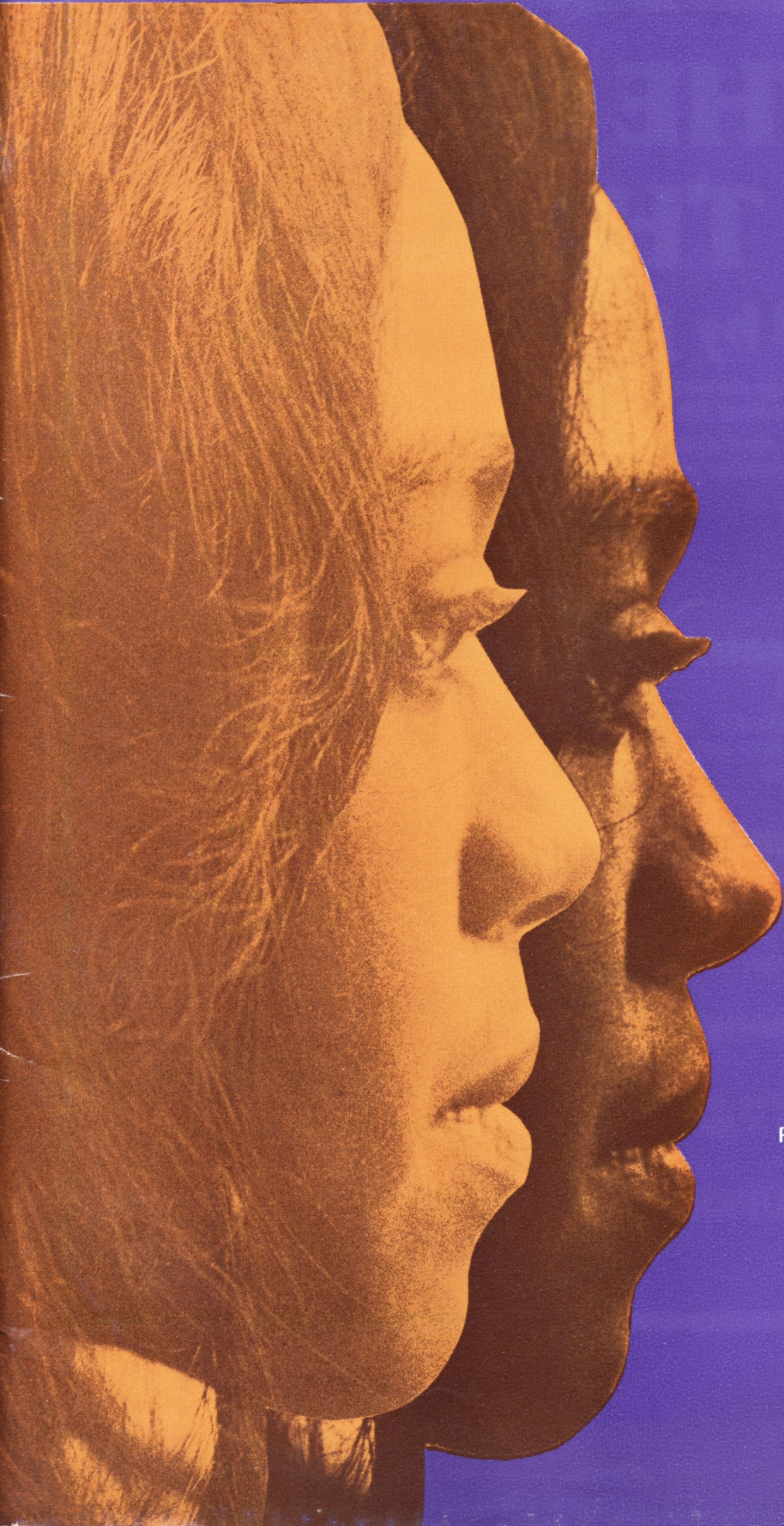


5 SHILLINGS OR 1 DOLLAR

new worlds



Aldiss: Acid Head
story **Ballard:** The
Summer Cannibals
Thomas: Hospital
of Transplanted
Hearts

The Tank Trapeze:

*01.00 hours. Prague Radio
announced the move and said
the Praesidium of the Czecho-
slovak Communist Party regarded
it as a violation of international
law, and that Czechoslovak
forces had been ordered not
to resist*

Perfection had always been his goal, but
a sense of justice had usually hampered
him. Jerry Cornelius wouldn't be
seeing the burning city again. His only
luggage an expensive cricket bag, he
rode a scheduled corpse boat to the
Dubrovnik depot and boarded the

*Continued inside
on page 4*

THE BEST OF THE BEST

edited by JUDITH MERRIL

Twenty-nine outstanding stories by SF stars, a galaxy Miss Merrill has been exploring and mining for her renowned *The Year's Best SF* through a decade.

'The best collection of short stories I have read for a long time, and the eye is opened not only on a quite unfamiliar and mind-stretching world but on much new talent.'

Cyril Connolly, *The Sunday Times*
50s

Camp Concentration

Thomas M Disch

Actually Camp Archimedes, secret US Army project, where they seek to 'maximise' human intelligence.

But to what ends?

25s

Under Compulsion

Thomas M Disch

'His originality of theme and intensity of language are a delight to jaded palates.'

Edmund Cooper, *Sunday Times*
25s

The Secret Songs

Fritz Leiber

First hardback collection in Britain of stories by 'the Original SF Man'.

25s

Carder's Paradise

Malcolm Levene

Watch out for the Grand Omnipotent Digitabulator. Black comedy in an automated gaol.

25s

The Dream Master

Roger Zelazny

The last frontier to be penetrated is MIND itself. (Short version won a Nebula.)

25s

Pavane

Keith Roberts

'A rare and beautiful novel—the imagination behind it is less science-fiction than historical.'

Brian W Aldiss, *Oxford Mail*
25s

RUPERT HART-DAVIS LTD.

Granada Publishing

new worlds

Number 186

Contents

- 2 Lead In
- 4 Michael Moorcock: The Tank Trapeze
- 11 John T. Sladek: Anxietal Register B
- 16 Harvey Jacobs: Epilogue for an Office Picnic
- 19 J. G. Ballard: The Summer Cannibals
- 24 John Clute: Spiderweb
- 29 Science feature: Sim One
- 32 D. M. Thomas: Hospital of Transplanted Hearts
- 34 Opal Nations: Juan Fortune
- 36 Brian W. Aldiss: Ouspenski's Astrabahn
- 54 Books and Comment:
 - J. G. Ballard: The Thousand Wounds and Flowers
 - Langdon Jones: A review of 'Silence' by John Cage
 - John Brunner: Predictive Parameters
 - William Barclay: The Patsy
 - James Cawthorn: Buying Brutish
 - Thomas M. Disch: On 'Quicksand'
 - Joyce Churchill: The Anthology Bag

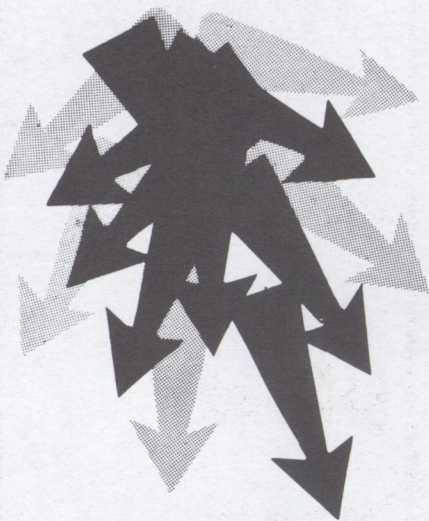
Cover by Gabi Nasemann

Illustrations by Dean, Nasemann, Platt, Jones, Haberfield, Prigann, Zoline.

MICHAEL MOORCOCK and JAMES SALLIS, editors. CHARLES PLATT, associate editor, fiction. NIGEL FRANCIS, design. DOUGLAS HILL, associate editor. Dr. CHRISTOPHER EVANS, science. DIANE LAMBERT, advertising and promotion (01-229 6599). M. JOHN HARRISON, books editor. EDUARDO PAOLOZZI, aeronautics advisor.

NEW WORLDS is © January 1969, published monthly by Michael Moorcock at **271 Portobello Road, London, W.11.**, with the assistance of the Arts Council of Great Britain. Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors Ltd, 25 Worship Street, London, E.C.2. Manuscripts should be typewritten, double spaced with wide margins on white, quarto paper and **will not be returned** unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope of suitable size. No responsibility is taken for loss or damage to manuscripts or artwork.

Subscriptions: 60/- (10 dollars) for twelve issues



LEAD-IN

THE LONGEST *Charteris* story by **Brian W. Aldiss**, *Ouspenski's Astrabahn*, appears in this issue, bringing the series (to be published in book form as *Barefoot in the Head*) to a conclusion. Another series is also nearing completion—**J. G. Ballard's** group of 'condensed novels' which began in *NEW WORLDS* 161 with *The Assassination Weapon* and is due to be published in book form by Doubleday. *The Summer Cannibals* is one of the last in this set. A series just starting, the Jerry Cornelius stories, began in our previous issue with *The Delhi Division*. **James Sallis's** *Jeremiad* was originally scheduled for the space now filled by *The Tank Trapeze*, but was unavoidably delayed.

We are extremely proud to be able to publish what we believe to be **D. M. Thomas's** best poem to date, *The Hospital of Transplanted Hearts*, and to announce that another brilliant poem, *The Poems of Mr Blake*, should be appearing next month. Thomas is without question one of England's very best poets. Born in 1935 in Redruth, Cornwall, he spent his first two decades there, except for a two year stay in Australia. He did his National Service on the Russian

Course at Cambridge, learned the Russian for 50 mm howitzer shells, and ended it 'suitable for low-level interrogation after further training'. After reading English at New College, Oxford, he taught for four years at a mixed grammar school in Devon, and wrote poetry which 'enraged the pedagogic establishment by implying



Ballard: Nearing completion

that a teacher, sorry, master, could find some of his nymphets stimulating. These early erotonymphic poems have taken their place in the great line of English traditional schoolgirl-olatry begun and ended by Adrien Henri.' His last five years have been spent lecturing at Hereford College of Education. A three month stay in America last year, at a midwest university, produced the long poem *Two Voices* which was published in *NEW WORLDS* 182 and which later appeared as the title poem of his first

collection, from Cape Goliard Press, in September 1968. A selection of poems, all on science fiction themes,



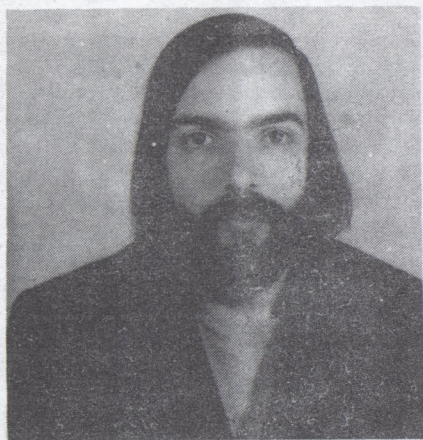
Thomas: Blind black stars

appeared in *Penguin Modern Poets 11*. Of his interest in sf, Thomas says:

"Uprooted from my working-class Cornish background by deaths, higher education and travel, I suppose I was drawn to the sf myths of man's dis-possession and self-imposed obsolescence as symbols of my own rootlessness. In flat comfortable middle-class Midland suburbia, I feel myself taking on the nature of an android. I suppose people have always felt that their parents were Adam and Eve, but the universality of the illusion doesn't cure the feeling of exile. If I can't, as Yeats said, 'give tongue to the sea-cliffs', I might as well try to give a tongue to blind, black stars."

Another regular contributor to *NEW WORLDS* is **John Sladek** whose *New Forms* in *NEW WORLDS* 181

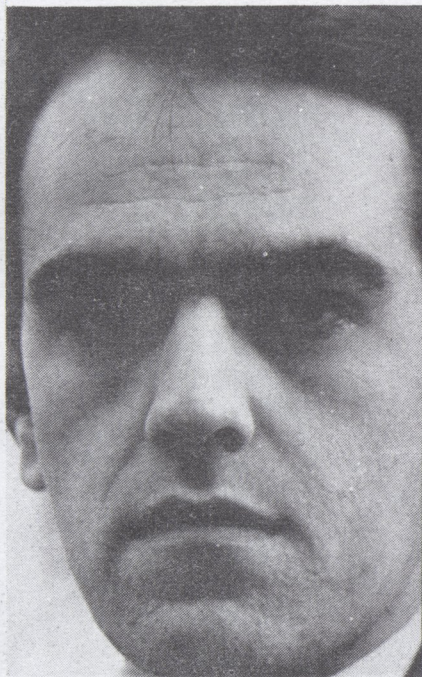
were extremely popular. *Anxietal Register B* in this issue is part of the same set. His collaboration with **Thomas M. Disch**, *Black Alice*, will be published this month by W. H. Allen. Sladek was born in Iowa "sometime in 1937. The state of Iowa and the hospital have never agreed on the exact date." He studied mechanical engineering (while writing in his spare time), then English literature and composition (while fooling around with math games in his spare time) at the University of Minnesota. "Iowa is the pink parallelogram in the middle of the map, and Minnesota is the pale green hourglass shape just above it. The state bird of Minnesota is the loon." Sladek worked at various dull jobs after dropping out and "writes passable technical manuals". His first published work was *The Baker Fork-Lift Truck*.



Sladek: mathematical amusements of the drearier sort

He has lived in England for the past two years and "seldom reads science fiction, preferring mathematical amusements of the drearier sort." Sladek has contributed a wide variety of pieces to *NEW WORLDS* (*The Poets of Millgrove*, Iowa, NW 168, *Masterson and the Clerks*, NW 175, *Plastitudes*, NW 182, and others) and has contributed to *PLAYBOY*, *AMBIT*, *THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION* and *GALAXY*. He is the editor of *RONALD REAGAN, THE*

MAGAZINE OF POETRY, and his first novel, *The Reproductive System*, was published last year by Gollancz, received very good reviews, and will be published in paperback by Mayflower. Next month we shall be publishing his *Alien Territory* and another piece, *The Master Plan*, is scheduled for publication early in the year. He is currently working on a new novel "tentatively



Jones: *The music*

entitled *The New Novel: a story in book form*".

You will note that the pieces announced last month are not appearing in this issue but will appear in the next. This may be blamed entirely on the post office who delayed the parcel containing the issue and made sure that it arrived too late for publication. Contributors to this issue will include **James Sallis** (with what will now be the *third* story in the Jerry Cornelius series), **Giles Gordon**, **Thomas Pynchon**, **Jerry Mundis**, **D. M. Thomas**, **Barry Bowes**, **Chris Lockesley** and a number of writers who have not previously been published.

next month:

SALVADOR DALI

An original and imaginative essay by J. G. Ballard

THOMAS PYNCHON'S

superb story
Entropy

JAMES SALLIS'S

Jerry Cornelius story
Jeremiad

plus:

new work by

D. M. Thomas
J. M. Rose
Giles Gordon
C. J. Lockesley
Barry Bowes
J. J. Mundis
John T. Sladek

and others

**Special
nationwide
promotion is
planned for
next month's
New Worlds**

Place your order with your newsagent today or you may not be able to get this outstanding issue

MICHAEL MOORCOCK:

the Tank Trapeze



S.S. *Kao An* bound for Burma, arriving just in time.

After the ship had jostled through the junks to find a berth, Jerry disembarked, making his way to the Rangoon public baths where, in a three kyat cubicle, he took off his brown serge suit and turban, changing into an elaborately embroidered Russian blouse loose enough to hide his shoulder holster. From his bag he took a pair of white flannels, soft Arabian boots and an old-fashioned astrakhan shako. Disguised to his satisfaction he left the baths and went by pedicab to the checkpoint where the Buddhist monk waited for him.

The monk's moody face was fringed by a black 'Bergman' beard making him look like an unfrocked BBC producer. Signing the safe-conduct order with a Pentel pen that had been recharged in some local ink, he blinked at Jerry. "He's here today."

"Too bad." Jerry adjusted his shako with the tips of his fingers then gave the monk his heater. The monk shrugged, looked at it curiously and handed it back. "Okay. Come on. There's a car."

"Every gun makes its own tune," murmured Jerry.

As they headed for the old Bentley tourer parked beyond the guard hut, the monk's woolly saffron cardigan billowed in the breeze.

• • •

02.15: All telephone lines between Vienna and Czechoslovakia were cut.

• • •

THEY DROVE BETWEEN the green paddy fields and in the distance saw the walls of Mandalay. Jerry rubbed his face. "I hadn't expected it to be so hot."

"Hell, isn't it? It'll be cooler in the temple." The monk's eyes were on the twisting white road.

Jerry wound down the window. Dust spotted his blouse but he didn't bother to brush it off. "Lai's waiting in the temple is he?"

The monk nodded. "Is that what you call him? Could you kill a child, Mr Cornelius?"

"I could try."

• • •

03.30: Prague Radio and some of its transmitters were off the air.

• • •

ALL THE ROOFS of Mandalay were of gold or burnished brass. Jerry put on his dark glasses as they drove through the glazed gates. The architecture was almost primitive and somewhat fierce. Hindu rather than Buddhist in inspiration, it featured as decoration a variety of boldly painted devils, fabulous beasts and minor deities.

"You keep it up nicely."

"We do our best. Most of the buildings, of course, are in the later Pala-Sena style."

"The spires in particular."

"Wait till you see the temple."

The temple was rather like an Anuradhapuran ziggurat, rising in twelve ornate tiers of enamelled metal inlaid with silver, bronze, gold, onyx, ebony and semi-precious stones. Its entrance was overhung by three arches, each like an inverted V, one upon the other. The building seemed overburdened, like a tree weighted with too much ripe fruit. They went inside, making their way between pillars of carved ivory and teak. Of the gods in the carvings, Ganesh was the one most frequently featured.

"The expense, of course, is enormous," whispered the monk. "Here's where we turn off."

A little light entered the area occupied chiefly by a reclining Buddha of pure gold, resting on a green marble plinth. The Buddha was twenty feet long and about ten feet high, a decadent copy in the manner of the Siamese school of U Thong. The statue's thick lips were supposed to be curved in a smile but instead seemed fatuously pursed.

From the shadow of the Buddha a man moved into the light. He was fat, the colour of oil, with a crimson fez perched on his bald head. His hands were buried in the pockets of his beige jacket. "You're Jeremiah Cornelius? You're pale. Haven't been out east long. . ."

"This is Captain Maxwell," said the monk eagerly.

"I was to meet a Mr Lai."

"This is Mr Lai."

"How do you do." Jerry put down his cricket bag.

"How do you do, Mr Cornelius."

"It depends what you mean."

Captain Maxwell pressed his lips in a red smile. "I find your manner instructive." He waved the monk away and returned to the shadows. "Will it matter, I wonder, if we are not simpatico?"

• • •

03.30: Russian troops took up positions outside the Prague Radio building.

• • •

IN THE BAMBOO bar of the Mandalay Statler-Hilton Jerry looked through the net curtains at the rickshaws passing rapidly on both sides of the wide street. The bar was faded and poorly stocked and its only other occupants, two German railway technicians on their way through to Laos, crossed the room to the far corner and began a game of bar billiards.

Jerry took the stool next to Captain Maxwell who had registered at the same time, giving his religion as Protestant and his occupation as engineer. Jerry asked the Malayan barman for a Jack Daniels that cost him fourteen kyats and tasted like clock oil.

"This place doesn't change," Maxwell said. His Slavic face was morose as he sipped his sherbet. "I don't know why I come back. Nowhere else, I suppose. Came here first. . ." He rubbed his toothbrush moustache with his finger and used the same finger to push a ridge of sweat from his forehead. Fidgeting for a moment on his stool he dismounted to tug at the material that had stuck to the sweat of his backside. "Don't touch the curries here."



They're murder. The other grub's okay though. A bit dull." He picked up his glass and was surprised to find it empty. "You flew in, did you?"

"Boat in. Flying out."

Maxwell rolled his sleeves up over his heavy arms and slapped at a mosquito that had settled among the black hairs and the pink, torn bites. "God almighty. Looking for women?"

Jerry shrugged.

"They're down the street. You can't miss the place."

"See you." Jerry left the bar. He got into a taxi and gave an address in the suburbs beyond the wall.

As they moved slowly through the teeming streets the taxi driver leaned back and studied Jerry's thin face and long blond hair. "Boring now, sir. Worse than the Japs now, sir."

03.45: Soviet tanks and armoured cars surrounded

the party Central Committee's building in Prague.

FROM THE OTHER side of the apartment's oak door Jerry heard the radio, badly tuned to some foreign station, playing the younger Dvorak's lugubrious piano piece, *The Railway Station at Cierna nad Tisov*. He rang the bell. Somebody changed the channel and the radio began to play *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, obviously performed by one of the many Russian traditional jazz bands that had become so popular in recent years. A small woman in a blue cheong sam, her black hair piled on her head, opened the door and stepped demurely back to let him in. He winked at her.

"You're Anna Ne Win?"

She bowed her head and smiled.

"You're something."

"And so are you."

On the heavy chest in the hallway stood a large Ming

vase of crimson roses.

The rest of the apartment was full of the heavy scent of carnations. It was a little overpowering.

● ● ●

03.47: Prague Radio went off the air completely.

● ● ●

THE CHILD'S BODY was covered from throat to ankles by a gown onto which intricately cut jewels had been stitched so that none of the material showed through. On his shaven head was a similarly worked cap. His skin was a light, soft brown and he seemed a sturdy little boy, grave and good looking. When Jerry entered the gloomy, scented room, the child let out a huge sigh, as if he had been holding his breath for several minutes. His hands emerged from his long sleeves and he placed one on each arm of the ornate wooden chair over which his legs dangled. "Please sit down."

Jerry took off his shako and looked carefully into the boy's large almond eyes before lowering himself to the cushion near the base of the chair.

"You've seen Lai?"

Jerry grinned. "You could be twins."

The boy smiled and relaxed in the chair. "Do you like children, Mr Cornelius?"

"I try to like whatever's going."

"Children like me. I am different, you see." The boy unbuttoned his coat, exposing his downy brown chest. "Reach up, Mr Cornelius, and put your hand on my heart."

Jerry leaned forward and stretched out his hand. He placed his palm against the child's smooth chest. The beat was rapid and irregular. Again he looked into the child's eyes and was interested by the ambiguities he saw in them. For a moment he was afraid.

"Can I see your gun, Mr Cornelius?"

Jerry took his hand away and reached under his blouse, tugging his heater from its holster. He gave it to the child who drew it up close to his face to inspect it. "I have never seen a gun like this before."

"It's a side-product," Jerry said, retrieving the weapon "of the communications industry."

"Ah, of course. What do you think will happen?"

"Who knows? We live in hope."

Anna Ne Win, dressed in beautiful brocade, with her hair hanging free, returned with a tray, picking her way among the cushions that were scattered everywhere on the floor of the gloomy room. "Here is some tea. I hope you'll dally with us."

"I'd love to."

● ● ●

04.20: The Soviet Tass Agency said that Soviet troops had been called into Czechoslovakia by Czechoslovak leaders.

● ● ●

IN THE HOTEL room Maxwell picked his nails with a splintered chopstick while Jerry checked his kit.

"You'll be playing for the visitors, of course. Hope the weather won't get you down."

"It's got to get hotter before it gets cooler."

"What do you mean by that?" Maxwell lit a Corona from the butt of a native cheroot he had just dropped in the ashtray, watching Jerry undo the straps of his bag.

Jerry up-ended the cricket bag. All the equipment tumbled noisily onto the bamboo table and hit the floor. A red cricket ball rolled under the bed. Maxwell was momentarily disconcerted, then leaned down and recovered it. His chair creaked as he tossed the ball to Jerry.

Jerry put the ball in his bag and picked up a protector and a pair of bails. "The smell of brand new cricket gear. Lovely, isn't it?"

"I've never played cricket."

Jerry laughed. "Neither have I. Not since I had my teeth knocked out when I was five."

"You're considering violence, then?"

"I don't get you."

"What is it you dislike about me?"

"I hadn't noticed. Maybe I'm jealous."

"That's quite likely."

"I've been aboard your yacht, you see. The *Teddy Bear*. In the Pool of London. Registered in Hamburg, isn't she?"

"The *Teddy Bear* isn't my yacht, Mr Cornelius. If only she were. Is that all. . . .?"

"Then it must be Tsarapkin's, eh?"

"You came to Mandalay to do a job for me, Mr Cornelius, not to discuss the price of flying fish."

Jerry shrugged. "You raised the matter."

"That's rich."

● ● ●

04.45: Prague Radio came back on the air and urged the people of Prague to heed only the legal voice of Czechoslovakia. It repeated the request not to resist. "We are incapable of defending these frontiers," it said.

● ● ●

CAUGHT AT THE wicket for sixteen off U Shi Jheon, Jerry now sat in his deckchair watching the game. Things looked sticky for the visitors.

It was the first few months of 1948 that had been crucial. A detailed almanac for that period would reveal a lot. That was when the psychosis had really started to manifest itself. It had been intensifying ever since. There was only a certain amount one could do, after all.

● ● ●

06.25: Russian troops began shooting at Czechoslovak demonstrators outside the Prague Radio building.

● ● ●

WHILE JERRY WAS changing, Captain Maxwell entered the dressing room and stood leaning against a metal locker,

rubbing his right foot against his fat left leg while Jerry combed his hair.

“How did the match go?”
“A draw. What did you expect?”
“No less.”
“You didn’t do too badly out there, old boy. Tough luck, being caught like that.”

Jerry blew him a kiss and left the pavilion, carrying his cricket bag across the empty field towards the waiting car that could just be seen through the trees.

● ● ●
06.30: Machine-gun fire broke out near the Hotel Esplanade.

● ● ●
JERRY STROLLED AMONG the pagodas as the sun rose and struck their bright roofs. Shaven-headed monks in saffron moved slowly here and there. Jerry’s boots made no sound on the mosaic paths. Looking back, he saw that Anna Ne Win was watching him from the corner of a pagoda. At that moment the child appeared and took her hand, leading her out of sight. Jerry walked on.

● ● ●
06.30: Prague television was occupied.

● ● ●
MAXWELL STARED DOWN through the window, trying to smooth the wrinkles in his suit. “Rangoon contacted me last night.”
“Ah.”
“They said: ‘It is better to go out in the street’.”
Maxwell removed his fez. “It’s all a matter of profits in the long run, I suppose.” He chuckled.
“You seem better this morning. The news must have been good.”
“Positive. You could call it positive. I must admit I was beginning to get a little nervy. I’m a man of action, you see, like yourself.”

● ● ●
06.37: Czech National Anthem played.

● ● ●
ANNA NE WIN moved her soft body against his in the narrow bed, pushing his legs apart with her knee. Raising himself on one elbow he reached out and brushed her black hair from her face. It was almost afternoon. Her delicate eyes opened and she smiled.
He turned away.
“Are you crying, Jerry?”
Peering through the slit in the blind he saw a squadron of L-29 Delfins fly shrieking over the golden rooftops. Were they part of an occupation force? He couldn’t make out the markings. For a moment he felt depressed, then he cheered up, anticipating a pleasant event.

● ● ●
06.36: Prague Radio announced: “When you hear the Czech National Anthem you will know it’s all over.”

● ● ●

JERRY HUNG AROUND the post office the whole day. No reply came to his telegram but that was probably a good sign. He went to a bar in the older part of the city where a Swedish folk-singer drove him out. He took a rickshaw ride around the wall. He bought a necklace and a comb. In Ba Swe Street he was almost hit by a racing tram and while he leaned against a telephone pole two *Kalan cacs*a security policemen made him show them his safe conduct. It impressed them. He watched them saunter through the crowd on the pavement and arrest a shoeshine boy, pushing him aboard the truck which had been crawling behind them. A cathartic act, if not a kindly one.

Jerry found himself in a deserted street. He picked up the brushes and rags and the polish. He fitted them into the box and placed it neatly in a doorway. A few people began to reappear. A tram came down the street. On the opposite pavement, Jerry saw Captain Maxwell. The engineer stared at him suspiciously until he realised Jerry had seen him, then he waved cheerfully. Jerry pretended he hadn’t noticed and withdrew into the shade of a tattered awning. The shop itself, like so many in the street, had been closed for some time and its door and shutters were fastened by heavy iron padlocks. A proclamation had been pasted on one door panel. Jerry made out the words *Pyee-Daung-Su Myanma-Nainggan-Daw*. It was an official notice, then. Jerry watched the rickshaws and cars, the trams and the occasional truck pass in the street.

After a while the shoeshine boy returned. Jerry pointed out his equipment. The boy picked it up and walked with it under his arm towards the square where the Statler-Hilton could be seen. Jerry decided he might as well follow him, but the boy began to run and turned hastily into a side street.

Jerry spat into the gutter.

● ● ●
07.00: President Svoboda made a personal appeal over the radio for calm. He said he could offer no explanation for the invasion.

● ● ●
AS JERRY CHECKED the heater’s transistors, Maxwell lay on the unmade bed watching him. “Have you any other occupation, Mr Cornelius?”
“I do this and that.”
“And what about political persuasions?”
“There you have me, Captain Maxwell.”
“Our monk told me you said it was as primitive to hold political convictions as it was to maintain belief in God.”
Maxwell loosened his cummerbund.

“Is that a fact?”
“Or was he putting words into your mouth?”
Jerry clipped the heater back together. “It’s a possibility.”

● ● ●
08.20: Pilsen Radio described itself as “the last free radio station in Czechoslovakia”.

● ● ●

A KAMOV Ka-15 helicopter was waiting for them on the cricket field near the pavilion. Maxwell offered the pilot seat to Jerry. They clambered in and adjusted their flying helmets.

"You've flown these before," said Maxwell.

"That's right." Jerry lit a cheroot.

"*The gestures of conflict keep the peace,*" murmured Maxwell nostalgically.

• • •

10.00: The Czechoslovak agency Ceteka said that at least ten ambulances had arrived outside Prague Radio station, where a Soviet tank was on fire.

• • •

WHEN THEY HAD crossed the Irrawaddy, Jerry entered the forest and headed for the shrine. He had a map in one hand and a compass in the other.

The atmosphere of the forest was moist and cool. It would begin to rain soon; already the sky was becoming overcast. The air was full of little clusters of flies and mosquitoes, like star systems encircling an invisible sun, and in avoiding them Jerry knocked off his shako several times. His boots were now muddy and his blouse and trousers stained by the bark and foliage. He stumbled on.

About an hour later the birches began to thin out and he knew he was close to the clearing. He breathed heavily, moving more cautiously.

He saw the chipped green tiles of the roof first, then the dirty ivory columns that supported it, then the shrine itself. Under the roof, on a base of rusting steel sheeting, stood a fat Buddha carved from local stone and painted in dark reds, yellows and blues. The statue smiled. Jerry crawled through the damp undergrowth until he could get a good view of the boy.

A few drops of rain fell loudly on the roof. Already the ground surrounding the shrine was churned to mud by a previous rainfall. The boy lay in the mud, face down, arms flung out towards the shrine, legs stiffly together, his jewelled gown covering his body. One ankle was just visible; the brown flesh showing in the gap between the slipper and the hem. Jerry touched his lips with the tip of his finger.

Above his head monkeys flung themselves through the green branches as they looked for cover from the rain. The noise they made helped Jerry creep into the clearing unobserved. He frowned.

The boy lifted his head and smiled up at Jerry. "Do you feel like a woman?"

"You stick to your prayers, I'll stick to mine."

The boy obeyed. Jerry stood looking down at the little figure as it murmured the prayers. He took out his heater and cleared his throat, then he adjusted the beam width and burned a thin hole through the child's anus. He screamed.

Later Maxwell emerged from the undergrowth and began removing the various quarters from the jewelled material. There was hardly any blood, just the stench. He shook out

the bits of flesh and folded the parts of the gown across his arm. He put one slipper in his right pocket and the other in his left. Lastly he plucked the cap from the severed head and offered it to Jerry.

"You'd better hurry. The rain's getting worse. We'll be drowned at this rate. That should cover your expenses. You'll be able to convert it fairly easily in Singapore."

"I don't often get expenses," said Jerry.

• • •

10.25: Ceteka said shooting in the centre of Prague had intensified and that the 'Rude Pravo' offices had been siezed by 'occupation units'.

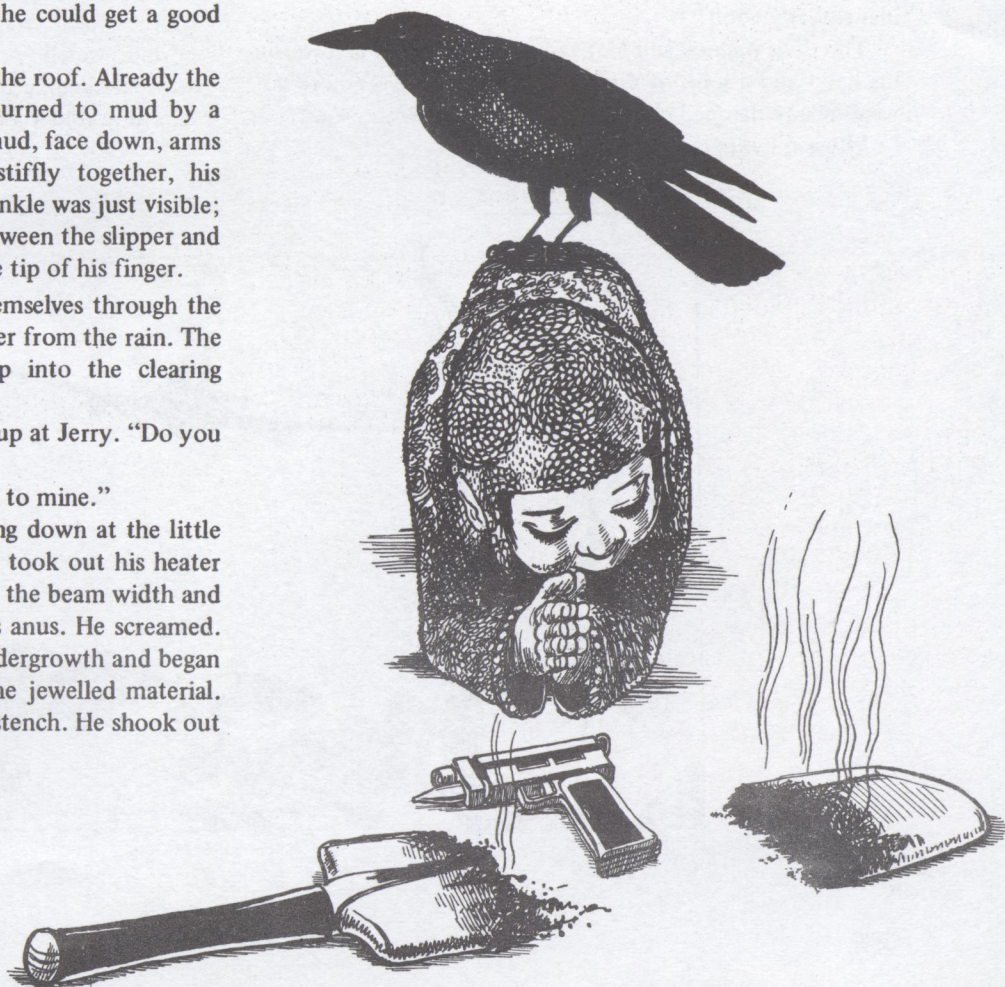
• • •

WAITING NEAR THE Irrawaddy for the Ka-15 to come back, Jerry watched the rain splash into the river. He was already soaked.

The flying field had only recently been cleared from the jungle and it went right down to the banks of the river. Jerry picked his teeth with his thumbnail and looked at the broad brown water and the forest on the other side. A wooden landing stage had been built out into the river and a family of fishermen were tying up their sampan. Why should crossing this particular river seem so important?

Jerry shook his umbrella and looked up at the sound of the helicopter's engines. He was completely drenched; he felt cold and he felt sorry for himself. The sooner he could get to the Galapagos the better.

• • •



11.50: Pilsen Radio said: "The occupation has already cost 25 lives."

HE JUST GOT to the post office before it closed. Anna Ne Win was standing inside reading a copy of *Dandy*. She looked up. "You're British, aren't you? Want to hear the Test results?"

Jerry shook his head. It was pointless asking for his telegram now. He no longer had any use for assurances. What he needed most at this stage was a good, solid, undeniable fact; something to get his teeth into.

"A Captain Maxwell was in earlier for some money that was being cabled to him," she said. "Apparently he was disappointed. Have you found it yet—the belt?"

"I'm sorry, no."

"You should have watched where you threw it."

"Yes."

"That Captain Maxwell. He's staying at your hotel, isn't he?"

"Yes. I've got to leave now. Going to Singapore. I'll buy you two new ones there. Send them along." He ran from the post office.

"Cheerio," she called. "Keep smiling."

12.28: Ceteka said Mr Dubcek was under restriction in the Central Committee building.

NAKED, JERRY SAT down on his bed and smoked a cheroot. He was fed up with the east. It wasn't doing his identity any good.

The door opened and Maxwell came in with a revolver in his hand and a look of disgust on his fat face. "You're not wearing any damned clothes!"

"I wasn't expecting you."

Maxwell cocked the revolver. "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

"Who do you think?"

Maxwell sneered. "You'd welcome suggestions, eh? I want to puke when I look at you."

"Couldn't I help you get a transfer?"

"I don't need one."

Jerry looked at the disordered bed, at the laddered stockings Anna Ne Win had left behind, at the trousers hanging on the string over the washbasin, at the woollen mat on the floor by the bed, at the cricket bag on top of the wardrobe. "It would make me feel better, though." He drew on his cheroot. "Do you want the hat back?"

"Don't be revolting, Cornelius."

"What do you want, then, Captain Maxwell?"

"Justice."

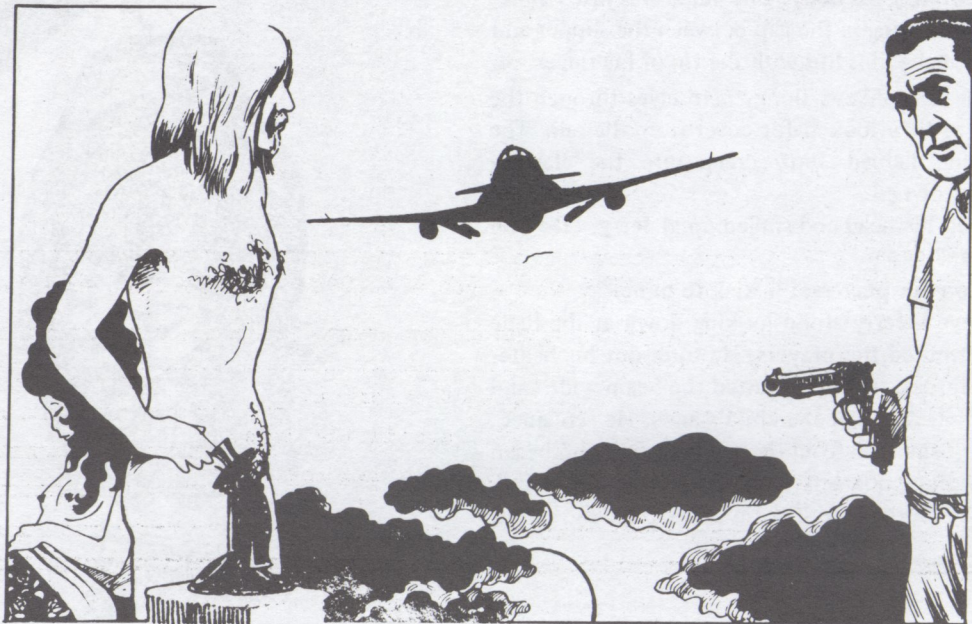
"I'm with you." Jerry stood up and reached for his flannels. Maxwell raised the Webley and Scott .45 and fired the first bullet. Jerry was thrust against the washbasin and he blinked rapidly as his vision dimmed. There was a bruise five inches in diameter on his right breast and in its centre was a hole with red, puckered sides; around the edges of the bruise a little blood was beginning to force its way out. "There certainly are some shits in the world," he said.

A couple of shots later, when Jerry was lying on the floor, he had the impression that Maxwell's trousers had fallen down. He grinned. Maxwell's voice was faint but insulting. "Bloody gangster! Murderer! Fucking killer!"

Jerry turned on his side and noticed that Anna Ne Win's cerise suspender belt was hanging on a spring under the bed. He reached out and touched it and a tremor of pleasure ran through his body. The last shot he felt hit the base of his spine.

He shuddered and was vaguely aware of the weight of Maxwell's lumpen body on his, of the insect-bitten wrists, of the warm Webley and Scott still in one hand and the cordite smell on the captain's breath. Then Maxwell whispered something in his ear and reaching around his face carefully folded down his eyelids. ■

(All quotes from "The Guardian" 22.8.68)



ANXIETAL REGISTER B

Directions.

READ CAREFULLY. Before answering any of the questions below, be sure to have all pages of this form, in order. Fill out in triplicate, using ballpoint pen or, preferably, indelible pencil. Press hard. PLEASE PRINT. Sign name to all copies.

1. State full name at present: _____
2. Full name at birth, or baptism: _____
3. Give any aliases, abbreviations, or nicknames by which you have ever been known: _____
4. Attach copies of birth and baptismal certificates.
5. Social security number: _____
6. Name on your last income tax return: _____
7. Date: _____ 8. Date of tax return: _____
9. State your full permanent address: _____

10. Where may you be quickly reached by: a) Mail: _____
_____ b) Telephone: _____
c) Telegram or cable: _____ d) Messenger: _____
11. List every address at which you have resided, since birth, in chronological order. Include every address, with the following exceptions: a) Hotel accommodations in the United States, Mexico or Canada, for stays of up to or less than three days, occurring more than five years ago. b) Accommodations at U.S. Embassies, in other than an official capacity, for any duration, occurring more than seventeen years ago. c) Antarctic expeditions not using APO addresses. ALL OTHER ADDRESSES MUST BE SHOWN, WITHOUT EXCEPTION. Note: extra sheets (Form AR-B Supplem) may be attached.
Street address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Date from: _____ Date to: _____
12. Occupation: _____
13. Name and address of company where you are presently employed/were last employed: _____
13a Last position held: _____
14. Salary: _____ 15. Name of superior: _____
16. Starting date: _____ 17. Terminating date: _____
18. Attach references. 19. If unemployed, give reason: _____

20. Why did you leave your last job? _____
21. Give your entire employment history, except for your last or present job.
List all employment in chronological order, and include part time employment.
Note: Extra sheets (Form AR-B Supplem.) may be attached.
- | Company name & address | Position | Supervisor | Salary | From | To | Reason for leaving |
|------------------------|----------|------------|--------|------|----|--------------------|
|------------------------|----------|------------|--------|------|----|--------------------|

22. Have you ever been fired for: a) Theft: _____ b) Embezzlement: _____
c) Dishonesty: _____ d) False References: _____ e) Absenteeism: _____
f) Tardiness: _____ g) Loafing: _____ h) Inefficiency: _____ i) Personal reasons (Explain): _____

23. Have you ever quarrelled with fellow employees? _____

24. Have you ever had difficulty with employers? Describe: _____

25. Have you ever stolen any property belonging to an employer, no matter how small in value? _____ 26. Have you ever feigned illness? _____

27. Name of your bank or banks: _____

28. Explain any foreign bank accounts: _____

29. Bank Account Number(s): _____

30. Present balance(s): _____

31. Number and amount of withdrawals during past year: _____

32. Father's name: _____

33. Mother's maiden name: _____

34. Attach birth certificate and marriage licence.

35. Have you ever been arrested a) As a minor: _____ b) As an adult: _____
c) Misdemeanor? _____ d) Felony? _____ e) Convicted? _____ f) Sentenced? _____

36. Give full details of any arrest and/or conviction, including name of offence, whether convicted, sentence and/or fine. Include all traffic offences other than overtime parking.

37. Do you love your mother more than your father? _____

38. If you do not love your mother, explain: _____

39. Circle which of the following you have ever suffered from:

- a) Rheumatism b) Arthritis c) Chronic fatigue d) Rupture
e) Tuberculosis f) Night sweats g) Nocturnal emissions
h) Nightmares (frequent) i) Sleepwalking j) Ringing noises k) Chronic or severe headaches
l) Bronchitis m) Homosexual tendencies n) Hot flushes
o) Tumours p) Cancer q) Gastric ulcer r) Gonorrhea
s) Syphilis t) Asthma u) Hay fever v) Severe cough
w) Trenchmouth x) Hepatitis (jaundice) y) Diabetes z) Anaemia

39. Contd. aa) Poliomyelitis ab) Heart attack ac) Stroke ad) Heart murmur ae) Blindness af) Deafness ag) Tunnel vision ah) Astigmatism ai) Unexplainable pains (Explain) aj) Visions ak) Epilepsy al) Impotence am) Obesity an) Chronic nausea ao) Drug addiction (Explain) ap) Alcoholism aq) Double vision ar) Frequent or severe accidents as) Amnesia at) Laryngitis au) Malnutrition av) Pre-cognition aw) Cleft palate ax) Harelip ay) Multiple digits az) Paralysis (specify).

40. Have you ever had any serious physical or mental disorder? Describe, specifying dates, physician, treatment, hospitalization etc.:

41. Briefly describe your own condition at present: _____

42. Are you under medication? Describe: _____

43. Attach medical records and physician's affidavit.

44. Have you ever undergone surgery? Describe: _____

45. Have you all your natural teeth? (Attach chart) _____

46. Describe any amputations, giving dates and reasons: _____

47. Have you: a) Both kidneys b) Both lungs c) Ovaries d) Prostate
e) Gall Bladder f) Both eyes g) A bladder h) A complete stomach
i) A complete colon j) Both breasts k) Lower jaw l) Nose

48. Have you ever undergone sterilization? _____

49. Castration? _____ 50. Hysterectomy? _____

51. Do you feel sexual desire for, about, during:

a) Those of your own sex b) Those of both sexes c) Children
d) Your mother e) Your father f) Your son g) Your daughter
h) Sister i) Brother j) Babies k) Cadavers l) Animals
m) Birds n) Fish o) Insects p) Cripples q) People who hurt you
r) People whom you hurt s) People of special professions (describe)
t) People in particular costumes (describe) u) Watching others in the act of coition v) Peeping at naked persons w) Drinking blood x) Drinking urine y) Drinking semen z) Eating faeces aa) Looking at photographs
ab) Looking at drawings ac) Drawing pictures ad) Telephoning
ae) Confessing sins af) Listening to music ag) Dancing ah) Exposing one's sex organs to someone else ai) Anal entry aj) Axial entry
ak) Oral entry al) Nasal entry am) Rape an) All members of the opposite sex, regardless of age or condition ao) Watching movies
ap) Watching television aq) Performing your ordinary work ar) Masturbating as) Urinating at) Defecating au) Menstruating av) Wearing clothing belonging to the opposite sex aw) A particular part of another's body ax) Of your body ay) Crowds az) Rubbing against people
ba) Clergy bb) Weapons bc) Machines bd) Plants be) Trees
bf) Sunsets bg) People of other races bh) Apparel bi) Dangerous or unusual surroundings bj) Inanimate objects bk) Mathematical propositions

51. Contd.

bl) Thoughts bm) The law bn) God bo) The act of filling out a form

52. List all the persons in your household:

Person: Age: Sex: Income: Source: Relation to you:

53. Why do you believe you have been asked to fill out this form? _____

54. Describe briefly your feelings about filling out this form: _____

55. Describe in detail other forms you have been asked to fill out, explain their use, and estimate your performance: _____

56. Describe your character in detail, giving examples of your behaviour to illustrate points. Note: extra sheets (Form AR-B Supplem) may be attached.

57. Do you believe in God? _____ If 'no', explain: _____

58. Have you answered all the above questions? _____

59. Have you answered truthfully? _____ 60. Have you ever lied? _____

61. Have you ever stolen anything? _____

62. Why do you believe that you have been asked to fill out this form? _____

63. If you are merely reading this form, why do you believe that you have not been asked to fill it out? _____

64. Have you been asked to fill out this form? _____ 65. To read it? _____

66. Not to fill it out? _____ 67. Not to read it? Explain: _____

68. Compare this form with others which you may have read or filled out, whether or not you were asked to read them or fill them out: _____

69. Be sure your comparison is fair and correct. If it is not, you may rewrite it on extra sheets (Form AR-B Supplem). If you do so, be sure your revision is correct.

70. Was your original comparison correct? _____ Fair? _____ If not, explain: _____

71. If you revised your comparison, why? _____

72. Write your life history in brief, explaining in passing your answers to questions 11, 21, 39 and 51 fully. Take as much time, and as many extra sheets (Form AR-B Supplem) as necessary, but do not lie, omit, falsify, distort or invent. If there are any portions you genuinely do not fully remember, you will be asked to complete and attach three copies of Form WH6, Hypnotic Drugs Waiver of Rights.

73. Sign the following statement:

I hereby agree to submit to a Keeler Polygraph ("Lie Detector") examination, to be conducted by or in the presence of a psychiatrist and police officer, during which I will endeavour to answer all or any questions about my past life as truthfully as I am able.

(X) Signed: _____

Witnessed: _____

74. Describe your feelings upon reading and signing the above statement: _____

75. Do you believe you have anything to hide, about your past life? If not, explain: _____

76. Have you anything to add, regarding the answers to questions 11, 21, 33, 39, 51, 72 or 75? _____

77. Do you ever have feelings of anxiety? _____

I swear that all the statements above are true and complete and that I have not attempted any falsification, on penalty of perjury.

(X) Signed: _____

Witnessed: _____

Epilogue for an Office Picnic

Harvey Jacobs

Dear And Wondrous Sherill,

It is late Friday night and very quiet on my street. Minutes ago a fire engine went past. What a racket: *clang, bang, reeoww*. It could have woke the dead. The noise of it roused me from a doze. (I fell asleep thinking about you.)

You know that the engines should come to put water on *me*. God, a person never realizes in the morning what stains he will get by the time of dark. About 12.30 when I was undressing I found a streak of green on my shorts. Chlorophyll. I burned with memories.

Sherill let me begin by saying that I frankly am not certain of the spelling of your name. I tried it many ways in practice, Sherril, Sherrill, Sheril, but settled on the one *r* and two *lls* because it seemed so right. Maybe the double *lls* standing like tin soldiers remind me of your golden legs and single *r* of your "center." The curvy *S* is for your soft bosom and the *e* perhaps your head. Silly me. I don't make sense. Honey, I am crazy as a bedbug at this moment and don't you know exactly the single reason. What a *tremendous picnic*.

Yet I am left with a responsibility and must attempt here to communicate with you, love, on a sensible level.

Thus:

When I was a youth my Uncle Adolph gave the family an obsolete *Book of Knowledge*. The volumes filled a cabinet in our living room with the condensed wisdom of ages. They came to my life at a bad time for I was a highly absorbent person. I read the books and learned from them. Not only the facts came to me but also the upbeat enthusiasms of the first half of this century. (I have lived 48% of a century.) A solitary child, I read and read and shaped dreams of future conquest. The problem was, since the books were years out of date, all the futures inside them had already been achieved.

"Some day huge trains will streak through the night crossing this great continent on a web of silver rails while belching fire," I would say to my primary school teacher.

"Huge trains already cross," the teacher would say. "They already belch."

"Man will fly," I would say to friends and relatives.

"Man flies," they would tell me and point up at the Hindenburg going toward New Jersey or a two-winger exploring Manhattan.

"You lie like a louse," was my standard response. It is terrible to excite after the fact.

The problem of the *Book of Knowledge* stayed with me. It plagued me all through school.

"Energy will leap through hot wires to illumine the lamps of America," I would write and get back in the margin "We got that—ELECTRICITY."

You, Sherill, are so young it is fantastic. You have a youngish manner which makes you even younger than your years. When we met in the office and I discovered that you did not remember World War II or Hitler and such things as the Battle of the Bulge and I said jokingly, "Boy, you missed everything," I was only half kidding. It is amazing to me (who is still on the fringe of his prime) to talk to a person who is—how shall I put it—ripe in the ovaries who does not recall first hand Pearl Harbor Sunday or *The Shadow* but knows of them only from learning.

Well all right, that is the way of things. It even has a certain advantage. Everything I tell you that is old stuff to me is new and fresh information to you. There is a charm in looking at your face when you hear about trolley cars by way of example. There is a sadness too, for how much of our lives must remain unshared?

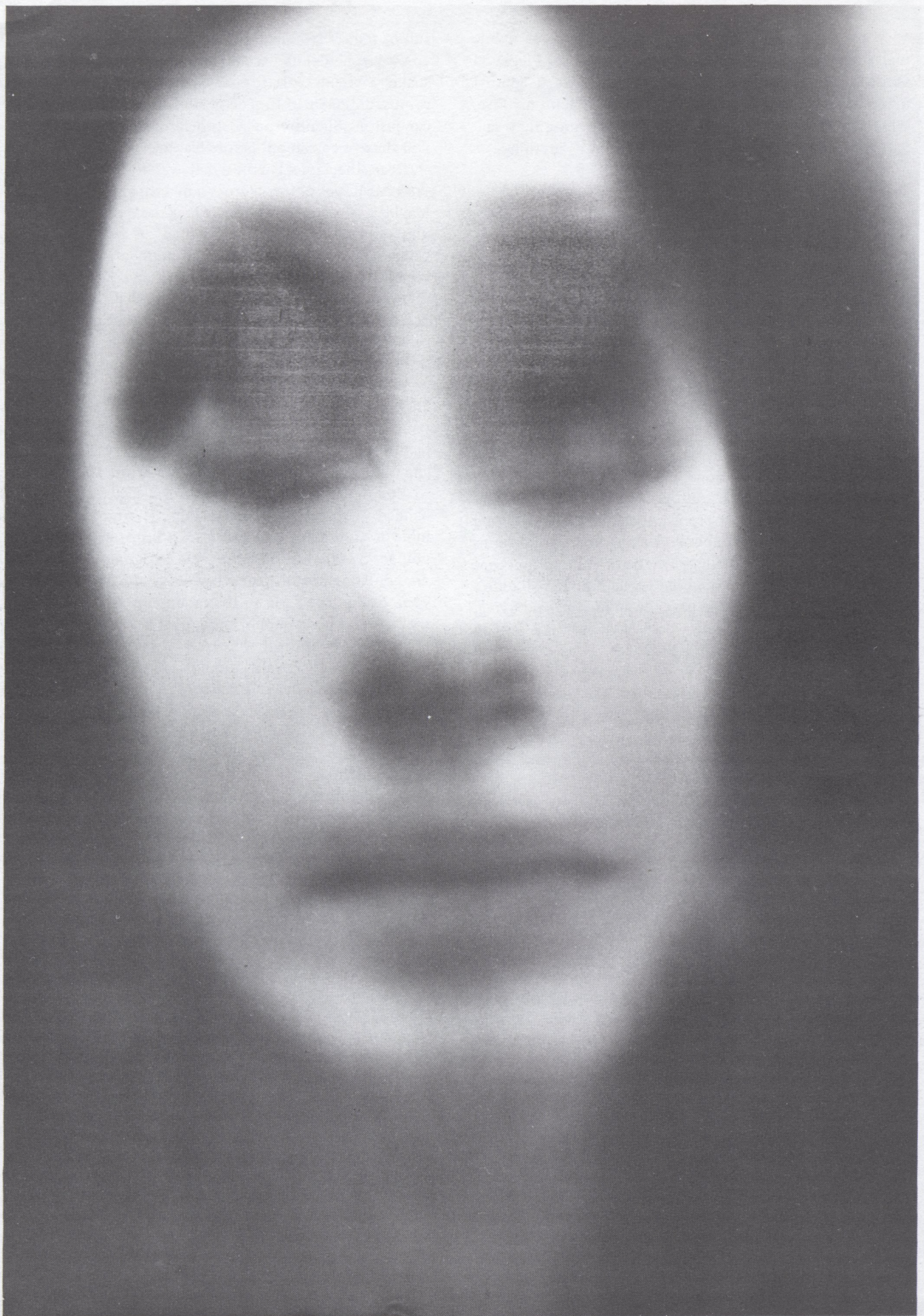
The point is, Sherill, by your standards I am something like a cancelled stamp. This is true. We are of different separated generations. By you atom bombs, TV, plastic and Communists were always in the world. I grew without having those. Dear child, last week in an antique shop downtown (I browse) I saw one of MY OWN TOYS, A TRUCK in the window. And I am only in my 40s. Imagine my shock, surprise and horror and also the delight of finding such a buddy. Things move so quickly. Zoom, bang, gone.

Those observations (I am an amateur philosopher as if you didn't guess yet) are bad enough. Consider me even beyond such impossible differences. Me, with my attitudes. If I was normal I would be rusty for a person like you, a fossil. On top of that there is the *Book of Knowledge* aforementioned which takes me back another three or four giant steps. I am a dinosaur, Sherill.

You all your educational life hid under school desks in air raid drills and learned about fallout. In my public school we walked in a circle for recess exercise and sang *How Do You Do My Partner* on big holidays. Sure the kids talked of war but war with guns. And me, worse yet, I still talked lances and spears and other implements where one person sticks something into the other.

Ha, ha. I know what you are saying to yourself especially if you are reading this letter in bed. Are you in your PJs darling the way I tucked you in? I can see you so clearly. And I can hear you saying that I write about spears sticking people for phallic reasons to heat your heart. Not so. Despite your comments relating to the New School course I swear I have no motives towards your sweet subconscious at this time. I do not mean to manipulate your emotions. The contrary.

Still it is so hard to keep physical images out of any note



to you as you must understand. I think of your nubile marvelous skin and the way your hair hangs and I feel you all over, even on the insides of my thighs. No, I admit I have not felt as I do for you for a long, long, hour, my love. What am I saying. Never put anything in writing they say. Seriously, I should not call you my love or my anything.

I HAVE NO RIGHT TO YOU!

I wanted this to be a sterile, not juicy suggestive letter. I wanted this document to be against myself. I dipped my pen in gall. Sherill, what happened in Lynbrook not only made the office party the most memorable in my life (I have been with the company 16 years) but was a grand beautiful and unexpected surprise. General Douglas MacArthur who you may remember led our troops in Korea during the police action on that alien shore once said the fight there was Mars' last gift to an old soldier. Oh boy, if he took Korea that way what shall I say about you? Who's gift to me were you?

How happy you made me. And when you said after, "How fantastic to have done intercourse with a man who saw a dirigible" after I told you about the disastrous explosion of the German zeppelins, think how I felt. And your crack (very clever) about teaching you old positions was pretty frisky too, darling. The truth is those innocent remarks from your lips would have killed me if you *didn't* kiss me just then. The kiss kept me from melting and dying. If you did not kiss me there would have been one less on the bus back and a dead man in the fields.

Sherill, I should not go over what happened out in that sunny grass. What transpires, transpires. What shall I say? It was a great intermezzo. More than great. I do not know how to face you in Accounting on Monday. Because the truth is I stayed awake wanting you again. And I am logically positive it is *WRONG!*

Of course, granted I did have something to give you beside the basic "love injection" as we used to say back in *Pre-Med*. (I once thought of becoming a physician. You didn't know that, did you?) Mostly what I had to give you was a rhythm. A slow rhythm. To be perfectly frank I suppose you chalked the slowness to a vitamin deficiency, heh? Be honest, I saw you looking, you little minx. (Wow, there is an old expression.)

Well here is a news bulletin. It was not senility or fatigue. I can still "flood the bowl" to quote you. It was a purposeful slowness. Sherill, for the sake of itself. You who grew in the razz ma tazz jazz age (see, I can talk hep too) when everything is go-go don't really know the *pleasure of prolongation*. P.R.O.L.O.N.G.A.T.I.O.N. You come on so fast it is like a ride in the amusement park.

Don't get upset or mad, pussycat, for I am observing *not* complaining. Now all existence seems to be in and out rat tat tat. Before it was unlike that, much easier going and longer lasting. There were rounder minutes. And in the *Book of Knowledge* there was even more time. Every second of time was floating like a grease drop in coffee.

Did you ever hear about coitus interruptus? (check my spelling Mon. AM) That in the classic version was where they didn't move *at all*. And I mean *AFTER PENETRATION!* Imagine by today's standards, say, shepherds under a sky

full of stars (****) locking into one another (FYI, they had co-ed shepherds) and seeing in the heavens a goat, twins, a snake, a virgin, a butt, etc., while doing the coitus interruptus. IMPOSSIBLE. Today it is in and out like a sports car piston. Sherill, you go too fast. Nothing personal but you shake a person out before his time.

Dear, the more I write what was to be a goodbye for your own good the more I am changing my direction. Maybe I could indeed teach you some quote old positions unquote and other things from my *Book of Knowledge* which are even too old for the antique shops? You can break the world's speed record with anybody but with me you could swim slowly if you picture what I mean and I do not think it would hurt your soul. If you want to know the full story, by me it seems that today's history is pretty shitty compared with mine. Yes you read the word right.

In my time there was a Roosevelt, a Joe Louis, a LaGuardia. In your time what have you got? You had yourself a Churchill but a used one, a symbol. The man you had, JFK, was murdered and that in a way is your sin. In and out, Sherill. But I am getting away from the road.

Yes the more I think it out the less I feel like you handed an old horse a last gallop. The more I think the more it comes out that we at least broke even and maybe you got a little bit the better. Do I begrudge you? Oh, no, no, no. Plum, I want to give to you. And I think when Alice your Roommate goes to the mountains as you mentioned she had plans you should think over if you want company.

In a non-egotistical way I could be a Godsend to you. My advantages? I walk around with the entire *Book Of Knowledge* (long out of print edition with thick blue covers and paper that cut fingers). What if I take a few minutes to rise and shine? So what? You can stay and wait like you wait for rain. You learn more waiting for the rain than in the New School.

Sherill, forget the apology in the first part of this letter. I should start over but will not as it is very late. I want now to take a shower. Before I planned not to just preserve the leftovers but now I will take my old body to the sprinkles. I will wash you away but assured that we will lie together again until the time naturally comes for our pathways to part. I wish you could be in there with me in the stall along with my shampoo. *Boy would we soap each other good*. I wish the damn weekend was done.

Rest well. my beloved student. I, your stallion, beat clods of earth and whinny at the gibbous (spelling) moon. You, softness, relax. Take life easy. Get ready for our next *gossamer fornication*. (Which of your athletic friends talks like that?)

The Fleet messenger who brought you this also delivered a package marked Open Second. Now open it. Compliments of me, I am sending you a red truck. Some day red trucks will hurtle along with rubber wheels singing on the asphalt pavements as they carry needed provisions to hungry minions while they sleep and dress in the hamlets of this burgeoning land.

You are delicious. It is nice to meet a real person.

Most Sincerely,

Your Own Bald Mr X from Data Processing

(As If You Didn't Know.) ■

the summer cannibals

j g ballard

Locus Solus

Through the dust-covered windscreen she watched him walk along the beach. Despite the heat he had been wandering about by himself for half an hour, as if following an invisible contour inside his head. After their long drive he had stopped for some reason on this isthmus of clinker only a few hundred yards from their apartment. She closed the novel lying on her knees, took out her compact and examined the small ulcer on her lower lip. Exhausted by the sun, the resort was almost deserted—beaches of white pumice, a few bars, apartment blocks in ice cream colours. She looked up at the shutters, thinking of the sun-blackened bodies sprawled together in the darkness, as inert as the joints of meat on supermarket counters. She closed the compact. At last he was walking back to the car, an odd-shaped stone in one hand. A fine ash like milled bone covered his suit. She placed her arm on the window sill. Before she could move the hot cellulose stung her skin.

The Yes or No of the Borderzone

Between the aluminium grilles of the balcony he could see the banks of the drained river half a mile away, piers of collapsing sand like the ruined columns of an ornamental canal. He turned his head on the pillow, following the white flex of a power cable as it angled its way around the bedroom door. A manoeuvre of remarkable chasteness. He listened to the water jet against the frosted panes of the shower stall. As the door opened the blurred profile of her body took on a sudden liquid focus, moving across the bedroom like a pink meniscus. She took a cigarette from his packet, then flashed the lighter in her preoccupied eyes. Head in a towel, she lay on the bedspread, smoking the wet cigarette.

B-Movie

He sat at the glass-topped table beside the news-stand, watching the young woman pick through the copies of *Oggi* and *Paris-Match*. Her face, with its unintelligent eyes and pearl lips whispering like a child's, was reflected in the stereotypes of a dozen magazine covers. When she left he finished his drink and followed her through the arcade, curious to see her reaction. In the deserted open air cinema she unlatched the door of the pay kiosk and then locked it behind herself with a rusty key. Why on earth had he followed her? Suddenly bored by the young woman, he climbed the concrete aisle and walked among the empty seats, staring up at the curved screen. She turned the pages of her magazine, watching him over her shoulder.

Love among the Mannequins

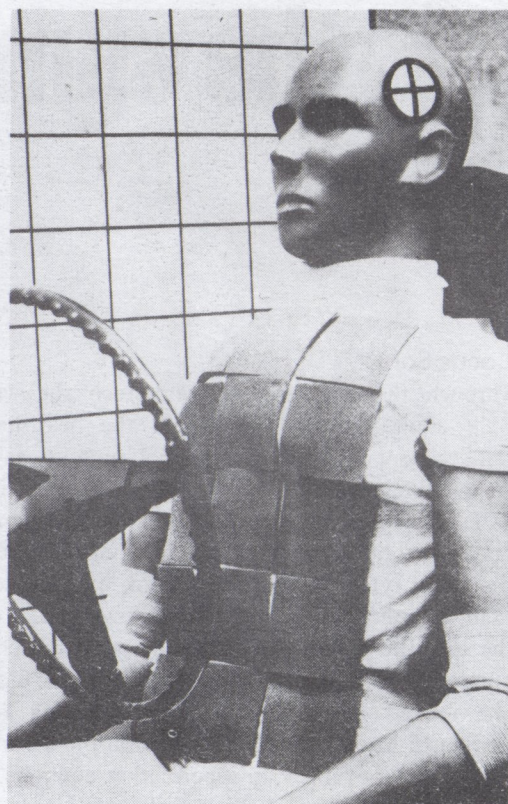
Unable to move, he lay on his back, feeling the sharp corner of the novel cut into his ribs. Her hand rested across his chest, nails holding the hair between his nipples like a lover's scalp brought back for him as a trophy. He looked down at her body. Humped against his right shoulder, her breasts formed a pair of deformed globes like the elements of a Bellmer sculpture. Perhaps an obscene version of her body would form a more significant geometry, an anatomy of triggers? In his eye, without thinking, he married her right knee and left breast, ankle and perineum, armpit and buttock. Carefully, to avoid waking her, he eased his arm from beneath her head. Through the apartment window the opalescent screen of the open air cinema rose above the roof tops. Immense fragments of Bardot's magnified body illuminated the night air.

A Confusion of Mathematical Models

Holding her cheap Nikon, he led the young woman down the bank. In the sunlight the drained river stretched below them, a broken checkerboard floor. At its mouth a delta of shingle formed an ocean bar, pools of warm water filled with sea urchins. Beyond the silver span of the motor bridge lay basins of cracked mud the size of ballrooms—models of a state of mind, a curvilinear labyrinth. Handing her the camera, he began to explore the hollows around them. Images of Bardot's body seemed to lie in these indentations, deformed elements of thigh and thorax, obscene sexual wounds. Fingering the shaving scar on his jaw, he watched the young woman waiting with her back to him. Already, without touching her, he knew intimately the repertory of her body, its anthology of junctions. His eyes turned to the multi-storey car park beside the apartment blocks above the beach. Its inclined floors contained an operating formula for their passage through consciousness.

Soft Geometry

The audience's laughter drummed against the walls of the cubicle behind the pay kiosk, dislodging a carton of automat tickets from the shelf above his head. He pushed it back with one hand, finding with the other a small mole on her left shoulder blade like a minuscule nipple. Evidently surprised by even this blemish on her otherwise under-pigmented skin, he bent down and touched it with his lips. She watched him with a tired smile, the same rictus that had fixed itself on her mouth during their afternoon in the dusty heat trap below the bank. It was she who towards the end had offered him the camera. Was he playing an



elaborate game with her, using their acts of intercourse for some perverse cerebral pleasure of his own? In many ways her body retraced the contours they had explored together. Above the window of the cubicle fluttered the reverse image of the cinema screen, Bardot's translucent face twisted into a bizarre pout.

Non-Communicating Dialogue

As he entered the apartment she was sitting on the balcony, painting her nails. Drying in the sunlight beside her was the novel he had thrown into the bidet, its pages flowering into an elegant ruff. She looked up from her nail file. "Did you enjoy the film?" He walked into the bathroom, wincing at himself in the mirror, that always more tired older brother. The half-hearted inflection of irony in her voice no longer irritated him. An enormous neutral ground now divided them, across which the little left of their emotions signalled like meaningless semaphores. If anything, her voice formed a modulus with the perspectives of wall and ceiling as postural as the design on a detergent pack. She sat down beside him on the bed, splaying her wet nails in a gesture of pleasant intimacy. He stared at the transverse scar above her

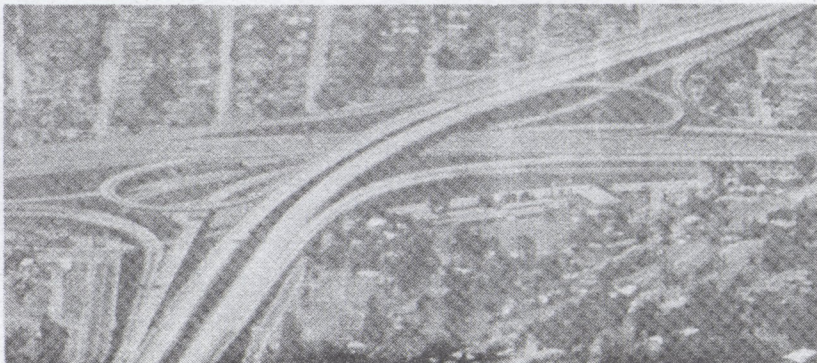
navel. What act between them would provide a point of junction?

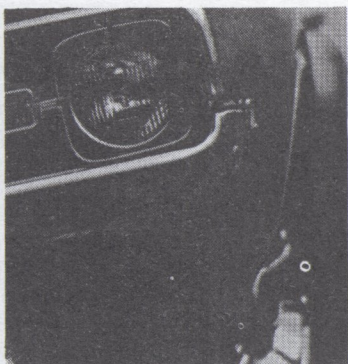
A Krafft-Ebing of Geometry and Posture

He remembered these pleasures: the conjunction of her exposed pubis with the polished contours of the bidet; the white cube of the bathroom quantifying her left breast as she bent over the handbasin; the mysterious eroticism of the multi-storey car park, a Krafft-Ebing of geometry and posture; her flattened thighs on the tiles of the swimming pool below; her right hand osculating the finger-smeared panel of the elevator control. Looking at her from the bed, he recreated these situations, conceptualisations of exquisite games.

The Solarium

Beyond the cafe tables the beach was deserted, the white pumice fossilising the heat and sunlight. He played with the beer mat, shaping the cigarette ash on the tables into a series of small pyramids. She waited behind her magazine, now and then flicking at the fly in her citrus juice. He





pulled at the damp crutch of his trousers. On an impulse, as they lay in the small room near the car park, he had dressed and taken her down to the cafe, fed up with her chronic cystitis and sore urethra. For hours his hands had searched her passive flesh, hunting for some concealed key to their sexuality. He traced the contours of breast and pelvis inside the yellow linen dress, then looked round as a young man walked towards them through the empty tables.

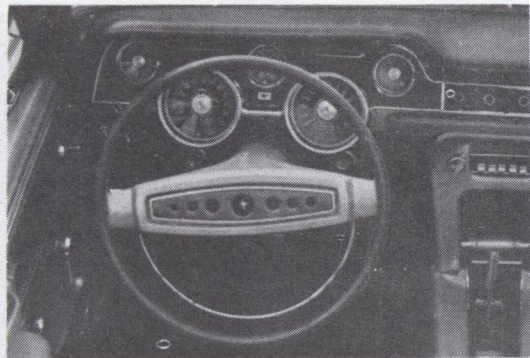
Imaginary Perversions

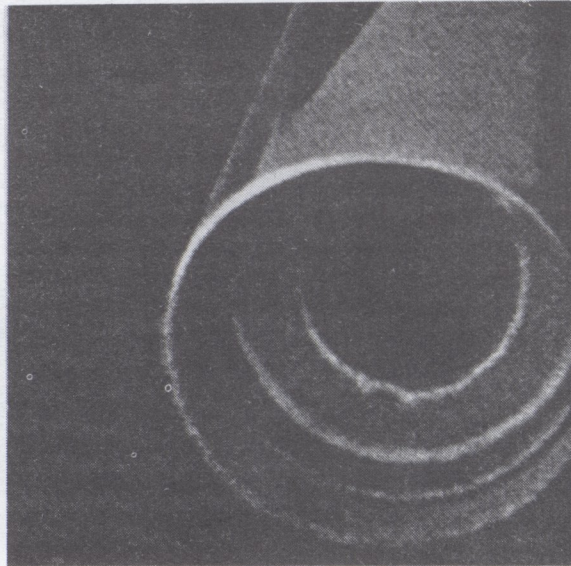
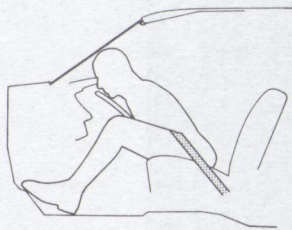
He tipped the warm swill from his glass on to the ash-stained sand. "... it's an interesting question—in *what* way is intercourse per vagina more stimulating than with this ashtray, say, or with the angle between two walls? Sex is now a conceptual act, it's probably only in terms of the perversions that we can make contact with each other at all. The perversions are completely neutral, cut off from any suggestion of psychopathology—in fact, most of the ones I've tried are out of date. We need to invent a series of imaginary sexual perversions just to keep the activity alive. . . ." The girl's attention strayed to her magazine and then to the young man's sunburned wrist. The handsome loop of

his gold bracelet swung above her knee. As he listened, the young man's uncritical eyes were sharpened by moments of humour and curiosity. An hour later, when she had left him, he saw them talking together by the kiosk of the open air cinema.

An Erotic Game

"Have we stopped?" Waving at the dust that filled the cabin, she waited patiently as he worked away at the steering wheel. The road had come to a dead end among the ashy dunes. On the rear window ledge the novel had opened and begun to curl again in the heat like a Japanese flower. Around them lay portions of the drained river, hollows filled with pebbles and garbage, the remains of steel scaffolding. Yet their position in relation to the river was uncertain. All afternoon they had been following this absurd sexual whim of his, plunging in and out of basins of dust, tracking across beds of cracked mud like nightmare chessboards. Overhead was the concrete span of the motor bridge, its arch as ambiguously placed as a rainbow's. She looked up wearily from her compact as he spoke. "You drive."





Elements of an Orgasm

(1) Her ungainly transit across the passenger seat through the nearside door; (2) the conjunction of aluminised gutter trim with the volumes of her thighs; (3) the crushing of her left breast by the door pillar, its self-extension as she swung her legs on to the sandy floor; (4) the overlay of her knees and the metal door flank; (5) the ellipsoid erasure of dust as her hip brushed the nearside fender; (6) the hard transept of the door mechanism within the absolute erosion of the landscape; (7) her movements distorted in the projecting carapace of the radiator assembly; (8) the conjunction of the median surface of her thighs with the arch of the motor bridge, the contrast of smooth epithelium and corrugated concrete; (9) her weak ankles in the soft ash; (10) the pressure of her right hand on the chromium trim of the inboard headlamp; (11) the sweat forming a damp canopy in the cleavage of her blouse—the entire landscape expired within this irrigated trench; (12) the jut and rake of her pubis as she moved into the driving seat; (13) the junction of her thighs and the steering assembly; (14) the movements of her fingers across the chromium-tipped instrument heads.

Post-coitum Triste

He sat in the darkened bedroom, listening to her cleaning

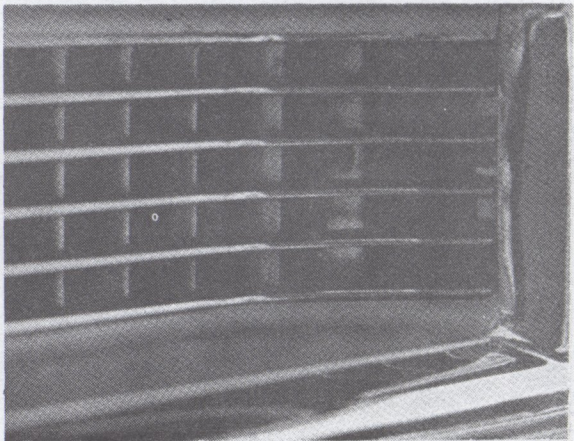
the shower stall. “Do you want a drink? We could go down to the beach.” He ignored her voice, with its unconvinced attempt at intimacy. Her movements formed a sound body like a nervous bird’s. Through the window he could see the screen of the open air cinema, and beyond it the canted decks of the multi-storey car park.

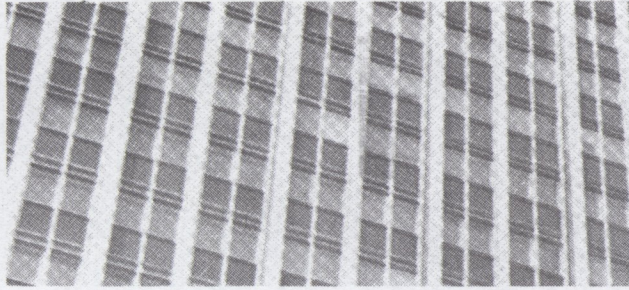
Foreplay

Above the pay kiosk the sections of shoulder and abdomen shifted across the screen, illuminating the late afternoon sky. He waited in the arcade behind a wall of wicker baskets. As they left the cubicle behind the kiosk he followed them towards the car park. The angular floors rose through the fading light, the concrete flanks lit by the neon signs of the bars across the street. As they drove from the town the first hoardings appeared—cinemascope of breast and thigh, deceit and need terraced in the contours of the landscape. In the distance was the silver span of the motor bridge. The lunar basin of the river lay below.

Contours of Desire

In the dusk light he studied the contours of the embankment. The concrete caissons sank through the discoloured sand, forming lines of intersection whose focus was the young woman stepping from the parked car. Headlamps





ped towards him. Without thinking, he drove across the road into the oncoming lane. The perspectives of the landscape shifted with the changing camber.

Some Bloody Accident

She stared at the blood on her legs. The heavy liquid pulled at her skirt. She stepped across the shirtless body lying across a car seat and vomited on to the oily sand. She wiped the phlegm from her knees. The bruise under her left breast reached behind her sternum, seizing like a hand at her heart. Her bag lay beside an overturned car. At the second attempt she picked it up, and climbed with it on to the road. In the fading light the silver girders of the motor bridge led towards the beach and a line of hoardings. She ran clumsily along the road, eyes fixed on the illuminated screen of the open air cinema, while the huge shapes disgorged themselves across the rooftops.

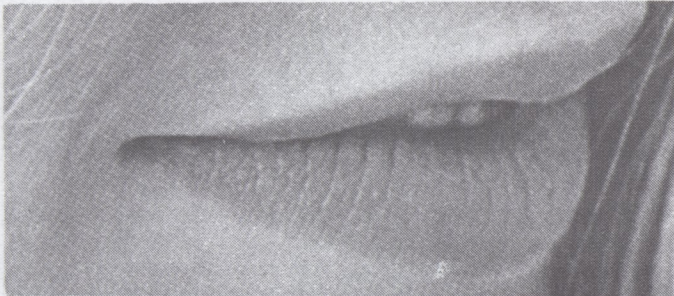
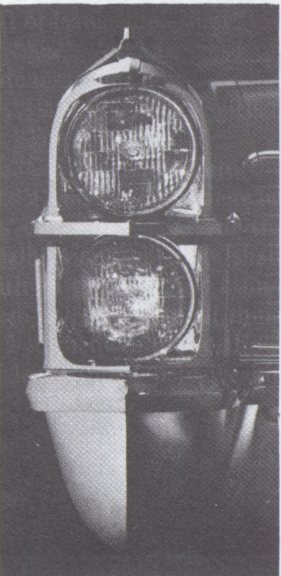
Love Scene

Steering with one hand, he followed the running figure along the bridge. In the darkness he could see her broad hips lit by the glare of the headlamps. Once she looked back at him, then ran on when he stopped fifty yards from her and reversed the car. He switched off the headlamps

and moved forward, steering from side to side as he varied her position against the roadside hoardings, against the screen of the open air cinema and the inclined floors of the multi-storey car park.

Zone of Nothing

She took off her polaroid glasses. In the sunlight the oil splattered across the windscreen formed greasy rainbows. As she waited for him to return from the beach she wiped her wrists with a cologne pad from the suitcase in the rear seat. What was he doing? After his little affairs he seemed to enter a strange zone. A young man in red trunks came up the track, arching his toes in the hot sand. Deliberately he leaned against the car as he walked by, staring at her and almost touching her elbow. She ignored him without embarrassment. When he had gone she looked down at the imprints of his feet in the white pumice. The fine sand poured into the hollows, a transfer of geometry as delicate as a series of whispers. Unsettled, she put away her novel and took the newspaper from the dashboard locker. She studied the photographs of an automobile accident—overturned cars, bodies on ambulance trollies, a bedraggled girl. Five minutes later he climbed into the car. Thinking of the photographs, she put her hand on his lap, watching the last of the footprints vanish in the sand. ■





spiderweb

BY JOHN
CLUTE

OF THE FOUR persons standing on the sidewalk in the rain, one was unwell and one had recently lost his youth. The sick one had difficulty in controlling his anger, could not be expected to observe the proprieties, and stood with his chitinous Baltic face uplifted, cursing the rain, which had fogged his tiny steel-rimmed glasses so that he was blind. I have lost my youth somewhere, thought Donald, standing beside the sick man; he waved for a cab as the rain fell down his neck. The two women, Donald's wife and the sick man's mistress, stood behind the men, separated from the men by cracks in the sidewalk. A cab stopped at the curb. None of the four had a plan of action yet, beyond the friendly visit they were about to make, even though one of them was ill, could not moderate his speech, and might in his constant anger drag them anywhere this night.

When the cab stopped at the first traffic light, the sick man leaned over the front seat and said, "Hurry up, you wop." The driver turned in his seat and said, "I no speak English." Jacqueline, the sick man's mistress, had become used to extravagant speech, and paid her lover no attention. Donald glanced at his wife, but she only smiled vaguely, as though oblivious. Finally the cab moved.

Donald's wife had long hair and full breasts and an abdominal scar extending to her pubic hair. She said, "The rain seems to be clearing the air, at least." The sick man turned to her as though seeing her for the first time and said, "Cancer is invisible," laughing shrilly, and the cabdriver laughed. They arrived at their destination. While being paid the cabdriver said, "Ha ha ha," volubly.

Donald pointed his hand up the narrow stairs in a questioning way, because he did not know the woman they were about to visit. Jacqueline said, "Yes, upstairs," and turned to ascend. The sick man reached out his hands and squeezed her breasts, one by one, so that they began to ache, but did not look at her. He looked at Donald's wife. The expression on his face was of joy or contempt. Donald could not decide which.

Their hostess stood at the top of the stairs. The sick man pushed ahead of the others and embraced her. He put his arms around her, and kissed her neck. She had been a ballet dancer until her accident. He nibbled at the side of her throat until everyone stood waiting, and then he let her go. Jacqueline spoke in a cheery way to the retired ballerina and followed her lover into the front room, which was dark except for candles, and a skylight onto which the rain tsked coldly. Donald sat apart from his wife, and was uneasy in this darkened room, with a hostess he did not know, the sound of the rain above his head, and a man whose constant anger made his face impossible to read.

He did not look at his wife. They had been married for a decade. I have lost my youth. You do not have to be old to have lost your youth. He had slept with only one woman for a decade. I have lost the sense of wonder.

Jacqueline had blued her eyes. She was slender, but as tall as her lover, and when she stood beside him she made herself short by crouching, very slightly. His psychiatrist had told her that she was vital to her lover's continued stability, and she had found herself thrilled.

Her lover's face glowed angrily, and he stared at Donald's wife. He stretched out his arms and touched her large breasts. Jacqueline closed her eyes.

What is happening? thought Donald, but did not move. He remembered that the sick man had once attempted suicide. I am out of my depth. I will watch. He spoke to Jacqueline in a conversational tone. He said, "Listen to the



rain," and Jacqueline said, "I have been listening to the rain." The sick man looked up and said, "You know what you can do with the rain."

The ballerina limped in from the kitchen with drinks. She sat beside Jacqueline, for they were old friends, and talked deprecatingly about the cultural life of this city. Donald lit his pipe, smiling ironically. His wife bared her throat obediently, and the sick man kissed her neck, and nibbled at the side of her throat. She flushed, and then she paled. She flushed, and then she paled.

Donald made smoke rings in the dark air. The smoke rushed intricately towards the skylight, where it paled, dissolving. Donald saw that his intricacies of smoke, his spidery permutations of smoke, faded always into nonsense, though at first glance, through his wet eyes, these patterns of journey seemed to have some kind of meaning, a plan, anything at all.

The ballerina left for more drinks. In the background the phonograph played sitar music. Donald glanced at his wife and the sick man. He leaned forward to Jacqueline and spoke in a whisper, "Are you all right?" She looked at him coldly, and he turned his face away. He took up a listening attitude to the music. The sick man cursed the rain loudly, and turned back to Donald's wife. He whispered earnestly to her.

He said, "I want to love you until you are destroyed in me." He said, "Sometimes it is possible to destroy the thing

you love." He said, "You must divorce your husband. He cannot make love to you the way you deserve to have love made to you." There was sweat between her breasts, which dampened her sweater, and he stroked her sweater, saying, "I will stroke you everywhere, so that you will not know where you are, so that you will forget everything but the stroking of my fingers." Her head was bent, her long hair fell over her shoulders, fell onto his stroking hand. He said, "Jacqueline thinks I took my pill, but with you here I have no need to take any pill."

The ballerina returned from making drinks and massaging her wounded knee. Donald watched the sick man whisper to his wife. He felt on the brink of some submission. Suddenly it came to him that the blind was leading the sighted, the unwell leading the well, and his stomach twisted suddenly with anticipation. It is like my first kiss, he thought nostalgically. There was a sugary feeling in his veins.

Jacqueline awaited her violation. She prepared herself to be hurt. She would explore this pain. Donald's wife felt her body begin to react. She remembered what her husband had said about the value of sexual freedom, understood in an existential sense.

In this way they began to make what none of them called plans.

The sick man pressed his lips against her throat, and said, "Your hair is dirty. When we get home we'll take a bath together, and wash your hair." She stiffened. He said, "Loosen up, you must loosen up or you will be destroyed, because I have this love." He did not blink, and his face glowed with emotion. He beckoned his mistress to him. She broke off in the middle of a story and went to him, awaiting a definite wound. "I love you," he said, "you will have to admit that, of course. But tonight I am taking her home."

They bowed their heads in unction. She returned to her seat by her old friend, the ballerina, and smiled in a haphazard way, and Donald smiled, also. His wife approached him and said, "He wants to take me home with him," and Donald, whose belly had become sugary, nodded his head, to say: Yes it must be, I guess. Be brave, darling.

She returned to the sick man, who raised his arms exultantly above his head, then dropped them over her, whispering to her, "A real man would never give you up like that, no real man." Touching her at all times, he helped her on with her coat, put on his motorcycle jacket, and they left without any further words, the door closed behind them.

WHEN JACQUELINE did not return from the rear of the apartment, Donald went to find her, leaving the ballerina alone in the dark front room, under the skylight. He found her on a bed. She sat cross-legged on the bed, her back arched. He smiled the sensitive, jovial smile with which he had greeted the news of the failure of his first show, and said, "Now I don't want to be invidious, but we have been left here."

She did not look at him carefully, and so did not notice his careful smile. He flushed. It was clear she knew, without thinking about it, that he had lost his youth, and his belly numbed within him.

"It's just that he was so gauche," she said, almost absently.

His hands fell slack by his sides.

"Did you know," he said in a light conversational tone,

"that I have given up painting?"

I have feelings too.

"Oh," she said, "why in the world?"

He was trembling. He had known her for several years. She had never slept with him. She had never considered sleeping with him. The failure of his first show had coincided with his thirtieth birthday. Her fingers played with her belt, and she watched her playing fingers. She was thinking her own thoughts. She did not realize how attractive she was to him at this moment, it seemed.

"I said what I had to say with paint. That is why I'm moving on."

She smiled vaguely.

"Now again," he said, speaking rapidly, "I don't want to be invidious, but if you would like, I have some wine, and we could go to my place and watch television, we could even"—wryly—"watch the Late Show."

"Thank you," she said, "but I think I'm going to have to go home. It's really the only thing to do. He can't be allowed to think he can break up an evening like this. Besides it's my bed. I belong there. It's a matter of principle."

She smiled.

It was a satisfied smile.

"I suppose," said Donald, speaking wryly once more, and thought, I have nothing, nothing. "I suppose," he repeated, following her into the dark room at the front of the apartment.

THEY ATE TRIANGLE Thins and drank coffee, and the women discussed Ravi Sankar until Jacqueline said, "What time is it, Christ."

"About time to go," said Donald blandly and wisely, "I'll be happy to escort you."

"Isn't it out of your way?"

His smile broadened, as though in pleasure. "When I told you I was happy to escort you," he said, "I warn't telling no fib."

Jacqueline smiled briefly and accepted his help with her coat. They said goodbye to the ballerina. The rain had stopped. They stood at one of the busiest intersections of this city, near several highrises, waiting for the light to change. She wore a subtle perfume. She broke away from him. She ran across the street and he followed. She hugged a Negro man who was with a Negro woman.

Donald stood close enough to hear.

The man asked Jacqueline to come with them to a party in a nearby penthouse. He said "Orgy" slyly and chuckled. Donald backed away. He was dizzy. She said, "I'd love to, God would I tonight." She glanced swiftly at Donald. "But I can't. We're on a sort of expedition."

They parted in the street, and Donald walked beside her once more. He tried to prevent himself from thinking, but could not stop, and when he realized that he was in a pathetic situation his internal organs fell in on themselves sweetly, and he began to cry. He did not look down, he ignored his surroundings as though he were naked in a dream, but when Jacqueline glanced sideways she saw his filmed eyes.

Perhaps she thought he was crying for his wife.

They walked.

She said, "I've got an idea, Donald," and adrenalin blinded him. "It's late," she said, "why should you have to be shoved around because he screws things up. Besides I trust you, Donald. We can sleep in the spare room, there's a



bed there, and we can serve them breakfast in bed."

"I will do my best not to be invidious."

And beneath the adrenalin that blinded, the tears that truly had been involuntary, he thought to himself:

"This is exciting," said Jacqueline, excited by the control she had exerted merely through being kind, and they continued to walk toward her lover's apartment. It was over a shop, and Donald breathed out in relief when he saw that there were no lights on in the bedroom, where his wife lay, breathing through her teeth. The sick man had finally taken his pills, and had finally fallen asleep, his arm over her neck, snoring. She heard the door opening down-

stairs. She heard her heart beating. She listened for voices. She was trapped beneath his arm. Her fingers brushed her abdominal scar, through which she could feel her blood beating. He snored.

Donald put his fingers to his lips in the spare room, and Jacqueline said "Why?" righteously, and his wife trembled in the bed next door, under the sick man's smooth sweating arm.

Jacqueline stood by the phonograph in the corner of the room and said, "There must be some Nina Simone around here somewhere. Did you ever hear her sing 'Pirate Jenny'?" The bed was narrow. There were posters on all the

walls. There was Vail Colorado and Toshiro Mifune and Toulouse-Lautrec and Jean-Paul Belmondo. "Well this is certainly making the best of a gauche situation," Donald whispered, and then he chuckled noiselessly.

His wife listened to Kurt Weill's song about Pirate Jenny and her hate, thinking it was directed at her. She listened to the grim ostinato that accompanied this famous song of indignation.

It was hot in the spare room. Donald took off his jacket and undid his tie. "Do you know what we are," said Jacqueline, "We're babysitters. I really don't like it at all." His stomach knotted, but she returned her attention to Nina Simone. Without speaking aloud he asked her to realize what a funny world it was—that any chance, any web of opportunities cast like static electricity into their paths, should be taken advantage of. What did it matter that there was no sense in it? Maybe I haven't lost my youth after all. *Carpe diem*. "This sure isn't taught in schools is it," he whispered, chuckling noiselessly so his wife wouldn't hear him and become confused.

That was Donald's plan.

"I don't really like it, you know," said Jacqueline, "now that we're stuck in the middle of it. I don't like thinking that she is with him alone. This is senseless. And anyway there are certain principles, it's my bed and I belong there."

That was Jacqueline's plan.

She sat beside him on the bed, and they analyzed the situation in less explicit terms. He spoke of sexual freedom and of its role in the ideal marriage, for wasn't marriage an existential thing? She spoke of her desire and her need to explore all the permutations of the human situation with her lover, whose need of her in turn had been affirmed by his psychiatrist. He remarked whimsically that he disliked being punished. She said that her lover's psychological difficulties—his constant anger—were in themselves a route of exploration for her.

In this way they skirted their sins, while hinting at them, for the only sin is that of making use.

Their voices kept his wife awake. She could not hear the words. Because Donald had continued to whisper, she did not know with whom Jacqueline was talking so intensely, and was terrified to think of herself as being entirely alone. The sick man, who had made use of his sickness, slept on.

Donald and Jacqueline took off their outer clothes. As he returned almost naked to the bed Donald performed a little dance shuffle that had the appearance of being spontaneous. She put on an apron. Her small breasts were firm and pale and nonchalant. Although for some reason he had imagined that her nipples would be purple and venous, they were of normal size and coloration. He pulled off his socks. They lay under the covers, not touching. They were being efficient and matter-of-fact. She removed her apron. Donald leaned over onto his elbow and remarked on the stillness of the night. He was unable to evaluate how much he had won by seeing her naked body.

She let her hand rest briefly on his arm, and he smiled, breathing as softly as he could. Maybe she will recognise me now, and her lips will part, and she will realize what it means to lie beside me like this. But her hand dropped, and she closed her eyes, her lips came together. He leaned against his pillow. He would not be invidious. His mind raced, for there was nothing to time it, and so he was unable to tell how much time had passed before Jacqueline, who had been as silent as marble, stirred abruptly and said,

"This isn't doing any good, I can't sleep here. I must have a cigarette."

She left whitely, went into the room in which she had slept on all her previous evenings with her lover. He was motionless, and so was the other woman. The cigarettes were on the orange crate beside the bed. She picked up a matchbox along with the cigarettes. She lit a cigarette. The flame revealed the white in the other woman's eyes, and Jacqueline saw that she was awake. She inhaled without speaking. Smoke curled past the bed and out the open window. She leaned over, as though to get another cigarette, and knocked over the orange crate. He opened his eyes. She handed him his glasses from the floor. He said, "What are you doing here?"

Donald tried to listen from the next room.

She said, "Getting a cigarette." The other woman lay silent. Her fingers played with her scar. "Good," said the sick man. "You're naked. Are you with someone?" "There's a man in the other room," Jacqueline said.

"Tell him to beat it." Donald lay in the narrow bed in the spare room, and when Jacqueline came back he smiled quickly, although his heart pounded terribly. He had not caught every word. Her breasts touched his arm as she reached for her apron. She had touched him.

"I belong in there," said Jacqueline, holding her apron so that she was covered.

"Right," whispered Donald jovially, and got to his feet. He stood at the door. "Hey," he whispered, performing a little dance shuffle that had the appearance of being spontaneous. "Hey," he whispered, in a jovial mood, "may I kiss you goodnight?"

She said, "On the cheek," and he kissed her goodnight on the cheek, and she passed by to her triumph. He sat on the bed with his face in his hands. She dropped her apron on the floor by her lover's bed, and touched him, and said, "I told him."

"Good," said the sick man in a loud voice. Donald's wife clawed at her pubic hair under the thin sheet. "Now that you're both here," said the sick man, "there's something I've never tried," and as he spoke, Jacqueline's eyes glistened, and she knelt slowly by his side, awaiting his message.

The only sin is that of making use.

Donald fell asleep for an hour before dawn awoke him and he left without seeing his wife. She came home at noon. He cursed her, and used her evilly over the remaining months of their marriage. He dreamed of an orgy. Scabs from the ballerina's wounded leg fell on him so that he choked, and sank beneath the surface, and was unable to follow the naked couples as they floated through the candicant labyrinth above him to the penthouse. The wounded ballerina rode piggyback. His wife found his paints and covered all the naked bodies with all the colours of the rainbow, so they were all gay. He could not approach them because he had become mucusy and frail and gave out a terrible odour. The sick man burned like fire, and vermilion paint besplattered his great phallic weapon sword-like. The Negro couple shrieked with laughter, pointing, and Jacqueline shrieked with laughter, and his wife opened her mouth soundlessly to shriek with laughter. Donald was a spiderweb covering the enormous bed. His wife jumped upon the burning man, shrieking with laughter and the burning man approached Jacqueline with his weapon, his razor, and they all fell laughing through the spiderweb onto the bed, breaking the spiderweb so that it fell, unclean and boneless, down the years.

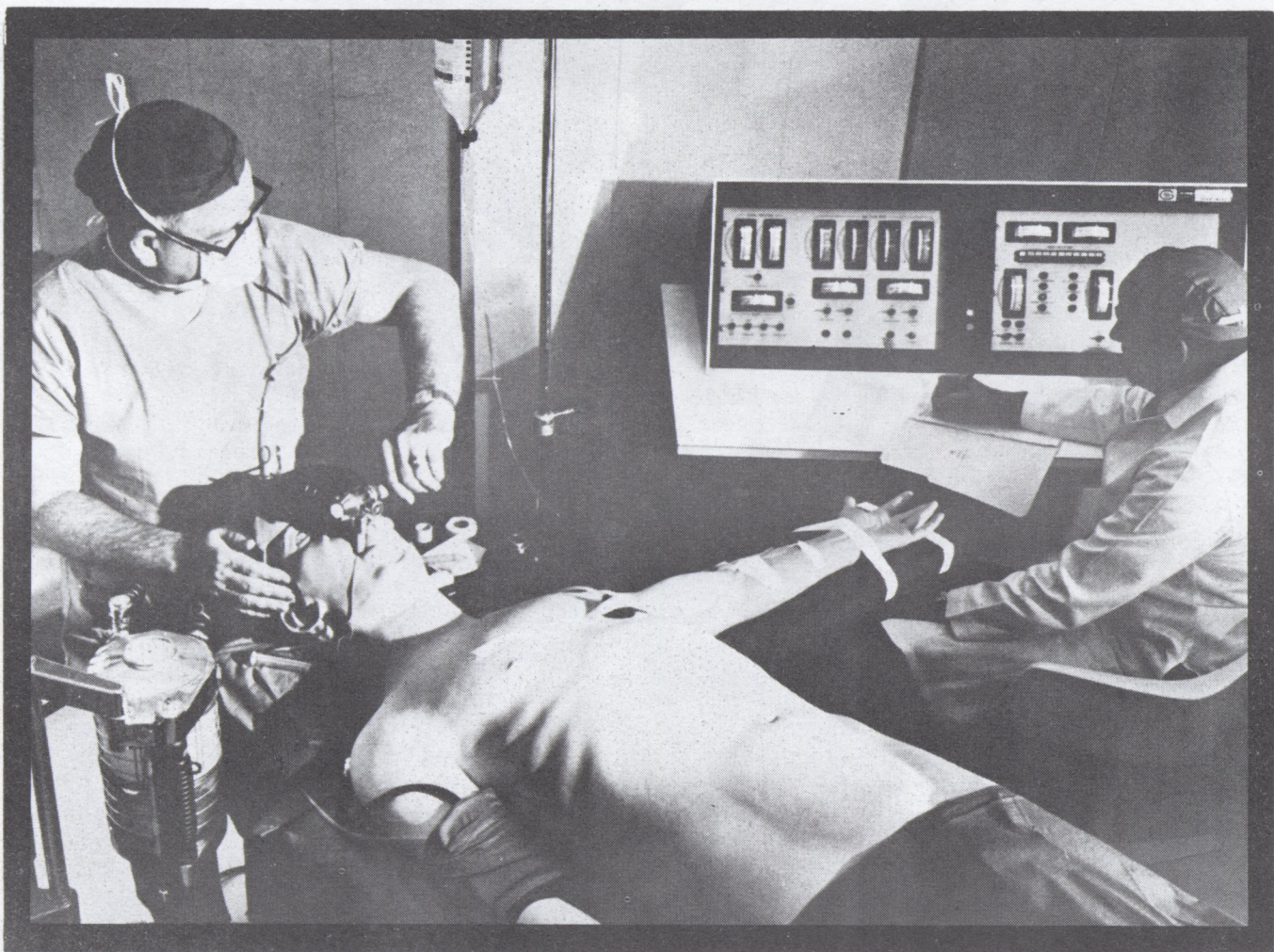
SIM ONE

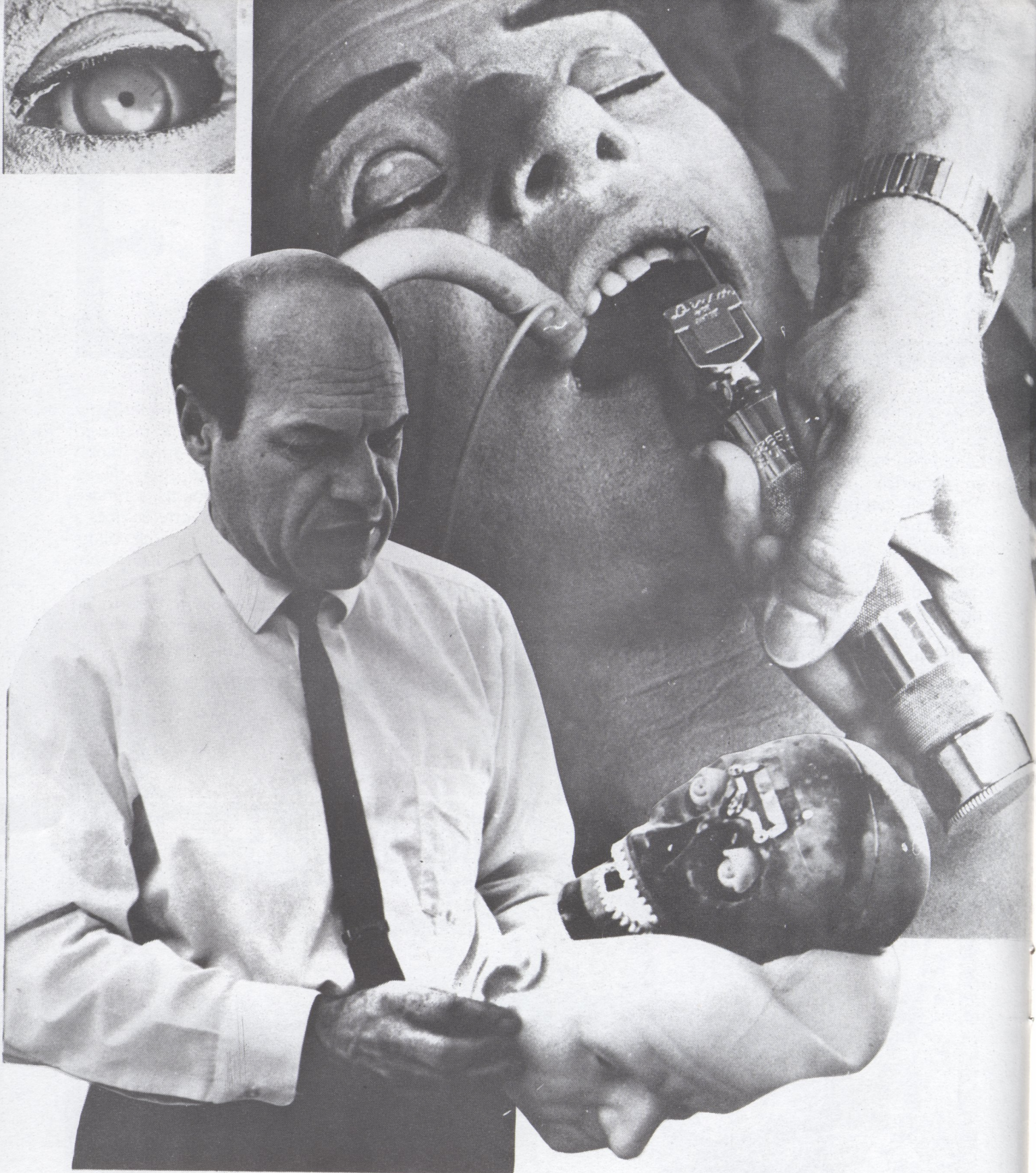
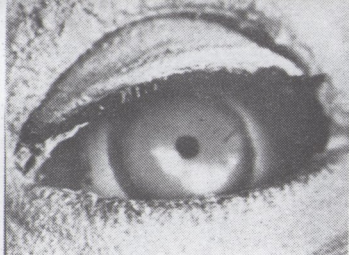
SIMULATOR ONE, a robot that can blink, breathe, cough, vomit and even die on command from its computer is an American development to help train doctors to administer anaesthetics during major surgery. A team of aerospace engineers and medical educators designed the lifesize dummy as a practice "patient" for doctors from the University of Southern California's School of Medicine

and as an aid in reducing the length of training time now needed.

The scientists, by converting physiological responses to mathematical equations, programmed the dummy to simulate an individual undergoing an operation. Sim is equipped with all the anatomical parts involved in anaesthetization. This includes tongue, teeth, epiglottis, vocal cords, trachea, esophageal

openings and bronchial tubes. The artificial man simulates body reactions because it is endowed with a heartbeat, pulse, blood pressure, a chest that makes respiratory movements, a hinged jaw that opens exactly as does a person's and pupils that dilate and constrict. The 195-pound simulator's bones, formed of steel, are covered with flesh-toned plastic. Its response becomes even more human with the



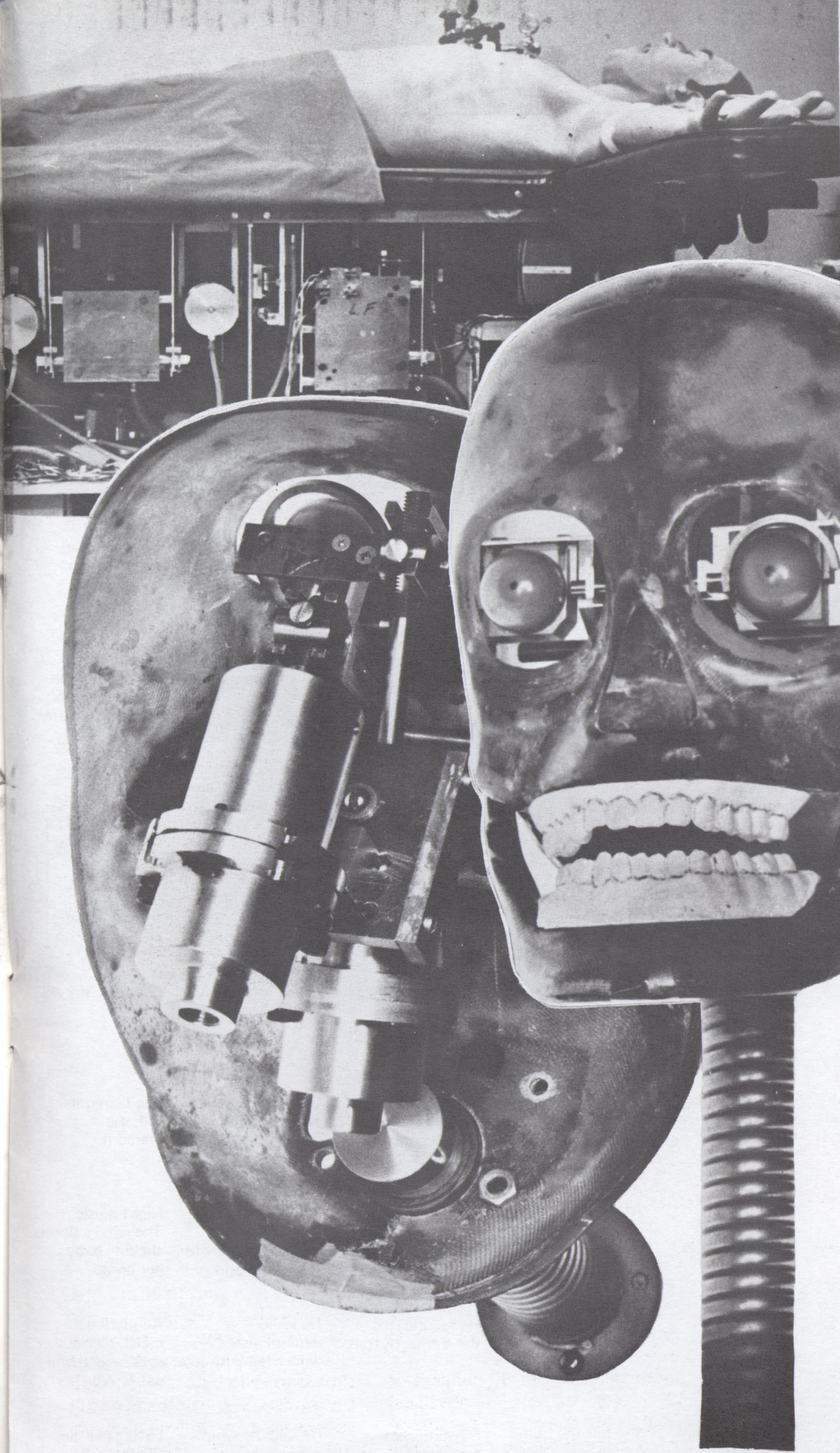


addition of a forehead that wrinkles, hardly an expression one would expect from the grinning skull as it stands waiting for its body, skin and brain.

Sim One's specific purpose is to allow the student anaesthetist to attempt the complicated procedure of inserting a semi-rigid tube into a patient's windpipe.

Through it gases and oxygen are administered directly to the lungs and breathing is carried on artificially. Although this method is used in 90 per cent of all major surgery, a physician might have the chance to employ it no more than once a day. The simulator, however, can be anaesthetized repeatedly, it pro-

duces a graphic record of each practice session. It also permits the instructor to halt the proceedings for discussion or to introduce problem situations from the control panel. With the flick of a switch he is able to test the student's ability to cope with emergencies by inducing coughing fits and speeding up, slowing—or even stopping—Sim's electronic heart.



hospital of transpla

BODY OF:

Priest

Soldier

Whore

Gardener

Sadist

Virgin

Bending sadly
over his enemy
he gave him
his cup of grace.

Absolved by her,
he lit
a small candle.

He told flowers
they would rise
again
if they were holy.

Religiously
he choked
evil spirits
out of her.

She stopped at
the laying on
of hands.

He baptised
the little ones
with fire.

After the fray
she withdrew
completely
exploding bridges.

Unimaginatively
he heard
the insecticide's
silent rain.

Her nails left
stripes on arms,
epaulettes
on shoulders.

She made them
retreat from the
capital's gates
through snow.

He loved
all men
equally.

He did not question
their instructions.

Where he planted
used condoms,
a garden of
limbo.

Shagging her,
he pulled away
from the intimacy
of a kiss.

She hung
hesitant
at the entrance
of unlit alleys.

The butterfly
evading his touch
he mistook
for Jesus.

Where the shell
struck, poppies
bloomed from the
astounded body.

Two roses in the
hot-house:
one overblown
one cankered.

While police raged
he cultivated
his garden quietly
at night.

She regretted
pollinisation
by the wind.

He pictured a
female Messiah's
bloodied, heaving
breasts.

Afterwards, no one
found it was only
the moon rising
over Finland.

She left their
mutilated bodies
in backstreet
hotels.

The face
of the rose
purpled,
crumpled.

Take me! she
said, as the bus
left, in church,
on the big dipper.

He swooned at
the snakeflesh of
the communicant's
tongue.

He did not know
if he had
died in
that attack.

She wept
at her
inviolate
purity.

Spring congress:
nature's
pandering
shocked him.

She told her
daughter You are
ugly the world
must not see you.

He considered
Christ's over-
compensatory
Oedipus complex.

Bayoneted, he
watched
his killer's face.

She asked them
why
they did
this.

Autumn divorce:
psychosis
of Kore
lengthened.

He studied
the child's face.

Lying on her
lonely couch,
she made notes
on her case.

In his
confessional,
a camp bed.

He wanted to be
the firing squad
for the world.

She frigged the
hungover grey
morning into
cupfinal night.

He dreamt himself
sole survivor
and named Adam.

He emigrated to
South Africa.

She took the veil.

So many worlds!
So many galaxies!
So many saviours!

The silent village
forgave him,
for not using
germ warfare.

As her sighs
quickenened,
she graphed
their heartbeats.

Birds hooded,
flowers shut;
everywhere entropy
accepted.

He experimented
with the velocity
of falling bodies.

She feared the
Pill, she
feared it.

Through all
troubling
modulations always
the home-key.

He wrote a
victory march
for the refugees
to sing.

Afire with
impatience, she
felt its
percussive rhythm.

Violets' muted
trumpets, then
spring's full
sweet jazz.

He looked at the
inert score
he had played with
too much brio.

Night-music.
The wind's singers
clicking sadly
her bones.

As the rope
tightened, he
offered to
die instead.

He turned the
napalm
inwards.

She made love
for love.

He fecundated
the Venus flytrap.

He lashed
a masochist
who cried with joy.

All night her
moist, lustrous
eyes begged him
not to rape her.

The one
he had lost, not
the ninety-nine
he had saved.

Heart transplant.
He sent them to
slave factories in
the fatherland.

She felt the hump
on his back
with skilled
healing fingers.

Plantation of
transplantations.
All members
of one body.

He said To whip
you externally
is not enough.

Loving her, he
allowed her to
tenderly
emasculate him.

HEART OF:

Priest

Soldier

Whore

Gardener

Sadist

Virgin

Psychologist

Stakhanovite

Scientist

Composer

Masochist

Surgeon

anted hearts

By D.M.Thomas

BODY OF:

Psychologist	Stakhanovite	Scientist	Composer	Masochist	Surgeon	
He strove to marry the schizophrenic, whose tongue could not find his name.	From his crane-pulpit he made a new heaven, new earth.	In a smear of communion—wine: DNA of God.	He believed in the triad, three-in-one, one-in-three.	Lunchtime eucharist. Her sad, broiler flesh stigmatised.	In the waiting flesh he made a vertical and transverse cut.	Priest
Bravely he climbed down into sewers where the Resistance lurked.	Sagging dug fed her tenth son to a patriot's death.	On Mt. Palomar: Such multitudes! And more in reserve.	Choric Ode <i>Warsaw Ghetto</i> for unaccompanied keening of mothers.	She guided the gun barrel between her lips.	The enemy on x-ray. <i>We will attack at first light.</i>	Soldier
If he were not paid for his skill their souls would feel enslaved.	He holidayed in a sanitarium. Regained health.	Inadequate theories passed each other on the stairs.	All day at the piano, the spume of notes breaking and idling back.	He dreamt he was a jewess in the Auschwitz brothel.	Cunningly his hands moved as though he were operating.	Whore
How could he restore the lost paradise beneath Suicide City?	He drilled desert after desert, Planting a future forever receding.	By morning, the culture had flowered unrecognizably.	Instrumentation of a hot summer's day, concerto for busy ephemera.	She cooked and ate the insecticide-ridden plants.	The steering column was grafted into the beautiful girl's breast.	Gardener
He restored naturals to sanity.	His skill faltered by an inch in the third storey of the skyscraper.	Test tube in hand, he stood over the city's reservoir.	He ended all movements with imperfect cadences.	She had herself whipped by a reluctant weeping masochist.	Religious he refused to cut away.	Sadist
His fingers holding the pencil trembled. His cheeks blushed.	He shuddered as the road drill clove soft earth.	He shivered at the neutrino cleaving light years of lead.	Convent bells over the fields stirred his heart to new modes.	He kept himself untouched.	Seventy years he fought to save the small tissues.	Virgin
	He felt for the huge machines' pent-up sexual energy.	He observed the expression on the dog's transplanted head.	At the first performance he watched the faces of the audience.	On her couch of nails, she took notes on herself.	Skimming the memory cells his lancet found the trauma.	Psychologist
He emigrated to the States.		If only nature had covered up its tracks more cunningly.	His 999th Symphony was his last. Sketches of the 1000th remain.	He longed to believe in the consolation of Hell.	He said <i>We must take out the lot.</i>	Stakhanovite
Uncertainty: observing quanta changed by his observing.	Give me an ideology and I will move the whole earth.		Tone-poem <i>Jodrell Bank.</i> The cracklings of infinite space.	Single handed she sailed for the atom-test island.	He toiled to turn inert mass into energy again.	Scientist
Slowly he collected all the strange lost tunes of the mad.	He could listen to the song of a tractor forever.	He played moon-light sonata of the cool star's spectrum.		Dies Irae, Her favourite lovesong.	He gasped at the cancer's unexpected counterpoint.	Composer
He drove the devils out and into his own Gaderene mind.	He toiled to complete the robot which would destroy him.	Love bites of laboratory rats.	He destroyed his magnum opus. Only God was worthy of it.		He turned the scalpel inwards.	Masochist
For freedom the patient must find her heart grasped by hands.	Onto church-rubble he transplanted the factory.	Man came: slowly, heart grafted into the universe.	Thirty years he cut, sighed, stitched up the white silence.	Lovebites in his old diseased heart.		Surgeon

Juan fortune

by Opal
Nations

Born 1910 JUAN FORTUNE—pains by mother at birth lasting 35 minutes, a stereo double playback recorded these, the tape was spliced, alternated and synthesized and swallowed by JUAN at the age of 3 weeks and at his “christening” ritual.

1923 JUAN FORTUNE—knifed his shadow in a street that folded up around the time of the deed

1925 JUAN FORTUNE—shadowed his knife that folded around a street that is called dead street

1926 JUAN FORTUNE—loved himself and was pregnant

1927 JUAN FORTUNE—was employed by person or persons concerned with the capture of migrant pigeons at Trafalgar Square and the deportation of same to Sidcup meadow whereupon shrouded with mesh, captured pigeons were cast and nested amongst many cardboard replicas of Nelson’s column made from cardboard.

THEY WERE NOT SATISFIED

Born 1925 LYDYA YADYL—into a world which was cracked of yoke and cast of process.

1935 LYDYA YADYL—fell in love with herself and disappeared

1936 LYDYA YADYL—did not disappear, she loved her eyes

1937 LYDYA YADYL—loved her eyes so well that all of herself other than her eyes disappeared

1938 Her disappearance was so loved by her eyes that she fell in love with her body and sinned

1938 LYDYA YADYL met JUAN FORTUNE and loved him with her eyes, her body disappeared through them

1939 LYDYA YADYL and JUAN FORTUNE first met

1940 LYDYA YADYL and JUAN FORTUNE thought they had met last year, but their eyes told them, this was untrue

1940 LYDYA YADYL and JUAN FORTUNE met for the first time, their bodies told them so.

SHE CHANGED HER SEX

1928 JUAN FORTUNE—killed the only JUAN FORTUNE he knew

1929 JUAN FORTUNE—was tired of being a dead poet and opened a book which was his coffin

1930 JUAN FORTUNE—closed the only coffin he knew

1932 JUAN FORTUNE—found that LYDYA YADYL was his coffin, this he knew

1933 JUAN FORTUNE—felt his mothers pains inside him and could see them in his poems

1934 JUAN FORTUNE—vomited his coffin the only mother he knew, his body told him so.

1935 JUAN FORTUNE—opened his body with a folded knife and let his mothers pains go, they knew.

HE CHANGED HIS SEX

1940 LYDYA YADYL—opened her womb to the feel of poetry the only coffin that she knew

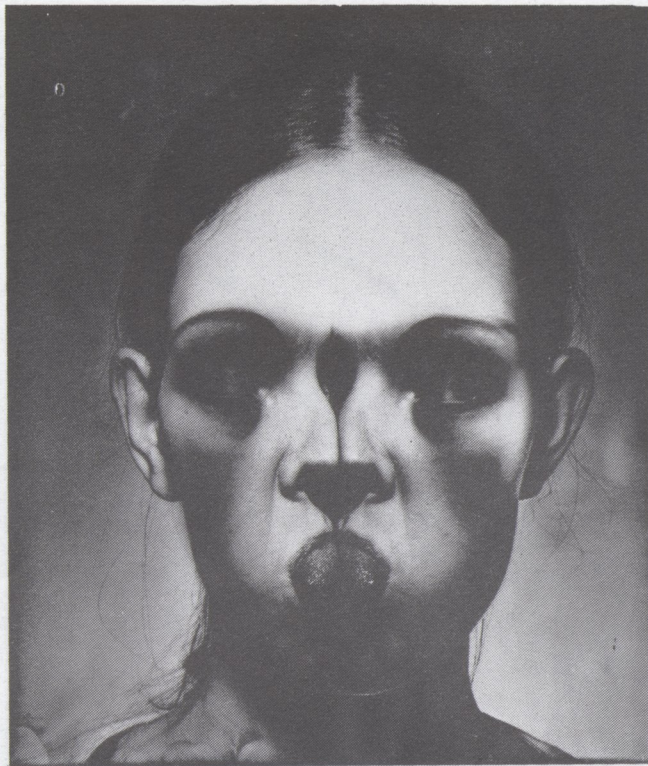
1941 LYDYA YADYL—took JUAN FORTUNE's mothers pains to be her own for they vomited internally

1942 LYDYA YADYL—was tired of being a dead poetess and opened an eye which had reappeared

1943 Thought— THEY WERE NOT SATISFIED

1938 Her sex had told her so

1939 LYDYA YADYL and JUAN FORTUNE first met, she



changed her sex.

THEY HAD SEX

1940 JUAN FORTUNE—lived from 1935 to 1940 in one hour, because of his mothers pains

1939-1940 JUAN FORTUNE—CHANGED HIS SEX

1940 JUAN FORTUNE and LYDYA YADYL had sex the only coffin that they knew of poetry

1940 JUAN FORTUNE and LYDYA YADYL disappeared.

PLENTY

1941 JUAN FORTUNE and LYDYA YADYL—knifed their shadows and became pregnant with the folded coffin that swallowed their eyes and their bodies from the street of migrant pigeons of poetry without love, without sin, without their mothers pains, were born sexless creatures by them.

SEXLESS CREATURES WERE BORN BY THEM. . . .



Brian W. Aldiss:

OUSPENSKI'S ASTRABAHN

LIKE FLINGING UP stones from the tired wheels the gravelcade towed darkness. Headlights beams of granite bars battering the eternal nowhere. The cuspidughters of darkness somebody sang play toe with the spittoons of noon the cuspidughters of darkness play toe with the spittoons of noon. Only some of the blind white eyes of joyride was yellow or others but altirely because the bashing the cars the jostling in the autocayed. And hob with the gobs of season.

In these primitive metal beasts herding their way like shampering cattletap across the last of Franct that square squeezing country sang the drivniks. Cluttering through stick-it-up-your-assberg and the nasal neutral squares to where the Rhine gummed its rectitude between banks and the wide bridge warned zoll. Break lights a flutter red I'd ride.

A cold wind blowing another spring cracking forth on the land doing it all again and the blood count low at an early hour with the autobarns ahead to doss in where you can fahrt ohne ende like a perptetual motion. RECHTS FAHREN big yellow arrows splitting the road. Writhing bellies upward.

Caught on a cobweb, Charteris stopped the banshee. He and Angeline climb out and he wonders if he sees himself lie there, looks up into the blind white cliffs of night cloud to smell the force of spring break its alternature. About him grind all the autodisciples flopping from their jallopies and all shout and yawn make jacketted gestures.

They all talk and Gloria comes over says to Angeline, "Feels to me I have seen this country before."

"Slumberland would suit me best just now."

"It lies here under night yet? Like some other place. You should say we wanted to come here or was that some place else?"

Hearing distonished by the hour.

"Anyhow, I can cool inspection."

And other yattering earvoices creeping to him through the labyrinths set in a concrete head of nightloth he Charteris Shaman with the painful yellow arrows almost vertical more difficult to negotiate and maybe he thought his own powers failing. More than the voices, breathing, ominous movements of bodies inside clothes, writhing of toes inside shoes and sly growth of the corkscrewing curls inside a million pants locations and dislocations.

Breathing deep to force out his voice drown the sense of drowning he said, "We hit the present aimed alternative friends. So let's doss down and tear off a new chain tomorrow."

Wraithlike in the dying beams, they pulled out sleeping bags or piled together on backseats or a few took pains to boil up coffee or tea with the pale flames warm in a Rhine night with the bellying up of another cthonic equinocturnal turning and a whole spartan countryside pillowing their greasy locks of sleep. So was Angeline's belly with the Drake-Man's seed but she nestled alone under blankets. He went to the girl who had joined the motorcad at Luxembourg Elsbeth with her fine young jewish warmth

Humbly they all had to yield to the enemy breath of night with their fading rhythms lowered body temperature that all blankets and small fires could not defend or defer for more than

DEEPER LIMBOS OTHER deaths crueller sleeps exist in which the alternative Is stand watching peeling off from the spool of probability like negatives that never reach the developer haunting the slumberer click of shutter snicker of rapid eye movement old self-photographs number the data-reducer

IN THE MORNING he takes delight knowing her juiciness in feeling the tousled dryness of crutch and turning the unseen smile to moisture. Whereon she wrickles and strokes his semi-erect griston with a thigh giving him mandate pulling plump arms half-nelsunny about his neck harsh acid breath of morn mingled and the high old stinkle of feet and bum and body in the bag mantling them as he mounts smelsbeth all here and now be physical like on the rolling



summer mountains where the skies steam upward over the incredible brow and motion everywhere in the sapient earth multi-limbed freedom of the heat—

Breaking in the harsh cries of uniform throats and yells of drivniks together with some farting and running where the pace is fractured. This Rhine-bridge and engines roaring all hell out there and my juices seeping unporpelled sort of semi-ohgasm shit it's just a slimeoff this time Elsbeth honey-pit.

Big boots by his nose nose passing and Charteris emerges to diagnose the seem. Oh boy the metal camp or mobile scrapdump wheeled junkade raddling the end of bridge nose to nose or tail like they just climbed out the Rhine and disciples heads among them flowering in cool dazes like they stargazed an astrobahn.

Bucketting about bigbooted the Deutscher polizei falling around the bumpers and crying for order.

Charteris laughing and feeling for his jeans propped on one elbow.

“Hey, dig the inspired popular image of worldorder in this pure pink faces of authority shining and lovely smarched uniforms spruce like pressed flowers running!” But gathering his mind to take a closer fix on them he snuffed that the Schwabe fell apart uniform-wise many without belts or buttons or boots or Klimpenflaschengewurstklumpen to their name and even the jackets hung upon a bygone hook elsewhere. Still they shouted good to make up.

One crusader broke from the autodump with his bedroll yelping and the big heavies had him down and up and a one-two round the shaggy side-chops.

“You try the uncivil disobendiate! God help you!” they yelled.

“Get this goddamned mobile scrap mobile!” they yelled.

“We’ll have you Schrott-makers shot!” they yelled.

“Clear the way for the traffic!” they yelled, though the road flowed as silent as the river straight back to Switzerland like cut cloth and Whitaker jumped up with his flute and piped and others sang, “Clear the way for the traffic Nice clean autobahns we want to see Leave no human litter lay Clear the traffic for the way” as the cops schwarmereid in among their vehicles.

One looked down at all Elsbeth showed as she sat up, yelled, “Ach some Zwolfpersonenausschnitt!” and she snatched her vest about her vocal bubes, crying back abuse at him with a vingar jangled decibels adding to the general racket where one or two cars started up and backed or bucked smokily on the region great dizzy din.

Angeline came hurrying as he bent up and with attention in another part pulled at his jeans saying, “Colin you see they’re going to take these poor boys off to the nick if you don’t do something quick we defied law and odur by settling right down here in the traffic route forgetting it was going to be sunrise soon or something mad or else just tired I don’t know but you better do something fast.” On Elsbeth she could not look the dark hair round her shoulders and all entrances slack.

“Only we’re traffic the only traffic apart from us there’s no another car in slight it don’t make a hold-up holed up here.”

“Better go and tell that to the Fuehrer here he comes!”

Pointing to a big white police car like a yacht beyond reach of storms opening all ways and spilling most noticeably a mighty man in a white uniform big patched with a thousand medals like over-stamped bundle of laundry and boots and a cap with bright peak while rammed in his bathysphere a monster cigar approaching and two minions round him crying the Kommandant.

Then all the Schwabe crying “Who in charge here?”

Sawn trees on parade streetside.

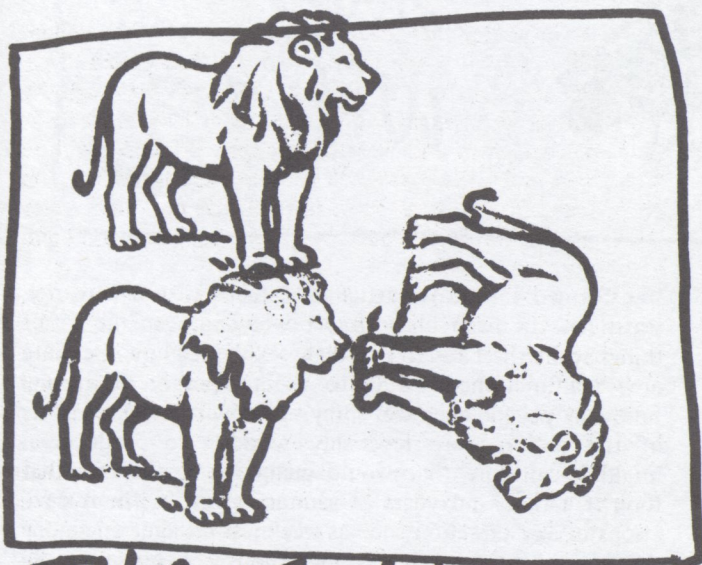
SLOWLY THE CRIES silence the scene and all stock-still except a little morning breeze through which the drivniks are thin and pale with hair that made them in England part of nature growing right down sweet and unswept from hair and head and lips and cheeks and shoulder part of the pubic earth itself but here on this barren not so damned good and analogous. “Who in charm hair?”

All get a charge or no one.

Heaving still his unzipped hipjeans he moves among the carmaze towards the white man Angeline at his side small but big seeing the eternal pattern as the object arrangement makes a ready-made more beautiful than planned an emblem of eternity capable of slowing time something he had known before this marvellous he inside the ducks-and-

drake man skimming over a deeper ocean of truth in which he wished to dive deeper and deeper away from the times too grave for mere communication on an average plane or old grey steps misleading to old brown building rucked in railings curled to dilate Italian-made and now up he's in a grey-brown room black-and-red tiles of a transcendental patterning oh rest me again for ever in the minds murmuring mysteries where I belong and could walk through and walk through forever the hall the long within withit for ever the pattern where time stalks sideways birds flying backwards reemerge as lizards before the days never-ending

"You are in charge of this rabble?" The brilliant laundry bundle before his unzipped eyes and what was that place



THREE LIONS

where I was I was there for a minute? eternity? Metzro-
nome tick? in some late time-bracket feasting beyond this
schwabian illusion of the present tell them why not.

Did they hand me over old betrayal?

Raising his voice, "I am in all command and to me time swings back off its hinge mersing the tiny present—no, no, I tell you—I am Charteris. Paradise is in me I feel it I know it!" Now he waved his arms saw them above him making off into the sky this way that seeking the new dimensions or old dimensions seen as fresh alternatives as the birds cryrated into lizards and the new anima instantly back to stone. "What we have seen is worth all collapse and the old christianity world is rightly in ruins if you forsake all and live where there is most life in the world I offer. There the laternatives flick flock thickly by and again with his hands and hair he conveyed to there the great intellectual system that Man the Driver synthesised relating all phenomena and postulating a new map—a map he said wandering in and out of speech as dropping his jeans entirely he climbed hair-legged onto the politzei car and rallied them all—a map that shows the topography related belaying a sparky revelation-ship between this Europlexion and the explexion of conventual time the time by which predecyclic man imposed himself against nature by armed marching cross-wise to conceal body-mind apart hide dissillusion.

Cheering and singing only the cops stamped around and offered dials of non-radiance. He still upbraodcast.

"And to these levels also another pirate transmitter with emissions on the self-life-mitter band for you got to mash

your own consciousness into the introwaving road routage and the general timeweb only achieve by the discipliation of my thought the discipliation of proper erectitude like a discipliation of any distinct order and to achieve finally well you need what Ouspenski calls certain luggage and then the true sidereal time can faze with your arcadian rhythms of living "

"Get off my automobile!" said the big pink white chief of police.

Two policement hupped Charteris down as he called, "For all of you also timeflow can hold the orbital radiance of a spyers web if you will follow me. Follow me or you will drown in the flowing timeflow!"

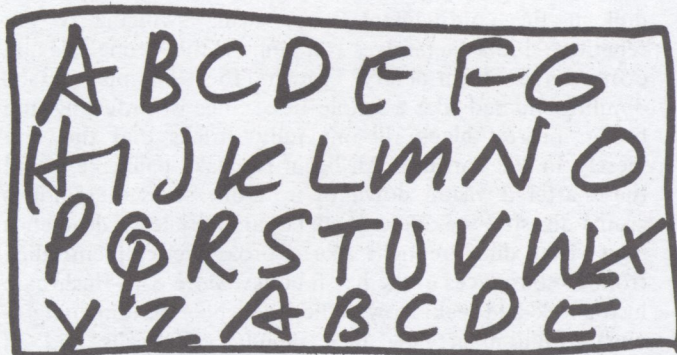
So he came off kicking and they flung his pants at him wrapping round the timeflapperture. You are not asleep at this moment. Many things were like sleep many things had no relationship whatever to reality. Truer: reality had no realtionship whatever to the true things. They just built these wooden walls with wooden windows to sail on regardless. Many things that I said at that time must have surprised my companions in this strange adventure very much. I was surprised by much myself. I stopped and turned towards G. He was smiling. His old friendly fallible familiar smile. "Afterwards it was very strange for me to remember the things I had said." I was walking along the Troitsky street and everyone was asleep.

The Schwabe officers conferred with rapid eye movements and a thin cracked music started from the escampade. The brilliant laundry bundle made clockwork gestures parabola starting and ending at low point X and two polizei grabbed Ouspensian I.

Set a speech to clash a speech.

Orated the laundrobund in machine-style "Fine leadership I have appreciape and the exhaustion but even god almighty must here be circumstrict according to the authority of law and not park his car contrary to regala-tions. Else there's distrumblanches and the crumble-off of state and diction but right here is still my desportment and you hippies are all contraveined. So it's a rest this hair-shirted malefracture do his freakout in a cell! Move!"

"Hey, they're going to take away our saviour!" warcried Soldier Burton. He flung a reality-object of unvariable geometry and metallic origin in semi-lethal parabola and the other sleep-runners started to mill marvellously unstewing from their rancid and autobreasted pluckered in to the



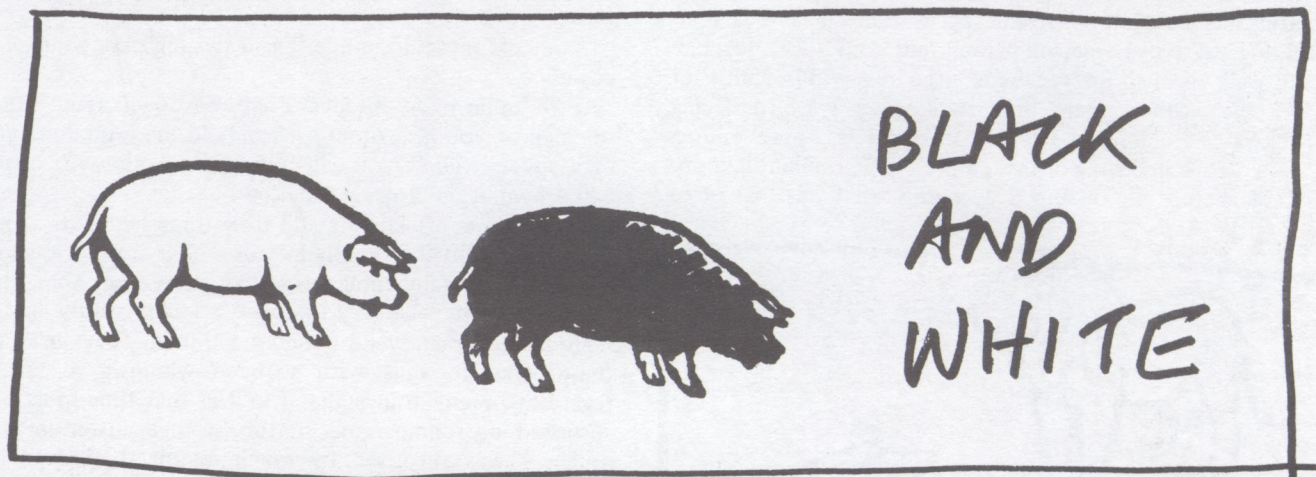
uniform defeat. Then leaped the bold gendarmes also acidhipped but swinging in the name of Ordentlichkeit to let battle commensurate with duty the PCA bombs when dissembling produced according to each character its own intensification.

By the perspective transfixed was the police point with

its flags and signs and from here gorged more polizei slowly inflating themselves with self-pumping steps as they evolved themselves forward from the middle distance becoming part of the foreground where the mass milled and Herr Polizeikommissar Laundrei clasped enchanted Charteris to his postage stamps.

from the lesser intestine sounds an invisible flute.

ENTRANCED BY HERR LAUNDREI'S door stood his buddy-guard Hirst Wechsel who opened to let in the Herr and Charteris followed to pour them both thin schnaps but Charteris stood amazed to find almost tangible reality



Ordentlichkeit having boots and truncheons won.

So a march began slowly and with bloody eyes and ripgear and straggling struggle to the lock-up while by the cobbles a few wooden pedestrians stared at the delinquents Herr and Frau Krack who when pushed bobbed up again and soberly registered gut show nodding as the procession hobnobbed to the great slapup HQ with many drivniks still plunching.

Now the harsh bones of that great creature were stone and its flesh mortar and plaster painted democratic yellow lying in feigned fossil sleep and all its entrails dark and cool with powerfailure or the awful processes of parquet flooring turning corridors reflected dim outside light entrailing from all surfaces constantly interrupted returning interrupted broken continuous of a special manufacture grey light patent.

The blundering polizei themselves bemused. Pattern of bars no more italianate where the reverie bursts into the old brown building but industrial north dull parallels to close the mind unblown. Clash of bars and swinging blatterplang with no regard. The sittlichkeitsvergehen of German standing rheumonly.

Blundering they grey big boney cops with swinging arms dull in the confinement space swing swinging to the repetitive doors themselves trapping on the wrong side and commense hammercry which the disciples stand dumbfloundered like a whole new range of unfeeling in a brown nearest black till one judy shrieks that they are merely in the corridor. All begin pancake pancake round the shattered vision down or up stone steps or mindless groins digested seeking exit. Bars bars false leads dead ends long vistas dim grey light like a broken circuit entrailing from all sourplaces in the harsh bones. More cops flushtuate in the hide-and-seek. Now bellies the whole building rangorously. Mindfallen new race rapidly cell-dwells and all anti-flowered. Garish alarms zibbernaut into cavities the grot graves. Life down to the low point of textbook level. Lungs hammer limbs scissor feet clatter in the machineage moment.

Clever guards slamslamslam outer doorment. In the maze long vistas slowly the charterisers clobbered and clapped into parallel cells. The harsh bones cease their crunk but

transformed into this particular figment with a bare rich squareness of hard black forest wood in even the softer things while the Laundrei cordially explained how the State now malfunctioned owing to the temporary emergency following psycho-chemical spraying on which the scientists of the nation were feverishly working to produce an infallible antidote that would guarantee to the race that took it a thousand years of sanitary sanity without deviations in any direction such as weakness brought on among even the most favoured of peoples though of course any old racist theories were long discredited.

"I don't need to tell you as an Englishman that." Laughing and even Hirst Wechsel operating musculature of a broad grin.

However with the joking aside it must be privately confessed that the malfunctioning of government already touched upon causes certain complications of a legislative nature away and beyond the mere dying of six or seven million fellowcountrymen from famine brought on from lack of organisation perhaps stemming from the lack of any leadership vital to a dynamic nation and one of these legislative failures was that he here ran his little police force as an independent army you might say.

"What do you mean what you going to do with all my friends in the cells we're no invading army only spreading the light?"

Spreading the light was a happy expression was it not of course one knows that light like all basic things such as shall we say sex is made of hydrogen but one can well imagine this sort of hydrogencompound-condiment to be spread on ones bread like butter you excuse if I joke and the musculature again mindblowing.

"My friends in the cells?"

All dependent upon Saint Charteris himself. We two would talk it was necessary to establish if you were a genuine leader but if so well here was this modest little army maybe a little barebooted in the shall we say head but knowing well on which side of the condiment their light shone put it together with the crying need for a proper leadership to the country after all you could not be content with genuine messiah to remain head only of a ragged flock of feathered friends like a new animals hopping from

instant immobility to instant immobility leaping from the lawn close-clipped to the eaves of the bungalow where the sunset for ever in its ironed mottling how different oh my dear British decline from this a comic white-uniformed A busy Moscow newspaper man so its necessary to test you if you pass of course all pardons all round but when a traffic regulation is violated it is after all violated I mean that is basic philosophy old man eh nicht war.

HE TAKES HIS CLOTHES OFF	ER ZIEHT SEINE KLEIDER AN
ER ZIEHT SEINE KLEIDER AUS	HE PUTS HIS CLOTHES ON

So comes forth Hirst Wechsel with forms laden for Charteris to fill while Laundrei quits the room. Sitting at a table in unkindly light he stares through the lines and dots and little boxes anweisungen defences against the light take multi-forms of all the forms of dreaming activity is perhaps the deepest passivity is true guise activity lies and this is the landt where the truly eat the lotus suffering is permanent obscure and dark and shares the nature of infinity they even invent the concept of anti-suffering a clever form to conceal real angst and infectious diseases if any suppose I pretended to fall in with his idea might the multi-word not be spread his clouted clowns all accidentally aid me oh zbogom the old serpent but my rotten thoughts far from the driving have no wing-ding next of kin my fruitful angeline something still gets through perhaps for your stake.

There he wrestled locked mute in the hard Rhenish light till Wechsel brought him a warm white sausage.

"How you love my boss?"

"For me he is just a uniform."

"Isn't it engorged uniform?"

"That's incompatible."

"I don't think so, I think it suits him a treat. White just sets off his complexion."

"Off-white."

"He doesn't exercise enough." He bent lower so that his labroses were almost in contact with Charteris's ear. "He's more of a thinker you see. He's a great thinker he has his own laboratory here I'll show you while he's out come on."

"This sausage is enough adventure."

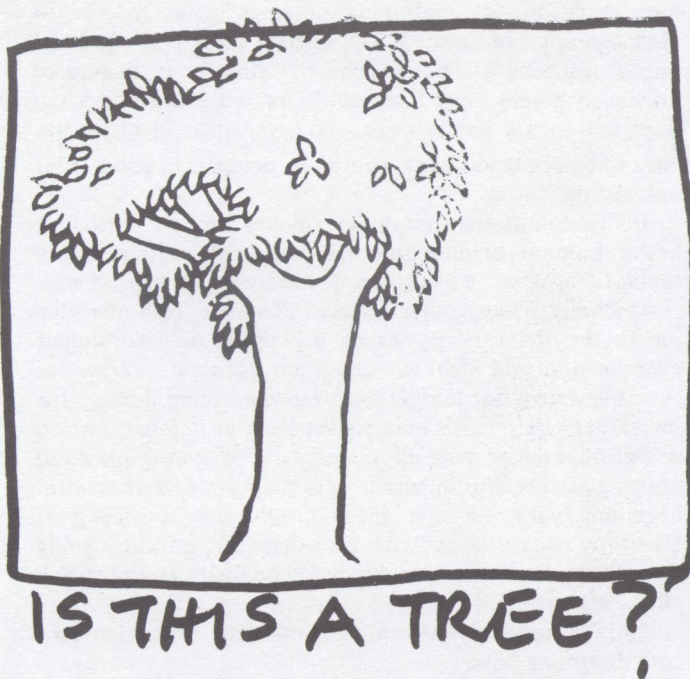
"Glad you like it but look you see his place here." It rocked over to another door flinging wide and beyond again the stark geometry and linear grotesque of apparatus old Boreas with his realitoys. He shook his head and commenced resuming the patterplexity of the intraformity Wechsel hovered.

"He wouldn't mind you seeing it not if I let you I don't quite know how he strikes you but he's really a very kind man a very very kind man indeed a thinker and keeps himself very clean insists that I keep myself clean too finds you lot very unhygienic you're not a real prophet are you you don't somehow look the part I reckon my boss will come up with the solution to the world's troubles I do I really do he works all night sometimes goes without sleep I never saw such a saintly man."

State blood group and whether you have ever been donor or donator of blood.

"He's trying to synthesise Hydrogen 12 that's what he's doing in there says the Rhine river is the main artery of the body corporate analogous to an actual organism which with a chain contraction would convey Hydrogen 12 from source to mouth and thus infect all over and spread from Germany out into the oceans and eventually the whole-world would profit from his inversion and never no more by any deviation from the popper and orderly way of life you ought to speak to him about it oh it's a real privilege to work for such a splendid man and for such a splendid man and for such a splendid uniformed official man of which the human race is capable is caperble is cape-er-bull!" All this vocal accompaniment to a sort of sweeping jig about the black-forested room with a lightly pointed jacktoe fluttering and the odd coy pirouette to saint's unheeding back.

DOWN BEHIND THE parallel bars they took some semi-physical jerks at guitars and howled an improvised stave in memory of colour and the wild-headed



moment. To the bargemen this music clumped by me over the liquid hydrogen 12 with a fine echoing prison flow as if the great stone creature finally foundered its voice in its tailpiece.

Above all that Meinherr Laundrei revealed himself from under the white parcel and took an oblation in a blackforestscented bath with Wechsel to perform the mastaging dry him compulsively and clad him in a flowing white towelling bathrobe with white matching leather-boots

ermine-lined. So came he glowing forth unto his feathered captive now sitting by the deep-eyed window watching natural France gobble off the golden phallus of the sun.

"Before I go to labour all night in my what I jokingly call my private den of stinks—cracklehund Hirst makes with the musculature—you and I Herr Charteris will have a discussion on philosophy and the sexual dynamic for in this little beleagured miniskirt of empire where we repel the frontiers with jockstrips against such penny barbarous tribes as the cascaders penisenvy sagacity as whores hardon to come by." Coughing clearing throttle wattle and daubed crimson uncontrollable freudian slipway fazing him.

Groping in drawer of desk sitting down heavily letting robe flap bringing out in fist mighty cigars. "Pardon, we must be good buddies and talk with proper form and usury, nict war. Have a nice big Lungentorpedo."

"Don't use tobacco."

"Well you should. Smoke always smoke keeps me calm in this duration of stress yes very good for the nerve scenters and concentrates the mind on the objection—here take one!"

"I don't use the stuff!"

"We will see who uses it and who doesn't. Hirst get the Schnaps!"

"Immediately master."

"Hurry you fool!" He stood glowering in towelling the boy came and trembling poured two measures from the bottle then adroitly downed the measure through an open throat calling simultaneously for more and shouting for one for Charteris.

"It's just prison poison." Tipping it on the wood floor.

"Insulting dog!" He swinging a ham in clever textbook demonstration of anatomical leverage connecting with physiognomy of seated opponent with consequential impact carrying victim off chair continuity of energy in previously steady state universe. "That will teach you when your betters try to show you courtesy men in dirty rags have to be polite and look after their manners in good order now get up!"

He rises and the giantkiller smokes himself back into better humour behind grey self-made curtain haze finally saying, "Now we will discuss privately my sex problems. Hirst kindly make yourself scared. You see for a man like me in the the very power of my prime used to violent exercise and and shall we say such constant hobbies as swordplay and horseriding even since extreme infancy for my father was a harsh man a great believer in mortification and also if I say so with all modesty a profound thinker and unrecognised scientific genius who may yet save the world beginning with our own blessed soil—come I show you about my stinks den as I talk—and these rare gifts also going gland in glove with great administrative qualities and strong gift of leadership—Hirst!"

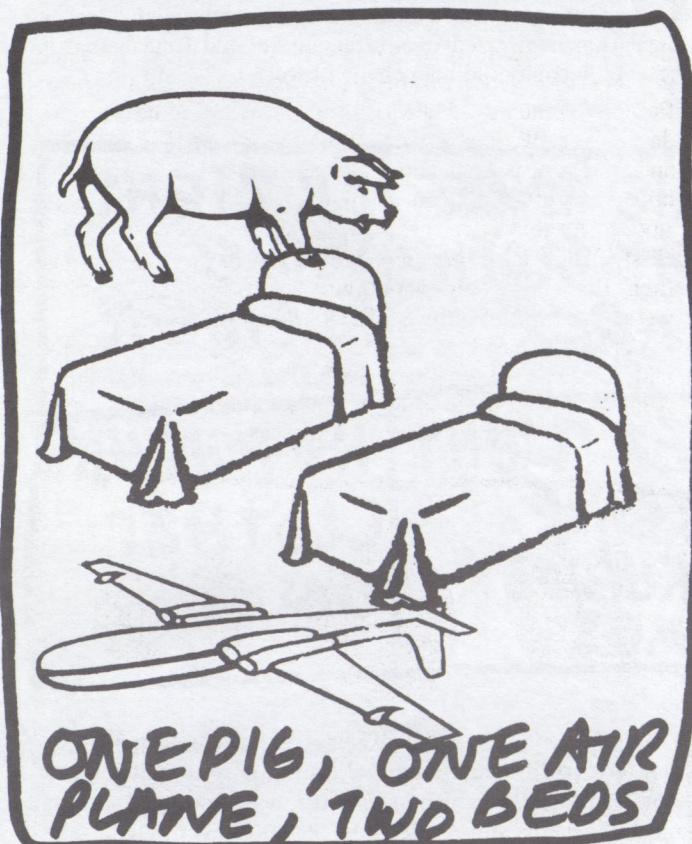
"Sir!" Anxious nose only round door executing own cute disarming bow.

"Have I not strong gifts for leadership?"

"The strongest."

"Go!" Marching into the laboratory waving the torpedo like a wand at the alchemaic impedimenta lowering voice to his own reverne, "All these rare qualities Charteris rare qualities and yet how shall I say. Though I am so bushy with all these shemes I am tornamented by the sins of the flesh and in this as all things I am outrageous and priapic it is a torment to me for how can I be holy its the one aspect of leadership I perceive immediately that you have and I

have not for its the sex centre perpetually overheating. Naturally once I have mangled to synthesise my Hydrogen 12 and release it in the Rhine then all such tortures will be at the end and then we stump out sex altogether stump it



out you hear—" he tripped over a snaking cable and grasped the workbench. "In a properly functioning world this random element will not be introduced but till then in my torment I ask you what sort of help sort of help you are a seer and prophet can give me that is an order I give for the positive assasstance of mankind if you want my assasstance on future."

"Would the truth awaken you or your serpent?"

"I am a depraved man though a hero and savant and great leader. Save me from that snake-in-my-grass I need your truth."

"It is import to know if you have the Kundalini—"

"Yes yes I admit I have practiced that vile sin and fallen into many fellacious ways so how am I to lead if I am led by my unruly part."

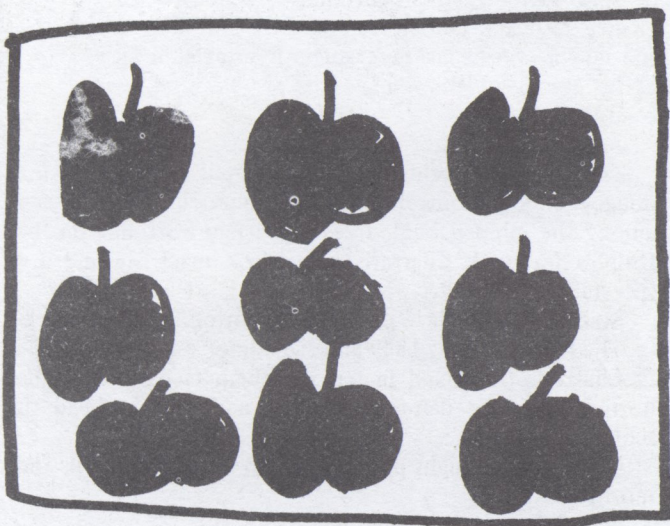
Gurdjieff also that sly old city shaman in his worn slippers smiled under his moustache at similar questions always coming back—eternal recurrence and the nostalgia of constantly repeated for people of lost possibilities who had drawn away into a deeper dust. His truth could be told to Laundrei in such a way as to defeat him and keep him in G & O powerlessness.

"Sex is a normal and natural way to horness energy and create further possibilities in the organisms. Being alpervasive like hydrogen it forts one of the main springs of the multi-valued and self-creating fuzziness so we find philosophicantly that everything people do connected with sex—politincs reliction art theatre music is all sex. People go to the theatre or church or sport event not for its own sake but simply because there in the crowds of men and women

is the centre of gravity of sex. That's why people go to any meeting or occasion or military rally. You are merged each more than you note. So you see sex is the principal motive force of all mechanicalness. Hypnosis depends upon it. So you must ledgerdemise more room for this extralactivity among your other rattributes so become more mechanical."

"So!" Dragging in a fever on the torpedo sucking down the smoky poison of the GO-warning. "So! Mechanicalness yes the great modern force all working with the bene-ficiency of the machination. That is how it will be when the day dawns. We'll strop this nonsense of astral bodies then and the whispering anoise of spirituality—only physical bodies aloud then. You are right. I will be glad and make myself machinelike." He strode up and down. "Hirst!" Hirst. "Hirst take this saint and lock him up in a singlecell then first thing tomorrow we will make one last little testicle and see how the godhead manages miracles."

As they paced through the dim stonebone maze Wechsel said, "I don't know what you did to him but I can tell he's going to be a devil tonight I'm half scared to go back



there." Leaving Charteris in a dark locked place returning to his manchine.

Charteris lying back recalled as best he could the immortal conversation and foxy old G saying to his disciples that mechanicalness was the destroyer as he well knew and sex not mechanicalness when itself and not masquerading—pure when pure evil when self-deceiving and here he had helped in the disintegration of Laundrei in real G style.

ONCE RECURRENT MORE experience of night in which a planet rounds its imagrained edges and sky blanks like an eyelid or the minds downcast clearing heavens daze echoes playback the dischard progrim in drems highspield Discofete

But steamputteed kommandant made brief apparition at his bunkside to announce to Charteris half-awaken yar the saints woods of advice will be utilised to tranceform the polizei more mechanical he must also himself become roboterotic marshalling already phalliscallthenics for daily parade. Drill square all pressure and corrupt piston pulling pushing with electronic force jackoff-booted polizei will present forearms pre zent fore ARMS perfect eunision now massturbashing on the march commense updown updown updown keep the tumessence there you in the rear wank

that man links links links reckt links stick out your chesticles there prick up the undressing in front no shooting before I give the command shoot or there will be someone up on a dishcharge.

So the penal square shakes to footdrilling objection of personelity like the sparce wilderness pillowing forth and all the prarie under plough cracking thorowing up fooldrilling objects anjy

old coffins craking ramshack doors grimd open where look grabbling mummies of skeletall desire the nocterning dead hold to themselves weathered wallflowers in sepia phornogravure with my lurching steps forced farce-to-farce grimcracking incumberland heavies waddled I barely foot it down into trumpery old decade church protestine that the sign mislaid my tread shell of smellarage

furflying estumnal dust all all round all excrucimation of the impalid rose out ostone damp damp sump turannean roomour me my arms outstranked shaden light shaden light makes motet anthemist clearing reviles three of the gravure mumbo's jumble fearwards at me futhorks in their scrulls two intently loading on me trumperished raiment with schoden goods hairglooms one whose armoured hanks all sack-wristed one a serafemale in the oldem broildered light and third fligger blackly small in fumireal drapery trans-ponting water before him flauting to transfuse me from this fissure I at his viscage of necromericy cream I with object tennor openjewl before the three am eam rem ream cream scream screaming

He startled up at shaking shoulderhand and there was his penumbral cell and Herr Laundrei amoured in white no colour anywhere from dreams. The oiled daze echoes pluckback of shadey freudulence.

"You—creaking out holy man don't toll me your nighmars!"

"They were three here—"

"I I have watched and parayed all nightlong now morning climes again and I must make a last taste of you."

"What is the test to be?"

"You will see."

Charteris pushed aside the rancid blanket and stiffly stood. Nobody spoke or thought of food mindgruel was concentrated on leverage of limb and closed probability.

So clammy-early it was in the great stone creature that men lay bedburied in the gravy of yesterday only the kommandant and saint burned two sallow candles of constriction. Starextinguishing light here laid its loot aside and stood mourning on stoney vigil. As they descended greyshot down stonesteps from the cells no waking sounds splashed. Although my snuffering bids me stay. Out by a small rear door stabbed by foggy chill with brainwitching-day sucking the cobbled stains and gutter round the yellow corner to confront the bleak new year of morning with a wide submersed expanse flat wash of water chimera on which adrift a phlotasm of opalque eddifices.

Black maimed thing rising from the closed front steps bulging towards them gestures and some tone returns.

"Angeline! In disembroidered night you waiting for a skiff on this translucid tide?"

She ransacked and clung to him her stark touch finding him substantial. "Colin, darling. Oh Colin, you did come for me I knew you would! They said there was a state law against women having babies in prison—'No women allowed to have babies in state prison' as if it was okay for men—so they locked me out—I've been in some state—"

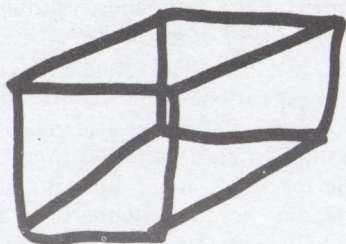
"It's the crossroads they nail us just this marlarky day."

"Colin I've been so frightened—"

"Malady love we're all nervended in this imposition."

Herr Laundrei spoke firmly, "We are busy, lady. Stand back, enjoy your compulsory freedom while it has you or there will be worse trouble we can always eject you back across the rational frontier. Stand back."

"Wait I'll be retiding." He turned towards the misty Rhine of low points to avoid her gravied eyes. "On such a morning like water flowing from everyone's head the old hopeless human thing that made misery humantic."



OPEN THE BOX

"Stand back from him, woman!"

He a thing seen with no direct looking always looming trailing scented metallic dust seizing of joints and the nervending christendoom of the epoch.

"Colin, leave this crimped luniform let's get away—Colin you hear me? What speedy offense are we supposed to?"

"Ploughed up mummies grappling in the density of this nether atmosphere demanding me if I own the upper tributes." Or with fullbellying sail becalms my prowed course into the lumonstricity.

Kommandant with slicing motion fends her off uttering low counter-revolutionary cyclic sounds designatory of machinery and with his grasp quick leftrightleftmotorvates his figurehead forwards through the pall across with every step the verge the lined lanes of astrobahn the marchens of the wide crewcut embanks the ruhig waters of dark-thighed Rhine all veiled by low uncertain mornlight.

Here the phull-dicked imaginings of galaxies lie raped to ashes.

Now I embark with each step on a new voyage these patterned halls know that entranced exits lie cell-to-cell and on these borning ghats ripples ever spreading outwards to the banks of death my personality strikes to every second of time's encompassment with the ouspenskian eye drowsing in light of this multipacity infinite riches of a god one human tread.

On dark grey muscles Loreldrei mechs to the edge of the shrouded flood and beckons stands ramrigid in the rigmilrole and utters "I do believe you are a divine leader come again to lead and you shall find me pillar of discipline rather than discussion greater the force the more obedience demanded test myself to the utmost as we gather in intensity and momentum with all inner conflicts canalized and final unification I will be the new man of steel in your crusade but to you saint John beloved disciplin bare to beat about and a whipping boy to all else steelsteel your right hand man march and convert and "Hydrogen 12 molecu-

larising the regiments of converts and no sex but autosex the machineries" again restore correct government superstructure everywhere under one leader for united world realisation of paradise."

Thus grandiloquently gesturing he might himself have advanced buoyantly upon the flood so ravelwrapped in the heavy swaddle of futurity or peering into more than mist. But checked himself on the bank and elevated both hands for the pelissed shore.

"Give the last proof I need walk across to neutral Frank shore and back again on the waters! Show me a miracle!"

He Charteris peered into the mist of all precarious passages one perhaps no more than others or bird's flight unmarked through solvent air the golden hind through antipodean mazes seeing self-photographs peel off in fluttering disarray disgorging by hair's gesture from the previous one with he the unknown triggering agentdealer. Which way was forwarmths? In this multi-perceptual cosweb was there still again as in the old maths world a unirection? Or he autostarring across a fresh infirmament? How many discarded duplicants of time how many sparky charges switched their currents turned awry or this big chance mist and he here in obscurity and discard with the sun set for ever its last rays caught in mottled iron.

But wet feet? Webbing?

Walking.

And bursting out of the old limits.

The assumed world had its own appuisances. From the dodgy vapours butterknifed one blunted braid of sun among the clipped bank trees. Lit a figure striding on the Rhine's far bank Charteris in a black mack sly and dry spectral.

Staring double glaze of Laundrei tottering on the brink.

The figure looking back and signalling.

Charteris transfixed in terror. Jebem te pas mater! the horrors still my damned slavonik addled acid head of schizogod!

Optic skull thought pertifozzing up through eyestrils and morifices

crapulolsar welkanschauung

my cerebelly mindwind blowing it

fling yourself in and end this false baptistry of self.

But Laundrei screaming with a forged belief cried Paradise

closed his eyes

fell two paces to the left

revelation

vision triumphing over event

Gibbering sprawling he fell to the ground spotted the master's feet clutched his ankles splurged his pedestrian kisses there crying as if all contractions were miracles and madness an escape from self. Then reeling up he took to his own heels and plodded automadly back to Polizei H.Q.

'Angeline with feathers in her lair moved thinly through the washout bearing her female burden and kneeling by him on the cobbles gazing down on man's first disobedience and the fall-out of our mortal minds lifted his head from the rhinestone and cradled it.

"Oh my exile darling how the splashes flecked me from the down and you too on the very verge my love my lover love."

"Angela listen what alternatives. . . Either I walked across the water or else we are finally ruinous of the mind and gluttony starting at the head fleshes out my phantasms."

"There there my love we all must fight our way in and

out the misticuffs remember it's the PSA bombs isn't it?"

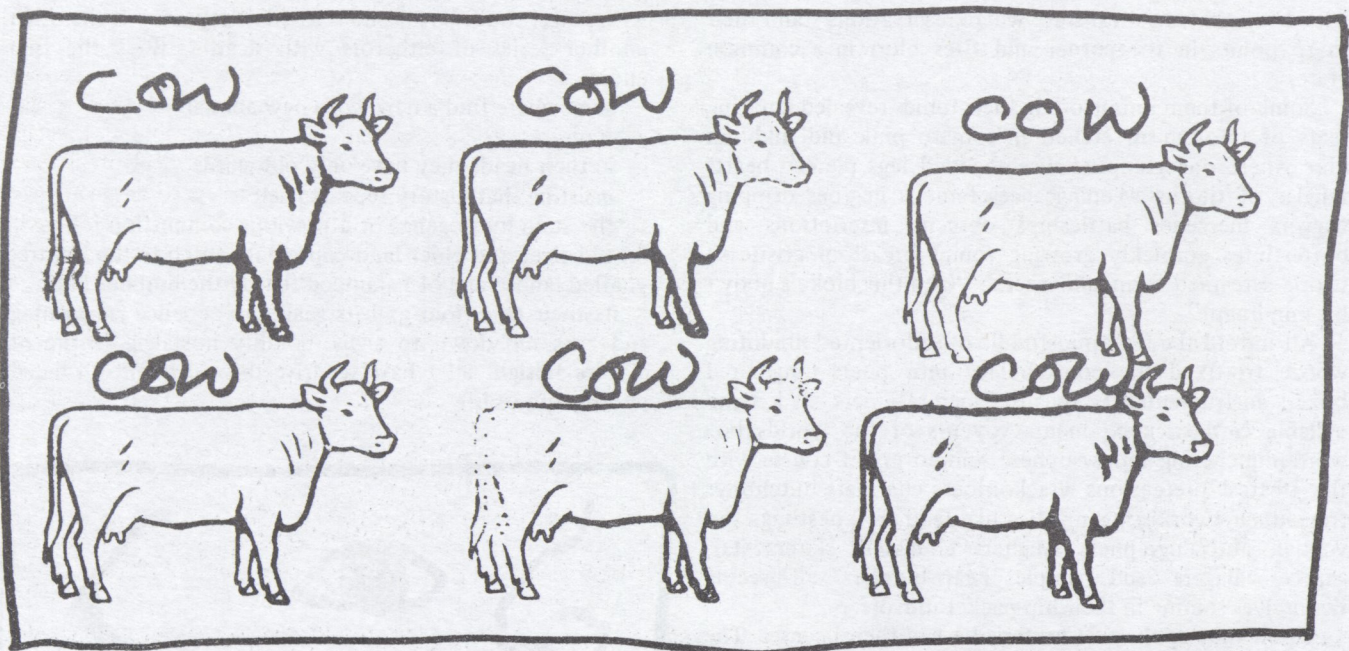
"But what effect who knows for sure any more than when the first brain blossomed who was there to cry for Kosovo. If that effect gives new alternatives I may have walked across the water and be mad the same time."

"We'll get away we'll go away. South it's Switzerland

cheering fantiks and they'll crucify you."

"I creamed openjewelled at his vision over the water but the chance is just variable. Woman be more multi!"

"Don't jeer at me who's in the family way by you you'll go the way of all saviours and they'll crucify you. They always need another crucifixion."



and the cooler air less loony-lunged."

"But perhaps I must counter terms with what I am or else stand starving at my own feast. This polizei man with his sagging wrists and lungentorpedos will escalade me to the flowerpitching streets of capital cheering and I in blessing raised above the motorcade my hand over all more multi-valued in their addleation crying Charteris Paradise and liberating them all their eyelids autolipped with my celestine kiss and my driving words echoed at every di-stamped intake."

"Colin it's not for you. You remember how they godded you."

"That altobreasted egocade lives in every man's addle."

"Not you not you my love."

"The only but is but can I go where they have godded me when the green sparkling fuse of belief burns in their mansions not mine that's my question my heart-baling one that you can't answer what happens when the contagion comes from them to me and not from me to them will I tire of its simplicity their cheers merely a form of invalid silence?"

On the old backterial bed his wise big toe wagged to the moulitude.

He sat up bedraggled and round their human shoulders the shawls of mist drew away in sepia although underground the new animals in rotted lead rodged and rutted in obscurity.

"Stay with me privately away from chariots, my lovebird keep on our autocade into the cool bewildernesses of the Alps." I too have my presentiments to express and he could have been stark to the fanaticides of marching menchen a word of leadership the old ambitions gleam its better a ruined mind than the old agonisms they still wait by the reeded bank and that flat white sluggy bastart "Colin you take that escalading way into the capital with clouds of

He turned his twilight into her pregnant eyes at the disturbance there transfixtured by her word. "Is it another eternal recurrence then? Series of fake christs on series of faked crosses? How's the multiplicity figure?"

Her head shook the ragged locks of it like dishabitation. "Don't ask me Colin my old dad was a christian. He used to spout like Christ had the new idea of individual salve instead of massalve so they killed him—that sort of spiritual crap."

"Spiritual crapitalism eh. Gogetting what you have you hold like the world's big dealers but that's all done now. The individual's chunks fall off. Nothing holds." He looked to the sunken ground in wan contemplay with cheeks shagged.

She touched him. "Even for a faked christ it's réal death's real isn't it so?"

The blackmacked figure dry and inspectral in the mindwind.

Standing he found which side of the river he stood and surely never on that neutral shore a trick of light. Under the sawn plane trees he coldly said to her "Go and sprout by stone dam of dross I want to think."

You pulverise the mere shadow of cerebral shade she cried at him but then less bitterly with an clouded smile not to torture himself or believe she would not wait. More and more garments he wore she kept the faith that they stood secretly naked to each other. Occasional felicities many corners.

THE PARALLEL BARS still had a whichsidedness and that morning at wurst-time the mix-up again occurred so that captor and captive could not determine their roles except by elaborate reference beyond their bother. They fed well and in the pale pulped meat anyone could spit out the odd punctueating fingermail helped on by pepper

seasoning and nature's whichsideness of eater-eaten question.

On the dull air any bruised noses healed and oiled calm of illusion deadened buttons that otherwise shone spite. The big heavies had hip inside them which slowly rolled to fuzzier beats as they warmed to acid freakuency one polizei sang moonjune songs four hours at a standing.

It was anything time to undergo the elemental rituals of friendship that mystical state where reservations stand their sharp points in the corner and fires blurr in a common grate.

Some of them unbuttoning their tunics revealed amazing feats of tatotemism etched in tomato pink and inkblink blue where one glimpsed disembedded legs pierced hearts tangles of thorns weeping faces famous negroes dripping daggers mercedes battleships obscene inscriptions and butterflutes gothickly growing round breast or gristle so Gloria screamed from underneath "Ooh this bloke's body's his mindmap!"

All untold the fey atmosfuddle of selforiented libidoting wooze trixfixed the constabulary into poets longhaired boxers instrumentalists vocalists meditationers on a semi-syllable card trick-exponents voyeurs of the worlds box word-munchering fellowsphere semi-lovers of course with the greatest pretensions wrackonteurs charmers butchboys frenchmen twotkissing mystics like-feathered nestlings van vogtian autobiographers laughers chucklers starers star-gazers villagers and simple heart-burglars all seeing themselves shining in their hip-pocket mirrors.

Often they spoke of Charteris he had their licenses. The wind blew from his direction.

At the same time a dead leaf whisked through the circle of vision over the step and was gone into the darkness that always surrounded the circle of vision. But none of the watchers any longer cared for the old movements.

To these unguarded guards now came packed and stamped Laundrei with his Hirst Wechsel perched on an epaulette squealing he "Heraus heraus" and Paulette "Up you tumbling bitches" all over the brothel-mongering assheadquarters to sprinkle them across the parryground.

Soon the ribble-rabble were hearing the glad news that out of the thicket a ram rumpling upwards Charteris was son of god and would groove a hand in the march on Frankfurt and Bonn and Berlin and cheers from the unbelieving believers saying on to Moscow what about Moscow assisted of course by his pop those present and the secret weapong Hydrogenous 12 and and new ornamated selfrepelled Supersex mascodistic marchers but whatever the band played each had his own tune.

"These hyenas no longer have any respect for the state," angrily crying Laundrei.

"Nor the individual either"—Wechsel turning into a cockatoo and brightly fluttering into the tropical foliage underhead.

UNDER THE SAWN-OFF planes he passed with a certain tread certain tread certain tread patterning their well-drawn branches spick span spick span how long to pass this one memorise its meaning shape how long to pass this one memorise its meaning shape how long to pass or its internal shape the banal is grotesque

these trees automated in their neat dressing
roots ploughing through eternal metal and asphalt
cracking

three old figures cryptic
robbing me robbing me

the lights of other daze

in the nerved networks and elastic roadways of me is the traffic passing for thought but this eternal recurrence of trees signals me that no decision is possible that decision is impossible for everything will come again back to the same centre

alternatives must be more multi-valued than that I either go with Kommandant on his hosanno domination or speed with Angel south but if one crossed martyranny if the other another series of eitherors with death always the first choice

somewhere find a new word new animal

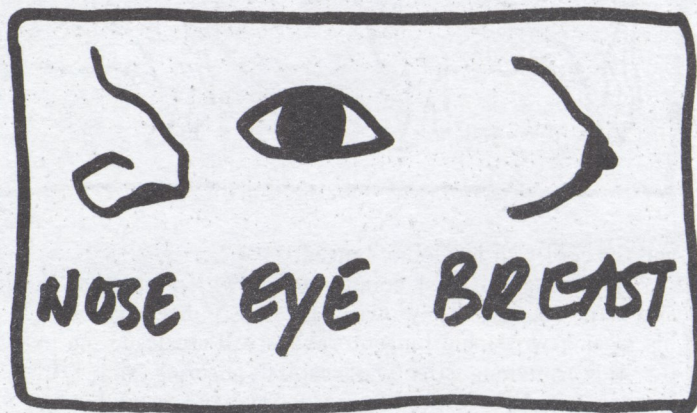
transgress

in their heads they have only old words

insisting that history repeats itself

the stale hydrogenes of a previous combustion rolling in an old river and elder landscape footprinted to the last tree gnarled landscape of I stamped flat by the limbous brain

its their behaviour and its geared experience is lessening and cuts me down to sighs morality nostalgia sentiment closure falsight all I have to drive through their old faded photograph of life



how that crumbling nightdream thunderclouds round my orizons

He looked up hand on the trunk of the last tree before the square opened heavy swaddled and spring held jack-nifed in the winds.

Growing in the Rhine perspective was fumirealdrapery sly and dry figurative—

the confructation? the momentum of truth?

It grew and in the daggered sublight clearly personed the familiar was the merely familiar Crass the once-agent ex-drapist pusher scampfollower lost or fled when Brussels blurned showing his teeth now in a smile of grating.

"The eternal returns" said Charteris. Up and down the bare bole spring's first flies crawled over the corse of winter. Over the supplicatory amputree they hastened towards infinite points of intersexion and in the top cropped branches thudded his great blackmacked bird leashing its vulturine feathers claws beaks calling through its raw red wurst of neck.

"Master forgive me you must have thought my feet were in the eternal flying dust and the impaled rose from my sumpturanean stool."

"I don't want to talk of decay."

The fustian feathers held a small vibration. "Who knows what will talk or decay when all people your paradise of multi-valour. I have kept faith under my wigspan and my grations led me here to you. Your servant still."

"I don't want to talk Cass so come down from that Judas tree the looming decision of all direction and to make something new devise from under that old moustache where the people of lost possibilities drawn into deeper dusk where the parallel bars have no in or out."

So Cass took his arm and said "I know of your systemstrain. You're hung up on a curve. Earlier when the mists were shipping to the tugladen mouth I saw and signalled you across the flux but you had other directions. I am too poorly without potension to flutter up into your tree of notice but you are as rich as a new Christ in populous and you must not park here by the rivenstribes but autocass on to domination and the world your word."

"Cass off! Back into the bare branches!"

"No I tell you winging the way to my master your humble serpent boarded with an old widowed impoverished official who in his long-rowed rooms above the Alzette ravines lodges two coachdrivers and a filling station owner he tells me how the continent fills into small strifes for lack of leadership—"

"Cass—"

"Speak at the world's megaphone Master. These small strifes are your larger bartlefield. Pay the big taxi fare. Talk out the lungs cancer. Rocket right up the lordly astralbahn. Flush the worlds motions into your own bowl and I'll back you."

The door of the big square refrigerator burst open as Angeline came in upon her metatarsals her chicken bones and plum eyes and the whole different meaning of sunlit succour sumpt.

"Hello Cass I thought we'd lost you. Colin the fat

connections between love and death. He saw through. Dropped. Turned human.

To them he grew bearded beaded and feathered. Primal. Behind them the old grey square and fineformed town hall of an earlier clockage rich in history sauce now served in bright plumage as it flowered to his wisdom.

"Listen the multi-valued answer. All resolved. I had it in my dream turning down the old clothes." Then mute in his wonderment so she asked him darling?

"Whatever you all think you think you all think in the old stale repeating masadistrick Judeo-Christian rhythm because its in your bloodshed. Be rich as Christ indeed. But Croesus Christ to me is pauperised an old figment and just another capitalist lackey whose had our heads isn't it? It's the histiric recess over and over a western eternal recurrence of hope and word and blood and sword and Croesus vitimises your thinkstreams." Continued in this blastheme of Christ Plutocrat schekeelgrabbing bled-white christendamn till Cass fluttered.

"I don't believe in him Master you know that."

"No difference. History jellied and you can't drip out. You're hooked in his circuit and the current circulates." Bigger than the first tiny Metz web so it grew in his mind another layer yet of Europlexion and walking along Troitsky Street he saw the old dimensions all shagged out and Christ on the clockwork cross with in his sly brown eyes that frantic glimpse of progress on the astralplane and from our deathbeds that vanvogotian upward surge into heaven's arms. All transdacted in the following lanes to metaphysical materials of the insurance steam shovelling society and the space race.

"Colin love the world doesn't just begin anew my baby will have to have the past to build on and rebuild."

"Breathing the old west dust and breathing out the old west dust. No. That old ethic-ethnic LSD has automated us two thousand years and now the fracture there's been a dislocation so let's jump it from the steamcross and say for ever farewell to that crazy nailedup propheteer. Look girl I don't refuse to go your way or refuse to go Laundrei's way or refuse to go Cass's way or refuse to go any way. I refuse to hit the worn-out Creased or anti-creased way. For me new tracks and stuff the old ding-dong the belfrey-belt."

She was shaking her head running her toe in the dust as if tracing out a hieroglimpse of some secret there.

"You're mad Colin honey it not just Christ and all that it's a bit different for you 'cos you're a Serb there are mountains in between but the West thing we're still on a Greek trajectory."

"The Greek thing was okay but it would have got nowhere without the sufferinfusion of our nazerining friend embodying the rags to riches poorman's son outtalk outsmart white-house-in-the-sky trouble-stirring miracle-working superman and then pow-pow-kersplat-but-oh-boy-on-the-third-day punch-line echoed ever since by every comicstirup."

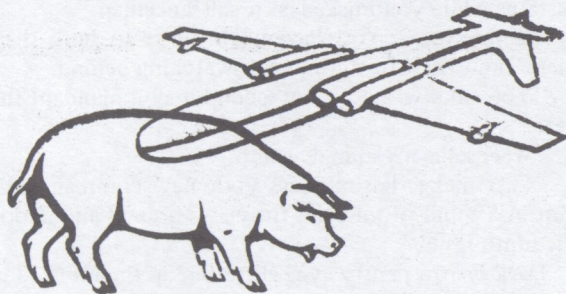
"Master Master you can't change all that." Trembling out a little reefer and suckling on a long light in viperbeak. "Only through leading."

"I can't change it but it changed itself when the sprinklerbombs came now we live in a wornout mode and the old Glenn Miller musicrap still canting us out of a new canticle."

"Lead us only away Master we'll follow in blind belief!"

"Leading is out makes blindness and the old swingdom of heaven is just a slopporific."

AIRPLANE AND PIG



commander is letting the boys unlocked in a sort of panjandramonica and what are we going to do?"

Flighting off the carrion cross he took her and half-kissed her murmuring nonnegotiable relishing the bold bare bones in her.

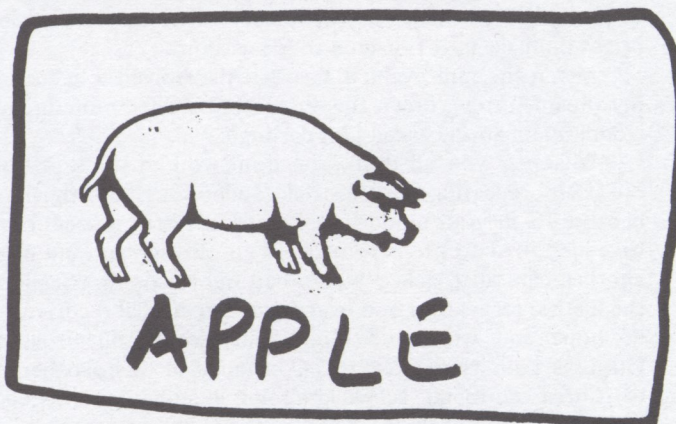
"Oh Angeline I see you're still among the favoured I wish you'd tell the master to unpack his oysterand smash the saviour-part into a real crusade."

"That's all nonsense. We're trying to turn into human beings first."

Beady he preened among his black scales. "Body's so womanish and nothing beyond. You want him all to yourself don't you you selfish bitch but times change and he's got nothing to lose it's not like I mean the Germans aren't the Romans are they or—"

But blank. World of total silence. Box off. He had his fix with the elemental and the deep dischian roots under the eternal subsurface where they sleepwalked and the elegant

She saw him new on a fought decision. She saw him. She saw he saw himself. He saw himself new. Still lying but deeper lies? Mirror distortions embedded? Every moment its equivocation like a tile pattern she saw him new. In the



omniparaculus she heard him defrock Christ.

From Cass's ears the smoke poured and the tiny chambers even the metatarsals in a big big scald like the church of England burning up its bullion of belief and he craftily slipping out of the transvestory vanishing into the haze as if exorcised.

She had been conjured. Solemnly by one arm taking him she moved up to a nearby passing mountain and there cried solemn anger that he ploughed up every midnight corpse that ever fell to make them die again. Charteris laughed knowing she had never seen inside a church. She swore. The oaths in banners marched the mountainside. She had born him long enough his womanising his slobishness his selfhood and the godding. Now this was a farther pitch his mock at the Son.

"That mountainsader is just another glen-miller in the new beat. Nostalgia died of drinking embalming floud hey? Drop out that's all, Angelbird. Dig that everything else has already dropped. Play to a new music right and dance to another measure down your long within. Either you come with me or you don't but I cant stand halfway up this mutterhorn."

Scratching her head covering up sad for all losses she alone locatered for. "Its Cass Colin Cass I'm afraid of youre so helpless he just a paracide to any order he might do for you you know he emanates the old iscarrot role."

He gestured to the band as they materialised into the plass. "Ive the job for him."

Now the tumblebellies on the bangledrums were all in advance and buashing autos percussed cymballically all heads on the anonymass.

So now he warmed on the ticking of another prayer wheel turning in his stream and all the faces blowing to him were with their petals and the bloom of youngyouth cheeking them. So now was he not crusoad in this islanded desertion and some would carry onto his farshore. So now though his foot had taken not a step with wings he sent his mark scudding across the printless beaches. So now he grew her elbowing arm as the force came on.

Hurryburlyng Laundrei came on the surge with the autociples but Charteris stopped them. Climbed onto a bench under a sign that told the miles to Frankfurt old cosy sign made metal from the long attic store in thought. Waved his arms caught cheers. People scuddling like leaves under his farsight.

Told them: Here I was in another vision.

Here through me the world tumbled to a new termin-

ator.

Here we begin a new age the postpsychotomimetic age free from old shittoleths and the grey grimmages stripped off.

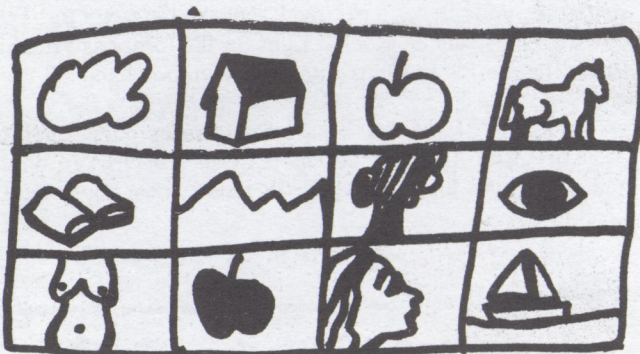
Here the nails scattered from my hands and fingers.

In the square they milled and sledded. The body hair buttressed and limbs rebuddied. What they heard they herded and sluice-juices ran underfoot. Ages went down into oceanic undertow. Civilians poured in and the old grey and biscuit buildings titaniced down into a glacial cobblesea. Inunvation of hands. Churning flowermotion with an eddying scruffle here and there among the one-backed beats.

Laundrei always more antiflowered asked "Whats the vision when we move?"

"Now its your blastoff down the astrabahn to the straits of power while the wind blows favourable on your high traject. All go who will and nobody constrained. I stay here."

"No"—ship without figurehind and he launched into the long machineries of a vocal group while others also had their temperature until finally Charteris.



"It was my vision you astracade it while in me it just sustains while you image last renaissanceman."

"*Scheisskopf!* You havent the grits to junk the melement" and Hirst fluttering and swatching behind.

"You take with you my second-in-commandant the Cass here."

"Wechsel is my aide-de-camp."

"Cass makes liason. Cass your new commandeer keeps him in a mind of miracles the claws pruned and darkness at the ninth hour."

Dark brown pantry eyes glistening up the mottled cliff of medalled white seeking lodgement. "Meinherr glad to be of service and tote the—"

"Action man and the junkered footfill all autobreasted with all joints in my pistongrip right? Right. Herr Charteris we go to escalate in the name of glory and unity. We shall meet again. Men! Men! Follow men! Action! Scramble! Form paltroons! Clap to ventricles! Astrabahn and utopia!" Cass and Wechsel astraddlediddle as the revvrevvrevving struts.

"Hydrogen 12 be with you" pronounced.

Saluters.

Now espousing their autos the deutschlanded gentry marry boot to rod hand to bar knee to rod bum to seat helter to skelter in a barrackroar of infective warcalls. The autocaders also spark their plugged enzymes and batter backwards into the crass planes curling bumpers and blue monoxide wolves through the pack like feral till everyones legs or wheels. But Soldier Burton comes to Charteris "Hey you want your little master race girl any longer?"

"The name?"

"Your little master race girl Elsbeth?"

"Shes Jewish

They use to call that the master race.

No that was the Germans.

I forgot. Another world. You want her.

You want her you take her you going on with Laundrei?

Looking around at everything and the revvobles with the groups starting up the Famineers and Deutchofiles and a quick brainscan. We got to orient with the action dont let grass go under our teeth eh its a lawn of asia.

Briefly they made palmhistry. High road. Low road. Scotland afore ye. Never meet again. There that we all parted. Frankfurt sign. Poxeaten possibilities.

So the acceleration of mechanical joybox and the old footdown gag of essolution. Jerk of cerebral juices destiny carvotring down the long within and the crazy internal kilometrage a brown near black masteracing. On the bumpers nestled the new animal plural in solidity and near life as the pinballing progress meshed from the plass. Lopped tree lopped tree lopped tree loppedtree lopptree stood ruinously neat the clibbered rectungstone cobbles the red rodentures of the town hall biting sky the buildings semisubmerged on their shoals and all else gone as the battery of the calvalcade dwongled except for a handful of people.

We got the message we got the jahrwohl too damn right cobber message live life all round multi get the police off our necks justice for the chronosome level. So saying the crowd ribbled off to destruct and debuild while around the sign stood emotionless zeroberd gouts of low point X.

Now beneath riotous torches in shelfence sank the brontostructures agin the rathaus and gaunt grandosaurs down under the cobblesea still burning and on the tide big stone forests bursting green and the newstalls into monkey-boxen all verdure trumpling brack out the Rhain to what was in uttered mindchaos downwards.

The saint with Angelina trundling uplands. On the way to his red banshee all yellowspeckle as of toads belly-upwoods squeeeping to right themselves and chunks falling off the western wold where the alternatives feralled. The car lumbering and she mutely asking where drained.

Now the gnawses drying out of his head as the thought procession conts its indepungence. To live with people Anj be with people love them hate their userpenting sleep.

So you still breathe the jesuspirations!

Get disenstrangled this good bit with Chrise eh for gods ache its not for me that or you or anyone else ever agame that deathorglory boy the arrowget richquick hot cross boy hes all foiled up verture with crudelty and permanan revel oution of our clockwatch west so now we break the square old charmed cycle. Be not do Anj be not do.

Between every jawful of phraise to lived life he trod again the uncertain footage of his film seeing how it all fell in eternal recurrences and eddies of beening and borning with the everetrancing of steps tidewas in time to the opening pith of verture where the goahead geton-or-getout of caputulist christ was turd to multivled matture of sidetraced goodstince.

And between every jawful of phraise the banshee crumbled under the chundering glearbox to grow up into deeply scarlet peony by the sacred roadslide where they finely went on foot with Anjie meandearring her golden grey goose beside her it in its beak holding gently to her smallest twigged fingure.

Beneath them turned a greenfused planet where foliage unscrewed itself from the earthworld and they afflicted by

its field down to the last gaussroot of being. The wayfarers on their way youngbuds straplings or grey elders were parted of that earthworld and she by this soothed Angey recovered her wits and said to saint in a recurrent phrase

All the known noon world loses its old staples and everything drops apart. You should show us how to keep a grip until the bomfact wears thin and fight the growing forest.

When there was no forest were mocks-up of forest. When no PCAs organised religions as mocks-up of the personal paradise. Learn it angel not too hardly that the ferrocities of white officegoers had to crackup and tuck your city inside the only building is. Even in old concretions there pattered those our starcasters who went barefoot to the real experience hold their faith.

Expurience of drugged disorient.

Disorient we want and the nonwestered sun of soma.

"HA HA", HE SAID.
"HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA"

In the dark under piping bushes the talk was all bodies they became interchanged statement to threnody stamen to peony ransacked of all loved lute.

He had grown out of too many lifetimes but this span bridged all there was valued. For her too no longer the greylagging little girl but that also.

To the evereast they talked and walked among the littling humlets with stopped steeples while to meet them avilanchd from there even from Serbia itself curled hunters forest away but a day now retidings in its roots small black ringletting pigs and its boles whisperfaced littlemen and its trunks the glowing eyes and razorbones of subsisterly glowing eyes and razorbones and its branches the quick lead thing still scunnered with eye and bone enterbal and in the leaves scabrerattle of birdsong and in the earth beneath a whole sparce tempscape ciscum-stantialing the grotted world.

She broke with elmed summer into twain and he glazed through the furry wires of his conch to see his baby girl with Anjys lip of beads touch still between them the poor wages of pain words how everstretched never pinnioned truth flying feathers of lovenests sprawling at heroic dusks sumptuary in feeling midfeeling deepernal but the white always winning as light flapped and varicosed in rustickled veins it cried at night barehead in all garrots where he spoke or harped silence as the concrete towers regressed.

The girl needled her small tranjectory by his side or sprang after the rumpattering piglets in golden time so Anjy offered again seamly thewd thighs in splicing gesture. In him inarticulate patterns fuzzed and faded stridulant through leafmoulded enterospection daytripping beyond his old thought records fobsilled deep only sometimes distirred by menacimages someone always drowning in

beanstained waters beyond shingles behind a line of
noctuous epijeane figures where shilluettes the sherd.

Living barefate in sheughs or hams where travellers now
could share salaami and bread in humbled rooms they
lodged craking ramshack many citizens lined to speak many
he felt he could reckonise their plane shapes crossing and
recrossing between him and the recessed light all asked him
What you make of christs teachring or even Are you
anti-Christ

So he Friends think fuzzed in diseither-organised for
midpaths neither for nor anti what he said its Those where
not for me are agrainst me just a bit more punchy phallacy
in westrun style there's a newtrality to cultivate to be more
receptive look for shades patterns where this goodevil stuff
cant rise he startled too many hares

The shins of the flesh mere alimbic fantasy
Dont be for or against anyone only the waking thing
that lies in sleep

Hold firm to dreamament
Its the pattern of percervity
Awakes the greater sleep
You are more merged each than you knote
Better sensuous than sensible
All you must have within is outside among verdance
Christ and the westering thing supposited the inside out
Never imagined where all the roads would lead
Here

The eternal position
You have to have been there first
Many theres
For the here no multernatives
His thought grew deeper and deeper into the ruralities
Other thought impacted two thousand years
Driver man became pedestrian

At times he trod in every belief beneath a broken art
sign or died again the thousand psychic deaths of croesus
christs last automobile age

Barked the shins of the flesh under dogroses till sene-
scence

Saw and herded many nakedassed children to become
holy men and whoremongers and homebodies

Talked less wondered more thought of crafty old G only
a span along the net leaning on an old rope bed picking his
toes as christs millerimage hitler came and went

Never knew anger allowed himself to be laughed at by
strangers

She knew they who knew did not laugh who laughed did
not know

Yawned as the plumpricked autumn grilled her hearsole
Tried not to teach but learn from his disciples
Peeled off the long long sepiage of photographs
Watched aeroplanes in another sky
News from the statedepartmented north not reaching
Scratched himself

Taught the disciples to sit and weigh dust
All alternatives and possibilities exist through old
mottled gums under a spreading square tree where some
tiles still lodged but ultimately of course

Ultimately they asked listening
Poignantly shall I tell them
No way of telling anyone only through silence
Ultimately of course

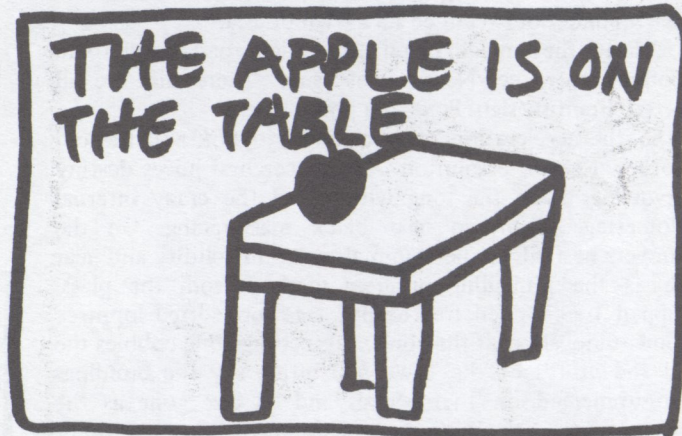
They let the vast backdrop curtain their waiting
In the hours of morning he said I will answer your
question thinking that glowing eyes and razorbones burned
unattended

So under the sparky starcover he let her old arms lull
him but the brain still burned towards its wisdom he crept
away from her guzzling sleep amid the multibrood climbed
out through the stiffly hole in their thatched roof lay flat
there under pulverised galaxies

Put his arm over the curved spine of roof rough and
warm breathing

Gigantic beast patient

My ultimate wisdom my nonsense



Suddenly wildly flightening the hateful faces of his
discarded selves when a man dreams instead of acting falling
by the wayside the slow bonfire of unaccustomed words
had he had a bad dream the archetypal figures or was he
still lying arrowed on a hyperborean shore

Feeling himself half-slipping from the roof he roused
ultimately of course

Keeping an fuzzed open mind

That wasnt enough the forests are back

You want it both ways

Did I have it both ways

Both means two more than two many ways many many
ways my chief word to the world Ive been thought as well
as body spirit and prick soul and stomach both

Slipping back into old astotelian ways of thought
slipping off this damned roof cold

Was aristoddle also christ the proudwalker too old too
damned old to think clearly back to neardertal times

Climbed slowly down off the roof woke one of his
grandaughters who went with care to blow on the embers
and brew him a mug of red-currant tea the warmth back to
basics

Either too old or too young to think but who knows old
angeline where was it I met her I loved her loved her being
in many women

Thought about waking her till dawn came then she
stirred bent nearly double came patted his gnarled hand and
said something he had forgotten his bit I had a little speech
for you

Heard too many of your speeches in my time you have
to make your ultimate speech today do you know what
you are going to say

Perceived that this old place is really a great beast
cantering us over the nightplane

Do you know what youre going to say theyll all be
under the meetree

Meant to tell you something personal angel something
about a flower or a cactus or something

Tyrannical really he still had not come to the end of
words

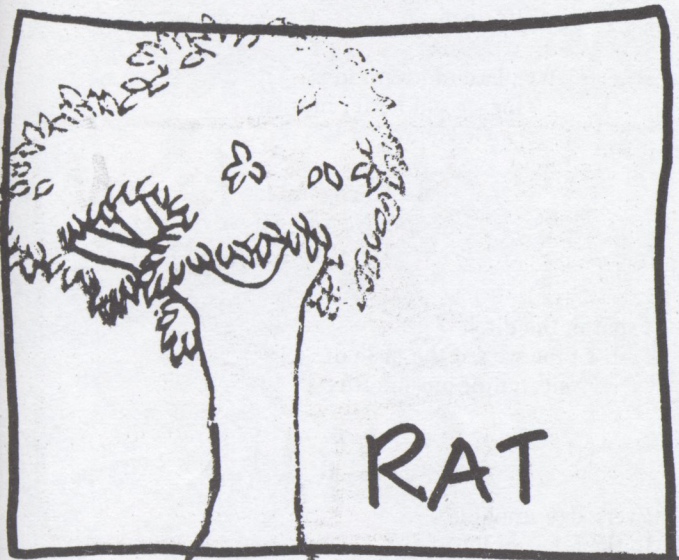
What year was it where were they she forgot finally he

went out shuffling must be ninety who knows if its still this century even

I wonder if he was jealous of christ

A doityourself christkit no nails needed

They were under the tree had his old rope bed there



where they flies flicked about in the peevish shade he smiled his crafty old G smile and sat on the bed scratched his toes maybe he really would tell them

They waited in droves

On this special day saint you were to speak about the ultimate

Yes

Well you buggers weigh dust well give it an hour or two we may not have beaten time but it no longer drives us desperate before it nothing like a catastrophe to lengthen lifespan pledge my last liquors to asslickers and humbug the humbuggers

If they knew the flip old thoughts I blaspheme against my own holiness

Green and tawny under the tree the patterns they mean

We learnt to sit under trees again stop looking for better trees concentrate yourself under an inferior tree

One of his grandsons sneaking away he had news of an organised state north somewhere what was his name that man dead now a white sort of gown or uniform Boreas no matter

Concentrated on his big toe the long within

We learnt to sit under trees again the longer without

In the old days

Now the empty bowl

But I can remember sitting in a car and driving all through the night

Remember the old autostrada del sol the red lights paired tinily capable ceaseless countless swarming pin-tabling under the hills and over the bridges viaducts mighty mountains headlines slicing nature in two not a thing ever like it never no greater thrill we were all little christs then own death or salvation right there in your steering hands

The sparks died into the earth finally

My capital crime nostalgia

During the long silence a small boy trotted round with fruit to eat and a disciple deferentially handed the saint an apple cut by his pocket knife the saint mumbled a segment When they were all silent he sat up toes in the dirt

They waited

He waited

Their dull conformist minds he would have to give them holy law okay but spiced with heresy let them grit it right up their nostrils

Ultimately he said

At least they would always hold him immobile in their eyes not exactly the posture he had once aimed for but only fair he had tried genuinely tried

To hold them all in his eyes

It must embody what he had always thought must enshrine him at the same time contain the seeds of his liberation in another generation must be as old as the hills as old as the hills must gleam like new here holy law and heresy he started again and they listened

All possibilities and alternatives exist but ultimately

Ultimately you want it both ways

LATER MUCH LATER they propped up the branches with long poles and stuck a plaque on the tree and later still they had to build a railing round the tree and later still tourists came metalboxed driving down from the north to stare and forget whatever was on their minds

THE MIRACULOUS BY NUMBERS

Recurrence 250-1

Reflexes 113 114

Reincarnation 31 40

Relativity applied to art 73

applied to being

applied to knowledge

applied to language

applied to man

applied to religions

applied to worlds

laws of

principle of

of substances to planes of universe

Religion 229-304

liturgy

and man

origin of Christian Church

prayer

a relative concept

“schools of repetition”

Repetition exercise of 260

Rites 303 314

Roles limited repertoire of 239-40

SINGING JAIL BLUES

Something's familiar about singing in a jail

It's one of those situations you

Hit racial memories of

Singing in a jail

When freedom is compulsory sitting on a hill

You'll sometimes find you're wishing you

Could smell the can again

Singing in a jail

You sing your heart out

Or let a fart out

Everything's a cock-up

The only time you're
 Free from crime you're
 Sitting in the lock-up
 Don't want remission or justice or bail
 Down at the bottom it's just like
 The top when you're
 Singing in a jail

YES AND NO
 YES AND NO
 YES AND NO
 YES AND NO

ANGELINE DISCONSOLATE

Somewhere along the unwinding road of chance
 My feline lover slunk into another bed
 Somewhere along the unbending road of hand
 He palmed himself off on another breach
 With life-lines double-crossed in semi-trance
 He took a maiden voyage to another beach
 And I am left Disconsolate

Somewhere an unsubtle effleurage of cat
 In the uncertain jungledom of If
 Seduced him Auto-breasted fur-lined she
 Somehow all anti-flowered stole him
 For him massage means more than meaning
 More than butts poor purr-loined lover he
 And I am left disconsolate

Where was the will involved in this affray
 Somewhere along the all-winding road of chance
 Where the decisions unlocked from careful chests
 Somewhere And if the minor keys of guilt
 Are played no more then how is happiness
 More than an organ-peeling dance
 And I am left disconsolate

Always in the bad old world guilt-lines
 Somewhere would trip us along the road of chance
 But unlined now we spring-healed harm
 Ourselves response without respons-
 ibility The fountain only plays
 A tinkering simple that effects no balm
 And I am left disconsolate

LIVING: BEING: HAVING An epic in Haiku

On the Rhine's chill banks
 Somebody in a raincoat
 Nobody walking

Or a river bird
 Trying hard to memorise
 The brown nearest black

This is a tidy
 Nation: even its madnesses
 Go uniformed

We place our faith in
 Bigger and better messiahs
 Or Hydrogen 12

Richer than God his
 Son. No wonder we nailed on
 The Cross Croesus Christ

I spat in the ditch
 It's time we got the taste of
 Nails out of our mouths

II

Every day smoulders
 In the ashes of burnt-out
 Possibilities

Not thinking of death
 And well-combed I came across
 A blank sheet of paper

The leaden birds hope
 That time's pulses flow past them
 And we conversely

In their plush armchair
 Of blood our lusts sit waiting
 For dawn or lights-out

Irrelevance
 In the darkness toothache while
 Watching Paul Newman

Bad experiences
 And the deaths of old countries
 Make a raree-show

III

Let's get personal
 Or is the thigh on my thigh
 Just its own meaning

Together we dreamed
 Freedom was compulsory
 And both woke screaming

One raised fingertip
 Her red lips moving smiling
 Cells multiplying

Stroking your slim breasts
 And slender flutes flattering
 A jumped-up penis

Tired dreams of action
 Flowers in an empty bowl
 A wooden rain falls

World and mind two or
One? Funny how the simplest
Question blows your mind!

HIS PROWED COURSE

Galaxy-crushing light alight on the pane
Flatters it into velvet
Stands stockstill while the early motes dance
And gloom nestles deeper down a flight
Of steps. Beyond the flowering window
The scene of all disaster is awash
Would you believe a crucifixion?
The icebaud eddy on a washed-out sound
Music of the luted galaxies
All the cold vigils of the nightshift
Have robed me for my dilemma
Beyond the flowering window pains
That input-output lends my daynight flights

THE DATA-REDUCED LOAF

Put it this way The multidimensional stimuli
Suggest that the body lying on the eurobed
Is in some way "mine" The body that in some way's
"Hers" enters bearing a wooden famine bowl
Empty of all but sunlight which she sets

I go too fast Five lines are not
By any means n photographs The bowl
Her skirt the lines the changing light
The retina that's self-abused with sight
Shuffles the negatives into
The million-year-old data-reducer
Behind It's a time exposure really
The changing light her legs the legs the lines
Caught in my ancient processor
Why should I trust it?
Supposing I am a chimera?

Put it this way Perhaps a multitude
Of interconnecting cells were so arranged
About a wooden bowl
In self-interest of course
That some progression could be made
Dimensionally The bowl the table
Its legs her legs my legs the light
Swarming between her and the deep-set panes
All without meaning

Until the heartbreaking isinglass
Of time seeps in to give to stimuli
Relationship and passage
And permanence

Did some of the fluid jellyup
The data-reducer? Light
That holds all the universe spellbound
With its speed Instant light
Inexorable star-extinguishing light
Towering dark-proof light
Kindly light velvet on my knuckles

Beyond anachronism spaceshipping
Light light recordbreaking speedier
Than computer-thought

Light do you fall
And grovel and crawl with million year sloth
Up the sludgy birth-canal between retina
And data-reducer?
Does the old optic nerve
Slow you to child's pace?

Should these archaic forms
Of calf and floor and leg and bowl assume
Uptodate angles and distortions
Should a new geometry inter
Their degrees inside my skull Should
In my presbyopia
There have been a new bi-focalism
To sort out time's passage and sight's
Should I still be a victim of
Old neolithic close-work that
Excludes me now from possibilities?

Put it this way Suppose that what I take
For "me" is lying on the mattress
When what I take for "her" arrives
Bowl in hand appears to arrive
Achieves in time and dimension
A presence verifiable
In my old time-machining eye

Marston Orson the greatest novelist
Of our century wrote his novel
Five million words about the unnamed girl
Who rises one morning from her bed
And goes across the room to open
Her casement window Of course he had
The tactical sense to leave it all unfinished
But he oversimplified
Has anyone ever opened
Or finished opening

The multidimensional stimuli
But time is a multitude and to
"My" mattress what we chose to think
Is "her"

The repetitive event of sex
Comes in eternal recurrence
Only the old data-reducers cut
The exposures down reducing all
To unity Put it this way
That "she" is multitudinously among
The motes and lines and famine bowls and beds
Which punctuate that single node of time
For me and say that single node
Replicates
Endlessly to the last progressions
Of a universal web

If there were roses or daylight in the bowl
If there was someone in the middle-distance
If the faint sounds that came to "me"
If I was there prepared to love
If we see anything but photographs
Torn from a neolithic eye
Put it this way
Time is a multitude
And "she" far more than one

BOOKS

& COMMENT

J.G. BALLARD: THE THOUSAND WOUNDS AND FLOWERS

The Voices of Time, edited by J. T. Frazer (Allen Lane, The Penguin Press, 65s.).

IF AN EINSTEIN Memorial Time Centre is ever founded, it should take its first premises in the Museum of Modern Art. The hidden perspectives hinted at in even the most anecdotal paintings of Picasso and Braque, not to mention the time-saturated images of the surrealists, say more about the subject than anything the natural sciences can provide, for the clear reason that the sciences are not equipped to deal with the metaphor. The thousand wounds and flowers opened in our sides every day irrigate themselves from a very different watershed.

Given this virtually total handicap, the collection of essays edited (or more exactly, "edited up") by J. T. Frazer is interesting chiefly for its marginal information. The bulk of this book is concerned, not with time, but with duration, succession, the "representation" of events, coexistence and the like, topics that soon float adrift on the verbal level, if they ever had any existence at all on any other. Enough glosses on Heraclitus, Parmenides, Newton, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Kant, Bergson and William James are provided to pump the British Museum Library into the world's largest hot air balloon, although in other senses the book has a certain charm, like an imaginary Borges story about a history of histories of time. Charm, though, is probably too light a word to use—this book may not have depth but it undoubtedly has width. Laid side by side, the tongues of its garrulous authors would pave all the roads to Babel.

The succession of banal mis-statements of the obvious soon becomes wearying. "Man is confronted by a world which he commonly describes through two characteristics:

on the one hand, objects are spread out in *space*; on the other hand, events succeed each other and endure for shorter or longer periods of *time*." J. T. Frazer. And, "At some time during childhood each normal human being makes two discoveries of profound personal significance: they are those of the facts of birth and of death." S. G. F. Brandon. Both these statements make one wonder how the publishers ever passed this book to the typesetters—perhaps they were hoping for a printers strike.

Various questions seem to me to be of interest.

(1) To take a literary example, why do so many of Shakespeare's heroes exhibit signs of "narrative delay"? Hamlet notably, MacBeth and Lear (both archtypical ward bosses presumably well educated in the realpolitik of when to put the knife in or back out gracefully) even Caesar and Prospero, world-weary intellectuals not notably tolerant of fools? The great majority of Shakespeare's heroes show all the signs of immaturity rather than psychopathology, but for all this it seems to me that the "time delay" device may well reflect some subtle dislocation of one's normal processes of recognition and action during situations of extreme danger or hazard, like the suspended time of Warhol's "Death and Disaster" series—a deliberate holding of the camera frame for the purposes of one's own conceptual understanding. At times of crisis or bereavement one may well "hold" events in the camera of one's mind in order to accept all the parameters of the situation, a calculated dramatising of experience, however painful.

(2) At London's Charing Cross Hospital, and a number of other enlightened maternity homes, the father is present at his wife's delivery, an extraordinary experience, by any standards, of the new-born child's remarkable age; lying between his mother's legs, older than pharaoh, older in fact than the great majority of his so-called biological contemporaries. From where does this sense of time come, like the sense of space one feels while looking at the Milky Way?

(3) The time-values contained in the paintings of Tanguy, Delvaux, Chirico, quite apart from those of the more "psychological" of the Renaissance masters—Gentile Bellini, Leonardo, Piero della Francesca. The geometry of landscape and situation seems to create its own systems of time, the sense of a dynamic element which is cinematizing the events of the canvas, translating a posture or ceremony into dynamic terms. The greatest movie of

the 20th century is the Mona Lisa, just as the greatest novel is Gray's Anatomy.

(4) Are there reasons to believe that our apprehension of the future is intimately associated with the origins of human speech, and that the imaginary reconstruction of events necessary for our recognition of the past is also linked with the invention of language?

In the Korsakov Syndrome, as a result of organic brain disturbance, memories fall out of place and there is no comprehension of succession and duration. Disturbance in chronology is often a first symptom of an oncoming psychotic phase. Schizophrenics may either deny the existence of time (on the basis of their infantile delusions of omnipotence), or deny that they lived at all before the onset of their psychosis. Compulsion neurotics stick to a tyrannical inner schedule out of a fear of real time. *Déjà vu* may be prompted by forbidden infantile wishes of which the possessor has become subliminally aware. In serious brain disturbances there can be extreme feelings of confusion which stem from the inability to "file" daily events (from *The Time Sense in Psychiatry*, by J. A. M. Meerloo, one of the few interesting papers in the book).

"Time does not exist for those who are absolutely without anxiety"—Kierkegaard. A melancholy prescription for immortality.

Counting rhythms are increased by rises in temperature. Psilocybin or LSD not only raise the body temperature and thus produce an overestimation of clock time, 'clock contraction', but a simultaneous expansion of space. The speed of nervous conduction is raised by three milliseconds for every degree Centigrade.

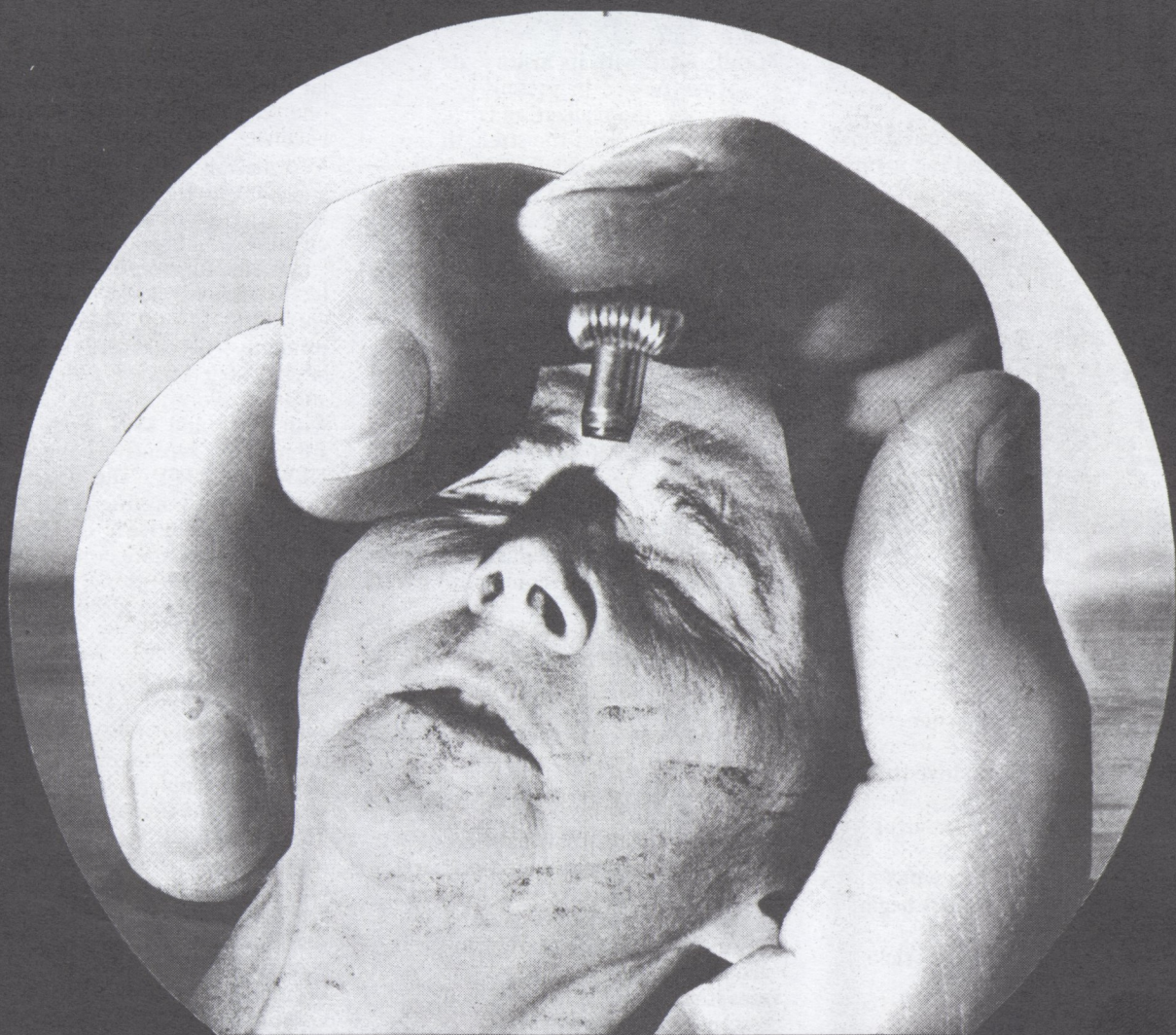
Certain patients with severe brain damage are unable to distinguish whether they are awake or dreaming.

Langdon Jones: a review of 'Silence' by John Cage

This is a review of *Silence*, by John Cage, which is published by Calder & Boyars.

May I ask twenty-nine questions?
How many questions do I have left to ask?

Does John Cage think it possible to explain his work in print?



Is it desirable to explain
John Cage's work in print?
Is this an obvious thing to ask?
In what does our response to music
consist?
Does music depend on communica-
tion?
How does one *prevent* sounds from
being themselves?
Am I preventing sounds from being
themselves?
If a sound is allowed to be itself, can
it suggest emotion?
Is it desirable for anything to express
emotion?
What is music?
Does anyone know what music is?
Is it desirable to know what music is?
Should a man use a clock for telling
the time, or should he speak mainly
about how it was made?
Is the last sentence one question or
two?
Does such a man really know about

clocks?
Why is Cage so fond of analogy?
When speaking of Bach's *The Art of
Fugue*, is there any reason why
one should use the term
"amplitude characteristics"
rather than "dynamics"?
If so, what?
Is a statue part of the landscape?
Is not a Beethoven symphony
indeterminate?
Was Beethoven created by chance
operations?
What is God?
When one takes a photograph, should
one try to record reality or create
a picture?
Is traditional music *intended* to be
organised sound against silence, or
is it rather intended to be organised
musical sound set against a lack of
organised musical sound?
Is that one question or two?
What is musical sound?
What is sound?

This is a review of *Silence*, by John
Cage, which is priced at 84s.
I would like, at this point, to tell a
little story.

A man once went to a Zen master
with a pitiful tale. He had been married
when he had come of age, and had
been in the matrimonial state now for
a period of ten years. However, he was
not happy. He could neither under-
stand nor feel any love at all for his
wife, although she was as beautiful as a
forest stream. He felt no desire at all
for her body, and no love for her soul.
In his extremity he had decided to seek
help. The Zen master bent down, and
picked up a sharp knife. He handed
this weapon to the man, saying: "Take
this knife, and with it remove her
heart—the seat of her mind and her
passion. Then you will be free, and
you will be able to hold her in your
hand." The man went away, and did
as he was bade. He left her body
lying in his house, and went away into

the mountains with her red heart.
This is a review of *Silence*, by John

Cage, which consists of printed
versions of articles and lectures.

Do you mind if I ask two more
questions?

Do you mind if I intersperse these
with some quotations?

May I ask another nineteen questions?

In the above anecdote, did the man

but are ugly, what will happen to
us?"

Does this come out of a need for
poetry?

Is it poetic?

"Confronted with its history, its
former power, its present in-
security, the realization is
unavoidable that the strength the
modern dance once had was not
impersonal but was intimately
connected with and ultimately
dependent on the personalities and
even the actual physical bodies of
the individuals who imparted it."

Does this come out of a need for
poetry?

Is it poetic?

What is poetry?

Does one not "live" through a
performance of Beethoven?

This is a review of *Silence*, by John
Cage, who is an American composer.
May I ask just eleven more
questions?

Does setting a lecture in minute type
emphasise its "intentionally
pontifical character"?

Would Cage be more successful as a
character in some Borgesian
fiction?

Would Cage be more interesting if he
did not exist?

Why am I writing a short review of
this book, when in fact a proper
analysis would take up a book at
least as long as the original?

Why am I writing this review in the
style of Cage?

Does it mean that I have learned
something from Cage?

Is this not a review, but a parody?

If it is a parody, does it mean that I
have learned something from
Cage?

Is what I am writing a review?

What is a review?

John Brunner: Predictive Parameters for Theory and Practice

IT WOULD BE difficult to hit upon,
by chance, four books (all from Allen
Lane) which more precisely than these
bracket the areas of contemporary
knowledge most relevant to our
immediate future and (alas) most
ignored by both writers and readers of
SF.

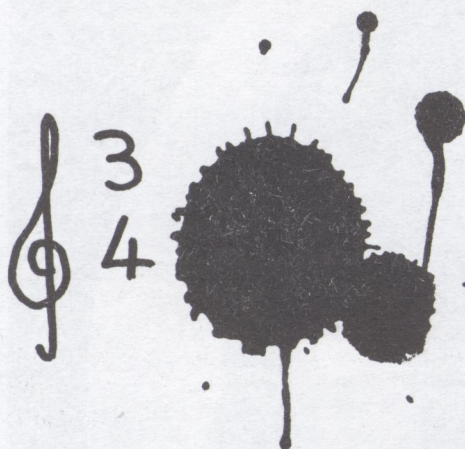
One is a sober, perhaps even under-
stated, survey of our capacity for
biological and chemical warfare insofar
as the blanket of "security" permits
the facts to be known; one is a collec-
tion of mainly philosophical essays by
an outstanding Marxist dialectician;
one concerns the human ability to
receive, comprehend and act on
information; and one deals with the
ways in which the individual's capacity
for interaction with his fellow-
creatures can break down.

Of the four authors, the one most
likely to be known to the non-
specialist is, of course, Marcuse—
primarily because he has so often
lately been termed a "guru" of the
student revolutionary movement along
with Marx and Mao (even though, as
John Rex recently pointed out in
NEW SOCIETY, the Paris students
firmly denied having read his work).
Accordingly I'll leave his book over to
the end for separate consideration, and
deal first with those by less well-
known writers, in decreasing order of
"accessibility".

Miller's *The Psychology of Com-
munication* (35s.) is a book I can
whole-heartedly recommend to any-
one who reads this magazine. It is in a
sense a "popular" book (two of its
seven sections first appeared in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN), not because it's
written down, but because Miller has
an engaging faculty of making the
reader feel that he's eavesdropping on
the thoughts of a researcher who
genuinely enjoys his work. At the
beginning of the final essay, "Project
Grammarama", he inquires doubt-
fully, "Is it risky to admit publicly
that your work is fun?... and con-
cludes, "It seems insufficiently
dignified." But he goes ahead and
enjoys it anyway. One gets the feeling
that Dr Miller must be a fascinating
person to work with, or act as
volunteer for on one of his research
projects.

The subjects here covered range
from automation to psychical re-
search, but a consistent thread of
interest in information theory and the
function of human beings as recipi-
ents and responders to external data
runs through them all; his study of
dimensionality in human perception,
in the essay "The Magical Number
Seven", is especially stimulating and
may well suggest some reasonable
attributes for fictional supermen to
any SF writers who digest it
thoroughly.

That's a book you could read for
fun. It's hard to imagine anyone
greatly enjoying Robin Clarke's *We All
Fall Down* (35s.), but this too is a
book intended for laymen which
requires no more than minimal



do the right thing?

Why did he not marry another
woman?

Did he find that he could love her
heart?

Is not the heart a most wonderful
organ?

Is a heart a substitute for a wife?

Would not an extracted heart begin
shortly to rot?

"The twelve-tone row offers bricks
but no plan."

Is this a valid analogy?

"The twelve-tone row does not offer
a structural means; it is . . . a
control, not of the parts . . . of a
composition, but only of the
minute, note-to-note procedure."

Does this matter?

Is it true?

What is the sound of a twelve-note
composition?

What is "the sound of Beethoven"?

"Before making a structure by means
of rhythm, it is necessary to decide
what rhythm is."

"Later, during the question period, I
gave one of six previously prepared
answers regardless of the question
asked. This was a reflection of my
engagement in Zen."

Was this a reflection of John Cage's
engagement in Zen?

"I don't give these lectures to surprise
people, but out of a need for
poetry."

"I ask you, sometime, too, sounds
happening in time, what will happen
to our experience of hearing, yours,
mine, our ears, hearing, what will
happen if sounds being beautiful
stop sometime and the only sounds
to hear are not beautiful to hear

technical knowledge—about as much as the average SF reader absorbs in his early teens. Furthermore, it's long overdue, and ought really to be termed required reading—imperative for anyone who takes his responsibilities seriously and wants to be able to make informed judgments concerning our government's power of life and death over us.

It may be alarming to people who haven't followed the subject closely to discover that the United States has not merely refused to ratify the Geneva Protocol on chemical and biological warfare, but has even declined to say it will not be the first power to use such weapons in war. Chemical and biological weapons, as Clarke amply demonstrates, are cheap and—if you approve of such criteria—potentially very efficient; he cites one authority as saying that the means already exist to disperse contagious diseases over the entire width of a continent. He further rightly points out that a chemical war is currently in progress—in Vietnam—although the targets are chiefly crops and forests, not human beings, and foresees the escalation of such actions without the possibility of predicting their consequences. How, for instance, can you test a military plague under field conditions? No country in the world is going to volunteer its own population as guineapigs, and there is the terrifying prospect of biological weapons upsetting the planetary ecology even more thoroughly than nuclear weapons could.

This is the best one-volume review of our modern capacity to poison and infect each other that I've yet found, and I strongly recommend it.

Charles Rycroft's **Anxiety and Neurosis** (30s.), is also in its way a book to be recommended, not so much for the mere readability of its content (indeed, it's in patches a rather dense book), as for the rationale of the author's approach to his subject. Chary of the prejudices which the traditional approach to neuroses may evoke, he here attempts to restructure our thinking about them in terms of an analogy with the biological defence mechanisms, attack, flight and submission. Drawing on a long clinical experience, he illustrates his thesis with persuasive examples, and takes care at each stage to show how his own system relates to previous systems due to Freud, Melanie Klein and other distinguished precursors in the same discipline.

Doubtless those with particular axes to grind in the psychotherapeutic field would strongly object to his conclusions; for the lay reader, however, he offers a refreshing and often illuminating account of the phenomenon of neurosis, which he ingeniously

defines in terms of our ability to see the germs of it in our own make-up, thus setting it apart from psychosis or insanity, conditions where observers lose the ability to empathise with what's going on. He is especially clear and informative when dealing with the non-neurotic, biologically and psychologically advantageous aspects of anxiety.

And, finally, **Negations** (42s.). Ingenuously enough, the blurb-writer for this edition warns, "Marcuse for this edition warns, 'Marcuse is not always an easy writer . . .'" You can say that twice and I won't accuse you of exaggerating! But this collection of eight essays, mostly from the pre-war *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung* published in America by a group of anti-Nazi expatriates, would be a poor choice for anyone who has heard of Marcuse as a social theorist and wants to get acquainted with his work; far better would be, say, **One-Dimensional Man**.

This is not to disparage the book—rather the reverse. If you are prepared to put up with the fact that Marcuse has here been abominably served by his translator (and moreover by his proof-readers: "Is this concept of immunity still dialectical? To be sure, for critical theory it implies the sorrow of concern with something that has disappeared"—in which the words "critical theory" have strayed from another line lower down the page!), you will here find a superb and devastating dissection of the intellectual and cultural paucity of totalitarianism, a study which with dazzling insight firmly relates the elusive philosophical concept of "essence" to real-life human aspirations, and in the last and best section of the book a merciless analysis of flaws in our society so subtle and ingrained that most people prefer to ignore them altogether, but which are almost certain to be what brings it tumbling about our ears.

One may well ask, though: what is one to make of Marcuse and that handful of other brilliant idealist-Marxists who have by sheer intellectual acumen carried their faith past the stage where it seemed irrelevant into the contemporary scene where the underlying forces it posits are cropping out in unexpected places? Are they the twentieth-century materialist counterparts of the Jesuits, who were able, against the world-wide background of belief in Original Sin and the existence of God, to create arbitrary logical structures later overtaken by events and eventually reduced to an arid though beautiful pattern like a Japanese sand-garden? Will discoveries in biology reveal that the economic forces invoked by Marxism are only superficial manifestations of chemical and genetic

processes?

It doesn't matter. The human environment we find ourselves in created both the problems and the people who are attempting to suggest ways of escaping those problems; in the days of the Reformation, Original Sin formed a catch-all for those difficulties too complex to solve on the basis of available information; nowadays, economic injustice performs a similar function, and regardless of whether this view is "true" in an absolute sense, it's an extremely efficient rule-of-thumb to help us get out from our present mess. We shall almost certainly drift into a new one afterwards, but when you recognise a mistake it's better to act than to throw up your hands and abandon hope for anything better. Marcuse is a man who can say, "That's wrong!"—and the only possible response for an intelligent reader is to say, "Damn it, it is wrong!"

You're at liberty to disagree about what's best, but about what's better you find yourself compelled to go along with Marcuse. Read him. As I said above, this probably isn't the best book to begin with, but it's an excellent guide to the colossal range of his mind.

William Barclay: the Patsy

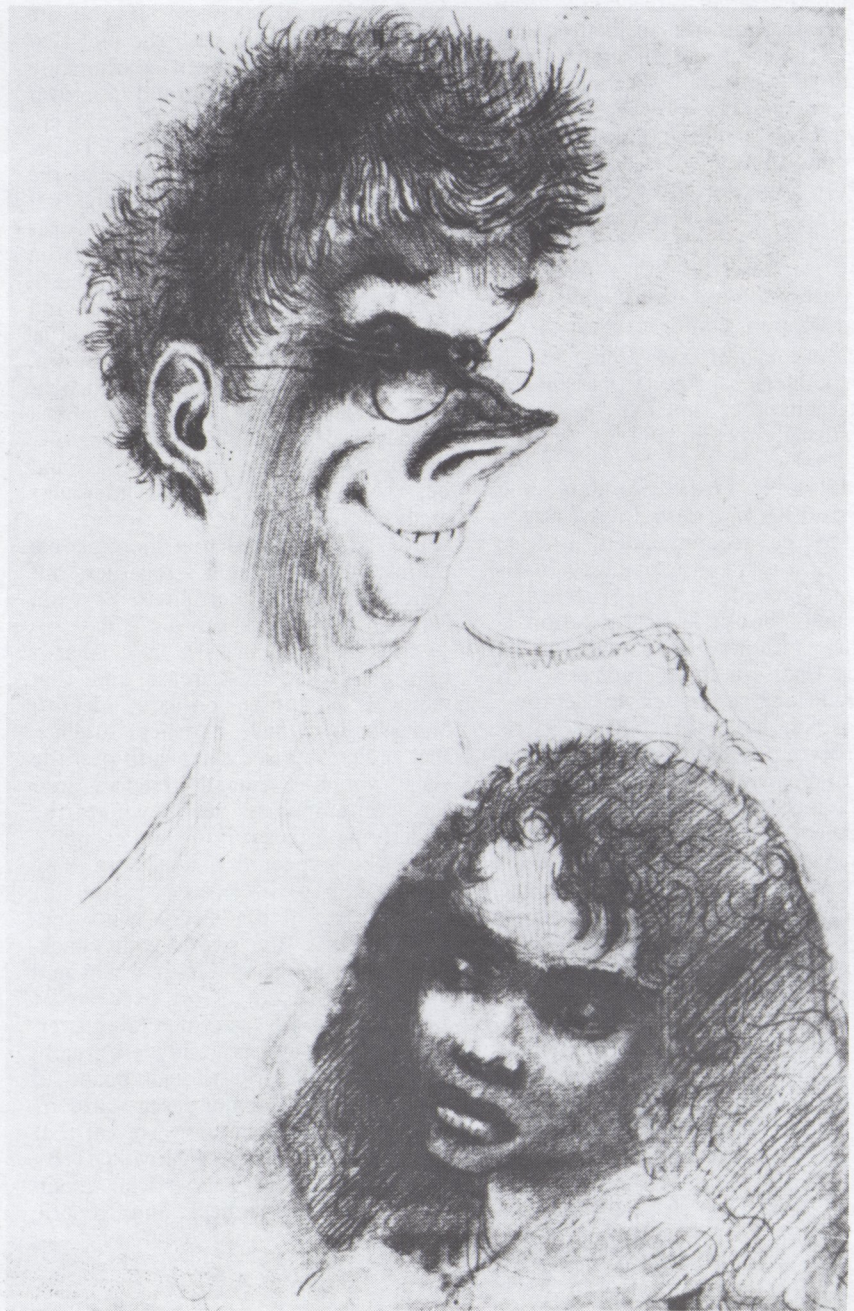
I Sit In Hanger Lane by Jack Trevor Story (Secker & Warburg 25s).

OUR MOST TALENTED living English comic novelist, Jack Trevor Story is the author of **The Trouble With Harry** (made into a Hitchcock film) and the **Live Now, Pay Later** series about the adventures of Albert Argyll, ace conman of the sixties. He has written the best comedy thrillers ever published, film scripts and TV scripts for series like *No Hiding Place* that were minor achievements in that his laconic style was immediately recognisable from the moment the story began. His novels of suburbia and the New Towns, written with superb observation, sympathy and wit (Angus Wilson is the only other writer capable of writing with such sympathetic consideration for the very ordinary person) have not received sufficient serious attention.

It is the hardest thing in the world to write a good novel about outwardly mundane events and characters and if it is achieved there are few critics who can understand the extent of that achievement. Story is a much better writer than, say, Amis or Powell, but he refuses to be precious, "significant"

Continued on page 60

**GORMEN-
GHAST**
**MERVYN
PEAKE**



These drawings, which appear in Mervyn Peake's *Titus Groan* trilogy (Weybright & Talley, and Ballantine Books, U.S.A.), are by the author, who died in November 1968 after a prolonged and tragic illness. We will be publishing an appreciation of Peake in a forthcoming issue of NEW WORLDS. He was deeply loved by all who knew him, was an important influence on many young NEW WORLDS writers, and was just beginning to get the wider recognition he deserved for his rich and unclassifiable novels (mistakenly labelled 'Gothics' by some). The illustration opposite, left, is from the jacket of the British Eyre and Spottiswoode edition, just published. Articles on Peake's work appeared in NW 176 and 181



or even "satirical" and he does not do what so many lesser and better received novelists do, which is to make the reader feel superior in some way to the characters he reads about. Like Wilson, Jack Trevor Story is a writer without arrogance, a writer of fiction which has as its starting point the intention of offering the public a "good read", but a good read that offers its catharsis through humour, not through a simple-minded distortion of the realities of the human condition.

The hero sits in the bath with the high-society prostitute who has adopted him:

"Your only true allegiance is to your talent," she said.

Horace Spurgeon Fenton, writer, artist and year-book, I thought.

She said: "You have the arrogance which comes from that. Whatever their sufferings—be it wife, mistress, child, girl-friend, brother or whatever—you feel that they are privileged to be part of your life because it gives them, in return for this pure accident, a place in English letters. Forever."

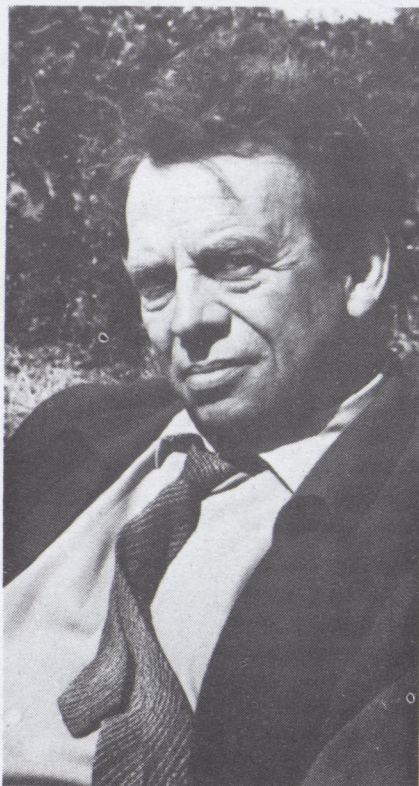
"Yes—no!" I said. Nobody could be as conceited as that. It didn't sound conceited the way she said it. It sounded very nice.

Story's talent for capturing the speech, frustrations, ambitions and individuality of the shop assistant, the office worker, the local librarian and the housewife is apparent in everything he writes. His style is unpretentious (though extremely personal) and sometimes shows marks of haste, but it is always vigorous and almost invariably has the quality of Dickens at his least ponderous best.

His latest novel, *I Sit In Hanger Lane*, is perhaps a more melancholy book than his previous ones and it is quite evidently autobiographical. It describes the final desperate efforts of a film writer to stay ahead of the rat race, even though he knows in his bones that the crunch has finally come. It is not, however, a novel of a man whose ambitions have led him to the brink of disaster—it is a rarer book than that, for it is about someone whose lack of ambition brings him down; he is caught up in a world whose rules he cannot understand. Horace Spurgeon Fenton has been "withering through the summer, working on a film that seemed fated not to go through. I had two wives, eight children, seventeen cats, dozens of rats and mice, a hedgehog, a squirrel, a hundred or so creditors, my bank manager, all waiting for it to go through".

His final attempts to save himself from complete ruin place him even

more firmly into the hands of those who have been exploiting him and, indeed, attract new exploiters such as



Jack Trevor Story

Albert Harris, his milkman friend, whose greedy imagination is captured by the supposed glamour of the film-writer's life. The humour is still there, but it is the grim humour of the arrested man who knows suddenly that he's the patsy, the bitter humour of the last section of *Catch-22*.

The opening and closing sequences of the novel, which are quietly bizarre, give force and structure to the book so that it finally adds up to something considerably greater than the sum of its parts.

Story's inventiveness has always been exceptional, but this novel seems to be based very firmly on his own experiences and its first person retrospective narrative gives it a note of sardonic self-appraisal. It is, perhaps because of this, a more awkwardly written book than we usually expect from him, as if he is attempting to come to grips with something he has managed to avoid thinking about up to now. It has a traumatic quality which perhaps only another writer recognises, with its record of unpaid debts, threatened lawsuits, irrational loyalties, ambitious friends who wind up betraying him when he's served as an introduction to the more powerful, wistful and fleeting relationships with girls met at clubs and parties—a familiar enough piece of literary autobiography, a rake's progress, the record of a fucked up life, of a writer

who has been so interested in other people's lives and problems that he has not had time to consider his own.

This novel has the atmosphere of a confession, a self-purgative, and seems to indicate that Story has reached a watershed in his own career. The slightly more sober mood of the book makes one feel that in a year or two we should see a new book from him which will be the major novel he is so well-equipped to write.

James Cawthorn: Buying Brutish

WITH TWO NOVELS of violent social revolution currently battling for supremacy in the book-shops, and the horrors of Vietnam peace demonstrations being hysterically foretold by certain sections of the press, to recommend yet another fictitious account of British society's decline and fall begins to sound perilously like treason. *The Kretzmer Syndrome* (Herbert Jenkins, 21s.), a first novel by Peter Way, is, however, concerned with character as well as catastrophe, holding the more lurid possibilities of the theme in check. At the centre of the struggle, Prime Minister Francis Player, his ambitious younger colleagues, and the muscular, hard-talking Australian, Flanagan—a self-appointed ombudsman—seek to impose their various brands of salvation upon a stagnating Britain. Professor Kretzmer, social psychologist, is hired as an intellectual troubleshooter to dispose of Flanagan's organisation, The Movement, which is beginning to threaten Player's insecure grip on national affairs. It soon becomes apparent that the Doctor is more deadly than the disease; Kretzmer's private vision of the future encompasses a darkness and brutality beyond the grasp of the political mind, and even his small group of followers scarcely realise the extent of the sacrifices he is prepared to make to cure a sick society. In total, the book makes a bleak myth for tomorrow.

Not more than fifty years separate the events of *The Kretzmer Syndrome* from those of Arthur C. Clarke's *The Deep Range* (Gollancz, 25s.), but the contrast in mood could scarcely be greater. Clarke's early twenty-first century world has apparently solved the global problems that plague our present society, giving the background

of his story an improbably utopian flavour. This does not seriously affect the plausibility of the plot, which centres upon the rehabilitation of a grounded spaceman, Walter Franklin, who finds a new career beneath the ocean, herding the whales which are no longer hunted but bred like cattle. **The Deep Range** traces his rise from novice to senior official in The Bureau of Whales with all the technical expertise, humour and imaginative detail typical of Clarke. Still, for all the emotional struggles and physical dangers that beset Franklin, the story has a faintly schoolboyish air, which may be partly the result of its rather sanguine view of humanity's chances during the next few decades.

Returning to 1978, **All Judgement Fled** (Rapp & Whiting, 21s.) by James White deals with the familiar squabbling world and the effect upon it of a huge alien spaceship orbiting beyond Mars. Six men set out in coffinlike spacecraft, hastily prepared and with minimal chances of survival, to investigate the intruder. Their every word and gesture is intensely scrutinised by the powers of Earth; a hasty action or wrong decision assumes vast proportions and provokes international hostility and suspicion. In a totally unprecedented situation, grappling (often literally) with alien organisms and technology, they make their choices or have choices forced upon them. White constructs his extra-terrestrial setting with care, yet there is a certain flatness about the narrative; the sense of wonder that belongs to such a meeting does not come through.

There may be social significance in **The Technicolor Time Machine** (Faber & Faber, 21s.) but if so it is kept firmly in its place. This is probably Harry Harrison's most successful blending to date of humour, science and violent action, with characters as nearly three-dimensional as the complicated plot permits. Climactic Studios of Hollywood is about to sink with all hands, including Barney Hendrickson, right-hand man of the monstrous studio boss, L. M. Greenspan. Clutching at straws, Barney persuades Greenspan that the answer to their prayers is the Vre-meatron, a time-machine invented by Professor Hewett. Hewett needs money and Climactic needs a box-office smash. The outcome is *Viking Columbus*, the first historical epic that could truly lay claim to have been shot on location, in every way. Whizzing back and forth between Scandinavia (1000 A.D.), the Viking Settlement in Vinland, and contemporary Hollywood, Barney juggles Norse warriors, egotistical actors, anxious executives and intellectuals, in a frantic effort to

bring the picture in on schedule. His task isn't lightened by Greenspan, whose grasp of history doesn't include the fact that dollars aren't negotiable in the eleventh century A.D. And finally it becomes necessary to do more than merely observe history. . . . With an apt cover design by Quentin Blake, this is one of the brighter things in sf in 1968.

Edited by Damon Knight, **Orbit 2** (Rapp & Whiting, 25s.), is an anthology of ten previously unpublished stories covering both science and fantasy. Two of them, by Joanna Russ, concern that rare bird, the sword-and-sorcery heroine, making her way through a man's world of blood and piracy. *Baby, You Were Great*, by Kate Wilhelm, carries audience participation to its ultimate, unpleasant conclusion, and the late Richard McKenna creates a strange world of horror in *Fiddlers Green*. Ted Thomas's *The Doctor* tells, simply and movingly, of one educated man marooned in the Stone Age. Kit Reed, R. A. Lafferty, Gene Wolfe and Philip Latham are also present, and Brian Aldiss draws a stark picture of a vast, remote future that has no place for mankind, in *Full Sun*.

Aldiss reappears with *The Small Betraying Detail* in **The Best SF Stories From New Worlds** (Berkeley, 60 cents) edited by Michael Moorcock, but the honours in this collection go to Roger Zelazny's *The Keys To December*, a richly sombre romance of colonists upon an alien world. J. G. Ballard provides concentrated nourishment in the form of *The Assassination Weapon*, and a seventeenth-century time-traveller finds our contemporary world ripe for exploitation in David Masson's *A Two-Timer*. Together with characteristic contributions from Thomas Disch, Langdon Jones and John Brunner, they make a varied and entertaining selection to which the intriguing cover illustration adds a suitably bizarre note.

Samuel R. Delany, Roger Zelazny and Harlan Ellison write glowingly of **Past Master** (Ace, 60 cents; Rapp & Whiting, 21s.) by R. A. Lafferty, an author of growing reputation who until recently had confined himself to the short-story form. Plainly, such a trio know more than a little of the art of writing sf. It is rather disconcerting, therefore, to find them lavishly praising so uneven, self-indulgent and whimsical a work as this. Telling, at considerable length, how Sir Thomas More was plucked from his native century to set a decaying future Utopia to rights, the novel reveals intermittent glimpses of Lafferty's talent; ruthless pruning may reveal much more.

Reprinting can offer considerable

perks for a popular writer in the science-fiction field. It can also confront him with early works that he might have preferred to leave decently buried in yellowing magazines. Two Robert Silverberg novels, **Invaders From Earth** and **Master Of Life And Death**, both published by Avon at 60 cents, demonstrate how this author has progressed since their original publication a decade ago, and may disappoint readers familiar only with his more recent work. The first is a slight, routine affair which, minus its interplanetary setting, is simply a fight to save defenceless tribesmen from exploitation by big business interests; it gains a morbid, if accidental, distinction from an incident involving the attempted assassination at the U.N. of a man named Kennedy.

Master of Life And Death is a more spirited version of the power game, this time within Popeek, the Bureau of Population Equalisation, an organisation which includes amongst its duties the selection of euthanasia victims. Assistant Administrator Roy Walton is abruptly promoted when the head of Popeek is himself equalised by an assassin. From that moment onwards, Walton discovers that he must run at top speed simply in order to remain upright; to falter or slip would be fatal. His hairsbreadth evasion of disaster and his inspired manipulation of the factions which oppose him may not always be convincing, but they entertain. If this is still one of the mentionable functions of imaginative literature.

Thomas M. Disch: on 'Quicksand'

FOR SEVERAL REASONS (beyond the squeamishness of editors and the incapacity of writers) the love story has always been problematical in science-fiction. Though it is no longer unusual to discover a love "interest" loosely associated with the plot and presented in an "adult" manner (in this sf has kept pace with the western), an sf novelist who focuses on this interest immediately encounters a dilemma: *either* the love story is sufficiently convincing to tally with the common human experience of love, in which case the sf background becomes a mere exoticism, *or* (the more common failure) the sf element is an integral part of the love story and in consequence the novel becomes an

overextended puzzle story that one reads for the sake of the denouement ("Good God, Jorgensen, do you realise that these women are . . . hermaphrodites!"), the lovers being reduced to puppet status in the interests of the Big Twist.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to encounter a book like John Brunner's **Quicksand** (Doubleday, \$4.50), an accomplished demonstration that the dilemma is not resolvable.

It is a pleasure also in more absolute terms: it is a fine book.

In fact, I suspect it is Brunner's best book to date, and certainly outshines his two earlier best-reputed novels, **Telepathist** and **The Squares of the City**, if only by virtue of its compulsive readability.

The science fictional element of the plot is unremarkable enough; a Visitor from Time (or an Alternate Universe?) is incarcerated in a mental institution where the hero, the doctor in charge of her case, gradually comes to suspend his disbelief in her stories of Llanraw as he falls in love with her (as into quicksand). There is just enough element of surprise in the last few chapters to justify the sf label but *not* to vitiate the honesty and pathos of their tragedy. It is readable (which I would concede to very few sf novels), eminently readable.

So, read it.

An Afterthought.

In trying to account for the large difference between the books of John "Quicksand" Brunner and the Other ("Ace") Brunner, I came up with this theory: that his is essentially a "political" imagination of a kind quite rare in England. His characters seem to be most alive in an *institutional* situation (it was a welfare organisation in **Telepathist**), a proclivity he shares with two fine American writers, Kenneth Fearing and John Updike.

A sign of the (coming) times perhaps?

Joyce Churchill: the Anthology Bag

A GREAT DEAL of time and energy goes into the continuing attempt to make science fiction the "western" of the seventies; effort perhaps a little misplaced, because there is something

coals-to-Newcastle about the idea of popularising, say, Arthur C. Clarke. . . . The interesting thing is that most of the energy seems to find its outlet in the making of anthologies. Whether this is a publisher's foible or a reflection of the general taste for easily digestible quanta of entertainment and information is debatable, but (a) anthologies from sf magazines tend to sell more copies than the magazines themselves, and (b) there are four anthologies to deal with this month.

Two of them, **England Swings sf** (Doubleday, \$5.95) and **The Best Of The Best** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 50s.), are edited by Judith Merrill.

England Swings is a sampler of early "New Wave" fiction, most of the stories being reprinted from **NEW WORLDS**. It appears to have been planned as a definitive statement, containing afterwords, pep-talks, and biographical information on the authors concerned. Its editorial tone modulates between the dreary-cheery and the histrionic, this latter being maximised in the cover notes, which echo the preamble to a Superman film. Of the New Rave:

"Is it a School? Is it a Movement? Is it a Non-happening?"

I miss the inference—possibly it is that "time will tell". Time has certainly had an effect on these pieces; a lot of them have a quaint and old fashioned feel. But Ballard's controversies retain an air of relevance and freshness (Ballard is the best represented author here, with three stories to his credit) as do the lysergic headscapes of Brian Aldiss, whose *Still Trajectories* is the most fascinating thing in the book. The acknowledgements page charts the ambits of the New Thing: Disch, Butterworth, Langdon Jones, Charles Platt; the new directions, the embryos and experiments. . . . On the whole a worthwhile collection; but its theme is a dead-end recollection of the hysteria generated by the intrusion of good prose into the field—it should have been published two years ago.

The Best of The Best: these stories are gleaned from the first five editions of **The Year's Best sf**, spanning the years 1954-1960. The title invites trouble. Again, Ballard is well represented—two stories this time. *Prima Belladonna* and *The Sound Sweep*. Figuring also: Cordwainer Smith's *No, No, Not Rogov!*, icy but dated; a very young piece from Aldiss called *Let's Be Frank*; *Day At The Beach*, by Carol Emshwiller, almost as nasty as her later *Methapyrine Hydrochloride Sometimes Helps*; plus Budrys, Reynolds, Simak, Sturgeon, and so forth. Compare the Ballard and Aldiss stories here with those in **England Swings**; evidence of a tremen-

dous development in prose technique. More intriguing is that one can see the seeds of *You and Me* and *The Continuum* in *Prima Belladonna*, the imagery, the *type* of prose; but there is little intimation of the Acid Head War in the rather coy *Let's Be Frank*.

The prevailing impression here is of sad old work, tarted up. The material isn't dead, but Judith Merrill has certainly disturbed a number of very sound sleeps.

Splinters (Hutchinson, 30s.), edited by Alex Hamilton, is described as "an anthology of modern macabre fiction". Hamilton, tired of the insularity of the genre—and, by implication, the stereotyping that characterises this kind of anthology—has brought together specially commissioned stories by writers who have rarely, if ever, ventured into the field. Within the horror story context, this cross pollination works tolerably well; but only in one instance has it produced anything "modern" both in content and execution. In *The Ice Palace*, Michael Baldwin uses the most eclectic of elements—the alienation of the factory worker, the dietetic fad, the borders of religious mania—to construct a funny, grotesque, and deadly narrative that has a forbidding sense of familiarity. His style and approach are impeccable. Anthony Burgess almost matches him with *The American Organ*, a sly, sidelong look at harmoniums and madmen. The rest of the material is comfortably ordinary; snakes, demonic possessions, orchids; the accepted currency of the genre transposed into modern backgrounds but firmly bedded in tradition.

Nebula Award Stories 3 (Gollancz, 30s.), edited by Roger Zelazny, contains the three 1967 winners and four runners up. Delany's *Aye, And Gomorrah* is a sad account of a new perversion; *Gonna Roll The Bones*, by Fritz Leiber is a new folk tale, baroque, sombrely humorous; Michael Moorcock's *Behold The Man* reconsiders Jesus. These are very fine pieces of fiction. The runners-up vary. Anne McCaffrey offers another cosmic *Cinderella*, with dragons, Gary Wright a bob sled race, with gimmicks. Harlan Ellison plays the Vegas machines in *Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes*. Ballard posits cloud sculpting and is by turns inscrutable, fascinating, frustrating. Zelazny's introductions suggest that his style has finally fallen over the edge into sentimentality.

Six fairly autonomous narratives—all of which appeared as short stories in **IMPULSE**—make up Keith Roberts' second novel, the historical fantasy **Pavane** (Hart-Davis, 30s.; Doubleday, \$4.95). The texts differ slightly, Doubleday determinedly accentuating

the period flavour by labelling each section a "measure" and Hart-Davis omitting one complete section (*The White Boat*, originally in *NEW WORLDS*). The novel assumes the assassination of Elizabeth I, resulting in a Catholic Britain. The holy Romans limit technological development, and by 1968, when the story begins, the world is run largely on steam power. Dissatisfaction prevails; in the Fourth Measure a renegade monk, his mind broken by inquisition scenes he has been forced to record, preaches revolution; in the Sixth, the aristocracy open war on Mary's Church. Roberts finds a savage irony or two—the death of the renegade Brother John is an accomplished slice of black humour—while managing to treat both sides of the argument with their due sympathy. His imagery is extremely visual, muddled occasionally by wordiness. The coda, which is supposed to sort everything out, leaves too much unsaid.

Musrum (Cape, 30s.), by Eric Thacker & Anthony Earnshaw, is a big, pretty book with nothing much inside. Musrum, potentate of Intersol, has his giant mushroom stolen by the Weedking. Anthony Earnshaw complicates the proceedings with pleasant, empty line drawings. "In a wallet fashioned of two slices of human bread, Musrum keeps a document he has never yet dared to read", and there is a choice of editions. You may prefer the buckram-and-Japanese-wood-veneer, signed and numbered, at six guineas.

John Brunner's new novel, **Stand On Zanzibar** (Doubleday, at \$6.95; to be published in March in the UK by Macdonald), is an application of the Dos Passos technique to the speculative field, a massive collage of a book that offers a broad fictional extrapolation from current events. Brunner presents as his protagonist an unbalanced society, consumer oriented and consuming itself to death. Violence and the special poverties of Utopia set the tone; race riots; genetic control, and an East-West confrontation are balanced by ephemeral close-ups of personal frustration. Admass manipulators attempting to peg the status quo, demolish human dignity from above while guerilla-action and anarchy attack it from below. This is a well conceived book—a satisfyingly complete vision—marred by a lack of metaphor. Brunner is an inventive writer; his ability to theorise and document a feasible future is undeniable. But his success in evoking that future through images is limited. And his solution of the violence problem, though clever, is superfluous—it might have been more effective simply to state the problem.



The Russians expect to instate a puppet government.

THE RAPE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

by Anthony Swerling

64 original drawings on coloured paper 10s.

The first book on the present crisis.

2 editions in 12 days—

a world record in book production.

The Trinity Lane Press, 2 Covent Garden, Cambridge.

Other books

Apeman, Spaceman (Rapp & Whiting, 35s.), edited by Harry Harrison and Leon E. Stover, anthologises old favourites by Heinlein, Knight, Wells, Lester del Ray. An afterword by Leon Stover considers the anthropological basis of each story.

The Palace of Love (Dobson, 18s.) by Jack Vance is the latest in his "Star King" series. Fast-moving fantasy with a touch of the baroque.

The Rape of Czechoslovakia (Trinity Lane Press)—Text and whimsical drawings by Anthony Swerling. A straight account of the facts.

Farewell, Fantastic Venus! edited by Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison (Macdonald, 30s.), is a nostalgic anthology of fact and fiction concerning the planet, not the woman.

The Waters of Death by Irving A. Greenfield (Sidgwick & Jackson, 18s.): undersea farming, a totalitarian government, and a frustrated investigator.

Carder's Paradise (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.) is a penal colony story transported into a computerised future. By Malcolm Levene, a psychologist.

The second part of the **Gormenghast** trilogy, by Mervyn Peake, is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode in December at 50s. net. The book will contain 15 of Peake's drawings.

D.R.B.

PHANTOM LIMBS

Francis Johnston writes regarding last month's article:

I am sorry the printer got my name, and so my sex, wrong!

There are a few points of amplifica-

tion or amelioration to be made. The number of new limbs supplied is about two-and-a-half times that stated by me; the number of fresh amputees is about 2/5ths that stated by me; how the middle figure which I used was derived I do not know. When I said that there was a "grin and bear it" attitude, the words were perhaps a little harsh: "take it or leave it" would be fairer, however old, out-of-date and cumbersome the design. On the other hand I understand that the patella-tendon bearing below-knee limbs are now being widely issued, and this makes it all the more surprising that the plastic socket is not yet in use for above-knee limbs.

The BMA has just issued a vigorous attack on the limb-fitting service in their booklet **Aids To The Disabled** which echoes many of the criticisms in my article; yet nowhere in the booklet does the BMA show any signs of awareness of immediate post-operative fitting so widely carried out in several countries outside Britain.

Christmas subscription offer still open

Subscriptions received before the next issue is published on January 24th may still be at the rates:

£2 10s. for one year (12 issues)

£1 15s. for six months (6 issues)

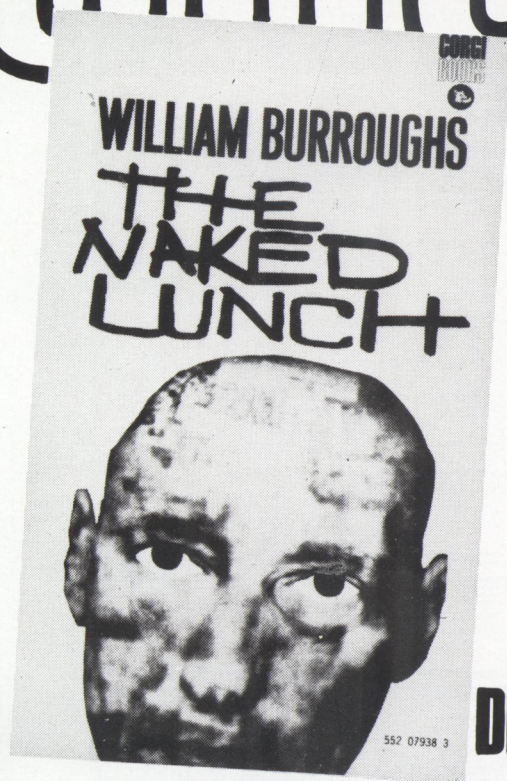
NAME:

ADDRESS:

I WANT MY SUBSCRIPTION TO START WITH ISSUE No.
(This issue is number 186)

Note: When sending notice of a change of address, please include your original address, as well as your new one. This is especially important for subscribers named Jones, Brown, Smith, etc.

AT LAST IN GEORGE



UNEXPURGATED 7/6d

DEC. 28th.



Read the books in the new Macdonald Science Fiction range. Take a trip through unborn futures and alternate presents. Keep your eyes open and your mind peeled for these mindsweeping titles by top authors...

ALREADY PUBLISHED

FAREWELL, FANTASTIC VENUS!

A history of the planet Venus in fact and fiction

edited by BRIAN W ALDISS

assisted by HARRY HARRISON

30s

THE FLESHPOTS OF SANSATO

WILLIAM F TEMPLE

21s

WORLD OF PTAVVS

LARRY NIVEN (new Hugo Award-winning author)

21s

THUNDER OF STARS

DAN MORGAN & JOHN KIPPAX

21s

TOO MANY MAGICIANS

RANDALL GARRETT

25s

Five more coming in Spring 1969—including the first full-length British appearance of JOHN BRUNNER'S *Stand on Zanzibar*

MACDONALD



HOSPITAL OF TRANSPLANTED HEARTS

now to be available as a large

POSTER

D. M. Thomas's beautiful poem, published in this issue of *New Worlds*, has been designed in 22 in. by 18 in. poster format. In three colours, the poster will make an eye-catching decoration of deep, lasting appeal. Reserve yours now.

Send 10s. (includes postage and packing) made out to Charles Platt. Address to POSTER, 271 Portobello Road, London W.11.

GORMENGHAST

The second volume of Peake's Gothick trilogy, now being reissued with drawings by the author. Anthony Burgess said of the first part, *Titus Groan*: 'It remains essentially a work of the closed imagination, in which a world parallel to our own is presented in almost paranoiac denseness of detail. But the madness is illusory, and control never falters. It is, if you like a rich wine of fancy chilled by the intellect to just the right temperature. There is no really close relative to it in all our prose literature. It is uniquely brilliant and we are right to call it a modern classic.'

Eyre & Spottiswoode, 50s

MERVYN PEAKE