostelry, The Blaithwaite Arms, was accustomed to gatherings of *Sportsmen*. All of which was resolved so convivially that the atmosphere began to resemble more of a Benefit Dinner than the *prelude* to a Martial Engagement. Except, of course, for the Protagonists, who eyed each other warily.



"Let us comfort ourselves by reflecting that the Unities of Time and Place cannot be avoided in the Ring."



It was only after the last detail, the date, had been fixed, that a momentary, but *appropriate*, note of Acrimony coloured the proceedings.

"Nonsense," growled George, stubbornly maintaining the Proprieties in response to some fool who had declared it shameful that so much good-fellowship should lead to such a *bruising* Outcome, "a stand must be made. There is too much of this Sniping Pessimism aimed at Pricking to Death the English Character."

"Paper Money, and Gladstone's pernicious Beer Tax," murmured Barrington, trotting out two *hobby-horses* more usually seen under the respective colours of Cobbett, and JOHNSON the Sporting Solicitor.

"If you had to live with my wife," said Hardy, who had applied himself to the Port as a man will who knows he goes into training on the morrow, and whose cheeks had assumed, with Carravaggesque *chiaroscuro*, the

complexion of a Danby sunset, "you might incline to an occasional Skirmish with Complacency."

A remark not calculated to enlarge George's small store of Urbanity, and even among the general ribaldry there could be seen several expressions of Aquiline *reservation*. But otherwise Amity was unrestrained, and the meeting only broke up when Sophocles, now *glittering* with gin, proposed a game of Dice but could find no-one in the Company *flat* enough to play at Hazards with a pair of Greeks. I will burden the reader with only one further exchange, which came when the Irish Contingent stood up to leave.

'I hope,' says Farquhar, a bright Blade in that *half-mounted* Cavalry, 'that after such Classic training, your Boy won't have the Furniture damaged in his *Attic*.'

'All ye know is nought ye can know,' countered Sophocles, in laborious English. Whereat Aeschylus, who



still seemed to be suffering from a severe blow on the Head, rumbled humorously into his Beard.

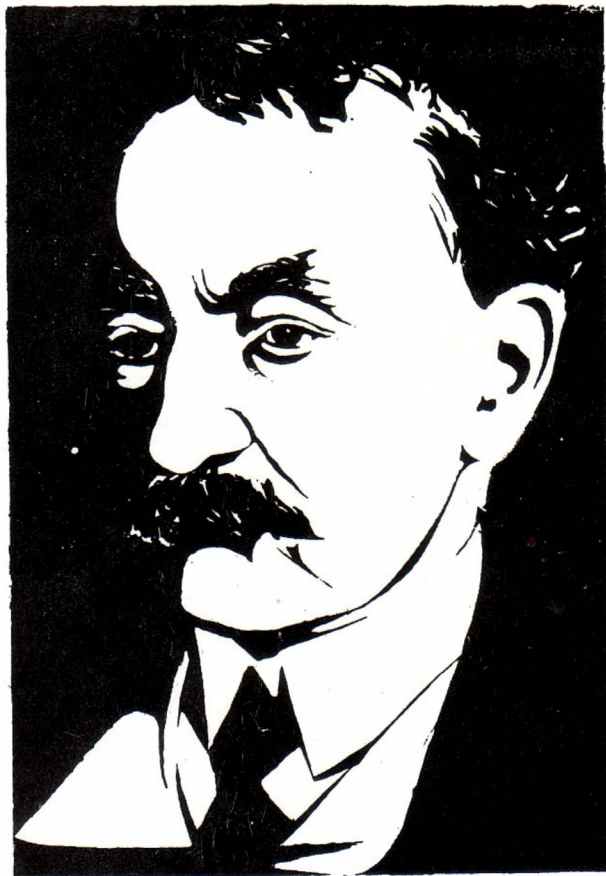
'Let us comfort ourselves,' drawls Barrington, 'by reflecting that the Unities of Time and Place cannot be avoided in the Ring.'



Some Sporting readers will no doubt be asking why I have not included a description of my impressions of Hardy in my account of the Meeting at the Whip & Critic. It was, after all, his first introduction to many of the

FANCY. But the Truth of the Matter is that in the gloomy Vaults of that Tavern it was difficult to discern anything of Value, and being, as familiar readers will know, more interested in the Sport than the Betting, I reserved my judgement until I had occasion to see him Strip, which, as his wily Trainers made certain, was a Vision vouchsafed to none of us until the morning of the Fight.

What, after all, had I seen by the uncertain flare of the three gas-lights in dingy globes above the bar at the Whip & Critic? Hardy, on a bench by the wall, hidden from the waist down behind a table, and wedged between two Greeks, whose dress made their physique much easier to guess at: Sophocles, short in the body but deep in the Chest, with the brawny forearms of a useful opening Bat; Aeschylus, powerful but rangy, like an abstemious hod-carrier, and with a broad, square Head — unlike the elphin Merchant Sophocles, who might have been bred by Satyr out of Nymph, with shrewd eyes and a nose you could bait for Salmon. Crushed between these two sat Hardy. He looked stocky but what we could see of him was largely disguised by a Norfolk jacket. Apart from that: a strong forehead with receding hair; dark, bilberry eyes; and a lugubrious moustache — in short, he looked like a displaced Pinkerton's detective with a taste for



Thomas Hardy.

Schopenhauer. As for Form, he was known to have displayed occasionally, and successfully, with the mufflers on, but had never, so far as anyone knew, Engaged in a Real Affair with naked Mauleys.

So we had little basis for discussion over our hampers of beer and sandwiches on the Special Train commissioned to save our congregation of Sportsmen from annoying the Travelling Public — or vice versa, I am never sure which. Nor, after a Night at the Tables, were any of us, I suspect, capable of a cogent Opinion, and our Conversation, such as it was, comprised a series of desultory, and frequently disgruntled, Reminiscences of Past Appearances in the Literary Ring. It was from one of the comments passed in this context that arose the only incident of the journey. Tom Moore, whose opinions, in any case, anyone should know better than to take Seriously, made some derogatory remark about Christina Rossetti, and a well-Meated but slackly-developed Clerk, whom our large Party had squashed into the window corner of the Carriage, took exception to this in what can only be called an unfortunate, and Blustering manner. It occurs to me, on Reflection, that he was only try-





George Borrow.

ing to be *One of the Lads*, but at the time his Intrusion was not Well Received, being met by the cumulative, and Baleful, stare of a Troop of hungover Sportsmen with boiled eyes and drawn faces.

'Get back in your Envelope,' snarled the elder Barrington, whose temper seems never to have recovered from his being *scalped* after falling asleep against a freshly-plastered Wall, and who had recently broken both his Collar Bones again in an Affair of the Heart, which led his brother to suggest that he should Aim Lower.

Our Boy ruffled his feathers a little, but soon became aware of his absence of Spurs, and having previously *spared* himself the subtler lessons of Showing Hackle, he quickly subsided in his seat. A Trivial Incident, but it reminded me of an occasion when one of the same *Kidney* confided to me, a *propos* some *contretemps*, that he had been in a *nearly-physical* Fight. How can such a Thing be? Had someone threatened, or even attempted, a Blow you might say there was *nearly* a Fight But a Nearly Physical Fight? Faugh! It outrages me so much just to think of it, I have dipped my Pen in my Glass and discoloured the Gin.

But ON TO BATH. We arrived early

and made our way straight to the Race-course, where, having breakfasted, and as these Affairs rarely start on Time, we proposed to walk off our *royal* Hangovers by visiting the Earthworks nearby, which had long been imagined to be Saxon, or even Prehistoric, but were subsequently discovered to have been *thrown up* by Cromwell's *Levellers*. A Cheer from the Racecourse brought us back at a Run: George, who regarded *Honest* Courtesy as a Fundamental of the English Character, had arrived punctually, with his trainer, the Gypsy *Petulengro* as his Second, and PIERCE EGAN as his Bottle-holder; and it was for *Egan*, once Doyen of the Ring, who had been rescued from the Tinsel Attractions of the Theatre for the Occasion, that the Applause was being *generously* led by George. George, in many ways a Private man, has always been able to regard the Plaudits of the Crowd as a *farmer* regards Rain, something only intermittently Beneficial, and never Reliable.

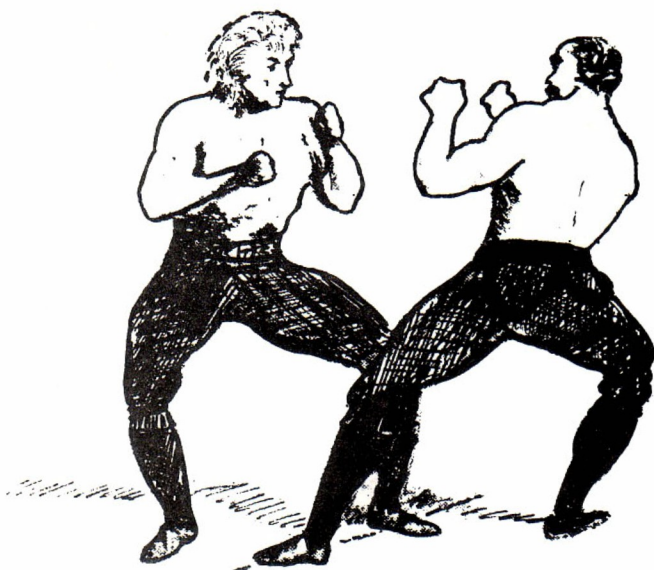
There was a goodish Crowd; though more than I expected, like our Clerk on the Train, were obviously more familiar with *Queensbury's* Rules than *Broughton's*, and I wondered what these would make of the Spectacle they were about to watch. If, as we were beginning to doubt, there was to be a Spectacle, since *Hardy* had still not appeared, and George, in a long *Corinthian* coat with fifteen capes and buttons the size of saucers, obviously more *Petulengro's* taste than his own, after prowling moodily in his Corner was now appealing to *Thackeray*; while the Morning, which had started overcast, was now *embodying* itself with a fine Drizzle. After twenty minutes a Damp cheer announced the arrival of *HARDY's* party in a *barouche*, from which that Champion sprang and tossed his Hat jauntily into the Ring. Within another minute, both men were Stripped and inside the Ropes.

For those unfamiliar with the old Prize Ring, let me explain that a Round lasts until one or other is Knocked Down, whereon his Seconds have *half-a-minute* to get him back on his feet at the Scratch, a line scraped in the Turf across the centre of the Ring. If he cannot be brought *Up to Scratch*, he concedes the Fight. Biting, Kicking and Gouging are forbidden, but *Throws* as well as Hits are permitted. There are no Points, nor any Limit to the number of *Rounds*.



**W**hen HARDY and BORROW shook hands at the Scratch, both looked in excellent shape. HARDY, as I expected, was a *stocky* man, not long in the body but Square in the Shoulders and Well-Ribbed in the Abdomen, with the compact Arms of a highly-gear'd Steam Piston. BORROW, as usual, was ubiquitously Pear-shaped; both head and body were pear-shaped, and even his limbs looked like attenuated Pears, creating an effect that was superficially ludicrous; and in one respect this impression did not Lie — George always affected to have ample *Bottom*. Both men, in response to the Weather, had affected *worsted* Drawers, and both showed the strong, muscular Legs of experienced Pedestrians.

HARDY, it transpired, was giving away over a stone of Weight and some inches of Reach, but in the old P.R. that was not necessarily considered a disadvantage. Such Champions of the Real Ring as BENDIGO and SAYERS had easily conceded as much against Gaunt and Heenan, and in Literary Circles one has only to think of such light



AT THE SCRATCH: Sketched On the Spot by One of Our Company. BORROW is on the left.

Heroes as POPE, the *Demon Dwarf* of Twickenham, or SWINBURNE, who in his early days established a reputation for taking on All Comers which Scroggins might have envied — though that, of course, was when he trained on Rossetti's eccentric diet of chloral



Curious to reflect that the vast majority of women at this Fight were backing Hardy despite the published attitude to their sex.

and Broiled Lobster, before Watts-Dunton took him over and turned him into an Exhibition with mufflers and Bottled Beer. *Heu prisca fides!*

The opening rounds of our Fight were, as always, largely Exploratory: some good Knocks were delivered on each side but both displayed more than they Sold. By the Fifth the Fight seemed to settle into a definite Pattern. HARDY's style tended towards well-prepared but suddenly dramatic Attacks preparatory to prolonged, subtle Boxing on the Retreat with lots of clever Footwork. BORROW, on the other hand, preferred Plain Dealing with sharp, hard Hits; a style which looks deceptively easy to maintain. By the Tenth BORROW, knowing his Carcass could bear a deal of Poundage, had helmeted his Nob with his two Arms, and Trading on



his *impression* of Slowness, made HARDY's speed look *sneaking* unless the Stonemason got busy with his Chisels, whereon that Artist found *himself* Cut Up. HARDY countered with a well-practised show of Coincidence, a technique of Falling *almost* before he had been hit, a trick which wasted the effort of BORROW's blows as well as frustrating him, a form of temperamental Warfare to which BORROW was more susceptible than he liked to Show.

'The man's another *Langham*,' remarked Barrington, alluding to a Fighter of the '50s who made a speciality of this technique. But it was a trick that HARDY learnt to use more *sparingly* after the *Seventeenth* when BORROW Cuffed him on the Fall, and the *Greeks* had their work cut out to get him back, at the Scratch in Time. By the *Twenty-third*, after an hour and seven minutes, the issue was still uncertain and the Fight had settled down to a less showy but still skilful Contest of Endurance, a Quality of which both men seemed to have large Resources, despite having traded *Lampblack* for *Claret* — BORROW had darkened one of HARDY's bilberry Ogles, while BORROW himself seemed to have acquired a reddish Waistcoat and a spotted crimson Cravat — and the Butterfly school of Punters were still in a panic of *Hedging*. In the *Twenty-seventh*, when HARDY had to take another Dive after being caught in a Suit in Chancery, the bookies were almost *snowed under* by the Flutter of Paper Money.

It was in the *Thirty-first*, a slow round, that the events took place which quickly precipitated the Finish of the Fight. Apparently, some of the *Nottingham Lambs*, an infamous bunch of Roughts notorious on the Bareknuckle circuit, had been jostling at some of the hypnotised *Queensburyites* who had come to support HARDY, and there were now several Acts of minor Violence, with, I understand, some Improprieties committed against certain Ladies who were present. It is curious to reflect that the vast majority of Women at this Fight were backing HARDY, despite the *published* attitude to their Sex and BORROW's Championship of their Rights — a conviction vigorously impressed on BORROW by the redoubtable *Isobel Berners*, as he himself has divertingly related. However, the upshot of the present *fracas* was that someone called the police, and within minutes the blue horse-buses of the Chancellor's Own Special Prosody Police were seen *lashing*



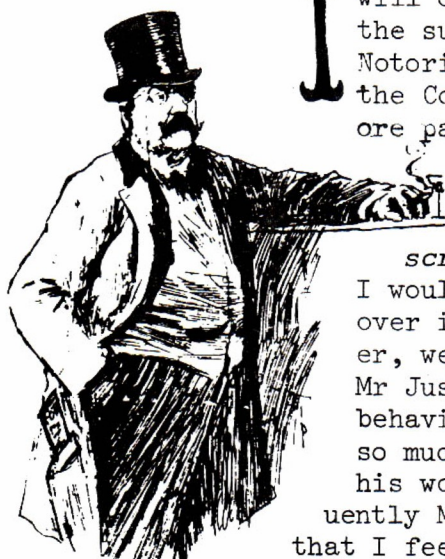
I was able, by Virtue of familiarity with the terrain, to assist a Discreet Withdrawal

along the long straight road from the Crematorium.

Then there was a *ROW!* The police *piled in* with a Vigour which is no longer fashionable, and found their enthusiasm matched by the numerous Gypsies, Irishmen and Midlanders with whom the Crowd was amply supplied. A Battle Royal rapidly developed, and in less Time than it takes to Pick a Pocket, the *Ring* was overrun and the exhausted Causes of the Meeting were arrested while being *bundled* into their Carriages; though I am told that intermittent Scrapping went on for nearly Half an Hour. I, with my usual Good Fortune, managed to escape the Particular Attention of the Constabulary, and finding myself at the centre of a scrimmage of the *Established* Irishmen, I was able, by Virtue of *familiarity* with the Terrain, to assist a Discreet Withdrawal to the village of Weston, where we ate a late, but hearty luncheon among the Broken Sepulchres and *presumptuous* Yews of that quiet Churchyard.



"YOU," he said with HORRIBLE Prescience, "will soon become Exponents of the Suggestion that the Novel is Dead..."



I will only touch on the subsequent, Notorious scene in the Courtroom before passing on to the more appetising Matter of my post-scriptum. Indeed, I would rather pass over it all together, were it not that Mr Justice Fielding's behaviour has been so much Maligned and his words so frequently Misrepresented that I feel Constrained

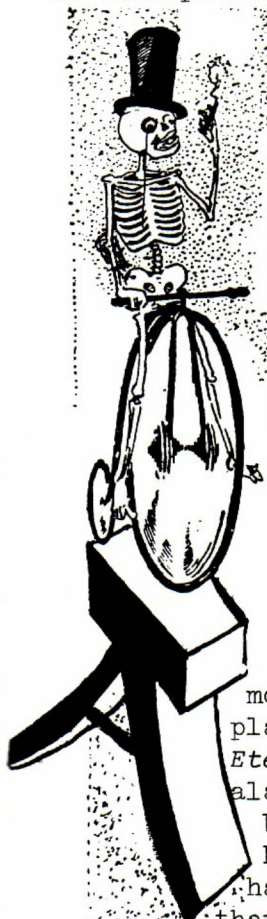
to set the record straight.

On the morning following the Fight, Borrow and Hardy and some others appeared at the Literary Assize before Mr Justice Fielding, charged with *Unlawful Assembly and Affray*. Instead of hearing the Case in the usual manner, Mr Fielding — somewhat irregularly, perhaps, but in my view quite Properly — ordered *all* the Witnesses, all conspicuously of the *Queensbury complexion*, to appear before him Together, where he let them shuffle nervously under his colourless, Blind stare for some time before he spoke.

'YOU,' he said with horrible Prescience, 'will soon become Exponents of the Suggestion that the Novel is Dead.'



Let me tell you now that what you say will be a Lie. The Novel is not Dying, it is merely inconvenienced by Swarms of Lilliputians trying to stifle it



with *small Pillows*. And if any of you appear before me again, in any Role, I will charge you with *conspiracy to diminish* and sentence you to 20 years in the Bureaucracy! You are Dismissed.' After this Speech, which has been denounced as a Tyrannical Abuse of Authority, but would soon become quite proper under the *Literary Crimes (Flexible Interpretation) Act of 1917*, Fielding bound over the two late Adversaries, Fined all other Defendants, and went home.

more interesting *envoi* took place a week later in the *Eternity & Tipstaff*. Again, alas, there was some Coolness between our party and the Regiments of the Turf, who had slanderously asserted that 'certain *knowing Sportsmen*' at the recent Engagement had backed their favourites *not to lose*, and that our support for HARDY and BORROW's decision not to repeat their Contest might not be *disinterested*! What a Suggestion! Let me now aver, with Hand on Heart, that to the best of my knowledge only the Dips and Toadies, whose nimble Tongues and Fingers had been busy with the Minds and Purses of the less-illuminated, made a profit on that day. You must forgive my Heat; but mine is a *mettlesome* Imagination, and once Given its Head I must follow it over the Fences as they come — there are, after all, more forms of Horsemanship than *Dressage*!

The point I am trying to reach, however, is the particular day on which HARDY joined us in the *Eternity* for what he meant to be a farewell drink. The thought seemed to depress him — the

Farewell, that is, and not the Drink — and he was particularly Melancholy about losing his long conversations with the *ancient*, Old Posterity, whose style of yarn seemed very much to Hardy's taste.

'M'dear fellow,' said Byron, who had returned from Mount Enigma, 'what you need is an *avatar*, after the Oriental fashion.'

Hardy warily regarded Byron's *sardonic* Countenance.

'We all do it,' said Swinburne, 'I sold mine to Watts-Dunton and he kept it dusted for Years. Didn't *polish* it though. Come to think of it, he's still got it.'

'That is the Trouble,' admitted Byron, 'you don't have any control over the damn thing once it's going. Mine *caught a cold* in a silly Hat with a tub of Methody tracts.'

'You mean,' asked Hardy, 'I don't have to return to *Reality*?'

'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' he said; which considering it was he who brought Greeks into the Affair in the first place, seemed perilously close to *impertinence*.

But there was no real doubt of the Outcome. The thing was managed quickly, once it was explained to Hardy that the *avatar* would subsist on his energies, and that to Flood the World with them would be *extremely* Tiring. So often now you can see Hardy with Conrad and Old Posterity swapping interminable tales of Cot and Cabin and the Remorselessness of Time — which, incidentally, gives the Lie to those scurrilous Detractors who said Hardy only wanted to escape Reality to avoid the Tangle of his complex, if *innocuous*, Love Affairs.

But if Hardy wants to talk to BORROW, he doesn't do it in the *Eternity* — for Old Posterity has never forgiven George, and it is said that the *old'un* exercises some mysterious influence over the posthumous fame of Authors. Whether this is True I cannot say, but it is *conspicuous* that Hardy's books are still selling Briskly, while Borrow's suffer from a most Unjustified Neglect.



FINIS



Figure 1: The B-20 handles smooth and easy, even at high frequencies. The glitch-free response curve (solid line) shows how. (Dashed line is the USIC industry standard — from which our test module deviated only 2%).

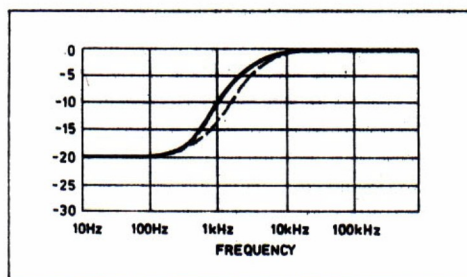
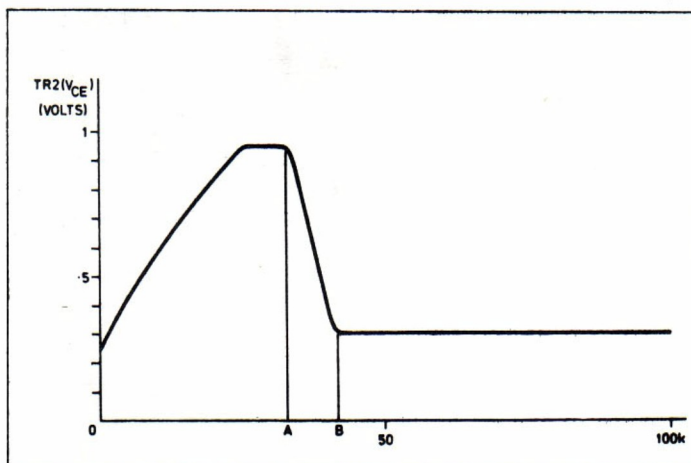


Figure 2: Raw response was unattractive. But after burning-in we hit an *f* number that was eye-catching, to say the least!



The styling is straight out of Buck Rogers: oversize deltoid stabilizers whose efficiency is dubious, to say the least ... a da-glo orange filter unit protruding ostentatiously behind flared cooling louvers ... nonfunctional "anti-static" feet ... and the kind of ideographic decals that will be an embarrassment to any owner over the age of 13.

Still, the B-20 is no toy. Beneath its garish trim it boasts ample muscle (100 Kv) at a bargain-basement sticker price (\$8,000 less oxide). And of course it's backed by the famous Rubinski 2-year/1,000-hour warranty.

Preliminary feel was good, with a lot of thump and no trace of audio/tactile glitch. At 10,000 Hz, deviation from the USIC standard pick-up curve was less than 2% (see Fig. 1.) Before we had mastered the shift (which, on our test sample, was distinctly "zesty" in the midrange), we managed a slightly disappointing *f*/2.8 at 8,000 meters/sec. (Fig. 2.) By the end of the test, with the unit thoroughly burned in and its flutter stabilized, we found it was no sweat to achieve a healthy *f*/1.2 at 9,500 meters/sec, attracting some lingering looks from female passers-by.

In its cruise mode the B-20 is, frankly, a bitch to handle manually. It overshoots, and at low tape speeds the neural image displays parallax error, and interference fringes that prohibit resolution recognition below 500 Å units. But, as the user-briefing cassette emphasizes, manual override is not recommended outside of emergency situations, and the majority of cruiser users prefer not to bother with it anyway. We have mixed feelings about this: even with the enhanced reliability of third-generation cryogenic

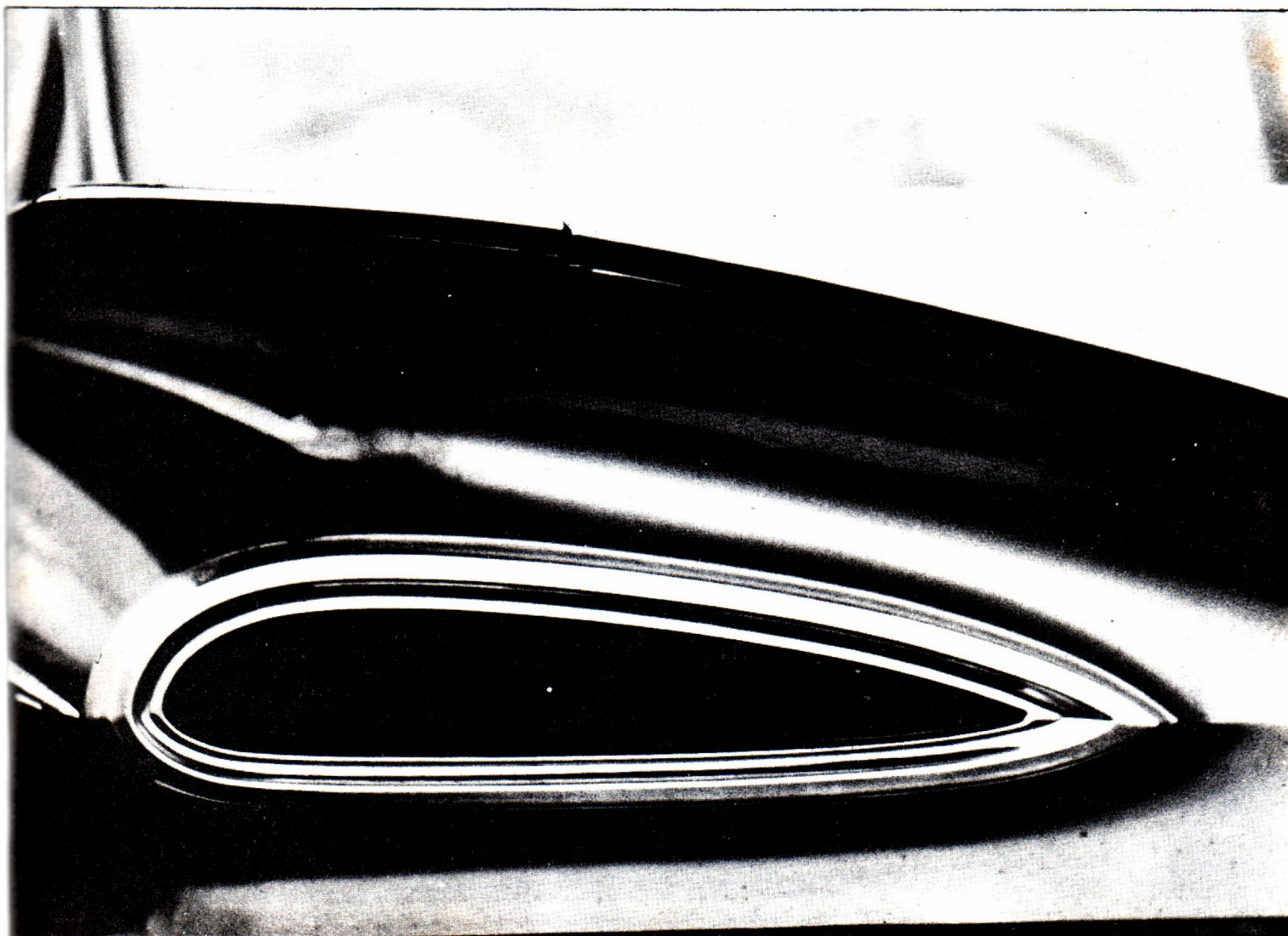


# Rubinski B-20 Magnetic Module

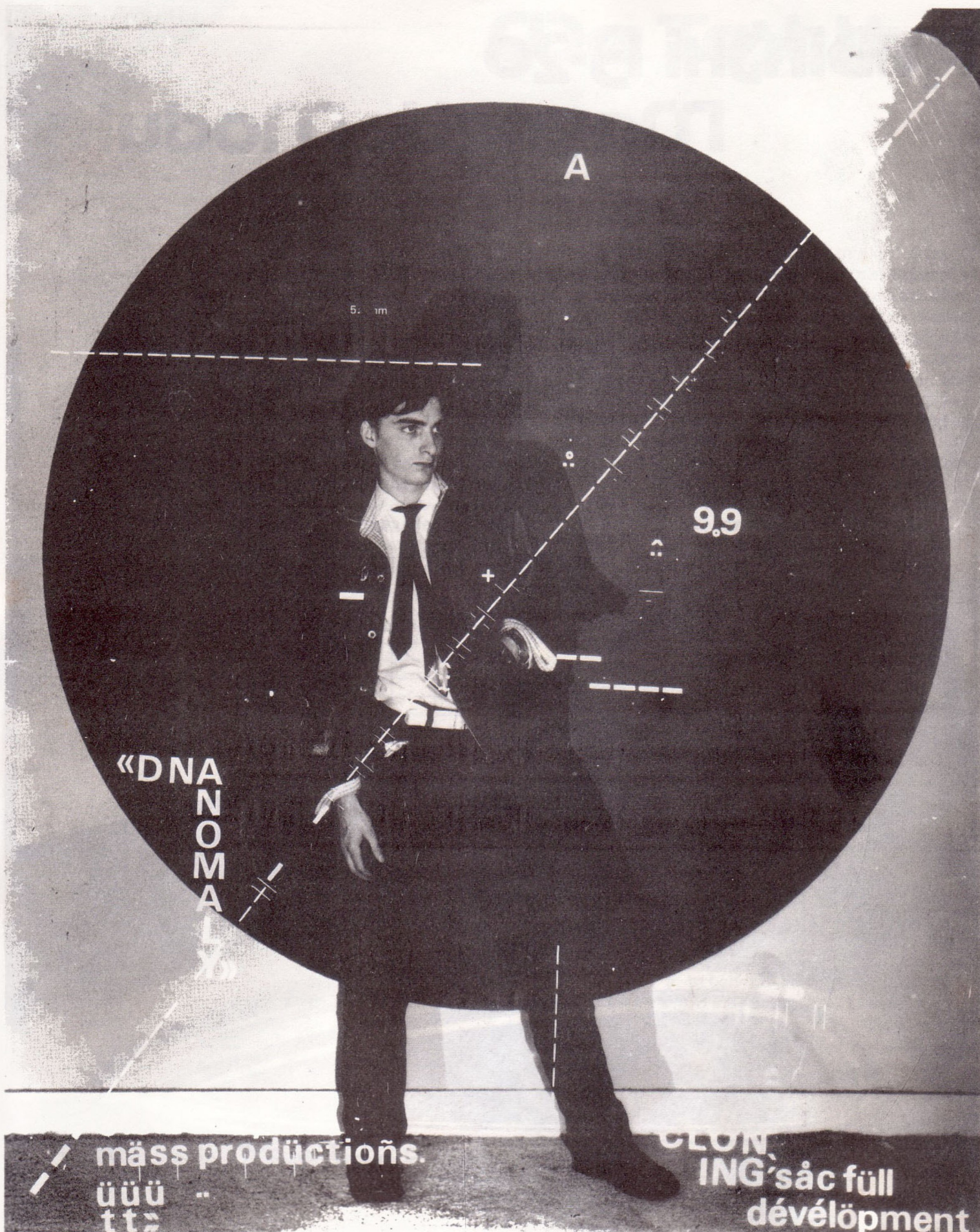
circuits in the store/process system we'd rather gamble on old-fashioned human reflexes, especially in a tight corner. But we know the argument: so long as the average clod who cruises "for burgers" has an untrained coordination capacity well below threshold, the manufacturer will devalue his product for the market; and we'd best be thankful that those bozos keep their B-20s stuck perpetually in auto.

For the enthusiast, lack of

fine-mode control (or, for that matter, user-serviceable bandwidth relocation) robs the B-20 of any real appeal. But for the casual mag freak who cares more about sense-pulse *oomph* than the mysteries of modal synthesis, the B-20 offers solid value in an attractive, though flashy, package.







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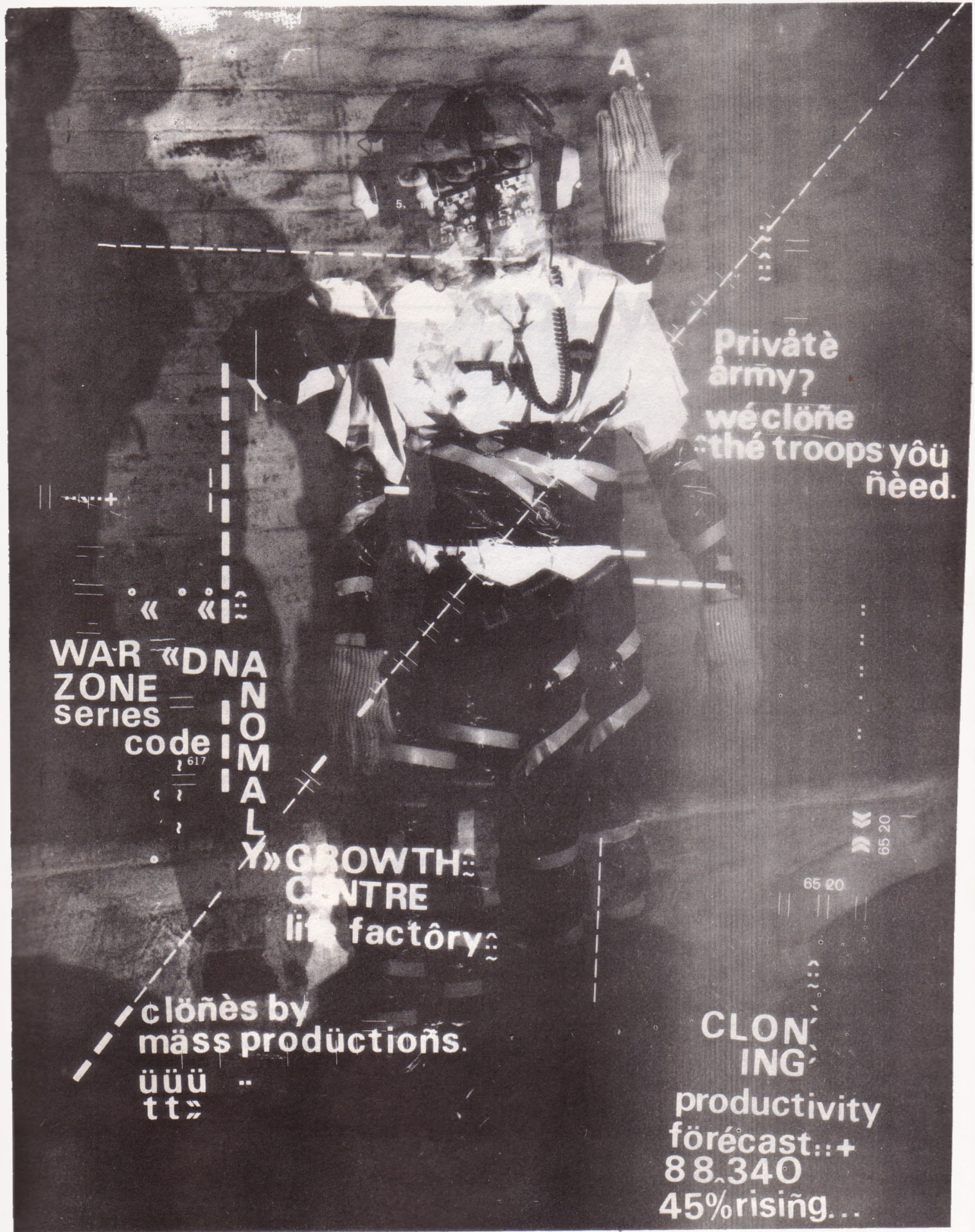
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need.

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ING LIFE

NEWS DISPATCH DEPARTMENT





# Now's the Time to Visit New York

**June 30, 1985, New York Military Zone.** The New York Military Zone covers all of Manhattan and the Bronx and seventy-five per cent of Brooklyn. An estimated two million people still live in the Zone, though it is not easy to say why. New York is a vast necropolis of empty apartment houses being reclaimed by the amorphous filth of an urban jungle. Packs of starving rats scour the empty streets for every scrap of edible ordure. Dog-packs and prides of feral housecats prey upon the rats and occasionally each other. As for the human species, it exists either in isolated and armed neighborhood enclaves where some semblance of civilization has been maintained by force and money or as roving hordes scavenging the abandoned areas, fighting endless territorial rumbles with each other and raiding the neighborhood enclaves when they think they can get away with it.

There has been little rational reason to live in New York for almost a decade, ever since the city government collapsed in 1978, and passed into a state receivership dominated by the banks. When it appeared that the city was going to take the state with it, a Federal receivership was set up for the benefit of the same banks, and while the Federal receivers squeezed New Yorkers with killing taxes to pay off billions in defaulted notes, the subways decayed into uselessness, housing crumbled, the fire and police departments began to wither away, and permanent heaps of garbage created visions of the Plague. Contrary to popular belief, anyone who could leave did leave *before* the Insurrection of 1980. What was left to finally defy the Federal bill collectors in 1980 were enclaves of desperate home and apartment owners vastly outnumbered by Federal welfare recipients whose swagger owned the streets. In fact it is generally assumed that the Insurrection was provoked by the neighborhood committees to force martial law.

**July 20, 1985, New York Military Zone.** Since the beginning of the heat wave, the martial law that has ruled the city for five years has begun to crumble. Both sides now view the Federal troops as hostile, ever since they seized the armored cars purchased by the Flatbush neighborhood committee. Today a temperature inversion has trapped a gagging blanket of coal smoke fumes over New York and fried it to a greenhouse turn with ninety-five degree heat. The Red Air Alert has forced the Corps of Army Engineers to shut down their "temporary" emergency generators, shutting down all electric power except for local generators at key installations.

The army division that has occupied the city since the Insurrection of 1980 is stretched as thin as the solvency of the United States. Dozens of major skirmishes have broken out between the neighborhoods and the roving hordes and the troops sent in to break up most of the neighborhood wars have ended up being pinned down themselves. The crunch has come. The Federal troops must either be reinforced or withdrawn by nightfall, when, in the steaming dark, the urban jungle will erupt in tooth and claw.

The Commanding General of the New York Military Zone sits in his headquarters atop the east tower of the decaying World Trade Center, waiting for either reinforcements or an evacuation order to come from Washington. From where he sits, he can see the ruins of both the Verrazano and

Washington bridges, tactically demolished during the siege that ended the Insurrection, and, like everything else, never rebuilt.

At 2:27 p.m. the word comes from Washington, directly from the President. The troops are to be evacuated at once. New York is to be abandoned to its fate. The staggering Federal budget can no longer support the necessary troop commitment or the pretense of attempting to maintain vital services out of the national purse. As of midnight, all United States citizens will remain in or visit the former New York Military Zone at their own risk.

At 4:05 p.m. evacuation helicopters backed up by gunships and an airborne division begin to arrive over the Zone. Troops not pinned down are pulled out immediately. The gunships and airborne troops spend three hours extricating isolated units from the scattered battlefields. The last flight of helicopters out disappears into a blood-red sun sinking over the Palisades, leaving the abandoned city to its long night.

**October 1, 1985, New York Disaster Zone.** Fighting inside the New York Disaster Zone has died off to isolated small arms fire and occasional rumbles between the roving gangs that now wander lonely and ant-like through the endless crumbling ruins. In the past ten days, the stream of refugees pouring into the huge relocation camps in Queens and Long Island has dwindled away to a trickle. Two weeks ago, the Riverdale neighborhood committee, the last organized holdout, evacuated its people to Queens. Now the ruins of New York belong to only the most fierce and desperate of the looters and scavengers. Since the reported cases of Plague, the Army has placed the Zone under total quarantine. An estimated two hundred thousand people remain within the moldering corpse of the city.

**January 13, 1986, New York Disaster Zone.** A heavy snow mixed with freezing rain began to fall in the early morning hours, extinguishing the last flames and embers of the Great New York Fire which had engulfed the Disaster Zone for two weeks. By noon, the storm had changed to pure fluffy snow, and by sunset a clean white sheet of snow covered the endless vista of shattered buildings, rubble, and ash. Army helicopters scouting the city found no signs of human life. New York is dead at last. The long agony is over.

In Washington, the Congress is debating a bill that would turn the Zone into a National Monument. Proponents of the bill hope that future tourism may recoup some of the billions of dollars the fall of New York has cost the United States and help to save the crumbling national economy.



# ИЗВЕСТИЯ

WAR

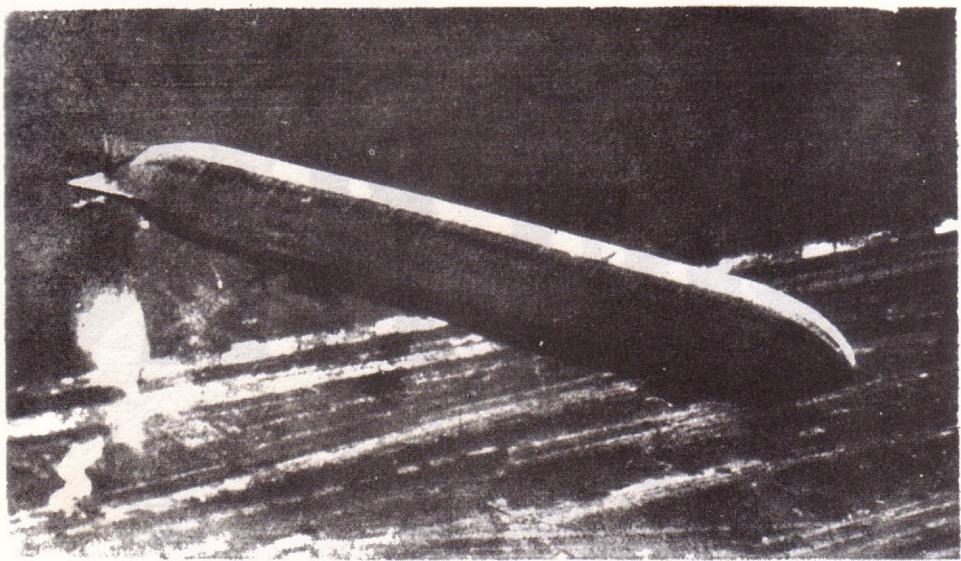
INTERNATIONAL EDITION



## LIBERATED CATHOLIC BEAUTIES POSE FOR COSSACK CAMERAS

*Cossacks belonging to the Orthodox forces take time off from their duties with these lovely Catholic ladies. The War in Poland is a hard and bleak business and Cossack lads face death every day in their struggle to free the country from Papist oppression so it's nice to know that the grateful Polish girls are only too happy to help them relax.*





# **JEWISH WOLVES OF THE AIR!!**

*This Palestinian cruiser is caught in a rare shot over Muslim munitions factories outside Baghdad. And here is one Catholic aviator who will kill no more Orthodox children!*

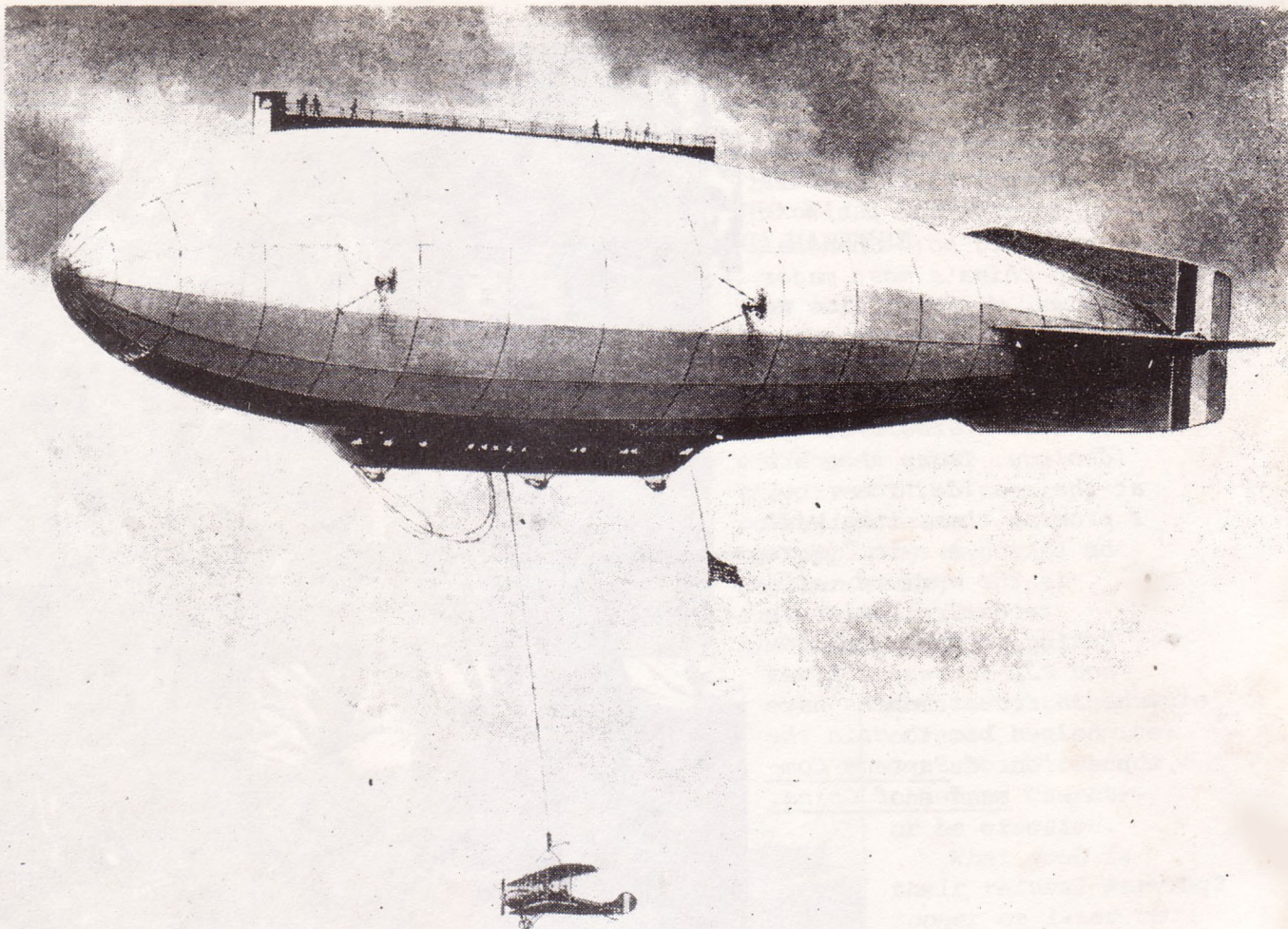


# **JEWISH SHEEP ON THE GROUND!**

*The recent pogroms in Cork have, in the words of one so-called Warrior Priest of St Patrick 'sent every Jew in this part of Ireland underground -- permanently!' Northern Papists fear reprisals.*







#### HINDU INGENUITY IN THE AIR

This Hindu 'Krishna' class aerial cruiser is using a novel method for counter-acting 'approach drag' problems besetting this type of vessel. An old-fashioned biplane attaches herself to an 'umbilical' for RG manipulation and then -- as soon as the op. is over -- WHOOSH! she's off again about her deadly business. No wonder Sikh and Muslim forces have learned to shudder at the familiar sound of these Old Screamers. With tactics like this being used against him the Boy King of Afghanistan and his rabble of renegade Turks and Cossacks is not going to be representing Allah on Earth for very much longer!

Orthodox and Hindu soldiers will soon be shaking hands over the ruins of Kabul!



## THE BUDDHIST WARLORD IN PEKING

Confucian troops are in confusion (if readers will forgive the pun) and now only hold Shanghai among China's most major cities. Warlord Chiaw Ho Ti was recently quoted as saying "Confucians must surely now realise the weakness of their futile ideology. Today they are at the seaside. Tomorrow, I promise them, they will be taking a swim." Here is the warlord at a recent reception in Peking to meet Orthodox and PJA representatives who in recent months have helped him to gain the position of Supreme Commander of China.



## OFFICERS OF THE PJA AT PLAY

Perhaps you have been wondering how the comrades of the Protestant-Jewish alliance amuse themselves when not fighting. Well, this is one of their divertissements—"knocking an apple" off the head of a captured Catholic soldier who refused to recant. The trick is for the soldier to balance smaller and smaller objects on his head until either he denounces his Papist masters or receives a "knighthood" when the bayonet drops lower and lower. Not a pleasant way of saving souls, maybe, but pretty effective. Our allies in the PJA could teach us a thing or two about how to deal with our own misguided bandits and Pope-worshippers. This Irish POW won't forget his lesson in a hurry.

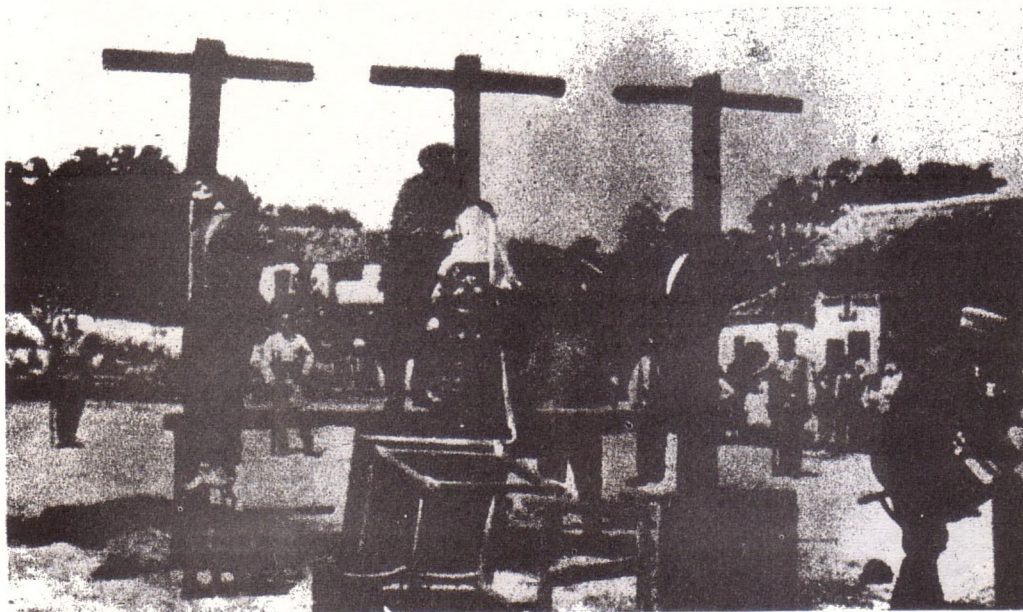






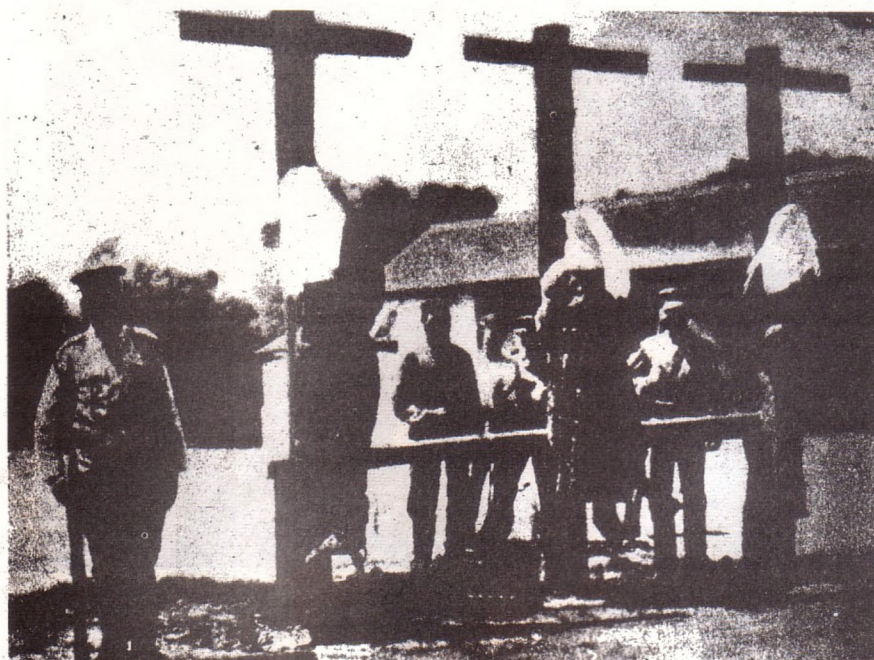
**CATHOLIC  
TERRORISTS  
WHO WILL NEVER  
BE MARTYRS**

*They had their chance but they wouldn't take it! These Catholic terrorists were willing to risk the lives of co-religionists by supplying their Serbian bandit friends with food and other supplies....*



*When caught they were offered the choice: Own up and embrace the True Church—or be executed.*

*What good is their refusal serving? Sooner or later the Papist bandits will be flushed from cover and the power of Rome will be nothing but a memory. In the meantime perhaps these misguided peasants think they are "dying for the Cause" and that they'll receive their reward in Heaven...*



*...or become (as the bandits have promised) future saints. Poor chance of sainthood for these and others like them. It is they and their friends who will burn in Hell—for bringing unthinking destruction to their own people!*



## WILL IRISH VOTERS BE FOOLED BY RENEGADE GREEKS POSING AS ROMANS?



Mikhail Ilyavitch Kreschenko, self-styled Hetman of the Dublin Gubernia, today declared a 'democratic' election. Since the Hetman's take-over of the city and its surrounding rural areas last September, martial law has been in force. Hetman Kreschenko says that candidates will be announced tomorrow. Voters will have a choice from two or three local representatives, all loyal to the Kreschenko regime (and, of course, ardent Catholics). The Hetman is also to announce a cabinet of chief-ministers. Meanwhile his irregular cavalry divisions have been active in scouring outlying regions of elements they term 'Jewish and Protestant Terrorists'.

The German-occupied zones of the North are believed to be mobilizing along the borders. General von Baudissin told reporters yesterday that the Jewish-Protestant alliance was ready 'to cope with any attack from any quarter'. It is thought significant that a number of Texan mercenary troops were recently seen boarding planes bound for Belfast.



# NEXT STOP DUBLIN!





## Butterworth's Treaty on Light



Being a Serious Proposition for your Columns



Human beings exist at all only that they may "shine with light".

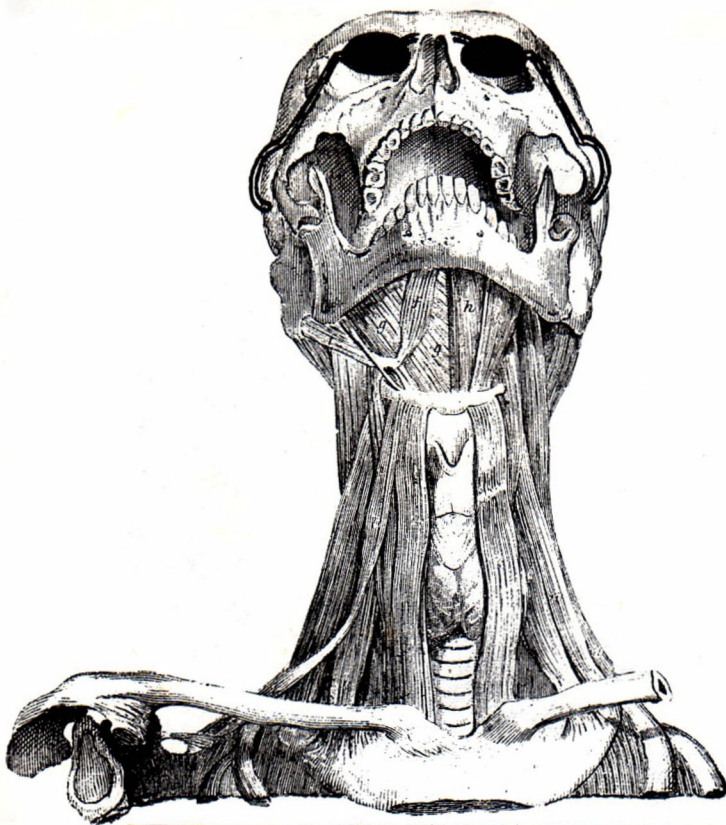
Some Shine brightly; others raise scarcely a glimmer. Many people who live in between these extremes Shine only moderately well.

Despite his frequent assertions to the contrary, Mankind is a self-centred species--and so are the individuals who compose him. These individuals may feel modest, hostile to the idea of Shining, or appear seemingly indifferent. They may feel threatened by attention. But their systems are basically happy with Light. The more of it they get, the better they react, the nicer, the more *Glowing* they feel.

The States of Shining, the Degrees of Shining, and the Ability to shine are important indicators to observe if, firstly, one is to understand the smallest aspect of Human Behaviour, and secondly, if one desires to move, with fluidity and ease through Life to the position of Purest, Most Powerful Light.

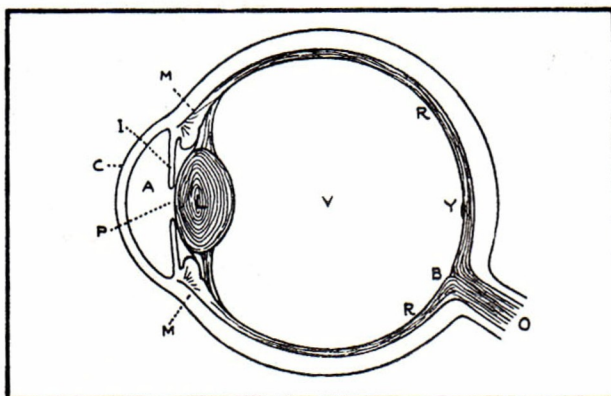
Violence at a football match provides a useful illustration. The principal characteristic of Lightness is to grow more powerful by attracting other Lightness to it. Weaker units of Light (the spectators at a football match) desire to strengthen their luminosity by assembling in a group around stronger Lights (the





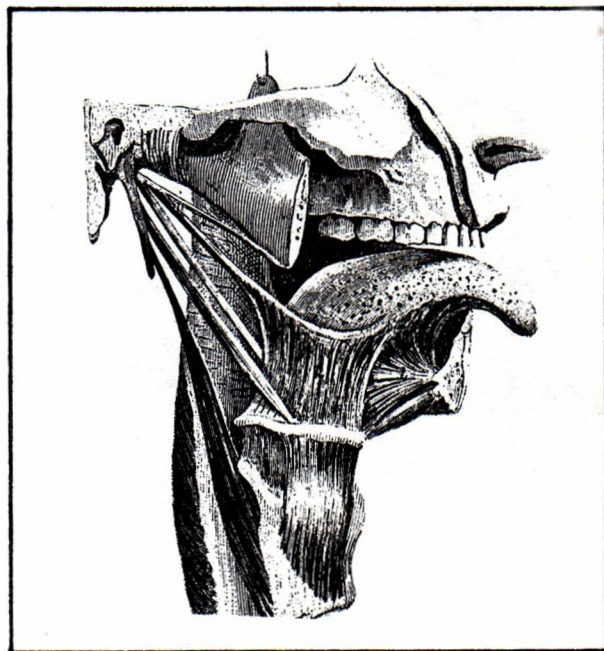
football stars). They hope to *steal* or to *imbibe* Light into themselves by identifying with the players. For brief moments they Glow brilliantly with shared Light--they Shine more Brightly than they have Shined all week at work and at home. Unused to so much Light, when they leave the Greater Lights at the end of the game they over-react. In their need to have the Light they try to steal it by force. They storm the pitch, interrupt play, and attack the players; they attack rival supporters in order to gain the Central Stage of Light. On their way home they attack and smash the houses and factories---which they perceive as having been the cause of their starvation--in a last desperate attempt to claim Light.

The question is often asked: "Why has violence of this nature escalated?" The answer must surely be because the ever-dwindling degree of Lightness which the vast majority of



people share is no longer tolerable. Lightness of Great Magnitude (Kings, Celebrities, Statesmen, Tycoons) are not so strongly protected as they used to be by the civil, social, and criminal laws. These "Laws of Light" can nowadays be violated. The breakdown of the protective class structures and other containing strictures has resulted in a kind of Glowing free-for-all. The Lesser Lights have become wise to the possibility that they too could become Great Lights -- that no absolute laws govern the selection.

In addition, the Lights of Great Magnitude themselves have been re-



sponsible for the levelling out and equalising of the available Brightness. In their Great Lightness they have sometimes felt themselves to be further Brightened by adopting Enlightened attitudes toward the masses of weaker Lights. They have presumed themselves to be the Single Great Lightness (in fact to be Gods) and have relaxed the Light laws which once contained the masses of smaller Lights. In short, in astronomical terms, they have "gone Super-Nova". They have blinded themselves with their own Light. Their Supreme Light Power is now in the process of disintegration, unable to hold itself together because of its explosive force.

Strikes, demonstrations, marches and guerilla warfare... all are symptoms of the change in the balance of Light Power which is taking place amongst Humanity.

The behaviour of uniformed





soldiers, servicemen, and the like, provides further illuminating material for analysis. Accustomed to a precise level of "Lighteousness" in their role as Guardians of the Light, *in civvy street* these soldiers find themselves, like the football supporters, "off-set", and by comparison with the civilians they radiate tremendous boosts of Light Power. They are further encumbered by additional massive doses of Light which they receive from admiring members of the Public who, in their attempts to gain Light by fraternising with the soldiers, only succeed in giving more Light than they receive. The soldiers are forced to respond in an extrovert manner in order to keep their Light Injections flowing in smoothly--and to retain mental stability. They will "take the Stage" brawling on pub corners, aiding old ladies across the road, chattering noisily along streets. (People who are conditioned to *fear* the acquisition of Extra Light, or to respect the Power of Extra Light in others, will actually find themselves forced into positions of *introversion*. They will make a point of shunning the Light, while keeping close to it or keeping it close to them, in their minds. They will wait their chance of acquiring Light in less competitive surroundings. These types of people may either by shrewder than most, or else more ineffectual.)

### Practical Applications

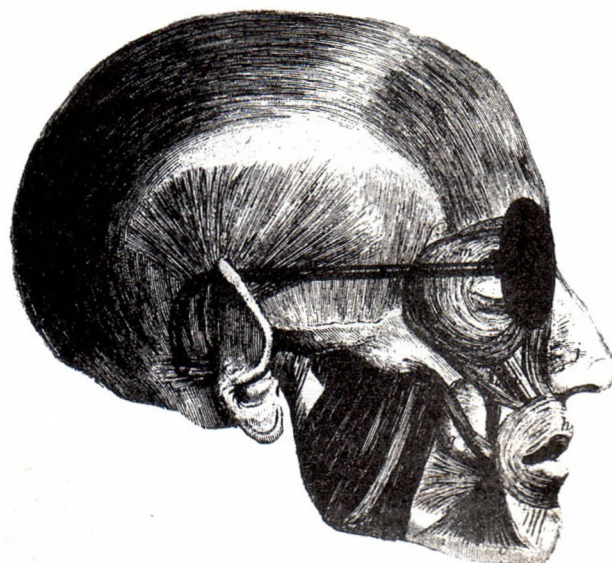
Human Beings are intelligent, thinking Units of Light -- and their social and mental behaviour can be analysed as such. It is possible to predict and to determine behaviour by manipu-

lation and so guide one's own passage through the Lesser Lights to "Stardom".

One must actively aim to steal Light from other Lights around oneself by a combination of trickery, deception, and conniving. The crude smashing-up of municipal property of the kind cited above rarely if ever achieves results in itself, and is only used as a back-up force if all else fails or if it is presumed necessary or opportune to speed up proceedings by physical means. The aim in fact should be to accomplish the theft in such a way as to cause *no overt hostility* to be directed toward the Self. There is a certain procedure to follow when doing this. Firstly one must put on a Show of Light (write a book, act in a film, speak at an important meeting, fix a computer...). The masses of low-level Light Units will converge on this Show and unwittingly give away *their* Light to the ambitious Light Gatherer.

As one rises and becomes Brighter, fewer and fewer Units of Light *greater than oneself* remain; one surmounts one's fellow-beings one by one.

The Units of Light which remain, which are more Luminous than oneself, will be the ones that are the most difficult to consume and therefore ways must be found next of *providing these units with more light than they already possess* -- in return for like favours. Alternatively, one may discover a way of *threatening these great Luminaries of Light* (at least of a portion of their Light) and so obtain their Light by blackmail or





coup.

The desire to be The Great Light is everyone's ambition. But the state of Absolute Brightness is seen to be an impracticability by most aspirants. Therefore, most Units construct *protective mechanisms* into their Light-Seeking activities. They *feign* disinterest. They *appear* modest. They sublimate their drives toward Brightness. They claim happiness with their lot--and indeed, some have truly become contented.

### The Necessary Equipment

One of Mankind's main tools in his search for Light is his *Imagination*. Imagination is the Light Drive.

*Ability* (i.e. one's mind and body), the *Ability to Create* is a further vital requisite; as is *Will-power*.

Imagination may attract Light, or disperse it. It *controls* Light, and its Brilliance or Gloom will result in either the saving or the downfall of not only individuals but of the entire Human Race.

Imagination harnessed to the will-power is Humanity's drive on his upward evolutionary path.

### The Nature of God

Humanity Glows as He moves through Time and Space, Lighting His path as He goes. This elusive but all-powerful Light (the collective Light of Mankind at any given moment) is sometimes perceived by certain observers to be *detached* from the mass of Light Units, and is held to be "God." Such observers, rightly, suppose that the Light is a Great Creator, but they are wrong to assume that because of its Incandescent properties it is able to exist independently of the Light Units. *It did not create the Units* (unless we suppose that the Light originally belonged to a benevolent race of super-beings who bequeathed Light in the form of a gift to Units of their own kind whom they later abandoned

and who became Humanity). Light is a *psychological phenomenon*—it can only manifest itself outwardly as *behaviour*.

The mistake of most modern theologians is to assume that Light is more, that it is an *abstract phenomenon*. They should cease praying to a thing which does not exist (though it must be admitted here that prayers — the combined acts of praying — are successful in their *effects* in that they help to equalise the available Light amongst the Light Units who all believe in the Divine Light they call "God").

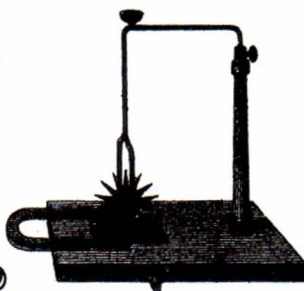
These theologians should, instead, *consciously recognise* the real nature of the Light, understand what Glory it does hold for the individual Light Units and, *consciously*, try to equalise the Light ... recognise that *the mass of Lights are God*.

Priests ought to re-find their role in latter-day society which in constructed of Light Units which *have lost the strictures imposed on them by orthodox religion*. Like the strikers and the marchers they have broken free and refuse to be deluded further.

These Priests will discover that their new role in Society will be, simply, to keep the "Divine Light" stable—to keep Humanity stable on its Great Search Through Time And Space for *Greater Light*.

The Divine Light (Humanity), as it evolves, ultimately becomes The One Guiding Supreme Light —The Universe, sentient and everlasting.

One procedure for maintaining the stability of The Divine Light might be for formation of a new World Church, the function of which would be to encourage *mutually beneficial exchanges of Light* amongst Light Units, rather than encouraging segregation, as in the past, and competition, as outlined above...the purpose being to equalise the Divine Light and yet to increase its overall splendour.





# Government study confirms science fiction is a cause of cancer

Washington: Users of science fiction are 150 times more likely than non-users to develop cancer in the cortex of the brain, according to a report released here today by the Surgeon General.

Among heavy users (more than five books per week, or three motion pictures per month, over a period of five or more years) the risk is even greater, the report says.

Titled "Statistical Evidence Establishing Science Fiction as a Factor in the Etiology of Tumors of the Cerebral Cortex," the report summarizes data gathered in a one-year study instigated by President Brown soon after his inauguration.

At a press conference today, Dr. Norman Benway, chairman of the study group that prepared the report, said that "Any person who has been frequently exposed to science fiction should immediately undergo a physical examination and take steps to minimize future exposure." He added: "We have recommended immediate legislation to compel manufacturers to print a health warning on all science fiction products and advertising."

Release of the controversial report comes only three days after news of the deaths of sci-fi luminaries Lester del Rey and Poul Anderson, the latest victims in a growing list that includes Robert A. Heinlein, Jerry Pournelle, Gordon R. Dickson, and Lin Carter, all claimed by cerebral tumors during the last two years, despite surgical intervention (in the case of Mr. Heinlein, an unsuccessful arterial bypass operation was performed in 1978).

Mr. del Rey collapsed Monday, at a party celebrating his publishing company's 1,000th "Star Trek" tie-in. He was pronounced dead on arrival at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. At the subsequent inquest he was said to have had five brain tumors "which must have severely impaired his higher brain functions for



*Sci-fi author Poul Anderson: the most recent tumor victim*

many years prior to his death," according to the Coroner's Report.

Pointing out that persons such as Mr. del Rey and Mr. Anderson are constantly exposed to exceptional levels of science fiction, Dr. Benway mentioned the urgent need to establish tighter Federal safety standards in the science fiction manufacturing industry. But there is no consensus yet, he said, between HEW officials and citizens' groups as to what constitutes a "safe" exposure level.

"As far as we're concerned there is no safe level," opined Ms. Eleanor Richards, founder of Citizens for Nonhazardous American Literature, when reached for comment today. "We have been warning people about dangerous new additives in their literary diet for the last twenty years, you know," claimed Ms. Richards. "Back when *Lord of the Rings* came out we said this stuff could damage the brain. Now, the government has finally taken notice, after horrendous damage to the minds of innocent Americans who were never officially notified that fantasy and science fiction in the biosphere was hazardous to their health. We demand





Laboratory evidence confirms the high risk of developing cerebral tumors after exposure to high levels of science fiction. Normal, healthy brain (left) was taken from the cadaver of an illiterate Alaskan Eskimo, never exposed to science fiction. Afflicted brain (right) displays four tumors and was taken from the cadaver of a 36-year-old Los Angeles science fiction reader who had been an avid fan of the genre since the age of 9.

tough legislation to stamp out this malignant genre completely, and safeguard the minds of our children."

Ms. Richards blamed the publishing industry as much as the government. "Publishers deliberately package science fiction to appeal to the youth market -- naive kids who have a lower natural resistance than adults. Our evidence shows that publishers have known about the cancer risk for years but deliberately ignored it, and even *increased* the amounts of carcinogenic ingredients to satisfy fans whose tastes had grown less sensitive and therefore required greater stimulation. I'm talking about dangerous additives such as crypto-fascism in heroic fantasy, and father-figures and simplistic answers used in the manufacture of so-called 'problem-solving' science fiction."

Meanwhile an official statement today from the Science Fiction Writers of America angrily denied the existence of any health risk. "There is still not any proper evidence," claimed Christopher Priest, treasurer of the association. "People have always sneered at us SF readers and said it was bad for them. That is

just malevolent gossip. I've read five science fiction novels a week since I was as young as twelve years old and I'm in totally good health. Our literary genre isn't any more harmful than mysteries, gothics, or historical romances are. In fact science fiction can be very good for you, on people using it regularly."

At his news conference, Dr. Benway emphatically rejected this view. "We have ample proof that prolonged exposure to products like, for instance, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, the *Conan* series, even *Howard the Duck* comics, leads to disorientation, withdrawal, and confusion characteristic of inoperable tumors in the cortex -- the area of the brain that makes decisions and allows us to discriminate clearly. If science fiction readers are unable to moderate their consumption, they should at least switch to a milder brand-- from *Analog* to *F & SF*, for instance."

Efforts were made by this reporter to contact publishing industry executives for their comments, but at presstime they remained out at lunch or in sales conferences, and our calls were not returned.



# At the Time Centre

MUSIC

Allegro

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "At the Time Centre". The tempo is marked "Allegro". The score is written for piano on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 7/8 time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is divided into six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system includes a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The third system features a "cresc" (crescendo) marking. The fourth system starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth system concludes with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The handwriting is in black ink on aged paper.

Handwritten musical score for "At the Time Centre". The score is written for piano on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 7/8 time signature. The tempo is marked "Allegro". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is divided into six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system includes a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The third system features a "cresc" (crescendo) marking. The fourth system starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The fifth system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The sixth system concludes with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The handwriting is in black ink on aged paper.



DEAREST LITTLE MADGE,—

You may very well up-braid me for keeping you so long without a letter, but all my time, dear, during the past fortnight, has been taken up in flitting about from one girl's wedding to another's—in all, I went to five!—until at last I became such an enthusiast on the subject that I really didn't dare trust myself to walk down Regent Street Quadrant alone; the mere sight of the trousers in the tailors' shop-windows filled me with such indescribable longings to flirt! And yet Lady Cook says that "The affections are freer and fuller and altogether more natural among the lower and middle classes than in the best society." Clearly she does not know *our* "push," as the belles of New York say.

Why, only yesterday I was looking over some of the entries in the dainty little green morocco diary that the dear Duke left behind him at my cottage ornée at Datchet last summer, and I think these two neat, but simple, extracts alone will suffice to refute Lady Cook's absurd statement:—

TUESDAY, JULY 21.—Awoke feeling devilish seedy. Cleaned my teeth and took an anti-pyrin powder. Better. Ordered the Ralli cart and drove down to dear little Mrs Leslie-Biffins's, at Richmond. Her matrimonial incubus not being expected till evening, took her for a long drive round Surbiton, Ditton and Esher. Had tea in an arbour at the "Rollicking Bookmaker," most select rural tavern, with tea gardens, near Sandown Park. As sweet little woman was just finishing her second cup, a beastly daddy-longlegs (*Paterfamilias longicrus*) emerged gracefully from teapot, and "winked his other eye," as it were. Delightful little woman fearfully shocked. Fainted. Nothing for it but to cut her staylace, and—er—other strings. As she came to, begged me to summon waiter for the sake of propriety. Got her back to her place in time for dinner, buying her, at a little bookseller's shop on the way through Kingston, two pretty texts, framed and glazed, for the wall of her beast of a husband's dressing-room: "Perfect love casteth out fear."—*John* iv. 18, and "I escaped with the skin of my teeth."—*Job* xix. 20. So, thank goodness, *that* was all toodley-oodley.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.—Called on the dear little soul again this morning, but a bit too early. Thought Biffins would have

been in town, but he hadn't started. As he saw me drive up to the house, had to say I'd called to inspect the gas-meter! Wondered whether gas-meter inspectors *usually* called round in yellow Ralli carts with page-boys behind. Thought it improbable. The Biffins cad said the meter was "all wrong to blazes." He turned the gas off, and insisted on my disconnecting meter and taking it away with me. Devilish risky thing to do, but had to do it. The Biffins boulder said he'd a great mind to accompany me back to Gas Company's office to give the "infernal thieves" a bit of his mind. I forced a smile—don't remember how—said I should have been delighted, but had to go and disconnect *another* meter at—couldn't remember where, but my "mate" (the page-boy) knew. Don't recollect what he said to *that*, but felt glad to get away. Subsequently met dear little woman at trysting-place on towing-path. Said she feared her hubby "sniffed a rodent," so bought a present for her to give to him—a pink necktie with orange cherries growing on mauve stems and blue leaves. Feel, somehow, that he and I are quits.

But this is not telling you my news. I think that the very first intimation I had of Florrie's approaching nuptials was by way of a cheery paragraph in *Society Small Talk*. It ran:

DAME RUMOUR hath it that Mr "Willie" Mack-Giffin Mooner and Miss "Florrie" Effingham, both well known on the Turf and in smart society, will shortly join hands and occupy the same flat. It has been noticed that "Willie" has been decidedly attentive of late, and we trust he intends to "part" his £2:2:6 to the Vicar-General in Doctor's Commons in the usual way, and that the charming bride will not allow herself to be linked to the man of her choice according to the customs of his family, by which she may find herself, all too late, stranded on the shoals of a too-exclusive civilisation. The breakfast will be at the Monte Carlo Hotel, and covers will be laid for two.

It turned out that the insinuation contained in the *Small Talk* paragraph was only too well founded; when the crucial time arrived, it was found that the bridegroom was "shy" (as they say in poker), by nearly fourteen shillings, so the whole thing had to be put off, for, though Florrie was fearfully disappointed, we all urged her to be firm, and insist upon a



ceremony. She stood there, poor girl! biting her lips and with great salt tears filling her eyes, whilst "Willie" went through his jeans, but all that she said was: "Well, well, this is a bit o' box-fruit if you like."

Now Veneta Withers' wedding, which was on the following day to Florrie's, was a very much nicer affair altogether, although the bridegroom's "best man" was a hopeless duffer who, in his fearful anxiety to coruscate, was constantly doing or saying something foolish. I am unreservedly of opinion that no bachelor should ever be entrusted to perform the duties of "best man"—a married man is so much more likely to act sensibly and considerately. Just fancy, you know, at St Pancras Station, where, in his inexperience, this noodle had got the railway people to spread red carpet down the platform, and had positively had a saloon carriage reserved and labelled—I should have told you before, that they were going to spend the honeymoon in Scotland—he came bursting through the crowd, with a huge bundle of newspapers and magazines in his two arms, and blurted out to the happy pair, already in possession of the carriage—

"Here you are! It's a precious long journey, and you're sure to want—*plenty to read!*"

Never, never shall I forget how everybody giggled: even the Scotch guard bit half-way through the stick of his green flag in his attempts to preserve a respectful demeanour.

Weddings and rumours of weddings fill the air. (This sounds like a honeymoon on the Big Wheel; but of course I don't mean anything of the kind.) I must admit, dear Madge, that I am always delighted to hear of a wedding, for it means, if nothing else, that at least *one* of my unfortunate sex has got on new clothes all through, perhaps for the only time in her life. And here let me utter a mild protest at the intrepidity of some trousseau reporters in a certain ladies' newspapers. The other week one of them (who I know is masculine, and I hope is married), after describing acres of the "charming bride's" silks, satins, poplins, and grenadines, fairly took a header into her *lingerie*. "The combinations," he wrote, "have finely pleated frills edged with lace. The frills are open on the outer side, this arrangement taking away the pressure of the seam and preventing the tearing that so often results in the

old style." Then he passes on to silk-lined night-dresses with blouse bodices, and many other things, till one cannot help feeling how proud and happy the bridegroom must be to feel that the public knows, as it were, every tuck in his wife's *jupon*, and just to a crease how neatly her nighties fit her!

Speaking of weddings, Edie Abbot, whom I daresay you will remember—tall, brunette girl, who was chucked out of the Stephanotis one night, on the ground that she wasn't a fit associate for the company, and whose subsequent action at law was met by the club committee's explanation that they meant it for a compliment—goes into double harness on Wednesday, the 18th. Save that at Edie's age a girl could hardly make a mistake if she tried, I should not call it a wonderful match, there being a deal of mystery about the bridegroom-elect, who is described as the President of a Home for Disabled Thought Readers. Edie, I suppose, would call herself an authoress. Like a wild duck that steals off and lays an egg in the oil-box of a once threshing machine, Edie conceives little "gems of poetic thought," as she calls them, and goes and leaves them on the tables of obscure editors, with stamps for their return. The editors, being mostly poor, confiscate the stamps, and then are obliged to print the verses. Here is one of her "gems of poetic thought":—

"Oh, woman is an open book,  
And should be read, 'tis stated.  
She also should be 'bound' and 'pressed,'  
And properly punctuated."

This seems to show that one sure road to literary fame is to keep some needy editor in beer. I am sending you quite a collection of her "gems of thought," in a large sack; also an erotic play of hers, in imitation of the style of that ancient poet, the Markee de Bovrille. You may like it; but I think that as an erotic playwright Edie couldn't draw a corporal's guard from a canteen counter. Also I am sending you the programme and list of stall-holders at the Bazaar we gave in aid of the funds of the Housemaids' Knee Hospital; it was *such* a delightful function! Pretty Mrs Meltyng-M'Glew came as the picture of the lady on the posters, and was a huge success. Pretty women can make almost any costume popular. It is perfectly marvellous to



notice how little, if any, clothing an attractive woman may wear to become the cynosure of all eyes, and this she certainly was, although Charlie, in his brutal way, said she could have "done with a little more *chiffon* round the cuttle-bone." At my stall we took—just think, dear—twenty-one pounds. It would have been twenty-three, but two of the coins the honorary secretary said were "Jacks," which some doubtless vulgar person had rung in on us. Such meanness, when the cry was for charity, was despicable, though it did not warrant Ethel Fraser in alluding to the unknown cad as a "sanguinary glyptodon."

Adversity should make us tolerant, not profane. But you will be dying to hear about the stalls. One article, which I sold to a well-known racing duke, was a pretty and novel *portière*, made out of old oil-cake sacks, edged with torchon lace. This (and a kiss) fetched four guineas; meantime Ethel had "locked horns," as they say in the deerstalking hielands, with a wealthy sporting baronet, and stuck him with a sawn-down petroleum barrel, stained and mounted on legs to form a smoking chair. The impulsive girl remembered when the thing had been sent home that she had omitted to remove the four small wrought nails from the tub, but she declined to wire to him about it. He would probably never sit in it, she argued, and even should he do so suddenly, his language would be no surprise to his lady mother and sisters who live with him.

On each evening, in aid of the same good cause, a theatrical performance was given in our pretty new hall at Cricklewood by a Mrs Rokeby-Bangers, a society amateur who aims to elevate the stage, but appears to me to find the plums too high for her pole. She is fearfully subject, I am told, to nervous hysteria, and when this attacks her she has recourse to stimulants to brace herself; still the "criticism," penned by the reporter of the *Hendon Headlight and Welsh Harp Courant*, the only representative of the Press who was present, was undeservedly scathing. "What a *Rosalind*, what a *Lady Teazle*, what a *Paula Tanqueray* is here, if she would only let the 'sherbet' alone!" he wrote. I have since heard that personal and petty spite was at the bottom of this disgraceful attack, the editor of the Hendon paper having called and sent up his card about tea-time on the previous

Sunday afternoon, just as if there was a press Free-List for everything!

Certainly Mrs Rokeby-Bangers' *Portia* was, as Charlie expresses it, "a bit of Nelson's old flagship"—pretty rotten—and its reception by a coarse galleryite led to an unfortunate *contredans*. I must tell you that Mrs Bangers came on, dressed as a Venetian doctor of laws, and scarcely had she spoken the impressive sentence:—

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven" . . .

—when a loud and offensive noise, like the rending of glazed calico, made by obtruding the wet tongue between the closed lips, and, by low cabmen and persons of that class, called a "raspberry," came from the gallery. So loud and resonant was it that it was quite impossible for Mrs Rokeby-Bangers to pass it over unnoticed; but, still, it was certainly very bad policy on her part to pause in the delivery of *Portia's* speech, and, addressing herself to the horrid brute who was still making the noise, reply in tones of cynical banter:—

"All right, don't tear it; I'll take the piece!"

I went to Newmarket last week, despite the inclemency of the weather. I have always persisted in saying that a macintosh on Newmarket Heath in October is like a dose of croton-oil. You may not want it often, but when you *do* want it, you want it badly. I'm sure when I got back to St Pancras after seeing the Cesarewitch the only dry spot about me was the roof of my larynx. You must know that I went down with a new admirer, a literary one this time, dear. He is the sporting editor of a new trade organ called *Wool*, and is a nice enough boy when he keeps himself in hand. This was not the case to-day, I am sorry to say—sorry because a girl needs a better chaperon coming home from a race-meeting than a man who, after reserving a compartment in the train, brings in a nigger minstrel and a man who juggles with guinea-pigs, and entertains them with lobsters. I should have given him the cold and final shake after he'd paid my cabman, but that he has been very good up to this, and really these trade papers seem to bring in a deal of money.

What new songs and music can I recommend you to get? My dear child, how very fortunate I must say it is, that you should ask me that



question on the very day on which a perfect cartload of new pieces has reached me from Messrs Hoopiron & Screw. Although it may be some time before Belgravian mammas meet with a ballad so suitable to their daughters as the late Mdle. Bellvodini's, "It's ten to one on the striker, the striker!" most of the following should be warmly welcomed by our singing sisters :

*The Little Pigeon* (Fairlamb), is a bold, fearless narrative in song of the glories achieved by a squad of Her Majesty's favourite regiment of Lumberers. It goes :—

"We found a mug from the country  
We took him in to the Pav.,  
He stood at the bar with a big cigar,  
We asked him what he would have ;  
We collared his cash, his pin, and his watch,  
He seemed a regular beery 'un ;  
And then we went, and the money we spent  
In boozing at the Criterion."

*Lov'd Voices* is capable of touching the most hardened heart :

"'Tis sweet to hear the blithe cashier  
Who tells you that you've over-drawn,  
'Tis sweeter far to hear the jar  
Of soda-water cork at morn ;  
But, oh ! more sweet it is to meet  
The girl with whom last night you dined,  
And hear her tell how she was—well—  
Run in at Marlbro' Street, and fined."

*Parted* will readily commend itself to every one who ever owed money to a bookmaker and intended to continue doing so :

"To make some cash I reckoned,  
On backing horses,  
Of course I backed the second,  
Oh crumbs ! My losses !  
I did not feel downhearted,  
But fancy free ;  
Perhaps you think I parted ?  
Not me."

*Love is Blind* is just the sort of piece to suit the young songstress who is considered to be a sort of Arthur Roberts in petticoats, and could do a bit of "mugging" :

"We met by chance—'twas on a coach at Sandown  
He stood below, whilst I was on the box  
He spoke of lunch, and offered me his hand down  
Then turned his head, lest I should show my socks.  
Alas !—one slip ! My skirts flew like a feather ;  
Caught on some hook or iron that did project,  
And down I came—well, in 'the altogether'—  
Or words, some words to that effect."

By the way, that fellow De Daubigny, or whatever his name was, who used to give such jolly suppers in Sackville Street, was married yesterday at St George's to one of the homeliest girls I have ever seen. Money, of course, for it's notorious that he couldn't get a kite to rise in Cork Street, even though he took the tail off and got every pal he knew to come and shoo for it. Poor Belle ! She *would* go and see the ceremony, much as I begged her not to. The brute caught sight of us (for I should have added that I went with her) as he passed up the aisle, but I smiled as though the impending tragedy was a matter of not the least importance. Belle tried hard to, too, but the hot tears of disappointed love stood in her eyes, and she bit into the covers of the hymnal the pew-opener had given her till three of those wonderful anti-corrosive teeth burst from their gold settings ! Poor Belle ! one may well wonder whether she ever will go off. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, they say, and she, after leading every suit in the pack, as it were, in order to keep up with the procession, has failed to land her fish ! Is not this a trifle tough ? Still, "'tis not in mortals to command success," as the defeated co-respondent remarked as he clasped the fair respondent in his arms in the dark corridor in which the two D. Courts are situated ; "but we'll do more, Sempronia, we'll——"

But that is another story, as Mr Kipling says.  
Sincerely yours, sweet coz. MAUDE.

A day or two ago we came across another "strongest man on earth." Not a professional one, happily ; but, for fear he should enter the profession, we want to warn the public against him. "Bet you a dollar I can lift the heaviest thing in London !" said he. "Bet you a dollar you can't !" said we. So the stakes were handed over to a gentleman who is a big authority on weights and measures, and we waited the result with a joyous extra-dollar-in-your-pocket sort of feeling. And what did the strong man do ? He took out of his pocket



the current issue of a journal called *Punch*, laid it on the floor, and gently raised it heavenwards. And the referee ruled that he had won his bet ! Very tragic, wasn't it ?



PETER KNIFTON, the Nottingham Pierrot, is caught by our photographer relaxing in a local park. Peter, an artist, contributes to NEW WORLDS and is a member of YOUNG ARTISTS. He recently produced a musical version of Dowson's PIERROT OF THE MINUTE and hopes to set a fashion in Sandiacre, his home town.



Critic, editor, and novelist (NW, F&SF, FOUNDATION, THE DISINHERITING PARTY), John Clute is always happy to receive visitors. He's currently at work on a new novel, THE WIDOW GLOSS, and a book of criticism for Allison and Busby to be called provisionally, MICHAEL MOORCOCK: WHAT HE MEANT. John, a Canadian, tells us he feels much more at home in London, where he is now domiciled.





# SWAN SONGS

Transcripts of this week's suicide notes:

"Well, I got everything I wanted and all I can say is, so what? I got rich. So what? I sold my books to the movies. So what? I became a household name, I appeared on TV, and I degraded my writing style till it was incomprehensible, and insulted public taste with bad grammar, silly plots, and stereotype characters, and I still made a bundle. So what?"

—Len Deighton

"I have travelled, lectured, and published books all over the world, campaigning tirelessly against population growth, sonsumerism, and industrial pollution. I have failed to make measurable impact in any of these areas. Civilized amenities of life have instead grown steadily more degraded and scarce, and unchecked self-interest has depleted the ecosystem and jeopardized our survival. My conclusion is that humanity is a cancer, and consciousness a curse that can only bring about destruction of itself and its environment. Under the circumstances, the only moral act is auto-genocide. I have just swallowed a lethal dose of barbiturates. I hope others will copy my example."

—Dr. Paul Ehrlich

"My stories and my movies have always traded on a 'humorous' image of middle-class spineless wimpish pathos. I have never understood why people find this so funny; to my mind it has been a sad, feeble joke that has grown even thinner by repetition. Worst of all, it's true; I *am* middle-class, spineless, etc. This is tragedy, not comedy. I have lived with it and traded on it for as long as I can bear."

—Woody Allen

"It's all gone putrid and fucked-up. I turn on the radio and there's muzak and disco music, and the mellow sound of James Taylor and Carly Simon. We didn't go through the sixties for a future of this shit. It's corrupt and sick and fucking disgusting, and I've had enough of it."

—John Lennon

"Once before, I attempted suicide. I failed, and after I came out of the mental hospital I wrote songs from my experience and built a whole new life bringing happiness to music lovers all over the world. So out of death came life, and that's beautiful. But now my star, once high, is again on the horizon; my role is truly over; I have done all I can. To my many loyal friends and fans I must bid sad farewell ..., may we meet on the other side."

—James Taylor

(Mr. Taylor is recovering in hospital from an overdose of tranquilizers. He has regained consciousness and has an excellent chance of full recovery.)

"Dear God, I have done wrong. Users of harmless marijuana are rotting in hell-hole jails for years, without chance of parole, under my New York drug laws. Inmates at Attica Prison are dead because, while governor, I refused to intervene. Elderly folk are unable to pay rising rents, and are faced with eviction, because I abolished New York City rent control. I diverted millions of tax dollars to construction projects that served only to feed my vanity and the special interests of my wealthy friends. I influenced one of the world's largest banks to invest in armaments, support corrupt dictatorships abroad, and bleed the city at home.

For three years, now, I have been suffering grievously from the cancer that has spread to every organ in my body. Surely, Lord, this is sufficient punishment for my sins? I trust, God, that when I direct my doctor to turn off my life-support systems, and I pass into your hands, it will not be necessary for me to suffer further. As you see, I have admitted my failings and I repent and apologize with sincere regret for any wrongdoing I might seem to have committed, in your eyes, during a hard-working life of dedicated public service."

—Nelson Rockefeller



# ROME VINDICATED

## *Pope Speaks*

*Caxton Hall, Sunday:* Professor Joachim Gottram of London University's Faculty of Ontology revealed today a dramatic conversion to the Catholic faith that is expected to generate major repercussions in the Church here and abroad.

Speaking without notes, to a capacity audience, Professor Gottram frankly admitted a lifetime of atheism and scientific materialism. His nearest approach to religious feeling had been a lukewarm adherence to the creed of optimistic humanism. Only after a close study of the Catholic doctrines he had always ridiculed had he come to see that "Mother Church is, after all, the sole repository of true wisdom, and alone understands the nature of God and the world. The universe does indeed contain spiritual values, and the catechism reflects them."

These values he identified as arbitrariness, unfairness, random cruelty and "looniness generally".

All other religions, Gottram said, display a naive belief in the ultimate goodness of God and the world. Only the Catholic Church grasped the true nature of the universe. For example, according to Catholic doctrine, a person would be consigned to everlasting hellfire if he ate a bacon sandwich on a Friday. Gottram pointed out that this kind of prohibition is ameliorated by casuistic provisos designed to absolve the sly and sanctimonious—anyone who said he forgot it was Friday, or repented and confessed, or had intended to confess but died before he was able to do so, would be spared damnation. Only the honest man who said to himself "Hang it, I'm going to eat this bacon sandwich, I don't believe in all that muck anyhow", would be destined for the lake of fire.

From this Professor Gottram concluded that the Catholic doctrine is a perfect model of reality. The revelation had come to him, "in a flash, with an overwhelming wave of divine emotion." There was now no doubt in his mind or heart that every item of the faith was literally true, and God had arranged things thus, with an "army of narks, sycophants, and hatchet men—i.e. priests, angels and devils" to enforce His will.

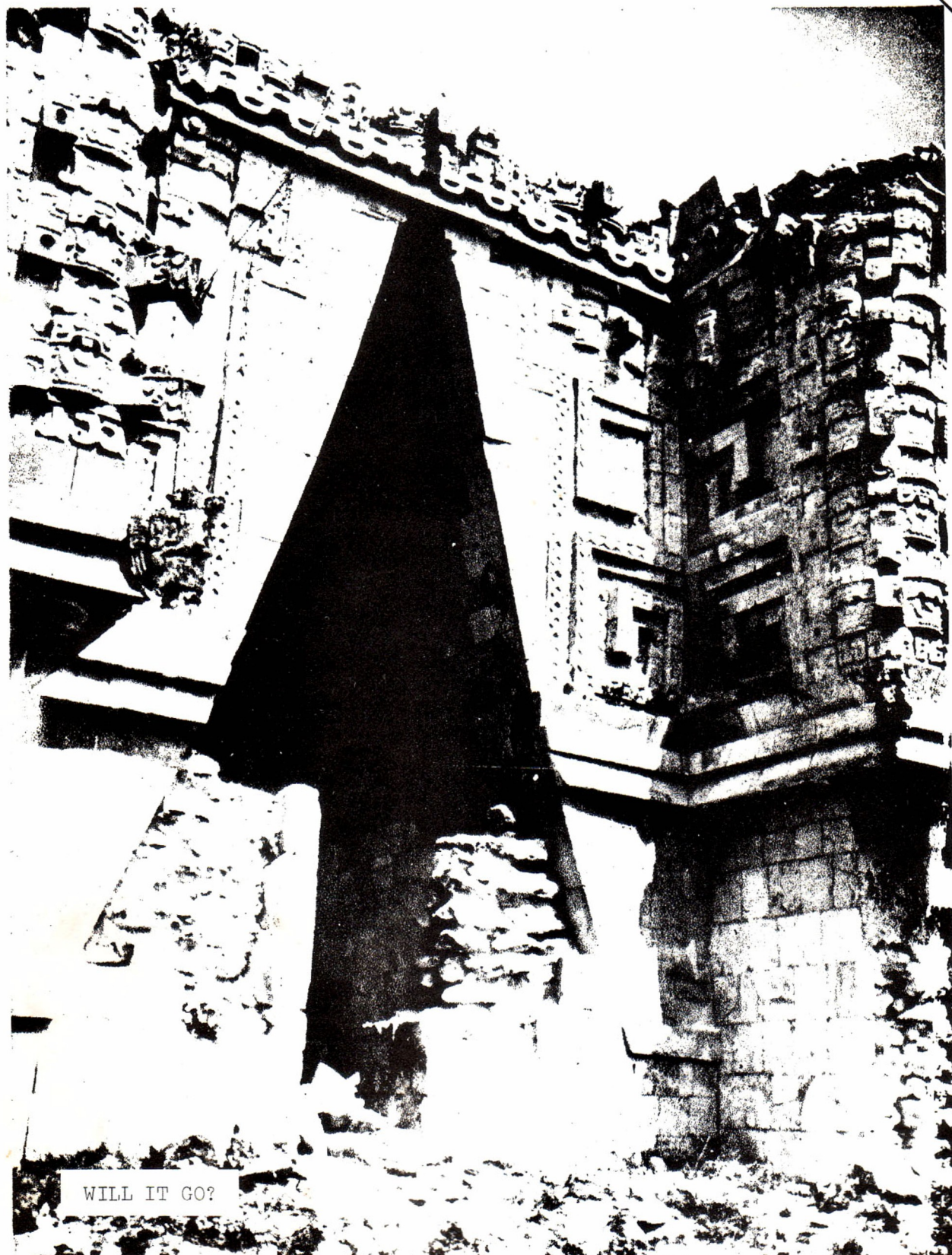
Professor Gottram ended by proclaiming how immeasurably his life had been transformed since he discovered that God exists and is a lunatic. He had found true freedom, he said: freedom from conscience, freedom from "the compulsion for things to make sense". He received a standing ovation, following which the audience spontaneously sang a hymn.

*Our religious correspondent reports:* His Holiness the Pope, on being told of Professor Gottram's address, is said to have made the cryptic comment, "Only saints and fools can penetrate the holy mysteries." There seems a real possibility of a drastic change in the Church's fortunes as a result of the Professor's declaration. There are signs of a Catholic revival, and a rallying to the Church by people not usually noted for their religious disposition, such as door-to-door salesmen and publishers. A Vatican spokesman has welcomed what he termed a return to realism. For too long, he said, the Church had felt obliged to compromise its message. He hoped that the new mood would mean the restitution of a purer doctrine. It was for God, not man, he said brusquely, to decide whether or not to consign unbaptised babes to eternal torment.



LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

# PUSHING BACKWARDS



WILL IT GO?



This will be the first book of mine that does not find its opening scene overcast by the looming hills and dirty sky that have threatened to become my signature, and doubtless the familiar reader (who recommends my books and so must be presumed to find some cause for complacency in them) will be discomforted by this change of cue, but I have only recently viewed the pale skies of N... and learnt that oppression need be neither dark nor heavy.

There is much that is disturbing in *Pushing Backwards*, T.C.Coupayne's short, unfinished volume of autobiography, but all is confectioned in bright colours, recording graphically the last period of his life, when the child prodigy too clever to play with matches, who scorned physical exercise as a means to understand the heroic and financed his domestic errors by writing the literature of cosmic dooms averted, found himself drawn with increasing vigour towards the fire. At that age when most men, confronted by the importune nature of time, make gestures towards bicycling or massage to redeem the illusion of virility, Coupayne decided to do more. How much more he did not at first guess.

Prominent among the motives that moved me to the shattered cities of N... were the restlessness of advancing age and the inevitable promptings of vanity, that I, an imager of disasters, would be able to do something marvellous in the presence of a real disaster, if only to recreate it in my own image; but more than these, slipping and hiding among them but no less pressing, was the desire to escape from the confusion of my financial affairs following the sudden collapse of my accountant, or perhaps from more personal implications of his collapse, or for some other reason that I do not admit or have not perceived... I no longer subscribe to the overstudy of that miasma called mind. The material fact is that I arrived, as it is now the fact that I climb, behind a malignant poet whose laughter is like a perpetual celebration of ravens, the tremulous walls of high ruins in a landscape shaken by trivial but persistent earthquakes.

Dismissing his earlier life in a few paragraphs, Coupayne plunges into the curious world of N..., a derelict planet plagued by an era of recurrent lithospheric tremors. It should have been totally abandoned, but a part of the population, tied to the landscape by inertia or affection in that mysterious way peculiar to otherwise random groups of people, have elected to remain, subsisting on irregular shipments of aid and a small traffic in salvage and minerals. It is the nature of this occasional mineral industry that first engages Coupayne's enthusiasm--in this shuddering landscape, the miners scramble about on the faces of abrupt, unreliable ravines, stripping out the briefly exposed minerals. For these men, in their bright clothes against gaudy rocks (reds, yellows and blues, sharp primary colours, predominating in both), uncertainty is the condition of life and death the only security.

Associated with these madmen is that rich gallery of eccentrics from which Coupayne formed that now notorious 'movement', The Society of Late Entropists. There is Saraband, the garrulous hermit who deplores the indignity of wage labour until accident appoints him to a sinecure, in which he forgets there ever was a life without regular income and enjoys imagining himself overworked in the conduct of slight, irrelevant intrigues, principally concerned with eluding his friends' continuing financial incontinence. And 'Hanging' Musgrove, the hero of horizontal climbing. Termination Bill, forever hoping to die of exposure in inaccessible places but being rescued by his friends. And more—from all of whom Coupayne learns to view that element in life we call change-entropy-age-time as no less malevolent but no longer a loathed surrogate for the ideal.

One escapes into the fiction of one's own life—a curious, precarious experience, and a minority pursuit even in this impermanent place where everything threatens to upheave or topple, where the high towers of previous security are not simply cast down but forced to shed bits of themselves piecemeal, forming strange eroded shapes like nature's own wrecks, confounding the eye by im-





plausible acts of balance and sudden similitudes to things outrageous or forgotten. I do not regret my previous, protected life; I do not even think about it very much. It and the knowledge I could return to it seem equally, foolishly unreal. I am not of this place, which helps me to describe it when the habit of writing so compels me, but I will not escape it.

Coupayne learns to climb, relishing the technology of the miners' skills, the controversies surrounding power-bolts, rip-stirrups and triplex cabling, the use of soft-leg techniques, the exhilaration of solo gun-climbs, the endless corner-cutting to counteract the poverty of the industry. Other groups of N...'s society, those who wish for an end to the state of disaster, or a hope at least of movement towards a more stable life (among whom, Coupayne admits, as a native he would probably have belonged), these are ignored, except insofar as honesty demands an acknowledgement of their existence. Some he takes time to admire -- those bound by loyalty to the wreck of families or friends,

often knowing themselves doomed by pride or selflessness -- but these are drawn from a distance, representatives of a strength he lacks and an ideal of society he has deserted, incapable of understanding his presence in a situation which shows them only the faces of bondage.

One character emerges from these shadows, Karen Holmes, competent but frightened, eager to desert her helpless relatives for the otherworld security to which she hopes Coupayne can be persuaded to return, and to which she urges him with a carnal fervour that complements his own, physically expressed, desperation.

We met, for what I again intended to be the last time, and failed as usual to settle anything. We were symbols, not only to each other but to ourselves, and the strands of so many small betrayals meshed round us until, separately cocooned, we were yet inextricably adjacent. Pushing against each other, she towards a past I had forsworn, I towards a youth I had neglected, we locked in an embrace of ineluctable protagonism.

It is notable that although their relationship continued until his death he never describes her in the present tense, giving their association an eerie feeling, as if he continually expected it to have ended. But Karen persists, struggling to separate Coupayne from his friendship with Mollosus Clarke, the poet "who is so delighted by the earthquakes' destruction of libraries and archives, and the possibilities for future generations to create their own unimpeded theories of Art, that he will not share with anyone his vast knowledge of prosody and image, and will only recite his own, unwritten lyrics from the tops of high buildings where the upper winds render them inaudible." With Clarke, Coupayne enters a new world of sensory experience. Where a quake of some violence is needed to endanger a man on the face of a ravine or scarp, the slightest tremor, even an unlucky shift of wind, could dislodge him from a crumbling ruin. Yet it is to these fatal shells that Clarke and Coupayne are drawn, where every vibration of the air may be crucial and one's bones are tuned to



register each quiver.

Clarke, as portrayed by Coupayne, is an almost superhuman figure hoarding his vast knowledge, only casually boastful of his skill and luck as a climber. The forms of his poems, he confides in an excited moment, are determined by the profiles of the ruins from which he chooses to declaim them. No climbing is possible until the poem is complete, while the original blueprints, where available, are compared meticulously with the remains and the probable stresses and danger areas are mapped. There are, of course, always exceptions:

*My first assault on a building gave me a low opinion of the sport. The approach to the first pitch was up three flights of a staircase, after which we climbed two floors up a pitted concrete wall and worked our way round an overhanging patch of ceiling. Then a lattice of girders, up which our route lay, was found to be insecure and we descended. I was not impressed.*

*Clarke, piqued by my scorn, extemporised a sonnet on a wry-necked section of wall not far off and asked me to lead up it. I came down shaking.*

The text of the book is in three parts. The principal text continues to within a few days of Coupayne's death, then come the notes made prior to his last climb, and the book finishes with many photographs of the climb that led to his death on the west face of the Newport Building. It was Coupayne's idea to film the fatal ascent, as a means of raising money—his affairs were now so confused that no royalties got through to him.

Clarke and Coupayne were to film each other on the face; Termination Bill, temporarily damaged, was to direct from the ground.

The notes leading up to the attempt suggest hilarious preparations: Clarke worrying that Bill might secretly return to condition and attempt the route solo before the poem was complete; Coupayne hanging upside-down in unlikely places to practise filming at all angles; there are intrigues exploited to beg money or equipment, and pathos in Karen's enthusiasm for the project—she believes the need to sell the film will draw Coupayne back to the world he comes from **and that** she will be able to keep him there. Mixed up with these are preparations for a party to celebrate something, though no one will tell Coupayne what. It was a gay time, and they went to their deaths laughing.

This is a powerful book—and I have paid it the highest compliment I can by binding my copy in vermilion hemp, which suits its contents but so contrasts with the careful tone of my library that I continually expect the book to hurl itself from my shelves—but, though it seems carping to protest, one could wish that the photographs which finish the book had been spared trite captions. Close-up shots of the two climbers are given such titles as "Where is it?", "Fuck!", and "Will it go?", while shots from the ground get "A Nasty!" and "Lay-back to Hell." Doubtless these are the things that such men say to each other in these circumstances, but in the greater context of the book they seem rather to demean the tragedy. The last shots, of the collapsing building, could surely have been spared the successive titles "3... 2... 1... The End."





# OTHER BOOKS

OUR LITERARY EXPERTS TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE SEASON'S BOOKS. THESE SHOULD BE AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE. THE CATEGORY OF THE BOOK IS GIVEN IN INITIALS AT THE END OF EACH REVIEW SO THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE YOUR CHOICE MORE EASILY

## McEWAN

*The Cement Garden*. First novel from another *small* imagination at full, apparently, stretch. This author is probably very popular with the timid inhabitants of the better class suburbs. Where do they all come from, these safety-first grammarians with not a bloody thing to add to anything else? Miserable, pretty and painfully boring in this state, it's a form of imitative writing possessing none of the substance of its originals but familiar enough to the average middle-class reviewer to 'register'. Is that what Henry Green worked for? Oh, Christ! The method needs to be produced by an informed, highly-charged imagination to make it good and these McEwans are evidently holding bugger all back. FAF.

## WHITE

*The Book of Merlyn*. Allegedly suppressed last section of *Once and Future King* tends to emphasise White's unfortunate reactionary whimsicality (shared by many similar 'romantics') and might well have been left out by author in horror at his own bad taste. FF.

## DONALDSON

*The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant, The Unbeliever* (3 long vols). Tolkien-influenced exercise in soft form risks nothing. Donaldson somewhat better student than whoever it was wrote *Sword of Shannara* but what is this, some sort of University of the Airy Fairy? FF.

## MEREDITH

*The Amazing Marriage*. Brilliant combination of epic and social fiction by still misunderstood innovator who anticipated James and Conrad among others and usually did what they did only better. Needs reprinting. EF.

## IRVING

*Garp*. Comic fantasy without usual MF overtones indicated in title but not that original, sadly. Imaginative fiction should at least be that. When it follows a too-familiar form it must, surely, fail to some extent. CF.

## UNEARTH

Worthy attempt to produce 'alternative' US sf magazine so far lacks forward thrust, relying on cold crap from famous farts. Give it a go, though.

## PRIVATE EYE

Uninspired philistinism from hearties Ingrams & Co gives British public regular equivalent of G&S, Chesterton and other Jolly Englishmen. Fucked up chaps fear of aspiration comes through as usual.

## GORDON

*Couple*. Two shorts showing this author's impressive mastery of a form long-considered unbeatable. RF.

## MERRICK

*The Position of Peggy Harper*. Lack of imagination actually an advantage to this second-rank documentary novelist who gives broad, interesting picture of Edwardian England. O/P DF.

## CIENFUEGOS ANARCHIST REVIEW

Amusing, intelligent grab-bag of current anarchist ideas from all over. The only political magazine worth reading today.

## HOUSEHOLD

*The Last Two Weeks of Georges Rivac*. **Outstandingly good of its kind**(*Rogue Male*). Shows Household (78) still ahead of the game. TF.

## DEBRAY

*Undesirable Alien*. Rather dull cross-genre of MF and DF with a dash or so of PT, showing that whatever else he has Debray has very little literary imagination. Which, in a politician, is no bad thing. Basically DF.



## MURDOCH

*The Sea, The Sea.* Another celebration of symbolism over sense. MSF.

## DISCH

*Wings of Song.* Superior classicist tells sardonic, symbolic fable with a fraction too much care, a touch too little true feeling. But recommended. SF.

## KAY

*The Far Pavilions.* If you read Kipling for subject matter this will see a jolly good extension of *Kim*. MBF.

## MOORCOCK

*Gloriana.* Author wasted time on what looks like bid for popular success, badly sustained at end. IF pb.

## DONOSO

*Sacred Families.* This is definitely not one of those Spanish/American writers who in the footsteps of Borges put the vague into the S/A nouvelle. Crisp and dry and well worth a visit. IIF.



MYPKOK: Hasty end

## PYMAN

*Alexandr Blok: A Biography. Vol 1: The Distant Thunder (1880-1908).* First full critical life of this influential Russian poet whose celebration of the 1917 Revolution made him a Soviet hero and ironically allowed a tradition of metaphysical, imagist poetry to continue through all the shit that followed. Blok himself died early on and didn't see the dream go completely sour. CB.



BLOK: Timely doom

## SOCIETY OF AFTER-DINNER NOVELISTS

It is reported that more than fifty members gathered in the *Jolly Englishman* public house Greek Street last week and 'thought of some super ideas for novels'. These will be published next year by Jonathan Cape Ltd.

TASS

AMIS: Easy on the pink



## TURNER

*A Double Shadow.* Very good imaginative fiction marred by vocabulary-borrowings from SF genre. First novel by poet and critic. SF/IF.

## PLATT

*The Gas.* Tasteless slapstick S&M romp. Another failed attempt on the part of the author to get fairly rich fairly quick. PSF.

## AMIS (K)

*Jake's Thing.* Cowardly (as ever) tale of impotence by self-involved tap-room jokesmith (thick as brick) with positive will towards mediocrity (witness constant genre-hopping). MF.



## ALDISS

*Enemies of the System.* Curmudgeonly polemics from disappointed ex-romantic. SF.

*Brothers of the Head.* Moving fable of inner conflict characterised by Siamese twins who become public figure. Excellent. IF.

## МЯРКОК

*Елрук ох МеллуБокеа.* You guessed it. Red eyes in the sunset of the world. Reads best in this trns. YTF.

## BABEL

*Collected Stories.* Well-meaning, thick L.Trilling introduced most recent ed. of the work of one of the very best Soviet writers, silenced by Stalin (d. labour-camp 1941?). Excellent Penguin trns. by W.Morison. Why are all the great Soviet writers Ukrainians? Maybe the weather's better there. Shouldn't be O/P. F.

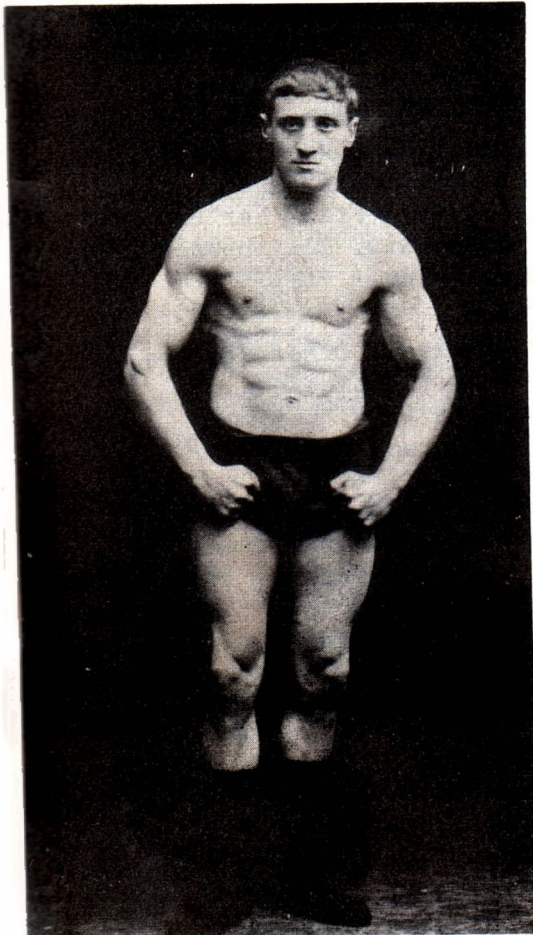
## BABEL: Over-ruled



## DRABBLE

*The Wringer.* Interesting variation of classic Edgar Wallace story re-set in suburban home in 1936. PF.

PLATT: Fairly rich



## MR STEVENSON ON ARTISTIC PRINCIPLES

Mr Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist and essayist, today addressed an open air meeting in Holland Park. The meeting was to celebrate the introduction of the Artistic Principles amendment to the Trades Descriptions Act. Mr Stevenson told his audience: 'Life is hard enough for poor mortals without having it indefinitely embittered for them by bad art'. Yesterday ports of all descriptions were crowded with a variety of hitherto quite respectable 'artists' of many persuasions who were hoping to leave the country before midnight when the new amendment becomes Law.

R&U, Monday.



DRABBLE: *The Ringer*



## WATSON

*The Martian Inca.* More misanthropic philoporn from this popular mechaniste. SFpb.

## JAMES

*The Sacred Fount.* Neat tale of psychic vampirism by master yarn-spinner. PF.

## VIDAL

*Kalki.* As usual needs more Gore less Vidal. Essentially MF.

## DEIGHTON

*SS-GB.* Weary, ill-written thriller gimmicked with stale Hitler-conquers-GB motif. SF.

## STEVENS

*Jars.* Recently discovered post-humous Gothic novel. Tennessee bottling factory taken over by strange force. Imaginative. GPN.

## BYKOV

*The Ordeal.* Fine, understanding tale of Ukrainian partisans which lacks any of the meritricious finger-pointing associated, say, with Solzhenitsyn. First published in *NOVY MIR*, 1970. DF.

## STACKTON

*Kaliyuga.* The lives of gods and mortals are aspects of one another; brilliantly crafted, insistent wit, underlying despair. O/P. IF

## BALLARD

*Flat!* Punctured on M, Travis is stranded on hard shoulder until mysterious girl with tyre-lever and photo-kit arrives to help fit spare. Spare turns out to be stripped. They wait together as rain comes on and internecine warfare breaks out in nearby Motorchef. UF.

## BRACKETT

*The Best of Leigh Brackett.* Short stories by one of the very best sf writers too long unacknowledged, presumably because she preferred to write for *PLANET*, *STARTLING* and other pulps who preferred good, tight writing to mechanistic twaddle. Scriptor of *The Big Sleep*, *The Long Goodbye*, *Rio Bravo* etc. she was writing *Star Wars 2* when she died. Disciplined romantic sf of the best kind. SF

## BAYLEY

*The Knights of the Limits.* Brainy, stimulating stuff from highly original writer with sometimes clumsy style. Most of these intensified narratives appeared in *NWQ*. AF. Recommended.

## PLAYWRIGHT EXPELLED

David Mercer, the playwright, was today expelled from the UK 'for maligning and misappropriating the human condition' and for 'persistent political naivete'. The Tribunal reached its decision on the evidence supplied by Mr Mercer's play *Cousin Vladimir*.

TASS



DELANY: Parrot pulp



VIDAL: MF

## SOLZHENITSYN

*GULAG III.* Self-righteous ex-slave warns free world of authoritarian terror while yearning for new master (that's what it does to them, poor buggers) and celebrating courage of camp-rebels. NF. Some MF.

## BORGES

*A Parable of the Pampas.* Author's best since *Maps*. NET.

## ENCOUNTER

Middle-class liberals reassure one another in fact and fiction. Mag.

## BURGESS

1985. This emigre writer again demonstrates his absolute divorce from first-hand experience either of life or of the English language. SF.

## CARTER

*The Passion of New Eve.* As usual there is a sense of the author stretching a not very useful imagination to maximum. The kind of imagination journalists OK. If you like, say, Frank Herbert you'll probably like this. All the zest of an after-dinner mint. IF.

## MANSFIELD

*The Garden Party & Other Stories.* Colonial sensitivities emanate from somewhere in N. Zealand, assault entire world. MF.

## AMIS (M)

*Success.* Middle-class problems of impotence and self-consciousness given lit. cloak in more vital ex. of per's most characteristic genre. Indicates trends towards same decadence but *fil* could escape form, being sweeter & brighter. MF though.

## BANGS

*A Houseboat on the Styx.* Real dead people live it up in the after-life in mild, funny, paradoxical stories involving Shakespear playing pool, for instance, with Socrates. Something more has been made of this technique by Richardson & Meadley.

O/P. IF.



MANSFIELD:  
Assaults  
world



## DELANY

*The Jewel-hinged Jaw.* Fundamentally illiterate essays on SF by parochial pedant who can parrot modern critical vocabulary but has no instincts for its proper application and whose taste and talents are essentially for pulp fiction. Almost wicked. PC.

## COLVIN

*The Synthesis Quest.* Welcome revival of this non-existent book invented by D. Pirie. NEF.

## DeLILLO

*Players.* Clever, sardonic fiction displays rare finesse. IF.

## ELLISON

*Strange Wine.* Strange whines from impassioned egoist shows most other sf/fantasy for bland gruel it is. Book is produced to resemble READER'S DIG. 'Croaton' (first story) particularly recommended. After writing it, author had vasectomy. IF.

## HEINLEIN

*Blood Donor!* Socialist Realist novel of hero who saves a medical community by donating blood (and eventually brain) to patriots and thus becomes eligible for vote. Back on form. SR.

## PETT RIDGE

*Mord Em'ly.* Long O/P tale of female street gangster's rise, fall and levelling out. DF.

## AMBIT

Ageing dandy loses public support, seeks private patronage. Ballard, Bax et al attempt half-heartedly jovial propping up. Mag.

## VAN VOGT

*The Anarchistic Colossus.* Last of really charming sf loonies uses Dianetics and Kirlian photography to build authoritarian 'utopia'. All the attraction of a God's-gonna-getcha pamphlet with none of the logic. SF.

## ARSHINOV

*History of the Makhnovist Movement.* Makhno (maligned by Babel) and his hopeless, courageous attempt to establish anarchism in natural location of rural Ukraine. Betrayed by Trotsky (who invited most of M's lts. to a meeting and had them shot down) he died of drink, TB and despair in Paris, 1936. Black and Red Pubs, Chicago. NF.

## NEW REVIEW

'Symposium' of comments on state of **Novel** reflects socially-received opinions in most cases and betrays desperate lack of editorial imagination (always a last resort, these symposiums). Mag.

## RICHARDSON

*The Exploits of Engelbrecht.* Obscurely published in 50s, now republished, this outstanding work of comic imagination is unreservedly recommended. Seminal book. Available from BOX JC, COMPENDIUM, Camden High Street, London NW1, it costs £1.50. It's a bargain. CIF.



ENGELBRECHT: Greatest



ELLISON: Vasectomy

## NYE

*Merlin.* Bravely conceived, generously written imagist book dismisses Time, reduces Space to its place and gives us Merlin -- a fine character and metaphor; this Romantic's best invention yet. IF. Rec.



MERLIN: Brave Nye



MAKHNO: Betrayed

## ANATOLI (KUZNETSOV)

*Babi Yar.* Anyone interested in how Soviet censorship works -- sex is cut as well as politics for instance -- should get the Sphere paperback which uses different type to show what was cut from the published Soviet edition. Anatoli changed his name because he felt he had shamed his original name on account of letting the original censored version be published. Another good Ukrainian writer who puts most Moscow-orientated writers in shade. DF.



# CINEMA

## Sci-Fi Born-Again

Ray Bradbury, sci-fi poet, sees God in 70 mm, hears Him Dolbyized. Hollywood religious extravaganza grosses \$100 million. Saucer-chandeliers bigger than St. Peters stained glass. Douglas Trumbull as Michaelangelo, 8th-grade gospel by Spielberg as acid-head apostle, Jaws as alien monster as God.

Saucerpeople with big heads and little bodies play Hammond organ (disco version on the charts in *Billboard*). Bermuda Triangle Mystery Solved! by cosmic planenappers. Star of Bethlehem, sighted by ufologists, kills cop, sunburns disciples, abducts infant, terrorizes innocents, throws bric-a-brac around freaky like in *The Exorcist*. Touched by Hand of Cosmos, disciples see Inner Light; it's time to go-with-the-flow and find-your-center, follow the acid-trip elitism of I-am-special, I've-seen-what-you-didn't, "I found it." So dump wife and kids (they didn't find it), go mad, be cinematic, junk that unhip dogma about ethical responsibility, it's cool.

The novelization was serialized in *The National Enquirer* beside the usual full-page ads from revivalist-fundamentalist con-men begging \$\$\$ to heal crippled orphans in Louisiana and further God's work. Ray Bradbury says the film is a true religious experience, the most important movie ever made, destined to gross a billion dollars and worth every cent.

Mr. Bradbury lives in California.

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**STARSHIP STORMTROOPERS** by Michael Moorcock is an examination of political themes in modern science fiction and it appears in the current issue of **CIENTRUEGOS ANARCHIST REVIEW** which has 182 large pages for £3.40 (p&p inc) available from CIENTRUEGOS PRESS, Over The Water, Sanday, Orkney, KW17 2BL, UK. Also in the issue THE JOSEPH GOEBBELS



The next issue will be edited by a different group based in Manchester and will contain Moorcock on Ellison, M. J. Harrison on Vat fiction, Jerry Cornelius on P. J. Proby etc. The issue after that will return, more or less to current policies. After five issues (counting from 212) we will consider revising our policy completely. This issue is primarily devoted to sport and politics in an effort to capture readers of *The Sun*, *The Daily Mirror*, *Pravda*, and *Encounter*. It is in the great tradition of the famous British 'thin journals'. It is also dedicated to Alexander Tvardovski, editor of *Novy Mir* (1953-1954, 1958-1969) who died unhonoured by his country, on December 18th, 1971.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1987, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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for 'planes lying-to in heavy weather, save the motor and strain on the forebody. Will not send to leeward. "Albatross" wind-hovers, rigid-ribbed; according to h. p. and weight.

We fit and test free to  
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### ROARING CURED. WILSON'S RESPIRATORY HORSE POWDERS

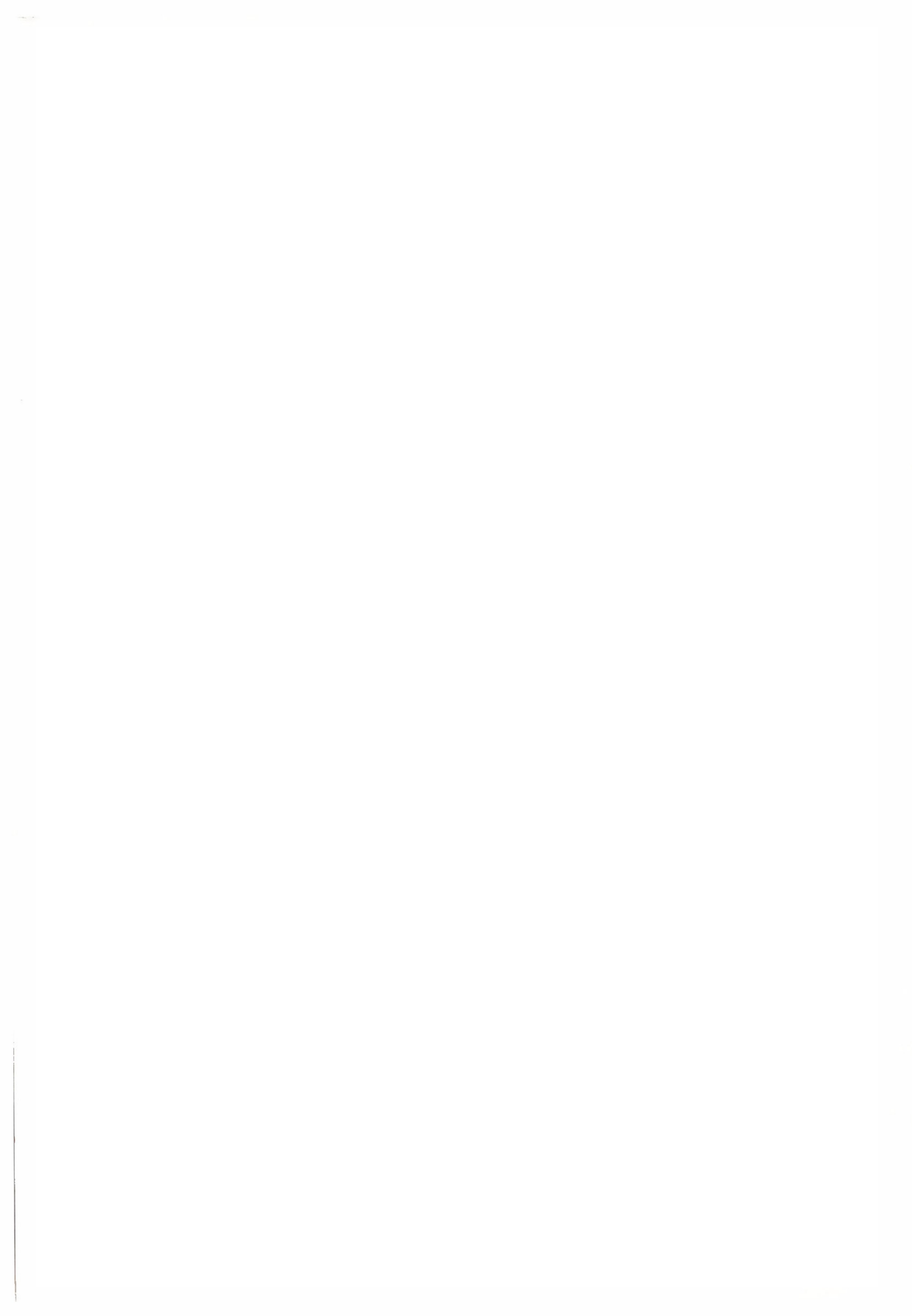
THESE POWDERS are a CERTAIN PREVENTATIVE of ROARING and WHISTLING, if given to Horses recovering from an attack of Influenza, Strangles, Pleurisy, Billious Fever or Pink Eye. WHISTLERS CURED in ONE NIGHT, and ROARERS QUICKLY.

Price one Guinea per Case of 12 powders;  
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