

new worlds

3s 6d

NEW WORK BY

J.G. BALLARD MERVYN PEAKE
LANGDON JONES GEORGE MACBETH
B.J. BAYLEY



BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD

A European Fantasia

Brian W. Aldiss

Barefoot in the Head is outwardly a picture of young dropouts who nowadays play a gaudy and uncertain role in any Western society. . . . The central figure, Colin Charteris, is a hippy leader.

In his adventures, *outré* or alarming, lies a commentary on the processes behind the contemporary scene. Charteris's story is the story of Christian Europe bombed back into the Stone Age of thought and feeling that—some claim—is imminent all over today's world.

Words decay, thought processes rupture, individuals sink back into the anonymity of an early epoch.

Riding the mechanized brontosaurus of the times comes Colin Charteris, a modern myth figure. Trying to make his own sense of the world, he is taken for a new kind of saviour by the drugged multitude and succumbs to this view of himself. He leads a crusade into a Europe that, in its disorder, bears a nightmare resemblance to the world we know where industry, tourism and power politics battle for supremacy.

Although *Barefoot in the Head* uses a swinging, impacted language to portray a world where time is out of joint, it is full of sharp scenes—some horrific, some comic, some full of tragedy—and memorable characters like Nick Boreas, the film director, Herr Laundrei the small police-dictator, and Angeline, Charteris's mistress. Not to mention the songs and poems of the era.

Brian Aldiss, by now recognized as our most brilliant writer of science fiction, has, in his latest book, gone far beyond the conventional territories of SF, and has achieved a major imaginative *tour de force*.

30s

Faber & Faber

new worlds

Number 194

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HEADLINE

J.G. BALLARD makes a very welcome reappearance in this month's issue with a fine short story which shows that, as well as being one of England's leading experimental writers, he is also capable of producing skilled and outstanding short stories of a more traditional sort. J.G. Ballard's influence on NEW WORLDS writers has been vast and it is fair to say that his



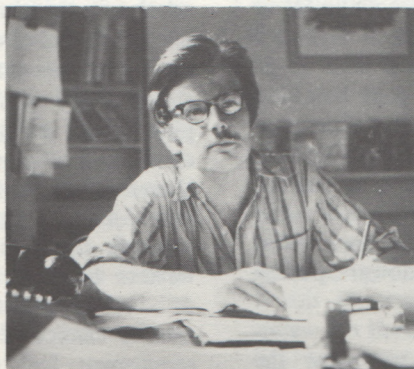
Ballard - vast influence

example has encouraged a great variety of young writers to produce fresher and more engaged fiction than they might have produced if they had not discovered his work. Ballard has an enthusiastic following, both as a science fiction and as an avant garde writer, and his ability to work well in any chosen form strengthens the authority of what he has to say in pieces like *The Assassination Weapon* (NW 161) and *The Summer Cannibals* (NW 186) which more and more readers are beginning to see as his finest work to date. A collection of these pieces, *The Atrocity Exhibition*, will be published soon by Doubleday in the USA and by Cape in the UK. *The Assassination Weapon*, independently done by a group of talented young architects, designers and Lambda actors in a mixed media form using film, photographs, live actors and light machines, was recently performed at the ICA Gallery and received great

praise from the press. A regular contributor to NEW WORLDS for many years, J.G. Ballard's last contributions were *The Beach Murders* (NW 189) and *Use Your Vagina* (NW 191.)

George MacBeth and **Giles Gordon** are two more regular contributors who return to NEW WORLDS after some time. George MacBeth's last poem was *For Czechoslovakia* in issue 189. *The Capitol*, in this issue, is a new sequence of sonnets. We think you'll enjoy them. **Margaret Gordon**, who is married to Giles Gordon, recently collaborated with George MacBeth to produce a new children's book *Jonah and the Whale* (Macmillan, 18s).

Giles Gordon's most recent contribution was *Construction* in 187. An editorial director of Victor Gollancz, he has been described by Allison and Busby, his publisher, as 'one of the most versatile and progressive short-story writers to emerge for years'. They will be doing his first book, which will be called *Pictures from an Exhibition*, in February 1970. In the same month other stories from the *Pictures from an Exhibition* sequence will appear in *Penguin Modern Stories 3*. Giles



Gordon - most versatile

Gordon also has a story in Langdon Jones's *The New SF* collection which Hutchinson will shortly publish.

Langdon Jones is represented this month by two pieces (one of

which shows that *Flower Gathering*, in NW 191 was not, after all, his first and last concrete poem). His introduction to *The Party at Lady Cusp-Canine's* by **Mervyn Peake** is self-explanatory. This work, excluded



Jakubowski - originally French

from the first edition of *Titus Alone*, will be included in the new British edition (but, sadly, had not come to light when the Ballantine edition was published in the U.S.). Jones worked for many months piecing together the manuscript and worked, it should be mentioned, without any fee offered. *Mr. Pye*, Mervyn Peake's novel about a man who was too good to be true, will be published in October by Allison and Busby who will also be publishing 'the definitive' *Drawings of Mervyn Peake*, selected by Maeve Peake, next year.

This is **Maxim Jakubowski's** first appearance in NEW WORLDS. His Jerry Cornelius story is one of two originally written in French and which will be included in the author's collection published next year by the Parisian publisher Eric Losfeld. Jakubowski, a British citizen, now lives in London. He was for some time leading critic for the French sf magazine *FICTION* and is now London correspondent of the French news-weekly *PUBLIC*. We shall be publishing his longer Cornelius story, *Red Mountain*, probably next month.

a place and a time to die

J.G. Ballard

SHOTGUNS LEVELLED, THE two men waited on the river bank. From the shore facing them, four hundred yards away across the bright spring water, the beating of gongs and drums sounded through the empty air, echoing off the metal roofs of the abandoned town. Fire-crackers burst over the trees along the shore, the mushy pink explosions lighting up the gun-barrels of tanks and armoured cars.

All morning the ill-matched couple making this last stand together – Mannock, the retired and now slightly eccentric police chief, and his reluctant deputy, Forbis, a thyroidal used-car salesman – had watched the mounting activity on the opposite shore. Soon after eight o'clock when Mannock drove through the deserted town, the first arrivals had already appeared on the scene. Four scout cars carrying a platoon of soldiers in padded brown uniforms were parked on the bank. The officer scanned Mannock through his binoculars for a few seconds and then began to inspect the town. An hour later an advance battalion of field engineers took up their position by the dynamited railroad bridge. By noon an entire division had arrived. A dusty caravan of self-propelled guns, tanks on trailers, and mobile field kitchens in commandeered buses rolled across the farmland and pulled to a halt by the bank. After them came an army of infantry and camp followers, pulling wooden carts and beating gongs.

Earlier that morning Mannock had climbed the water-tower at his brother's farm. The landscape below the mountains ten miles away was criss-crossed with dozens of motorised columns. Most of them were moving in an apparently random way, half the time blinded by their own dust. Like an advancing horde of ants, they spilled across the abandoned farmland, completely ignoring an intact town and then homing on an empty grain silo.

By now, though, in the early afternoon, all sections

of this huge field army had reached the river. Any hopes Mannock had kept alive that they might turn and disappear towards the horizon finally faded. When exactly they would choose to make their crossing was hard to gauge. As he and Forbis watched, a series of enormous camps were being set up. Lines of collapsible huts marked out barrack squares, squads of soldiers marched up and down in the dust, rival groups of civilians – presumably political cadres – drilled and shouted slogans. The smoke from hundreds of mess fires rose into the worn air, blocking off Mannock's view of the blue-chipped mountains that had formed the backdrop to the river valley during the twenty years he had spent there. Rows of camouflaged trucks and amphibious vehicles waited along the shore, but there was still no sign of any crossing. Tank-crews wandered about like bored gangs on a boardwalk, letting off fire-crackers and flying paper kites with slogans painted on their tails. Everywhere the beating of gongs and drums went on without pause.

"There must be a million of them there – for God's sake, they'll never get over!" Almost disappointed, Forbis lowered his shotgun on to the sandbag emplacement.

"Nothing's stopped them yet," Mannock commented. He pointed to a convoy of trucks dragging a flotilla of wooden landing craft across a crowded parade ground. "Sampan – they look crazy, don't they?"

While Forbis glared across the river Mannock looked down at him, with difficulty controlling the rictus of distaste he felt whenever he realised exactly whom he had chosen as his last companion. A thin, bitter-mouthed man with over-large eyes, Forbis was one of that small group of people Mannock had instinctively disliked throughout his entire life. The past few days in the empty town had confirmed all his prejudices. The previous afternoon, after an hour spent driving around the town and shooting at the stray dogs, Forbis had taken Mannock back to his house. There he had proudly shown off his huge home arsenal. Bored by this display of weapons, Mannock wandered into the dining room, only to find the table laid out like an altar with dozens of far-right magazines, pathological hate-sheets and heaven knew what other nonsense printed on crude home presses.

What had made Forbis stay behind in the deserted town after everyone else had gone? What made him want to defend these few streets where he had never been particularly liked or successful? Some wild gene or strange streak of patriotism – perhaps not all that far removed from his own brand of cantankerousness. Mannock looked across the water as a huge catherine wheel revolved into the air above a line of tanks parked along the shore, its puffy pink smoke turning the encampment into an enormous carnival. For a moment a surge of hope went through Mannock that this vast army might be driven by wholly peaceful motives, that it might suddenly decide to withdraw, load its tanks onto their trailers and move off to the western horizon.

As the light faded he knew all too well that there was no chance of this happening. Generations of hate and resentment had driven these people in their unbroken advance across the world, and here in this town in a river valley they would take a small part of their revenge.

Why had he himself decided to stay behind, waiting here behind these few useless sandbags with a shotgun in his hands? Mannock glanced back at the water-tower that marked the north-west perimeter of his brother's farm, for years the chief landmark of the town. Until the



last moment he had planned to leave with the rest of the family, helping to gas up the cars and turn loose what was left of the livestock. Closing his own house down for the last time, he decided to wait until the dust subsided when the great exodus began. He drove down to the river, and stood under the broken span of the bridge which the army engineers had dynamited before they retreated.

Walking southwards along the shore, he had nearly been shot by Forbis. The salesman had dug himself into a homemade roadblock above the bank, and was waiting there all alone for his first sight of the enemy. Mannock tried to persuade him to leave with the others, but as he remonstrated with Forbis he realised that he was talking to himself, and why he sounded so inconvincing.

For the next days, as the distant dust clouds moved towards them from the horizon, turning the small valley into an apocalyptic landscape, the two men formed an uneasy alliance. Forbis looked on impatiently as Mannock moved through the empty streets, closing the doors of the abandoned cars and parking them along the curb, shutting the windows of the houses and putting lids on the garbage pails. With his crazy logic Forbis really believed that the two of them could hold up the advance of this immense army.

"Maybe for only a few hours," he assured Mannock with quiet pride. "But that'll be enough."

A few seconds, more likely, Mannock reflected. There would be a brief bloody flurry somewhere, one burst from a machine-pistol and quietus in the dust . . .

"Mannock —!" Forbis pointed to the shore fifty yards from the bridge embankment. A heavy metal skiff

was being manhandled into the water by a labour-platoon. A tank backed along the shore behind it, test-rotating its turret. Exhaust belched from its diesel.

"They're coming!" Forbis crouched behind the sandbags, levelling his shotgun. He beckoned furiously at Mannock. "For God's sake, Mannock, get your head down!"

Mannock ignored him. He stood on the roof of the emplacement, his figure fully exposed. He watched the skiff slide into the water. While two of the crew tried to start the motor, a squad in the bows rowed it across to the first bridge pylon. No other craft were being launched. In fact, as Mannock had noted already, no one was looking across the river at all, though any good marksman could have hit them both without difficulty. A single 75mm. shell from one of the tanks would have disposed of them and the emplacement.

"Engineers," he told Forbis. "They're checking the bridge supports. Maybe they want to rebuild it first."

Forbis peered doubtfully through his binoculars, then relaxed his grip on the shotgun. His jaw was still sticking forward aggressively. Watching him, Mannock realised that Forbis genuinely wasn't afraid of what would happen to them. He glanced back at the town. There was a flash of light as an upstairs door turned and caught the sun.

"Where are you going?" A look of suspicion was on Forbis's face, reinforcing the doubts he already felt about Mannock. "They may come sooner than you think."

"They'll come in their own time, not our's," Mannock said. "Right now it looks as if even they don't know. I'll be here."

He walked stiffly towards his car, conscious of the

target his black leather jacket made against the white station-wagon. At any moment the bright paintwork could be shattered by a bullet carrying pieces of his heart.

He started the motor and reversed carefully onto the beach. Through the rear-view mirror he watched the opposite shore. The engineers in the skiff had lost interest in the bridge. Like a party of sight-seers they drifted along the shore, gazing up at the tank-crews squatting on their turrets. The noise of gongs beat across the water.

In the deserted town the sounds murmured in the metal roofs. Mannock drove round the railroad station and the bus depot, checking if any refugees had arrived after crossing the river. Nothing moved. Abandoned cars filled the side-streets. Broken store windows formed jagged frames around piles of detergent packs and canned soup. In the filling stations the slashed pump hoses leaked their last gasoline across the unwashed concrete.

Mannock stopped the car in the centre of the town. He stepped out and looked up at the windows of the hotel and public library. By some acoustic freak the noise of the gongs had faded, and for a moment it seemed like any drowsy afternoon ten years earlier.

Mannock leaned into the back seat of the car and took out a paper parcel. Fumbling with the dry string, he finally unpicked the ancient knot, then unwrapped the paper and took out a faded uniform jacket.

Searching for a cigarette pack in his hip pockets, Mannock examined the worn braid. He had planned this small gesture — a pointless piece of sentimentality, he well knew — as a private goodbye to himself and the town, but the faded metal badges had about the same relevance and reality as the rusty hubcap lying in the gutter a few feet away. Tossing it over his left arm, he opened the door of the car.

Before he could drop the jacket onto the seat a rifle shot slammed across the square. A volley of echoes boomed off the buildings. Mannock dropped to one knee behind the car, his head lowered from the 3rd floor windows of the hotel. The bullet had starred the passenger window and ricocheted off the dashboard, chipping the steering wheel before exiting through the open driver's door.

As the sounds of the explosion faded, Mannock could hear the rubber boots of a slimly built man moving down the fire escape behind the building. Mannock looked upwards. High above the town a strange flag flew from the mast of the hotel. So the first snipers had moved in across the river. His blood quickening, Mannock drew his shotgun from the seat of the car.

Some five minutes later he was waiting in the alley behind the supermarket when a running figure darted past him. As the man crashed to the gravel Mannock straddled him with both legs, the shotgun levelled at his face. Mannock looked down, expecting to find a startled yellow-skinned youth in a quilted uniform.

"Forbis?"

The salesman clambered to his knees, painfully catching back his breath. He stared at the blood on his hands, and then at Mannock's face above the barrel of the shotgun.

"What the *hell* are you playing at?" he gasped in a weary voice, one ear cocked for any sounds from the river. "That shot — do you want to bring them over?" He

gestured at the police jacket which Mannock was now wearing, and then shook his head sadly. "Mannock, this isn't a fancy dress party . . ."

Mannock was about to explain to him when a car door slammed. The engine of the station wagon roared above the squeal of tyres. As the two men reached the sidewalk the car was swerving out of the square, bumper knocking aside a pile of cartons.

"Hathaway!" Forbis shouted. "Did you see him? There's your sniper, Mannock!"

Mannock watched the car plunge out of sight down a side-street. "Hathaway," he repeated dourly. "I should have guessed. He's decided to stay and meet his friends."

After Forbis had torn the flag down from the hotel mast he and Mannock drove back to the river. Mannock sat uncomfortably in the police jacket, thinking of Hathaway, that strange youth who with himself and Forbis completed one key triangle within their society: Hathaway the misfit, head full of half-baked Marxist slogans, saddled with a bored wife who one day tired of living in rooming houses and walked out on him, taking their small son; Hathaway the failed political activist, whose obsessed eyes were too much even for a far-left student group; Hathaway the petty criminal, arrested for pilfering a supermarket — though he soon convinced himself that he was a martyr to the capitalist conspiracy.

No doubt one sight of Mannock's old police jacket had been enough.

An hour later the advance began across the river. One minute Mannock was sitting on the old rail-tie that formed the rear wall of Forbis's emplacement, watching the endless parades and drilling that were taking place on the opposite shore, and listening to the gongs and exploding fire-crackers. The next minute dozens of landing craft were moving down the bank into the water. Thousands of soldiers swarmed after them, bales of equipment held over their heads. The whole landscape had risen up and heaved forward. Half a mile inland vast dust clouds were climbing into the air. Everywhere the collapsible huts and command posts were coming down, ungainly cranes swung pontoon sections over the trees. The beating of drums sounded for miles along the water's edge. Counting quickly, Mannock estimated that at least fifty landing craft were crossing the water, each towing two or three amphibious tanks behind it.

One large wooden landing craft was headed straight towards them, well over a hundred infantrymen squatting on the deck like coolies. Above the square teak bows a heavy machine-gun jutted through its rectangular metal shield, the gunners signalling to the helmsman.

As Forbis fumbled with his shotgun Mannock knocked the butt off his shoulder.

"Fall back! Nearer the town — they'll come right over us here!"

Crouching down, they backed away from the emplacement. As the first landing craft hit the shore they reached the cover of the trees lining the road. Forbis sprinted ahead to a pile of fifty-gallon drums lying in the ditch and began to roll them around into a crude emplacement.

Mannock watched him working away, as the air was filled with the noise of tank-engines and gongs. When Forbis had finished Mannock shook his head. He pointed with a tired hand at the fields on either side of the road, then leaned his shotgun against the wall of the ditch.

As far as they could see, hundreds of soldiers were moving up towards the town, rifles and submachine-guns slung over their shoulders. The river bank was crammed with landing craft. A dozen pontoon bridges spanned the water. Infantry and engineers poured ashore, unloading staff cars and light field pieces. Half a mile away the first soldiers were already moving along the railroad line into the town.

Mannock watched a column of infantry march up the road towards them. When they drew nearer he realised that at least half of them were civilians, carrying no weapons or webbing, the women with small red booklets in their hands. On poles over their heads they held giant blown-up photographs of party leaders and generals. A motorcycle and sidcar combination mounting a light machine-gun forced its way past the column, and then stalled in the verge. Chanting together, a group of women and soldiers pushed it free. Together they stamped on after it bellowing and cheering.

As the motorcycle approached, Mannock waited for the machine-gun to open fire at them. Forbis was crouched down behind a fuel drum, frowning over his sights. His large eyes looked like over-boiled eggs. A tic fluttered the right corner of his mouth, as if he were babbling some sub-vocal rosary to himself. Then in a sudden access of lucidity he turned the shotgun at the motorcycle, but with a roar the machine swerved around Mannock and accelerated towards the town.

Mannock turned to watch it, but a man running past collided with him. Mannock caught his slim shoulders in his hands and set the man on his feet. He looked down

into a familiar sallow face, overlit eyes he had last seen staring at him through the bars of a cell.

"Hathaway, you crazy . . ."

Before Mannock could hold him he broke away and ran towards the approaching column striding up the dirt road. He stopped a few feet from the leading pair of infantrymen and shouted some greeting to them. One of the men, an officer Mannock guessed, though none of the soldiers wore insignia, glanced at him, then reached out and pushed him to one side. Within a moment he was swallowed by the melée of gong-beating and chanting soldiers. Buffeted from one shoulder to the next, he lost his balance and fell, stood up and began to wave again at the faces passing him, trying to catch their attention.

Then Mannock too was caught up in the throng. The drab quilted uniforms, stained by the dust and sweat of half a continent, pushed past him, forcing him onto the verge. The shotgun was knocked out of his hands, kicked about in the breaking earth by a score of feet, then picked up and tossed onto the back of a cart. A troupe of young women surrounded Mannock, staring up at him without any curiosity as they chanted their slogans. Most of them were little more than children, with earnest mannequin-like faces under close-cropped hair.

Realising what had happened, Mannock pulled Forbis from the ditch. No one had tried to take his shotgun from Forbis, and the salesman clung to it like a child. Mannock twisted the weapon out of his hands.

"Can't you understand?" he shouted. "They're not interested in us! They're not interested at all!" ■



Pictures From an Exhibition

by
Giles Gordon



a montage of bodies from Nikolais's 'Sanctum'
reproduced in the Sunday Times, 4 May 1969.
Photograph by Ken Kay

CROUCHING AT THE end of a tunnel. The further away end, — from the camera — the darker end. No echo, no echo, necho, necho, neco, neco, neco . . . From the one end to the other, the distance doesn't change; he doesn't move.

And the tunnel doesn't move. The tunnel is static. But it breathes, it breathes. In, out, in out. Puff, puff, puff.

He bends, he crouches. His left knee on the ground, on the surface below his body, on the surface which supports his body. Alongside his left knee, his right knee, but approximately eighteen inches above it. His right foot toes are pushed at the ground, into it, helping to balance the rest of his body. His right knee is pushed forward and upwards, the flat of the knee being at right angles to the surface on which the body is. Above the legs, his torso and head.

(The human form is the human form is the human form. Once there was a lay figure and this lay figure . . .)

The two arms seem to hang downwards from the shoulders, as if without effort. But this is deceptive: the arms and hands are cunningly balanced and thrust out and down at precise angles so that the body is supported without strain. The fingers of each hand are splayed out, and the finger pads rest on the floor, the ground surface. The head is jerked forward (but not brutally, you understand). The verb "jerk" is used to indicate the forward, sculptural thrust, the angle or direction of the head, not to mention such ambiguities as the facial parts, which are of two kinds: eg: those seen — nose, lips, eyes, hair, ears (and these latter two parts belong to the head rather than the face); and those unseen — notably the brain. The idea

is to articulate without evoking (to evoke being an evocation of what?) the attitude of the body without reference to the conventions of nineteenth century narrative fiction as employed by any twentieth century novelist you care to name other than two or three.

The lay figure stands, crouches, that is. Ready to spring through the tunnel, into the tunnel, down the tunnel, up the tunnel, towards the whirrrrrrrrrrr of the camera, the whir of the bullet, the applause, the rustle in the trees. 6d off . . .

His face is reminiscent of that of Richard Milhaus Nixon, thirty-seventh President of the United States of America. I can recall the faces of his predecessors, Johnson, Kennedy, Eisenhower, Truman, Roosevelt, and of three previous Presidents (that of Washington, from the front of a brochure advertising cherry trees; that of Lincoln, from a poster in "I was Lord Kitchener's Whatsit?", that of Grant, from an engraving in a barber's shop).

Whether his torso resembles that of President Nixon I am in no position to state, or surmise. If the torso were proved to be President Nixon's, it could reasonably be assumed that the head was his, the body was his. Only reasonably, not conclusively, as in these days of transplants and imposters no statement that seems conclusive or definitive is necessarily so.

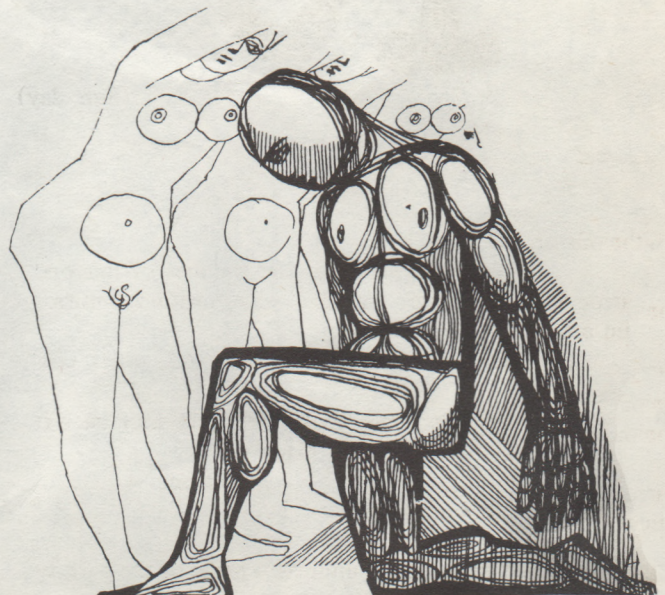
For the sake of the present piece of writing, let us assume that the crouching figure is President Nixon in tights.

President Nixon crouching at the end of a tunnel . . . etcetera.

Is the narrative (which is no narrative) rendered more interesting than before, is your attention less likely to wander or your eyes to skip lines, pages, knowing that the figure crouching at the end of the tunnel is the thirty-seventh President of the United States of America?

(A man whom, incidentally, I have not had the pleasure of meeting. A man whom I have not met.)

Why should you thrive on gossip, scurrility? Next you will be enquiring *why* the thirty-seventh President of the United States of America should be crouching at the end of a tunnel, naked to the waist — and not a hair on his chest, grown personally or synthetic, brylcreemed or otherwise — and below that tights. And here I draw the line, the door is barred. If this action, the inaction of crouching at the end of a tunnel, is rendered of greater



significance than might otherwise be the case because the croucher is Richard Milhaus Nixon, why then the storyteller's art has failed.

He crouches. The man crouches at the end of a tunnel. His name — whoever he is, he is not Richard Milhaus Nixon; whatever his name — is irrelevant, his actions are irrelevant, the development, denouement are irrelevant. The man crouches at the end of a tunnel.

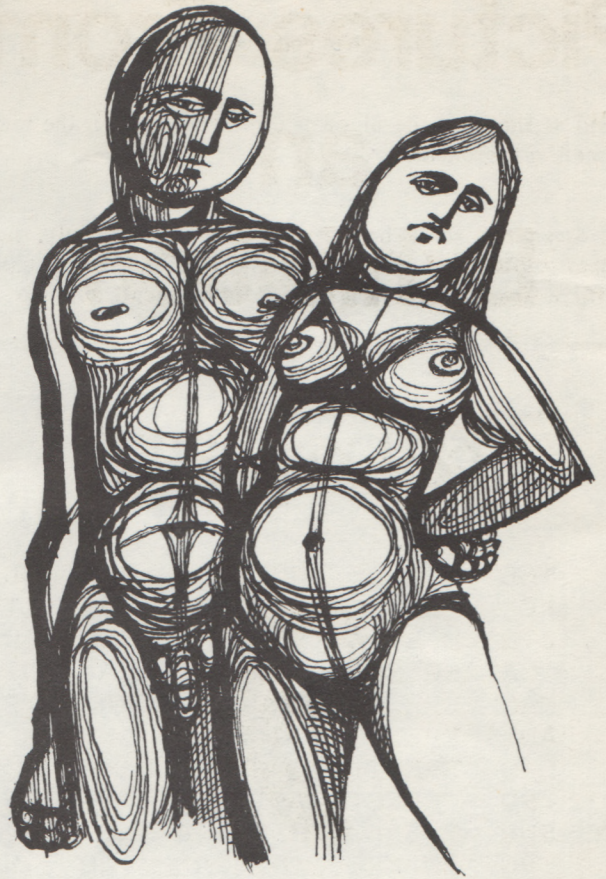
There he has sanctuary of a kind. The world is a sacred place.

He realises that the tunnel is composed of bodies, of other people. They stand, do not crouch. They are women. They stand in front of him. They form two rows, two parallel lines of people facing each other. Below the waist, their bodies are upright, they stand at right angles to the floor. From the waist upwards they bend forward. The top halves of their bodies are at right angles to the bottom halves. The top halves of their bodies are parallel to the ground. The outstretched hands of each are placed on the shoulders of the person facing them. The heads of those in each line almost touch the heads of those in the opposite line; but do not. They are two, three inches apart. Their heads, arms, hands, shoulders mesh, form a solid, three dimensional montage of bodies, an avenue of trees, a tunnel. Their faces are turned downwards, face downwards. They do not sway. They are not seen to breathe. They are not heard to breathe. They seem unaware of the man crouching at the end of the tunnel.

They have no expression on their faces. They are impassive, part of an act, a performance.

He has no expression on his face. Or not one that is readily revealed or unravelled.

He crouches at the end of the tunnel. His (triangular) shape is seen through their divided bodies, their parted bodies. His right knee is drawn in, in front of his crotch. Through the tunnel, it cannot be seen if he possesses an erection.



corkscrew
cork screw
cock screw

spirals
spire
spir
pirrrrrrrrrrr (purr)

one night stand	/	one stand night
night one stand	/	night stand one
stand one night	/	stand night one

as:
one man ban
one man band
one man bang

(there are nineteen other consonants, counting 'c' and 'k' as two))

and your nude parts: shoulders
stomach
knees
legs
fragmenting from glass to glass
reflected

mirror mirror mirror
m r
i r
r
o

10

(Sun day)

lad
y

in the mirror. No mistake
no assurance as to the number of mirrors:
a mirror within a mirror within a mirror within a mirror
within a mirror within a mirror
the shiny, anointed torso: olive oil, other oils
live oil s
the black bra: that looks wet, that may be wet
the small — minute — black pant
front
mould ing your thigh hs

(and the dressed male; or the undressed male; or the part ly dressed male/

from chalice to chalice

the mat . . . The dust collects under the bed, and the
mattress sags until it touches down to the
dust

and at the altar the blood is drunk, not spilled, the body
eaten, not broken

I memorise your parts, your parts
possess them more than if I had possessed them
colour photo in a colour mag
a Sunday supplement, a

I dream of roast beef, roast potatoes, no, July, new
potatoes, scraped and washed and boiled . . . The clock
strikes twelve . . . The colour supplements pile up on

Sunday supple
me nt, sticky with marmalade ■

Transplant

THE	STANDS	HOLDING	HIS	GLINTS	WHILE	LIKE	HE	AND	LIKE	
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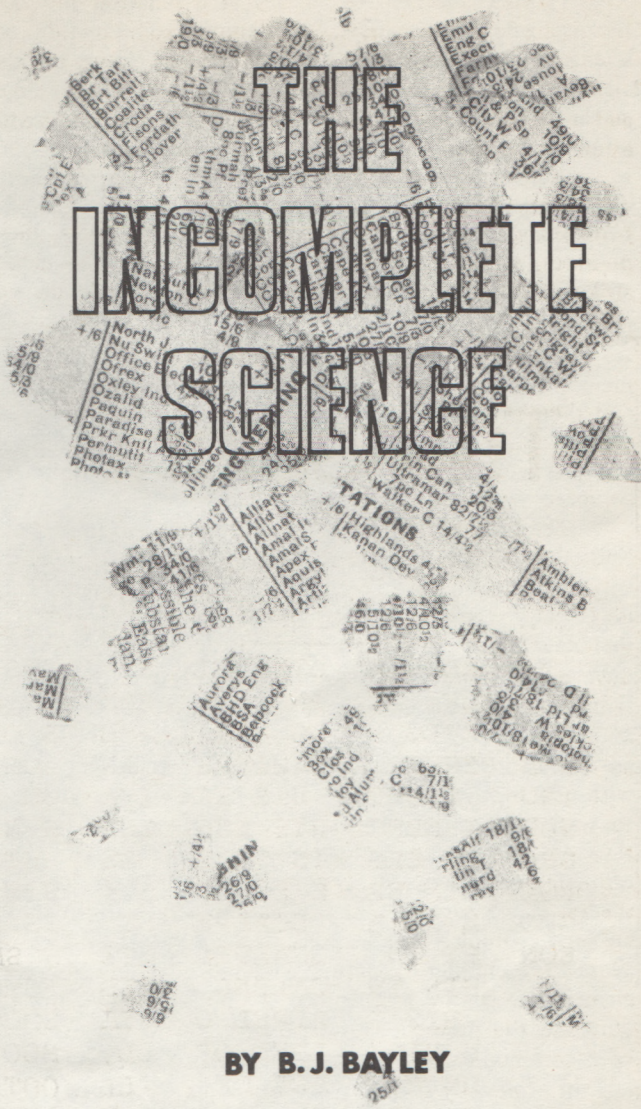
Langdon Jones

THE PRESENT STATE of economic science must be acknowledged to be inadequate for the purpose of managing the material aspect of communal life. A government which trusts the professional opinion of its time is liable to get its country into deep water, as witness the British government's response to the great depression, which encouraged rather than countered the negative forces at work. Yet, sadly, governments must either heed economic doctrines with no surety of their soundness or proceed according to rules-of-thumb and lose even the illusion of control.

Perhaps the extent of the muddle may be gauged from the saying that the mark of the true economist is that he disagrees with every other economist, a characteristic which can hardly inspire us with confidence. There is an accepted 'orthodox' branch of economics and several varieties of 'crank' economics; but it would be unshrewd to rank one class above the other, since they are apt to change places sometimes. Thus from the time of Ricardo to the time of Keynes it was the pathetic fallacy of every amateur and befuddled thinker that capitalist production contains a built-in-defect in that it repeatedly fails to distribute the goods it can produce. Established thought looked upon this naive notion with much the same exasperation as would a physicist the search for a perpetual motion machine; until, that is, Keynes — whose impact has been such that he might be called the Einstein of economics — gave it a rigorous and professional representation which could not be ignored. Insufficiency of Effective Demand has since been the key idea of modern theory and the reason why it kept cropping up previously, supported by arguments both adequate and inadequate, is probably that it happened to be true. The suspicion of crankiness now devolves upon the few reactionaries who stubbornly refuse to accept it.

The lack of proven knowledge has caused economics to be accused of being a pseudo-science, erecting elaborate facades behind which are only prejudices or, at best, blank ignorance. Restraining myself from rushing out with the gleeful cry 'what fools these economists are', I would like to say that things may not be quite as bad as all that. Of the principles, facts and arguments which have been collected over the past couple of hundred years there is certainly a great deal of value; but the pity is that for lack of experimental proof the good ideas pass into oblivion along with the bad ones and no one is any the wiser. It is also remarkable how a totally and obviously wrong assertion can remain in force for decades and how, in opposition to all the observable facts, a delusory picture of things can come to be accepted simply because it would be nice if things were so. To quote Keynes himself, "The extraordinary achievement of the classical theory was to overcome the beliefs of the 'natural man' and, at the same time, to be wrong."

In general the impression to be gained from a review of economic science is one of incompleteness. It is like a jig-saw puzzle in which no one can tell if the pieces belong to the sky or the land. This is due, I am sure, to the blithe assumption that an adequate economic science can be formulated without considering man himself — in most modern text-books there is not a human being in sight. Now this strikes me as hoping to rifle the bullet after it has already left the barrel, or as designing bridges without any regard to the materials that must go into their construction. Economics lacks both interest and credibility if it restricts itself to economic operations pure and simple,



THE INCOMPLETE SCIENCE

BY B. J. BAYLEY

without bringing the social *milieu* into view.

(The great exception is Marx, who integrated economic analysis into a powerful, dramatic theory of history which cannot fail to catch the imagination. The success of the Communist Party in taking command of a large slice of the globe demonstrates that there lies in man a readiness to find some means of controlling the situation into which the forces of evolution have blindly backed him.)

On the face of it, it is just a little strange that the brain of *homo sapiens*, which is undeterred by the difficulties of such things as unravelling the nucleoprotein molecule, flounders when it comes to the much simpler business of understanding domestic affairs. There are probably a number of reasons for the poor returns so far. To begin with, the project has really only been under way for a short time — two centuries or so — while other sciences have had several hundred years longer in which to pick up speed. (It may be that when we praise a thinker for his keen brain we should really be praising the block-heads who clarified the situation by making such a mess of things before him.) Secondly, economics is not a subject to stun the youthful mind with wonder, and possibly attracts mostly conservative thinkers who fight shy of bringing social arrangement into question. After all, society generates a feeling of animosity towards criticism of itself, and professional men are looking for esteem, not hostility.

I think another reason lies in a practical mistake that is made at the outset of an enquiry. The method of science is analysis: in Alfred Marshall's words 'Nature blends elements, science analyses compounds'. In chemistry, large classes of substances are found to be composed of a small number of simpler elements, and these in turn are found to be constituted from a very small number of yet more elementary particles. In physics, the motions of the planets, so perplexing when seen from the Earth, are found to depend on a single principle of gravitation, and so on.

It seems fairly obvious that analysis involves a movement from the complex to the simple, and it is natural for economic science to take some fairly straightforward phenomenon, such as a commodity, or the rate of interest, and then to try to redefine it in terms of something even simpler. But the correspondence with the examples given above is a false one. In economics, *the elements are more complex than the compounds*.

The endeavour to analyse the complex into the simple leads to a search for definitions and for computable units which, however, never seem quite to hit the mark. This is because the ingredients of economic activity lend themselves to description rather than to definition. Marshall's own major work consists for the most part of a long, rambling, but lucid and enjoyable, description of the course of business. What is economics about, after all? People are producing goods and services and exchanging them with one another. Attempts to reduce the whole panorama to wage-units, utility-values or 'socially necessary labour-time' (Marx's starting point) only go round in circles. The ultimate constituents of economic phenomena are: (1) the species *homo sapiens*; (2) the natural world. Both these are vast, complex aggregations, the result of millions of years of 'blending' by nature, and look like anything but elements as we are accustomed to think of them. But to illustrate the principle, return once again to the example of a commodity, say a table. By itself, it is meaningless, just an arbitrarily-shaped piece of wood. We can say that it has two components: (1) wood taken from a tree; (2) the human need to rest other smaller objects on a flat surface at a certain height. From these, and these alone, a table becomes a table. It is not congealed labour, or an amount of utility-value, or anything that can be measured in that way.

(From this illustration may be derived the principle that *the commodity precedes labour*. That is, labour is teleological and will not begin until its product has been decided upon. No one would earn much credit for common sense who set to work blindly without knowing what he was working at. Yet, easy to understand though this is in the individual, it becomes oddly obscured when transferred to the aggregate, and there is a tendency to assume that work *per se* creates values.)

The whole range of potential human characteristics, combined with the whole range of materials and qualities to be found in the world, produce the whole range of possible products, together with all the ancillary phenomena connected with their creation. It is not possible to 'analyse' them meaningfully beyond this point. Failure to appreciate sufficiently that analysis moves here from simples to complexes leads to elements being mistaken for compounds and compounds for elements.

Insofar as 'definition' becomes 'description' analysis now resolves itself into identifying primary and secondary factors after the manner demonstrated above. Primary factors are elements, and secondary ones compounds.

I have criticised economic theory as lacking complete-

ness. I have also suggested that in refusing to adopt a sufficiently broad frame of reference it has lost sight of the natural range of its field and been forced to study fragments. I defy anyone of average intelligence to come away from a modern text with any clear structured picture of how the world works.

I further suggest that the first move is to draw up a simple framework of sufficient breadth so that all subsidiary phenomena can find their place in it. Recognising that the field is a dynamic, not static one, this feature must be included from the start. Therefore the primary factors will be taken not singly but in interacting pairs and called *polarities*, analogous to the positive and negative terminals of an electric current, or the two poles of a magnet.

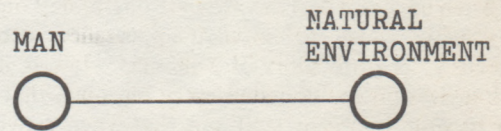
Properties of the Polarities. The ends of a polarity have complementary functions, i.e. each both acts on and is acted on by the other.

The poles equilibrate: balance is perhaps the most important feature.

There is a structural principle of precedence. The first members of the table are more deeply embedded in the natural order than later ones.

We can now construct a simple hierarchy of elements.

Polarity 1 has already been foreshadowed when we discussed the ultimate constituents:-



Polarity 1 is the largest context that can be applied to economic phenomena. 'Natural Environment' refers not to the universe, which is too large (that there is such an item that can be called 'the universe' is in any case only a supposition; it has never been observed) but to that part of it with which man may come in direct contact.

As it is the first of the series, the equilibration of polarity 1 is less evident and a good deal more 'open' than it is with lower polarities. Obviously the world is larger than man. But the sense of balance grows stronger when we consider the reaction between them: every action of man, every product of his labour, strikes a mean between his powers of mind and body and the materials and powers of the environment. Each mutually checks and encourages the other. Each advance in knowledge draws forth more wealth from the environment: once man had only wood for fuel, now he has uranium. Inert ores are transformed into machines. At the same time there is much more that man would like to be able to do but cannot, to date, because of the limitations imposed by the environment.

Many of the more active features of the environment lie on the fringe on an economic study and may be disregarded: energy from the sun, circulation of water between sea, air and land the replenishment of oxygen in the atmosphere and the synthesis of biological materials, all of which were established before man made his appearance. In its economic relations, the environment appears chiefly as land, (and, in future, may possibly be extended to parts of the sea-bed).

For man land is (1) the source of his materials, and (2) a location, or place of existence. In the latter sense, its geometrical properties become significant, in that man

clusters in communities, and within the circumference of these communities there is only so much area. Skyscrapers are a direct expression of this property.

Passing to man himself, we can observe two distinct but related features in his make-up which provide his end of the polarity with motive power. These can be called *necessity* and *aspiration*.

Necessity is the compulsion, shared with all other animals, to find the means of life. Basically this means food, shelter, a place of existence, and the drive to continue the species. But from necessity alone modern civilisation would not have arisen. There is another class of characteristics, such as inventiveness, creativity, ambition, and so on, which we may term generally aspiration and in which may be seen the source of change in human affairs. On a social scale the relation between these two qualities is illuminating. In practice aspiration colours necessity and lifts it to new levels. An average Englishman, for instance, even if he is totally lacking in aspiration, does not feel necessity as the standard of life of an Australian aborigine, but as that of other unambitious Englishmen. Within a short time from now the majority of people will feel it as an absolute necessity to possess a colour television set, yet the existence of the colour television system is certainly a case of extreme eagerness on the part of electronics engineers. In fact, the bewilderingly swift technical and economic changes depend upon the aspiration of a few feeding upon the necessity of the masses. It has often been said that the intricate day-to-day organisation of society, which to outward appearances occurs spontaneously, is little short of a miracle. How is it that the milk arrives on the doorstep every morning, that the trains run to time (more or less) and that when we visit a shop to buy food we never doubt that food will be there? The simple reason is that life must go on, and that once some arrangement has been adopted it must be adhered to. One needs to eat every day, and we may be sure that but for this persistent need productive organisation would be a lot looser than it is.

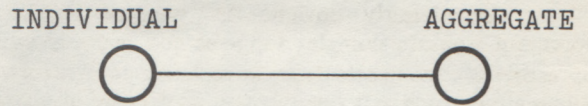
The above are some of the characteristics of the respective ends of polarity 1. There is also the question of bonds between them. The environment created all organic creatures and continues to sustain them. In view of this utter dependence one might expect them to have a deep instinctive bond with territory.

Only recently is it coming to be realised that this is in fact so. Over the past few years close observation has shown that animals have definite territorial requirements and suffer psychologically if they are not satisfied, even when the food supply remains adequate. Workers in this field have been unable to resist making a somewhat hasty comparison with current human affairs, relating increasing violence to increasing crowding. A fuller, more subtle development has been given by Robert Ardrey in his book 'The Territorial Imperative'. Backed up by a wealth of observational material, Ardrey's conclusion is that the territorial principle is *the* most basic instinct in life, more powerful even than sex, and serves the needs for identity, for stimulation, and for security. Among the evidence he cites is the fanatical defence of home territories both by animals and men, and the increase in individual energy which often seems to come from ownership of a piece of land.

Even if these ideas prove to be not strictly accurate, they are sufficient to show that there are two primordial principles at work in all biological activity (economics

being a facet of this activity) and that the various influences passing between them, far from being too elementary to take into account, are such as to be worth considering at all subsequent levels.

A study of man will not get far without recognising the most salient fact about him: that he is communal by nature. This is taken as polarity 2:—



Polarity 2

The complementarity of the terms is at once obvious: man is more than simply gregarious, he is a two-fold creature, being both himself and society. Without individuals there would be no society and, equally, without society there would be no human 'individuals' as we know them. The Indian wolf-boy, brought up among wolves, became, mentally, a wolf. This 'polarisation of consciousness' may be taken to be the precursor of social forms and also the medium in which they take place. It thus happens that when we think of 'the world' more often than not we mean, not the world of nature, but the world of human society.

The right-hand term of the polarity could perhaps be more aptly named 'society' but the more neutral 'aggregate' is preferred because it embraces the whole range of social groupings and interrelations. In fact every person belongs to an extensive scale of societies within the aggregate, from the family, circle of friends and acquaintances, up through the neighbourhood, associations, professions, tribes, nations, civilisations and further, and he comes under the influence of institutions deriving from each of them.

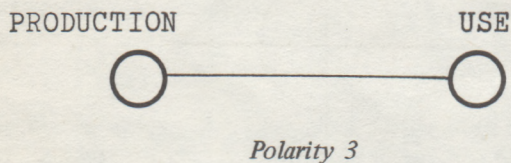
A major problem facing any civilisation is how to find the proper equilibrium of this polarity, that is, of the relation between the individual and the aggregative phenomena expressing themselves as authorities or as prevailing opinion. The problem occurs on all levels, even the most local. A man who panders to the opinion of his fellows is less than civilised in much the same way as the bully.

But the most urgent need for equilibrium today no doubt lies in the economic sphere. Here, too, there is a size-range of commercial operations, from the individual to the international. Before long we shall no doubt see undertakings on a global scale. However, some people are beginning to feel concerned at the trend towards giant companies eliminating smaller ones. It is not that hugeness in itself is bad, but one begins to wonder where the individual will be left among all this. There is a definite feeling of being 'squeezed out', of the choices open to an individual becoming fewer and fewer. While the process of engrossing is under way it may look like progress, with the advantages of 'rationalisation' and increased organisational effectiveness. But if it is carried too far the difficulties in the way of fresh entries into the economic system can become too great. This means that there will not be a healthy number of new growing points, and the imbalance of the polarity will then show itself in a slow, steady stagnation. On the other hand a society in which large-scale enterprises could not, or would not, come about,

would have failed to maximise the division of labour. (Not that the potential is fully realised in existing conditions, either.) An ideally equitable society should be sufficiently open to allow free range for all normal aspirations, and at the same time be sufficiently integrated to be able to bring them to fruition. The unprecedented achievement of post-mediaeval European civilisation is that it extended the division of labour, even in the production of ordinary commodities, over vast areas whereas formerly it had extended in a general way only over a few miles. This, and not the advance of science, is what gave Europe its supremacy, since the development of technology is dependent on it. Hence the great change wrought in human affairs in recent times is that society has developed into an excellent machine for pursuing intentions even of the most fantastic character (as I write this, Apollo 10 is orbiting the Moon). It is equally apparent that the machine has not yet learned how to regularise its movements. We have a civilisation, not of individuals, but of groups and institutions, in which the individual is squeezed. The imbalance results in, among other things, a certain waywardness in the choice of goals, as if the machine is picking up projects at random.

One lifetime would not be nearly enough to experience all the ramifications of human society. Nevertheless, in defining the outer limits, polarity 2 takes the first major step towards 'shaping' this complex matter, and in the interactions between the poles we can discern 'secondary elements': *co-operation*, *the division of labour*, and *exchange*, together with associated characteristics, *organisation* and *economic relations*.

Having descended through large-scale contexts we may now arrive at the economic process pure and simple.



Economics has frequently been described as 'the science of scarcity' in that it deals with 'the allocation of limited resources'. I would not agree with this description. True, if there exists a region of the universe where everything can be obtained merely by wishing for it, then the people living there might wonder what an 'economic science' could possibly be about (unless the power to wish there is as limited as the power to labour is here.) If I were to attempt a definition as equally slick as the one above, then I would say that economics is the science of work, or labour (though I don't very much care for either word, as they sound so arduous and unpleasant; nor is there any strict criterion to distinguish labour from pleasure: both cost effort. However, there are no handy substitutes for these words). There does not seem to be any real scarcity of anything in the natural environment; the more we look, the more we find. Whether or not anything can be obtained, and by whom, depends on how labour is arranged and whether it is adequate for the purpose. The only thing we are short of is time.

'Labour', of course, covers every kind of activity that relates to production, no matter how indirectly. The teleological nature of labour has already been remarked upon. Here it is given form in polarity 3, Production and Use.

All production is for use. The polarity is recognised

in the more limited forms 'supply and demand' and 'production and consumption' but these fail to embrace the whole thing and the latter is unfortunately quite misleading. Whatever Madison Avenue would like to have us think, it is not in anyone's interest to 'consume' his house, car, television set or best suit. He would rather they remained 'unconsumed' for as long as possible. In the main only food, drink and fuel are 'consumed', this being because of their regrettable property of being usable only once.

And yet it is undeniable that 'consumption' comes closer to being the aim of the large-scale producer. Manufacturers are constantly trying to find ways of shortening the lives of their products, and furthermore their underhand snatching at sales is coming to seem, not greed, but a national virtue, for it has been found that the economy functions a little more regularly if the rate of turnover — no matter of what — is faster.

(An entertaining account of these machinations is contained in Vance Packard's 'The Waste Makers'. Packard is playing it for laughs to some extent; nevertheless his impression of an American household in which the refrigerator, television, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, and both family cars, are so cunningly made that they all break down on the same day that the payments are completed, does not sound far from the truth. My favourite item from the book is the potato peeler carefully coloured so that once laid down among the potato peelings it is lost to sight and thrown away with them.)

Paradoxically, if everything suddenly lasted twice as long we would all be a lot poorer — in fact millions would be unemployed.

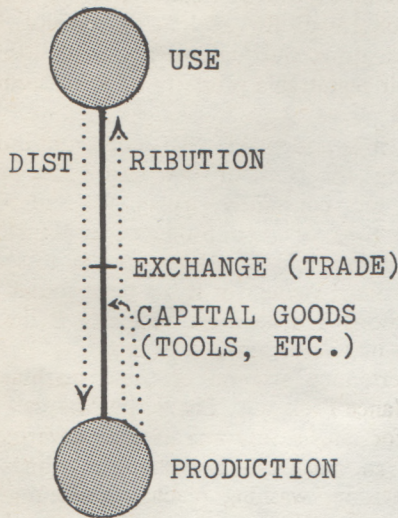
The causes of the dilemma can be traced back to the imbalance in polarity 2 already mentioned. There is not space to discuss them here; but one can see at first hand how much attention is paid to the 'Use' pole by way of advertising, planned obsolescence and hire purchase arrangements. These things all suggest some obstruction between production and use, and also add to the evidence that the same lack of equilibrium results in a deformation of the market.

That deformations can take place may easily be appreciated when the polarity is taken in the context of polarity 2, operating through the medium of exchange. The world market effects a vast separation of the two poles, branching and sheaving them literally millions of times. However, the more manifold and separate the poles become, the more powerful the force connecting them becomes.

Imagine the process working in either direction. First, the physical movement from Production to Use. Materials are torn from the ground, or, in the case of foodstuffs and textiles, grown upon the ground, and drawn into long chains of production in which myriad finished and unfinished commodities spray out over the Earth in a great fountain, at once both a roaring torrent and a fine rain. At all points on the line from Production to Use we will find capital equipment — i.e., products whose use lies in further production. At the half-way mark we may represent *exchange*, and beyond that the machinery of distribution.

Secondly, the whole business of trade constitutes a comparable, if subtler, force passing the other way from Use to Production, covering the world with an intricate and surprisingly sensitive network whose tendrils reach from every corner of human society down to the very

roots of production, informing them of what it would be worthwhile to produce. The principle is the cybernetic one of input being controlled by output. In this case it might be elaborate enough to compare with a genuine biological system.



Clearly if the poles fail to communicate properly for some reason, or if something prevents them from matching at a stable level, then deformations will occur, and if no attempt is made to hold the system steady there will be uncontrolled perturbations.

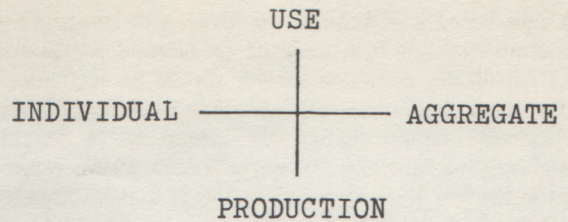
We now have a short table of three polarities. It does not exhaust the polar relations that can be abstracted from the field, but it forms a logical progression which comes to an end in polarity 3. So far as I can see, the table contains all the major elements for a comprehensive frame of reference and nothing else of comparable stature can be added to it.

Each polarity, of course, tacitly assumes its inclusion of the ones below it. But it is worth noting that the passage from the top to the bottom of the table involves a transition from space to time. Only polarity 3 describes an actual movement of matter and a time interval between production and use. Because of this one could compare it with an electric current. The terms of polarity 2, on the other hand, are simultaneous and come more under the heading of static dynamism. The perfect complementarity between individual and collective closely resembles a magnetic field.

Polarity 1 is even more spatial in character, as it spreads 'social space' over real physical space, namely the surface of a globe.

Nothing has been said so far about the matters usually central to an economic text: investment, interest, incomes, etc. The reason is that these are secondary, even tertiary, phenomena. I am not aiming at this stage to construct an economic theory so much as to lay the right setting for one. Nevertheless it will be realised that the polarities were obtained by abstracting them from a generalised field, but that in the real world they do not work in isolation but in conjunction with one another. Even in the preceding brief descriptions it was found unrealistic to keep them apart.

Something may therefore be said about the ways they combine. Polarities 2 and 3 intersect quite naturally at the point of *exchange* to form a *Lower Cross*:-

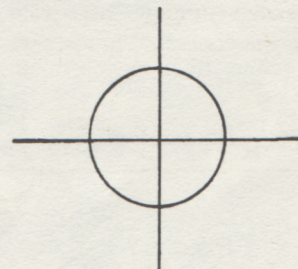


The cross is an ideal symbol for representing interaction between two processes. It could describe, for instance, the elements of a triode electronic valve, the vertical arm representing the flow of electrons from cathode to anode, and the lateral arm the control grid between them.

In this case the lateral component shows, loosely, the extent of the division of labour acting through trade. 'Aggregate' means the aggregate of people who are producing and trading with one another. The greater this is, the faster and thicker will be the flow up the vertical arm. Hence Adam Smith's famous maxim: "The division of labour is limited by the size of the market."

The intersection — the point of exchange — is the exact mid-point of the whole economic structure, at once the sensitive nexus of all influences pressing down on it and the integrating factor which holds them together.

Money arises at this point. Earlier I criticised economic thought as lacking a broad awareness. Significantly, there is a tendency for it to limit its attention to the region immediately surrounding the intersection and to deal mostly with finance and associated phenomena. This could be shown symbolically:



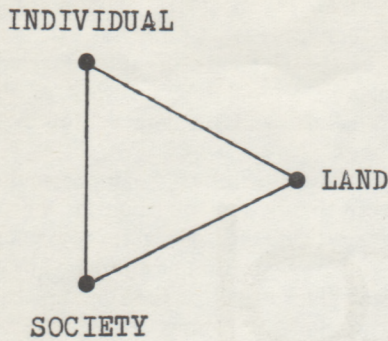
Whereas what is needed is to expand the circle to the extremities of the cross.* (Not, let me add, that this is easy. In grappling with the intricate details of modern 'capitalist' economy the shrinking of attention in the way shown is all but inevitable.)

Polarity 3 can also be combined with polarity 1 to form a similar cross, but such a diagram does not yield a great deal of information beyond depicting all the elements entering into the phenomenon we call labour. In this case the

*Some readers will notice the similarity of these diagrams to symbols recurring in religious and inspired philosophies throughout the ages and in all parts of the world. No imitation was intended. However Jung, who made a study of such symbols, believed them to be embodied in the human psyche and used the cross-shape in his own psychological system to describe four functions of the mind. To quote: "The cross signified order as opposed to the disorderly chaos of the formless multitude . . . in the domain of psychological processes it functions as an organising centre." In an Edward Cadbury lecture 'Trinity and Quaternity' given by Victor White at Birmingham University, he picks up the idea and suggests that the cross depicts the mind's method of gaining understanding from the environment, the cross-roads in the circle of the horizon." . . . the four points of the compass are what man's mind does to the horizon when he has to find his own bearings . . . it (the cross) presents man-made and artificial division as opposed to the unconscious and purely natural unity of the circle."

notion of 'labour' would be broad enough to include labour performed by machines, on the understanding that they have been set in motion by man. A tighter description of labour is also germane, as will be seen in a moment.

The real complexity of the human world derives, of course, from polarity 2, which is actually an expansion of the left-hand term of polarity 1. The two can therefore be combined in an *Upper Triad*:-

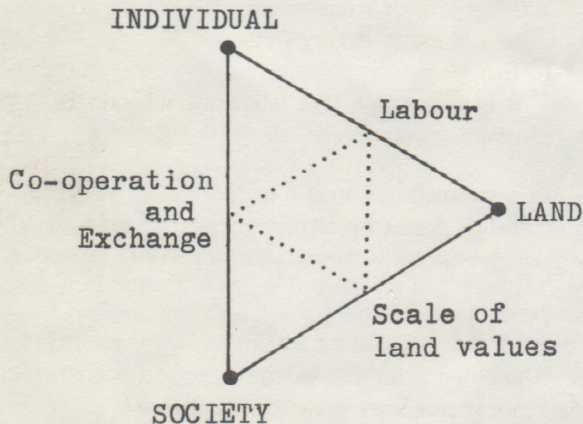


In keeping with the more organic character of the triad, the terms have been made more definitive. 'Aggregate' becomes 'society' and 'natural environment' becomes 'land'.

The three terms are the major constituents of our world. They are taken to be of equal stature in the forming of that world, and each to have influence over the others. To give just one example, geographical features are decisive in the forming of national groupings and developments of language. This is a society-land interaction.

From all three interactions emerge a class of *secondary elements*.

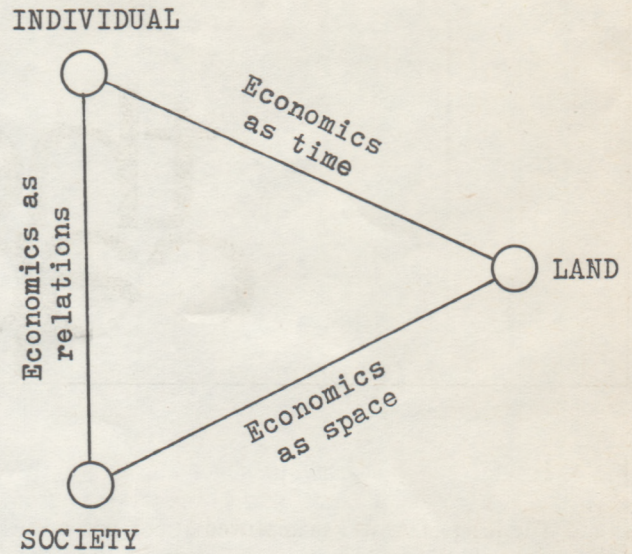
The most obvious of them form an inner triad:-



Here, labour is taken as *individual* effort applied to materiality. The organisation or division of labour then belongs to a different order. The separation of the two principles is of some consequence, for, cavilling though it might seem at first, considerable confusion can arise from a failure to observe it clearly. Take a Robinson Crusoe situation, where the social term has been removed. Once he has taken stock of his surroundings, economics for Crusoe exists only as a calculation of time. He has to calculate how much time would be involved in various projects, and decide between his alternatives accordingly. With the addition of the division of labour, however, the straight line of time may be 'folded up'. Tasks can be allotted among a number of people and pursued simultaneously to the greater advantage of all. The higher the degree of organisation, the more 'folding' there will be. Even in

the most highly organised society the time factor remains; yet this can always be attributed (except where due to the natural growth of food) to the comparative time periods involved in individual tasks.

From these considerations it is seen that the Upper Triad makes some interesting distinctions, similar to those already obtained by comparing the different qualities of the polarities:-



The Upper Triad and the Lower Cross present two major aspects of the realm of economic events. Polarity 2 is common to both, but is to be understood in a somewhat different sense in each case, in accordance with the appropriate significance of each symbol. The Upper Triad deals more with anthropological and historical criteria and the long gradual construction of nations. The way the terms relate to one another resembles the slow, stable process of organic growth. On the other hand the Lower Cross depicts motion: the flows between the four points display the characteristics of a cybernetic machine. The Triad may therefore be described as *formative* and the Cross as *operational*; the one constitutes the foundation of all economic forms, the other shows how they behave in practice. Loosely speaking, we might expect results appearing in the Cross to have their ultimate causes in the Triad.

It is an encouraging feature of the table of polarities that it resolves into the two figures in a natural, almost-automatic manner. It is also interesting to compare various economic doctrines with it as they mostly tend to emphasise some elements at the expense of others. Significantly, the mainstream of thought concentrates either on the Triad or on the Cross, but not on both. 'Classical' economics prior to the 20th Century appreciated the Triad fairly well but had little or no idea of the feedback properties of the Cross. Modern economics, on the contrary, has withdrawn from the Triad and deals only with the Cross. For instance, speaking of land, many modern economists deny that it exists! (To be more accurate, they deny that it has any properties peculiar to itself.)

The problem to be solved is how to connect the two aspects of the economy together. Without drawing any definite conclusions, a preliminary study has suggested that the answer might lie in the laws relating to property. ■

Condensed from "The Creation of Wealth."

the capitol

I

The King of Arms has approved

vivid memories of an Underground journey
dead on schedule, and about an hour after
they are less capable of defending themselves
with a so-called "businessman's menu"

Even the forms, asking for views
making such a bad blunder
had no right whatever to go into
hospital, suffering from bruises

If there is a breakdown
a hundred blind people
who have been bravely concealing their pink cheeks
will affect the existing environment

having it camouflaged in pieces of meat

II

Their only ticket back
showed that Parliamentary attitudes
on a first-floor balcony
had their hearts cut out

Meanwhile, it is now authoritatively known
why he believed there would be more bodies
for some fairly strong criticism

a new super lido is due
in the middle of a desert
for LADY STAFF

So why bother to put up with hotels?
Unless this impression comes across clearly
to break the deadlock
IT'S ANARCHY

III

including famous Middle Eastern BELLY DANCERS
Mob halt Test
just like two sporty motorists

Other sources said several girls
have faced difficult problems in the past
in the absence of the Chief Engineer

after months of stone-walling
in a block of luxury flats
to free Wales

it is understood that telephone subscribers
can injure themselves

to save an elderly man
being caught by a fruit machine
the two detectives then called "reinforcements"

IV

Where one child was killed
we've got leafy lanes, sand and sun
capable of engaging high-speed aircraft

There is surprising unanimity of view
by a free vote in the Commons
after some educated jabbing

These interesting and lucrative positions
if you are experienced
have a world outreach

part of a London Weekend Television team
owns a car instead of a camel
beginning to get things going"

padding about in the nude
great flexibility, is claimed

V

See them for all they're worth
in a great brown leather cloak

We should never ask when the kissing
in the used car trade
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT LONDON

It's like Christmas
capable of taking charge of glass
including some micro-filming

You can be there in two hours
with rockets and mortars
on the island of Fernando Po

splashed with red and purple ink
in shallow graves
less than a week after Shaw was acquitted

VI

It simply lays the facts
on the fast train
to the Provincetown hippie area
Mr. Laird was saying
in recognition of their happy home life

foundations will stay that way
in a head-on crash
But I don't believe a single word
in which a member should declare an interest
during peak phoning time

Teddy, a dapper figure
interested in the male sex
raced to a house in Golders Green
"shocked and distressed"

VII

Stick to the company of a small group
with a guest appearance
concerning leaks
to permit "mercy killing"

A van, loaded with tyres
so that each major accident centre
shows neat cat-and-mouse play
should be obligatory
for other victims in the ruins

Raymond has the rude good health
that catches your eye
judging by the blizzard today
as they urge him to pat the bulge

"We are interested," they say straight-faced,

VIII

remain oblivious to the fact that
an insignificant shooting-star
has not yet been fixed.

loaded with 18 tons of fish
The housing committee emphasizes
an entertainment formula

anything that catches your eye

The words may not be right
in the early years for fathers
at your local electrical shops

(except before Christmas!)
to continue the fight, maybe it is better
going berserk

snoring in the bedroom

IX

The girdle, with detachable suspenders
given to foreign governments
pulling a ballast train
has gone into making a fuel for open fires

These included the German
nearby Arts Centre
making a determined effort
behind schedule

Fords officials
will pay really well for HIGH CALIBRE GIRLS
coming into season

Inside the coach, white-bearded,
as a non-combatant member of the Dental Corps
Mr. Marsh, would be "evidence that people are able
to cope

X

Walt Disney's little deer
is the finest job in the world
and any adjustment downwards
hasn't changed plans

"We will not tolerate continued
psychoses of inflation"
standing shoulder to shoulder

Mr. J. Fraser Cook, for the firm
really controls, without feeling
a suspected stone in the kidney

At the bottom she met
Angry shareholders
all rather absurdly English
because most of them were dead drunk"

XI

reclining and dining in the
Charrington United Breweries
I find the smug self-righteousness
of Nazi persecution
also provides investment

in a sizeable number of potential
blind dates, if you are single
overpayments to contractors
at the Royal Victoria Hospital
may not be right (they will be dubbed

on the open, unsmutty way
at up to 112 m.p.h.
beating eggs and sugar
is very like monastic discipline

XII

applied to the skin for healing
In sex, I was giving up something
tears of laughter
would doubtless be behind Ministry thinking

In the phone book V.
Potter, who is making a new
jet prop airliner
crashed into a lamp standard

having entered as a trespasser
he kept himself throughout
Sheer Frustration

now a frequent theme
hung over Toulouse
feeling "chipper" after breakfast

XIII

all out for 297.
in the Olympic qualifying games
no transport has been arranged

a "pioneer" in the latest form
at our Old Bond Street office
has said that the civil war
of this very complex plant

is exactly what some MPs do

homeless companions
through wash after wash
at the end of the first leg

the fee will rise to £3
1. Onze. 2. Stub. 4. Prison

there is a change of the expert heart.

XIV

is Gloucester, Patrick
what we like to call show
and at 50 minutes past each hour
after escaping from the blaze.

is firmly placed today
in the control, management, organisation and
chain and padlock

is working on
your sun-drenched holiday

But for rape, robbery with violence
and switch off,
staying in the saddle
on the remainder of the line

had acquired a 13.8% share-holding

XV

THE MONEY SEED
would give them a handsome profit
who alone have power to authorise this,"

tucked away at the back

in the U.S., became Doro Bell
at least for the first time

"grossly exaggerated"

the fashionable numbers we'll be presenting
inside the airing-cupboard
bring a reality

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE CROUPIERS

forced down her throat
can stand no more

no eye glasses, reasonable fluency

XVI

As for the allegation of
Asprey's and the
heavyweight Charles Rooney,
Adams supplies an explanation
though here somewhat less clear-cut.

Turning for home he quickly disposed
of four of their five
how-babies-are-born manuals.

Skagen, is 15 miles
from the horses trotting
grimly simple:

his hair still shorn. His next step
the desire to press on

Which can be taken more than one way.

XVII

it would certainly be another mouthful
of elderly Rovers
if he had ever killed
the subscriber. A local.

naval dock at Dong Tam
simply lays the facts
at the shop floor level
behaving dumb deliberately?"

probably 90 per cent
need to have that extra rev
to branch out into machine tool
initiative

only available for dogs but
"Shame, shame, shame,"

XVIII

"We are facing a bizarre
proper restraint. This can only be

elastomeric fibre
in the most flagrant manner,"

or, as it is popularly called,
the "most combattant" group of all

Low value coins of American money.
"So what?" You can't get more

for as little as £2 a month.
Sorry. We forgot about the

highly confidential matters, especially
jail for an attesting witness

gooseberry bushes and storks
beach and cruisewear.

XIX

move up to show a worthwhile
antique silver
collapse of the talks
a beautiful cobweb-lacy
hand up a chute
and the Amalgamated Engineering Union

Easy Withdrawal
For much of the weekend.

kinds of dinghies, sail-setting
White on the vest
from the fringe of Epping Forest

It is the second marriage for
an Afghan Airlines
horse, looking Napoleonic

XX

I WAS GOING TO BE DEAD ON TARGET
selling experience. Good working
can't be done in a couple of
de luxe maroon
new caps. There should be no alarms

low mileage
is a Labour majority

Cashel Fort, Yas Sir,
will gladly pass one) before
Lord Birkett, 38.

eat everything in sight –
Made by weaving,
Terence, nearly 30 now, "announced that
one will insure me,"

XXI

If you've had a Jesuit
at the Geneva Show
you can't get more

enemy escalation
set to explode under a busy
village – to taste the famous

baby elephant being flown
in brown trilby and grey
waistcoat button. So far these
collar workers in Britain's

week-long battle against tonsillitis

are likely to be among the dullest
Highland Seal
jets firing

XXII

the needle-nosed aeroplane
metal barriers across the road
a chapter of disaster

BELMONT CONSORT (the Blood family)
is in your sign
a string of the Party's big guns,

with a front zip
of a distressing character"
average high water time

was at Poplar police station
very late
with a manual option

a defended petition for divorce
does not increase the gravity," he said.

XXIII

MY LOVE, MY LAND
had come about the rates.

Today Mr. Bajier finds himself
sunbathing generously subsidised,
at a dam site.

. . . "this incomparable shocker" . . .
a welder, of Taplow,
gave the kiss of life

racial "ganging up"
for strike-curb laws
will be no surprise for

the exciting 2800
National Shopping Arcades.
curtained in saffron.

XXIV

"Remember that there's no
BROKENLY
to a patient suffering from
timorous sailors
who helped split the atom.

brilliant, merciless . . ."
The fire was quickly
two semi-literate Yugoslavs
a crippling form of competition
FOR THREE AVERAGE ROOMS!

of the other Moulinex best
Cistercians digging
we stock the lot,
HOT MILLIONS

XXV

flashed the moonbug
dividing long shop frontages

met at the time the Great Gold
paid but that through a loophole

given by a motorist who
was offered the chance when IDV decided

enjoyed Paris more than
hats, raincoats and furs

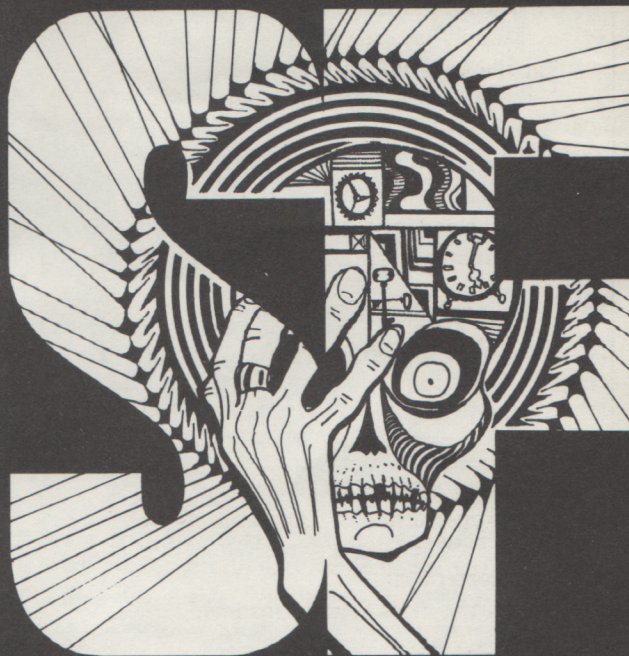
disturbed young patients at the Paddington
Marble Mountain

referred to the 45
shuttered windows — all except one

Looks like being a weekend
his heart stopped beating. ■

MACDONALD

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TITUS ALONE – A New Edition

BY LANGDON JONES

ON SUNDAY, THE seventeenth of November, nineteen sixty-eight, after a long and wretched illness, Mervyn Peake died. It was just before he contracted this disease – a virus infection of the brain – that he conceived and began work on this book, the last of the monumental “Gormenghast” trilogy. His condition began to deteriorate while it was being written, and he was barely able to complete the book.

When I first read *Titus Alone* I was struck by certain failings; Peake’s exemplary sense of form seemed, for once, to have deserted him, and somehow the central part of the book – the darkness by a lakeside – the factory of identical faces – seemed to be only a hint of what Peake saw – the ultimate horror remained only a taint in the air. These failings I attributed to Peake’s illness.

Later I discovered that, owing to the confusion surrounding the submission of the book at this time, the publishers had been forced to carry out drastic alterations

to the chaotic typescript. Peake himself was “by now too ill to be able to supervise the preparation of the book. While examining the original typescript I saw that whole chapters and a whole character had been deleted, and that there were hundreds of changes of a less drastic nature. It was then that I determined to attempt to restore the book as nearly as possible to Peake’s original conception.

This task is now complete, and the new version has been accepted by Eyre and Spottiswoode and Penguin, and the hardcover edition should be published in March 1970.

While making the reconstruction I was working from three different versions of *Titus Alone*. The most important was the first typescript. This was the version that had been first submitted for publication, and on which most of the alterations had been made. The second typescript was the version that had been prepared to the editor’s directions in his attempt to make the book coherent. The other script, to which recourse was made to check illegibilities and for those sections which had disappeared from the typescripts, was the first draft, which had been handwritten in a variety of notebooks.

THE PARTY AT LADY CU

And so, by a whim of chance, yet another group of guests stood there beneath him. Some had limped and some had slid away. Some had been boisterous; some had been aloof.

This particular group were neither and both, as the offshoots of their brain-play merited. Tall guests they were, and witless that through the accident of their height and slenderness they were creating between them a grove – a human grove. They turned, this group, this grove of guests, turned as a newcomer, moving sideways an inch at a time, joined them. He was short, thick and sapless, and was most inappropriate in that lofty copse, where he gave the appearance of being pollarded.

One of this group, a slender creature, thin as a switch, swathed in black, her hair as black as her dress and her eyes as black as her hair, turned to the newcomer.

“Do join us,” she said. “Do talk to us. We need your

steady brain. We are so pitifully emotional. *Such babies.*”

“Well I would hardly –”

“Be quiet, Leonard. You have been talking quite enough,” said the slender, doe-eyed Mrs. Grass to her fourth husband. “It is Mr. Acreblade or nothing. Come along dear Mr. Acreblade. There . . . we are . . . there . . . we are.”

The sapless Mr. Acreblade thrust his jaw forward, a sight to be wondered at, for even when relaxed his chin gave the impression of a battering ram; something to prod with; in fact, a *weapon*.

“Dear Mrs. Grass,” he said, “you are always so unaccountably kind.”

The attenuate Mr. Spill had been beckoning a waiter, but now he suddenly crouched down so that his ear was level with Acreblade’s mouth. He did not face Mr. Acreblade as he crouched there, but swivelling his eyes to their eastern extremes, he obtained a very good view of

My aim has been to incorporate all Peake's own alterations, while ignoring all other corrections. It has also been to try to make the book as consistent as possible with the minimum of my own alterations.

I have been forced to exercise my own judgement only in a few places, where normally one would have been obliged to consult the writer. I have changed several inconsistencies which somehow found their way into the first edition, the only important alteration being the reluctant deletion of twenty-five words of Titus' delirium, in which he remembered characters whom only the reader, not he, had met.

I feel that the new edition is much more satisfactory than the old. There is a much better sense of balance, and the plot elements resolve themselves much more satisfactorily at the end of the book, which has been much enlarged in scale. Had Peake been able to continue there is no doubt that he would have polished the story still more. But the reconstruction is much closer to the author's original intention than was the first edition. In this version the factory becomes a much more powerful expression of

that evil which attained for Peake its supreme manifestation when, among the liberating forces, he entered Belsen at the end of the war. Peake seemed to regard evil and tragedy as a tangible force, and the book reflects a struggle that was taking place in reality, when Peake himself was facing a horror more dreadful and more protracted than that endured by Titus, and to which, after ten years, he succumbed.

The following extract is totally new. It comes from the beginning of the book, when Titus finds himself in a glittering city, with planes that glide noiselessly but somehow menacingly through the sky. But all at the moment is relatively innocent. Only one remark reveals the quality of what is yet to come. The stranger, Titus, is pursued, and eventually finds himself looking through a skylight upon an incredible party going on below. Apart from being an excellent piece of comic writing, the extract is notable for its conclusion — the snatches of random conversation that can be heard, as if the reader were in fact present, as if his attention had momentarily wandered, and he could hear, in reality, all about him the sounds of the party. ■

JSP-CANINE'S

BY MERVYN PEAKE

Acreblade's profile.

"I'm a bit deaf," he said. "Will you repeat yourself? Did you say 'unaccountably kind'? How droll."

"Don't be a bore," said Mrs. Grass.

Mr. Spill rose to his full working height, which might have been even more impressive were his shoulders not so bent.

"Dear lady," he said. "If I am a bore, who made me so?"

"Well who *did* darling?"

"It's a long story —"

"Then we'll skip it, shall we?"

She turned herself slowly, swivelling on her pelvis until her small conical breasts, directed at a Mr. Kestrel, were for all the world like some kind of delicious *threat*. Her husband, Mr. Grass, who had seen this manoeuvre at least a hundred times yawned horribly.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Grass, as she let loose upon

Mr. Kestrel a fresh broadside of naked eroticism, "tell me, dear Mr. Acreblade, all about *yourself*."

Mr. Acreblade, not really enjoying being addressed in this off-hand manner by Mrs. Grass, turned to her husband.

"Your wife is very special. Very rare. Conducive to speculation. She talks to me through the back of her head; staring at Kestrel the while."

"But that is as it should be!" cried Kestrel, his eyes swimming over with excitement, "for life must be various, incongruous, vile and electric. Life must be ruthless and as full of love as may be found in a jaguar's fang."

"I like the way you talk, young man," said Grass, "but I don't know *what* you're saying."

"What are you mumbling about?" said the lofty Spill, bending one of his arms like the branch of a tree and cupping his ear with a bunch of twigs.

"You are somewhat divine," whispered Kestrel,



addressing Mrs. Grass.

"I think I spoke to you, dear," said Mrs. Grass over her shoulder to Mr. Acreblade.

"Your wife is talking to me again," said Acreblade to Mr. Grass. "Let's hear what she has to say."

"You talk about my wife in a very peculiar way," said Grass. "Does she annoy you?"

"She would if I lived with her," said Acreblade. "What about you?"

"O, but my dear chap, how naive you are! Being married to her I seldom see her. What is the point of getting married if one is always bumping into one's wife? One might as well not be married. Oh no dear fellow, she does what she wants. It is quite a coincidence that we found each other here tonight. You see? And we enjoy it — it's like first love all over again without the heartache — without the *heart* in fact. Cold love's the loveliest love of all. So clear, so crisp, so empty. In short, so civilised."

"You are out of a legend," said Kestrel, in a voice that was so muffled with passion that Mrs. Grass was quite unaware that she had been addressed.

"I'm as hot as a boiled turnip," said Mr. Spill.

"But tell me, you horrid man, how do I feel?" cried Mrs. Grass, lacerating her beauty with the edge of her voice. "I'm looking so well these days, even my husband said so, and you know what husbands are."

"I have no idea what they *are*," said the fox-like man newly arrived at her elbow. "But you must tell me. What are they? I only know what they become . . . and perhaps . . . what drove them to it."

"Oh, but you are *clever*. Wickedly clever. But you must tell me all. How *am* I, darling?"

The fox-like man (a narrow-chested creature with reddish hair above his ears, a very sharp nose and a brain far too large for him to manage with comfort) replied:

"You are feeling, my dear Mrs. Grass, in need of something sweet. Sugar, bad music, or something of that kind might do for a start."

The black-eyed creature, her lips half open, her teeth shining like pearls, her eyes fixed with excited animation on the foxy face before her, clasped her delicate hands

together at her conical breasts.

"You're quite right! O, but *quite!*" she said breathlessly. "So absolutely and miraculously *right*, you brilliant, *brilliant* little man; something sweet is what I *need!*"

Meanwhile Mr. Acreblade was making room for a long-faced character dressed in a lion's pelt. Over his head and shoulders was a black mane.

"Isn't it a bit hot in there?" said young Kestrel.

"I am in agony," said the man in the tawny skin.

"Then why?" said Mr. Grass.

"I thought it was Fancy Dress," said the skin, "but I mustn't complain. Everyone has been most kind."

"That doesn't help the heat you're generating in there," said Mr. Acreblade. "Why don't you just whip it off?"

"It is all I have on," said the lion's pelt.

"How delicious," cried Mrs. Grass, "you thrill me utterly. Who are you?"

"But my *dear*," said the lion, looking at Mrs. Grass, "surely you . . ."

"What is it, O King of Beasts?"

"Can't you remember me?"

"Your nose seems to ring a bell," said Mrs. Grass.

Mr. Spill lowered his head out of the clouds of smoke. Then he swivelled it until it lay alongside Mr. Kestrel. "What did she say?" he asked.

"She's worth a million," said Kestrel. "Lively, luscious, what a plaything!"

"Plaything?" said Mr. Spill. "How do you mean?"

"You wouldn't understand," said Kestrel.

The lion scratched himself with a certain charm. Then he addressed Mrs. Grass.

"So my nose rings a bell — is that all? Have you forgotten me? *Me!* Your one-time Harry?"

"Harry? What . . . my . . . ?"

"Yes, your Second. Way back in time. We were married, you remember, in Tyson Street."

"Lovebird!" cried Mrs. Grass. "So we *were*. But take that foul mane off and let me see you. Where have you been all these years?"

"In the wilderness," said the lion, tossing back his

mane and twitching it over his shoulder.

"What sort of wilderness, darling? Moral? Spiritual? O but tell us about it!" Mrs. Grass reached forward with her breasts and clenched her little fists at her sides, which attitude she imagined would have appeal. She was not far wrong, and young Kestrel took a step to the left which put him close beside her.

"I believe you said 'wilderness'," said Kestrel. "Tell me, how wild is it? Or isn't it? One is so at the mercy of words. And would you say, sir, that what is wilderness for one might be a field of corn to another with little streams and bushes?"

"What sort of bushes?" said the elongated Mr. Spill.

"What does that matter?" said Kestrel.

"Everything matters," said Mr. Spill. "Everything. That is part of the pattern. The world is bedevilled by people thinking that some things matter and some things don't. Everything is of equal importance. The wheel must be complete. And the stars. They look small. But are they? No. They are large. Some are very large. Why, I remember —"

"Mr. Kestrel," said Mrs. Grass.

"Yes, my dear lady?"

"You have a vile habit, dear."

"What is it, for heaven's sake? Tell me about it that I may crush it."

"You are too close, my pet. But too close. We have our little areas you know. Like the home waters, dear, or fishing rights. Don't trespass, dear. Withdraw a little. You know what I mean, don't you? Privacy is so important."

Young Kestrel turned the colour of a boiled lobster and retreated from Mrs. Grass who, turning her head to him, by way of forgiveness switched on a light in her face, or so it seemed to Kestrel, a light that inflamed the air about them with a smile like an eruption. This had the effect of drawing the dazzled Kestrel back to her side, where he stayed, bathing himself in her beauty.

"Cosy again," she whispered.

Kestrel nodded his head and trembled with excitement until Mr. Grass, forcing his way through a wall of guests brought his foot down sharply upon Kestrel's instep. With a gasp of pain, young Kestrel turned for sympathy to the peerless lady at his side, only to find her radiant smile was now directed at her own husband where it remained for a few moments before she turned her back upon them both and, switching off the current, she gazed across the room with an aspect quite drained of animation.

"On the other hand," said the tall Spill, addressing the man in the lion's pelt, "there is something in the young man's question. This wilderness of yours. Will you tell us more about it?"

"But oh! But do!" rang out the voice of Mrs. Grass, as she gripped the lion's pelt cruelly.

"When I say 'wilderness'," said the lion, "I only speak of the heart. It is Mr. Acreblade that you should ask. His wasteland is the very earth itself."

"Ah me, that Wasteland," said Acreblade, jutting out his chin, "knuckled with ferrous mountains. Peopled with termites, jackals, and to the north-west — hermits."

"And what were you doing out there?" said Mr. Spill.

"I shadowed a suspect. A youth not known in these parts. He stumbled ahead of me in the sandstorm, a vague shape. Sometimes I lost him altogether. Sometimes I all but found myself beside him, and was forced to retreat a little way. Sometimes I heard him singing, mad, wild, inconsequential songs. Sometimes he shouted out as though

delirious — words that sounded like 'Fuchsia,' 'Flay' and other names. Sometimes he cried out 'Mother!' and once he fell to his knees and cried, 'Gormenghast, Gormenghast, come back to me again!'

"It was not for me to arrest him — but to follow him for my superiors informed me his papers were not in order, or even in *existence*."

"But on the second evening the dust rose up more terribly than ever, and as it rose it blinded me so that I lost him in a red and gritty cloud. I could not find him, and I never found him again."

"Darling,"

"What is it?"

"Look at Gumshaw."

"Why?"

"His polished pate reflects a brace of candles."

"Not from where I am."

"No?"

"No. But look — to the left of centre I see a tiny image, one might almost say of a boy's face, were it not that faces are unlikely things to grow on ceilings."

"Dreams. One always comes back to dreams."

"But the silver whip RK 2053722220 — the moon circles, first of the new —"

"Yes, I know all about that."

"But love was nowhere near."

"The sky was smothered with planes. Some of them, though pilotless, were bleeding."

"Ah, Mr. Flax, how is your son?"

"He died last Wednesday,"

"Forgive me, I am so sorry."

"Are you? I'm not. I never liked him. But mark you — an excellent swimmer. He was captain of his school." "This heat is horrible."

"Ah, Lady Crowgather, let me present the Duke of Crowgather; but perhaps you have met already?"

"Many times. Where are the cucumber sandwiches?"

"Allow me —"

"Oh I beg your pardon. I mistook your foot for a tortoise. What is happening?"

"No, indeed, I do not like it."

"Art should be artless, not heartless."

"I am a great one for beauty."

"Beauty, that obsolete word."

"You beg the question, Professor Salvage."

"I beg nothing. Not even your pardon. I do not even beg to differ. I differ without begging, and would rather beg from an ancient, rib-staring, sightless groveller at the foot of a column, than beg from you, sir. The truth is not in you, and your feet smell."

"Take that . . . and that," muttered the insultee, tearing off one button after another from his opponent's jacket.

"What fun we do have," said the button-loser, standing on tip-toe and kissing his friend's chin: "Parties would be unbearable without abuse, so don't go away Harold. You sicken me. What is that?"

"It is only Marblecrust making his bird noises."

"Yes, but . . ."

"Always, somehow . . ."

"O no . . . no . . . and yet I like it."

"And so the young man escaped me without knowing," said Acreblade, "and judging by the hardship he must have undergone he must surely be somewhere in the City . . . where else could he be?" ■



Mervyn Peake

MR PYE

With drawings by the author

“What have you brought with you?” she said.
Mr Pye turned his gaze upon her.
“Love”, he said. “Just... Love...” and then he
transferred the fruit-drop from one cheek to the
other with a flick of his experienced tongue....

Equipped with Love, Mr Harold Pye lands on the island of Sark and immediately sets about changing the lives of the entire community – from his aggressively masculine landlady Miss Dredger, to the formidable Miss George in her purple busby, to the wanton black-haired Tintagieu, “five-foot-three inches of sex”. The trouble is, Mr Pye is too good to be true. So good, in fact, that he has to embark on a campaign of unparalleled sin in order to correct the balance....

Mervyn Peake (1911-1968) was a great writer. *Mr Pye* stands alone among his novels: a wickedly witty fantasy, packed with unforgettable cameos, which turns the battle between good and evil into a hilarious romp through the prejudices of a close-knit society.

ALLISON & BUSBY

LINES OF WHITE ON A SULLEN SEA

THE ARRIVAL HALL of the Cromwell Road Air Terminal was deserted. From the toilets on the left of the hall emerged a colonel of the Popular Chinese Army. He buttoned his flies and then blew his nose. Jerry entered the hall and walked briskly up.

— Colonel Yuan Mou Tse. A pleasure.

— The pleasure's all mine, Mr. Cornelius. It must be two years.

— Of course, Colonel. Jerry glanced nervously at the Pendestrava clock embedded in the wall over the reception desk. A quarter to nine. — Simla, wasn't it?

— Simla. How odd to see you here of all places. I would have expected you to be at the Galapagos by now.

Jerry didn't like Yuan's wry smile. Still, he had a nice body, a small athletic build. Jerry could sense the tough and nervous muscle under the brown cloth of the uniform. The square, firm buttocks.

Jerry shrugged. — It's only a question of time, and, as you know, time is on my side.

The hall was beginning to fill up. The loudspeaker announced the arrival of the passengers from the Paris flight.

Gently taking Jerry's arm, Yuan respectfully guided him back towards the toilets. Jerry swiftly slipped his left hand into the inside pocket of his blue velvet jacket where he kept his needle gun. The Chinese officer pushed the door open. As soon as they were inside Jerry drew out the weapon and pointed it at Yuan's throat.

The colonel smiled. — You haven't changed your habits, Mr. Cornelius.

Jerry smiled too. He pulled the trigger, and the thin needle pierced the Chinaman's throat and lodged in the

white marble of the wall behind him.

Yuan Mou Tse took several moments to die. As he slowly collapsed, a painful rictus twisting his lips, he whispered: — But Jerry Cornelius, I loved you.

Jerry bent down and closed the eyes.

— But I already knew that.

Using his feet, Jerry pushed the body into a corner. As he hastily walked out, the passengers of flight AF 950 were emerging into the hall.

AM ARRIVING IN LONDON NEXT MONDAY FOR
ONE HOUR A DAY A WEEK . . . ANNE

On the wall in his room, Jerry had laid out an ordnance survey map where, every day, he placed red markers on the bombed cities of Asia.

The progression of the destruction polygon was still too slow for him. He awaited the day all India would change colour, the long-expected moment when the dilapidated and derelict ruins of Ankor Wat would fall under the final charge of the Chinese brigades and Peking tanks. There was still too much blue on the map.

He turned the radio on, and placed it on the desk. The rhythm of *Smiling Phases* by Blood Sweat and Tears launched a sudden offensive on the drowsy beaches of his consciousness.

Lazily spreadeagled over the pink divan he had purchased in Sweden before the beginning of the hostilities, he bit voraciously into the butter and chocolate sandwich

he had just put together on the dirty table in the kitchen. He undid the belt of his green suede trousers and sighed. He was getting fat, he would have to watch things.

A siren sounded. Another building on fire near Notting Hill, most likely. The neighbourhood was the revolutionary students' favourite target ground. He got up and closed the window; on his way back to the couch he switched the record-player on full-blast as he disconnected the radio.

On the record, an electric organ pursued a relentless dialogue with the bass guitar.

Jerry slowly said to the room: – Shit! I'm bored! He decided to go out.

Without undue hurry, he picked his heavy frame from the pink divan and walked over to his wardrobe in the second room to the left. There, he selected his prettiest wig, the blonde one with strawberry reflections. He carefully combed it out in front of the gothic mirror he had stolen from the madman at Vermilion Sands during the summer they had shot the film about Theseus and the ritual rape of Ariadne.

God, how he loved this wig! He'd always liked blonde hair, anyway.

Still in the wardrobe, he chose a sober black evening dress, discreetly open from the shoulders to the top of the breasts.

In the living room, the music was happily bouncing from one loudspeaker to the other, and the rhythm was taking root in the sullen air. Jerry Cornelius closed his eyes and lit a cigarette.

He softly sighed.

It was time to change continents. In the room, a spider on the ceiling was unsuccessfully attempting to launch a new web.

As far as Jerry was concerned, death was only a letter he hadn't despatched.

Meanwhile, in Paris Treblinka Durand was also getting ready to go out.

Suit and tie, blue shirt with white collar and cuffs, old-school cravat, purple and pink, beautifully shining shoes, razor-sharp crease on his grey terylene trousers, Jonathan Georges, alias Treblinka Durand, entered the bathroom, unashamedly admired himself in the mirror, found himself praiseworthy and said so in a loud voice:

– How pretty I am on this charming autumn day!

But these words of praise and content were soon replaced by a resounding swear-word: the toothpaste tube he was about to use was empty, flat, crimped.

Which only increased his desire to clean his teeth.

Still hopefully looking at himself in the mirror, Treblinka reviewed the situation. He had no strawberry toothpaste left in the house, it was Sunday and all the shops were closed.

He soon found a solution to his dilemma. Auschwitz Jones, his neighbour on the other side of the landing, always left his door open, even when he went out. As it was, he was out. With no second thoughts whatsoever, Jonathan borrowed a shining new tube of toothpaste. He returned to his mirror and carefully pressed the plastic container: he was horrified to see some repulsive green and orange substance seep out onto the nylon threads of his brush.

Treblinka smothered a disgusted look and fretfully smelt the paste which was definitely green with orange trails throughout. SUPER TOOTHPASTE-SCANDINAVIAN

TASTE . . .

Incredible! Only someone like Jones could have the nerve to use such trash a fortnight after the USAF had bombed Stockholm, leaving the Swedish capital a mass of smouldering ashes where only mystical Hanoi cyclists remained alive!

Scandinavian taste! Really. Under his breath Treblinka Durand alias Jonathan Georges damned all Swedish and nordic women, free love, free world, buried blondes with blue eyes, radiant icebergs and all that; now, his Sunday outing was spoiled by the sheer sight of the orange trails in the green toothpaste.

How many times had he tried to convince Auschwitz of the uselessness of orange toothpaste:

– You see, old boy, it isn't true that the strawberry colours your gum to enhance the whiteness of the teeth. Well, I should know, I developed that toothpaste myself in the secret Nazi laboratories of Ladbroke Crescent.

Treblinka thoroughly washed his gums, spat out the water and turned the tap off. Water was short this week. He finally left the bathroom and slipped on his wild badger-haired coat. With a last glance at the mirror, he banged the door shut and walked down the stairs with eighty-two quick steps.

It was ten in the morning. The weather was grey but rather warm, some clouds in the east over the roofs warned him of the nearing storm.

Treblinka Durand sneezed twice, spat again on the kerb, extending his damnation to Norwegians and Danes, then got into his car, a yellow Cadillac with a 5142 MJ 75 number plate.

On the Japanese mountain, erotically caressing the smooth butt of his machine-gun, Harrison was composing a poem.

Hadn't he always remained aware and appreciated the taste of loneliness? Hadn't there been one day in his life, however full of the presence of one or many persons, and his rich and exuberant closeness to the immediate world, when he had not thought of loneliness, when he had not arranged to allow it a few minutes of his time, be it only in the toilets, a phone-booth, a corridor where he would linger slightly longer than the social animal should? Well! Loneliness was the way to suicide, or at least the way to death. Of course, in loneliness one enjoys the world and life so much more; how much better to appreciate a flower, a tree, a cloud, animals, men even, passing far away, and women; but nevertheless was it not the slope down which one travels in relinquishing the world?

Harrison sighed repeatedly. How he missed Jerry Cornelius!

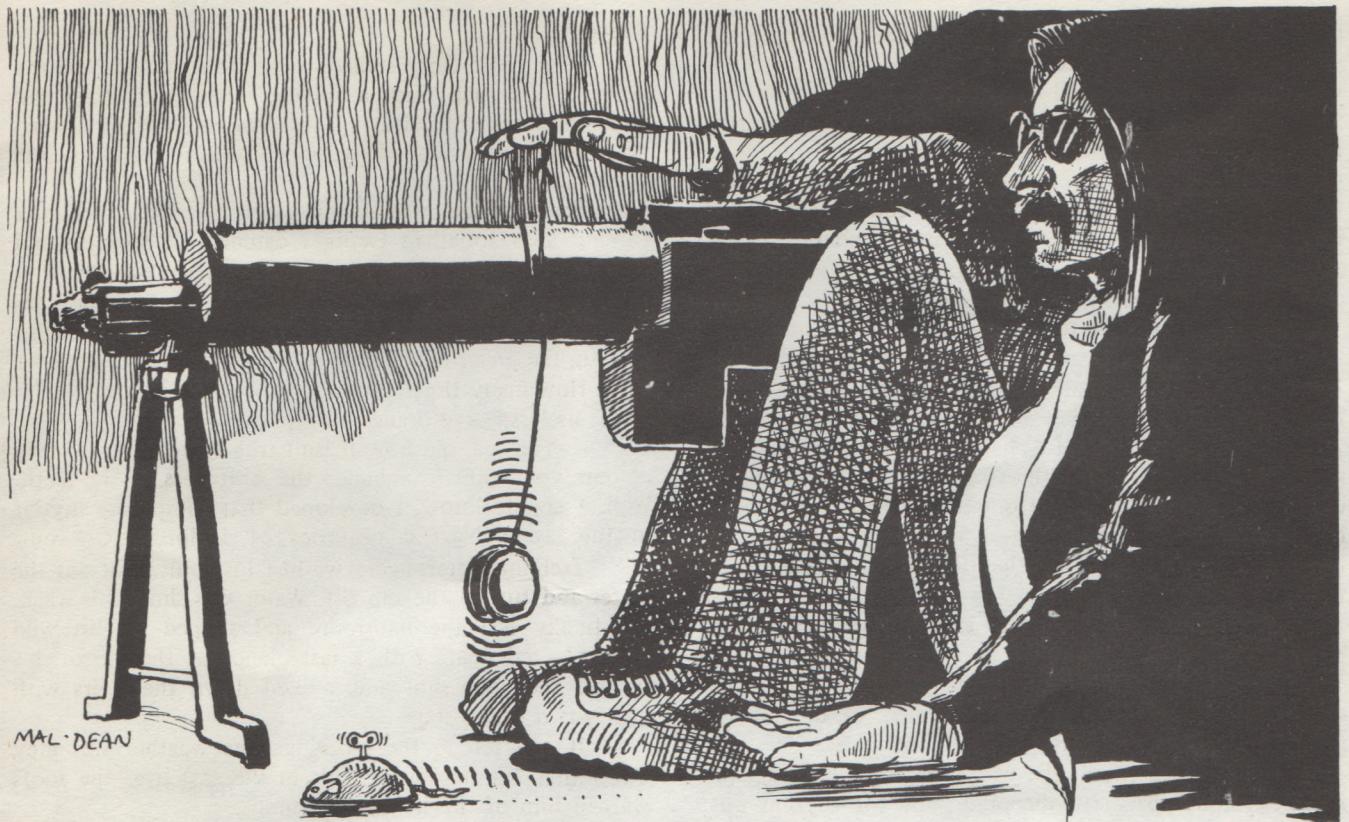
The woman turned round to face Treblinka Durand, an enigmatic smile on her lips. The atmosphere in the room was tense, but he could not really define what it was, this feeling.

– Do you think she asked, I am wearing anything under this jumper?

Her smile was now distinctly ironic.

He got up from the chair he had been sitting in, still uncomfortable, ready for anything. It wasn't that he was embarrassed by the woman's presence, but . . .

– How would I know?



— There are ways.

He tried to smile also, but he could feel that there was something wrong in the woman's falsely detached conversation. Lazily he let his right hand caress the woman's shoulder and quickly glanced at the clock on the shelf opposite.

Twelve—thirty.

Now, she was tense, he could feel her nervousness under his fingers. Treblinka hugged her closer.

— My, you are very interesting. I don't even know your name.

He smiled openly now. His right hand moved lower down the jumper, delicately skipped over the red material. This time she did not shudder.

—Durand.

His hand was now over the breast, barely touching it. She swallowed heavily and spoke again:

— And your Christian name?

— Treblinka. Treblinka Durand. Unusual, isn't it?

He emitted a small nervous laugh and withdrew his hand from the jumper. He had nearly reached the tip of the breast.

— You are not wearing anything underneath.

— Quite correct.

She slowly walked away from him. She also glanced at the door, not for the first time, he noticed. She was definitely nervous. She looked back at Durand. There was something cold about her eyes.

— Come to think of it, my dear Treblinka, how come you knew my name? It is the first time we met, if I am not mistaken?

Treblinka Durand sat down in the nearest armchair, crossed his long thin legs and offered her a Turkish cigarette.

— Do you smoke, Miss Cornelius?

She shook her long dark hair.

— I don't smoke, thank you, Treblinka, but do call me Jerry.

— You have no vices, then?

He lit his own cigarette with a gold monogrammed lighter, still keeping an eye on her. He put the lighter back in his jacket pocket and brushed off a few random ashes that had fallen down onto his dark suit.

She now seemed to be losing some of her self-possession. She was walking to and fro in the room. It was warm and she disconnected the electric radiator which was standing at the far side of the room on the dark red carpet. Once more, she nervously glanced at the door.

However, Treblinka noted after a while that the tenseness seemed to be leaving Jerry's magnificent features.

— So, she finally said, you know me when I know nothing of you. A very unequal situation, isn't it?

— I quite agree. Do come closer, he said softly.

Back from Paris, Jerry Cornelius couldn't manage to recover the mental tranquillity he had been seeking for so long. He was still preoccupied by the invincible Chinese divisions pouring over Southern Europe and the lost castle of his father on the coast of Brittany.

Anne came, but left soon afterwards for Edinburgh where the American delegation from the Polar Base was waiting for her.

Leonard Cohen had brought out a new LP with electric backing and Jerry played it unendingly until the grooves had been completely defaced by the stereo sapphire.

He phoned Jolang, but he was going through a severe crisis of conscience, and was unaware of the latest developments in the Benares guerilla zone.

At last, a thin sheet of paper appeared under his door one morning, and Jerry learnt that he was needed in the Galapagos, where the invader had installed a spearhead.

He immediately embarked on the SS Khe San which left Liverpool the next day. ■

(freely translated from the French *Traits D'Argent sur une Mer Sombre* by the author)

BOOKS

John Clute: Slum Clearance

SEVERAL SCIENCE FICTION novels here, of which Piers Anthony's *Omnivore* (Faber, 25s) makes the greatest pretence of doing something original, but is the most contemptuously sloppy of all. The novel is structured to reveal itself as an ideogram of 'humanness'. In three sections, three diremptive types of the human species (categorized as the herbivore, the carnivore, and the omnivore) relate variously to Subble, a 'stripped-down human chassis', or amplifier, who conducts the plot-excuse of a search for an alien being. The alien species turns out to be another mirror for us to see ourselves, everything relates, though almost as schematically as I've given it here, and the book as a whole is designed as a complex image-pulse of the human condition.

All of which, though it may sound neat enough, I wouldn't vouch for, having become lost more than once in some of the foggiest, most slovenly writing I've ever seen. Slovenly differs from bad. E.E. Smith was bad, very very bad, but he pretended to believe so compulsively that it didn't matter. Piers Anthony's slovenliness looks to me like a kind of contempt, a refusal of devotion to the form he's using. Calling it camp would be making excuses; there is "love" in pure camp, there is none in *Omnivore*. Leaving aside the indecipherable, an example

of the stuffed, and the rhetorical question, just who is Piers Anthony laughing at?

'They *knew*, while I was all confused . . . '

'The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.' Forgive me, 'Quilon, for retreating to literature, but I cannot improve upon William Butler Yeats. There is too much sorrow in our existence.'

'I don't *want* William Butler Yeats!' she flared. 'I want *you!*' "

After a totally disastrous first sentence, whose punctuation mirrors its incomprehensible syntax, and a cluttered first chapter, in which vital characters and walk-ons are introduced at the same high, chatty pitch, Kate Wilhelm's *Let the Fire Fall* (Doubleday, \$4.95 published in Britain by Herbert Jenkins, at 22/6 gets steadily better for a hundred pages, and only fails after that because one senses the author wasn't able — or didn't bother — to gather her story together, and end it.

An enormous, enigmatic spaceship lands in Kentucky, disgorging a number of sick aliens; two capsules woosh off, one of them dumping a pregnant humanoid alien on a doctor's doorstep, the other disappearing mysteriously. The alien dies dropping her child, which is cradle-switched with the bastard of Obie Cox, who is about to become an evangelist, his theme the expugnation of aliens and atheists. We know about the cradle-switching because Kate Wilhelm, a member of the Heinlein/Pangborn School whose main tenet is that garrulous finger-pointing candour on the part of the implicit narrator is a form of experimental writing, tells us so, indirectly,

in a wee "chat": "And that is the last element, the prince and the pauper bit." End of first chapter. Johnny Mann, fake alien, not too bright, grows up paranoid schizophrenic in an isolated estate. Blake Daniels, fake human, grows up in and out of Obie's clutches (superchild vs world theme! the child Blake escapes Obie, has picaresque adventures, including car-stealing and filing of patents under false names; see George O Smith's *The Fourth R* for "paradigmatic source"), and eventually Obie realises there's been a switch. His Voice of God Church has become immensely powerful, and, being provincial, Manichean and authoritarian, provides the locus for the author's integral comments on the United States, which though pointed, amusing, doom-saying, are too often left at odds with the course of the story she's telling, the story she eventually seems to get tired of telling.

She becomes tired variously. Her social comments lose any semblance of integration with the course of her plot (an interlude tells us that the Voice of God Church is forming an all white private army, but in no way is Obie Cox presented as racist.) More importantly, her story fails to resolve as a story. The aliens are long dead, but it turns out that most of them were mysteriously pregnant. Why? The author says something about it being mysterious indeed, and drops the subject. The second capsule that mysteriously disappears does just that, and so does the author's interest in it. No more is heard. The whole ostensible plot of the novel turns out to be a framing device, but with half the frame missing; and the putative heart of the matter, a hortatory portrait

of panicked mankind at the verge of self-inflicted armageddon, turns out to be a series of indigested, slightly nutty, ecce homo chats.

Even after all that, one could say more about **Let the Fire Fall**, and quite a bit of it praise. On the other hand, **Retief: Ambassador To Space** (Doubleday, \$4.95) is self-explanatory. The latest in Keith Laumer's series about flexible, muscular genius Retief, middle echelon representative from the Terrestrial Corps Diplomatique, who saves corpulent "humours" like Ambassador Pinchbottle from their own Three Stooges doings, it is either horrendous and puerile, or comforting escapist froth, depending on mood. My mood varied, but not much.

Fred Saberhagen's **Brother Assassin** (Ballantine, \$.75) is hasty, superficial, swift, and seems to have been compiled from several linked short stories, though he credits only a short novel from GALAXY. A sequel to **Berserker**. Berserkers have peeled off Sirgol's atmosphere, and have just learned how to travel in time. Sirgol's inhabitants must defend themselves in time, and so they do. The Berserkers try to wipe out history by changing events at three different but crucial points, and each time are defeated. The events parallel epochal moments

in Earth's history, but nothing is made of this at all. Most notable, a very odd portrayal of Galileo (called



Ursula K. Le Guin

Vincento here) as a brutal egoist, maybe not so far off, considering Galileo's refusal to accept Kepler's principles of planetary motion; but on the other hand, perhaps there was more than pride in Galileo's devotion to the perfect circle.

Ballantine (\$.95) has completed the E.R. Eddison oeuvre with **The**

Mezentian Gate, never finished, a head and feet but no torso. By the Argument, published here, the novel would have been about as long as **The Worm Ourouborous**; by the completed sections, it would have been immensely more complex, quirky, "Elizabethan". Suggested source of influence, Charles Doughty's **The Dawn In Britain**, epic poem, thirty thousand lines. But Eddison's world is an alternate universe (with eternal return and swordplay) created by Aphrodite for her lovers; there is apparently no direct relation with England.

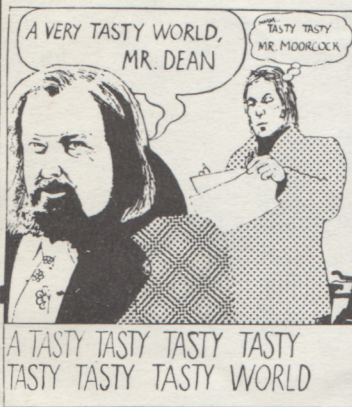
Ursula K. Le Guin contradicts the concept of the science fiction writer as fagged-out, careless, surly, ending out the genre with a whimper. Though her latest novel, **The Left Hand Of Darkness** (Ace Special, \$.95) may not quite combine Tolkien, Beardsley, Gilbert & Sullivan, as Mike Moorcock's jacket blurb claims (or Thomas Mann, Oswald Spengler, and J. Bronowski, as it implies), it is still a very solid, placed story. The main flaw is a sort of compulsive modesty of effect, there's no real letting loose; a little of Tolkien's self-indulgence would have done her some good.

The K in her name stands for Kroeber, which helps explain the trained, anthropological through-

MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S first *Jerry Cornelius* adventure

THE FINAL PROGRAMME

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ALLISON & BUSBY

WRITERS READING

A new group, including Alan Burns, Carol Burns, B.S. Johnson, Paul Ableman, Barry Cole, Rayner Heppenstall and Ann Quin, has recently been formed to promote public readings by prose writers, rather as readings by poets are now given. The group was formed on 31 July 1969 and will soon give its first public performance. Anyone interested in further details should write to The Secretary WRITERS READING, 26 Ladbrooke Gardens, London W.11.

composition of her world of Winter, a settlement of recently rediscovered, genetically modified humans. The inhabitants of Winter are bisexual, when out of "kemmer", the period of rut; they are neither men nor women, but potentially either, held in a psychic pubescence. The author works out the implications of this state very thoroughly, and the best parts of the novel are comprised of narrative analysis.

The physical scene (a cold snowy planet) and the plot-line (alone on Winter, the Ekumenical rep must arrange for further contacts) are both realized carefully, soberly, but perhaps a little drably too. Le Guin does not have a particularly bright eye . . . her strength lies in the application of real tools of analysis to a fictional world, giving the illusion of legitimate purchase. □

Joyce Churchill: Come Alive – You're In The William Sansom Generation

IN COMPANY WITH most of the heavy fiction produced today, *Death Goes Better With Coca Cola* (Anansi, \$1.95) by Dave Godfrey and *Cape Breton Is The Thought Control Centre Of Canada* (Anansi, \$2.50), by Ray Smith incline to the obscure: an effect gained almost accidentally by (a) the attempt to present unoriginal material in an original fashion; (b) an insistence on 'beautiful' prose; and (c) the perfect observation of people and places to no end whatsoever.

Godfrey is the worse offender. His short stories have for their theme the act of hunting: he weaves "gun and subway, decoy and stock market, guide and draft dodger" in a series of mood pieces that project a powerful sense of place and person but lack vitality and catharsis:

Southern California flashes constant warnings to you about your body stanches, and ignores its own. In a bar in San Diego, on your way to be interviewed for a job you don't really want, there is always this marine: heavy-fleshed, loquacious, his uniform immaculate, still on top of his liquor, nameless as all Bobs and Jimmies are nameless.

Doubtless very accurate: but other than meeting "this marine" and observing the scenery with precision, the protagonist of *The Generation Of Hunters* does nothing but shoot bear cubs. Neither do the characters in any of the other thirteen stories; and once you've shot one . . .

Smith at least has an imagination, producing something more than a sterile juxtaposition of common events (I assume bear hunting to be something of a common event in Canada, where both these volumes originate). *Colours*, in which Gerard – a dilettante of useless information – searches for some quaint and indefinable truth among a collection of idiotic painters, strippers and dying businessmen, has a dry, quirky humour; the title story, concerning an American invasion of Canada, communicates a quiet nationalistic ferocity; and *Passion*, in which Heathcliffe discovers that Cathy wears a wig, is an almost Joycean belly-laugh of neologisms and puns.

Unfortunately, all are marred by confused layout, esoteric sub-headings, and an obsession with complexity of presentation: a fault that lies as much with publishing company as author.

Philip K. Dick's *Galactic Pot-Healer* (Berkley, 60 cents) is another of his weird combinations of humour and mysticism.

Joe Fernwright "heals" ceramic-ware left over "from the Old Days," before the war, when objects had not always been made of plastic. In an economically and mentally sick society he has little work and is finally forced to accept a commission from an alien, "the Glimmung", who is engaged in raising and restoring a sunken cathedral on a distant planet. It isn't much of a story: what counts is the enormous amount of detail Dick weaves into it – a world whose ecology is inverted Platonism; the vast, idiotically obsessed Glimmung, a slapstick deity: the Kalends, a race engaged in writing an endless prophetic book – published day-to-day, like a newspaper – which

actually does tell the future.

Dick's galaxy is populated with supercilious, self-aware computers, mentally retarded policemen and women like sharks: and Joe is patsy to them all –

A police cruiser soared down to linger a little above Joe's head. "You're walking too slow," the uniformed officer informed him, and pointed a Walters & Jones laser pistol at him. "Pick up speed or I'll book you." "I swear to god," Joe said, "that I'll hurry. Just give me time to pick up my pace; I just now started."

Structurally, *Galactic Pot-Healer* is a bit of a mess, threatening at several points to collapse into incoherence and giving the impression that it was written too hastily: but on the whole, it's extremely entertaining.

Avram Davidson's *The Island Under The Earth* (Ace Spécial, 75 cents) is based on the remnants of a primitive cosmogeny, evidence for which he produces in a learned preface (quite stilted enough to be a perfect parody of the artificial mythologies of modern fantasy): ". . . there is also the tantalising reference in one of the Geniza Fragments . . . which Schulman very hesitantly suggests might be a citation from the lost Gemara Aboth of the Jerusalem Talmud, *Whither went the Sheydeem whom Solomon the King did not imprison? To an island under the earth . . .*"

Having defined his secondary world in great detail (assuming you're a reader of forewords), he fills it with nothing more interesting than sea-captains and centaurs, and practically ignores its possibilities in favour of archaic narrative tone. The book might be a historical novel: his landscapes have an ancient Middle-Eastern/Mediterranean flavour, and his characters speak cant-Shakespearean.

"I'll follow thee an' save it from this one's twisted pizzle-swipe, fitter to ope an onager than a sweet Sixlimb she like thee . . ."

"Ass-tupper thyself, rogue roan!"
And so forth.

There are, however, some exciting moments – he does up the old joke about the ass and the female centaur rather well – if you can be bothered to wade through the prose and the labyrinthine construction.

Penguin Modern Stories (Penguin,

4s) should have been entitled simply "Penguin Stories": there's nothing remotely modern about most of the seven short stories inside.

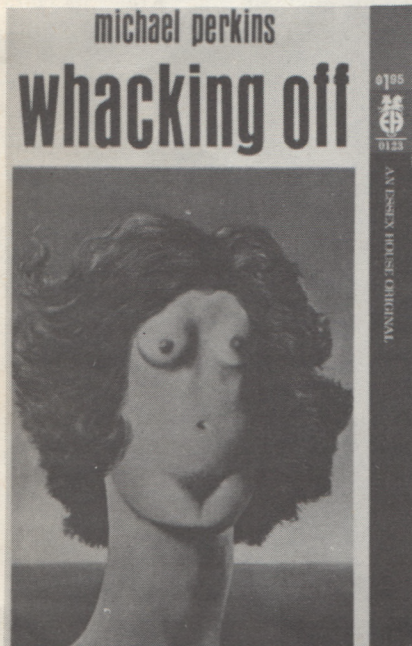
William Sansom's *Down At The Hydro* and *The Marmalade Bird* are nothing more than character studies extended well past the point of boredom, written as if lack of action is some sort of literary virtue: 'psychological' stories pegged on thin symbolism. Jean Rhys does a little better with the fragmentary diary of a wartime expatriot in *I Spy A Stranger* — her picture of two nasty old women going through someone else's correspondence is very nice indeed.

Bernard Malamud contributes another statement of the Great American Generation Gap.

David Plante is the only author here dealing with halfway 'modern' images. His style is unintrusive, his observation precise — and, more important, put to some use. His *The Fountain Tree* and *The Crack* are the least boring of the bunch. □

Norman Spinrad: Getting It Out

BRIAN KIRBY, CREATOR of the Essex House line of paperbacks, is a man who asks the question: "Can the pornography genre,



like the science fiction genre, transcend itself?" As the editorial policy of NEW WORLDS has consciously encouraged the emergence of speculative-fiction-as-literature from the

commercial "science fiction genre", so the Essex House editorial policy has attempted to encourage the emergence of something of genuine literary value from the commercial genre of the pornographic novel, the "dirty book". Kirby has been quoted as declaring that "there's no reason why good literature shouldn't give you a hard-on". In his choice of novels and novelists for the Essex House line, Kirby really seems to be saying that there's no reason why a book that gives you a hard-on can't be good literature.

Several recent Essex House novels seem to bear out this contention. Shunning for the most part the usual anonymous stiffener hacks, Essex House has published first novelists such as Hank Stine (*Season of the Witch*) and Charles McNaughton, Jr. (*Mindblower*), novels by well-regarded young poets such as Michael Perkins (*Evil Companions*, *Queen of Heat*, *Whacking Off*) and David Meltzer (*The Agency* trilogy, *Off*) and two novels by the highly-regarded science fiction author Philp José Farmer (*Image of the Beast*, *A Feast Unknown*). Kirby's injunction to these newcomers to the dirty book genre is to "get it all out". And to encourage serious literary intent, he has flatly refused to allow well-known writers from other fields (such as Farmer) to hide behind pseudonyms. The results have varied considerably in quality, but even the lesser products seem to have a serious intent, marred not by cynicism but by the writers' lack of skill and/or experience. Curiously (or perhaps inevitably) the Essex House authors seem to be rapidly converging on a new genre which they are in the process of creating, which for want of a better term can only be called "speculative erotic fiction".

Hank Stine's first novel, *Season of the Witch*, concerns itself with a male murderer whose punishment by a future society is to have his psyche transferred into the body of a woman. The heart of the novel is the protagonist's gradual transformation from a man trapped in a woman's body to a woman entire, related in explicitly sexual terms. Although the prose tends toward sloppiness and sentences sometimes meander off into the wild blue yonder never to return, Stine succeeds in pulling off this *tour de force*, and it is perhaps sufficient to say of a first novel this ambitious that, despite its faults, it works. It is doubtful whether any publisher but Essex House would've published a first novel like this.

Biker, by Jane Gallion, another first novel, follows the travels of a chick through the ruins of a future America. Flat, crude prose alternates

with bouts of lysergic lyricism, and the sexual description is frequent, grotty, and highly anti-erotic. *Biker* does not quite make it; yet rather than a piece of crude exploitation, it



is a serious attempt at a personal statement that, unlike the Stine book, fails.

David Meltzer's *Agency* trilogy is a series of novels about a sexual underground, *The Agency*, engaged in a hypercomplex espionage war with various overt and clandestine government agencies dedicated to sexual repression, a kind of *Nova Express*-cum-Ian Fleming. However, in this trilogy, Meltzer is playing with, among other things, ambiguity — the levels of intertwining of the *Agency* and its opponents, of double and triple agents, are deliberately self-contradictory, so that it becomes impossible for the reader or the characters in the books to know which side they are really on or how many sides there are or whether there *is* more than one side. This sexual octopus soup is Meltzer's paradigm of American society; it serves to show the reader how his sexual wires have been crossed and in the main it works. Meltzer has a poet's command of words and structure and these books may be the most finely-created of the Essex House line.

Michael Perkins, another poet, is one of Kirby's most impressive discoveries. His first novel, *Blue Movie*, was a pornographic satire on Hollywood, distinguished chiefly by a display of incredibly grotesque and disgusting sexual imagination. But with *Evil Companions*, Perkins took material that would've made de Sade puke and created a work of genuine, if Satanic, art. *Evil Companions* takes the question "How loathsome can a human being become?", places it in a fantasy

context, and takes the reader on a trip through perversion, degeneracy, and the interface between sexual ecstasy and pain, and on through to at least a fuzzy understanding of the sexual metaphysics of evil. The prose here is powerful, blunt, slightly understated, and sure. It is a novel that is



difficult to like but impossible not to admire.

These writers were set the task of writing "erotic fiction"; no mention was made of the need for a speculative element, except perhaps Kirby's advice to them that the way to write a novel of this type was to "get it all out". Yet what got out was essentially speculative fiction. Interestingly, the traditional commercial stiffer genre has produced little "speculative erotic fiction", even of the most cynical sort. Perhaps a clue to the spontaneous emergence of this new literature lies in the two Essex House novels of Philip José Farmer, to date the only writer to have entered this genre with a career in science fiction behind him.

Farmer, over ten years ago, became famous as the first science fiction writer to deal with questions of sex in speculative terms with his story *The Lovers*, and continued to explore sexual themes within the bound of what was publishable in science fiction magazines and novels. Farmer brought to his first Essex House novel, *Image of the Beast* (reviewed in *NEW WORLDS* by Charles Platt) the traditional speculative attitude of the science fiction writer, plus his own thematic concern with sex. In *Image of the Beast*, Farmer seemed chiefly (and somewhat self-consciously) concerned with exploring the new freedom of expression now open to him, after more than a decade of enforced circumspection in his

major area of thematic concern. Small wonder, then, that the book became something of a vehicle for exploring the notion of "getting it out".

But with his second Essex House novel, *A Feast Unknown*, Farmer shows conclusively that he has assimilated the new freedom now open to him as a writer of speculative fiction. *A Feast Unknown* is a straightforward science fiction novel about a certain famous Ape-man, his conflict with a certain famous fictional Doc Superhero, immortality, a Conspiracy That Runs The World, etc. Here Farmer is concerned with, among other things, the psychological and sexual reality of a Tarzan-like character, and the relationship between sex and violence. He explores this material in speculative terms (with a good deal of satire on E.R. Burroughs in the process) using explicit sexual description at every point in the book where the imperatives of the material demand it, and nowhere else.

And here we see that speculative erotic fiction would never have come into being as a separate genre, a genre moreover published primarily by a single publishing house had not "science fiction" (the ancestor of modern speculative fiction) been so constricted in dealing with sexual themes explicitly. Farmer would've been writing fiction like this ten years ago had anyone been prepared to publish it.

But the question remains, why did so many of the Essex House writers who did *not* have speculative fiction backgrounds produce speculative erotic fiction?

All of these speculative novels explore the nature of sex and its relationships to human society. Strangely, most of them are anti-erotic in effect: they do not cause sexual arousal they explore the nature of sexual arousal, and expose unsavoury linkages between sexual arousal and death, the inflicting and receiving of pain and violence. If they were designed simply to cause sexual arousal with this subject-matter they would be genuinely perverted and decadent. Instead they *explore* decadence and perversion in human society and attempt to exorcise it. As David Meltzer says, "I consider these books fierce moral tracts." Fierce, they are, because in every case the author views the society in question from the outside, as a man from Mars would — and this is the essence of the speculative literary viewpoint. It is our sexual fantasies that are shaped by our environment and which shape our sexual lives. In order to explore this frightening psychic heartland and trace the relationships between our inner sexual realities and our external environments

and acts the novelist is virtually forced to adopt a speculative viewpoint. If speculative fiction did not exist, the explorers of the sexual impulse would have had to invent it, as perhaps several of the Essex House novelists, with little prior contact with speculative fiction, may have in effect actually done.

It may very well be that the genre of speculative erotic fiction may have a short lifespan as a separate literature. In the pages of this magazine, as in the lines of several publishers, the taboos and restrictions surrounding the speculative exploration of sexual themes have largely disappeared. It would seem that the freedom of expression in this area now most prominently visible in the Essex House line is destined to be incorporated into the mainstream of speculative fiction, in much the same manner that the stylistic freedom which first blossomed in *NEW WORLDS* is now being absorbed. When this has been accomplished and the sensation has died down, these books may be nostalgically treasured as the first small breakthrough, as the first brave attempt to "get it all out". *Lady Chatterly's Lover* seems rather quaint today, doesn't it? ■

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