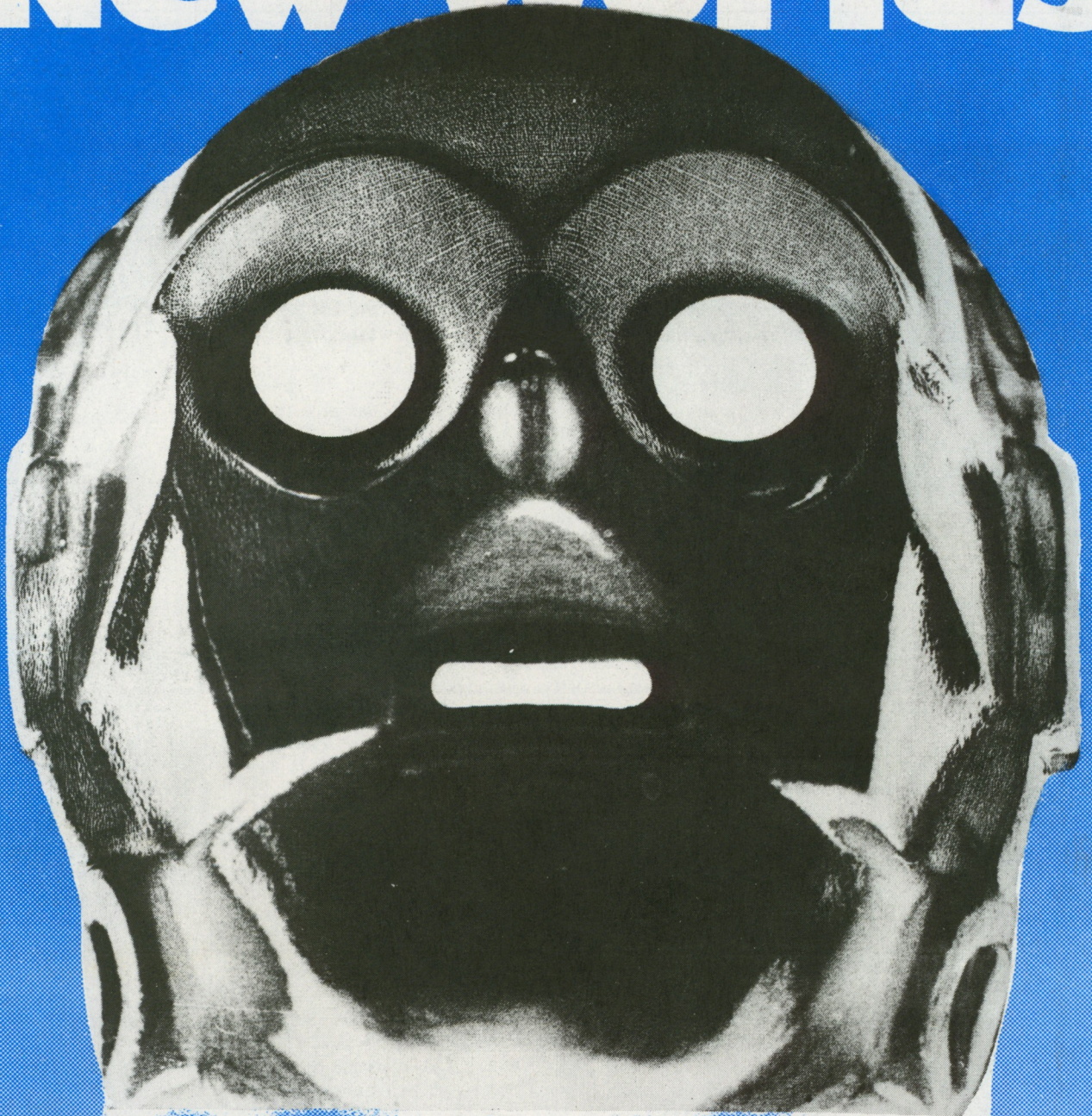


New Worlds



JOHN SLADEK on robots

PHILIP K. DICK on Einstein

Satire by **THOMAS M. DISCH**

Poems by **D. M. THOMAS**, **JOHN CLUTE**, **ANDREW JORON**...Critique of **SAMUEL R. DELANY**...plus **FEAR TEST**, **DEATH LIZARDS** and more...

NEWS SUMMARY

"MAD BOMBER" SLAIN IN ANAHEIM

by Barry Routh

Infamous Terrorist Dies in 'Tac Squad Shoot-Out

(API) John V. Briggs, the "Mad Bomber" of Anaheim, was shot and killed last night by a marksman of the Californian anti-terrorist squad led by Colonel Huey P. Newton. Briggs had been cornered in Knots Berry Farm, Anaheim.

The manhunt had commenced earlier the same day when a positive trace on Briggs was obtained through the new terror-trac computer system. Newton immediately dispatched plain-clothes operatives to establish surveillance. They positively identified Briggs and alerted Newton, who led the 'tac squad to the park shortly after sunset.

Briggs, however, had been tipped off by an accomplice on the park staff. He seized two children as hostages in a last-minute escape attempt. But the arrival of the 'tac squad cut off Briggs from his car, whereupon he barricaded himself in a nearby men's room.

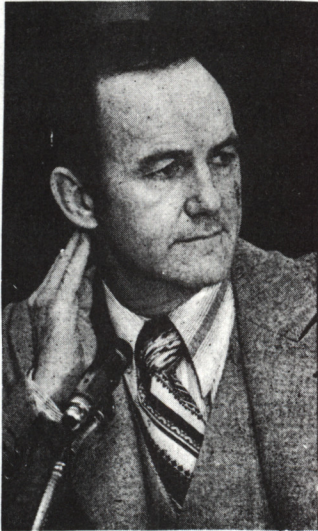
Briggs repeatedly refused to surrender or release his hostages and demanded free passage to Argentina. The tense drama only ended when Briggs attempted to shoot his way to freedom, using the two children as human

shields. However, a police sharp-shooter was able to hit Briggs without harming the hostages, and Briggs died within seconds.

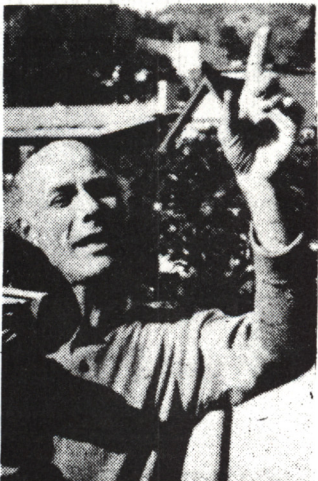
Briggs is best known for his leadership of the notorious terrorist gang, "God's Avengers." Their political literature called for the "total liquidation of all sexual and political degenerates" and demanded "a return to the spiritual values of our forefathers." In practice this meant the bombing of progressively-oriented schools for their teaching of "Godless homosexuality," and attacks on discos, concert halls, and homes of any persons whom the gang considered "degenerate".

Though the gang operated exclusively in California, it is alleged to have had ties with Anita Bryant's S.O.R. group, which has claimed responsibility for the recent strikes in Florida and other Southern states.

Governor Timothy Leary congratulated Newton last night. Newton later issued a statement from the governor's mansion, pledging to have the rest of Briggs' terrorist gang in custody within 72 hours.



Mad Bomber Briggs



Governor Timothy Leary

MAGIC MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By Barry Routh

Officials at Magic Mountain amusement park shut down their new, highly-publicized Moebius Strip thrill ride today, after a car with thirteen passengers disappeared "without a trace." Witnesses swear that the car literally vanished into thin air.

There was no evidence of any damage to the rails or failure of any of the safety devices. State investigators



John Owsley

and the ride's designer, John Owsley, expressed complete bafflement at the disappearance. The ride will remain closed pending further investigation.

SECOND MAN ON THE MOON NOW SELLS CARS

Former astronaut Buzz Aldrin, the second man to walk on the moon, has taken a job as an automobile salesman in Los Angeles.

The famed spaceman is now "Director of Sales and Development" at the Hillcrest Motor Co., a Cadillac dealer in Beverly Hills.

"He gets no preferential treatment," said Aldrin's new boss, sales manager Jack Bacon. "He works on a commission basis like the other salesmen."

Aldrin was hired by the



Hillcrest Co. after his series of failed attempts to readjust to civilian life. He says it was "very traumatic. It took me a long time to adjust. Since leaving NASA I've been involved in several business ventures, but I began to feel I was spinning my wheels. I needed the stability of a steady job."

Aldrin has already sold his first car—a \$15,000 Cadillac Seville. "I'm learning every day from the other salesmen here, and I'm sure I'm going to make a success of it," he said.

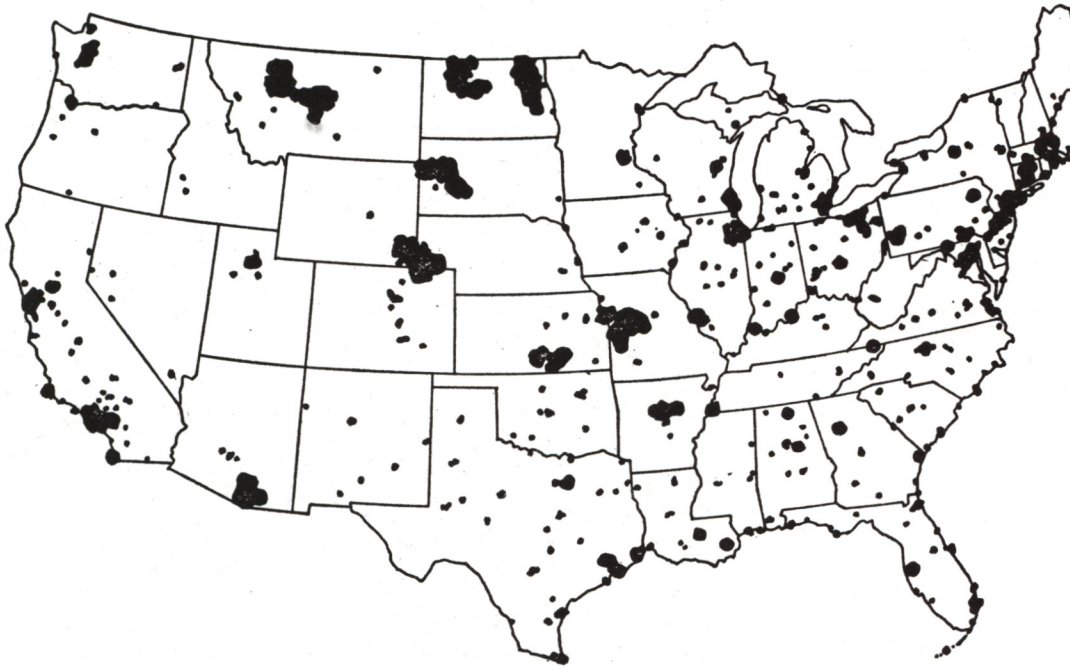
DRINKING WATER CAUSES CANCER

The Surgeon General has confirmed that chlorinated water causes cancer in test animals. There is also a high incidence of human bladder cancer in areas of the country where municipal water supplies are

most heavily chlorinated. Consumers are urged to drink bottled springwater, preferably from glass, rather than plastic, bottles. Alternatively water can be dechlorinated by boiling for five minutes.

HIGH-RISK ZONES UNDER NUCLEAR BOMBARDMENT—OFFICIAL

This map, issued by the Civil Defense Preparedness Agency, shows the areas of the United States which would be most likely to be hit in the event of a nuclear attack. The Pentagon plans to evacuate 135 million Americans from these areas.



Survey Shows...

92% of Americans Know Who Columbus Was, Only 58% Identify Napoleon

Columbus's name was recognized by 92 percent of Americans, while 89 percent recognized Shakespeare, and 84 percent knew who Beethoven was, according to a recent Gallup survey.

But only 58 percent of the sample knew who the great French conqueror Napoleon was.

Here are the recognition percentages for other great historical and artistic figures:

The father of modern psychology, Sigmund Freud, 47 percent; the Greek philosopher Aristotle, 44 percent; the father of Communism, Karl Marx, 41 percent; the Italian painter Raphael, 34 percent; Russian author Leo Tolstoy, 29 percent; and Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens, 24 percent.

Cars Of Future Will Have Sails



General Motors vice-president John A. Kirk confirmed at a Detroit press conference today that wind-driven autos are now being developed for introduction in the 1990s. Successful prototypes have already been built and tested at G.M. in anticipation of the time when energy reserves

have been exhausted.

"Utilization of moving air masses could be a practical auxiliary power source even before the gasoline-powered vehicles have been completely phased out," said Mr. Kirk, who added that we could see small "power-booster" sails on autos as early as 1987.

Death Lizards in Iowa

Severe Threat to Cattle

The Komodo Dragon Lizards—the world's largest lizards, over nine feet long—have now advanced as far as Des Moines according to sources in the agriculture department.



HOPE ETERNAL — THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

A lady once showed Matisse a costly handkerchief on which had fallen a large blot of ink.

"What a shame," she moaned, "it is absolutely good for nothing now. It is totally spoiled."

Matisse said nothing but asked to borrow the handkerchief for a day.

The next day he handed it to her without a word, and the lady delightedly saw that using the blot as a starting point, the great artist had designed an intriguing pattern on that corner of the handkerchief.

The handkerchief was actually worth more than it had been before the blot had disfigured it.

Aren't there many lives like that handkerchief?

Here is something to "perk you up."

A young man who had both legs crushed in an accident got himself a job which required a good deal of walking.

People commented on it.

"Well," he explained, "I couldn't find anything at a desk, and besides, WHAT ARE CRUTCHES FOR?"

SEX - GAS HAZARD OVER

Radars Confirm Vapour Has Now Dispersed

Government scientists have sounded the "all clear" on the deadly sex gas that paralyzed Britain for ten days and resulted in billions of pounds of property damage.

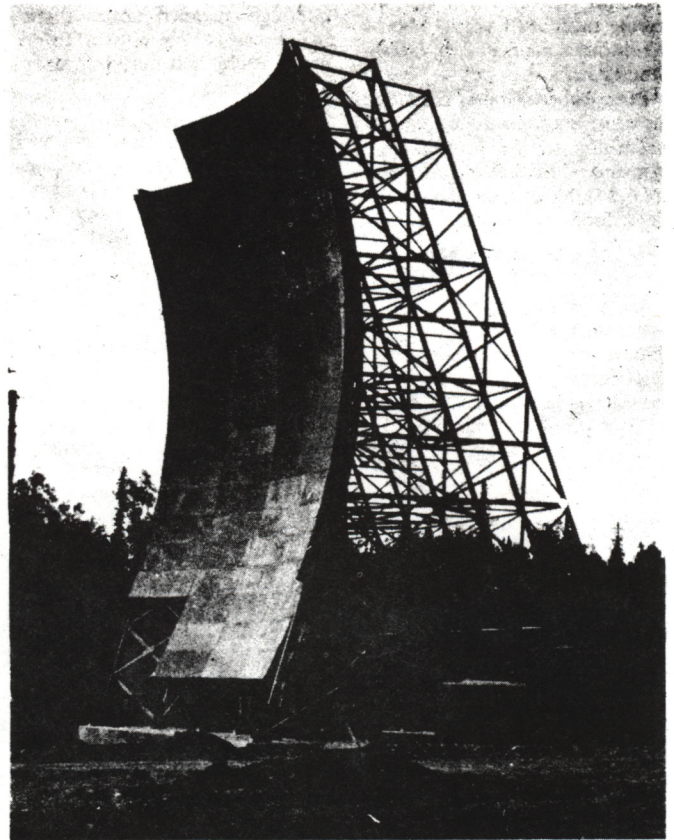
Radars pictures from the Ministry of Technology's "Dope Scope" antenna on the Isle of Wight confirm that the harmful vapour has now completely dispersed.

"Residual psychogenic effects should not last more than another couple of days," a spokesman stated. "Anyone still suffering heightened libido after that should visit the nearest emergency treatment centre."

Supplies of the serum antidote to the gas are said to be plentiful in almost all areas

of the country now, despite the recent strike action by laboratory technicians. In a government television broadcast last night, the Minister of Health reassured the nation that "The nightmare is over, and it is time to set about restoring the damage that was done during the days of unchecked primal expression of sexual and violent abandon."

The minister added that investigations were still proceeding at the germ warfare research centre that originally released the gas, in what has been described as the most catastrophic scientific error in history. The results of these investigations would probably remain undisclosed under the British Secrets Act, but "You may rest assured that steps will be taken to ensure that nothing of this nature can ever happen again."



Dope Scope Scans Skies for Vanishing Vapour

YOU CAN BANK ON IT!

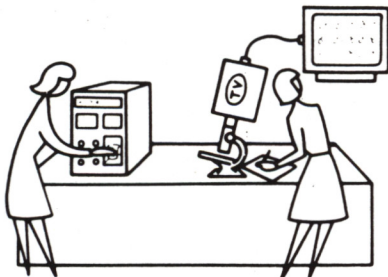
Your cryogenic queries answered—an ongoing series

21. What will happen to the refrigerator in case of a power failure or a city-wide blackout?

There is no danger from a power failure or blackout. Liquid nitrogen refrigerators do not use electricity. They remain cold through the evaporation of the liquid nitrogen surrounding the stored semen. The refrigerators are kept constantly filled with liquid nitrogen. Under these conditions the semen could remain preserved for an entire month without refilling the refrigerator.

22. Is there an increased risk of birth defects using frozen semen?

Up to the present time there has been no reported increase in birth defects. Thus, though there is a risk of a birth defect, this risk appears to be no greater with frozen semen than it is with fresh semen.



Semen is evaluated using modern and accurate procedures.

IDENT LABORATORIES

Featuring the most sophisticated storage facilities in New York State

PUNK DEATH RIDDLE

Bizarre Stage Incident

By Barry Routh
(APS) Guitarist and Singer of the punk-rock group Atrocity, Charles Manson, was hospitalized last night in critical condition after a bloody finale to his violent act. Wit-



nesses differed on whether Manson's injuries were accidental or the result of a suicide attempt.

IMPALED

Manson, known for the extreme violence of his perfor-

mances, was impaled on his microphone stand after leaping from the amplifier stack. He was rushed to the UCLA medical center where he is in the intensive care unit following major surgery.

INJURY

Bass player "Tex" Watson said he was convinced the injury had been an accident, since "Charlie had everything to live for, what with the latest album shipped platinum and the upcoming tour with Wings—everything was going the way he had always dreamed it would."

HOW TO RESUSCITATE A LIZARD

1. Shake out lizard, holding by the tail.
2. Massage lizard's torso, applying on-and-off pressure directly behind the front legs
3. Apply mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, breathing slowly and forcefully.

**REMEMBER—LIZARDS
CANNOT SWIM**

PAPERBACK BOOK EDITOR MURDERED IN ELEVATOR

Unpublished Author Confesses Vengeance Against 'Despicable' Publishing Exec

PAPERBACK EDITOR ROBERT WYATT WAS STRANGLED TO DEATH BY A WOULD-BE AUTHOR WITH A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WHOLE PUBLISHING INDUSTRY, POLICE revealed today. Wyatt's body was found in an elevator at the Hearst Building in New York City. There were severe bruises around his throat, and contusions across his chest where his assailant is thought to have kicked him, breaking three of his ribs. Clumps of hair had also been torn out. Wyatt was senior editor at Avon Books, one of the largest American paperback publishers.

Less than an hour after the savage assault Ronald A. Trivet, of Portland, Oregon, surrendered to police with a full, written confession. Trivet, an unpublished author who said he had been attempting to get his work into print for the last ten years, was described by police as "disturbed and emotional."

SCIENCE FICTION

Following his release on \$50,000 bail, Trivet appeared before reporters with a mimeographed statement which, he claimed, justifies his alleged homicidal act. The statement (see below) consists mainly of a letter which, Trivet said, he had sent to more than fifty New York book editors seven years ago, attempting to interest them in a science fiction novel he had written.

"Not one of those despicable so-called arbiters of taste even had the courtesy to reply to me," Trivet said.

IGNORED

"Other unpublished authors I know have suffered the same treatment. Our manuscripts are returned unread. Our letters and phone calls are ignored. I decided it was time to take things into my own hands, so to speak."

Asked why he picked out Mr. Wyatt in particular, Trivet explained:

"I chose him at random out of more than a hundred editors who have insulted or ignored me. Actually I gave him one last chance—I went and asked his secretary if I could see him to show him my work. She said he was 'In a meeting,' which I knew was a lie. So I waited by the

elevators, and when he came out I strangled the bastard. It was what he deserved. It was what they all deserve."

Trivet was restrained by his lawyer from making further statements. Here is the text of the letter which, he says, he sent to New York publishers in September of 1972:

Title: *The Imagi-Nation*
Dear Sirs,

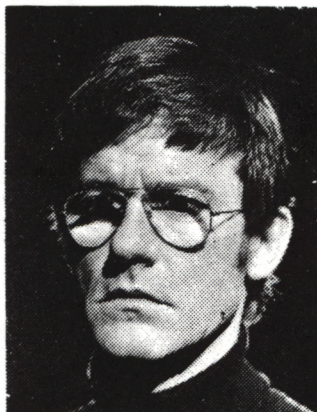
The story I have to present to you is one you'll long remember and never, never forget!

Come visit the planet Ur with me and you'll find it will hold your interest from beginning to end.

Adventure and intrigues will carry us about the vast universe from galaxy to galaxy and from constellation to constellation expelling countless mysteries along the way.

You'll love that tender and warm Uranian smile.

When you visit the Imagi-



Trivet: "Disturbed and emotional"

Nation and the many other nations of Ur, you'll feel as though you actually are there, and wish you could stay forever, enjoying every space-time second of it.

You'll learn something about the Brainoculator and the numerous other scientific instruments, achievements,

and space vehicular - crafts, so far advanced the Earthly human imagination could never begin to conceive their dimensions.

You will notice (if you take the time as you read the story) that many of the nations of Ur are spelled backwards to that of the nations on Earth. Even the planets Nis and their ruler Natas, are spelled backwards and you'll learn the reason why.

Read it once and you'll want to read it again and again.

Even though my name is unknown, perhaps you'll be kind enough to consider the story and not merely my name.

My original name is Ronald A. Trivet. My pseudonym or pen name is Scott Meade.

Is it absolutely necessary to have double spacing of lines? I do hope your requirements are not too rigid.

In-as-much as I am unable to pay the high cost of secretarial assistance, I did the only thing I could afford to do, that was to have my daughter do the typing for me. Being we did not know it was mandatory to double space, this we failed to do. Her typing experience is far from professional and her typing speed is not very fast.

Understanding this, would there be any possible leniency in regards to the double-spacing and perfection of the typing? It was typed well.

All I can say is I did the best I could do with what money, personell, and equipment I had to work with.

Here's hoping my story will become our story!

Ronald A. Trivet

REGRETS

(A spokesman from Avon Books confirms that this letter was received by the com-



Robert Wyatt: Strangled

pany on September 17, 1972. "We have no record of whether a reply was sent, but it would be very unusual not to reply to an author's inquiry," the spokesman said. "Often, if the idea does not appeal to our editors, we send a printed card expressing our regrets at being unable to consider the author's work. But we value the work of all authors extremely highly. I have no explanation for what seems to have happened in Mr. Trivet's case. It sounds most unusual."

Report Reveals . . .

13 Percent of America's 17 - Year - Olds Illiterate

Thirteen percent of 17-year-olds across the nation are illiterate, according to the National Assessment of Educational Progress, a federally funded agency.

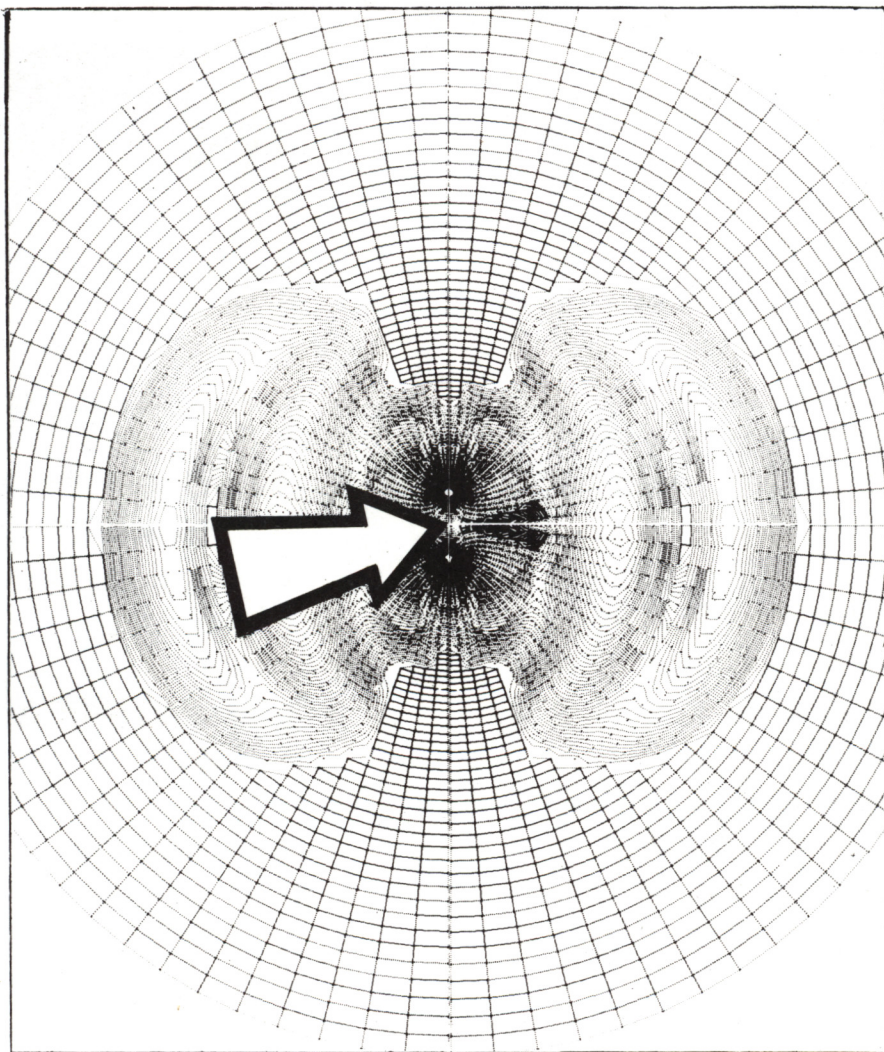
Illiterate 17-year-olds — barely able to read and write, unable to hold most jobs requiring even minimal literacy — range from 1 out of 20 in the suburbs to 1 out of 5 in inner-city areas and the Southeastern U.S., says the report.

Scientists Claim:

We Are Center of the Universe

by Philip K. Dick,
Cosmology Correspondent

The failure of the famous Michelson-Morley experiment in 1881 in which the absolute velocity of the Earth moving through luminiferous ether proved to be zero gave rise to Einstein's Relativity Theory, which holds that the concept "absolute velocity" is meaningless. However, scientists at UCLA, using more-sophisticated laser techniques, have suggested a more



Cosmic computer chart claims "You Are Here"

Advertiser's Announcement

I have recently completed a book which takes place mainly on October 24 and 26, 1981. Other dates are mentioned, however. The book is based on the fact that the President is closely guarded and, since the Constitution makes him the first citizen rather than the first prisoner, an escape from the guard is to be expected.

The President does this, much to the chagrin of the Vice-President, who manages to keep the news quiet, and the President's adventures on his trip from Washington to Bloomington, Indiana and back to see his college's Homecoming football game, many such incidents involving old friends, as well as some connected investigation form much of the action on the 24th. The action on the 26th is essentially a result of the earlier action, especially the Presidential landing in Washington on the 24th. This novel offers a number of facets, all of which are based on the one central theme stated earlier.

Several persons requested to be in this book. Nobody has disapproved, provided that their names were changed, which they were. Chapter lengths in typewritten, double-spaced pages are: 1) 20; 2) 14; 3) 23; 4) 21; 5) 22; 6) 18; 7) 22; 8) 28; 9) 20. Total: 188. I hope that the above, enormously abbreviated though the description of the book must be, interests you in the book. If it does, I shall send the manuscript itself.

Thomas S. Gore, R.F.D.2, South Salem, NY 10590



Einstein: Meaningless

probable significance of the null result: that in fact the Earth does not move and that Copernicus was a crypto-Pythagorean determined to vindicate an ancient and discredited heliocentric solar-system model. In a meeting of Southern California astronomers and astrophysicists it was proposed that (one) the geocentric solar system be restored as the proper model, and (two) Copernicus be dug up and admonished. As a side issue, Einstein will be regarded with mild disfavor and some amusement; scientists attending the meeting could not agree on the amount of amusement to be formally proposed.

Photograph by Fiona Preston



Robot 'Kiss of Life' Drama

by John Sladek, staff reporter

Haveaniceday, California: Robot hero Albert W. Fassbinder, 43, made history for the second time in his life yesterday when he was saved from terminal shutdown by the "kiss of life" from Richard Nixon IV, an orderly at San Clemente Hospital for Political Psychiatry.

"Thank God he did it," commented Dr. Wien Rose, head of the hospital's Republican Orthopedics Department. Dr. Rose explained that the robot had been brought in with a skull fracture and severe damage to the central processing unit. "His oscillator stopped twice on the workbench, and we calculated his chances at no more than 31 in 215,441—frankly, he was scheduled for transplants. Then little Dick, here, gave him the kiss of life and—well, the rest is history."

Fassbinder had received his injuries during strikebreaking duties at the Prosthink Industries local plant (see *Business* for full story), where robot assemblers have held a "weld-in" to protest plant conditions. Fassbinder was aware of the danger he faced, as he explained in a television interview:

"Those boys play rough, I know. They already put the arm on a few cops and security men, even some human ones, sure. And they tell me they burned up a robot Snoopy wagon last

night. Sure, but hell yes, I'm going in there. I'm protecting the right to work of every metal patriot in the country. So I'll do what I have to do."

It was while doing what he had to do, last night, that Fassbinder was mobbed at the gates by twelve husky assemblers working under the direction of a maverick payroll computer. They left him for dead, but he was rushed to San Clemente hospital where doctors (some human) fought for hours to save his vital circuitry.

Fassbinder has an impressive record of public service. Two years ago he saved the President's grandson, Kenny Temple Black, from a mob of angry strikers at Disneyland. Last year President Temple Black awarded Fassbinder the Efficiency Medal, the highest award given to robots. In his acceptance speech Fassbinder said:

"I know this honor is not for me alone but for my people. I am proud to accept it on behalf of all metal citizens everywhere. I know there are a few dissidents and radicals who think robots

should have so-called equal rights, including the right to strike. To me, this just doesn't make sense. Work is our whole life, and the right to lay down and take it easy—robots who want that just aren't thinking straight. Believe me, we don't want equal this and that, we don't need rights, we only need the right to work—for you!"

Fassbinder became a prominent leader of the Federation of Metal American Patriots, a strike-breaking union, and earlier this year Ms. Lucia Luciano, the mayor of Las Vegas, bestowed on him the coveted Police Industrial Citation, for his help in stopping the slot walk-out last February.

It was knowledge of Fassbinder's record as a prominent metal patriot that prompted orderly Nixon, last night, to give the kiss of life, which doctors say was crucial in saving Fassbinder. Today he is off the hospital's critical list. Tomorrow, say his lawyers, he will be able to start answering the flood of letters and telegrams from well-wishers—including the President, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and several metallic veterans' groups.

Orderly Nixon administered the kiss of life anally. His second wife, who today filed her suit for divorce; was not available for comment.



FACE TO FACE WITH THE "FEAR TEST"

ARE YOU SQUEAMISH ABOUT SPIDERS? DO YOU HATE THE THOUGHT OF speaking in public? Do you panic at the sight of blood? If so, you may be out of work, according to a shocking new "fear test" that all applicants for public service jobs will have to submit to, beginning January 1st next year. And the use of a new drug will make it impossible to beat the test, scientists say.

Public-service union leaders have already lodged an official protest. But the test has been classified as a routine health screening procedure. This places it outside of union jurisdiction. There would be severe penalties for any act of union intervention, under the Trade Union Rights (Revisions) Act.

MENTAL STABILITY

Government officials claim the "fear test" (whose full title is the Rubinski Anxiety Index) is a sensible measure to screen out disturbed persons from jobs

that require reliable performance and mental stability. But officials admit that all applicants—even for clerical jobs—will be tested. And each person's score will be recorded permanently on his health/credit profile at the National Data Storage Center (NADASC) under the Necessary Statistical Records Act.

"The Rubinski Index can actually be a valuable social instrument," commented a spokesman from the Public Health Department at a press conference at which details of the test were released today. "It reveals mental health problems that the individual may not be aware of—and then gives him or her an

incentive to do something about it."

BEHAVIORAL CONDITIONING

The spokesman added: "Most disturbed responses can be easily modified by a few hours of behavioral conditioning, following which any applicant may apply for a re-test, to update a previous score."

Officials have no plans to apply the "fear test" outside of public-sector employment. But observers predict private employers will soon adopt similar tests of their own, if the government experiment is a success.

STRAPPED DOWN

Our medical correspondent writes: The Rubinski Anxiety Index is measured under medical supervision, using special psycho-pharmacological techniques. The test subject lies on a couch and is injected with Credilax, a new psychodyskeptic drug that induces relaxation and increases suggestibility. The effect is temporary—when the drug wears off, normal perceptions return. But while the drug is active, the subject has no critical judgment and believes whatever he or she sees and hears.

During the test the subject is shown 85 film clips, each lasting one minute, depicting realistic situations that will provoke extreme anxiety in unstable or neurotic persons. Skin resistance, heart and respiration rates are recorded, indicating any disturbance that each of the 85 stimuli produces. It is impossible for the subject to control these responses; in fact, some responses may be so violent that it is standard procedure for the subject to be strapped down on the couch during testing.

HIGHLY DISTURBED

If the Anxiety Index shows a major departure from the normal profile, or a total score exceeding the acceptable limit, the test subject will be disqualified from public employment and must undergo at least ten hours of behavioral modification before becoming eligible for a re-test.

Since it is impossible to repress an anxiety response under Credilax, even if post-hypnotic conditioning is used, there is absolutely no advantage to be gained from knowing the contents of the test in advance. Accordingly, the Health Department has released full details, including the 85 fear-stimuli. Possibly the Department hopes that individuals will test themselves, using the procedure described below. Anyone who scores a highly-disturbed response will be likely not to attempt the official government test until having undergone therapy, and this will represent a significant saving of public resources.

If you test yourself, using the simplified text below, remember that it is only an approximate guide to how you may respond under controlled conditions.

HOW TO TEST YOURSELF

Here is a list of 85 common causes of anxiety. Picture each one as vividly as you can, and ask yourself if it would bother you at all in real life. If you have even a slight response, circle the number in the first column. If your response is more than slight, circle the number in the second column. (Do not pay any attention to the third column yet.) Tension, indecisiveness, dry mouth, rapid pulse, sweating, hot flushes, depression, agitation, and/or nervous mannerisms are all positive indicators of anxiety.

If you have no anxiety response at all to a particular question, ignore it and proceed to the next one.

	Fill in the corresponding number of squares in column(s):				Fill in the corresponding number of squares in column(s):		
	Bothers me very slightly	Bothers me more than slightly			Bothers me very slightly	Bothers me more than slightly	
1. Noise of vacuum cleaners	2	4	K	36. One person bullying another	1	2	G
2. Open wounds	1	2	B	37. Tough-looking people	1	2	G
3. Being alone	3	6	D	38. Large birds	1	2	H
4. Being in a strange place	1	2	D, J	39. The sight of deep water	1	2	J
5. Loud voices	1	2	G	40. Being watched working	1	2	F
6. Dead people	2	4	A	41. Dead animals	3	6	A, H
7. Speaking in public	1	2	E, F	42. Weapons	2	4	G, K
8. Crossing streets	1	2	J, K	43. Dirt	1	2	B
9. People who seem insane	1	2	B	44. Crawling insects	1	2	H
10. Falling	2	4	C	45. Sight of fighting	1	2	G
11. Automobiles	2	4	C, K	46. Ugly people	1	2	B, F
12. Being teased	1	2	E, G	47. Fire	1	2	J
13. Visiting the dentist	1	2	C, G	48. Sick or diseased people	1	2	B
14. Thunder	1	2	D, J	49. Dogs	1	2	H
15. Police/Ambulance horns	1	2	K	50. Being criticized	1	2	E, F
16. Failure	1	2	F	51. Strange shapes	1	2	J
17. Entering a room where other people are already seated	1	2	E				
18. High places on land	1	2	D, J				
19. Looking down from high buildings	1	2	C, J				
20. Worms	1	2	H				
21. Imaginary creatures	2	4	H				
22. Strangers	1	2	E				
23. Receiving an injection	1	2	B, C				
24. Bats	1	2	H				
25. Journeys by train	2	4	C, K				
26. Journeys by bus	2	4	C, K				
27. Journeys by car	2	4	C				
28. Feeling angry	1	2	F, G				
29. People in authority	1	2	F, G				
30. Flying insects	1	2	H				
31. Sudden noises	1	2	J				
32. Dull weather	1	2	J				
33. Large crowds	1	2	C				
34. Wide open spaces	2	4	D				
35. Cats	1	2	H				

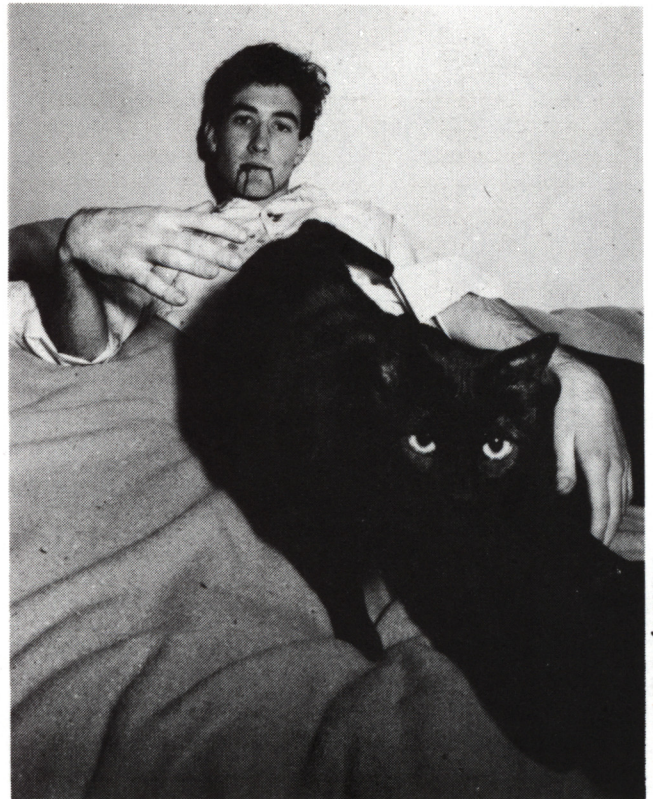


Photo by Mike Trevillion

		Bothers me more than slightly	Bothers me very slightly	Fill in the corresponding number of squares in column(s):
52. Being in a lift	1	2	J, K	
53. Witnessing surgical operations	1	2	A, B	
54. Angry people	1	2	G	
55. Mice	1	2	H	
56. Blood	1	2	B	
57. Parting from friends	2	4	D	
58. Enclosed places	1	2	A, J	
59. Prospect of a surgical operation	1	2	A, B	
60. Feeling rejected by others	3	6	D, E	
61. Airplanes	1	2	J, K	
62. Medical odours	1	2	A, B	
63. Feeling disapproved of	1	2	E, F	
64. Non-poisonous, harmless snakes	1	2	H	
65. Graveyards	3	6	A	
66. Being ignored	2	4	D, E	
67. Darkness	1	2	A, J	
68. Premature heartbeats (as if the heart misses a beat)	1	2	B	
69. Lightning	1	2	J	
70. Doctors	1	2	B, G	

	Bothers me more than slightly	Bothers me very slightly	Fill in the corresponding number of squares in column(s):
71. People with deformities	1	2	F, G
72. Making mistakes	1	2	F
73. Looking foolish	1	2	E
74. Losing control	1	2	F, G
75. Fainting	3	6	A
76. Becoming nauseous	1	2	B
77. Spiders	1	2	H
78. Being in charge or responsible for decisions	1	2	F
79. The sight of knives or sharp objects	1	2	B, K
80. Becoming mentally ill	1	2	B, C
81. Being with a member of the opposite sex	1	2	E, F
82. Taking written tests	1	2	F
83. Being touched by others	1	2	G
84. Feeling different from others	2	4	E
85. A lull in conversation	1	2	F

HOW TO ADD UP YOUR SCORE

In response to each question you should have circled either a number in column 1 ("Bothers me very slightly") or a number in column 2 ("Bothers me more than slightly"). You should have left blank any questions to which you had no reaction at all.

When you have responded to all the questions, go back to the top of the list. In the third column beside each question is either a single letter, or a pair of letters. (For example, beside Question 1, the letter is K.) These letters correspond to the lettered lines of squares in Figure 1. This is where you will plot your score.

If you circled 2 in Question 1, fill in two squares in line K in Figure 1. (Start filling in the squares at the bottom of the line, working upward, like a rising thermometer.) If you circled 4 in answer to Question 1, fill in four squares in line K. If you had no response to Question 1, do not fill in any squares, and go on to the next question.

Some of the questions have two letters beside them in column 3. For instance, Question 4 has letters D, J beside it. In this case fill in the same number of squares in *both* line D *and* line J. So if you circled 2, fill in two squares in line D, and two squares in line J.

Follow this procedure for all the questions, filling in the appropriate lines.

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

Aggregate High Score

If you add up all the squares you have filled in in *all* the lines and the total exceeds 150, this indicates an overall, undifferentiated, nervous, neurotic condition making you unsuitable for employment.

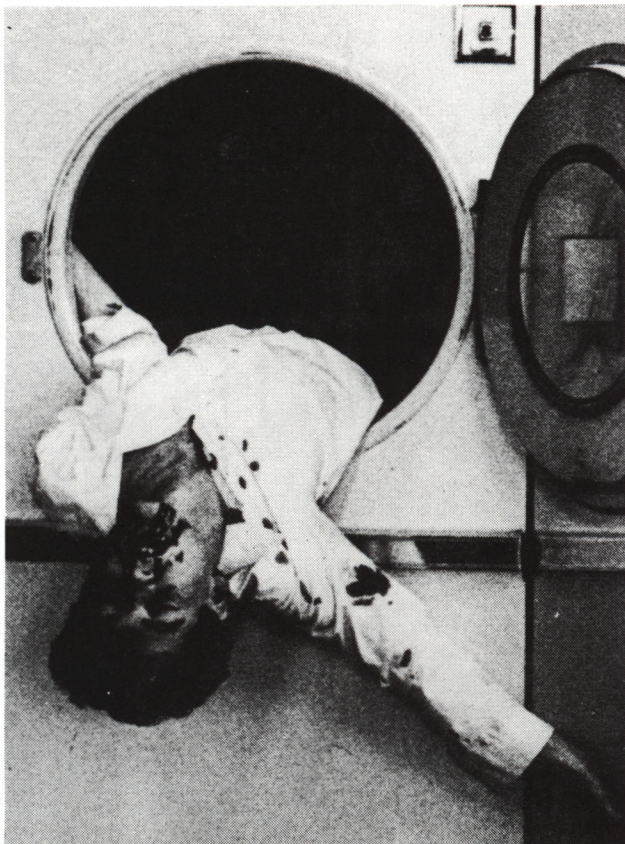


Photo by Mike Trevllion

Individual High Score

If any one line contains more than 20 squares filled in, this suggests a phobia in a specific area, and also renders you ineligible for employment, even if your aggregate score is under 150.

Bad Patterns

Each line, A to J, refers to a specific anxiety area as follows: A: Death. B: Wounds, disablement. C: The individual powerless to protect himself. D: Isolation from social contact. E: Rejection by peers. F: Failure. G: Confrontation with powerful figures. H: Animals and creatures perceived as hostile. J: Environments perceived as hostile. K: Inanimate objects and/or machines perceived as hostile.

These ten groups can be subgrouped under five headings: Physical Trauma, Mental Trauma, Social Incompatibility, Animate Threats, Inanimate Threats.

Your response profile, indicated by the lengths of lines A through J, shows which areas you have most trouble dealing with. High scores on A, B show neurotic fears of death and disability. High scores in C, D show fear of isolation and impotence. High scores in E, F show trouble in social areas. High scores in G, H show fear of other living things. High scores in J, K show incapacity to cope with the modern environment.

A trained behavioral modifier will be able to use your response profile as a guide in implementing reward/punishment therapy and destressing-treatment which can focus on the specific problem areas.

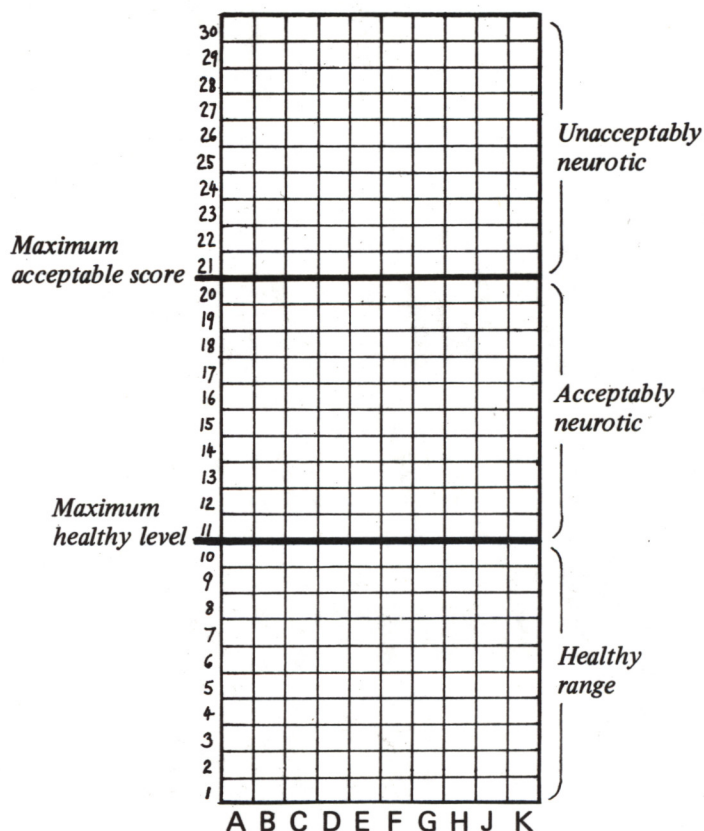


Figure 1

EDITORIAL

Resumption of Normal Service

Regular readers may have been bothered by a tendency of *New Worlds* to become significantly more obscure in recent issues. Since the magazine's revival in 1978, there have been the "Empire Issue" (number 213), somewhat "ad lib" in spirit; the "Russian Issue" (number 214), paying homage to Arthur Binstead and other revolutionaries; and the "Manchester Issue" (number 215), containing items on unusual subjects, from Kirlian photography to gas masks. This last issue was edited, written, and produced by an entirely different staff who had not previously been associated with this journal.

To set matters straight, this issue, number 216, is a "Normal Issue" in which readers will find a return to *New Worlds'* traditional 1960s values, and little or no material of significant peculiarity. To avoid any possible confusion the magazine is now clearly divided into sections: fiction, poetry, our continuing literary supplement, and news items which focus, this time, on events in California.

Every contribution is bylined (except where it has been compiled by our editorial staff, or from wire services), and our illustrators—many of them new to these pages—are credited in the conventional fashion.

There is every reason to expect, now, that *New Worlds* will continue on a regular schedule, appearing between

three and six times a year, featuring some items of special interest to the science fiction community, as well as literature of popular appeal. We remain, of course, dedicated to the pursuit of quality and innovation in all forms of Art.

Edited by Charles Platt (with Michael Moorcock)

Designed by Charles Platt

Front cover photograph by Fiona Preston

Back cover ceramic figures by Simon Francis, photographed at Sotherby's of London

New Worlds number 216, September 1979, copyright © 1979.

IN BRITAIN: single copies of this issue are available from 70 Ledbury Road, London W.11., for 85p each (inc. postage). Back issues are available for £1 and up; please ask for our complete list of available issues.

IN AMERICA: single copies of this issue are available from Patchin Productions, 56 Macdougall Street, New York, NY 10012, for \$1.75 including postage. Next four issues: \$6, including postage. Make U.S. checks payable to Patchin Productions.

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FICTION

Flat Face of the Flowering Wood

By Joel Zoss

FLAT FACE lived in a disused tunnel. Though blind in one eye, he had taught himself to kill birds with a stick. He arranged the feathers on frames of green boughs. One day the Princess sent for him. Flat Face knew it was unwise for him to leave the forest, but he was unable to refuse.

When he arrived at the Princess's compound he arranged his devices on poles, built a fire, and as he had so many times before, anxiously awaited the dawn.

The Princess honoured Flat Face. She fed him suet with her own hands, and presented him a new wearing cloth. Great Pain the holy man observed the proceedings from a safe distance.

On his return to the forest Flat Face paused to relieve himself. Catching sight of his deformed face in the water he burst into laughter. Not only did he hold the belief that eating birdflesh caused insanity to be outstanding among the misconceptions of his time, he imagined the Princess had already had second thoughts, and that she was probably inciting her followers to murder him at that very moment.

When he reached his camp the Princess was waiting for him. Before she could speak Flat Face offered her refreshment, and as she had honoured him she could not refuse, not even when the offer included birdflesh. So it was the Princess grew mad from eating birdflesh and married Flat Face, and the court moved to his precinct.

From this union came two male heirs remarkable for their precocious and appalling cruelty. Inasmuch as they so resembled Flat Face they were a source of wonder to the

court. Tattered bits of animal parts littered the compound. It was with little genuine mourning that they were buried at four years of age.

At the birth of a daughter Flat Face heeded the advice of Great Pain and sent her to be raised by the Old Tortoise Man, who at the age of eleven would initiate her into the arts of the courtesan, and at sixteen return her to her father.

Finding himself surrounded by innumerable slaves, Flat Face attempted to teach them to kill birds with sticks. He was not successful because they were unable to arrest their flattering. A drunken fall from a tree had left Flat Face lame in one leg, and this, coupled with his native deformity, made him an unlikely candidate for such activity. It was with great joy that he made the acquaintance of Sign Painter, a young man of remarkable beauty. Flat Face introduced him to Great Pain, and together the three men often drank far into the night. Flat Face gathered from the chaos about him that there was some higher order. He asked Great Pain about this. Great Pain said,

"Although the works of man are so vast that with a little patience one can find textual confirmation for any position, it appears that, with the notable exception of romantics of all ages, those who as it were forever relegate themselves to the vast and formless sea of ideas and notions, the overwhelming consensus points to the exclusive reality of love."

With Sign Painter as assistant Flat Face devoted himself entirely to designing frames. The devices they built were elaborate and ornate. In time they completely filled the wood and covered vast stretches of arable land. People came from all over the earth to view them, even from as far as the boundaries of Yu.

One day Flat Face got it into his head to build a device he had first seen in a dream. He set Sign Painter to placing feathers and began building it on a hilltop visible to all. The quantity of feathers collected filled the tunnel.

On her sixteenth birthday Flat Face's daughter returned to live with her father, but finding him well cared for, she went back to look after the Old Tortoise Man. Sign Painter disappeared. Some say he ran off with the girl, but it is also said that he fell into a pit and was eaten by hogs.

Flat Face was forced to abandon the project. Nevertheless he spent more and more time in the unfinished structure, and eventually took to dwelling there; and in fact he met his death there when, having become nearly blind in the other eye and exceedingly drunk, he tumbled one evening from its summit. Notwithstanding her initial revulsion, the Princess had grown quite fond of Flat Face, and decided to finish the building as a monument to Flat Face; or, at Great Pain's suggestion, as a memorial to Sign Painter; or if Sign Painter had not really died but only disappeared, as a memorial to the two sons who had died in infancy. The structure, now in ruins, is visible today. And this account, while inevitably distorted through the passage of time, is true in all particulars, and undoubtedly relates the manner in which the first tower was built.



Illustrated by Wendy Arnold

WITH GIBB IN GMEAF BY R. G. MABLE

An Eyewitness Account of the Hitherto Unknown BATTLE FOR THE FUTURE, With Some Remarks on its Consequences for the Assistance of Students

THINGS had not been the same at the Eternity & Tipstaff since the Abolition of the Future. With no-one's royalties arriving and the landlord getting ticklish about credit—the banks had closed and the City had ceased trading—with nothing new to bet on and no-one with a new idea in their head, life became almost insupportable. Decadence set in, of course, as it always does when everyone's bored, and with the usual incest and sodomy and whatwillyou all over the taproom floor, and the potmen deserting because the landlord, quite properly, would not allow pederasty on licensed premises, it was all a fellow could do, after struggling to raise a little cash, to then get a hand round a glass with something in it. Even at my most sober club, the Immortals in Half Moon Street, the waiters kept bumping into things, with vacuous grins on their faces and their eyes the size of saucers, and more brandy was getting into the carpet than into the members.

At Hugh Drummond's suggestion we retreated to the Unreal & Sporting (combined 1863) on the corner of Old Bond Street and Burlington Gardens, where I was captured by Newnham-Davis, better known as the Dwarf of Blood, once culinary and dramatic critic of the *Pink 'Un*, and J. B. Booth, also of the *Pink 'Un* and *Town Topics*, to make a fourth at bridge with Jack London, whom convivial spirits were still trying to raise from the depression that had seized him when Wolf House burnt down. I dislike bidding games, but the company was good, and no dago waiters attacked the stuffed giraffe in the hall or served you shilling chops grilled to the size of a shilling. What members were present seemed dead or lost in laudanum. So, encouraged by Dwarf's strong arm, I submitted to a chair at the green baize, and contented myself with putting the wind up JB by bidding two Nullos.

Under Dwarf's direction, the conversation turned to the recent massacre of the Japanese garrison at Nikolaevsk; one of the last bits of news to arrive before the closing of the Future. We didn't dwell on the massacre—we were, after all, trying to cheer poor Jack—but on the exotic figure of Nina Lebedeva, chief of staff and mistress to Triapitsyn the partisan. Showily mounted, armed to the teeth, and habitually dressed in dark red leather, at 25 she had already drenched her reputation in blood and myth.

I was about to be ribald, I fear, at the expense of this savage heroine, when an apparition, appearing at the door of the card room, caused the sentence to die upon my lips. An apparition, I say, but this—God knows how he got in—was real enough: Percy Wyndham-Lewis, the dumpling Vorticist, looking, with his air of outrage and uncertain moustache, like a Mexican police-spy, forcibly scrubbed and shaved before being squeezed into a clean but bursting suit. He crossed the room with the air of one about to arrest an archduke, picking his way over several recumbent members to our table.

"You," he announced with a gesture that held me, like Yorick, at arm's length, "are one of those who have explored the boundaries between fiction and reality . . ."

"The devil I am," I said.

"The deuce he is," cried JB, leaping to my rescue like a good 'un, "the boy's sound, none of your catawauling,

modern, de-bagging school."

Jack sucked mournfully at his whiskey peg, before pushing a large revolver across the table.

"Never play without one," he mumbled apologetically.

"Don't you realise it's WAR!" shrielled Percy, flinging a familiar brown envelope on to the table.

"I am reminded," said JB, catching Wyndham-Lewis by the sleeve to delay his departure, "of a tale from the last shambles. An officer in some African hinterland received this message: 'War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens.' To which he replied, 'Have arrested Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Italians, Roumanians, a Belgian, and two Americans. Please say who we are at war with.'"

"Russia!" snapped Percy.

"All of it?" drawled Dwarf, peeling open my envelope and telling me that I had been offered a commission in some new, literary regiment that was being formed. The offer did not interest me. I am as loyal to the king as the next man, but if I went it would be with my own regiment, Cribb's Own Rifles, 'the thumping COR'. Percy glanced at me, so I promised to drop in at the War House and sort it out, and then we returned to prising the tale out of Jack of his adventures as a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese affair of 1904. It was a good story and he brightened up in telling it; especially how he bought a junk, hired a crew of 3 Koreans who spoke no English, and crossed the Yellow Sea in gale-force winds to reach the front while all the other correspondents were suffering government delays in Tokyo. Sub-zero temperatures, masts carried away, the rudder smashed, his ankles strapped up after a severe fall; all you could ask. But then he sank back into depression after he remembered how, on return to San Francisco, he was met at the boat by his wife's divorce complaint and at attachment on his outstanding income.

"War?" said Dwarf, turning the subject again.

"Why not?" I replied, cutting the pack for a fresh game.

WE embarked quietly—or as quietly as possible with 8,000 men, half as many horses and mules, 600 vehicles, three complete trains, guns, and all the impediments that engineers do such useful things with—in pouring rain at Southampton. Our mission, as usual on these occasions, was frightfully hush-hush, with harassed brass-hats quashing any rumour with a semblance of truth in it, so it wasn't long before we had a pretty clear idea that the purpose of our outing was to destroy some military installation in Crimea. The nature of this installation was less clear, but George Henty's theory—correct, as it turned out; unlikely though it seemed—was told to me as we huddled in the lee of a pile of trunks at the dockside, watching the GOC's private suite of railway carriages being hoisted aboard a transport. It was a garbled tale I received, interrupted by bustle and rain, but the gist of it concerned an English inventor called *Jordan*, from somewhere in the Fylde, who had devised a machine which, by means of beaming rhythmic vibrations, could accelerate, retard, or, as at present, neutralise the evolution of *Time*.

I might remember the Tsaritsyn affair, George suggested,

proceeding to bombard me with long strings of names: Zaharoff, Churchill, Sir Vincent Caillard; Vickers, Krupp, and Le Creusot; Nikolaeff, Simferopol, the Dardanelles. It all sounded too much like politics and geography for me to follow closely, but I gathered that a Jordan device had been built in Crimea, originally to be aimed at the Turks, but with the outbreak of the Great War it was redirected against the German front where it accidentally set off the Russian revolution; it was, apparently, an experimental device, and imperfectly understood.

After the German debacle, attempts were made to direct the machine against the revolutionaries, but since the Whites could not decide whether they wanted Time to go backward or forward, these efforts only added to the general confusion. Until Jordan, whose temper had been sorely tried, not least by the uncertain nature of his wages, set the controls on *Hold*, aimed the machine at the world in general, and retired to obscurity in Clapham. The Bolsheviks, having captured the crude stuff of power, evinced no desire to interfere with the device.

I had no particular opinion of the new Russian establishment—all foreign regimes seem equally barbarous—but I had been present at the Eternity and Tipstaff when we were overrun with refugees from the Reading Room of the British Museum while that theatre was closed for fumigation. There were two in particular: squat, bearded johnnies with bulging foreheads, both of them bundled into innumerable shawls, cardigans and overcoats. We thought they were Russians at first, from the way they kept shouting and banging the table, and we were somewhat surprised that Joe Conrad was so successfully ignoring them—usually you only have to mention Russians and he starts throwing tables about—but the mystery was explained when they pulled out their ear trumpets to hear each other's bids at *klob*. They were not shouting because they were Russian but because they were deaf! They were, in fact, Germans; and though their names escape me, I believe they were quite highly thought of in those insalubrious circles where I am content to leave them. Bolshevik circles, of course. Where else do you find shabby foreigners from the British Museum?

It was not an important incident, but as military chaps feel keenly the importance of knowing your enemy, it was reassuring to know, as we embarked for Crimea, that I would be able to recognise a Red immediately by his ear trumpet and the extraordinary number of his clothes.

WE landed at Balaklava under cover of thick fog. It was a sombre business: clambering down the dripping nets, and listening for the sound of water against the unseen cliffs; waiting for the sudden crash of Russian guns, with our own massed naval batteries waiting to reply, and ourselves in the middle, in trifling boats on a sea that heaved with awful slowness against a rockbound coast. But more than this, I think, many of us were still haunted by our passage through the Dardanelles. We had slipped through the straits by night, and a ship at night is a solemn thing, the throb of its engines blending into the silence of the sky, with occasional clangs and bursts of laughter that echo off the sea. Many of us were on deck, but conversation was only a dull murmur as we passed the endless, twinkling lights along the heights behind the shore, where the remains of Wrangel's White Russian army and their dependants lay abandoned—120,000 souls, evacuated from Crimea only months before; 30,000 still soldiers under arms—their lives as blank and hopeless as the stars. It may be coincidence, but I've noticed with wars that Reality is often lurking in the shadows. So not a few of us, I suspect, were relieved to be diverted from such reflections by the crackle of rifle fire as our advance



"I was suffering badly from Reality ..." Author visited by friends before advance on Simferopol.

troops tidied up the few scruffy gendarmes who were all the garrison that Balaklava boasted.

After these shots the landing went off smoothly enough. Our French contingent, a battalion of bicyclists under General Gallifet, with Hilaire Belloc and a Hotchkiss gun, bustled off to Orlinoe to cover our right flank on the Yalta road; which they managed at no more cost than a few punctures or a migraine or two. Our main force manoeuvred to mask Sebastopol and the Inkerman bridge; while Cribb's Own, with a battery of 4.5s and a squadron of tootling yeomanry, moved inland to occupy the line of the Tchernaya, ready for a push up Mackenzie's Road.

It was here we saw our first semblance of action. We were digging in on the Fedukhine Heights, along the line of the old aqueduct, with our guns covering the river crossings from some salient hills on our right, the old Sardinian position overlooking Tschorgun, when a large force of Russians appeared on the opposite side of the river. We sprinkled them with a few rounds of shrapnel and some theatrical HE, then waited to see what they would do.

What happened next quite baffled me. I was scanning their disorderly lines through my telescope, when all their political officers—you could tell them by their shiny boots and ear trumpets—suddenly disappeared, and the whole untidy mass charged toward us, shouting and waving in the most excitable manner. I was wondering why our guns didn't sow a little genteel destruction among them, when Williamson, our gunner, who had previously been out with Denikin in the Ukraine, came through on the field telephone.

"I think," he said, "they've just murdered their officers and are coming over to surrender."

"Good Lord!" was all I could say.

It seems this sort of thing had recently become accepted behaviour in Russia; though what I was supposed to do with several thousand disaffected Russians was more than I could imagine, while the Russians themselves seemed surprised to find that we were British, and not Whites or Greens or any other colour of local desperado. In the end I passed them on to Joe Conrad (OC Engineers) who passed them on in turn to Phineas Gage, our railway engineer, who soon got them going with a bang.

THE following morning, before dawn, I loaded my grumbling company into our Talbot trucks and rumbled down to the bridge to rendezvous with Lord Byron and his 7th (Mazeppa) Light Armoured Motor Battery of Rolls Royce armoured cars; all our LAMBs were privately sponsored affairs, got up by such aristocratic sportsmen as Byron, Locker-Lampson and the Duke of Westminster. Our object-

ive was the capture of Bakhchisarai, to isolate Sebastopol and form an advance base for action against *The Device*; and as speed was essential, we dispensed with the battery of horse artillery detailed to us by Division, and borrowed a couple of thirteen-pounders on Peerless lorries from Horatio Ross's A-A battery. Then Byron organized our line and off we went.

We roared across the Belbek with no more opposition than the curses of a few shaggy cossacks who rode off before our leading cars could decently open fire on them, and in little over an hour we had covered the 25 versts to Bakhchisarai and occupied the town before the Russians were awake. Here again we were confounded by Russian eccentricity. The commanding officer, one Pushkin, a poet, had been imprisoned by his own staff for some divergence of



Gage's new railway, near Balaklava

opinion, and had first to be discovered and unchained before he could perform the formalities of surrender. He seemed overwhelmed with emotion at being able to surrender to Lord Byron, of whom he was a great admirer, but he restrained his Slavic surges with manly fortitude, and after breakfast insisted on showing us the historic sites of the locality.

Bakhchisarai, as you may know, though it was news to me, was the capital of Crimea when it was a Tartar khanate, so we had to see the palace where the Khans kept their women suspended in cages like songbirds. Then we peered into a sort of dingy schoolroom, the significance of which escaped me. And finally we visited the famous Fountain; famous, apparently, because Pushkin had written a poem about it, from which we heard large extracts in sonorous, if incomprehensible, Russian.

"The Khan Girei," Pushkin explained before his first excerpt, "raids a castle in Poland, and after killing the chief's son in single combat, carries off his fiancée, whom I call Maria in the poem, but whose real name was Dil Rabishek."

Back in Bakhchisarai the Khan falls ardently in love, but Dil-Maria resists his passion until she is killed by Zarema, the declining star of the harem. The Khan then kills Zarema, in some whimsical Tartar fashion, and has the fountain built as a memorial to his lost love.

"Baron de Tott," Pushkin further explained, "a French officer helping the Khan reorganize his army shortly after this event, learnt that Maria had been only fourteen when she died. When asked why he became so enamoured of the young girl, the Khan replied," and here Pushkin fixed us with a burning glance, "that she was wise as a serpent, brave as a lioness, strong as an eagle, tender as a child, fond as a mother, kind as a sister and passionate as a lover."

"Obviously a girl chum of the first order," remarked Byron, turning to me for support, "if a trifle young for that sort of thing, eh?"

"Quite," I said, "Quite," though my organ of romance was at that time occupied with thoughts of Mary Russell Mitford, a nurse with whom I had shared some chaste dalliance on the voyage out.

The fountain—see how Reality creeps in—was built in 1764, shortly before Crimea, despite de Tott's assistance, was absorbed into Greater Russia. The Khan instructed Omar, his Iranian architect, to build a monument the very stones of which would weep his sorrow through the ages. The stones are indeed said to weep, for the water seeps gently from many crevices in the marble fountain.

"A perfect symbol of grief," urged Pushkin, "inextinguishable, yet almost invisible. Thus does a mother weep who has lost her son in battle."

"Quite so," said Byron, in his best Harrovian tones, "Quite so."

ENOUGH surplus railway now having been built to carry all their private suites of rolling stock, the general staff condescended to disembark, and the war inevitably slowed down. Our GOC, Field Marshal Sir Herbert Wells, vulgarly known as 'H. G.', a great war-gamer who believed in planning his battles with toy soldiers on a billiard table in his private carriage, was determined to take Sebastopol. After all, what would a war be without a sit-down siege or two and a stand-up battle? Unfortunately, the lead soldiers of the period were rather unstable, and several major assaults on the city



The surrender of Bakhchisarai

had to be aborted because Phineas, bringing up ammunition, shunted the staff train off the main line, creating havoc in the casualty lists and giving the Russians ample time to reinforce themselves inland.

But if there was little for us to do, the staff amused themselves throwing parties for a plague of visiting war artists. These were all Italians—Futurists, of course—brought over by Percy Wyndham-Lewis, our general's chief aide, and were ice-cream vendors of the first water. Their only topics of conversation, which they also published in frequent manifestoes, were the glory of war, fast cars, and contempt for women. They didn't do any fighting, but I once saw one fall off a horse.

I was strolling on Cathcart's Hill with Mary Mitford and Jonah Barrington, to watch some promised manoeuvres against Sebastopol, when we came across one of these johnnies with his paint-box. We stopped to show interest—Mary

has a pleasant way with water-colours—whereupon Boccioni, I think that was his name, leapt up, getting his sabre tangled in his stool, and simpered at Mary in the worst, ingratiating Latin fashion. When he compounded this by taking me aside and making dubious remarks about the amusements of “sportsmen”, I was in some danger of showing annoyance. Mary is a thorough girl-chum, and besides knowing the intimate virtues of pie and pint, had only the previous week, in a cricket match against a mixed eleven of poets, wielded a masterly bat until bowled clean between the eyes by a venomous ball from Swinburne.

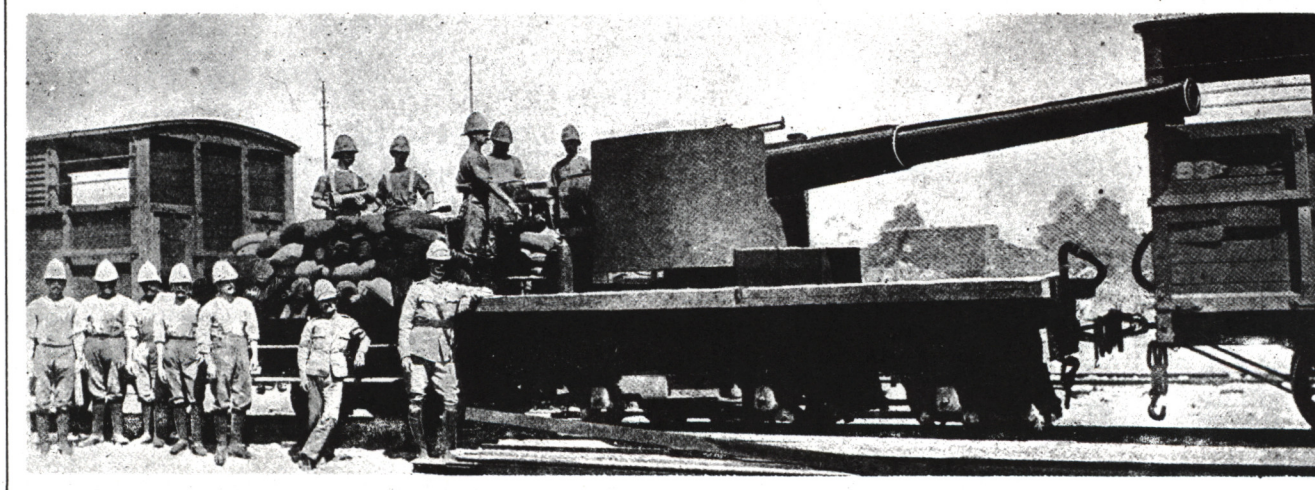
Had Boccioni alluded to her black eye I must have introduced him to manly recreation, but we were rescued by Jonah, who detached the clutching artist from my arm and offered to admire his painting.

“Splendid,” Jonah insisted, frowning with some conviction at a swirl of horses attacking a meringue, “but is it Daguerre? Hmmm?”

Our attention was now captured by explosions on our left and front, where a thick cloud of phosphorous smoke unfolded across the tangle of ravines between our forward lines and the Russian trenches. Our guns worked vigorously and, aided by a breeze off the sea, had soon obscured the entire city and its approaches. Heavy shells from our rearward batteries made muffled convulsions in the smoke.

WITH the fall of Sebastopol the war slowed down still further. Our railway network was extended, and there was some shunting about of staff trains and railway guns and miscellaneous rolling stock, but apart from occasional guard duties none of it seemed much to do with us. Rumours were rife, of course. One popular tale was that Jules Verne in Paris had designed an ingenious dome from which, when lowered over Jordan’s device, the mysterious vibrations would rebound, baffling the machine into self-destruction. But many of us felt that the war was over; that it had only been an excuse to make other countries buy Jordan devices, or that a savage defeat and a scandal were needed to put new life into it. Hobbes even wondered if it was possible to destroy the machine while the machine still functioned; after which no-one spoke to him for some time.

Some of us got up an expedition to explore the mountains which rose on our left flank, but the morning we intended to we were ordered up the Yevpatoria road and spent several days trudging through ditches and rolling logs along the road to see if it was mined. It wasn’t, so we mined it ourselves and trugged back to camp. More inaction followed. We tried coursing wolves with a pair of hounds that Jonah had brought out, which was jolly, and went to some staff bunfight, which was not; though both were hard on my re-



The “Anna Karenina” — a railway gun captured at Sebastopol

What happened next remains unclear, even to those involved, for our forward batteries, having a whole trainload of smoke shells, and receiving no orders to the contrary, continued firing for several hours, during which time no-one could see what was going on. It seems the Bloomsbury Fusiliers, dashing led by Colonel Chesterton in his familiar brown hansom cab, had been ordered into reserve for the proposed assault; but advancing along the Woronzow road had become lost in the smoke. Despite having three wheels, two horses, and a driver shot away by our bombardment, Chesterton pressed on until he found some trenches, which he imagined to be our own, occupied by Russians, whom he promptly evicted.

He had just sent off a stiff note to H. G., complaining about the slack way our lines were held, when our bombardment lifted forward, according to schedule, and he found himself under fire again. Baffled by smoke, and by the twisting contours of the land, he retreated, as he thought, and surprised himself by entering the town. Searching for cover, he entered a large, sandbagged building—the town hall—where the Russian generals Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were staring gloomily at the bombardment from behind a barricade of paperwork, consoling themselves with melancholy and vodka.

maining pair of boots. On the first occasion I got bitten in the foot by a wolf I overran, on the second I got my shins badly hacked by the scabbards of heavy cossack sabres which had become a fashion among staff officers. Occasionally I managed to go riding with Mary Mitford, but mostly it was endless blanco practise and ticking off Tommies for making toast with their bayonets.

We had become resigned to this routine when we were ordered to relieve the Irish Brigade at the front. We polished our billies and trenching tools and stripped a new deck of cards, but we had barely dug our latrines and got a brew going when we were hustled into our lorries again. The big push to Simferopol was on, and with Byron and Horatio Ross, we were to form a mobile column.

It may be deduced from a reading of Herodotus, says Murray, that the ancient Persians owed much of their success in war to the habit of planning their strategy at nightly carousals and revising it in the morning when they were sober. Imagination thus illumined method. This principle, alas, does not explain the state in which we entered the battle on the following day.

I had been suffering badly from Reality for some time, but I was unwilling to be left out of the action, so Dwarf

had brought up a case of gin to keep me going. Then Byron dropped in with Horatio Ross and Jack London, and Tennyson appeared, vague as usual, to settle down for a session. Tennyson in a tent is a remarkable experience. He sat on the bed in his floppy hat and cloak, like a tent within a tent, and peered out to make sure that none of the keepers, appointed by his family, had managed to get in behind him. Then he consulted a bottle of gin, still without a word, and evidently decided it was good, as he then exchanged his boots for his carpet slippers and lit an enormous pipeful of his usual disgusting shag. Others arrived. Tennyson was persuaded to sing "The Spaniard Who Blighted My Life". Byron gave us "The Destruction of Sennacherib" and "With My Little Wigga-Wagga In My Hand", and before anyone quite knew what was happening, Tom de Quincey had made up a bowl of punch with contributions from his pharmaceutical chest, and Dwarf was telling the story of the colonel's balls and the bankrupt regiment, and we had a party going.

We were just getting into our regimental song,

"Come move the song and stir the glass

For why should we be sad;

Let's drink to some free-hearted lass

And Cribb the boxing lad.

And a-boxing we will go, will go, a-boxing we will go—

when someone arrived to tell us we were late for jumping off.

"Jumping off," we giggled, staggering about in search of boots, sidearms and vehicles.

"Italians stab their friends behind

In darkest shades of night;

But Britons they are bold and kind

And box their friends by light,"

the words of Lawson's song echoed thinly over the steppe in the grey dawn.

"The sons of France their pistols use,

Pop, pop, and they have done;

But Britons with their hands will bruise,

And scorn away to run."

You could still hear fragments of the song among the cursing and clanking and gunning of motors as our combined force blundered off in confusion.

IT was when my driver, whom I had particularly chosen for his sobriety, complained of hearing strange noises and having trouble controlling the lorry, that I first suspected my state of mind might not be entirely due to my potatoes. Others seemed to be having similar trouble, and soon the steppe was littered with stalled or unsteerable vehicles. Things began to happen that made no sense, even as hallucinations. Nimrod Apperley appeared with a battery of 1½-pounders on galloping carriages and an escort of yeomanry, all of whom should have been miles away on the opposite flank, and when we consulted our compasses we found they were all spinning wildly. A party of Russians appeared, which concentrated our attention wonderfully, but they seemed very small Russians, and fortunately they died easily, for they also moved very fast, seeming blown toward us by terrific gusts of vibration from the east, where the Russian general, Bulgakov, as we later learnt, was tampering with the machine.

Then, somehow, we became aware of the thing above us. It was difficult to be sure of anything through the blur of laudanum and gin, and the hurtling blasts of Time and strange delirious music, yet everyone agreed that something was casting a shadow on the low grey roof of cloud, something vast and slow, that moved between cloud and sun with a dull, interminable throbbing.

Horatio Ross, who shot ten brace of swallows on the wing in one day with a flintlock pistol, was the first to recover—There is nothing in God's Creation, he declared, that

I cannot shoot out of His sky—and soon his battery was pummelling the sky from three- to 13,000 feet. I might have felt reassured, had I not been so passionately confused.

The shadow was right over us, with bits of burning debris dropping from it through the clouds, when suddenly the world went dark, except for the continuing flashes of the thirteen-pounders. Then holes began to appear, little patches of daylight in whatever covered us.

"Jules Verne's dome!" cried Byron, rocking himself to and fro on the bonnet of his armoured car.

After this my recollections lose coherence. I am not sure how we escaped from the dome. I remember meeting Jack London on the open steppe, limping along on crutches and very pleased to have been near enough to the action for one of Nimrod's galloping guns to gallop over his foot. And I remember the episode of the bear, which seemed to follow this and yet take place inside the dome.

I did not take the apparition seriously when I saw a bear lumbering toward me. It was the one thing I was sure I was imagining, until it hit me.

"Sir," it bellowed, knocking me to the ground with a tremendous buffet, "I would not give a damn to live on six thousand a year." It was Jack Mytton in his bear suit.

"What," he shouted, lunging at me again, "never been overturned in a curricule!"

I retreated through the gloom, pelting him with dead Russians until Mitchell, my RSM, came up and stunned him with a soda syphon.

The last thing I remember of that day definitely happened outside the dome, for I was standing looking back at it, and at the scores of burning dirigibles that had been supposed to steer it into place. Nimrod appeared again, alone and on foot. He gibbered at me.

"Look like a fox. Must get the hounds to you!"

Apparently I was covered in reddish-brown rash; symptomatic of typhus, a delirious mode of Reality caught from watermelons. No wonder I couldn't concentrate.

I was still trying to understand Nimrod, when we were blown to the ground by an enormous explosion that seemed to take a year to die away. The device, it seems, after the manner of its creator, was not fastidiously constructed and had been unable to take the strain of Bulgakov's wild orchestrations. I saw Verne's dome, lifted by the blast, turn lazily in the air above me, and I had just time to think "Oh No!" before its pierced shadow closed over me. I read, stencilled vividly on its rim, *Collins: Ravenglass*.

DUE to my illness I was not involved in the unpleasant details of the evacuation. I remember bleakly watching from the ship as some fifteen-inch siege howitzers were being ditched in the harbour, concerning which myopic monsters I could tell you a tale, if I hadn't been forcibly informed that heavy artillery anecdotes are unacceptable to the modern reader; but over the dreadful outbreaks of Reality among the crowds of refugees who wanted to ship out with us I must leave the veil of ignorance. For us it was over, and at the time I was more interested in Mary Mitford, with whom, despite my losing several stones in weight and half my hair, my relationship had reached the juncture at which it ceases to be the reader's business.

* * *

At this point the manuscript abruptly stops. For those who find this unsatisfactory, an alternative ending by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, including a serious historical study of the war's consequences—the continuing, mysterious lapses of Time in Russia, the advent of surrealism in Western Europe, etc.—will be published in the next issue.

MICHAEL MOORCOCK

THE FLIGHT FROM SINGAPORE

AERIAL MASSACRE . . . JAPANESE DESTRUCTION OF COLONY . . . HOSPITALS ATTACKED

Only Survivor's Terrifying Account

It had been a utopia of sorts which the Japanese destroyed.

Designed as a model for other great settlements which would in the future spring up throughout the East, Singapore's white, graceful skyscrapers, her systems of shining monorails, her complex of smoothly run airparks, had been lovingly laid out as an example to our Empire's duskier citizens of the benefits which British rule would eventually bring them.

And Singapore was burning. I am probably the last European alive who witnessed her destruction.

As a young doctor I had gone East to make my own idealistic contribution to that dream of health, order, and justice which could soon be made reality throughout the Orient. Shouldering my share of the White Man's Burden, for the past three years I had been a senior physician at St. Mary's Hospital, Changi.

It was the night of February 22nd, 1971: The night of the attack by Japan's Third Fleet: The night when a British dream of Utopia was destroyed, perhaps forever.

We were trying to escape what was left of the colony. An ambulance ship was moored to an improvised mast and the vessel all but filled the blackened, ruined grounds of St. Mary's: a huge airship silhouetted against a sky which was ruby red with the flames of a thousand fires. The scene was surreal. I think of it today as the flight from Sodom and Gomorrah—but in Noah's Ark! Tiny figures of patients and staff rushed, panic-stricken, into the vessel's swollen belly while everywhere overhead moved monstrous, implacable Japanese flying ironclads. They had come, mindless beasts of the upper regions, to seed Singapore with their incendiary spawn.

Our resistance had been impotent. Far away a few searchlight beams wandered about the sky, sometimes showing a dense cloud of smoke from which could be glimpsed a section of one of those vast aerial men-o'-war. Then the three remaining anti-aircraft guns would boom and send up shells which either missed or exploded harmlessly against the side of the attacking craft. There were several of our monoplanes still buzzing through the blackness at speeds of over four hundred miles an hour, firing uselessly into hulls stronger than steel. They were picked off by tracer bullets shrieking from armoured gun-gondolas.

I saw a hovergyro whirl like a frightened humming bird out of the flames, then it, too, was struck by magnesium bullets and went spinning into the flaming chaos below.

Our ship was not the latest type. Few hospital ships ever were. The cigar-shaped hull protecting the gasbags was of strong boron-fibreglass, but the two-tiered gondola below was more vulnerable. This gondola contained crew and pas-

senger accommodation, engines, fuel, and ballast tanks, and into it we were packing as many human beings as we could.

Without much hope of the ship's being able to get away, I helped carry stretchers up one of the two folding staircases lowered from the bowels of the ship. This in itself was a hard enough task, for the vessel was insecurely anchored and it swayed and strained at the dozen or so steel cables holding it to the ground.

The last terrified patient was packed in and the last nurses, carrying bundles of blankets and medical supplies, hurried aboard while airmen unpegged the gangways so they could be folded back into the ship. The stairs began to bounce like a cakewalk at a fair as, with the riggers, I managed to climb into the ship, losing my footing several times, shaken so much I felt my body would fall to pieces.

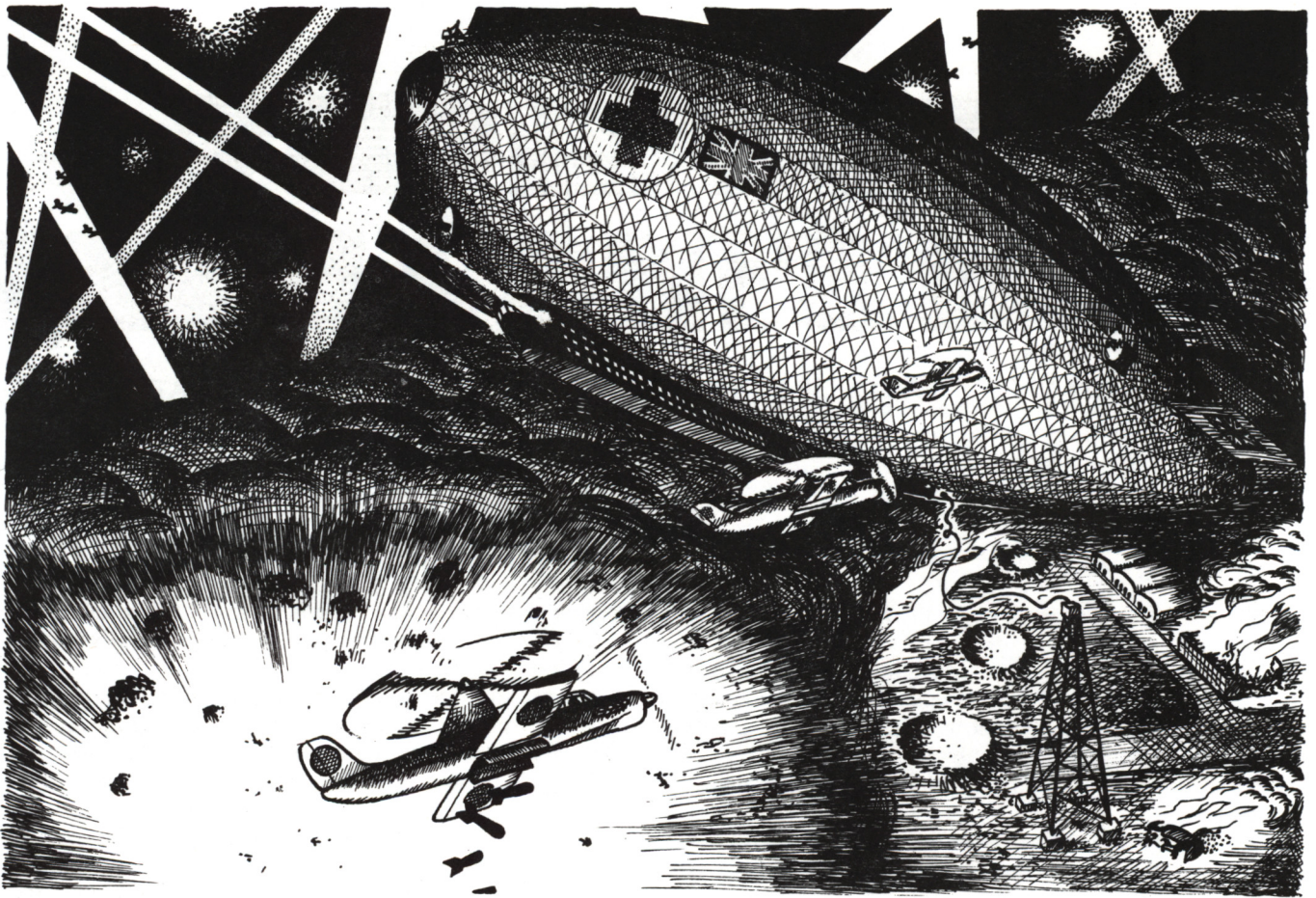
Suddenly several incendiary bombs struck the hospital at once. The darkness exploded with shouting flame. More bombs burst in the grounds, but incredibly none hit the airship direct. For a moment I was blinded by brilliant silver light and a wave of intense heat struck my face and hands. From somewhere above I heard the captain shout "Let slip!" even before the gangway was fully raised. I clutched and found a handrail, dropped the box I had been carrying and desperately tried to grope my way up the few final rungs before I should be crushed by the automatically closing steps. My vision returned quickly and I saw the cables lashing as if in fury at having to release their grip on the ship. And then I stood on the embarkation platform itself and my immediate danger was past.

The overloaded vessel went up with a juddering lurch. As we blundered into the sky I was convinced the whole contraption was about to plummet back to the ground, but somehow we continued rising. Steadying myself as best I could I glimpsed the fiery ground falling slowly away before the gangways folded together and cut off the sight. Then I started to climb towards the lower deck.

The ship was listing slightly and was stern-heavy so that all fittings sloped upward and to one side. Every so often we would shudder as some attempt was made to correct her trim. And still we were going up.

I staggered through a narrow companionway alongside the crew's quarters, making for my own ward which was on the lower of the two tiers. When the ship shook too much or altered her trim too drastically, I would grip some handhold and pause to stare incredulously down through one of the small observation ports set in this section of the hull.

The whole island was breaking into fragments and each fragment was consumed by flame. I saw the steel curves of the main monorail writhe and snap like the coils of an over-



wound watch spring as the bombs blasted its pillars. I saw slender towers topple and collapse into the inferno as if they were no more than the icing decorations of a Christmas cake thrown onto a fire. I saw the great oil reservoirs send orange flames and curling black smoke two hundred feet into the darkness. The deafening thump of exploding munitions dumps made my eardrums ache and the ship became so battered by the concussion that I fell again and again, bruising myself several times before I finally burst through the safety doors into my ward.

Here, too, was frightful confusion. Patients were howling and shrieking. Several were thrashing about hysterically, fighting off the nurses and doctors who tried to help them. Those who could walk or stand were clinging to safety rails, staring through the observation windows, horrified by the last moments of the island which a few hours before had been Britain's "impregnable" fortress.

Three-tiered bunks had been crammed into the ward and stood four rows across, running the best part of the length of the ship. On the other deck above us there were two wards of approximately half our length and similarly crowded. Technically, the other two wards were supposed to contain the wounded while my ward had the regular hospital patients, chiefly victims of disease, but so hurriedly had we crammed them aboard, that our ward also had its share of burned and bleeding wounded. It was packed with sick humanity—so crowded that I had to force my way through a wailing mass of legless or armless Malays and Chinese of both sexes before I could find one of my assistants and discover how the ward was being organised.

The hellish chaos outside was mirrored by the chaos in the ward. Our lighting had been switched off as a safety precaution. Therefore the only illumination came from the blazing colony below and it seemed at times that the ward itself was on fire. In some parts of it the light was bright, in other parts there were dense black shadows from which

came the moans and screams of terrified women and children. I had an impression of a thousand waving legs and arms, a thousand mouths opened in shouts of misery and through the red glare of the destruction moved doctors, nurses, orderlies, all doing their best to restore calm. But their own strained, pale faces belied their soothing words. The stink of sweat, of anaesthetic, of blood, made me nauseous.

I singled out a child whose whole body was a red rawness of burns and wounds and began to tend to it as best I could.

Our overburdened ship soon reached maximum possible height. Its engines groaning, it began to move towards the sea. We were heading for Sarawak, our nearest surviving colony. I remember listening in hopeless grief as the child's voice cried in Cantonese for a mother whose body was burning somewhere in the wreckage below. I gave it a sedative and placed it in a bunk on which three other children had already been packed.

Then there came another lurch, another cacophony of wails and screams.

The ship was in trouble—had been from the beginning. I could tell by the feel of her. I think at least one of the stern tailplanes had been partly damaged, because she was steering so erratically. I tried to forget all this as I went on to the next patient, a woman whose arm had been blown off.

My brain could not accept that human beings would knowingly commit such atrocities on others of their kind. Did the Japanese really understand what they were doing? The image of insensate beasts of the sky was paramount. The ships must be remote-controlled, I thought, or even out of control altogether. But that was a foolish notion. It was plain now that the Japanese's sole intention in coming to the colony was to wipe Singapore off the face of the earth and to spare no-one (their airmen had been told, I now gather, that Great Britain had begun this war with a deed of similar

ferocity).

Though I remember the scene so clearly I can still hardly find words for the mood of stunned despair which overwhelmed me as I tried to help the patients. The ship was still shuddering and rolling; threatening to throw us all straight through the observation windows. I recall that I held the hand of an old woman, murmuring something foolish in answer to her plaintive questions as I stared fixedly out at a scene which had no equal in the most detailed visionary paintings of the horrors of hell.

Then something like the blow from a giant fist smashed into our ship's stern and she slewed round in the air. An enemy shell had struck us! I tensed myself, expecting to feel the sudden drop begin, but the ship held her altitude. Her eight big diesels, situated towards the stern, coughed and stopped. A chilling silence fell as we all listened. Then a bell clanged.

I got up to see what was happening outside, but smoke still obscured everything. The ship corrected her trim but her engines remained dead. I heard airshipmen shouting and saw members of the crew appear in the forward doorways and begin to push their way down the aisles towards the stern. Riggers, engineers, and officers went past cursing. I was nearly bowled over by the bosun dashing back towards the control cabin which was forward. There were more shouts and the engines slowly started up again, but it seemed to me they were labouring more than ever. I went back to the old woman's bunk. She was asleep. A nurse had given her a sedative. I made a decision. I told the nurse to sedate everyone. The patients had nothing to gain now from remaining mobile. If we went down, they were as good as dead.

Quite unexpectedly, and without any sign of pursuit from the aerial battleships of the "Sons of Heaven", we emerged out of the smoke and saw the moonlit ocean below. We were about four hundred feet above the water as we drifted through the night towards the sanctuary of Sarawak, muffled sounds of explosions and gunfire still very near. It was to be more than an hour before the red stain vanished completely from the sky. As soon as the captain considered it safe to do so, we were allowed to work by the violet glow of the emergency lighting.

A terrible calm prevailed in the ship now and what sounds there were, save the droning of the engines, were small, melancholy sounds.

We were in a state of stunned shock. The war itself—still undeclared—had been going on for several months, and, naturally, we had expected there would be some attempt to take the highly strategic base of Singapore. But what we had not expected was the full weight of the Japanese Air Fleet, nor the terrible anger with which they attacked, offering no terms of surrender as they had to Hong Kong, Taiwan, or the Philippines. And we had thought that we had more time, for, logically, Brazil would be next in their plan of conquest: They wanted O'Bean. Most of our own airfleet had flown recently to defend Brazil's seaboard and, I learned much later, was to engage and inflict heavy damage on the Emperor's ships three days after the razing of Singapore.

What had happened to us that night was so incredible that it was as if Time had become muddled and the savage days of Genghis Khan had returned to the Orient, only with greater ferocity. The shocked, exhausted silence in the wards became more intense as we moved slowly on, still losing a few feet every hour until soon, it seemed to me, we should be sailing on the sea like an old-fashioned ocean-going "liner".

The engines stopped again. Complete silence fell for a moment until the earlier scene was repeated and crewmen

began to run towards the stern. An airshipman caught me by the arm as I straightened up from checking the respiration of one of several tubercular patients. He asked if I were the chief doctor and I told him to go up and look in the top ward where he might find Dr. Lingard. I noticed that the airshipman's young face was covered in a mixture of sweat and fuel oil and that his eyes were bloodshot. I asked him what was wrong.

He told me that the fuel tanks had been hit as we were escaping and that consequently it looked as if we had lost most of our oil. He hurried for the entrance of the lift which would take him to the upper deck.

Apart from a few muffled shouts and the thumping from the stern, the silence prevailed until an orderly arrived and told me that all senior staff were to assemble in Dr. Lingard's office amidships. The chief had something to tell us that was important.

I left my work, put on my blood-stained jacket, and went to join the others. Lingard was in his tiny office with the other doctors and matrons. He nodded to me as I entered. I had been the last to arrive. I closed the door. Lingard was an ageing career-doctor; his normally smooth features were tired and strained.

He told us that the captain had recently spoken to him. The vessel had no fuel left and we were drifting towards Java. There was no hope at all of reaching Borneo. The radar was dead and they were having difficulty with the computer system. Almost everything was being operated manually. They had sent a wireless message to Sarawak and Sarawak thought they could get a relief aircraft out to us if we made a deliberate crash-landing somewhere. The danger was that we should go on drifting over the Indian Ocean and were picked off by the Ukrainian or Austro-Prussian ships known to be cruising there. Alternatively the wind might change and blow us back towards the Philippines where we would be finished by the Japs.

Lingard said that the captain estimated we should shortly be over Surabaya which was still in neutral Dutch hands, although the Dutch were themselves having trouble from Japanese-armed guerillas. The captain had been in wireless contact with the Surabayan authorities and they would be expecting us. The crew would start valving out gas as soon as the city was sighted. With luck and good judgement they would set us down in the sea close to the harbour where we would float long enough for the boats to take us off.

It was about our only chance of surviving, of saving the majority of our charges. We were told to have patients ready for instant disembarkation. We must inflate all the stretchers we could find, don life-jackets ourselves. The inflated stretchers should be placed in the bunks under the patients in order to help cushion the impact when the ship struck the water. We had a couple of hours in which to get everything ready.

I went back to the ward, pulled on my orange life-jacket and stood by the safety rail, looking through the observation windows, smoking a cigarette as the dawn came up and showed the sea less than three hundred feet below us. I turned. The pale light revealed bunk after bunk packed with sick humanity and weary nurses moving slowly from patient to patient while the orderlies and airshipmen lifted the bodies and got the small life rafts under them. There came a series of sharp hisses as the rafts were inflated. Bleakly I returned my attention to the sea and watched the sun rise in a sky full of watery shades of yellow, red, and blue. The ship, coasting on the wind, hardly seemed to be in motion at all. I felt for a moment that we must be the last living entities in a dead and ruined world

From an alternative earlier version of Warlord of the Air, previously unpublished. (c) Michael Moorcock, 1979.

JULES ULRIK VLIET is a Ulysses born at the end of time, hounded through the world not by Gods but by Society from which he is outcast.

His world is a technologically advanced, but doomed, alternate Earth, re-named Sorum. In the fossilized forests are tribes of loners—*Dogs*—unable to withstand more than 20 years of life. They have evolved whole procreative life-cycles within the 20 years, and are grown men and women at the age of six. Due to an evolutionary change the women have evolved sexual organs at the backs of their throats, but in every other respect (except in appearance) both men and women have the minds and manner of dogs (hence *Dogs*); they know no alphabetical language and they communicate, eat, and sleep like dogs. Vliet was reared among them, so he suffers no attacks from them; but he receives little help, either, in his endless flight.

A chilling tension is provided throughout, between Vliet's desire to rest and involve himself in a succession of situations, and the terrifying archangels of Hell who are the agents of the Politicians. These are the Atavars, semi-humanoid 'police' possessed of enormous strength and endurance and powerful weaponry.

Only Vliet's precognitive visions, supplying him with a vague but strong feeling of Destiny, save him from losing

Behind him, his pursuers have also broken through the Time Fault's walls, moments before the walls collapsed, sealing them inside. His instrument (an Image Detector) tells him that the formidable Atavars, three in number, have separated and disappeared 'underground', to hunt him down separately. Their weapons give them almost unlimited power whereas Vliet has only his Detector, tuned to register their presence, and an ordinary needle-gun. He runs, and briefly moves out of range of his assailants, his Detector registering Zero Image. Then he encounters Joss Lone and his daughter Helen Lone.

AT FIRST VLIET treats these people like all the others he has used and abused to further his ends, and he forces his presence on them, hiding in their home, until he is made to realize that they wish to become his allies; they wish to *help* him. They teach him how to hang-glide—gliders are the only real way to get around—and obtain suitable clothes for him to wear. Helen Lone, who is fascinated by his violent manner, falls in love with him, and he with her, but he denies her, love being alien to his nature.

The day comes when the Atavars locate him again and he is forced to leave. Helen insists on travelling with him;

OUTLINE ONE

MICHAEL BUTTERWORTH

his life. But the Future seems as hostile as it is strange for he sees not only his own end but also the end of the Universe.

BY ACCIDENT, HE breaks through the Time Faults into a second alternate Universe. Here, Earth has reached an equally advanced stage of Technology but is unmarred by the scars of war and pollution. He is stunned by the beauty and tranquility which he finds. It is an anarchistic beauty, with societies broken down into countless sub-societies; a new Earth similar to our own in that everything has evolved the same way until 1963, then split off from the other Timestreams, the culture improving rather than degenerating. It is Technology made good, rather than Technology made bad, an ideal world where human harmony and advancement (both spiritual and physical) have been achieved without strain.

But Vliet knows nothing of this; scarcely into his teens he knows only violence and hatred brought with him from Sorum. The new world's beauty frightens him.

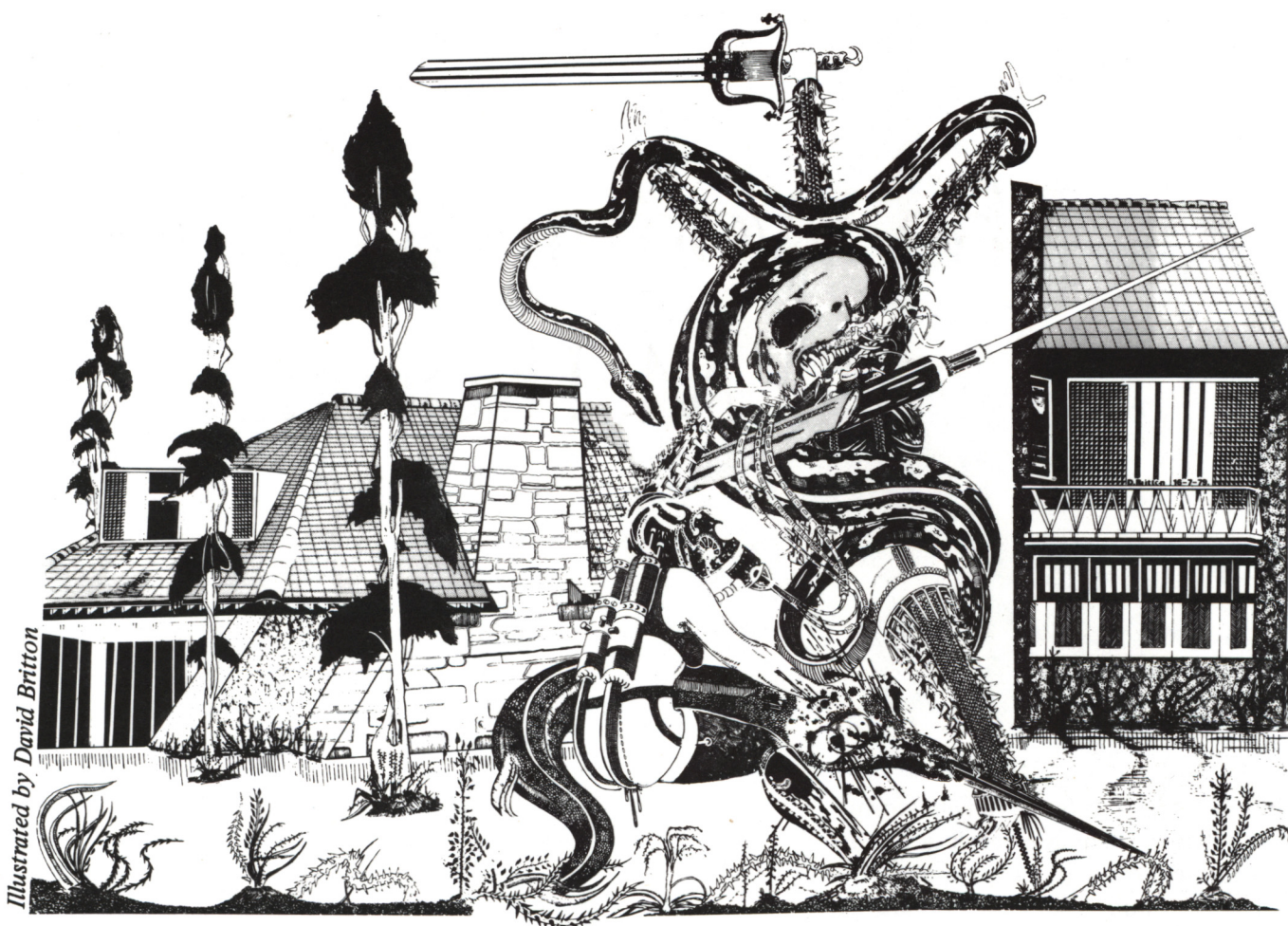
He runs deeply into it, encountering inhabitants who think him mad but who help him on his way. He has no objective except to run. He has only fear.

he refuses, but she follows and 'proves' herself by fighting his first assailant at his side.

The first of the Atavars traps Vliet in the ruins of a Western city and hunts him through the empty corridors of crumbling skyscrapers and along deserted streets until he is forced to fight or die. Helped by Helen, he succeeds in overcoming it, learning from her humane ways of 'killing' by cleverly imprisoning his foe's mind inside the head of a parrot, rendering it quite harmless.

After resting briefly with her (whom he still tries to reject, hating her), they are again pursued. The second assailant catches them airborne in their hang-gliders and attempts to bring them both down.

The gliders are much more sophisticated than today's hang-gliders, are made from stronger, lighter materials, and are more aerodynamically streamlined. They are ideal portable forms of travel, utilizing large updrafts of warm air from artificial wells (called Thermals) hewn through Earth's crust. This warm air enables the gliders to gain instant height and 20 miles' range. It is up to the traveller to reach the next Thermal, where he is given height again as well as another 20 miles of potential travel. Earth has been designed for this kind of travel, her internal heat tapped to provide not only uplift, but controlled weather. Winds are constant, and warm, and are made to change



direction at regular intervals (like tides) enabling 'two-way' air traffic to use the skylaners. Like present-day gliders, however, they need only to collide gently in mid-air to come crashing earthward.

HELEN'S GLIDER SOON goes down—to her death?—and a glider battle ensues between Vliet and the Atavar, each trying to out-maneuver the other so as to bring him down without colliding. Vliet wins, but he finds himself overcome by an inexplicable grief, the like of which he has not experienced before. This is the first time that he has admitted to himself that he longs for another, and he lands to look for Helen in a swamp jungle, wrecking his glider in the attempt. The aquatic forests are inhabited by boat-powered men living in the small devolved communities typical of the new world. His detector tells him that the Atavar he fought is now dead and he comes across its wrecked body shattered on a concrete landing platform; the Detector also tells him that his third assailant is close by, but its Image is, alarmingly, *receding*. Moments later he locates Helen's ruined glider floating on the water, but he can find no trace of her body. He learns from an inhabitant that she has indeed been abducted.

He cannot run now. He is chained by a love that he can no longer hide from himself. He must attack, and he

sets off in pursuit.

The third assailant corners him and the kidnapped Helen is coldly murdered before his eyes, invoking in his mind the death-throes of his mother, father, and sisters. Enraged, he kills his last enemy.

Now purpose comes to him as he begins to accept certain responsibilities. He carries the dead girl back to her father, blaming himself for her death. But there, he cannot understand why he is not arrested and punished. If he had not been so selfish, if he had not ventured to this world, if she had not been corrupted by him, she would still be alive. Grief-stricken, Lone explains that every man is 'a law unto himself'. Even so, murder is a rare occurrence. He (Lone) is the only man who could 'punish' Vliet, by killing him, but this would serve no purpose; it would not bring back his dead daughter; it would not help Vliet to get back his lost love. He urges that Vliet must now fulfill his own life and forget her.

Still Vliet cannot understand. He is full of vengeance for the dead girl's killers. The visions of his own murdered family recur again, and, swearing to avenge them all and return a conqueror, he sets off back into Sorum to rid it of his persecutors. Instead of fleeing, now, he advances, to fight and destroy.

End of Part One. Outline Two, the second part of this trilogy, will appear next issue.

POETRY

The Woman to Sigmund

D. M. Thomas

I dreamt of falling trees in a wild storm
I was between them as a desolate shore
came to meet me and I ran, scared stiff,
there was a trapdoor but I could not lift
it, I have started an affair
with your son, on a train somewhere
in a dark tunnel, his hand was underneath
my dress between my thighs I could not breathe
he took me to a white lakeside hotel
somewhere high up, the lake was emerald
I could not stop myself I was in flames
from the first spreading of my thighs, no shame
could make me push my dress down, thrust his hand
away, the two, then three, fingers he jammed
into me though the guard brushed the glass,
stopped, for a moment, staring in, then passed
down the long train, his thrumming fingers filled
me with a great gape of wanting wanting till
he half supported me up the wide steps
into the vestibule where the concierge slept
so took the keys and ran up, up, my dress
above my hips not stopping to undress,
juices ran down my thighs, the sky was blue
but towards night a white wind blew
off the snowcapped mountain above the trees,
we stayed there, I don't know, a week at least
and never left the bed, I was split open
by your son, Professor, and now come back, a broken

woman, perhaps more broken, can
you do anything for me can you understand.

I think it was the second night, the wind
came rushing through the larches, hard as flint,
the summer-house pagoda-roof came down,
billows were whipped up, and some people drowned,
we heard some waiters running and some guests
but your son kept his hand upon my breast
then plunged his mouth to it, the nipple swelled,
there were shouts and there were crashes in the hotel
we thought we were in a liner out to sea
a white liner, he kept sucking sucking me,
I wanted to cry, my nipples were so drawn
out by his lips, and tender, your son moved on
from one nipple to another, both were swollen,
I think some windowpanes were broken
then he rammed in again you can't conceive
how pure the stars are, large as maple leaves
up in the mountains, they kept falling falling
into the lake, we heard some people calling,
we think the falling stars were leonids,
and for a time one of his fingers slid
beside his prick in me there was such room,

Freud

set up a crosswise flutter, in the gloom
bodies were being brought to shore, we heard
a sound of weeping, his finger hurt
me jammed right up my arsehole my nail began
caressing where his prick so fat it didn't
belong to him anymore was hidden
away in my cunt, came a lightning-flash
a white zig-zag that went so fast
it was gone before the thunder cracked
over the hotel, then it was black
again with just a few lights on the lake,
I think the billiard-room was flooded, we ached
he couldn't bring himself to let it gush
it was so beautiful, it makes me blush
now to be telling you, Professor, I
wasn't ashamed then, although I cried,
after about an hour he came inside,
we heard doors banging they were bringing in
the bodies from the lake, the wind
was very high still, we kept
our hands still on each other as we slept.

One evening they rescued a cat, its black fur
had been almost lost against the dark-green fir,
we stood naked by the window as a hand
searched among the foliage, it scratched,
it had been up there two days since the flood,
that was the night I felt a trickle of blood,
he was showing me his family snaps, I said
Do you mind if the trees are turning red?
I don't mean that we literally never left
the bed, after the cat was taken down, we dressed



Illustrated by Dee Toomey

and went downstairs to eat, between the tables
there was a space to dance, I was unstable,
I had the dress I stood up in, no more,
I felt air on my flesh, the dress was short,
weakly I tried to push away his hand,
he said, I can't stop touching you, I can't,
please, you must let me, please,
couples were smiling at us indulgently,
he licked his glistening fingers as we sat,
I watched his red hand cut away the fat,
we ran down to the larches, I felt a cool
breeze blow on my skin and it was beautiful,
we couldn't hear the band in the hotel
though now and then some gypsy music swelled,
that night he almost burst my cunt apart
being tighter from my flow of blood, the stars
were huge over the lake, there was no room
for a moon, but the stars fell in our room,
and lit up the summer-house's fallen roof
pagoda-like, and sometimes the white cap
of the mountain was lit by a lightning-flash.



(Vienna, 1919) **Tausk — Freud (letter)**

Dear Freud. I have arranged to go at one daily to Frau Deutsch. She is yours at three, I gather, and at noon she feeds her son. Your letter came as a surprise to me, I must confess. I fear I had presumed, in view of my long service to the cause and, above all, to you, you'd have assumed the burden of my analysis. I was a little shaken, wondering what offence I'd given. But since you've taken her yourself, a rare mark of her excellence in your regard, I'm calmer, happier about unmasking my mind's violence.

Freud — Helene Deutsch (analysis)

She thanks you for the goat's milk. Bring your son, now he is weaned, to visit her some time—my wife would like that; stop her brooding on my careless ash! . . . A candle in a lime-tree: beautiful, so rich! I catch a gleam of light, at last, at last. I think we ought to keep on, after all. And yet you seem held back still, somehow. When you came, I caught a scent—yes, yes, I know—but more like musk. Don't let him drain you of all energy. How near the end are you? Take care. His tusk has ploughed through women before, to get to me. They're not the fruit he craves, simply the husk.

FATHERS, SONS D. M.

Helene Deutsch — Lou Salomé (letter)

I bring you greetings from my mother-in-law; you were a fellow-student, I believe. Your Paper, last night, on dementia was brilliant; I regret I had to leave before the end—my child was ill. I write to plead with you to use your influence with Freud. I know my stumbling thoughts are trite, but he can't keep awake. I have a sense of sickness, self-destructive gloom. Please make him rest a little, take a holiday. He seems afraid of Tausk. I cannot break that man's resistance. Compelling, though, the way his eyes flash up and hold one, like a snake!

Lou Salomé — Freud

In Russia, with my husband and my lover, I sensed, beneath our private turbulence, a violence the deep ice could not cover, and I am not surprised by these events. Rilke was plunged in gloom. I gave him there the symbol that he later used so well—a panther circling endlessly its despair. I sense it now in Tausk—an animal. You know the unimaginable splendour men can invest a hair, a shoe, a glove; yet Tausk—so good a soul—will not surrender, even to himself, the covenant of his love, and so is cruellest where he feels most tender.



AND LOVERS Thomas

Freud – Lou Salomé

How the still night conceals Vienna's hurts!
I love the lights reflecting on the water,
our quiet strolls, the rustle of your skirts.
Yes, talk to Anna, if you would; my daughter
should be less tied to me. I'm hacking through
a lonely, perilous jungle. Nietzsche stalks
there too, ahead. And Rilke—yes. Frau Lou,
I'd like to rest, but too much is at stake.
I feel my age. The death-wish theory rose
out of a dream I had. A small grass snake
punctures my brow and, as I waken, grows.
A python haunts the path it knows I'll take.

Lou Salomé – Tausk (letter)

My friend, what can I say? Poor Victor! Brother-
animal! The life of a great man is fraught,
demonic. Freud could not endure another
creative mind frustrating his own thought.
Unquestioningly she would obey him—so
besotted is she. Think: poor *Sigmund*! Is
it not, after all, more moving than chilling to know
he has reached greatness through his frailties?
Think of your bride-to-be; you're not alone.
And though I slept with you because you were
close to the master, as you must have known,
you'll find no friend who's truer, tenderer.
That was our house of straw, but this is stone.

Tausk – Freud (letter)

Kindly give aid to Fraulein Loewi, one
created to be a kind and loving wife.
I would have failed her, as I failed, as son
and father, lover and husband, all my life.
I must do this thing right, and to that end
will noose the curtain-cord around my throat
and put the pistol to my brow. My friend,
dying is good, it is an antidote
to all our ills, it is great joy to climb
out of my animal skin. The linden trees
are singing. For everything, I thank you; I'm
honoured that I knew you. Yours. Tausk. Please,
also look after my sons from time to time.

Note. Victor Tausk (1879-1919) was one of Freud's most
gifted and successful followers. After a decision that all
psychoanalysts should themselves be analysed. Freud ap-
pointed Helene Deutsch, a young new-comer, as Tausk's
analyst; meanwhile, he himself was analysing Frau Deutsch.
After only a few months, she broke off Tausk's analysis, at
Freud's prompting. Deprived of the last frail link with the
master, Tausk committed suicide. The fourth person in the
poem, Lou Andreas-Salomé, was the gifted associate of
great men: close friend of Nietzsche and Freud, mistress of
the poet Rilke and (for a time) Tausk.

FOR THE 29TH. BIRTHDAY OF A FRIEND

20

Is plenty

For those who were teen;

21

Is all right

for those who aren't 30;

22's

Calmer,

And smoother than glue;

23's

Dirty

And darkens the mien

With hairlines of rue

And rutting

And flak;

24

Trucks

Without brakes

Down the gradient,

A runaway team

In the lake of the dream;

25

Shatters the night without seam

(25 sucks).

26

Is the bomber

Tattered and torn,

27

The target

All forlorn;

28 is

The pearl-faced swank tutting embalmer

You kiss in the night

Before

29

And find it is light,

It is morn.

You are borne.

The horses are steaming and radiant.

JOHN CLUTE



ANDREW JORON

THE SONG FLOWERFALL OF PRIMES

We welcome these cool auspicious hours
A red dusk on the radar promenades
A muted gong: and like ghosts accusing us
This agape's guests appear
Surely to ascend again
Their angry forum—O golden solons
From a metal-poor Utopia
We shall dismantle them anon

It is a brittle'd language they must speak
For our attention; fingering
Some little machine-pressed rose of Numbur in their hope
We raise up columns of soft light
Far out of these dust-white airs: undinal
A radio sings, but the signal is failing
Its static sadly

Echoes not a datum across the courtyard
Our precessing singer's artificial star portends 0 - 0 - 0
He'll see this dusk

A blood-edged knife as it falls from the hand

Of our thin white mistress Moon
He sees too our mortal remains: now our metal habitations
Stained cirrus & the heart of continents stilled
We absolve ourselves there & above, wash in the Absolute
Most through his absolutions, his blood-soluble
Emotions

. . . Piquant telemetries, per hour passed downlink, into rooms
Where no shadow is

Fly in electra, he
Suspends our veiled supper of the Masses

So that even as we view him now, orbiting nightward
A blue-green blip on verdigris'd scanners
One favored dwarf or fool; the player on his oud
Must pluck blossoms of this Sun-heightened music
Holy notes to nerve the optick stem



Photo by Mike Trevillion

His fingers light-spun on the frets

A spine that to our blood-beat banks

Must speed wishes & electric measures

The signal fades & our thoughts turn out of color

Other words are activated: revenants of his twenty-hundredth

Revolution—songs, devoted to his female double

Whom we'd developed as a back-up unit: she shared

His programming, smiled or sorrowed / and grew ill

On-line, the thread of her own breath broken

While he played one night upon his oud

A gold untuned Eternal thread

Those noon orbits he sang for one who sat alone

Her head bent to the stone

Never to know him except as herself

And herself as the embodiment of a star-blind purpose

Separate as two monads, each felt the other's suffering

Both remained distrustful of their symmetrical desires

His studied fingers had never touched that throat

To strum glad cry, the gong resounding in her eye

Still she came to him in dreams, as our neural s(t)imulating shows

Still pained with the magneto-prints of their closed-loop identical

Design, they made love (or so each of them supposed)

. . . A face turned to the wall, fearsome, yet triumphantly

Aflame: her smoky skin, the black hair curled

Upon her neck like ciphers

And his naked torso arcing out the window, Heaven's inverse

All below, in the dark brass bowl of Sahara dayside

Then their bodies were wasted, cells and fibers

Then their bodies were wasted, cells & fibers

Accelerated, to meet our stony stillness

Toward the light's abandoned dwellings

Those energy-sinks where a gelid aether drips

And our voice dies in its echo

But his thoughts of her were subtler by their weakness

Palely pictured

Like the meaningless calligraphies

Arising from a blown-out candle

Beyond the Moon all motion

Must be uniform and circular as sleep / There

Stands a hermaphrodite of whom it is impossible to speak

The distance of an Absolute love is hers

She'll not acknowledge the votive ranks of technicians below

Hungering sheep on that once-green hill

When their missile hangars open rusty eyelids

Down a pew-narrow dull perspective; he hears dust

Delayed booms in midnight air

When, heart-frozen, he speaks to her from his steady star—we obey

As zeniths late the fuller Artemis, we have only

The safekeeping of being: a serene system, the steering of these cogs & Wheels

To follow his or her thought's helpless longitudes

And in flights of a neutralized Inertial joy

Our flame-winged barques roll out and Out

Athwart the dead audience: a nightside lit with cities

Zapping with bluest energy

Binary citizenries, one- and zero-numbered

Where whose eternal cameras scan

The test patterns of our social constants

Beyond the mile-high buildings
Earth & sky are
Rising discs, but he chords them gone
Abstract icons call them back again
As useful (shimmering
Heat-hymns across the civilized moraine)

We applaud: the player shall timely please
Us moving glacial megadromes
He alone in his cat-carved spacecraft Thoth
Lets his oud decrease the fire-line of day

The inanimate horizon acts against him
Finally: vagaries of wind & water, after the Sun goes
Erect cloud-cities / vast
In their changing, gas Urs and Chicagos
That cannot mean to mock our dying
Intentions—though farther off we hear
Our heartbeat's brief god-protecting thunder
Its one cause, those ionized highways on which no courier rides

Today's dreaming of the landscape is done
That set free the citizenries into our fine-tooled deserts
And did not let the six-armed towers collapse
& saw winter forests blow away like seeds
Who else looks down on the glittering wastes
Where we are sovereign?
Who knows better the rubble left behind
By these technologic glaciers

The human center all in one head, his despair
Is our consent: fixed here & efficient
His one response to the manufacture of her Miracles
A thing, reclining to this feast of fools
We shall not cease to measure



Last night, my friend, my sister, you came in
to the cheap laundry where I worked, undressed
to the silk underclothes. I watched you kneel
—your crucifix swinging on its chain—and throw
into the tumbler your white skirt. Some fool
had spilt red wine on it during your flight
back home with him. The water churned and dyed
the whole skirt, when you took it out, blood-red.

a letter from Marina

I crouched down, then, to comfort you. You cried,
“Horror! Horror!” I said the wound would heal
in a few days or weeks—that I, too, bled;
said it to comfort you. Yet I begin
to bleed in fact—I started in the night.
I think you grew less sad. We had a meal
sent from an all-night diner. Then a duel
came into my dream, a pistol-fight in snow.

Which woke me with a bad pain in my head
and thinking to find Russian snow outside;
Lermontov was there, I guess, although
I haven’t read him since I was in school.
I can’t read anything. Nothing is real.
The small words lose me, words like love, life, sin.
I don’t know what they mean. The morning light
goes through me like a window till I’ve dressed.

I have no memories, Jackie, just a spool
of snowy, clumsy cine film, wound tight
on a projector humming in my chest.
Even the girl in Leningrad is dead,
and the schoolgirl in Archangel; she has died
as she balances, proudly, on one toe
and spins. She thinks she’s fat—but in the reel
of film, how thin! she doesn’t know how thin!

Each time I see those jumpy black-and-white
shots of your husband waving to us, as though
you would just go on smiling, side by side,
exhausted but triumphant, I can’t feel
his sudden turning to you means he’s dead
but as a moment when he wants to rest
lovingly against you, Jacqueline,
showing his pride in you, his beautiful

and perfect wife; and you, turning your breast
tenderly to sustain him, yet still cool.
Then he is waving at us with a grin.
I’m smiling too. Another street’s in sight,
more acclamation—and you’re bored: I know
the feeling well. We’re never satisfied.
More speeches, dinners, and a flight ahead
—you shrink from it. They think you’re made of steel.

Something else in my dream, mixed up with snow
churning, and trees: a girlhood friend who said,
“the marvellous brain he had before this fight
is like some insect’s slime upon my breast.”
My dear friend, my sister beneath the skin,
I need your help. Is everything unreal?
Forgive me if my letter is too cruel.
You can see from its state how much I’ve cried.

Perhaps I ask too much. —If I could feel
something in my life was genuine
and clean. My wedding-night was wonderful,
or so I thought. After, side by side,
such goodness seemed to be flowing—he caressed
me so tenderly and laid his head
so peacefully against my heart. I know
that hour was true. I think I know. Please write.

d.m.thomas

BOOK REVIEWS



PRIMITIVE BEHAVIOR

a book review by Charles Platt

"Many a civilian will be licking his fingers once he can shake the hand of a real soldier again." — Major H. Ewart, addressing a veterans' rally in Krefeld, Germany, 1956.

It is offensive to write short stories which portray devastation and slaughter in a spirit of guilty, masturbatory excitement. It is inexcusable to write an introduction which attempts to justify these stories as worthy examinations of an inevitable reality. And it is opportunistic and amoral to publish such work.

David Drake wrote the collection, titled *Hammer's Slammers*. Jerry Pournelle, Ph.D., wrote the introduction. Jim Baen, of Ace Books, has obligingly made the book available to the American public for \$1.95.

I admit I am biased. I believe that bad writing which glorifies killing and weaponry is more distasteful and harmful than bad writing which glorifies casual sex. Obviously I am at odds with the rest of the world, because the first kind of bad writing generally passes unquestioned, while the second continues to cause sporadic protests and legal actions.

I have reasons for my bias, however, and they are good reasons.

In the vague tradition of *Starship Troopers*, *Hammer's Slammers* (the title refers to a Colonel Alois Hammer) describes warfare of the future. It isn't as cleverly conceived as Heinlein's book, it isn't as technologically inventive, and it isn't as memorable. Moreover, where I sense that Heinlein's

enthusiasm for military traditions stemmed from personal experience in the armed forces, David Drake writes with the queasy voyeurism of one who would rather watch it than do it.

The stories follow exploits of mercenaries in giant fusion-powered tanks, using all the ingenuity of super-science to subjugate any race on any planet — if the price is right. The weapons are described in separate "fact sections" which show an anal-retentive love of detail coupled with the true boy-sadist's capacity to visualize every nuance of a torture device without once mentioning its effects on the victim. Designers of real-life anti-personnel weapons write up their terrible flesh-ripping inventions in this same "objective" style; odd to find it, here, presented as light entertainment.

Is there no redeeming value? Well, Drake's heroes *are* occasionally stricken by twinges of conscience during their routine of laying waste shrines, civilians, and areas of natural beauty. Usually near the end of each vignette some junior crew-member will think vaguely to himself, uh, life shouldn't haveta be this way. These inarticulate expressions of regret remind me of a blushing pre-adolescent kid, caught torturing flies — "I don't know what got into me, Dad, honest, I feel *real bad* about it." Still, I suppose we should praise any sign of primitive, guilt-inspired morality, because it is the only evidence suggesting Drake has any awareness of his own foul and evil psychosis.

Examining his sleazy little power-fantasies purely as works of fiction for a moment, I must point out that they

are not competently written. Drake's style is somewhere between Mickey Spillane and Sergeant Fury's *Howling Commandos*: full of gritty, snappy metaphor and terse dialogue, all telegraphic and clipped, like marching orders. It's often unclear who's talking or what's happening. The characters are so faceless that it is impossible to distinguish them from each other. And the syntax is less than perfect. An example from page 80:

"Rob stared at the priest in repulsion [sic], the grizzled chin resting on interlaced fingers and the crutches under either armpit supporting most of his weight."

Which leads me to ask: whose chin is grizzled, Rob's or the priest's? Is the chin, or a person, resting on crutches? Do the armpits or the crutches support most of his weight? Who has the crutches, Rob or the priest? Whose weight is being supported? And doesn't the author really mean "revulsion"?

In itself, the book is distasteful but forgettable. What magnifies the crime is Pournelle's introduction, purporting to give this series of iron wet-dreams some kind of legitimacy as serious writing.

Here are two quotes, whose sources I list below:

1. "Only war brings human energies to their highest tension and ennobles those peoples which dare to undertake it."

2. "... for the essence of war is violence, and those who make it their profession must be stained by it; yet for all that they have, they *must* have, that peculiar and elusive quality known as military virtue."

The first quote is from Mussolini. The second is from Jerry Pournelle, Ph.D. The only difference, really, is that Mussolini (even in translation) was evidently a better writer.

Mourning the low prestige of today's fighting men, Pournelle warns us: "But now both the military and anyone who studies war are held in a good deal of contempt . . . A nation which despises its soldiers will all too soon have a despicable army."

Despicable in what sense? In *Jackboot* by John Laffin, an authoritative guide to the German army, I find: "... during the 1920s the old respect for uniform had returned. If an officer walked along the pavement he had the right of way . . . he was always served first in any establishment . . . In a

public scuffle if an officer omitted to cut down a civilian he would be tried by a court of honor and deprived of the right to wear a uniform and made an outcast. Most officers so treated committed suicide."

Is this the set of values Pournelle yearns for? Or would he prefer the more-general picture outlined in 1760 by Frederick the Great: "War is for the privileged, combat the ultimate honor."?

Pournelle's excuse for his adulation of armies, guns, uniforms, and above all—of course—discipline is that war is inevitable, so if we don't want to be slaughtered, we'd better remember how to defend ourselves, and learn to love it. You know the argument: "We can piously hope that there will be no armies of the future . . . [but] . . . On the evidence, peace is a purely theoretical state of affairs . . ." and so on. Pournelle assures us with crocodile tears that armed preparedness is the only rational course to take. At the same time, his regret is tempered by his obvious pleasure in military values and the grandeur of combat.

This kind of closet tyrant would like to lock humanity into perpetually primitive behavior. According to his argument, lasting progress toward peace is impossible; we will always be violent because we always have been violent. How, then, does he explain *any* kind of social progress? Slavery, torture, injustice, and the servitude of women have traditionally endured throughout most of human history; how is it that civilized countries have managed to erase or limit these inequities? Not through the efforts of Pournelles of this world, that's for sure.

He even goes so far as to list a dozen or so miscellaneous heroic scenes of battle, including a couple of Vietnamese hill-assaults, as if it's all part of the same fine, laudable tradition.

Pournelle mentions violence, but he declines to spell out the real achievements of the dehumanized people who implement orders in the armies of the world: the infliction of obscene, atrocious acts of hate, destroying life and beauty indiscriminately, abhorrently, and mercilessly. Any "theorist" who glosses over this universal truth, or concocts an excuse or rationale in the guise of a corrupt ethic of "military virtue", is not, to my mind, a mature or civilized human being. I despise Pournelle's facile justification for mass-killings and destruction. I despise Drake's evocation of guilty thrills by depicting such acts dishonestly. And I despise Baen for having published this nasty little collection of malignant obscenity.

SONG OF MYSELF (short version)

by Thomas M. Disch

(A review of New Worlds number 213)

1.

You hypocrites of the Future—
I know you're out there, reading this, snickering,
Feeling so goddam superior!
Well, you're not superior:
I'm superior!
And you'd better get used to that idea—
And publish it!

2.

O terrible explosions of the 20th Century!
O brutal realities that shake to bits
All bourgeois complacencies of Sunday morning newspapers!
O terrorist tanks of the Mind Police
Crushing the Jubilee teapots of Staines and Shepperton!
O secret codes! O mysterious hypotheses!
O O-levels and A-levels of expanding consciousness!
I see you and I understand!

3.

Look at all those mediocre people wearing dumb shoes!
You've got to have a mind like a sidewalk
To wear shoes like that!
Why do they do it? Because they're comfortable!
Or so they say. I don't believe it.
Do you think my feet aren't comfortable?

4.

O mysterious explosions of the 21st Century!
O stark realities that ruthlessly demolish
The ampoules of middle-class Sunday supplement phoniness!
O brutal squadrons spraying the lawns
Of Staines and Shepperton with nuclear truth poison!
O secret codes! O terrible hypotheses!
O A-levels and O-levels of inner space mind powers!
I gather your data utterly!

5.

Do I repeat myself?
Very well, I repeat myself.
I'm right, and I'm entitled to repeat myself.
I'll repeat myself till Doomsday if I want to,
And I do!



THE CONSIDERED OF PRECIOUS

"SLIPPERY" SAMUEL R. DELANY HAS PROBABLY received more praise for erudition and fine writing than any other modern science fiction author. This fêted knight of the avant-garde is credited with bringing poetry to the hardware of sci-fi in daring novels exploring the frontiers of stylistic innovation. He is respected as a painstaking critic, meticulously dissecting each tiny nuance of his contemporaries' flawed prose. American reviewers have praised him as a great stylist; the *New York Times* compared *Dhalgren* to *Finnegan's Wake*.

The truth is slightly different. This great stylist is barely capable of writing a grammatical sentence, is still confused by basics such as verb tenses and the meanings of common words, has no idea of how to structure a novel, and is stylistically tone-deaf.

His only gift is a salesman's gift: a flashy spiel. The portentous complexity of his pseudo-poetic wall of words cons the dons, while the sheer difficulty of reading him is enough to convince non-academics that they must be missing something. In reality there is nothing to miss: behind the wall of words lies a creative vacuum, a junkyard of second-hand ideas and half-baked whimsy.

EASY TO CLAIM; HARDER TO PROVE. ANY CRITIC hoping to debunk this salesman-poseur must first read, decode, and analyse the posings. The reading is laborious; the decoding is problematical where it is unclear how much of Delany's obscurity is deliberate; and any negative criticism tends to make the critic sound both reactionary and inadequate, unable to digest the great stylist's modern prose. In this way Delany's work is ingeniously self-protective, which is probably why it has flourished for so long without serious challenge.*

Now, however, there is new hope for those who always suspected Delany of fraud but didn't know quite how to prove it. Now we have *Empire*, Delany's "major new novel"

*But see John Clute's review of *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw* in *Fantasy and Science Fiction* magazine, January 1979.

(I quote the Berkley blurb) whose subtitle, "An incredible full color odyssey *into the stars*" (my emphasis) is a foretaste of the syntactic debacles, and general romantic meaninglessness, to be found within.

Empire is a comic-book billed as a novel. Nothing new in that; most of Delany's books are comics aggrandized as novels. But this time the pictures have been included, leaving less space for text—no room, in fact, for the usual pseudo-poetic wall of words. Thus constrained, for the first time, Delany's prose is stripped bare, easily accessible for inspection.

Inspection reveals nine major faults:

1. Elementary grammatical blunders.
2. Misuse of common words whose meanings Delany apparently fails to understand.
3. Confusion of present and past tenses, single and plural subjects.
4. Old ideas reworked in fancy dress.
5. Inability to draw memorable or realistic characters.
6. No sense of structure. Incapacity to plot even a conventional space-opera.
7. Inconsistency and implausibility in the scenario.
8. Misunderstanding and misuse of science in science fiction while at the same time feigning scientific savoir-faire.
9. Awkward, pretentious, and bizarre word-usage, which defeats itself by weakening images rather than enhancing them.

THE TIME IS 4300 YEARS IN THE FUTURE: 6279 AD. "Throughout *Empire*," Delany's prologue tells us, "*the greatest political power are the Kunduke.*" (My emphasis.) This confusion as to whether "Kunduke" is singular or plural continues throughout the novel; for convenience I will assume here that "they" are plural.

The **Kunduke** (a race or political amalgam of races) rule most of the galaxy. They exploit and oppress. A Kunduke ship is en route to a conference (Delany, who understands academia better than real life, likes the idea of conferences). The ship pauses at **Eyrth** to let off an archeological party

THIS GREAT STYLIST IS BARELY CAPABLE OF WRITING A GRAMMATICAL SENTENCE, HAS NO IDEA OF HOW TO STRUCTURE A NOVEL, AND IS STYLISTICALLY TONE-DEAF.

COMIC AS A HELIX SEMI- STONES



led by **Dr. Plong** (female, black, dumpy) assisted by **Wryn** (male, white, young, brunette) and **Bern** (male, young, white, blonde). **Qrelon** (female, white, youngish, tall, glamorous, brunette) is a mysterious person on Eyrth who offers herself for hire as a guide to the archeologists in their excavation of ruins of **Nuw Yorq**; the digging uncovers a fragment of **green crystal** which Qrelon picks up and hides.

Three conference delegates from the ship visit the excavation. They are **Loiptix** (male, white, nasty), the chief intelligence officer of the Kunduke; **Lord Akbrum** (male, white, barbarous), leader of **Cryx**, a world that is part of Empire; and **Eleyn**, (female, white, young, glamorous brunette) who rules a world that is debating whether to join Empire.

Seven characters, two planets, and one lost city, introduced within eight comic-book frames (16 paragraphs)—and introduced so clumsily that the reader must literally take notes in order to follow the action. The great stylist isn't too hot on openers. But let us persevere.

Loiptix recognizes Qrelon as a notorious subversive activist. He captures her, aided by Eleyn's jewels and "broaches" (spelled thus on pages 13 and 15) which "home on their prey . . . their touch painful as molten wire."

Loiptix orders Wryn to execute Qrelon. Wryn raises the sword (4300 years in the future they still use swords, as well as the inevitable laser pistols). Wryn hesitates; then for some unexplained reason he strikes Akbrum instead, grabs the green crystal that seems important to Qrelon, and runs off with it, and her. Dr. Plong heroically stops a blaster-beam aimed at the kid, and dies.

QRELON LEADS WRYN TO A CONVENIENT HIDDEN spaceship named Proteus where Blaz (female, white, blonde, aide to Qrelon) is waiting. Qrelon, Wryn, and Blaz blast off and conveniently evade Kunduke guided missiles by projecting a holographic image around the Proteus, making it look different.

Next stop is the planet **Cryx**. The ship plunges under-

water to a mining city named **Malabolge** on the sea bed. In this underwater city Qrelon, Wryn, and Blaz meet a miner named **Grimke** (male, white, muscular) and commiserate with him about Kunduke oppression. This is observed by a Kunduke spy, who tips off Lord Akbrum and then dispatches guards to capture the fugitives. They escape into underground mine shafts where, by an odd coincidence, Qrelon finds another piece of green crystal. She tells Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke to take it and hide it in the Proteus while she holds off the guards with her laser pistol. Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke do this, then escape through more tunnels. All these tunnels are presumably in the sea bed; and yet, somehow, when our fugitives climb up and out, they emerge in a *desert*, where, by coincidence, Qrelon is already waiting by the tunnel exit, having ascended by "one of the other shafts".

Grimke, the miner, can't stand open spaces, and retreats back underground. Qrelon now leads Wryn and Blaz across the desert on foot (their ship is still back in the underwater city). They are surrounded by **nomads** who turn out to be friendly because their leader **Vibik** (male, black, charismatic) by coincidence is an old friend of Qrelon. She asks him to lead the way to a **Kunard** landing site (Kunduke, Kunard; a joke, perhaps). Vibik says he knows "shortcuts through these sands you'd never have found alone," and leads them across an unobstructed panorama of dunes.

They reach the landing site. By coincidence, a Kunard cruise ship is just touching down to allow its tourist passengers to witness the sunset, during which the desert sands "crystallize". Then—Lord Akbrum appears! How has he located Qrelon? If he wants her dead, why doesn't he just *bomb* her, instead of riding in astride a "squealing desert lizard" and waving a laser pistol?

Anyway: Wryn escapes by scrambling aboard the Kunard ship through an "open viewing porch", and the ship unexpectedly lifts off, taking him with it, leaving Qrelon, Blaz, and the nomads to fight it out alone with Lord Akbrum.

ON BOARD THE KUNARD SHIP, BY AMAZING COINCIDENCE, Wryn meets Bern (from page 9). Bern says the

THE PORTENTOUS COMPLEXITY OF DELANY'S WALL OF WORDS CONS THE DONS, WHILE THE SHEER DIFFICULTY OF IT CONVINCES NON-ACADEMICS THEY MUST BE MISSING SOMETHING.

Kunduke have given him money and clothing and have sentenced him to travel free on the Kunard ship for the rest of his life. A quixotic punishment! And if Wryn can jump on board, can't Bern jump off?

Anyway: also on board, by even more amazing coincidence, is Eleyn. The Kunard ship now literally runs into the wreck of the **Platinum Swan**, a spaceship which, by coincidence, Eleyn has been searching for. She, the captain, and Wryn go to inspect the wreck; there, Eleyn finds another bit of green crystal, which Wryn grabs from her when, by coincidence, **space pirates** attack. Wryn is abducted by a pirate named **Joq** (male, black, fat). Back at pirate HQ, on a drifting asteroid, Joq's father, the pirates' **chieftain**, wants to get rid of Wryn—until, by simply amazing coincidence, Qrelon arrives. She, by another coincidence, is “familiar” to the pirates. She vouches for Wryn and takes him back to the Proteus with the third piece of green crystal he discovered. How Qrelon has defeated Lord Akbrum, reclaimed her spaceship from the underwater city, and located Wryn in the vastness of the galaxy, is not entirely explained.

Anyway: it's time for a romantic interlude. Blaz meets Joq on the pirate asteroid: “You're a strong rascal, Joq! I like the way your eyes twinkle!” to which, with equal presence of mind, Joq replies: “You too have a look about you, Blaz. We might go off down that passageway. There's a little room where I sometimes sleep . . .” They kiss; then the focus switches quickly to Qrelon and Wryn aboard the Proteus. More romance! “You know I really like you a lot,” Wryn murmurs. But: “There's no time for things such as this,” says Qrelon. Being a feminist galactic subversive is obviously a serious business! She recalls Blaz to the ship, to continue the mission, abandoning Joq with his pirate pals.

Qrelon has now gathered three lumps of crystal, with Wryn's help. Suddenly she reveals she already had four to start with! Perhaps Delany realized at this point that the book would run overlength if the search for, and discovery of, four additional pieces were described in full.

Anyway: Qrelon now travels to the moon of the planet **Praxis** and—somehow—locates **Dr. Telos** (male, white, elderly, dead) who manufactured the crystals originally. His corpse lies in state; Qrelon probes the dead brain electronically and learns that Telos used to work with Loiptix for the Kunduke, paralyzing alien cultures by “freezing information itself”—a cosmic censorship operation.

THE NOVEL'S MESSAGE APPEARS HERE: INFORMATION (a buzzword by which Delany seems to mean knowledge) *is power*. “Freeze the knowledge of paper production and you control literacy itself,” asserts the great stylist.

Now comes the “science”. Dr. Telos reveals: “We gathered the information from a culture and computed all possible relations in a crystalline [sic] form that mimicked these possible informational structures through the microprocesses of mazon decomposition in certain highly mutable pizo-electrics [sic] and semi-conductors.” It's fair enough to include some pseudo-scientific nonsense in a comic-book, of course; it's even reasonable to include some in a “major new science fiction novel”. But the sentences of doubletalk should at least be coherent and grammatical, and the doubletalk itself should at least seem vaguely plausible. Delany fails miserably at this, because he doesn't remotely understand the scientific jargon he has cribbed, or even know how to spell it. More basically, he doesn't understand what being plausible *means*: Logical consistency is simply not in his repertoire. One remembers his defunct

literary quarterly, *Quark*, whose title, like all Delany's jargon, whether scientific or poetic, sounded trendy without actually meaning anything.

Dr. Telos goes on to reveal that the crystal fragments can be assembled to form a **devil-figure** (which is referred to as “she” in keeping with the liberated orientation of this adventure), and the figure's shape incorporates the seven mathematical surfaces which represent forms of violent change described by **catastrophe theory**—a recent, controversial thesis which Delany presumably chose to include because it seemed more fashionable (thus more impressive) than black holes or quasars, both of which are now a bit passé.

Anyway: as soon as the demon has been assembled, it—rather, *she*—must be placed in “Ice”, an abandoned Kunduke stronghold on Praxis, where all the censored information is somehow frozen up. “Ice” will be destroyed “by the seven catastrophes at work on the structure's own entropic equilibrium's insistence”. There it is, in a nutshell.

SO THE PLOT AMOUNTS TO THIS: A FEMALE subversive activist is cruising the galaxy, somehow locating bits of crystal which, assembled as a statue, will somehow work as a kind of *metaphysical laxative*, unblocking the information-flow that the ruling classes have “frozen” in their plot to hold all occupied worlds in enforced ignorance. Beyond this, the rest of the story is gift-wrapping.

Telos has said that “each piece . . . mirrors one of seven . . . catastrophe surfaces.” There are only seven of these surfaces, and at this point Qrelon has assembled seven pieces. Therefore, she should now have a complete set. Not so; Delany now insists there is still one more piece to be found. There is no explanation for this inconsistency; my own suspicion is that he decided that the plot needed its quest element to be sustained for a while longer, so he arbitrarily gave the characters one more bit of green statue to hunt for, and to hell with logic and conscientious attention to detail.

The new, last fragment turns out to be on Praxis, at the **Rorovian Castle**. Qrelon has just learned this when, by coincidence, Loiptix enters the scene. He attracts her attention so that she has time to duck for cover; then he shoots at her and misses. Qrelon escapes with Wryn and Blaz, takes off from the moon, and lands on Praxis by the castle. But in the castle a conference is taking place. No, it's not the same conference mentioned on page 6; it's a meeting of delegates from uncommitted worlds, led, coincidentally, by Eleyn. Small galaxy!

Qrelon talks to Eleyn in private. Eleyn, somehow, not only knows about the crystal fragments, but says she has “the last one”, implying she knows a) the total number of pieces (a fact which, we were told, only Dr. Telos knew), and b) how many pieces Qrelon has gathered so far. The only explanation for Eleyn's knowing these facts lies in Delany's carelessness as a writer.

Anyway: Eleyn wants to use her “last fragment” to bargain with the Kunduke. By coincidence at that moment Lord Akbrum arrives at the castle and starts to massacre the delegates: “Let's clean up the rest of this decadent scum!”

LUCKILY ELEYN HAPPENS TO KNOW OF THE inevitable secret underground escape route—a water-filled tunnel through which she swims with Qrelon, emerging in a “tidal pool” where, by coincidence, Wryn and Blaz happen to be waiting. By mysterious means, Eleyn now summons

THE TITLE OF HIS DEFUNCT LITERARY QUARTERLY, LIKE ALL DELANY'S JARGON, WHETHER SCIENTIFIC OR POETIC, SOUNDED TRENDY WITHOUT MEANING ANYTHING.

"strange creatures . . . from the scumbling foam" (*scumbling?*) and one of these humanoids, resembling the Creature from the Black Lagoon, bobs up in the "tidal pool" holding the missing bit of crystal in "her webbed and ancient hands" (even alien monsters conform to Delany's self-conscious rule of sexual equality; no doubt he'd like to see it written into the American Comics Code).

The two women argue what should be done with the crystal. They are interrupted by Lord Akbrum, who has, yet again, tracked them down by means unstated. But as he raises his blaster Wryn hurls a sword that poetically cuts his head off. Wryn and the three women now escape, yet again, in the Proteus, and Eleyn surrenders the last crystal fragment to Qrelon because she has realized it is impossible to do business with the murderous Kunduke.

Qrelon now assembles the complete devil statue, which must be placed in "Ice" to unblock the information flow. But as Qrelon and her friends approach "Ice" they are attacked by guards, among whom is, by coincidence, Loiptix. He kills Eleyn, captures Blaz and Qrelon, and conveniently allows Wryn to escape again. Wryn, with the statue, runs inside "Ice", which resembles a prefab pyramid in need of renovation.

Loiptix takes his prisoners back to his quarters where he sees on a TV screen, somehow, a picture of Wryn blundering around inside "Ice" looking for the right spot to dump the statue. There is a convenient lever which Loiptix can pull *at any moment* to kill Wryn *instantly* inside the "Ice". But he does not do this. Instead, he tries to make Qrelon pull the lever, and she, naturally, refuses. Simultaneously, the "female" demon-statue is drawn out of Wryn's hands into the "womb" in the "Ice", ". . . empowered by a woman's anger at the wrongs of an age of ages" —woman still being, apparently, the nigger of the galaxy in AD 6279.

The statue's laxative effect is instantaneous as the fan, so to speak, hits the shit: "Women and men [sic] throughout the universe, astonished at the split-second collapse of the Kunduke . . . amazed at the rush of new ideas . . . of information reshaped and reformed that surged over the fallen authority."

All that remains is for Qrelon to kill Loiptix, reunite with Blaz and Wryn, and celebrate. But: "Now that the control is gone, Blaz and I must help the oppressed worlds deal with the freedom to know. The job's not over, Wryn." So she and Blaz blast off through the universe, subversives turned missionaries, and Wryn does *his* bit to reform the cosmos by *going back to college*. The moral being, presumably, that after the revolution, we'd better see about getting our Ph. D.s. The End.

LAZY, UNIMAGINATIVE WRITER THAT HE IS, Delany has already killed off some of the uninteresting and inconvenient minor characters, as the simplest way to tie up loose ends. Dr. Plong, Eleyn, and (by unexplained implication) Bern have all been dealt with thus. But the attentive reader will wonder about other figures whose fates are left unstated: Grimke, Joq, the pirate chieftain, and Vibik. Not even a token attempt is made by Delany to explain what has happened to these people, presumably because he does not really care.

Returning now to the original list of nine faults:

1. Bad grammar. Page 55: "Blaz and Joq treaded the parrow tunnels . . ." Outside of mediaeval literature, this is not good, or even passable, English. Page 62: ". . . the structure's own entropic equilibrium's insistence." This is more

bad usage than bad grammar; either way, it is remarkably bad. Pages 14-15: "For this recorder can record . . . every memory as it extinguishes before mortal night." The verb "extinguish" can only be used transitively. Delany uses it, here, intransitively, which sounds fancy but is obviously incorrect.

2. Misuse of common words. Page 92: ". . . a single sentence among whose clauses resigned human knowledge." This is meaningless. Perhaps Delany meant to say "resided". Page 6: "The ship turned heavily toward the world . . . its bulk-plates straining." Delany can invent any jargon he likes, but what is a "bulk-plate"? Anything like a bulk-head? Page 18: ". . . these men, whose power is informed by the Kunduke." It is meaningless to state that power can be informed by anyone of anything. Page 3: ". . . that multiplicity of worlds, each careening in its particular orbit about the vast sweep of interstellar night." Not only must the worlds be orbiting *through* the "interstellar night" (presumably, stars are what they orbit about), but "careen" cannot be used meaningfully to describe planetary motion, since, by definition, it describes a body that is out of control.

3. Confusion of tenses and singular/plural. Page 2, the very first line of Delany's introduction addresses the reader: "Have you ever thought of how much of our thinking was controlled by gravity?" Quite apart from the clumsy use of the two "of"s and the mixing of "you" and "our" in the same sentence, the word "was" should obviously be "is" (or "has always been") since the rest of the paragraph is entirely in present-tense and all references are to the present time. Page 69: "The Proteus finally eluded her pursuers . . . until there, on the horizon, her crew sees the Rorovian castle." (There are several similar examples of mixed tenses.) Because this is a "novel" its picture-captions are written in past tense, like excerpts from a real book. But American comics usually use present-tense captions, and Delany, a comic-book fan, carelessly slips into this form more than once, even in the middle of a sentence.

Regarding the singular/plural confusion: ". . . the Kunduke *has* asked me to join my world to *their* Information Federation." (Page 75.) And so on.

4. Old ideas. The only idea in *Empire* that has not been frequently exploited elsewhere is the catastrophe theory, which Delany uses in such a stupid, superficial fashion as to render it meaningless. The rest of the scenario—blasters, an Empire, swordplay, villains, desperate subversives, escape in roaring spaceships—was second-hand forty years ago. The notion of metaphysically "frozen" information flow is, I suppose, unusual, but only because in this form it is too vague and silly to appeal to any other author. When used more literally and specifically, of course, the notion is as common as 1984, and a lot more important.

Granted that this book is aimed at a young audience, there is still no excuse for relying on stale ideas, any more than there is any excuse for lazy and clumsy writing. If Delany is to justify the reputation he has acquired, he has to do more than rehash *Captain Future* and *Star Trek*.

5. Unmemorable, unrealistic characters. Without the pictures as a guide, it would be impossible to tell most of the characters apart—regardless of their sex. Nor is it any kind of "progress" for the men to talk and act exactly like the women; rather, this reveals a fundamental insensitivity.

The "liberated" role - models in *Empire* (the boy-student teamed with the tall woman-activist) are as empty, in spirit and personality, as figures in a piece of political

A TRUE POET UNDERSTANDS THE VALUE OF BEING SUDDENLY DIRECT IN THE MIDDLE OF OTHERWISE SUBTLE DESCRIPTION. BUT DELANY, THE PSEUDO-POET, IS NEVER DIRECT.

propaganda. Delany allows them a moment's vague affection, and a handclasp at the end, but it's a perfunctory business with no sexual or romantic overtones, presumably because sex and romance on a vivid, real, tangible level are qualities which Delany finds impossible to visualize in his universe of abstractions.

The characters' motivations are equally sterile and arbitrary. For example, when Wryn suddenly decides to save Qrelon, at the beginning of the story, he doesn't know why, and neither, one suspects, does Delany.

In an adventure story the dreams and drives of the people should be larger, not smaller, than life.

6. No sense of structure. *Empire*, like most of Delany's novels, is an episodic quest. This is a weak, loose format at best; Delany weakens it still further by moving his characters arbitrarily through a predictable routine of sudden encounters, brief battles, and escapes, so repetitive as to seem boring. And none of these encounters advances the plot in any way.

There are at least fifteen major, absurd coincidences in the story—coincidence being both the easiest and the feeblest way to keep the characters interacting and tie up loose ends.

The use of a sexually-fair couple (man and woman) instead of one powerful, charismatic hero figure diffuses the focus of the story and weakens its sense of direction, as well as confusing the reader's natural tendency to identify with a single major character. Delany does not try to deal with these problems; instead, he compounds them by introducing another couple—two equally powerful villains, whose characters are interchangeable. Still more people are then introduced in the plot, until the mass of names becomes as uninteresting as an attendance list for one of the conferences of which Delany seems so fond.

The plot devolves to a series of attempts by one side to kill the other side; this does not constitute good structure, in comics or in literature, but it does explain why the plots of Delany's more-ambitious books are so feeble: he doesn't know how to do any better.

7. Inconsistency and implausibility. *Empire* is an odd amalgam of fantasy and science fiction. Inevitably, the fantasy ideas (e.g., jewels that fly at a person and mystically "ensnare" him) violate laws of everyday reality. This is no fault; Delany, as a writer of imaginative fiction, can build his own universe incorporating whatever laws he likes. But when these laws are inconsistent, and are insufficiently explained to make rational sense—then Delany is simply being careless.

Empire is riddled with such carelessnesses. There are the numerous implausible coincidences; contradictions already mentioned (e.g., climbing a tunnel from an underwater city, and emerging into a desert); and unjustified assumptions: Qrelon knows that green crystal fragments have some vast importance—how does she know this? How does she know there will be a fragment buried in "Nuw Yorq"? How can it be remotely sensible for her to search vaguely for remaining fragments through a galaxy whose vastness Delany emphasises in his own garbled introduction? And the Kunduke—even if we allow the fuzzy, metaphysical notion of freezing information, there are impossible implications. The Kunduke only oppress worlds within Empire, therefore there are worlds that are not oppressed, therefore the information freeze is somehow selective. What happens when a new world joins Empire—all the citizens spontaneously forget how to operate a modern civilization? Books spontaneously erase themselves? None of this is explained. Nor is it clear why the powerful Kunduke never resort to any weapon larger than a laser pistol. These incongruities, and many others, are flaws that a competent science fiction author

should have cleared up long before writing the actual book.

8. Misuse of science. This has been dealt with in the plot synopsis.

9. Style. Delany does not just make occasional blunders in grammar and word-usage. He makes frequent stylistic misjudgements, if one evaluates his prose by its elegance and effectiveness. For example, on page 86, Wryn kills Lord Akbrum. This climactic moment is captioned: "The sound was cartilaginous and wet. Over it, a bellowing voice lost all human resonance in smashed larynx, severed vocal cords, the spinal column itself cut from the front."

There is the mis-spelling of "chords" and the misuse of the word "resonance" (how does a voice sound, exactly, when it loses "human resonance"?). More important, though, is the overall ineffectiveness of the paragraph. Consider its function. Describing a moment of drama, it should be vivid, immediate, forceful, and disturbing. But it is not vivid because it evokes no immediate images—the adjectives are not sufficiently clear or direct. "Cartilaginous" is certainly fancy, but the idea of a cartilaginous sound is so outside one's normal experience that it evokes no image at all until the reader stops to think about it. And the choice of a subject in the sentence is equally perverse: Delany names neither the aggressor nor the victim; he begins by talking about the sound of the violent act, thus depersonalizing what should be graphically intimate. Then, in the second sentence, the *effect* is mentioned *first* (the inexact, unequivocally described tortured voice), while the *cause* is explained *second*, once again using almost dispassionate, medical jargon to describe a vivid, violent event.

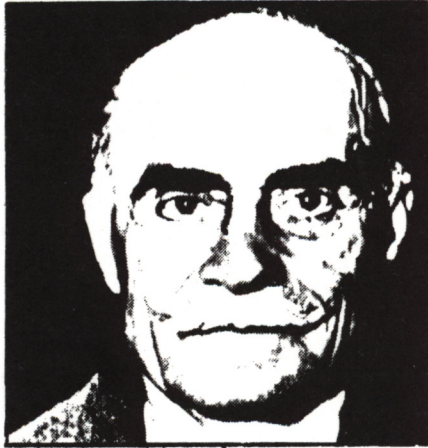
How much more effective it would have been if the vocabulary were blunt, emotive, and specific: "Wryn threw his sword. It cut the man's head off." This, without any adjectives at all, is far more evocative of the horror of a violent encounter than any mannered, "poetic" vocabulary. Indeed, a true poet understands the value of being suddenly direct in the middle of otherwise subtle description. But Delany, the pseudo-poet, is never direct. He can never resist the temptation to sacrifice function and clarity for the sake of obfuscation as an end in itself. The result is not only hard to follow, it is *bad writing*, because it is unclear, because it is unnecessarily verbose, and because it is usually clumsy.

DELANY'S FAULTS ARE SO NUMEROUS THAT IT IS surprising he has any reputation at all, still less a reputation as a stylist. That he has gone further and written essays criticising the prose of others would be an outrage, were it not for the fact that his criticism is itself so clumsily phrased that it is almost impossible to read, and therefore unlikely to influence public opinion at all.

Granted, the conclusions in this critique are based entirely on *Empire*, and *Empire* is only a comic-book which perhaps the publisher chose to label a "major novel"; but the moments of pseudo-poetic descriptive prose are really not so different from Delany's other work, and the word-abusage is clearly habitual, and anyway, shouldn't a comic be *easier* to write than a novel, without making crass blunders, without being obscure, inconsistent, and pretentious? If Samuel R. Delany cannot successfully tackle a piece of second-rate, second-hand space opera for kids, what can he tackle?

A hack author—a Kilgore Trout—could have made a better job of *Empire*; for a hack, at least, knows his craft. Delany does not; he can argue fine points of semantics, but he can't write an effective English sentence. He is the salesman without a product; the spieler who never has anything memorable to say.

SHORT REVIEWS



Pournelle: Neuroses

The Glass Teat
Harlan Ellison

Collection of commentaries by science fiction's *homme terrible* features in its introduction best-ever rationalization by an author for his work's poor sales figures. Pithy. (New British edition.)

The World Between
Norman Spinrad

Ex-new wave author's bid for talk show exposure, preaches "love is all we need" to feminists, suggests compromise as the antidote to fascism. Heavy.

Exiles to Glory
Jerry Pournelle

Thirty years behind its time, this tribute to Heinlein captures all of the neuroses, none of the innovation, of the original. Not recommended for young readers.

Mindswap
Robert Sheckley

Reissue of a classic whose wit is still fresh. Even Sheckley can't sustain it past half-way, but a grand attempt.

Mysteries
Colin Wilson

Whimsical hypochondriac's personal notes on his "psychic" neuroses. Long study in mental deterioration.

Destinies
Jim Baen (ed.)

Top-selling 'first' in magazine-as-a-book format features unrelieved derivative mediocrity lightened by J. Pournelle's fascist fantasies in the name of science.

Haltura

The niggardly dictionary definition of *haltura* is **potboiling**. *Haltura* should be taken over into English, for this one Russian word denotes and connotes, in the arts, not only potboiling but hokum, bunkum, gimmick, humbug, corn (mildewed), schmaltz (rancid), ham (moldy), pinchbeck, brummagem, strass, gold brick, French ivory, German silver, Manchurian wolf, fake, sham, bogus, mock, ersatz and much, much besides.



Wilson: Hypochondriac

Foundation
Malcolm Edwards (ed.)

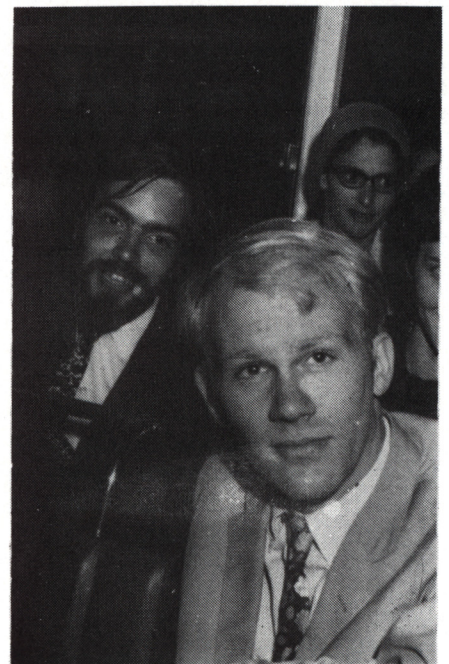
Critical review proves repeatedly that pretentiousness and tedium vary inversely with talent and intelligence. Academic.

Geis on Ethics

I always tried to write sex scenes that would make me want to jack off, and (if jacking off) would make my pleasure more intense. I think that is an honorable and ethical position, and I'd be writing sex novels today if there was a decent - paying market for them. —Richard E. Geis, in *Science Fiction Review* no. 29.

AMONG THE AUTHORS

THOMAS M. DISCH made his first contact with sf in Fairmont, Minnesota (population 8,000) at the age of 12. He left Fairmont, and sf, shortly afterward to go to the Big City—at that time, St. Paul. At age 17 he left St. Paul, which no longer seemed very big, and moved to New York. There he spent several years as a theatre cloakroom attendant, which has been, next to writing, the job he has enjoyed most, if only because it enabled him to see four hundred performances of *The Music Man* and over two hundred of *Camelot*. Meanwhile when not at work he attended N.Y.U., majoring in history. He dropped out of college in his junior year when he learned that he'd sold his



John Sladek (left) and Thomas M. Disch

first sf story to Cele Lalli's *Fantastic*. (He had never left sf so thoroughly as he left Fairmont.) Since then he has sold fifty stories and five novels, on the proceeds of which he is traveling slowly, precariously, through Europe.

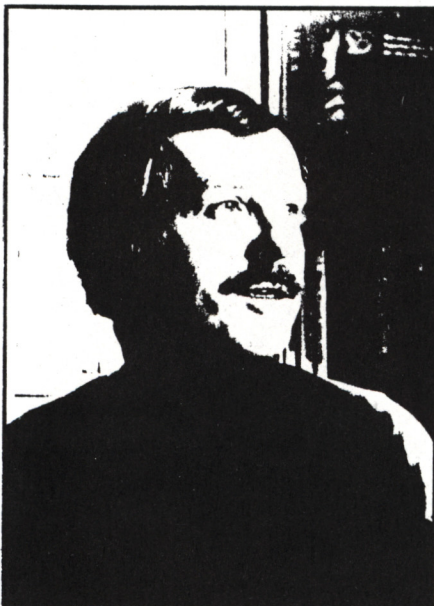
Photo by David C. Lusig



Ellison: *Homme Terrible*

Heinlein on the Master Race

The human race is going to split off into a minority who travel into space—people who are smart, able, healthy and fast on their feet. The ordinary run of joes will just stay where they are. And the human race is going to spread out through space with this Darwinian elite—a type of human being who probably won't even interbreed with those back on Earth. —Playboy symposium, published early in 1964.



Watson: Interesting ideas

The Jonah Kit

Ian Watson

Author's interesting ideas impeded by inability to write sentences, titles.

Lifeboat Earth

Stanley Schmidt

Will strange visitor save doomed Planet Earth/science fiction magazine?

Requiem for a Dream

Hubert Selby, Jr.

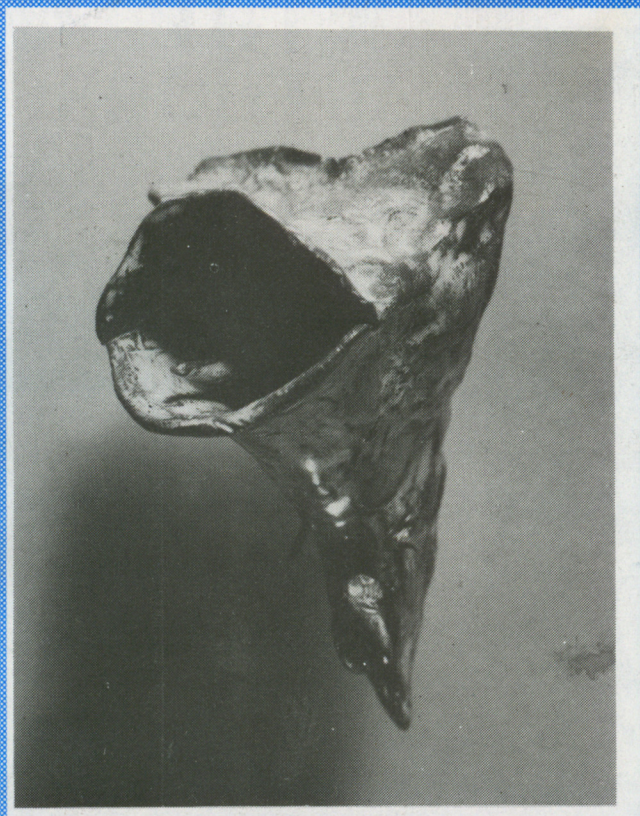
From "Last Exit to Brooklyn" to "acclaimed" attempt at a Burroughs update, cynically, dishonestly degrading and exaggerating realities that are beyond the author's parochial experience.

The Iron Sun

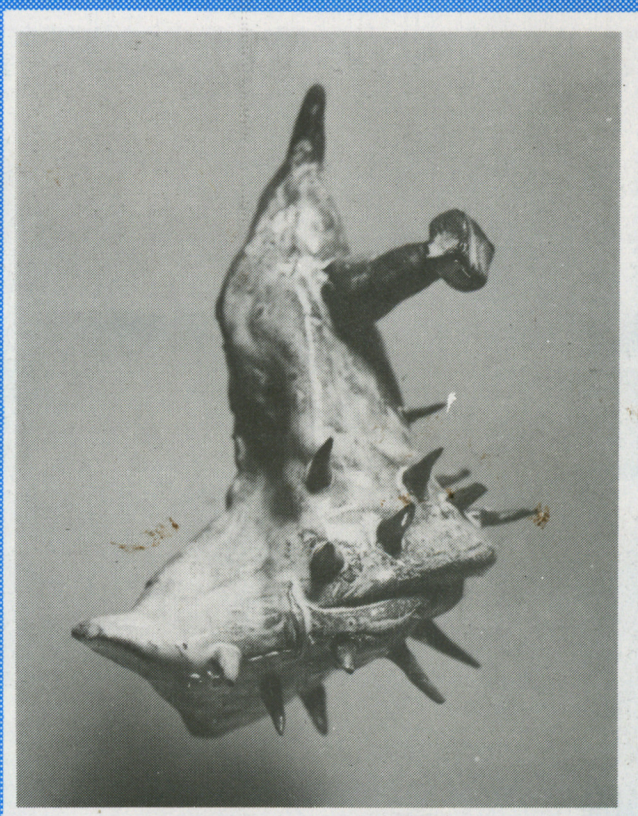
Adrian Berry

What black holes are, and how to build our own in the 23rd Century. *Why* is, of course, another story.

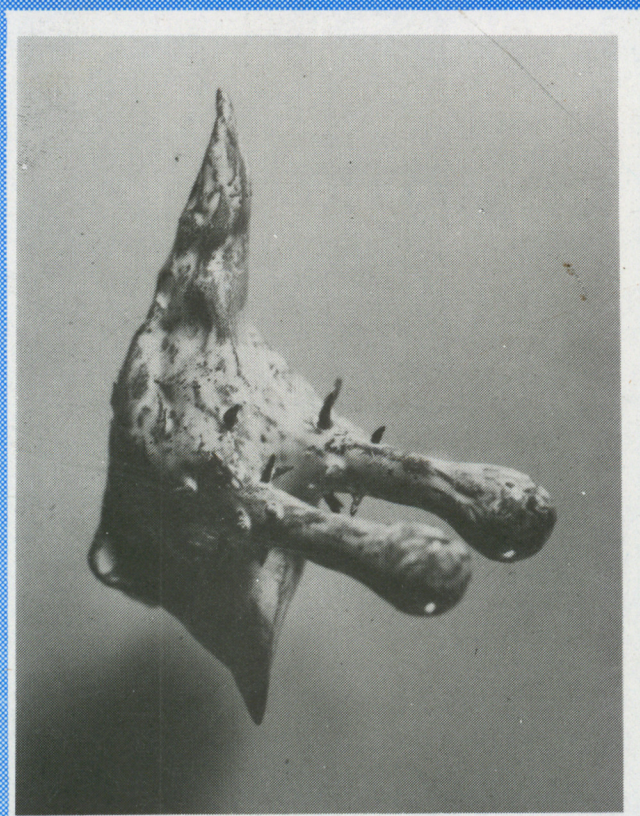
THE ORGANS OF CHANGE



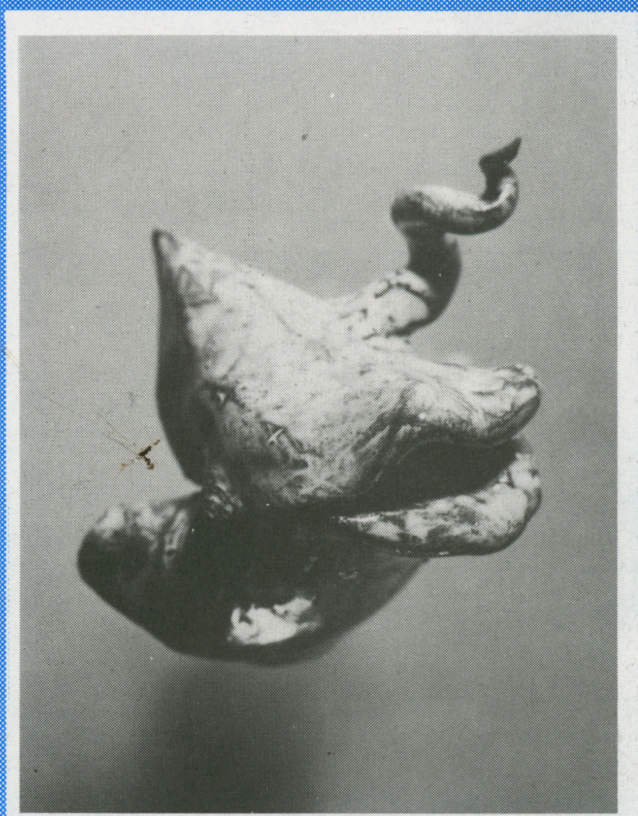
our long strokings



**on the battered
leaves**



**under the racing
nimbus & the bells**



**in your red-
curtained room**

NOTE: We had planned to include, on a page in our reviews section, a short extract from Norman Spinrad's new novel The World Between. Our enlightened printer (Blackrose Press, a socialist collective) objected that this text was offensive to women, and demanded space for a rebuttal. We felt this demand was unwarranted and absurd, so we refused. No compromise could be reached, so the page has been left completely blank.

Readers are invited to send in their own imaginary versions of what our printer objected to in Spinrad's work. Lifetime subscriptions will be given to writers of a) the most witty, b) the most accurate, and c) the most offensive entries, which will be reproduced next issue (by a less-enlightened printer). Limit: 300 words.

Send British entries to New Worlds, 70 Ledbury Road, London W.11.

U.S. entries to Patchin Productions, 56 Macdougall Street, New York, NY 10012.

EVERY COMPETITION ENTRANT WHO ENCLOSURES A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE WILL BE SENT A FREE PHOTOCOPY OF THE REAL TEXT THAT SHOULD APPEAR ON THE BLANK PAGE.