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new worlds



Jerry Cornelius in
A Cure for Cancer

BY MICHAEL MOORCOCK

THE KILLING GROUND

BY J.G.BALLARD

THE HIROSHIMA DREAM

BY GEORGE MACBETH

Mr. Black's Poems of Innocence

by d.m.thomas

THE FUTURE OF ART

BY KENNETH COUTTS-SMITH

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new worlds

Number 188

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lead. in 2

IT IS WITH REGRET that we announce the resignation of **Michael Moorcock** and **Charles Platt** from full-time editorial involvement with **NEW WORLDS** as from next month. Moorcock has edited the magazine for five years and has produced nearly fifty issues, many of them under difficult conditions and a number of them at his own expense. He radically changed the policy of **NEW WORLDS** and turned it into the magazine it is today. He was the first to publish and encourage many of its most popular authors, and has been described by **Brian Aldiss** as an 'editorial genius'. Now he intends to use his editorial talents sparingly, preparing a few anthologies, and will continue to be associated with the magazine chiefly as a contributor of stories and articles. Moorcock is 29 and was originally known to **NEW WORLDS** readers as a contributor to all three of the Nova Publications magazines: **NEW WORLDS**, **SCIENCE FANTASY** and **SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES**. His first story appeared under a pseudonym in **NEW WORLDS** number 89. He has edited professional magazines since he was 17 and published his first fiction at 16 but, he says, "never really wanted to be an editor". His contribution to this issue, *A Cure for Cancer*, is most of the first section of his new Jerry Cornelius novel. Further sections will appear in future issues.

Like Moorcock, **Charles Platt's** first appearance in **NEW WORLDS** was as an author. His novelette *Lone Zone* appeared in number 152; he joined the magazine as designer in the summer of 1966 and was largely responsible for the new appearance of **NEW WORLDS** when its format ceased to be that of a paperback book in July 1967. Platt is 23 and his first novel, *The Garbage World*, was recently published by Panther. His second novel, *The City Dwellers*, was recently completed, based on *Lone Zone* and other stories originally published in **NEW WORLDS**. Platt came to be a writer, he says, by a process of elimination which involved attempts to specialise

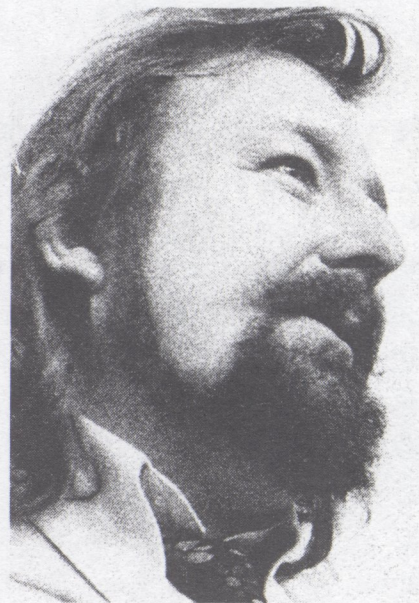


Zorin: concentrating on writing

in mathematics (while at school), economics (while at Cambridge—he left after two terms) and printing management (at the London College of Printing, where he was "unimpressed" by the standard of teaching).

Platt's story *ID* is the first he has had in **NEW WORLDS** for more than a year (which gives some idea of the time he has spent on design) and follows a natural progression from short stories such as *The Disaster Story* (NW 160). The treatment, however, is very different from his early fiction. Like Moorcock, Platt is leaving **NEW WORLDS** in order to devote more time to his own writing; in particular, a retrospective novel set in 1964.

George MacBeth first appeared in **NEW WORLDS** with his long poem *Crab Apple Crisis* (167) and has since then appeared fairly regularly, though this is his first poem to be published



Moorcock: radically changed

here for some time. Born in Scotland in 1932, MacBeth has lived in England since the age of four. He has published four collections of poems, and his new books, *A War Quartet* is to come in September from Macmillan. His *Penguin Book of Victorian Verse* (8s) has just been published. In 1964 MacBeth shared the first Sir Geoffrey Faber award for the best book of poems by a writer under forty and he has been called, by **David Black**, the most entertaining poet now writing in England.

Coming next issue, **J. G. Ballard's** *The Beach Murders* is intended as an entertainment for George MacBeth, more or less in return for the pleasure MacBeth's work has given Ballard. *The Killing Ground* is in a very different vein from the former story and, indeed, from that which we have come to expect from Ballard.

Graham Charnock's *The Death*

NEXT MONTH

IS THE APOCALYPSE ALREADY UPON US???

TERROR — DESTRUCTION — STRANGE DESIRES — INSANE SCHEMES!!! All these await Jerry Cornelius in the perilous wastes of Greater America. Can he survive? Is Karen von Krupp friend — or fiend??? Why has Bishop Beesley turned kidnapper? What is the sinister purpose behind President Ronald Boyle's Law and Order Campaign? What is the secret of the Government Protected Experimental Nature Reserve in the Pennsylvania woods? Who is the mysterious Captain Brunner? Why are the Sioux massing to attack Las Vegas? Read the second thrill-packed episode of Michael Moorcock's towering tale of the strange world of 1970 A.D. in the next NEW WORLDS.

Also in this issue:
HARLAN ELLISON
BRIAN W. ALDISS
J. G. BALLARD
J. J. MUNDIS
M. JOHN HARRISON
ANTHONY HAYDEN-GUEST
—AND MORE!!!

In NEW WORLDS 189,
on sale March 21st



Platt: new appearance



MacBeth: most entertaining poet

Layout is his second story for NEW WORLDS (his first appeared in our recent New Writers Issue). This story is based, both on his interest in the work of McLuhan and on his first-hand experiences in an advertising agency, where he is currently employed. Charnock is 21.

Leo Zorin is another fairly new contributor to the magazine (see *The Man who was Dostoevsky*, NW 181 and *The Apocalypse Machine*, NW 184). His new story, *Plekhanov Screams*, shows a similar interest in both Russians and the apocalypse. Leo Zorin is 23, and after a brief stay at Cambridge University tried busking, gardening, computer programming and working as a civil servant before concentrating on writing and painting.

J. J. Mundis's first story in NEW WORLDS was *Flesh of My Flesh* (NW 168); **D. M. Thomas** contributed *Hospital of Transplanted Hearts* to NW

186 (this appeared instead of the poem now published as *Mr Black's Poems of Innocence*)

willer is married to New York film maker **Ed Emshwiller**, has an enthusiastic 'underground' following, and last appeared in NW 182 with *Methapyrilene Hydrochloride Sometimes Helps*. **Kenneth Coutts-Smith** makes his first appearance in NEW WORLDS this month. He is an excellent art critic, is working on a book on Utopianism in art and was the founding editor of ART AND ARTISTS.

Next issue: **Marek Obtulowicz**, **Alan Passes**, **J. J. Mundis**, **J. G. Ballard**, **Pamela Zoline**, **David Lunde**, **C. R. Clive**, **David Telfair**, **A. G. Sobin**, **Brian Vickers** and others. Remember, NEW WORLDS has distribution problems in certain areas, so if you don't see it—order it!

The Publishers.



MICHAEL MOORCOCK:

A Cure for Cancer

Preliminary Consultation

"Here on the top of a modern and reputable London store lives a garden of incredible beauty one hundred feet above Kensington High Street—the shopping centre of the Royal Borough of Kensington—The gardens embrace some 1½ acres, and comprise an Old-English Garden, Tudor Courts and flower beds, and a Spanish Garden with Moorish pergolas and a Court of Fountains."

(Derry & Toms Famous Roof Garden)

A TROLL ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS

THE TIME MIGHT be July 31st 1970.

London, England. Cool traffic circulates. A quiet, hot day: somewhere in the distance—a bass tone.

In High Street, Kensington, where the trees of Hyde Park creep out among the buildings, stands the age-old structure of the Derry and Toms department store. Tier upon impressive tier, it is proud among its peers.

On the roof of the store, in a lot of rich earth, grow shrubs and trees and flowers, and there are little streams and ponds with goldfish and ducks. Who better to describe this roofgarden than those who built it? In their 1966 edition of their brochure, Derry and Toms said:

"They are the only gardens in the world of such large dimensions at so great a height, over 100 feet above ground level, overlooking London with St Paul's in the distance. The gardens are 1½ acres in extent and comprise an Old English Garden, Tudor Courts and Flower Beds and a Spanish Garden with Moorish Pergolas and A Court of Fountains. The water for the fountains, the river and the waterfall is drawn from our Artesian Wells 400 feet deep. The depth of the soil averages 2 feet 6 inches and the distribution of weight of this and the masonry used was arranged by the Company's architect when planning the Derry and Toms building. The Gardens took three years to build and were opened in May 1938 by the Earl of Athlone, K.G.

"From the balconies that adjoin the gardens you have the opportunity of enjoying the most magnificent views of London. You can see the spires and towers of the Kensington Museums, the great Dome of St Paul's, Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral—the Albert Hall, Albert Memorial, etc."

In order, the captions to the pictures read:

1. A delightful view of the Court of Fountains
2. The water for the fountains, the river and the waterfall is drawn from our artesian wells four hundred feet deep. The depth of soil averages 2 feet 6 inches and the distribution of weight of this and masonry was arranged by the company's architect when planning the Derry and Toms building.
3. The Spanish Gardens
4. Fully matured fruit-bearing trees stretch up toward the sky
5. Aerial view of the Spanish garden where palm-trees and grape-vines live the year round.

6. Corner of the Spanish garden showing the Well of St Therese in a cobbled court with vine-covered walls.

7. Another view of the Spanish garden—showing the spire of St. Mary Abbots Church in the background.

8. (Opposite) The magnificent Court of Fountains

9. Flowers bloom in profusion and green lawns flourish.

10. (Below) The Tudor Gardens

11. Views of the Spanish Gardens.

12. The campanile and convent with fountain in foreground—so typically Spanish in atmosphere.

13. Vine-covered archways leading to the Court of Fountains all this one hundred feet above the traffic of London!

14. *This garden has a world of pleasure isn't* (SHAKESPEARE)

15. The Tudor gardens.

16. Entrance to the Tudor Gardens—you go back through history to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

17. Henry VIII might well have wandered through this garden and plucked a red rose for Anne Boleyn.

18. Another view of the Tudor Gardens and their carved stone archways and red brick paving.

19. *A waterfall feeds a meandering stream.*

20. Ducks on the Woodland Garden lawn

21. The Sun Pavilion Restaurant with its umbrella-shaded balconies—a modern restaurant in the quiet setting of an English garden.

22. The waterfall—shaded by quiet trees alive with the gurgling of water and the twittering of the birds—like a rendezvous in the country.

23. Again the Sun Pavilion Restaurant—here you will find peace and pleasure—high above London—overlooking the Woodland Gardens.

• • •

ON SUMMER AFTERNOONS ill-clad ladies wander through the gardens; they wear felt and fluffy nylon hats, suits of linen or rayon or double jersey, bright scarves tied cowboy fashion about their throats. The place is the last retreat in London of the female of an old and dying English race—the "Waites-dwellers" as they have often been called, although many live in pre-Waites communities and some do not always own Austins. She comes here when her shopping is done in Barkers, Derry and Toms or Pontings (they are all next to each other in the High Street) to meet her mates. Only here may she with some certainty safely take her middle class tea.

There are walls about the retreat. One wall has a locked gate. The key to the gate is owned by the man who secretly owns the chain of stores on this block, who secretly owns other similar substantial properties throughout London.

Now, below, we hear the sound of drowsy mid-afternoon traffic. The banner of D&T hangs limp against its staff. Not far away is the Kensington Gardens Hotel and the Kensington Strip, with its bazaars and eateries and bright lights. Not far from The Strip, to the west, is secluded Kensington Palace Gardens, vulgarly called Millionaire's Row, the avenue of the Embassies, running beside Kensington Gardens where the statue of Peter Pan still plays its pipes near the sparkling Serpentine. Derry and Toms faces towards North Kensington, the largest and most densely populated part of the Royal Borough, the most delicious slum in Europe.

It is almost tea-time.

'BROKEN BLOSSOMS' LOVER IN GARDEN SEX FEST!!!

WITHIN THE VINE-covered walls of the Dutch garden the sultry sun beat down on colourful flowers and shrubs.

There were tulips like blue velvet, tulips of red, yellow, white and mauve; daffodils; pink and scarlet roses, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, peonies. All the flowers were bright and all the scents were sweet.

The air was hot and still; there was not a trace of a breeze; but in one part of the garden a patch of cream daffodils began to move; they soon became violently agitated, as if invisible stallions galloped through them. Stems bent and broke. Then the daffodils stopped moving.

Almost immediately a nearby field of white and red tulips began to shake and thresh.

There was the smell of lilac, very heavy on the air, and the tulips groaned, leaves slapping against leaves.

When they had stopped, the roses in the next bed fluttered and bent, scarlet petals falling fast, thorns tearing, branches shuddering.

Finally, when the roses were calm again, a huge bed of snapdragons, pansies, meadowsweet, ivy-leaved toadflax, irises, hollyhocks, narcissi, violets and sunflowers burst into life; petals shot into the sky, leaves erupted in all directions; there was a great, wild, lush, ululating noise; then silence.

• • •

LYING BETWEEN DAMP, ivory thighs, Jerry Cornelius sighed and smiled into the unseeing face of Captain Hargreaves, member of the U.S. military advisory commission in Europe. The captain was a good, greedy girl.

Jerry's skin, as black as a Biafran's, glistened, and he thought about all the kinds of girls he had known as he looked at the flowers above his head and then down at Flora Hargreaves's slowly cooling eyes. He rolled like the surf and reached across the soft earth for a cigarette.

A bass tone. He glanced at the sky. It was clear.

When he looked back Flora's eyes had closed and she was sleeping, her auburn hair burnishing the pillow of crushed petals, her perfect face at perfect peace, the sweat drying on her sweet body. He bent and lightly kissed her left breast, touched her smooth shoulder, got up and went to find her uniform where she had folded it beside the patch of cream daffodils.

A man in his late twenties, with a healthy, muscular body, a large Liberty's neo-Art Nouveau wrist-watch like a bangle on either wrist; his skin was ebony and his hair not blond but milk white. Jerry Cornelius was a revolutionary of the old school though his stated objectives ("the elimination of time and death—the reversal of identity") seemed different.

Humming an early Jimi Hendrix number ("Foxy Lady"), Jerry looked around for his own clothes and found them on the grass close to Flora's olive duds. On top of the pile lay his chromium plated vibragun which he now picked up and holstered, strapping the holster to his naked body. He pulled on his lavender shirt, his red underpants, his red socks, his midnight-blue Cardin trousers with the flared bottoms, the matching double-breasted high-waisted jacket, smoothed his long white hair, took a mirror from his

pocket and adjusted his wide purple tie, looking at his face as an afterthought.

A very *negative* appearance, he thought, pursing his lips and smiling. He picked up Flora's uniform and laid it near her; then he walked through the sunlight and flowers, knee-deep, towards the garden gate.

WILD WHIRLYBIRD IN ONE MAN WAR!!

BEYOND THE WALL the middle-class women walked the pleasant paths, glancing nervously or with disapproval at the creature who locked the gate behind him as if he owned the place. They mistook him for a dandified negro, and thought it likely that he was responsible for the increasingly loud bass tone, for he carried something that looked rather like a transistor radio.

Jerry put the key in his pocket and wandered in the direction of the Woodland Garden which, with its streams and shady trees, was flanked by the Sun Pavilion Restaurant which was not yet open.

He passed several black doors marked *Emergency Exit* and paused by the lift, murmuring a word to the attendant and the ticket girl. They nodded. The girl entered the lift and with an air of finality it descended.

Jerry turned back to the Woodland Garden. As he reached it the bass tone sounded very close and he looked up and saw the helicopter, moving in low, up over the outer wall, its rotors thrashing, the leaves of the trees whipping off their branches, the petals of the flowers flung about in all directions.

The women screamed, wondering what to do.

Jerry drew his vibragun. He knew an enemy helicopter when he saw one.

The chopper was huge, over forty feet long, and flying close to the tops of the trees, its deep-throated motor full of menace, its shadow black over the gardens.

Jerry moved swiftly across the open space towards the tree-shaded lawn of the Woodland Glade, the leaves stinging his face.

A machine-gun hissed and slim bullets bit the concrete. Jerry rested his vibragun across his bent right arm and took aim, but he could hardly see his great target for the whistling petals and leaves that lashed his face. He stumbled backwards into a pool, slipped and found himself waist-deep in cold water. There were almost no leaves on the trees now as the rotors flicked round and round.

Someone began to shout through a megaphone at him.

"Fuckpig! Fuckpig! Fuckpig!"

The old ladies gasped and ran about in panic, finding the lift out of order and the emergency exits blocked. They huddled under the arches of the Tudor Garden or threw themselves flat behind the low walls of the Spanish Garden.

Some of the copter's bullets hit a group of noisy ducks and blood and feathers mingled with the flying leaves. Jerry fired back rather half-heartedly.

The chopper—a Westland Whirlwind with the 750 h.p. Alvis Leonides Major engine—banked slightly until it was hovering over a clear space in which a fountain splashed. It began to drop lower, its 53 ft. rotors barely missing the trees.

The machine gun hissed again and Jerry was forced to fling himself under the water and slide along until he could crouch under the small stone bridge. A man jumped from the copter, cradling the gun in his arms. He began to trudge towards the point where Jerry had gone under the water. There was blood on the surface, but it was the blood of ducks and doves.

Jerry smiled and aimed his vibragun at the man with the machine gun. The man began to tremble. The machine gun falling apart in his hands, he shook violently and collapsed.

The copter was beginning to rise. Jerry dashed for it.

"Easy," he called. "Easy."

There could be as many as nine people in the copter, apart from the pilot. He dived through the hatch. Save for the fallen megaphone, it was empty. Above him, the pilot stared at him through goggles. The copter gained height.

Jerry put his head out of the hatch. Frightened ladies, their hats like so many coloured dollops of cream, wailed up at him.

"We're stranded! We can't get out! We'll starve! Hooligan! Go back to your own country! Help!"

"Don't worry," Jerry called as the copter climbed. He picked up the megaphone. "The restaurant opens soon. Please form an orderly queue. It will assist everyone if you try to behave in a normal manner! In the meantime..." He flung his taper to the soft ground. It began to play a selection of George Formby's greatest hits, including *When I'm Cleaning Windows*, *Fanlight Fanny* and *Auntie Maggie's Remedy*. "And don't forget Old Mother Riley, Max Miller and Max Wall! It is for them that you suffer today!"

As the helicopter thrummed out of sight, the ladies murmured among themselves and their lips curled in disgust as George Formby sang about the tip of his little cigar, but they formed a long, disciplined queue outside the restaurant.

Eight days later they would still be standing there, or sitting, or lying where they had fallen. Through the glass walls of the restaurant they had been able, every day between three o'clock and five o'clock, to see the waitresses

laying out the little sandwiches, scones and cakes and later clearing them away again. If a lady signalled a waitress the waitress would wave, smile apologetically and point at the notice which said that the restaurant was closed.

One plump middle-aged housewife in a blue paisley suit hugged her handbag to her stomach in disapproval. The George Formby songs, rather scratchy now, were still going. "I feel filthy," she said. "It's wicked. I've a good mind to complain. I mean it."

"Don't start a fuss, dear. I'm sure there's a very good explanation..."

On the lawn, quacking cheerfully, forgetful of their earlier upsets, jolly ducks waddled about.

SING TO ME, DARLING, IN OUR CASTLE OF AGONY

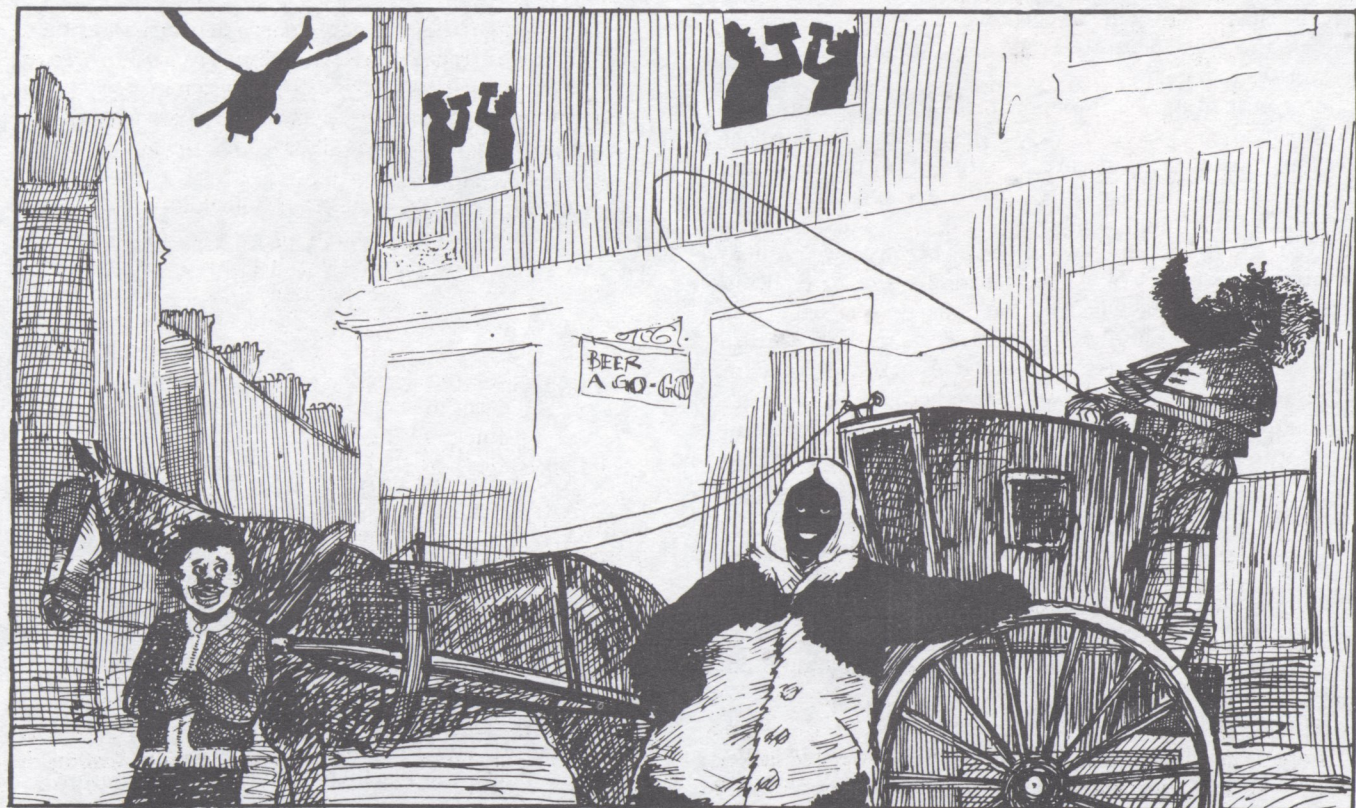
"DROP ME OFF at Earls Court, would you?" Jerry asked, stroking the pilot's neck with his vibragun.

Pettishly the chopper sank towards the flat roof of the Beer-A-Gogo, recently built on the site of the old Billabong Club, and hovered there with undisguised impatience.

Jerry opened the hatch and jumped out, falling elegantly through the thin asbestos sheeting and landing with a bump on mouldy sacks of flour that filled his nostrils with a sour smell. Rats scattered and turned to watch him from the shadows. He sighed and got up, dusting his suit, watching, through the jagged hole, the helicopter disappearing into the sky.

Jerry left the storeroom and stood on the landing listening to the lusty sounds from below. The migrants were celebrating "Piss on a Pom" week, getting rigidly drunk on home brewed beer or "pickling Percy's plums" as they put it.

Jerry could hear them laughing a great deal as the jokes



"Dear Prudence, won't you come out to play," began as Jerry rested his palm on the recognition plate and the gate opened. He glanced, as usual, at the slogan "Vietgrove"

A tricky customer, thought Jerry.

MYSTERY OF YOWLING PASSENGER IN SNOB AUTO

Jerry pursed his lips and touched the ruby stud of his taper, adjusted sapphire and diamond controls for balance, and turned up the volume. Soon the passenger's voice was more or less drowned by *Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey*.

Jerry winked at his black face in the overhead mirror.

DANGEROUS DUDE'S DREAM OF DESTRUCTION

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL soon have him in the fuzz box," smiled the kindly old matron as Jerry said goodbye to her at the main door of the Sunnydale Reclamation Centre. The matron had formerly been a Greek millionairess, famous for her escapades, and had known the new client in the old days when he had holidayed aboard her yacht *Teddy Bear*. She handed Jerry the latest issue of *The Organ* (*A Quarterly Review for its Makers, its Players & its Lovers*). "This came for you today—at the house."

"No other mail?"

"Not to my knowledge."

Jerry put the magazine in his pocket and waved goodbye. In the peaceful grounds of the Centre the day was warm and beautiful. His silky Phantom VI stood in the drive, contrasting nicely with the grey and yellow gravel. Pines and birches lined the drive and behind them Jerry could see the red roof of his little Dutch mansion which he'd had shipped from Holland in the days before the blockade.

He leapt into the Phantom VI and was away, touching seventy as he passed the gates and hurtled into the road in the path of a slow silver Cadillac that pulled up sharply as he turned and zoomed off towards the metropolis, his milk-white hair streaming in the wind.

The sweet music of a thousand hidden radio transmitters filled the countryside and brought heavenly sound to the pastoral landscape. Such harmony, thought Jerry contentedly, that only the Beatles could achieve; such a perfect combination. From the circle of U.S. and Russian Navy radio ships surrounding and protecting Britain, the same synchronised record played to all the people everywhere. Was there ever such a Utopia? he wondered as he left the subsidiary road and hit the main drag, joining the racing rainbow stream of cars on the multilane highway.

Overhead, like birds of paradise, swarmed the flying machines, the little helicopters, gliders, rocket chairs, peditrains, air taxis, light aircraft of all varieties, belonging to the comfortably off (and who was not in these delightful Home Counties?), all flowing towards London where gleaming towers of all colours could be seen in the distance.

Was it fair, Cornelius asked himself, relaxing for a moment, to scheme the destruction of so much of this life, happiness and colour? It was a shame that his mission in life conflicted with it; but he was a man of will and integrity, not without a marked moral sensibility, and his first loyalty was to his organisation. He was a total convert and he couldn't afford to relax until there were a few more around.

And his adventures were really only about to begin:

Tissue Sample

Clean air and economical electricity are two good reasons to celebrate Nuclear Week. Here are four more.

Clean air from clean energy.

Nuclear-powdered egg-poacher.

Suddenly it's 1980.

Nuclear crime detection—a fifth reason.

Nuclear Week for your kids—three more ways to celebrate.

(—Headings, Con Edison ad)

50,000 VICTIMS OF KILL-CRAZY PRINCE CHARMING

BEALE, CLAWS TOGETHER under his chin, eyed Jerry Cornelius only for a moment then moved suddenly, rising and falling across the room on his flamingo legs, the woollen frock coat, which was Burton's latest autumn line, rumpling and floating.

The room was long, lined with books, the ceiling so large that it seemed about to fall with a thud. Cornelius glanced upwards and settled warily into the swivel armchair, knowing that, if the ceiling did fall, even he would not have a chance of surviving.

"Which book? We have fifty thousand." Beale's sibilant voice took a long time to reach Jerry.

"The names," murmured Jerry, ready to slip hand to vibragun if the situation demanded.

"London, the city of dolorous mist," hissed Beale. "The names, Mr Cornelius, yes; the confidential names. You say he's called S?"

"According to Okharna."

"Nothing else?"

"Something in code about a mouse strangler of Munich, I'm told. But that could be a reference to an anagram of Mephistophilis. . . ."

"Catching, Mr Aserinsky, hmph," Beale said, as if in reply to a question, and began to cough.

"Not in my book, general. It's oh, oh, five and wild skideroo."

"Unused-unusual. . . ." Beale began, puzzled, as well he might be.

It was only a ruse on Jerry's part to get into the library, but he could not move yet, could not be certain that the ceiling would not fall; and he suspected the chair.

He got up. Beale gasped, hastily reaching for a book.

Jerry knew it was now or never.

He drew the chromium plated vibragun from its silken holster and pointed it at Beale who fell on his knees and began to shake.

When Beale had shaken to pieces, Jerry slid the warm gun back in place, stepped over the corpse, checked doors and the many windows, and got to work, pulling the books from their shelves until every last one was on the floor. Wading through this rubble, he picked up a volume at random and opened it. As he expected it contained six months' issues of the Sunday Times Colour Supplement. It would do to start with.

From his pocket he extracted matches and a tin of lighter fluid, squirted the fluid over the book and lit it. The rest of the fluid he squirted at random over the piles of

books.

Someone was coming.

He ran to the door and drew the bolts; ran, stumbling, to the doors at the far end of the gallery and bolted those too. The fire was beginning to take hold. It was getting warm. He drew his vibragun and gave the huge central window a touch of ultrasonics so that it shattered instantly and he was through it, peering down into the misty street.

Swinging himself onto the ledge, he began to slide down the drainpipe, scraping the heel of his right hand quite nastily, and reached the ground where his Phantom VI, its motor turning over, waited for him.

Two or three streets away, he stopped for a moment and looked back and upwards to where he could see the white stone of the library building and the orange flames and rich, black smoke that whipped and boiled from the window he had broken.

Sabotage was only a sideline with Jerry Cornelius, but he prided himself that he was good at it.

"What do you achieve," a girl had once asked him, stroking the muscles of his stomach, "what do you achieve by the destruction of the odd library? There are so many. How much can one man do?"

"What he can," Cornelius had told her, rolling on her.

Jerry glanced at the huge green-dialled watch on his left wrist. 14.41.

He sent the Phantom VI racing forward, heading away from the City, his headlamps changing the colour of the mist rather than piercing it. Muscles and silk rippled together as he raised one jet-black hand to smooth his white hair from the jet-black forehead. He swung the wheel suddenly to avoid the back of a bus, hooted his horn as he passed on into the mist, finger-tips on wheel. Tower Bridge was ahead, open to traffic, and he raced over it, made the Elephant and Castle roundabout, whisked round it and reached eighty miles an hour as he passed over Waterloo Bridge where the mist was thinner, and the West End, whose great, jewelled towers were the city's distinctive feature, was ahead of him.

"Oh, *psychedelic*!" he murmured.

He had to be in Greek Street in five minutes. He would make it easily now.

He had to meet Spiro Koutrouboussis, his chief contact with the organisation.

Koutrouboussis, one of a number of handsome young Greek millionaires who belonged to the organisation, was dark-haired and slender, from Petrai originally, but now a refugee, a nationalised Israeli subject, proving just how far-sighted he was.

Leaving the thrumming Rolls in the street outside the Mercury Club, Koutrouboussis's favourite meeting place, Jerry stepped over the mist-silvered pavement and entered the warm, neon-lit club where he was greeted with some enthusiasm by the doorman who gratefully received the twenty dollar tip.

Cornelius ignored the dining part of the club, where people sat in red plush seats and ate off golden plates the finest French cuisine available anywhere in the world.

He took the stairs two at a time and bumped into Koutrouboussis who was waiting there. Koutrouboussis rubbed his side, his eyes looking rapidly from Jerry's right foot to his left and back again.

"The same old shoes, I see," he said spitefully, and wheeled about to lead Cornelius into the private room he had on permanent hire.

EX-BANK CLERK SLAVE GIRL IN PRIVATE SIN PALACE

HOW DID YOU manage to get through this," Koutrouboussis asked, burying himself in the shadows of a leather armchair by the fire while a sequined girl poured them Pernod from a gleaming decanter on her hip, "time?"

Jerry stroked his glass. "They thought I was a visiting disc jockey from France. It worked well enough and long enough." There were few long-range aircraft; to its joy, the nation was blockaded by the radio ships. Jerry downed the yellow drink and held out his glass. The girl was an organisation convert and very successful and very happy; she smiled sweetly at Cornelius as she filled his glass; she had once been a clerk in a bank, had worn a green overall and counted money. Her place had been taken by another convert who had originally worked as a hostess just round the corner. The organisation was very neat, on the whole.

Koutrouboussis's eyes glowed from the shadows as he darted a look of jealousy at Cornelius. The poor man had sacrificed himself for others, but he could not help resenting them from time to time.

"Ah," he said.

"The organisation got the French delivery?" Cornelius said. "Thirty two. Fifteen men, seventeen women?"

"Oh, yes. In good time," Koutrouboussis said with a secret in his mellowed eyes.

"That was important," Cornelius murmured. "I'm glad. You were to settle here."

"It's been arranged. Sixty four thousand pounds in hard yen in your London account under the name of Aserinsky. Well worth it."

Jerry worked on a strict commission basis. It preserved autonomy and had been part of the original contract when he had surrendered admin control to the Greeks. "Have they been processed yet?"

"A few. It should be a successful batch, I think."

Jerry held out his glass for another drink; Pernod was the only alcohol he really liked and in this he was a child.

"But we're having trouble," Koutrouboussis added. "Opposition . . ."

"That's not—"

"—unusual, I know. But in this case the opposition seems to realise what we're up to. I mean, they understand what we're doing."

"A tip-off?"

"Could be. But does—it doesn't matter."

"No."

"This group," continued Koutrouboussis, "is an international one with its headquarters in America . . ."

"Where else? Official?"

"I don't know. Perhaps. The difficulties . . ."

"Difficult for them to operate and for us to reach them, of course. But do you . . .?"

"We don't want you to go there."

Jerry leant back in his chair. He looked nervously at the flickering fire in the grate nearby, but it offered no danger. He relaxed.

"It's the German chapter that seems to be offering us the serious threat at this stage," Koutrouboussis cleaned his nails with a toothpick. "We know their leader—a woman. She's a dental surgeon living in Cologne. Already she's deconverted some half-dozen of our German people."

"Turned them on and turned them back?"

"Exactly. The usual method. But much smoother."

"So she's got a good idea of our process."

"To the last detail, apparently. Some Russian source, I think—the leak. Maybe the Patriarch himself, eh?"

"You want me to kill her?"

"How you work is up to you." Koutrouboussis fingered his lips.

Jerry's black face glistened in the firelight. He frowned. "We'd prefer a conversion I suppose."

"Always. But if you can't save a soul, get rid of it." Koutrouboussis smirked with self approval (although normally he did not at all approve of his self).

"The organisation isn't in agreement on that one," Jerry pointed out. "Repent or die."

"Quite."

"Well, I'll see what I can do." Jerry stroked the girl's pelvis. "And I go to Cologne, eh?..

"It might be an idea," Koutrouboussis said uncertainly. "To get yourself fully in the picture—but you needn't do anything there. She's coming to Britain, we gather, shortly, to organise the British chapter."

Unsettled by the Greek's somewhat puritanical attitude (natural, he supposed, for a man who had given up so much), Jerry drank another glass of Pernod, feeling a trifle lightheaded. The flavour of the liquorice was firmly on his palate now. If he were going to enjoy his dinner, he had better stop.

"Bring me a glass of ice-water, darling, will you please?" He patted the girl's thigh.

"That would be the best time to strike," Koutrouboussis suggested. "Off her own territory and on yours."

Jerry reached out for the water and drank it slowly. "What's her name?"

"Name?"

"What's she called?"

"Name."

Koutrouboussis made an urgent, spasmodic gesture with his right hand. He breathed heavily.

"Doctor . . ." he began . . . "Karen—Karen . . ."

Jerry reached up and pulled the girl to him. They kissed each other firmly and pulling off their clothes lay down on the floor and fucked with hot and hasty passion.

". . . von . . ."

Snorting and quivering, they came.

". . . Krupp!"

"What was that again?" Jerry did up his trousers.

"Doctor Karen von Krupp. It's a lot to remember."

"Got it."

Jerry felt only pity. For some men, immortality was not enough.

"Her address in Cologne?"

"She lives outside Cologne. A small town to the west. Nibelburg. Look for the old Gothic stone tower. That's where she has her surgery."

"So I go to her and ask her to check my teeth." Jerry tapped his whitened teeth.

"She'll guess who you are."

"Will she try to detain me?"

"Make sure she doesn't," Koutrouboussis said nervously. "Not you, Cornelius. We can't afford it."

Jerry smiled. He could smell the first course, moules marinière, just before there was a knock on the door and

the waiter pushed the trolley into the room.

U.S.NAVY SHIPS TURNED 'PIRATE' !!!

KOUTROUBOUSSIS HAD GIVEN him his route plan, but how he crossed from Dover to Ostend was his own affair. It was more than twenty miles of sea, and three miles out was the tight circle of well-armed U.S. 'pirate' radio ships.

Jerry's Phantom VI, a streak of pink power on the white, sparkling road, roared through the clear sunlight of the autumn afternoon, making for Dover.

Wearing his Panda-skin coat and a white silk turban in which was set a jewelled clasp supporting a spray of peacock feathers, Jerry stretched comfortably in his seat. He was disguised sufficiently to fool a casual observer and he hoped, too, that Karen von Krupp would not immediately recognise him for what he was.

Jerry saw the bright ruin of the silver bridge that had once spanned the sea between England and France and which had collapsed in a tangle of bright strands shortly after it had been built. Above it a metal ornithopter wheeled.

Now he could see the sea ahead, the little blue waves glinting in the sun, and the road began to slope towards it. Jerry decelerated gradually, switching controls in the convertible until, when the road slid into the sea, the Phantom VI had become a speedboat.

Gracefully, and without slackening speed, the Rolls cut across the water and before long the outlines of the ring of ships could be seen. Jerry touched another control.

This was his first opportunity to try out the car's new feature, for which he had paid a hundred and fifty thousand marks.

There was a soft, muttering sound and the Rolls-Royce began to sink beneath the ocean. It was capable of submerging only a matter of feet and for short distances, but it would probably see him through.

His speed had decreased considerably now. He peered through the murky water, looking upwards, and soon saw the keels of the radio ships ahead. Their sonar was bound to detect him and they would begin dropping depth charges almost at once, but with luck they would detonate well below him and a vessel as small as his would be hard to pinpoint with any great accuracy.

They had a fix.

He saw the first charge plunge into the water on his right and fall towards the ocean bed.

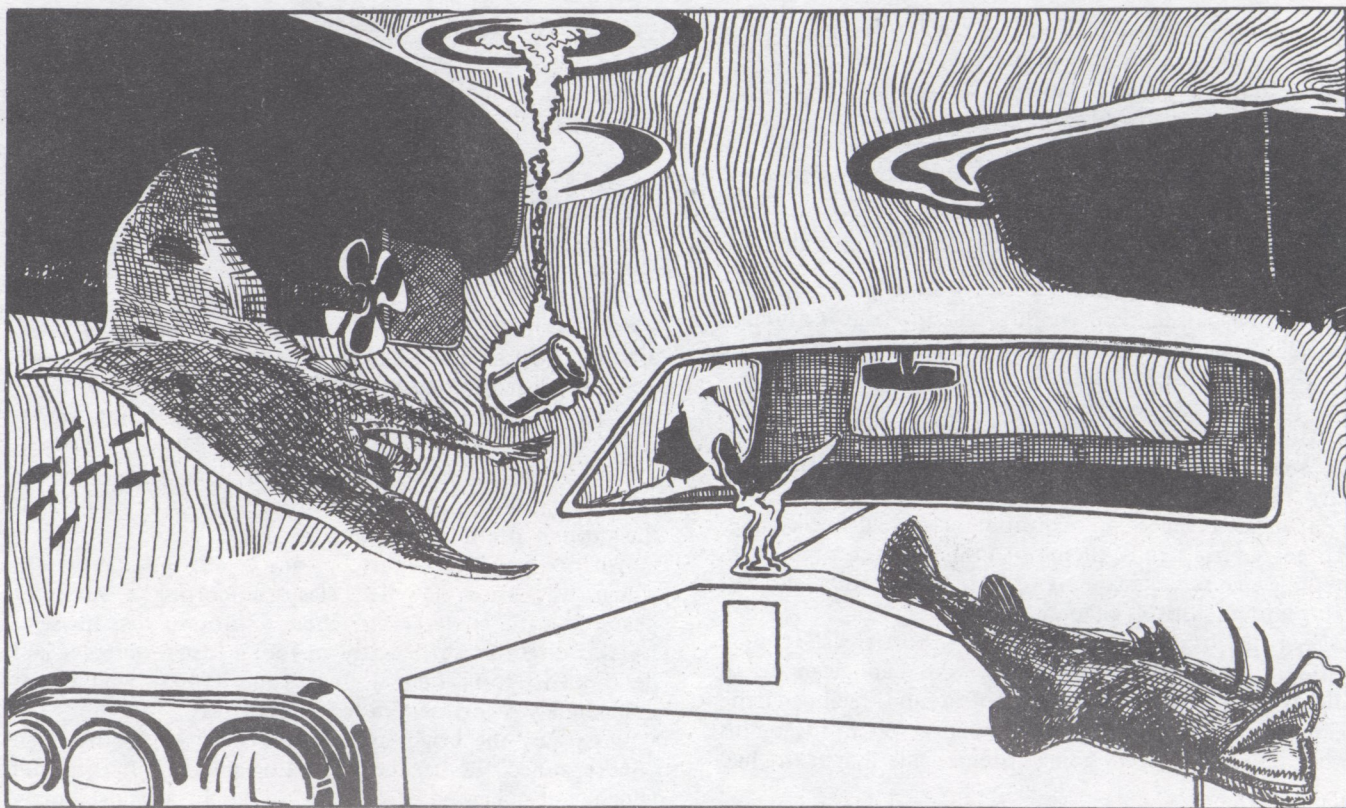
Then another fell close to it, and another on his left, another behind him.

He watched them sink.

One by one the shock waves rose, threatening to blow him to the surface under the Yank's guns.

The car rocked. Its forward course was deflected by a further series of shock waves.

Jerry kept firm control of the wheel, letting the car move with the waves, waiting until they had died before pressing on, beneath the ships' keels and beyond them.



More depth charges struck the water and floated down.

One of the blue steel cannisters brushed the side of the car and he swung violently away as, below him, it exploded, catching the rear and almost turning the Rolls end over end.

Jerry was thrown forward against the wheel. Another charge went off. The water was cloudy. He lost his bearings.

The car spiralled to a dangerous depth; he managed to switch on the interior lights and regain control as he began to somersault.

Checking the instruments, he judged he was out of range. He began to rise.

Breaking through the waves, the limousine continued its stately way across the surface. Looking back, Jerry could see the ships behind him.

A few guns blew black smoke from their muzzles. He heard the roar as they fired, saw the shells splash into the sea and burst on either side of him, spraying the canopy of the car with water and momentarily making him lose visibility.

He smiled. Before they got his range, he would be over the horizon.

Until the radio ships thought of putting down anti-sub nets, the car would be useful.

Dashing like a dolphin through the warm water, the Rolls-Royce was soon in sight of Ostend and a similar concrete roadway. It hit the road smoothly under Cornelius's control, reconverted and was bowling along the road to Brussels without a moment's interruption.

He bought a paper at a roadside kiosk, saw that Israel had annexed Bulgaria and that another hundred thousand U.S. military advisors had been flown into European H.Q., Bonn.

And the sun was setting.

The act of running the radio-ship blockade had tired him a trifle; he planned to spend the night at an organisation-approved hotel in Brussels.

Soon Brussels lay ahead, all baroque red and gold in the sunset, sweet city of nostalgia.

Blood Sample

At Mach 3 ordinary tires start to melt.

(—Goodrich ad)

DOPE PUSHING PREACHER WAS PEEPING TOM

BISHOP BEESLEY POPPED a bar of Turkish Delight into his large, wet mouth, smiled as he chewed the soft chocolate and jelly, and unwrapped another bar. He swallowed, licked his lips with his grey tongue, and picked up his pen.

In the lounge of The Golden Orerey, one of the best hotels in Brussels, he was polishing up the newspaper article he was writing. It was called *Heroin: A Cure for Cancer?* and would appear the following Sunday. He had written for the *Sunday Messenger* for some years. Before the dissolution of the clergy, he had done the regular *From My Pulpit* feature, and afterwards, when the *Messenger* had to change its policy to fit in with modern trends, had changed the name of his column to *From My Viewpoint*. Journalism, however, did not pay him sufficiently and was really just a useful sideline.

From where he sat, Bishop Beesley could see the main entrance of the hotel and he looked up as the glass doors swung open. Through them came a man carrying a light grip and dressed in a black and white fur coat. The man

appeared to be an Indian, for his skin was black and he wore an elaborate turban and what the Bishop considered a rather vulgar silk suit. The man walked to the reception desk and spoke to the clerk who handed him a key.

The Bishop popped the unwrapped bar of Turkish Delight into his mouth and resumed work.

It did not take him long to complete the article, put it into an envelope, address and stamp the envelope and walk to the hotel's mail-box where he posted it.

He looked at the clock over the reception desk and saw that dessert would be being served about now. He walked across the foyer to the dining room and entered it. The dining room was half-full. Two or three family groups sat at tables along the walls, a few business men with their wives or secretaries ate at other tables, and at the far end sat the Indian who seemed to have chosen pheasant, the hotel's speciality.

Bishop Beesley hated the whole idea of meat. He hated the whole idea of vegetables, for that matter, but the orange bombes were unmatched anywhere and it was for them that he came to The Golden Orerey.

With a great deal of dignity he sat his full buttocks down on the well-stuffed chair and put his pale hands on the cloth.

There was no need to order.

Very shortly a waiter appeared with the first of the six orange bombes that the Bishop would eat tonight, as he ate every night when in Brussels.

The Bishop picked up fork and spoon and bent his nose over the dessert, his eyes watering with delight.

Although absorbed in pleasure, the Bishop could not help noticing the Indian when the man got up and walked past his table. He walked so lithely, there was such a sense of physical power about him, that the Bishop wondered for an instant if he were all he seemed to be.

Though he had paused only a split second in his eating, it was enough to bring the Bishop back to his fourth orange bombe with added relish.

Rising, at length, from the table, he decided to get an early night. He had a busy morning to look forward to.

Jerry Cornelius took off his turban and flipped it onto the chair beside the bed. The girl looked a little surprised by the colour of his hair; her full lips parted and she moved her body on the bed.

Like a big, black boa constrictor he slid from his silks and came slowly towards her, taking her shoulders in his strong hands, pulling her so that her pink breasts pressed against his ebony chest and she drew a deep breath before his lips touched her rose-soft mouth, his tongue stroked hers and love boiled in their bodies, rising, rising, rising in volume with the glory of the very finest Gregorian chant; tempo increasing, flesh flush against flesh, mouth against mouth, hands moving, bodies fusing, teeth biting, voices shouting fit to wake the dead.

He lay beside her with the smell of her body in his nostrils, trying not to breathe too heavily so that the smell would stay there as long as possible. He put an arm around her shoulders and she settled against him, her long, fine dark brown hair brushing his skin. For a while they lay still and then he took his cigarettes from beside the bed and lit one each for them.

He had not expected to meet another organisation operative in The Golden Orerey; Koutrouboussis had said nothing about it. But Polly Fast had recognised him in the corridor outside his room, though he did not know her.

"What are you doing here?" he'd asked.

"Looking for you." She took her opportunities while she could.

Now he said it again.

"I've just delivered a consignment," she told him. "On my way back to England now. It was a touch job—all kinds of trouble. Are you looking for potentials here?"

"No."

"Oho," she said knowingly.

He slid the flat of his hand over her thighs and hips, up her torso and over her right breast, stroking the nipple until it was hard; he put his cigarette out in the ashtray by the bed, took hers from her fingers and put that out too. Her excellent teeth delicately nipped his tongue as they kissed.

It was a shame they hadn't put the light out. Bishop Beesley, peering through his spy-hole in the room above, frowned. He had recognised Cornelius.

DANGER! HITCH-HIKERS WHO POSE AS JOURNALISTS!

LEAVING THE HOTEL the next morning, Cornelius was stopped by a shout from the corner of the street. Turning, he saw a fat figure in the gaiters and frock-coat of a clergyman. The man was waving a small attache case and waddling just as fast as he could.

"A moment, sir! A moment of your time!" The words were panted in a tone reminiscent of sewage warbling underground.

Cornelius paused by the Phantom VI. "Ha," he said. "A moment, eh?" He wondered if this were an organisation contact nobody had warned him about.

The clergyman reached him, breathing heavily, leant against the car and hastily pulled a paper bag from his pocket, taking something that looked like a chocolate cream from it and cramming it into his mouth. It seemed to help him recover.

"Birmingham," he said.

"Indeed," Cornelius replied.

"Beesley—from Birmingham. We met there the Easter before last."

"I never go to Birmingham if I can help it," said Jerry fastidiously. "I haven't been there in four years."

"Mr Aserinsky." Bishop Beesley spoke with prim accusation. "Mr Aserinsky! Come now. Birmingham. The Easter before last."

"Before last, before last." Jerry pursed his lips. "Before last. . . ."

"Aha!" Beesley grinned and patted his forehead with one finger. "Aha! Memory playing tricks."

"Certainly not!"

"Can't remember where one was at any particular moment—can one? Eh? Or, might I say, *who* one was, hm? Ha, ha!"

Cornelius put himself on his guard, ready to drag his vibragun from its holster in a split second. But Beesley was leaning forward with a knowing smile. "Trust me, Mr Aserinsky. We have much in common, you and I."

"Are you from the organisation . . ." Cornelius said, "at all?"

"No. Unfortunate. But I understand the aims. And I

endorse them, Mr Aserinsky."

"I'm leaving now." Jerry put hand to handle.

"I was going to ask you a favour."

A yellow, single-decker tram went past on the other side of the street. Cornelius watched it from the corner of his eye.

"What was that?"

"I believe you are on your way to Germany. You'll be passing through Aachen?"

"That's for me to say." Jerry relaxed a little as the tram turned a corner.

"Could you, perhaps, give me a lift? I am only a poor journalist and the rail fares are so dear, as you appreciate, I'm sure."

"Journalist?"

"Churchman? Unfortunately that profession is a dead one these days. Progress, Mr Aserinsky, has scant pity for the redundant. . . . I mean," the bishop reached into his coat pocket and took out a bar of chocolate which he put into his mouth, "I mean—one must survive. There was little else I was trained for. Consolation was my trade. I still pursue it as best I can."

Jerry watched a thin trickle of chocolate leave Bishop Beesley's mouth. It looked rather like blood.

"I don't trust you," he said.

"Forgive a trace of self-pity." The bishop spread his hands and shrugged in despair. "But my appearance is doubtless disturbing to you. Can I help that? My clothes—they are all I have. My poor, coarse body:—glands. My method of approach:—urgent necessity, if I am to earn the pittance that will support me for another week or two. And there is the plague to consider. Rats have been seen. You Mr Aserinsky, are well dressed, handsome, rich, too. . . ."

"Too rich." Jerry opened the door and threw his grip into the back of the car. He slid into the driving seat, closed the door of the car and started the engine.

Soon he was driving from Brussels, on the Aachen road.

Not too far behind him, his face set in an expression of moral outrage, came Bishop Beesley, stiff-backed at the wheel of a silver Cadillac, his jaw moving rhythmically and, from time to time, his hand moving to meet it. Beside him on the seat was a large paper bag containing almost a pound of walnut fudge.

Bishop Beesley turned to walnut fudge in moments of crisis.

Analysis

*La liberte ne sera recouvrees,
L'occupera noir, fier, vilain, inique,
Quand la matiere du pont sera ouvree,
D'Hister, Venise fasche la republique. (5.29)*

In his book 'Prophecies on World Events by Nostradamus' (Liveright Publications Inc., 1961) Stephen Robb tells us that Hister is an old name for the Danube. But the passage of the centuries, he says, has brought it up to date. He believes that it was an obvious word for the prophet to use, for it meant the Danube and also served as an anagram of Hitler. Mr Robb says that in the 16th century anagrams were as popular as crossword puzzles are today. *Hister*, therefore, with one letter change gives us *Hitler*. Mr Robb says that the change of one letter was permissible in anagram writing (see *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*). What other word, asks Mr Robb, can serve better than *Hister* to specify both

the name, and the place of origin of 'the bold, black, base-born, iniquitous man' who was to 'occupy liberty'?

(—Michael Moorcock, *A Cure for Cancer*)

BLONDE MISTRESS OF NIBELBURG'S TOWER OF TERROR!

JERRY PASSED THROUGH Aachen listening to Olivier Messiaen's *Turangalila Symphony* on his headphones. He frowned self-critically as the seventh movement began. His Ondes Martenot playing was dreadful. He hardly noticed the F111A nose-dive into a nearby field until the sight of the flames made him stop the car and watch as the U.S. Marines arrived in three Shawnee whirlybirds and, automatic weapons at the ready, ringed the wreck. One of the advisors jerked his thumb at Jerry to continue down the road. He waved, wound back to the beginning of the movement and was once again on his way to Nibelburg with a couple of hours to go and by this time aware of the Cadillac on his tail. The bishop was apparently making no attempt to hide the fact that he was pursuing Jerry.

Cornelius waited until the marines were out of sight and then decided to give Bishop Beesley the slip.

At the touch of a button the Phantom VI sprouted stubby wings and tail section, the turbo-jet engine whirled into life and the car took off at great speed from the almost deserted autobahn. It circled the baffled bishop once and then climbed rapidly into the calm, cloudless sky of the autumn afternoon.

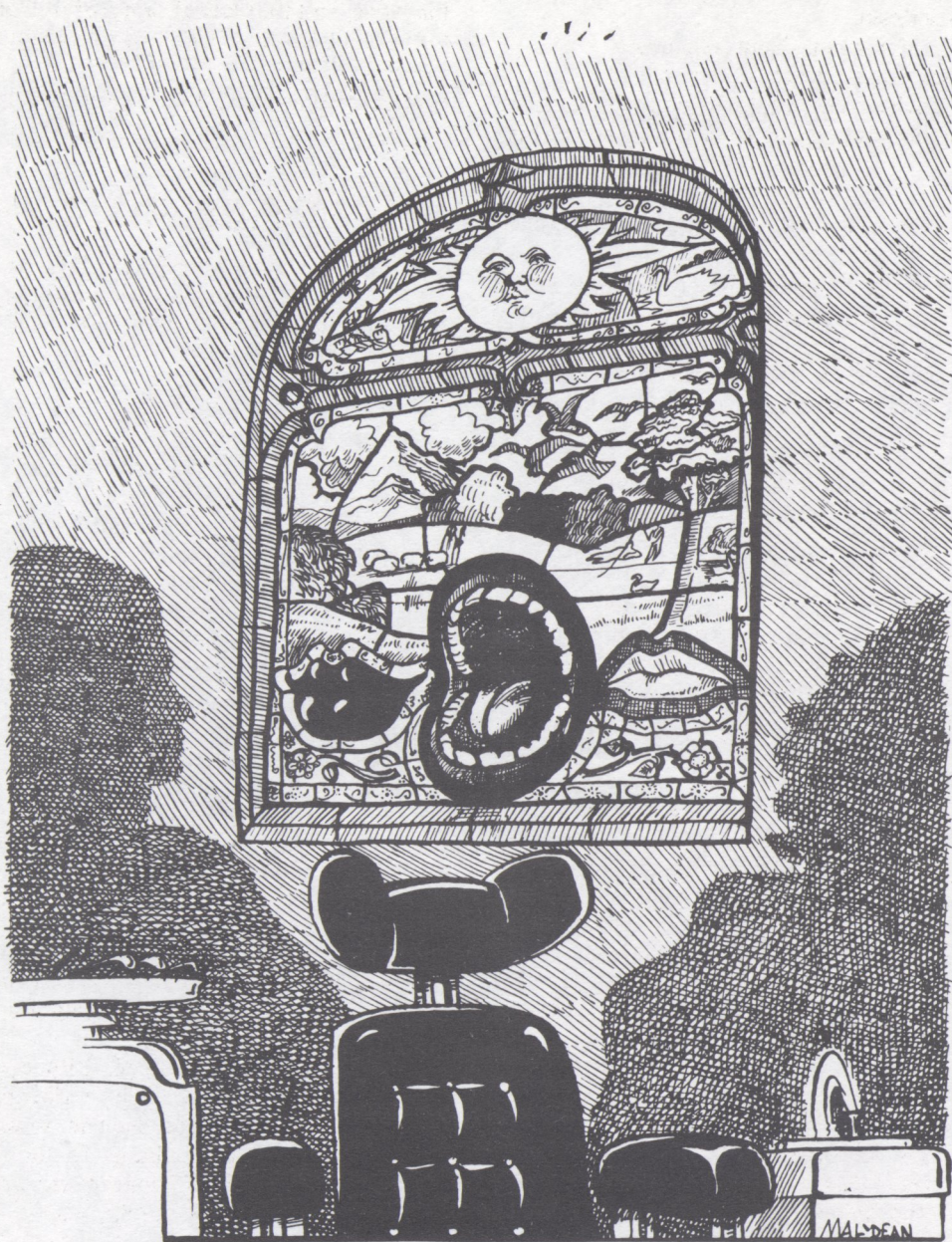
A little later Jerry dropped altitude as he made out the impressive steeples of Cologne Cathedral. He checked his map and then began to descend towards the road that would take him to Nibelburg. To the west he thought he could just see the tall, stone tower where Dr. Karen von Krupp lived, worked and schemed for the destruction of the organisation and all it stood for.

The car touched down on the highway, its wings and tail section were retracted and it whipped along the concrete road until Jerry saw the sign saying he was about to enter Nibelburg.

Nibelburg was a few two or three storied houses and shops of grey and red brick, a little railway station, a larger police station with a great many motor-bikes parked outside it, and a church which had recently been converted into a dance hall.

Over the tops of the elms and poplars lining the fields beyond Nibelburg, Cornelius made out the tower he had seen from the air. He decelerated, began to whistle the *Chant d'amour* from the recently finished symphony, and consulted his guide. The tower was reached by an unmade road about half a mile out of Nibelburg.

He stopped just before he came to the road, and concentrated his attention on his mouth until he had a passable ache in one of his left molars. Feeling unhappy, he restarted the engine and turned into the side road, ignoring the Black Rat sign and bumping along for a quarter of a mile until he stopped outside the seventy-foot tower with its Gothic doorway, windows and battlements high above. The stone, which seemed to date from the earliest Gothic



period, was extremely clean, with hardly a trace of stain of any kind. It was pitted with age, and worn, especially around the lower parts of the wall, but nonetheless it was as well-scrubbed and looked after as a carefully kept tooth. Cornelius wondered if he climbed to the battlements he would find they had been filled with amalgam or even gold.

He parked the car neatly at the side of the tower. Only one other car was there, a Volkswagen sports, which, he gathered, belonged to the doctor.

He walked up the gravel path and raised the heavy iron door-knocker, letting it fall with a thump that fled away into the tower's interior.

The door was opened almost instantly by a beautiful blonde girl of about sixteen. She had blue eyes of a largeness that was accentuated by her use of mascara. There was a smile on her wide, full mouth; her hair was long and straight, covering the back and shoulders of a short-skirted dress of rich, white brocade that was probably a Biba copy. She wore matching brocade tights and Granny shoes. Her arms were almost entirely bare and her skin was as sweet and soft as the silk of Jerry's suit, the colour of the first

warm streaks of a spring sunrise.

"Ja," she said, a depraved look appearing momentarily in her eyes.

"Do you speak English," said Jerry lazily, "Southern English?"

"Ja, of course." She looked him over slowly and with a certain amount of awakening surprise, as if she had not at first been struck by his black skin and his turban. What had been her first impression? Jerry wondered.

Cornelius put his hand to his cheek. "I was going through Nibelburg," he told the girl, "when I was overcome with toothache. I enquired at the police station and they told me that I would find a dentist here."

"And more," said the girl mysteriously, standing aside to let him enter and gesturing vaguely with the dildo in her left hand.

When he stood in the polished oak hall, she closed the door with a crash and popped the dildo into the umbrella stand, folding her hands under her breasts and looking down at the floor.

"You wish to see Doctor von Krupp?" she said at length.

"I believe that is the name I was given."

The girl raised her perfect eyebrows. "But your first name?"

"It's Michael," he said. "I call myself Mike."

"This way." She began to walk along the hall, paused at the stone, oak-banistered stairway until he had caught up with her, and then began to ascend.

On the fourth landing, the girl stopped and knocked gently at the only door. A voice came from the other side. Jerry couldn't hear the words. The girl turned the handle and they wandered in together, into a high-ceilinged surgery with a large window of rich, stained glass—a pastoral scene from the sixteenth century. The glass was exquisite and Jerry stared at it for several seconds before he saw the luxurious dentist's chair, the chrome-finished instrument stand, the dentist, at a desk in one corner, looking through a stack of index cards.

"Herr Michael von Krupp," said the girl gently. "A toothache."

"Aserinsky," said Jerry.

Doctor von Krupp smiled condescendingly and spoke in German: "You may leave, liebchen." The girl glanced through narrowed eyes at Jerry and then went out.

Dr. Karen von Krupp was about thirty in a stiff, black and white paisley overall, black net stockings and purple charley boots. Her hair was a deep, dark red, very thick and wavy, worn at shoulder length. Her face was strong, with pronounced cheek-bones, intelligent and attractive. Her lipstick almost matched her shoes and her eyebrows were pencilled thin to match her hair. She spread back her overall to put her hands on her hips and revealed a dress of layered chiffon that was predominantly bottle-green, its hem six inches above the knees of her long, well-shaped legs. Her taste, thought Jerry, was dreadful, but splendid.

"It is Herr Michael Aserinsky?" the woman asked, smiling once.

"It is." He admired her figure. "A toothache."

"Ja, ja." She turned and began to pack the index cards into a box on the desk. Jerry took off his coat.

"Will you go and sit in the chair, please?"

"Well." Jerry wondered why he was here.

"And remove your—*hat*," she said firmly, then laughed.

"No," he said.

"But you must." She looked over her shoulder, staring hard, smiling again. "Otherwise, you see, I cannot get a proper grip on you."

"My political convictions. . . ."

"You have some?"

"Forbid me, doctor, from removing my turban in the presence of a woman. I hadn't realised. . . ."

"Ah," she closed the lid of the box, "so," began buttoning up her overall. "Still, Herr Aserinsky, you must decide whether you would feel in health in this world or suffer a moment or two somewhere else."

Jerry's hand began to move towards his vibragun, but he stopped it with great self-control. "Well, perhaps you could first look at the tooth and tell me what you think needs work. Then we can decide."

"But you could be making me waste my time." She shrugged. "Very well, into the chair, sir."

He clambered warily into the chair and rested his head back so that he was looking at the upper part of the stained glass window and a section of the drilling rig.

"You like my window?" She picked up a barbed tool from the tray of instruments. "Open wide, please," and she began to poke and scrape at his teeth. "What do you think about cocaine?"

He blinked.

When she stepped back she was smiling. "Black teeth. Like black marble. Curious."

"You noticed?" He tried to rise. "The pain's gone now. Psychosomatic, I suppose."

"You're an expert at that, aren't you?"

"Um," he said.

"Why have you got black teeth, then? Painted with white enamel by the look of it. . . ."

"Bored with them. . . ."

"I think not. Re-born, perhaps."

Jerry's hand fled into his jacket and grasped the butt of the vibragun. "Dancing was never more disgusting than when done by Kelly, eh?"

"I'm with you there."

He felt sick. He poised himself to jump from the chair, noticing how beautiful she was. He fell in love with her.

"Why did you come here?" She replaced the hooked instrument on the tray and looked down into his eyes. She did something to the chair and he was tilted back even further. His fingers fell limply from the gun-butt. Her face came closer, the lips opening to show large, even teeth (two of them gold) and a huge, curling tongue.

He dropped his hand away from the gun altogether. It went out, instead, to grasp her thigh, feeling the ridge of a suspender belt beneath the thin material of dress and overall.

She kissed him coarsely.

"Oh," he said. He still felt sick. He was breathing heavily.

"Ah," he said as she drew back. "Who cares?"

An unpleasant whine from outside. The blonde girl came in. "Rockets," she said.

There was a crash from below.

"No warheads," said Jerry, getting up, drawing his gun and putting his arm round Karen von Krupp's shoulders. "Pack a bag, doctor." He pulled on his coat.

"That's real Panda, isn't it?" she asked, fingering it. "Where did it come from—Moscow or London?"

Another rocket whined in and grazed the roof.

"Ouch," she said. "Perhaps my husband. . . ."

"Pack a bag. We'll go to Paris."

"Wait a moment, then."

PRESIDENTS IN PARADE SCANDAL!

TIME FLIES" SAID Jerry.

"And who, these days, knows his name?" smiled Kārēn von Krupp tenderly as the crystal city became distinct ahead.

Left fingertips on her knee, right on the wheel, Jerry cruised at ninety towards Paris. "There is something," he said, "concerning Russia. But what about America?"

"I don't know what you mean, darling." She drew on her long cigarette holder one last puff and threw the whole contraption from the window. "Well, that's over."

"Something's going on," he said.

"Always. And was it not you, anyway, who engineered the Moscow thing?"

"Possibly," said Jerry frowning desperately, glancing behind him at the blonde girl who, pouting disinterestedly, lounged in the back seats. "You'd better change into an ankle-length skirt. You know what they're like in the Three



Republics about that sort of thing." He touched a stud and the glass partition slid down, allowing her to crawl into the back of the car. The blonde girl moved over and looked out of the window.

While she changed he looked at his map for the best route into Paris.

In the rearview mirror he noticed that Bishop Beesley had caught up with him again for there was the silver Cadillac spinning along behind them, a fat, pasty figure at the wheel. Jerry blacked out the back windows.

"That's clever," she said, struggling into a long, bottle-green skirt. He wondered if all her skirts were bottle-green and all her shoes purple. It indicated an interest in Ouspensky, at very least.

In Paris they were just in time to watch the Presidents ride by, their white horses wading, sometimes swimming, through the watery streets, sending up a fine, bright spray in the pale sunshine.

Along the Champs-Élysées the procession made its way, some of it on foot, some in barges, some in carriages, some on horseback.

As best they could the Presidents waved to the few soaked spectators (survivors of the plague) who shivered on

both sides of the wide street, knee-deep in water. The Presidents led the Three Republics of France, Spain and Portugal (there had been four before the Israeli annexation of Greece) who had resisted offers from the U.S. wanting to send in some advisors.

Old age had made the Presidents almost identical, with the same vacant eyes, drooling mouths, yellow wrinkled skins and near-hairless heads. They were strapped firmly to horses almost as old as themselves. They were said to be very sentimentally attached to their horses.

A little behind them laboured the band; each musician up to his waist in water. The bass drums were muffled and every time the drummers struck a beat they sent a fountain of water into their own faces. There was water in all the brass, but they marched resolutely against the current, playing a burbling *La Marseillaise*.

"Touching," said Karen von Krupp stroking his leg.

Jerry leaned back in the moored Phantom VI, his arm comfortably around Dr von Krupp's shoulders. She smiled and the car rocked gently in the wake of the presidential passing.

"Shall we go to the Assembly and hear the speeches?" She glanced back at the blonde girl. Jerry shook his head. He cast off and began to turn the car into the current.

There was a tabac on his right and Jerry looked at it nervously as he went past. Someone was peering at him from the first floor window. He recognised the thin, intense nose.

It was Zhazhda, chief of the organisation's Moscow agency and an Okharna operative. What was he doing in Paris? Jerry pretended he hadn't seen him and pulled the car's throttle full out, boiling down the Champs-Élysées as fast as he could go.

Behind him ploughed Bishop Beesley's silver Cadillac, hood barely above the water.

"Ubiquitous," Jerry murmured and stopped outside the Hotel Aspiration. "Hurry, my dear, before he turns the corner. Leap," he said, opening the door, "to the step there. I'll bring our bags in later."

Dr von Krupp leapt. The blonde girl leapt after her. Jerry started the car up and thrummed away down the narrow street, his wash slapping against windows on both sides. But Beesley was in too deep water and had given up the chase. Soon Cornelius was able to return, moor the car in the hotel's garage, and join his love in the lobby.

"It's just a front," he said, pressing a bell on the reception desk. The floor fell away with them, bearing them deep into the ground.

"Underground," he told her, indicating the musty darkness. "Safe and sound."

"A trap," she said.

"Not so."

As the section of the floor rose back to join the rest, he switched on lights and green brilliance filled the room. She studied the lust in his face.

"I must be careful," she said. "My husband. . . ." Then she yelled with excitement as he fell upon her.

"It has been too much for me," he growled, "today." And they rolled about all over the Dunlopillo flooring while the blonde girl sat in the corner looking on with boredom.

TRANSVESTITE ORGY IN PARIS HOTEL

"HUSBANDS AND WIVES, sisters and brothers, mothers and sons," said Bishop Beesley, adjusting his mitre and grinning at Jerry who was spreadeagled against the wall. Karen von Krupp, wearing an ermine-trimmed cape of red velvet and an elaborate crown, crossed her legs and leaned back moodily in her throne. Bishop Beesley reached out with his crook and pushed up Jerry's skirt, tickling the balls that bulged in the black lace knickers they had dressed him in while he was unconscious. "White pubic hair. I hadn't expected that, Mr Aserinsky."

"And I hadn't expected this, bishop."

"Well, well—you can't just go around screwing another chap's wife like that and expect to get away with it, can you? There's some decency left in the world, I hope."

"So, what's your plan?"

"A restoration job, Mr Aserinsky, on you. For your own good. Actually, I bear you no malice."

"My name isn't—"

"Aserinsky. So you say."

"It's Jerry Cornelius."

"So you say."

Someone moved in the shadows and began to wade across the Dunlopillo. It was Zhazhda, his thin face con-

cerned.

"It's Alan Powys, isn't it?" said Zhazhda.

"So you say," said Jerry.

"Mitzi!" Bishop Beesley snapped his fingers as best he could. "Mitzi Flynn."

"This is getting to be a drag. Use the machines for heaven's sake," murmured Karen von Krupp.

"I hate artificial methods," said Jerry.

"Connie Nuttall."

"Colvin," said Jerry. "Connie Colvin. Tragic, wasn't it?"

"What's in a name?" The blonde girl appeared. She had hoisted up her dress and was strapping on a black dildo.

"Fuck that," said Bishop Beesley. "I do apologise." The blonde girl began to bugger him.

Jerry glanced at Karen von Krupp, but she looked away. He was dressed in the full set: curly red wig, make-up, white lace blouse, falsies, girdle, suspender-belt, fishnet stockings, high-heels, a tight, black skirt.

Bishop Beesley's head was close to the floor and his shout was muffled. "Don't worry, sir. We'll soon have everything back to normal. You'll feel a new person once this is over!"

"How did you get down here?" Jerry asked Karen von Krupp.

"They followed you. Zhazhda pressed the button."

"Somebody has to," said Zhazhda.

"You got the dope while you slept."

"I thought you were on my side," Jerry said to Zhazhda.

"I am. You'll realise that one day."

"I don't fancy this. It's like something out of the political age."

"Not all of us have your faith in the future, Comrade Cornelius."

"Well, there's no time like the present."

Zhazhda pulled down his pants. "That'll have to be dealt with." He turned to Karen von Krupp. "You're a surgeon, aren't you? Could you do it?"

She shrugged. "I've done it before."

The bishop rose from his hands and knees. "Now, let me see."

Jerry wondered if he were losing his patience. "Bishop—I don't know whether you realise. . . ."

"I understand. I understand. This is your home and we were not invited. But these are troubled times, my dear. Needs must, as it were."

"Mitzi," said Karen von Krupp.

The blonde girl stepped forward.

"Snap the staples off. Let our friend join us."

Mitzi freed Jerry.

The bishop glanced curiously at Karen von Krupp. "You want to . . . ? A party?"

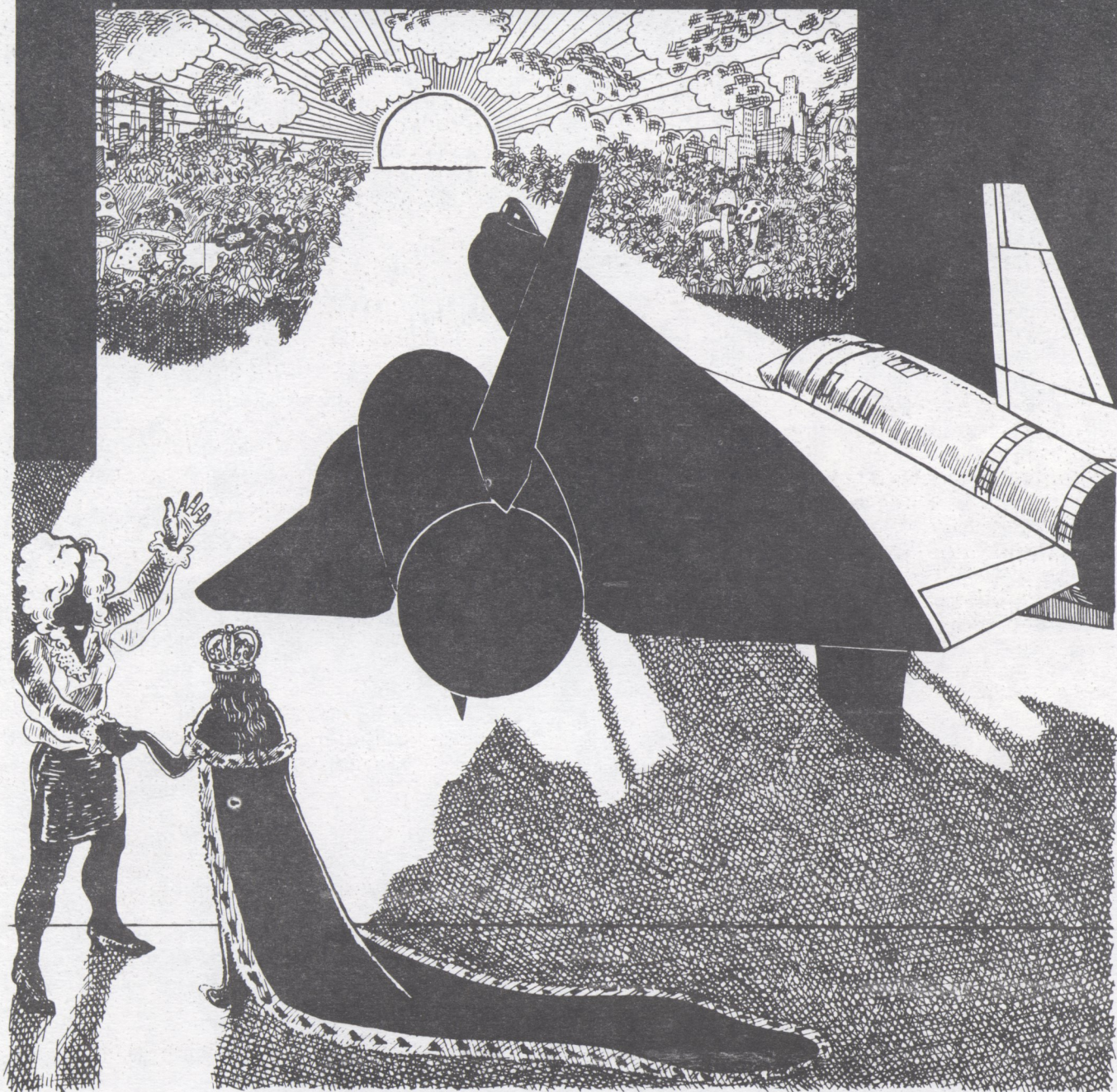
"Why not?"

A strobe began to flash and the room filled with sound. It was Jimi Hendrix's *Voodoo Child* distorted because of the volume, but they couldn't be expected to know that, particularly since they were reeling about. Jerry strode through the strobe-light and took Karen von Krupp by the arm. She was vomiting spasmodically. He saw his clothes in a corner with his gun on top. There was only time to get the gun and aim it at the wall.

"Cheer up," he told her. "It's going to be worse before it's better. This is a bit of an emergency."

"Where are we going?"

"Through the Shift. I always keep one handy."



The wall fell away and Jerry hefted up his skirt and stuck the gun in his girdle.

Somewhere a mammoth screamed.

OUR NIGHT OF HORROR

AROUND THEM THE air was jewelled and faceted, glistering and alive with myriad colours, flashing, scintillating, swirling and beautiful. She clung to him. "What is it?"

"The multiverse. All layers of existence seen at once. Get it?"

"Philosophy isn't my bent."

"This is physics, dear."

"Where are we?"

"Ah, that's the chance you have to take. Keep walking."

The air cleared. They stood on a green plain close to a clump of oaks. In the shade of the oaks stood a small man with a goatee and rimless glasses. He had a large black metal box under his arm.

"Would you believe it?" Jerry said with some excitement. "The bugger's got it."

"That looks like . . ."

"That's right. Good old comrade Lenin. Hey!" Jerry began to run towards him, hampered by Karen von Krupp, who refused to let go of his arm, by the tight skirt and high heels.

A wave of jewels without substance washed over them. "My machine!" shouted Jerry and his voice echoed for a long time. "Oh, well. Some other time. I thought it was too good to be true."

"What machine?"

"That'd be telling. Unless you already know. I suspect Bishop Beesley does know and that's what he's after—ultimately, speaking, at any rate."

They were now walking through the streets of St. Petersburg in the early morning. It was very romantic. Jerry pointed out the little cluster of figures staring at them from the top of the office block in Bronstein Prospekt. "*Homo habilis* by the look of them. Funny little sods, aren't they?"

Down the middle of the prospekt galloped a brontotherium herd.

"It's very quiet," she said.

"Yes, it would be."

"What's the time?"

"Not sure. Post-political, I'd say. But you can never be sure. This could be a complete mix-up. I wish I had a fix."

Bishop Beesley confronted them, threatening them with some sort of insect spray.

"We know all about you, my dear Mr Cornelius," he said. "You and your women friends. Oh, God, it's disgusting! This is 1970! You're so primitive!"

"You think I should feel guilty?" Jerry got a grip on his vibragun. You could never be sure.

"I think someone should, dear."

"Where can we talk?"

The bishop bent down and picked up his attache case, tucking his equipment inside. Then he held the case to his chest with all the affection an old woman might give her parrot.

"I've got a marvellous little latty here," he said. "Taste! You've never seen the like."

"Sounds sweet. But this'll do."

The three of them sat down at the sidewalk table, under

the big umbrella. A surly waiter took their order.

"It's time to make up, Mr Cornelius," said the bishop. "I've such a horror of tension. I can't bear it."

"Not yet, bishop."

"But this is *Denmark*. So *neutral*."

"I see I've caught you at a weak moment." Jerry got up. "Come on, Karen. I'll be seeing you, bishop."

"Cruelty! The world is full of cruelty!" The bishop tucked into their strudels.

They strolled on through the multiverse. "Where did he come from?" she said. "What was the conversation about?"

"What are conversations ever about? He seemed to know. Doubtless we'll meet again, either before or after, or not at all. Keep walking."

"The sooner we get back to the sane world, the better," she said waspishly.

"You're just sore because you didn't get your coffee."

They were walking on concrete. Ahead of them was the huge silhouette of a Lockheed SR-72 Mach 3 two-seat interceptor and strategic reconnaissance aircraft framed against the dawn. "Would you believe it? Maybe it's something you said."

"I feel funny."

"You probably do. It's all magic, really. We're out of the tunnel—or nearly. Run."

They tripped on their high heels until they reached the aircraft. "Hop in," he said. "I think you must have a talent, Fraulein Doktor."

"Do you know how to fly these monsters?"

"Oh, come off it."

FLY YOUR EGGS RIGHT DOWN THEIR STACKS!

I'VE HAD VERY little private life since all this started," I explained Jerry as they took off from Orly airport and were momentarily pursued by some Starfighters that fell to pieces behind them. He spoke through the intercom. "You look beautiful in that helmet." He guided the plane towards the Channel.

"Thank you." She put her hand on the portion of his thigh that was bare between his stocking and suspender belt. He decelerated.

"I don't want to fly at maximum speed," he explained, "because I've got eight AIM-174s to get rid of and they're not really suitable for the job I've got in mind."

She accepted his apology with a polite little smile.

The 95 ft. aircraft soon reached the Channel and flak began to appear as the pirates tried to hit it. Jerry angled the plane towards them, hoping for the best, and released all the air-to-air missiles in rapid succession. There were a few explosions, then they had passed the ships and were circling off the coast. "Stand by to eject," he said and putting the plane into a steep dive yanked the ejector lever.

They drifted down towards the cliffs. He leaned over and kissed her. Water gouted as the plane hit the sea.

They landed gently and got out.

"You don't look too jolly, Herr C," she remarked.

"Light or square, I suppose it's all the same to me, Doktor Krupp." He smoothed his skirt. "Well, that wasn't too bad, was it? Sure the velocity didn't bother you?"

"It's something you get used to."

"Of course you do." He squeezed her hand affectionately ■ (Continued next month)

White Dove

By Carol Emshwiller

I BELIEVE that is a statue of Mr Pappadakos. Who else could look so Greek? Of course I've never seen Mr Pappadakos without his clothes on and then I can only see the back of the statue from here . . . what I mean is the face is where I can't see it at all and, well the hair does seem a bit long and Mr Pappadakos is very correct about his hair but there are lots of reasons to believe it's he. I could almost think Mr Pappadakos himself had been dipped in plaster and set up there, classically balanced on one foot, the hand that rests upon his shoulder as though on the way to his forehead. Elegant. Mr Pappadakos all over.

I wonder what could be advertised with so gentle and expressive a rear view, vacations Southward? Turkish wine? Saratoga geyser water? If men wore stockings, why then stockings, or the latest masculine lipstick. I'm not saying Mr Pappadakos looks in the slightest like a girl. How can an ad be any use for men if not all and utterly male? All I'm saying is that the person of this statue wants the silky, bird-like things of life.

And no wonder I'm in love with him! Look at those buttocks in the moonlight! the colour of spackle, of library lions and libraries. The wind blows candy wrappers against his ankles. Pigeons pee on his eartips. He is a city god, almost as thin as Jesus except Greek, all Greek like Mr Pappadakos.

IT'S NICE of him, that old man, I mean, who lives across the back from me, nice of him to put the statue out in his garden where we can all enjoy it, at least from our windows. Could I but go down and sit in that garden! I ought to be thankful, though, for such rear views as I can get.

I'm not happy about the way things are going with Mr Pappadakos and me (the real Mr Pappadakos), not happy at all. I have been sophisticated and bought from him a pair of high-heeled-suede boots that come up to my knees and I have been like in the village and bought white sneakers. I have been paradoxical and worn a black imitation leather jacket and bought red pumps with heels that made my poor metatarsals screech. Oh I have been suggestive. I have almost worn IN embroidered on my stomach, ENTRANCE and EXIT first door beneath the balcony all hung with artificial flowers. Yes, ARTIFICIAL flowers and, you know, my heels are not really this high. In all frankness my heels are not this high nor my hair so wide. My fingernails are borrowed from the colour of my lipstick. Rosepetal. True, true red. REAL red.

I will cut my hair, this very night I will cut my hair as short as the old man's. I will dispense with heels.

All this . . . all these shoes bought and he doesn't even wave to me when I pass by. I don't wave either. I think if he pretends not to see me then I should pretend not to see him, too. How we do gaze over each other's heads! I stop to look in the shoe store window Wednesdays and Fridays. I allow myself no more than that and, as mentioned, I don't wave. I study shoes passionately. I blush for them that I might be raped by shoes one day, overcome by foot containers. In plain view of Mr Pappadakos of course. "But you are responsible, Sir, for all these shoes. I hold you

responsible. Plug up the hole yourself while you wait for the police.”



How can I go around wearing IN on my belly like this if everything responds *except* Mr Pappadakos?

I keep wondering, though, if he could be bothered by that little pink corn pad I wear on my toe.

(Did I say yet that he has two erudite wrinkles just above his nose? He's ectomorph, of course.)

Well, another try. Cut hair, EXACTLY like the old man's. Mr Pappadakos sells woman's shoes. I will wear a pair of little-boy shoes that he does not sell.

In the *Kama Sutra*, by the way, there is a recipe for losing love . . . buffalo milk, amaranth, gopalika . . . rub it on (the proper spot) then make love and there will be no more desire. It's only that making love that stumps me. Buffalo milk I can get at the zoo.

THE OLD MAN stands at the shoe store window, on the other hand, on Mondays and Thursdays. He crinkles up his Santa Claus face. All the wrinkles go sideways across it, East and West, everything latitude . . . ripples on the shores of his eyes in crow's feet. (Now there's a phrase: The shores of his eyes . . . Or is it overdone? One never knows for sure.) Anyway, even his nose widens with desire. Itches. Twitches. You can't say he's not well dressed, but underneath, his body is like a laid-off dock worker's, a lazy Indian's, civilization surrounding him like . . . Custer's last stand?

THEY don't wave to each other either. That's encouraging.

Well, I'll tell you why I'm going to cut my hair off. It's because I saw them one Saturday night. . . .

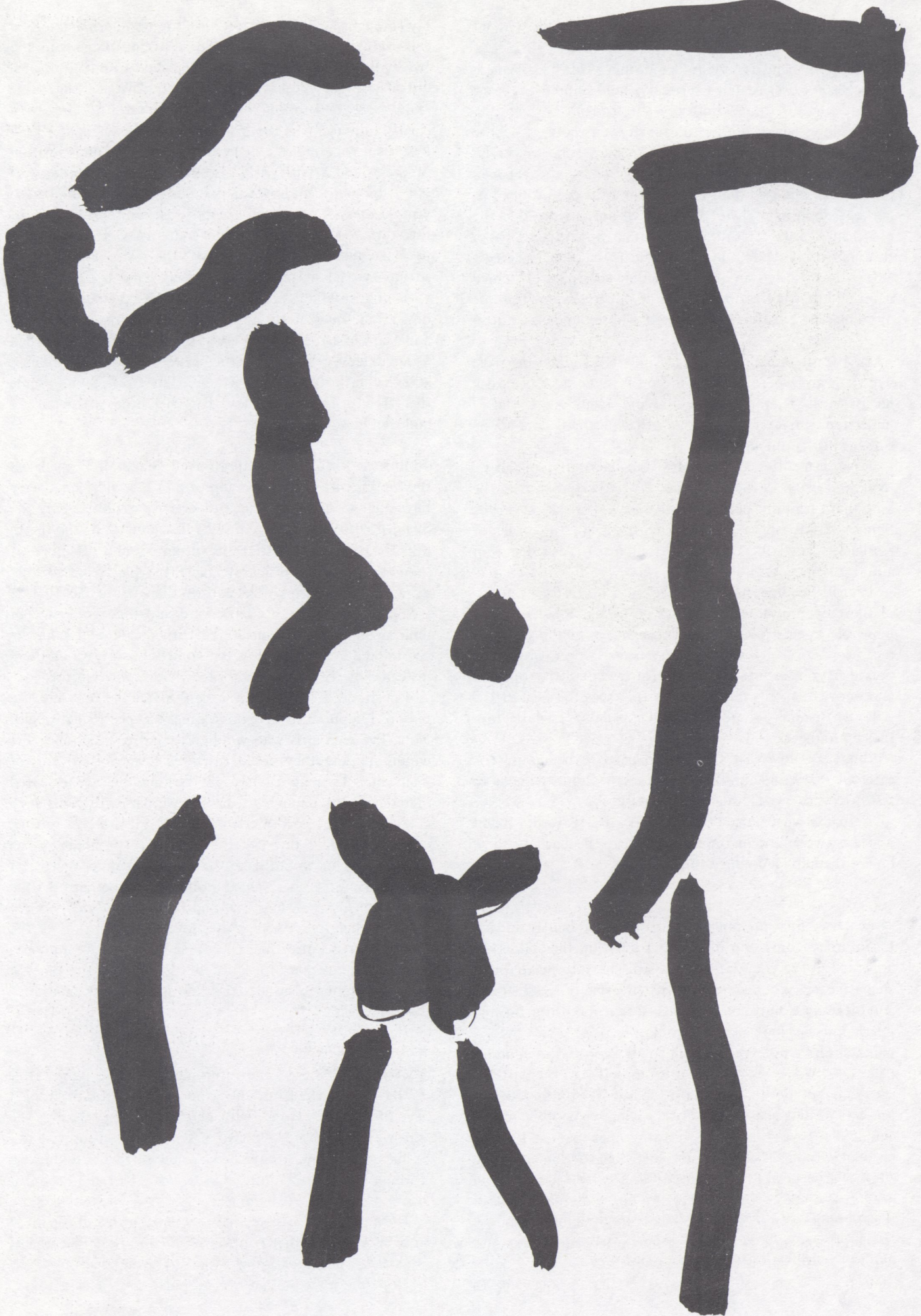
The old man cannot be without love. He blossoms, FRUCTIFIES, let's say, with a desire to protect something beautiful and similar . . . self-similar. Mr Pappadakos, a work of art. (But I must say the statue does look old-fashioned. We don't do things like that anymore. I mean even just putting him in a suit would make him more modern and, if you wanted to be earthy and maybe different, you could make him in his suit with his penis sticking out. Then you'd still have that "basic man" quality. You know, the Universal . . . clothed in the everyday? Yes.)

Had I been but . . . I mean but been a little grey mouse that Saturday how I would have crept from my window, down across the garden to some crack or other in the old man's house! I would have watched and learned a thing or two . . . observed the man-kiss, whisker to whisker.

But I understand so well, that's the thing. I, too, can't see the slightest reason for loving women. Breasts, curving waists (IN on anyone's belly) leave me cold. I like that straightness from collar bone to crotch. The old man knows what I mean. On Mr Pappadakos the line snakes gently, subtly, the shirt follows and gathers a little where it snuggles into the pants, a line one could smooth with the hand, or, were one an artist, could possess with a pencil. Mr Pappadakos sometimes pushes his olive-coloured jacket aside, hand on waist, and reveals his line, all his lines, smoothing down across his stomach. The old man puts his hand there, we can know that for sure, there and lower, the old man's hand nestling in where the shirt goes. The shirt tails show the way, down into darkness and strange angles not found on women. Oh, I understand the old man perfectly. I'm for angles. Perhaps it's much nicer to *be* a thing and love it too. Ego building. So the old ones love themselves all young and smooth and Mr Pappadakos lies like death watching himself be loved, pride growing inside him as though he *were* penetrated by the old man's bouncing phallus. But he IS, only later. His virgin mouth, the lips gone blue.

I *am* a mouse. I *was* a mouse that night. You think that's fantasy? But, my DEAR Reader, the fact that I am I at all is the first and greatest fantasy . . . that I and the statue of Mr Pappadakos appear upon this page. (Page what? I wonder, and of what PUBLISHED work? Did you ever think that even the character might want to know?) There is, you are well aware, a writer to this story who, let me tell you, can imagine, though having had only the most ordinary, Levittownish kind of life (and indeed in Levittown) can imagine, well, two men sucking each other off . . . coming at the same time, one because the other came . . . the taste of semen.

HOW PALE their faces have become. All the blood has rushed to the other end. Mr Pappadakos, seduced at last, sobs like a woman. I mean he sobs in his manly fashion but at a time when a woman might do it and perhaps for the same reason.



(I wonder does his mother know he's out with older men?)

The old man is not unhandsome. He had leaned, widechested, over seated Pappadakos and poured . . . some sort of wine or other (I'm only sure it can't be Liebfraumilch. Now that *would* be too much even though I believe in too much) his face, all the wide lines gone motherly, lovably. (Please note, dear Reader, this is not between prostitutes, but men who have yearned for each other for, perhaps, months and not dared until now.) Note that the old man has a coffee table bought in Spain, giant paper flowers from Mexico in his favourite colours (whatever THEY are). He has an antique rocking chair, a gold-framed painting but what good are these if not to share with some more elegant creature than himself whose hands are not so thick?

Mr Pappadakos lies naked as Cinderella (on her marriage bed, I mean—where else!). Can you imagine how beautiful he is thus! I don't blame the old man. As I said, I understand his every feeling . . . that motherly line at the sides of his mouth and all.

Have I mentioned that Mr Pappadakos has eyebrows thick and black as the caterpillar . . . two caterpillars of the kind that turn into speckled fritillaries??? (Check this in the library and if not a nice, wordy name on the order of fritillary throw out the whole sentence.) (Also decide if author or character notes this.)

I might become, not a mouse, but a butterfly from one of those eyebrows. Or better yet you, Dear Reader, (Oh, I hope black caterpillars *do* change into something with a nice word to it) *you* might be such a worm, observing, poised in your caterpillar fashion (instead of sitting on your ass) above the brown, Greek eye that sees the face of the old man leaning where his (Mr Pappadakos') white dove flies up to meet it.

But I see now that there is no need to be mouse OR caterpillar. It's said and thank goodness without the need to resort to what SOME might call fantasy.

Actually what I ACTUALLY saw that Saturday night was the two of them for a moment at the back window before the Old Man pulled the blinds.

SO NOW, this moonlit night (a different one from that Saturday), this one of the first day that the statue has appeared in the Old Man's back yard (I try to make things clear) I can go out as a boy (my breasts are small, thank goodness, rose buttons, hardly a decent mouthful for any man) or I can look out my window and see a lady with a hammer and chisel creeping out to Mr Pappadakos upon his pedestal. "What," I would say to myself, "in the world is she going to do to that statue?" But of course I would know. I would guess immediately. For what other reason could she have that little brown paper bag and those particular tools! (Is she responsible, then, or someone like her. . . hat, I mean, blue flowered dress, little silver pin on her left shoulder . . . responsible for the present state of all the Herculese?) (I could tell her about another (not a Hercules) available at the Guggenheim.) What does she do with them afterwards? that's the question.

But wait a moment, Reader Dear, the author wants to

say (though she'd do it better with some smooth and logical transition) that she especially doesn't want to condemn the two men and yet she fears she might do so unconsciously out of jealousy. You see, the problem is, What if the statue really *were* Mr Pappadakos dipped in plaster (as already so clearly hinted in the first paragraph) by the Old Man whose love went, one night, a little too far? What a condemnation of the whole affair! (And also no wonder the statue is so old fashioned.) But how can one do it NOT condemning, so you, Dearest Reader, will accept it as an interesting part of the story but without symbolic content? And yet how nice to make that stolen "white dove" the real one. Imagine it sitting in that hatted lady's top left hand bureau drawer with the stockings and perfume and an emergency ten dollar bill. Imagine it wrapped in saran or more likely foil and I . . . imagine me as I creep up the stairs with my Dick Tracy skeleton key wondering where IT could be hidden, and the statute, just like in the nursery story, saying, while the "Teeney, tiny lady" covers up her head with blankets and trembles:

"GIVE ME MY BONE."

But the problem is simply solved. Make Mr Pappadakos the victim of a maniacal sculptor and the Old Man simply buys the, so called, statue (it's already established by the Spanish coffee table, etc. that he likes objects d'arts) the so called statue because it seems to remind him of someone. (You know, what probably made the hair seem so long were the plaster drips.) The pathos, then, of the fact that he sets up his love in his back yard and then goes out, all unknowing to meet him at the corner cafe, and I, having *not* looked out the window but gone out as a boy, am there instead, both of us waiting for he who can never come.

I'm afraid I don't make a very attractive boy and the reason, I suppose, is that I don't make a very attractive girl. Now, I've seen girls who would be grand at either one. One would suppose they could easily be loved by *any* sort of man, but, I suppose, they are lacking the one essential ingredient. It's enough to drive a woman with penis envy crazy. She loses both ways, neither having nor *ever* getting. (I wonder could one call the Old Man's problem by the same name? or would it be the opposite? envy, that is, of what the mother has? On the other hand, perhaps it's the *married* men who envy that and then the *married* women that get theirs . . . their white doves at last.) And yet the Old Man *does* notice me. Of course he can't love me YET, being so full of that other love, but I see I interest him even though I think he suspects I'm not a boy at all. Now isn't that strange?

BUT NO! No, it's me returning down the stairs (after having watched out the window). By hook or crook I have obtained IT (to go with my IN). You see, I know the lady will be relieved to be rid of IT. (At least I suppose so.) Think how she must have been wondering what to do with it all this time, not quite able to bring herself to crush it into powder with the hammer.

Did I mention I already have the amaranth and gopalika? Now all I need is that trip to the zoo and I can be cured of my love . . . and then I might want to be cured again. . . .

Homosexual stories are very popular these days.■

Graham Charnock:

THE DEATH LAYOUT

FOR THREE WEEKS they'd been trying to find an answer. Spirolis looked at the word marked out three inches high on his layout pad. Delaney looked at it too, over Spirolis' shoulder. Spirolis shrugged him off, saying: "Picture me Death."

Delaney made button eyes and a gargling sound deep in his throat. He clutched at his chest, over his heart, and then slammed down to the floor, cheek to the carpet. A second later and he was up again miming first of all the murderer's hands around his neck, and following this the quick knife dragged up through the guts. "An honourable death," he gasped, dying honourably yet again. He was resurrected to find an automobile fender ripping at him, tossing him up into the air like a doll. In an aeroplane seat, with his head in a cushion, he waited for the Atlantic to rush up to, over and through him. "Get these now," he said as Vampires sank their teeth into his neck, as Frankenstein's monster wrapped him up in its arms. Then quietly with his hands crossed on his chest, looking very old, he took his last breath; and took his last breath again transfixed by a Norman arrow, a Zulu spear, a Nazi bullet. Then he was falling from a high tower. "A bridge," he amended, flailing his arms as he entered the water with a splash. Then drowning, bedraggled like a sewer rat. Finally he grabbed a wire, sizzled for two minutes and, burned out, slumped in his chair.

"Very fancy," said Spirolis, "Now give me Life."

Delaney blinked.

"Life is not so easy," he said thoughtfully, "Many people consider it merely a waking death."

Spirolis persevered. "Then what purpose is there in life? Why do you think you were born?"

"As for why I was born," Delaney said bitterly, leaning back and looking into his childhood. "My mother couldn't get enough of it. And in the end it got too much of her. Cervical cancer: I always considered that a just and fitting fate. I was an unwanted child and when my mother died I was wanted even less. My father never married again, although he was still quite young. I don't think he even went with another woman again. There was never a woman around the house (I missed that) and I don't seem to remember that he went out—you know, got around—at all.

I don't think it had anything to do with mother, nothing like an obsessional fidelity. I think he was just happy to call an end to it all, the visits to the surgical appliance store, the queue at the confessional (my father was one of the last of the Roman Catholics), the routine of it. He hung around for twenty years after she'd gone, and never did one thing that made sense."

"Perhaps he sublimated."

"Oh, he put ships in bottles, if that's sublimation. He was good at that. Some of the things he turned out were quite neat. Odd thing: before he died, like he knew it was coming, he took them all out into the yard, all the bottles, and smashed them against the wall. He gashed his hand doing it, quite badly, and I swear he would have stood there bleeding to death if I had'n't found him and dressed it. Anyway it didn't make much difference: a week later he faded out properly, decently, in his bed, during the night."

"That's life," said Spirolis.

"Is that life?" said Delaney. "Because if that's life, give me death." And drew a finger across his throat.

• • •

VANCE, THE TRAFFIC man, was waiting for them in the cinema, behind the closed doors and the red box that blinked out: NO ENTRY. Spirolis ignored the sign and, shouldering open the doors, passed through. Delaney, the Kid Copywriter, after only a moment's hesitation, followed him. Vance was stretched out inert on the green, simulawn carpet. Spirolis prodded with his foot, leaving a scuff mark on the shiny mohair of Vance's suit. "Look here, Vance," he said. "Cut this crap. Time is money. . . money is time." He took a seat in a swivel chair at the rear of the room and tapped on the glass window of the projection booth to wake up the videotape operator.

Delaney sat nervously in the chair nearest the doors, regarding Vance's prostrate form with a look of love. "Do you think he's dead?" he asked after a while, but saw Vance's eyes open and smile up at him from behind their rectangular tinted lenses. "*Shavasana*," said Vance, sitting up and brushing at the scuff mark on his suit. "Relaxes the body, prepares the mind for the endless pathways of meditation. You should try it some time." He patted at hair which had been carefully and expensively groomed to suggest a look of shaggy disorder.

"Too risky," said Spirolis. The only thing Spirolis envied Vance was the hair, not the mohair or the *Shavasana*, not even the delicate hips that muted Delaney. "These days people, like our friend here, are likely to think you're dead. You know how *Pain* can get to the patrolman. If they see anyone lying around they burn the body first and ask questions afterwards."

"Ah . . . *Pain*." Vance's tone became authoritative. "You people are behind schedule. Three weeks you've been sitting on this job and not one good idea have I seen. I have a directive here . . . a very important directive. . . ." He began to search through his pockets.

"The whole world is behind schedule," Spirolis said. "Next month's eclipses are occurring this week. Women are being taken by surprise by their periods. As for your directive, I don't care if it's from Pde B himself. . . ."

"It's from Pde B himself," said Vance, turning out a

piece of blue memo paper. He held it out hopefully to Spirolis who merely shook his head, took a pencil from his pocket and snapped it, imagining the crunch was vertebrae separating in Vance's spine. The sudden noise sent a tremor through Delaney, he noticed.

"Well in this case I agree," said Vance, crumpling the directive and throwing it aside. "After all, what does Pde B know about the priorities involved in this business? Not only do we have to come up with an answer to *Pain*, we must come up with an absolutely *safe* answer, a cure that won't do more harm than the disease it's trying to eradicate. Now *I* appreciate a thing like that takes time, but at Ministry level they see only more and more people committing suicide in the streets. . ."

"In their back gardens," said Spirolis. "That's the only thing that bothers them. For once the dirt is on their doorstep."

Vance's voice flowed on, uninterrupted. "...anybody lifting a finger to stop them. Why, can you imagine what a thing like this must be doing to productivity alone?"

"My uncle owns a crematorium," Spirolis said. "I should worry."

Vance pointed his finger like a pistol at Spirolis' heart. "You're a cynic," he said.

"No I'm not. I'm something else. A cynic still has beliefs. He's a disappointed romantic. He still believes in absolutes of truth, love and beauty. He's just lost the ability to line them up with reality. I don't even believe in reality, far less the idea of an absolute anything."

"In that case, you're a fool."

Spirolis shrugged. "What's the point of this, Vance? Did you bring us here just to read us a memo you don't believe in?"

"Patience." Vance moved to the wall and touched a switch that slid curtains aside across a large televideo projection screen. "Meditation relieves the pressures of time."

"I'd like to try it some time," said Delaney. "I really would."

Vance smiled and went to the rear of the room to tap on the projection booth window himself. This time the operator gave an answering tap. Vance took a seat.

"In the three weeks since our preliminary briefing on the *Pain* Campaign, the affair has, shall we say, escalated. *Pain* has become the new enemy of society. The type of hysterical suicide advocated by this cult now accounts for more deaths than the automobile, cancer and Communism put together. Hence the urgency of Pde B's memo. Information Services have put together a short programme designed to bring us all up-to-date on the situation."

The lights dimmed and images began to flash up on the screen. The first was a head-and-shoulders shot of a mild looking man. He was middle-aged, his hair was just beginning to grey in all the right places. The camera tracked back and the man was seen to be sitting on a black studio couch. He stood. He smiled. *Good evening, my name is—*

The screen went black, white, and black again, and then the mild looking man was back. He moved in slow motion and his speech was slurred, indistinguishable.

"What is this?" Vance said.

The man jerked back to normal speed. . . . *tour of our environment*, the man was saying. *Not yesterday's environment, but the reality of this minute, this second, this nanosecond.* The man moved left to meet and engage an unmanned television camera.

This is a TV camera. It writes the history of now. Its moving finger comprises the elemental particles. The mosaic of its cathode ray image is a jigsaw puzzle with an infinite number of solutions. These are a few of them. . . .

. . . the mild looking man's face jarred out of focus . . .

. . . on stage a naked negro guitarist cavorted in the smoke which rose in streamers from a shattered amplifier. Police moved in from the wings, crouching, moving very slowly . . .

. . . on the rocket sled the camera trailed the speeding shell, duck-paddling in the air. The shell impacted with an automobile. The camera jarred as the sled decelerated. A water spray whipped up momentarily. Then the exploding wreckage of the automobile wiped out everything . . .

. . . the camera was in the womb. Tiny enfeebled feet kicked near the lens as the infant headed down its mother's vagina towards the light of the world . . .

. . . the globe was barely recognizable as the Earth. The definition was poor. Cloud drifted over everything . . .

. . . a catapulting collision of images as the tape stopped. . . .

"What is this?" Vance repeated and turned to rap again on the projection booth window.

Music blared as the mild looking man returned to the screen. He was walking past a series of display panels. On the first was projected the blown-up, black-and-white image of a mother nursing a child at her breast. The next panel showed a film clip of the same scene in a rather garish and unnatural colour. The next panel was blank. The mother stood before it, naked, cradling the child in her arms. She murmured soft encouraging noises to the child, whose mouth was busy at her left breast. The mild looking man put a hand on the woman's right breast, massaging softly. The woman didn't look up.

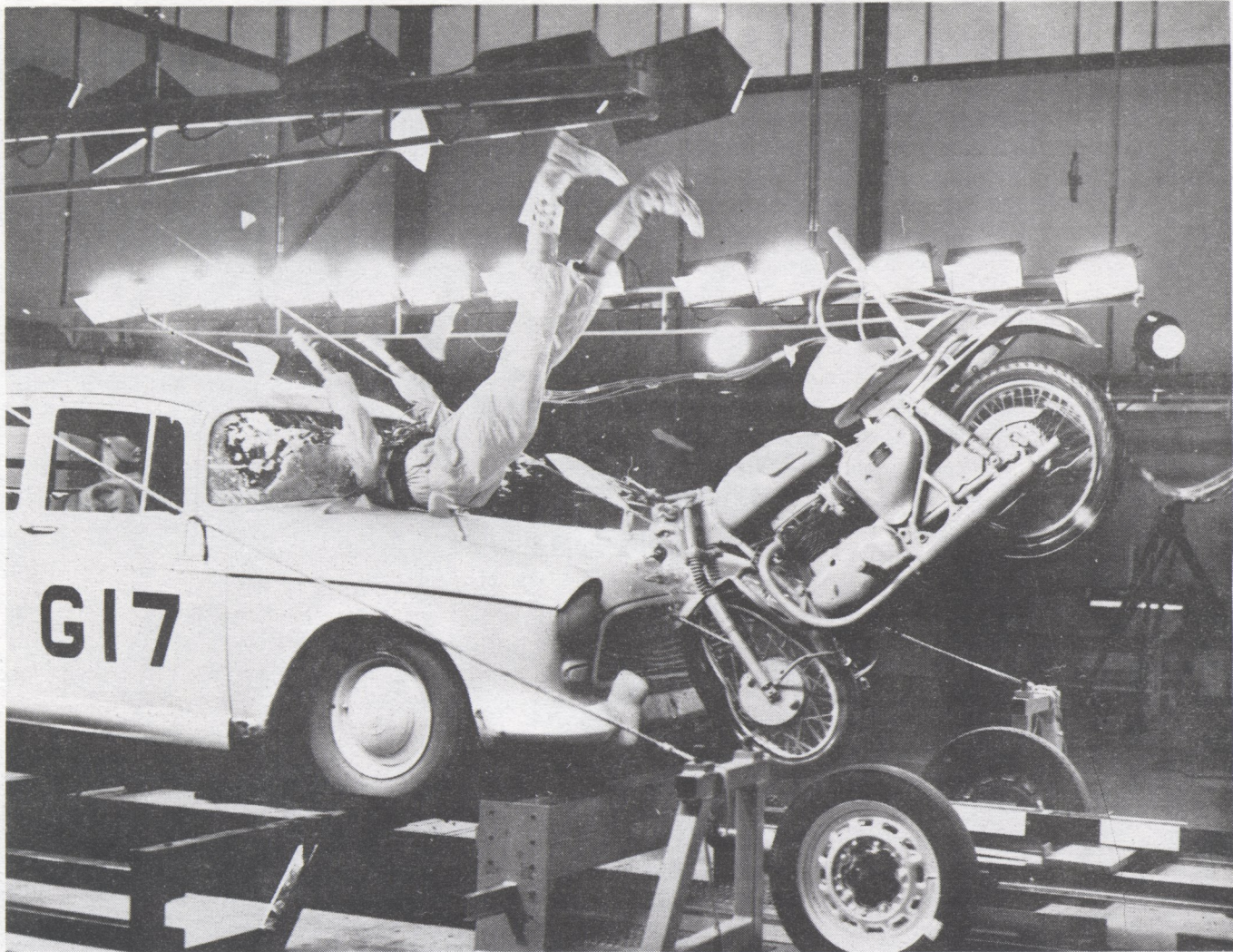
Taste and smell, and to a lesser degree touch, are very much the underdogs in the adult's sensorium. Now, whenever I become aware of a sensation of taste or smell it is frequently in association with a memory of childhood, a memory of total association of feeling. I think: "Ah, that is what it felt like to be a child."

This is because the child lives in a synesthetic world. In early childhood the sensorium is relatively free of the visual bias that accompanies literacy. The senses are in equilibrium, no one more developed than the others. As children we feel and experience sensation over a broad spectrum. When we become adults we largely stop feeling and begin to think and order. . . .

Vance was out of his chair. "This is the wrong tape," he said. "Look where that bastard's got his hand."

He went to the door of the projection booth and tried the handle. It was locked. He rapped on the door several times.

On the screen now the camera was exploring the upper foliage of a tree. Two small monkeys appeared out of the camouflage of mottled leaves. One mounted the other. Their two bodies jerked for a few seconds and then they



scampered apart, eyes large and blinking like shamed creatures. The mild looking man's voice narrated, pitched noticeably higher than before. *With our present culture we have reached a point of divergence. Not merely a forking of the path, but a splitting away to all points of the compass, through all the dimensions of space and time. Things, and our perception of things, are changing so rapidly that even our language is out of date. No wonder we are confused. This is something so different it is unimaginable. How then are we even to attempt to talk about it? The only way is in general terms. . . .*

The pattern of branches and twigs that filled the screen dissolved into a shot of a bed, the sheets wrinkled and untidy. The tape was running faster than it should and a couple appeared, stripped and performed comic accelerated coitus on the sheets. The narrator's voice spat out words like machine gun bullets. *Reproduction is at the root of the magical mysterious "why" of life. An amoeba can exist as a single asexual unit. So can a molecule. But an amoeba can split itself of its own accord, become two, reproduce itself? Why? Wherein lies this stimulus to reproduction? Why?*

"This is obscene," Vance shouted. He rattled the handle of the projection booth door. "You're running the wrong tape," he yelled at the operator. The camera moved into close-up. Images flashed so quickly now they had a stroboscopic effect. Vance stopped pounding on the door. The narrator's voice was a whine that eventually faded

into gibberish. *Language at its most primitive is gesture—Language is movement—The amoeba speaks, extending itself—The voice is an extension of the body a pseudopod—The amoeba divides and rules—Language creates the family the corporate who leness in man and woman and children psychic being*

There was an explosion from the projection booth and the bodies on the screen pulled the camera down into the secret darkness forever. Smoke poured through the shattered door and the force of the blast pushed Vance to his knees. Spirolis helped him up. Delaney appeared through the smoke. "Some programme," he said. Blood from a cut lip had blotched the voile of his shirt. "But I think maybe I missed the significance."

They went through into the projection booth. Tape was still spooling from the shattered VTR. Its brown loops draped the body of the operator, a young man in a white coat and soiled white cotton gloves. There was a shotgun beside the body. The operator had set up the VTR to destroy itself and then shot himself through the roof of the mouth.

"Pain," Vance said. "Whatever possessed him?"

"Give us time and we'll find an answer to that," said Spirolis. "Of course by then it might be too late." He prodded at the body with his foot. "*Shavasana*. Isn't that the Corpse Posture?" Not expecting an answer he went to help Delaney who was being quietly sick on the green carpet ■

D. M. Thomas :

Mr. BLACK'S POEMS of innocence

This sequence is a surrealistic exploration of the therapy of operant conditioning in mute schizophrenia, a therapy first revealed to the layman in a prizewinning 1968 radio documentary, *Mr Blake*. *Mr Black's Poems of Innocence* follows the line of treatment and the terminology of the new therapy, but the case is fictional; Mr Black and his operant conditioner are imaginary characters.

The 'poems' are envisaged as Mr Black's reflections during his long silences or when he is back in the ward.

The eternal gates' terrific porter lifted the northern bar.
Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown.

Edited transcript by an operant conditioner of her treatment of Mr Black.

Mr Black was found in a shocked condition, twenty years ago, and consigned to an asylum, where he was diagnosed as a mute schizophrenic. He has spent nearly all his time during those twenty years sitting on his bed without moving or speaking, and paying no attention to nurses or the other patients. At the time my treatment of him began, Mr Black had no words at all.

On first entering the experimental room, Mr Black ignored me completely; he might almost have been a corpse. I worked at gaining his attention by holding up objects, such

as a pen or a comb, and persuading him to say their names. The persuasion was by a very elementary form of reward and punishment: if he said anything that remotely approached the right sound, I smiled at him and encouraged him; if he refused to verbalise, I turned away my head sharply and pretended he didn't exist.

Interviewer: Mr Black, I'm going to ask you some questions and I hope you will answer them. I would like that very much. Would you let me know your name?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: Where do you live? What is your address?

Mr Black: *(incoherent)*

Int: How long have you been here, Mr Black?

Mr Black: *(incoherent)*

Int: What's this, Mr Black—in my hand?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: A pen. What's this?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: A comb. What's this, Mr Black?

Mr Black: *(incoherent)*

Int: A handkerchief. Do you like snakes?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: Do you like pain, Mr Black?

Mr Black: (incoherent)

Thirty years ago I climbed up into this rooftop, maze of chimneys, after
My brother Robert. Grimes was a hard taskmaster. He came back drunk
Every night, and beat us. As I got higher and higher, Scouring the blackness with my brush, I used to dream Of breaking out of the slates, finding the sky hard with stars
And one small cloud sending down cool rain to wash my face free
Of the grime. Or of climbing down into some silken chamber
Where a girl like my mother would be sleeping in a wide bed,
Her bosom rising and falling and her long yellow curls spread out
On the counterpane. But I would always come back to my drunken master.
But that day, thirty years ago, I could not climb up or down.
This house must have been built on to, many times: a whole
Mineworking of twisting chimneys. I passed many small corpses,
Chalky bones gripping flu-brushes. In the end I too stuck, My shoulders wedged between the sooty stone, no light anywhere.
I soon gave up struggling, it was pointless to shout. I have whiled
Away the years dreaming again the stories I used to read over and over
At home, before Grimes caught me. I have grown a skeleton Dreaming away the dark. Sometimes I think I hear the voice
Of the girl in the light, silken chamber. I struggle to shout, But my mouth is full of black soot.

Int: *During the baseline measure, there was just silence or meaningless noises, what we term garbage or word-salad. Gradually however he began to show faint signs of interest, and to follow my hands.*

Mr Black: Mr Black, do you know what these are?
(no response)

Int: Cup, Mr Black. I'd like you to say CUP.

Mr Black: (garbage)*

Int: (coldly) That was garbage, Mr Black. CUP

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: CUP! CUP! CUP! Mr Black, CUP.

Mr Black: Ka, Ka.

Int: GOOod! Now CUP.

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: C'mon now, Mr Black. CUP.

Mr Black: Ka, ka.

Int: Good. That was nice, you know that? CUP.

Mr Black: Cu—

Int: GOOod! MARvellous. I liked that, I really

did like that. Now try again. CUP.
Cup.

Int: GOOod BOOoy! That was VERY GOOD.
That was really something. Cup.

Mr Black: Ka, ka.

Int: Good. Cup.

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: (coldly) That was garbage, Mr Black. CUP.
CUP.

I follow the trail of the lost seekers, Alan Quatermain the great hunter,
Stout Curtis and brave good Sir Henry Good; in my hand The torn yellow parchment bequeathed by the dying Portuguese
Seeker, Da Silvestra, to later seekers; crawl with it in hand Over the shimmering desert fiery gold under a round red sun
Filling half the sky and about to explode; suddenly, on the horizon,
Out of nothing—Sheba's Breasts, each berg fifteen thousand feet
In height, linked by a sheer rock-cliff, swathed in cloud-mists
Like a woman asleep, veiled; extinct volcanos, they are gold In the throbbing sunlight, except that they rise into snow-nipples.
Miles to go yet—but there, a dozen yards away, half-sunk in a koppie,
As the old Dom's map predicted, unsuspected, the pan bad water.
But as I scramble to it and stoop to suck, it slips away from me
Like the lips of a harlot, in loathing, turned aside, spitting Saying, is it not enough you burrow into my hole
My diamond-mine, my lineaments of scrofulous apathy?
Across
The desert, I climb the foothills, following the crushed twigs
Following the three pairs of footprints still preserved In the snows after a thousand years and I enter a region of ice and silence,
The air thin, difficult to drag your feet;
But at the crest, a cave, and I enter its darkness,
And there, at the end of the cave, seated on a ledge, as expected,
Is the body of a man, Da Silvestra, the yellow skin—still Preserved by the cold after two thousand years—stretched tight
Over his bones; in middle life, his features aquiline, The remains of a woollen pair of hose, a yellow crucifix round his neck,
Naked else; a small bone pen at his feet, a wound in his arm Where he had drawn the ink; now all his words have flowed Into the winds and mists that swirl around Sheba's nipple.
His mouth hanging open, head slumped, the maker of the map has nothing to say.

Int: MR BLACK!! LOOK AT ME!! CUP! Mr

Black. CUP!

(He had this way of, you know, going dead on you, you might have been a wall for all he knew or cared, and when this happened, I'd shout his name, real loud, and as though I was mad as hell with him. It was a kind of electric shock, and it did seem to work, he did seem to come just a little out of his trance.

CUP! MR BLACK. CUP!

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: NO! Mr Black. NO! NO! NO! Say no, Mr Black.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: No. No. C'mon now, I thought you said it then. No.

Mr Black: No.

Int: *(caressingly)* BEAUTIFUL. That was terrific. That was so nice. No. No.

Mr Black: No.

Int: GOOod! You make me happy the way you say that. . . . Do you like food?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: Okay, Mr Black, you've been working very hard, you've been really trying, I'm going to let you be taken back to the ward now.

It has been restful here; knowing I was in a vice,
I could forget his surliness, and dream of the stars and the girl,

Quietly. But now that skin and flesh have dropped away
from me,

I find that I can move my shoulders down, and there is my
mother's

Voice calling. I don't want to climb down. My limbs are
stiffly cramped.

But her nipples call. Her white hands will wash me clean
With a heavy sponge. And I will wriggle into her bed.

Int: What's this I've got between my fingers, Mr Black?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: Cigarette. Say cigarette.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: CIGARETTE.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: That was mush, Mr Black, that was garbage. CIGARETTE.

Mr Black: Sa, sa.

Int: GOOod! Now again, Mr Black. Cigarette.

Mr Black: Cigarette.

Int: MARvellous! It really was. I'd like to give you a puff for saying that, Mr Black. Once more and you can take it from me. Cigarette. Cigarette.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: CIGARETTE.

Mr Black: *(no response)*

Int: MR BLACK! Look at my hand! MR

BLACK!

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: CIGARETTE.

Mr Black: Cigarette.

Int: GOOod BOOoy! Do you want to take it from me, Mr Black?

Behold, in the dark, a man.

A yellow crucifix.

Middle-height, middle-span;

His limbs dry as sticks.

Though natives swear

His body to glory ascended,

The Dom is here;

Here his journey ended.

A wound in his arm

Where the great map spilled;

Now he sits dumb

His voice is stilled.

Forty days he survived

The tortures of the desert;

On snake-flesh he lived,

And wrote with bone his chart.

With what courage he rose!

But himself he could not save;

See how his vision froze

To a ledge in a cave.

Int: It's a bit cool today, Mr Black, do you want a nice drink? Say tea and I'll give you some.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: Tea, Mr Black, and I'll pour you some.

Mr Black: Tea.

Int: Lovely. Really nice. Tea.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: No, Mr Black. Tea.

Mr Black: Tea.

Int: GOOod. Tea and you can have some.

Mr Black: Tea.

Int: Good talking. Tea.

Mr Black: Tea.

Int: LOVEly. Terrific. Tea.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: TEA.

Mr Black: Tea.

Int: GOOD, very good. Tea.

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: *(coldly)* That was garbage, Mr Black. Tea. Tea, and I'll give you some.

You are more beautiful than in any of the pictures, rising,
Your sweet smiling face framed by the long yellow ringleted hair,

Arms stretched out to clasp me to the bosom of your
nightgown.

You offer me the keys to the gates, all your body's



openings.

But I cower back into the fireplace, your breasts have
turned

Into gourds of gold. On your forehead a rose
Is being gnawed by a grey worm. How can I warn you?
My mouth is dry.

Int:

MR BLACK!! THIS WAY, MR BLACK!! . . .

That's right. Okay, (*he's not interested in
the tea*) let's try some candy. Do you want
to say candy and I'll give you some?

Mr Black:

(*garbage*)

Int:

Candy. Candy."

Mr Black: (garbage)
Int: C'mon now, kid. Candy. Say candy.
Mr Black: Ka, ka.
Int: GOOod. Candy.
Mr Black: Ka, ka.
Int: Candy. Candy.
Mr Black: Candy.
Int: (rapturously) TerrRIFic! Good talking. I'd like to give you a square of chocolate for saying it so nicely, Mr Black. Candy. Candy.
Mr Black: (garbage)
Int: (coldly) No, Mr Black, that was word-salad. Candy.
Mr Black: Candy.
Int: (rapturously) GOOod. Marvellous. That was a honey. Candy.
Mr Black: Candy.
Int: GOOod! Real nice. You've come a long way today, Mr Black.

The ghosts of Quatermain, Curtis and Good tell me that
 when you reached
 The top of the mountain and could climb no further, the
 voice you heard
 On the plain could be heard no more, there was only the
 shrieking wind
 Around Sheba's barren nipple, grey clouds scudding, letting
 through
 Streaks of the dying sun. They tell me you washed
 Your sand-raw wounds in the snow. Then you dismissed
 Your bearers. Looking down at the other side,
 You cried gently. Then found yourself this cave, sat down
 and there
 Eased yourself of thirty years' saintliness in a thin stream
 Of milk. We see the grey stain on the floor still. There was
 No thunder striking you, only a soft down-flurry of snow
 across
 The cave-mouth from the peak of the nipple. I reach down
 and break
 The string of the crucifix.

Int: *This is Friday, March 3rd, session 5. Mr Black has been doing a lot of vocalising, he's been chatting at quite a high rate. Of course it's mixed up with a lot of garbage. We are looking at a picture of a horse.*
 Okay, Mr Black, let's look at the picture. What's this, huh?
Mr Black: (garbage)
Int: A horse. Horse. Horse. Horse. Horse. I'd like you to say horse.
Mr Black: (no response)
Int: (I broke off recording there. We didn't get anywhere for, oh, five minutes. Then it started moving.)
Mr Black: Horse.
Int: GOOD, Mr Black. Terrific. How nice of you to say it to me.
Mr Black: H— h—
Int: Yes, horse. What's this? Horse.

Mr Black: Yes.
Int: OH! GOOod, Mr Black. Yes! Lovely talking. What's this?
Mr Black: (garbage)
Int: Point to the horse, Jimmy.

I go down into the secret land that Solomon ruled;
 A place of paradisal mills each one a thousand storeys high,
 Light, walled in glass, wheel within wheel and without
 wheel visible,
 To the amazed eye; they stretch away to the horizon,
 The low hills that lead to other mills;
 And above the mills of industry where metallic slaves toil,
 In a billion glass compartments the Greys are resting,
 On the eve of some great battle, for their faces are savage
 and composed;
 I see them eat, sleep, make love, with the air of dream
 As men do before a battle; a million raise glasses of milk
 to their lips,
 A million urinate; I see none born, none dying;
 All are in the prime of manhood, womanhood, all hand-
 some, all indistinguishable;
 And as I watch the magnificent regiment of the Greys at
 rest
 Before certain annihilation, waiting with a calm despair,
 It seems to me that Death has already touched them;
 Though below, out of the shining mills, a constant stream
 appears
 Of bodily organs; of hearts, lungs, kidneys, genitals, and
 brains.
 It is the last, epic stand of the Greys.

Int: MR BLACK!! MR BLACK!! FOLLOW MY FINGER, MR BLACK! What do you see, Mr Black? Huh?
Mr Black: Horse.
Int: GOOD BOY! That's good talking. Now what's this in my hand?
Mr Black: Chocolate.
Int: Chocolate, that's nice. You may take it. You named it correctly so you can have it. Now what's this? Brooch. Brooch.
Mr Black: (garbage)
Int: Give me the chocolate, Mr Black. What's this?
Mr Black: Brooch.
Int: GOOod! Good talking, Jimmy. Very good. That's a nice chocolate. You may eat it for talking so nicely. Now, Mr Black, would you tell me, what is this? What is this?
Mr Black: (no response)
Int: (anger) Back to the ward, back to the ward. You don't know. Out! Out!

Your voice is all caresses; even your scoldings are part of
 your love,
 As when I skipped off the pavement or would not drink my
 milk up.
 You send me to bed but creep up to kiss me.

You laugh, pulling your nightdress over your head, and I
 long
 To reach out and embrace your loins or vanish into that
 dusky
 Grove. But everywhere I touch finds gold not flesh;
 Spreads over the serene pacific to the musky indentation,
 spiced,
 Trickling down the line of childbirth I printed in you
 To the vast jungles of Africa, lakes and cascades and rivers
 Shrivelling as the pores close under liquid gold. Your hair
 Brushing against me now is metallic, bleeds my face.
 The worm's chaps gnaw and you do not seem aware. Your
 laughter,
 Golden and metallic, swarms through the rooftops and stirs
 All the small skeletons into limb-jerkings. Like insects lying
 On their backs, they strive for the word which pleases you.

Int: *It's teatime and I'm going to give him some tea.*
 Mr Black, what's this?
 Mr Black: Bread.
 Int: You're right, it's bread.
 I love you talking. What's this, Mr Black?
 Mr Black: *(garbage)*
 Int: That's chatting, Mr Black, what's this?
 Mr Black: Butter.
 Int: GOOod! That was good. Yes, butter. What's this?
 Mr Black: *(garbage)*
 Int: Milk, Mr Black. Say milk and I'll pour you a glass.
 Mr Black: *(garbage)*
 Int: Nice chatting. Milk.

Grey, behind crystal-walls
 The Greys are resting;
 Flower of Kukuanaland.
 And all, the same arresting
 Tomorrow appals.

Awaiting the mighty war
 That may never come.
 How long must they wait to hear
 The cleansing drum,
 The cosmic roar?

A million urinate;
 A million drink;
 A million stare at screens;
 A million think;
 A million masturbate;
 A million cry but keep
 Tears hidden by a hand;
 In nightmare twitched
 By the Greys' last stand
 A million million sleep.

God's bravest, combat-steeled;
 But how if they never hear

The exultant warcy Koom!
 The thunder of spear on spear
 Tapping against shield?

Int: *So far today we've had an enormous amount of verbalisation, but very few audible words. Also one of his cadaver-like withdrawals in which he just stared down at his hands. But then came a truly amazing sequence of positive responses. We were looking through some more pictures. . .*
 Okay, Mr Black, what's this?
 Mr Black: Car.
 Int: Car, GOOod. That's nice. And this? Can you say this?
 Mr Black: No.
 Int: Tape-recorder.
 Mr Black: Tape-recorder.
 Int: Oh, Mr Black that's a honey. And what's this?
 Mr Black: Traffic-lights.
 Int: Oh my gosh! *(laughter)* This is terrific, Mr Black. *(I've never had to feed him so fast—about every other time.)*
 What's this? —Oh, I'm sorry, I've spilt some on you.
 Mr Black: Spilt, yes.
 Int: MY! *(laughter)* I can't believe you're talking so well, Mr Black. What's this?
 Mr Black: Aeroplane.
 Int: What are these?
 Mr Black: *(no response)*
 Int: What are these, Mr Black?
 Mr Black: Skyscrapers.
 Int: GOOod. What's this?
 Mr Black: *(garbage)*
 Int: Can you say typewriter?
 Mr Black: Typewriter, yes.
 Int: Beautiful. What's this?
 Mr Black: Bridge.
 Int: Good. Oh you're working terrifically, Mr Black. I can't remember when I had so much fun.

And so it went on, you just couldn't stop him, he just wouldn't be inappropriate! And when he finally flunked out—I think he was tired too—I was actually relieved! I was so tired, he'd really worn me out, but all the same I felt good, I felt that I'd really started to break through.

Sheba, your trillion eyes are glazed and reflect the sun.
 There is no warmth, no promise in them except the harlot's promise.
 Yet your eyes shone once with maidenlove in a face that was fertile
 To the farthest low hills loped by the zebra. Now they are tiers of gold
 Sunken in a dust-bowl.

Int: *For the past month, I've been attempting to reinstate his reading and writing behaviour. So far he's learnt how to read one word at a time.*
I'd like you to read this for me, Mr Black. Read this.

Mr Black: (tonelessly) The red balloon.

Int: GOOD. VERY good. The red balloon. I like you reading to me. Read this.

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: That was garbage, Mr Black. I turn away my head when you say that. There was. . .

Mr Black: There was. . .

Int: GOOD. There was a red balloon.

Mr Black: Balloon, yes.

Int: Good. There was a red balloon. Now tell me what colour was the balloon, Mr Black?

Mr Black: Red, yes.

Int: Very good. Red, yes. You're working beautifully. Right, let's read this, shall we?

Mr Black: There was a red balloon.

Int: TerRIFic. Oh, I liked that. Now, can you say the whole sentence for me again, Mr Black?

Mr Black: (no response)

Int: C'mon Jimmy. There was a red balloon.

Sometimes the Greys swarm out onto the streets, form up in phalanxes
And look up at the sky. A dusty breeze cuts across the blue
And a shadow falls as the sun is darkly eaten. A soft murmur rises
As the red globe is extinguished they remember the stranger
Who was able to darken it at will, and they wait for him again
To step down from the sky; but the darkness passes and the murmur
Fades as the breeze, the streets are empty.

Int: MR BLACK!! LOOK AT ME, MR BLACK!!
Okay, Mr Black. Let's try you with some food. *New behaviours were starting in Mr Black's life generally, as a consequence of his new verbal behaviour. He walks around, and dresses and undresses himself. I'm actually watching him shave right now—we brought a bowl and a mirror into the experimental room—and I'm giving him encouragement, reinforcing his behaviour with food.*
Now, Mr Black, you're putting on shaving soap, aren't you?

Mr Black: Shaving-soap, yes.

Int: That's good. And now you're making a lather.

Mr Black: Making a lather.

Int: VERY good. And this morning we made the toast and the tea together, didn't we? And now what are you using. Mr Black?

Mr Black: Razor, yes.

Int: Oh that's lovely, I'll have to give you some fish for saying that. As soon as you've shaved we'll have some lunch. Do you like fish?

Mr Black: Want some fish, yes.

Int: Oh my gosh, yes! And maybe you'd like some potato and beans?

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: That was garbage. I turn away my head.

There on the ground where the stone has risen are the crushed
Bones of old Gagool and near them the poor decaying body
Of Foulata who died peacefully in honest Good's arms for the sun
Cannot mate with the darkness nor the white with the black
But O her soul is white. Da Silvestra on the mountain
And Foulata in the depths—what hope is there
That we can survive? No need to mourn the queen and king
When I too am walled in the living grave. Leaving the boxes of diamonds
As all seekers have done I heave at the stone-ring
In the floor, and descend, following the draught of air
Into a maze of mine-addits deep in the mountainside, the tricklings
Of a stream propelled from nowhere to nowhere; I too
From nowhere to nowhere through the winding chimneys past many a
Trapped skeleton, but at last a pinpoint of light, light only to those
In pitch darkness, and I crawl forward forcing my shoulders through rock
After rock through earth ever narrower till I am through with a heave
The jackal-hole and rolling over and over uncontrollably
Down the mountain-slope. And the dawn bursts to show
Around me and under me, the bones of beasts strewn on the hidden snow.

Int: *This is the last session. With the aid of cue-cards, we have been working on questions which might be useful to him in the ward. I'm going to cover up the cue-cards and see what happens.*
Mr Black, ask me a question about the month.

Mr Black: The month.

Int: Good. Ask me a question about the month.

Mr Black: (tonelessly) What is the month?

Int: Good. It's August—that's nice. Ask me a question about the time.

Mr Black: What is the time?

Int: Good. It's—it's after eleven. Good. Question me about the day.

Mr Black: (garbage)

Int: Question me about the day, Mr Black.

Mr Black: What's the day?

Int: It's Monday. That was very good. Ask me a

question about the ward.

Mr Black: What's the ward?

Int: Good. It's Cedar Ward. Ask me a question about the doctor.

Mr Black: *(no response)*

A few slow beasts still crawl
Through the flattened undergrowth,
The jungle carved by the flight
To a fireball's aftermath.

The rest in their myriads crushed
On the snowy mountainside,
Look back at the scene they had left,
And their clamour died.

Famine settled their limbs,
The night shone icy and calm;
The deer lay down by the leopard,
The lion covered the lamb.

Int: *Now we're just going to talk generally for a while.*

Do you like these flowers, Mr Black?

Mr Black: Nice flowers, yes.

Int: Good. They are nice. I picked them myself in the garden this morning. It's late for them but they're so lovely. Is it nice today?

Mr Black: Today.

Int: Is it nice weather today?

Mr Black: Lovely weather, yes.

Int: Good. It's lovely weather, very sunny. What colour is my dress?

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: No, what colour is my dress?

Mr Black: White, nice.

Int: Oh, good. I'll have to give you some candy for doing so well. Oh gosh! it must be very stuffy in here, Mr Black, I'm sorry. What have I just done?

Mr Black: Yawned, yes.

Int: GOOod, I yawned. That's very good.
The treatment was completed, and it only remained to take the final baseline measures.
What is your name?

Mr Black: Black, yes.

Int: Where do you live?

Mr Black: Maple Ward.

Int: How long have you been here?

Mr Black: *(garbage)*

Int: How long have you been here?

Mr Black: Twenty years.

Int: What's this?

Mr Black: Pen.

Int: What's this?

Mr Black: Comb, yes.

Int: What's this?

Mr Black: Handkerchief.

Int: Do you like snakes?

Mr Black: No.

Int: Do you like pain?

Mr Black: *(no response)*

While she sighs in her sleep
His lust devours,
Lip under velvet lip,
The red raw flower.

When she wakes up,
Warm in her rumpled clothes,
She yawns, and has no mirror
To see the rose.

Int: *When I went back to visit him three months later I found that, though there had been some regression and the doctors and nurses reported little difference in his behaviour, he could still respond positively. I also learned something that thouched me very deeply. About a month after the termination of treatment, one day he just disappeared. He'd just walked out of the gates and kept on walking. I guess deep in his mind he wanted to walk home. He walked all that night. The next day a charge nurse found him and he was brought back. When I heard about this, I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. He might have got himself killed, of course, he really wasn't safe, and yet I think I was really glad. It showed that Mr Black was alive again, or coming alive, and he'd been dead a long time.*

You tempted me with your loveliness but you withdrew it again;

When your legs were stretched wide and your arms, I saw that your last

Extremities, arctic and antarctic, were also imprisoned in gold.

The last pore shut fast, you could breathe no more. I waited for you

To speak but you did not. You have destroyed me with absence

—death. Now I walk through you to find you, heal you of dumbness;

Or all shall say, without a use this shining woman lived,
Or did she only live to be at death the food of worms? If I
Can find one pore of your body not wholly dead and open it,

And plant therein one seed, one flower . . . you will come to me again

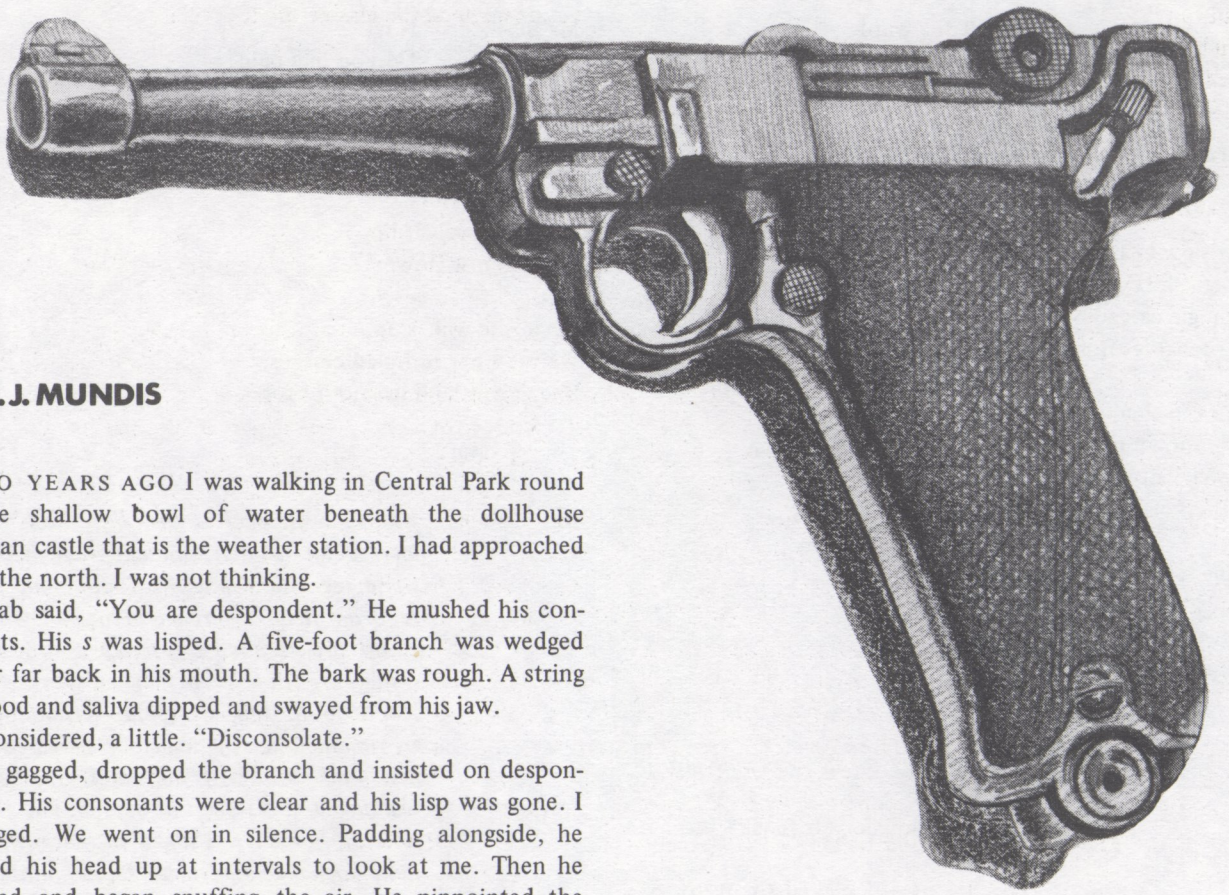
And speak to me. Through Highgate and Hampstead, to Poplar and Bow,

To Islington, all night I walk—home, home.

Dawn breaks over the Surrey Hills. And behind me I see

An angel, smiling, holding out his hands in blessing,

Quickening his steps to catch me up to guide me on my way
To save you, bring you back.



by J.J. MUNDIS

TWO YEARS AGO I was walking in Central Park round the shallow bowl of water beneath the dollhouse Norman castle that is the weather station. I had approached from the north. I was not thinking.

Ahab said, "You are despondent." He mushed his consonants. His s was lisped. A five-foot branch was wedged rather far back in his mouth. The bark was rough. A string of blood and saliva dipped and swayed from his jaw.

I considered, a little. "Disconsolate."

He gagged, dropped the branch and insisted on despondence. His consonants were clear and his lisp was gone. I shrugged. We went on in silence. Padding alongside, he cocked his head up at intervals to look at me. Then he stopped and began snuffing the air. He pinpointed the direction and trotted off with a light springy step. His vibrancy sometimes fires me with jealousy. It was an oak, which he read with his nose. Then he made a tight circle, deciding, balanced on three legs and urinated.

He returned and said, "Disconsolation suggests an edge of emotional keenness, whereas despondence—"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"You err. Whereas, as I was saying, despondence is essentially ennui, a moribund state lightly salted with bitterness."

"You cut me up, moving the way you do."

"Do I?" The corners of his long mouth pulled back in his equivalent of a smile, which is not grotesque, but which, neither, is the legitimate article. You must project certain responses to understand that it is a smile. "That's improvement," he said.

"I don't see it."

"Sure you do."

"I don't like this conversation."

He sat down and scratched his ear. He asked me if I would like to throw a stick for him to chase. He was attempting rapprochement, but he was also going for himself. Like everyone. Though why this should matter, I don't know. Quivering, poised, eager, focused, he was naked and ugly in his exposure. Ordinarily I wouldn't have minded. That is what he is, that is what he is about. But he had made me angry. And the walk had not helped. I was still weary, incredibly. Often the walks were successful. Watching him run and cavort and do all his healthy animal things, my shuffle would lengthen to a stride and I would begin to feel vigorous and defined, primed with purpose. "No, I don't want to throw a stick for you."

"I sigh," he said. "Langorously."

The Luger
is a 9mm
automatic
handgun
with a
parabellum
action

"Shutup."

Climbing the walk to the weather station we came upon seven fat pigeons pecking bread crumbs in a semicircle around a thin young girl in a skirt that, it being short and she being seated, was well up her skinny thighs. She wore no stockings. Her knees were bony, like flattened golf balls. Ahab's ears clicked forward and his shoulders bunched. He went into his stifflegged walk. Fifteen feet from the fat pigeons. His mouth opened, drops of spittle appeared. Ten feet from the fat pigeons. He breathed with explosive little pants. Five feet from the fat pigeons. He now looked a sloppily worked marionette. Four feet from the fat pigeons. . . .

I caught him an instant before he lunged, an instant so close to the act that they shredded into one another. "Ahab, *heel!*"

He jerked, half wheeled, went up on his hind legs and scored the pavement with his claws when he struck, but there was no forward progress.

In place, eyes wild on the seven fat pigeons thrashing the air in panicked escape, he performed a zealot's dance, a dance of possession. He was a *plastique* detonated within a steel room, all that power, all that energy—contained.

The skinny girl was on her feet. She was not pretty. Her skin was the color of sour milk. She was jabbing her finger at me and shrieking. It had to do with Ahab and the birds.

Ahab said, "Kill, kill," and turned to her with ferocious urgency.

I grabbed his collar and slammed his back. It is a pinch-collar, misnomered by many as a spike-collar. When the short sliding length of chain is pulled, the linked circle tightens. This causes blunt prongs to meet, pinching the neck. It is an effective, and with Ahab, a necessary collar. There is no question, however, that he would disregard the pain of pinched flesh if he thought that killing were really appropriate.

"Overprotective," I said to the skinny not pretty girl who was the color of sour milk and has knees like flattened golf balls and who was shrieking and jabbing her finger at me. Shrieking, she did not hear me. "Fuck you," I said. Jabbing her finger, she did not hear me. I don't know if I said anything. If I did say overprotective and fuck you, then neither one of us heard anything and they were passionless sounds without significance, like fog, and they disappeared under the bright summer sun.

"Heel," I said to Ahab.

He said nothing more. I believe he was thinking, with a growing sense of injustice or *somesuch*, of the seven fat pigeons and the way in which I had stopped him an instant before he lunged, an instant so close to the act that they shredded into one another. But I might very well be wrong.

We went home.

AHAB REMAINED SILENT—that is, he did not say anything, in words, for more than a year. Most surely he carried on dialogues in the style assumed natural.

We were again at the park late one pleasant fall night, some fifteen months after our initial conversation. We had just entered and were walking down the ramp and I had not

yet unsnapped the leash from his collar.

"Freedom now, freedom now," he chanted.

He had recently spent several afternoons playing with a bitch in the yard of a garden apartment down the street. Apartment and bitch were owned by a militant blueblack oboe player and his wife, both of whom wore their hair natural.

"Freedom in a minute, there's a squad car passing."

"Baby, I'm not gonna wait no longer. You don't like it, that's your lookout."

"What are you going to do if I keep the leash on?"

"Like the man says, violence is as American as cherry pie. Take it from there."

"Shit on America, you're violent by nature, that's all."

"True. What are you by nature?"

"You mean am I violent or not?"

"Don't jive me, baby. You dig the question."

"You know, if I do keep you on the leash, you won't touch me. Matter of fact, if I clobbered the hell out of you, you wouldn't touch me. That's your nature too."

"True, very true. You have the knowledge, man, but unfortunately not the wisdom."

I unsnapped his leash. "Thanks," he said, raced in wide circles, then went foraging into the darkness. He came back, fell in step with me and said, "Been thinkin' on your nature?"

"No."

"Well, wouldn't help anyhow. You ain't got none."

"Seems the only reason you say anything is to needle me."

"You people, man, you operate at three and three while the rest of it's at fifty and fifty."

"Rest of what."

"Everything."

"You know that for a fact?"

"No."

"Well . . . listen, how come you talk? I thought about that a while back."

"I'm an atavism."

"Oh. Sorry."

"Why?"

"I don't know. It seems the thing to say."

He swung in front of me and sat. He cocked his head to one side. "Hey, man. Hey."

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"I know. I love you."

"Does it help, loving?"

"It helps. Sometimes. but it's not nearly enough."

He nodded.

We resumed walking. I said, "The thing is, there's no significance. Nothing makes any difference. Nothing is more valuable than anything else. Which means there isn't any such thing as value."

"Uh-huh."

"How do you endure it?"

"I don't."

"I don't understand you."

"You won't survive then."

"Is that really important?"

"No, it isn't."

WITHOUT AHAB I would have gone mad, if there is such a state. That is, in a negative sense. Which I don't believe. I was sinking. Interminably. From nowhere, to nowhere. I am still sinking, all of us are, interminably. But now there is a vital difference—I have the key, the *raison d'être*; better, the *mode d'être*. It is the answer, the only answer. Thank you, Ahab.

Sometimes I called him Ahab Flying Death Defier. I would throw one of his rubber toys and he would leap high, with grace, and close his powerful jaws about it in midflight, then land erect with light resilience. Now and then I would say, "It's a dynamite stick! Catch it, boy, or we're done for!" And he would snatch it from the air. I laughed. He wriggled pleasurably and came to get his ears scratched, his chest rubbed. We loved each other. For whatever that was worth.

I functioned well. The vicissitudes of my life went smoothly and successfully. Everything was, however, uniformly neutral. Everything still is, on that higher level. Or that lower level. Deterioration is not always symbolically manifest, nor even literally manifest. But that is what our dialogues had been about. Because deterioration is dominant, although deterioration is perhaps not the proper word: it implies values. And there is the crux of it all.

"Self-determination and a positive outlook," Ahab said. "We must pull ourselves up by the bootstraps, so to speak."

It was winter in the park. The sky was corrupt. The snow on the ground had been three days rotting. It was soot and sickly ice crystals. We had just come through a city election.

"It requires will, strong will. Immediate investment. A sacrifice on all our parts, which, I point out, will not be easy. But I tell you that a sacrifice made easily and without effort is no sacrifice at all and is therefore without consequence. Invest now and in a little time you will reap benefits one hundred, nay even one thousand-fold."

"Where is this taking us?" I asked him.

"To our logical, our inescapable conclusion, my fellow countryman."

Three boys in leather were approaching.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier there was one?"

"You weren't desperate enough. Now is the time. The iron is hot."

"Is it cusp?"

"It is cusp."

"I suspected that, dimly. But it doesn't make any difference."

"True enough. That is why you must recognize its importance." The boys in leather came scuffling closer. Ahab's walk stiffened. "Discover your nature!"

"You said I didn't have any."

"You don't."

"Nothing does!"

"Nothing is!"

"Then how can—"

"Hey, Jack, you got any butts?"

"No, sorry."

"Pull that mother back, or he's dead!"

"He's dead anyway. Come on, your wallet, Jack."

They held thin steel in their hands, fine implements from the looks of them. I never knew much of cutlery. But they made good, solid metallic clacks when they sprang open. Discriminating buyers, I am told, look for that sound. I marked the absence of Ahab's customary barks; this time there was only a low rumbling in his throat. He moved. The nearest one, the tallest, screamed. Ahab had opened his wrist. I could see a tendon. The knife fell. All three of them ran. Ahab loped after them, furrowed a calf, but broke off and returned when I called him.

"Thank you," I said.

"My pleasure."

"How do you feel?"

"Full. Brimming." He raced ahead, spun, raced back, spun . . . "Overflowing," he said.

"Functioning, yes. As I'm meant to, that's a non-sequitur."

"Everything has an intended function."

"Bullshit."

"The function is to die."

"Puppycock."

"Mountains erode. Organisms wither, drop and decay. Physically, we are eating ourselves. Spiritually, we are disintegrating. Psychologically, we are being gnawed from within. Everything is collapsing."

Ahab chewed angrily at some irritation on his flank. "So?"

"So *a priori* there is no question of ultimate survival, and temporary survival can be obtained only through self-neutralization."

"Temporary survival *is* total survival, triumph even, since in the grave nothing, including defeat, can be experienced. And survival is dependent on frameworks and structures."

"None exist."

"Right, so discover them."

"Create them?"

"What can be created already exists; discover them. React. In a completely voluntary, and systematically arbitrary way. Reacting, you will act, which will cause reactions in the form of new actions. but it must be codified, all of it. And you must function within the system as if it were built upon categorical absolutes. Never question, never waver. You will have to do it, your species will have to do it. Perversely, you've forced yourselves to see the meaninglessness of your lives and values. So now you have no lives and values. You must rebuild."

"Why, why should we? What's the point?"

Ahab shrugged.

"It's stupid," I said.

"Someone suggested it wasn't?"

I thought a few moments. "If, I mean just if someone wanted to do that, how would he go about it?"

"Plunge into it. Dramatically. Unequivocally. Your commitment has to be total."

"And it works?"

"It works."

"What about you?"

"I told you. I'm an atavism. Old primal race memories come to a head in me sometimes."

"Then it's not perfect."

"Put it this way. Out of uncountable organisms over

millions of years there have been only a few minor deviations. That's not bad. Or not good, depending on your point of view."

"I don't have one."

"That's what we've been talking about."

I SAT UP all that night looking out and down through my window at a street light and at the few people who passed hurriedly beneath it. In the morning I washed my face. I took Ahab to the park again. He made no mention of yesterday's conversation. He made no mention of anything. He frolicked, rolled and burrowed in the rotten snow, delighted with this unexpected trip.

While he concentrated on digging a stick from under the snow several yards away I unzipped my jacket and closed my hand around the Luger jammed in my waistband. The Luger is a 9 millimeter automatic handgun with a parabellum action. Mine was manufactured in 1918 by the *Deutsche Waffen- und Munitionsfabriken* and is marked with their monogram, a flourished DWM. It's serial number is 4731 and all its parts are original, except for the clip which bears the number 6554. It is an excellent weapon—compact, powerful, accurate and extremely well balanced. Often you will hear that Lugers are unreliable, that they jam frequently. This is not true. When jamming does occur it is invariably due to poor quality ammunition. American shells are not to be depended upon. 9 millimeter is a sporting caliber in the United States, not military, and the

powder charge is too weak to keep the weapon working at maximum efficiency. Foreign military loads are easily obtainable. Belgian, Canadian, British or Israeli cartridges are all quite acceptable.

I laid my finger alongside the trigger guard. The metal was only a little chilly. The clip, which holds eight rounds, was already in place. I snapped the first shell into the chamber and flicked the safety off. I curled my finger lightly around the trigger and took aim.

The first shot broke Ahab's right foreleg at the middle joint. He collapsed heavily. The second shot missed. The third passed high through the rear of his body, but did not break the spine. With difficulty and in obvious pain he struggled to his feet and limped toward me on three legs. "Don't," he called. "Oh please don't." I fired again. He fell, but continued squirming forward. "Please," he said. "I love you. Don't." His blood was trickling and spraying bright red onto the dirty grey snow. I kept firing. "Please, I love you. I love you, I love you." The seventh round split his skull. He spasmed and lay still, his broken leg bent beneath him.

I ejected the last round. It broke through the crust of rotten ice and disappeared, unspent. I went home.

IT IS SUMMER now. Voraciously, I am eating life.

He intended this.

This is what he intended.

He did ■

Norman Mailer

Why Are We in Vietnam?

His *The Armies of the Night* and *Miami & The Siege of Chicago* made Mailer the most widely acclaimed author of 1968—now comes his first novel for three years which could well become the most controversial work of fiction to appear in this decade.

'A triumph, powerful, original, brilliant in substance and in formal means. The war is never mentioned, the question of the title answered only obliquely by an allegory in naturalistic guise of Texans on a bear hunt in Alaska.' *The Village Voice*.

Publication April 30s

Tom Wolfe

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Publication April 42s

Weidenfeld & Nicolson 5 Winsley Street London W.1



PLEKHANOV SCREAMS

Leo Zorin

THE MICRONIC SCHEDULE begins. All along the pyrimidine chains clank premonitions of genetic ecstasy. The cellular distortions are harangued with tiny screams. Pain is its own music, cybersensual, metempsychosis in relief.

The walls of the Terminal Block, off-white, crumbling, loom over Harvergsson, veer into the sky, menacing, always have depressed Harvergsson. Sweeps in through the big doors, nodding perfunctorily at the gray-haired porter.

"Morning, Doctor Harvergsson. Nice day."

The disc units struggle with the overload. Random access units interconnect in relays. The control codes overlap in nano seconds the length of a piece of string. Eleven feet long. The console clacks.

"Good morning, Burrows." Old fool, it was all right for him. From now on things would be getting better all the time. Harvergsson is trapped in dyspeptic middle age and feels the weight of his responsibilities heavily.

FOR EACH FLOW THERE MUST BE AN EQUAL AND PARALLEL FLOW. Such is the asymptote of despair.

"Oh, there you are, Doctor..."—a brisk and efficient female voice interrupts his reveries. Harvergsson looks up at the chiselled features of Tania Wolkowicz with a mounting sense of doom. Her lips are gently parted reminding him inimitably of some predatory animal.

Frame I

Snow on the ground. A man striding through the wastes. Bearded, heavy-jowled, heavy-eyed.

Frame II

A wolf appears left. It might well be hungry.

Frame III

The man whirls. It is Harvergsson. Fear can be detected in his eyes. Linkages are established with on-line control to regulate the flow of adrenalin. Appear off-screen barber-shop quartet intoning "Adrenalin, sweet adrenalin."

Frame IV

The wolf leaps, catches Harvergsson in the back, he goes over. The slaver jaws of the wolf set to work, ripping off his clothes. Soon his legs are exposed, gnawed, bleeding.

Frame V

A party of holy monks light the candles in front of the ikons and pour raw kvass down their throats.

Frame VI

The wolf, replete with pinearin, has disrobed the man into fibrous tatters. Blood stains the snow, which, in any case, consists primarily of soapsuds. The wolf has seized between its jaws a tasty morsel, a fragment of flesh, how well endowed with nerve ends. It caresses, fondles, feels the morsel grow large and strong. And bites. Amputates...

"Are there many cases for me today?" Harvergsson asks wearily.

"A few," she nods. "You look very tired, doctor."

"Ah, well, I'm not as young as you," he smiles deprecatingly.

"Come on now, doctor, we must take a more cheerful outlook, musn't we? You have a lot to look forward to, you know."

He tries to imagine her as an old woman but fails. That intense animal vitality strangles any images of senility.

Images of Senility

In the graveyard the skeletons are gathering flesh. The older specimens are masturbating wildly, but without much success. They lack, as Mondorf has said, the necessary equipment. However (and it is a big however) climax is delayed. The orgasmic millenium, red brothers.

In the Delivery Block all is prepared. Synapses crack to the tootling pipe of the Orwell drive.

"Well, I had best scrub up and get to work," appends Harvergsson at length, with a halting attempt to muster an air of efficiency. Surely there must be some more rewarding work than this? Far better be a grave-digger, a simple job but one that one could have some sense of pride in.

Tania Wolkowicz is 27r. years old. Accordingly she has her best years ahead of her, her years of ripest fecundity. She has never been old, and it's this in part which accounts for the magnetism which dominates Harvergsson. She has attacked life from the moment she left the Delivery Block.

Harvergsson shrugs on his white coat and sets off to the

wards, resounding as always with the squall of many babies. It is one of the eternal and depressing wonders, he muses, that those so bereft of all comprehension of the world nonetheless hold such intense appreciation of their imminent fate. How much better it would be to be born and thence progress towards decrepitude, never knowing one's allotted span, gaining on the way perhaps some illusion of achievement. But then, he is unusual: most people are able to thrust such morbid thoughts from their mind.

The Reversible Image

The tapes are rewound. The records are being transcribed into store backwards. At an amplification of a million the magnetic screeching becomes the screaming of souls in torment, the frantic osculation of rival diabolis.

The blocks of data which constitute Harvergsson falter into place, requiring a little program adjustments as part of the data buffers are erased. But one binary bit retains the wrong polarity.

Harvergsson has raging toothache. A tooth must be removed, which, in the best of all possible worlds, might be inserted. "He who was once whole is not less than whole."

It is necessary to go to the dentist. Utopian fancies of nitrous oxide ecstasies alleviate, for a moment, the all-consuming pain.

Under the Gas

The tooth is to be extracted under anaesthesia. He submits willingly to the drug, and, by remaining detached from what is happening, he manages to retain, in the aftermath, a large measure of recall of his experiences. He does not attempt to swim against the tide of anaesthesia. A gay swimmer, he is content to be borne along with and by it.

The spectrum of consciousness expands and whirls, and becomes, as it were, a tunnel, which grows in length as he goes further under the influence of the drug. At the front, the aperture to the outside world, is the bright and most intense apperception, red in colour, as one might view from a pit the knowledge of pain, a Munch scream irradiating waves which become dissipated and lost as they spiral outwards. The tunnel seems to twist further away, and, as this remote pain, becomes more intense, yet it impinges less on the consciousness, as if it were happening to another person.

At the back of the tunnel, vague and dark-hued, lacking in definition, lurks the awareness of death's eternity, oblivion, which, billowing up with the first gusts of gas, attempts to engulf Harvergsson's awareness. The relationship of these two extremes of sensation, though to describe them as sensations is perhaps inadequate, equates to that experienced more directly on the revolving big wheel at the circus, where opposites come together and mingle. Tension heightens the pain, relaxation the awareness.

In the middle and somehow over and above the tunnel is a curious awareness beyond consciousness, the knowledge of consciousness itself. Just as the anaesthetic could not completely obliterate the knowledge of pain, but tended rather to distil it exquisitely and divorce it from the emotions so that it might be viewed almost impassively, so

the higher mind, floating very high and feather-light over the scene, watching impartially, is able to be aware of the experience though by this time the local circumstances of the tooth extraction have been discarded. Moreover, it is capable of forming some kind of conclusion, not necessarily coherent or meaningful in everyday terms, but possessing its own interior logic, expressing something valid about the nature both of the experience and the subject in experience.

What occurs here, what insistently hammers and refuses to be lost or destroyed in the murderous shoals of Harvergsson's subconscious, is the thought "My God, what a great writer I would be if I could get this down," an oddly irrelevant manifestation of a deep and unsuspected arrogance.

There comes a peculiar moment, when the pain, confined cabalistically in its circle at the most contracted and firework-bright, produces a grinding, agonising sensation as the tunnel twists—presumably the moment of extraction. At this moment (it is clearly impressed on the memory tapes hereafter) he feels, exalted, that only Dostoevsky had experienced such heights of suffering combined with such heights of perception. In normal conscious experience these two extremes have an inordinate capacity for cancelling each other out.

A scream fills the tunnel, shaking it from end to end, as a vague awareness arises of something even higher than this super consciousness that looks down and takes in the whole thing. The tunnel crumbles, disintegrates. . . .

The lights are on in the operating-theatre, for the show is about to begin. Secret surgeon Georgi Plekhanov is pacing up and down anxiously. Tania flashes him a smile of complicity. Autonomic systems are whirring into action.

The mother, a rubicund woman in her thirtys, is wheeled in. The anaesthetist says a few words to her, smiles, talks as she gives the injection. It is always psychologically desirable to have the mother under before the child is brought in.

"Is the placenta prepared, Dr. Harvergsson?" drawls Plekhanov.

"Of course. We've been giving her the hormone treatment for weeks."

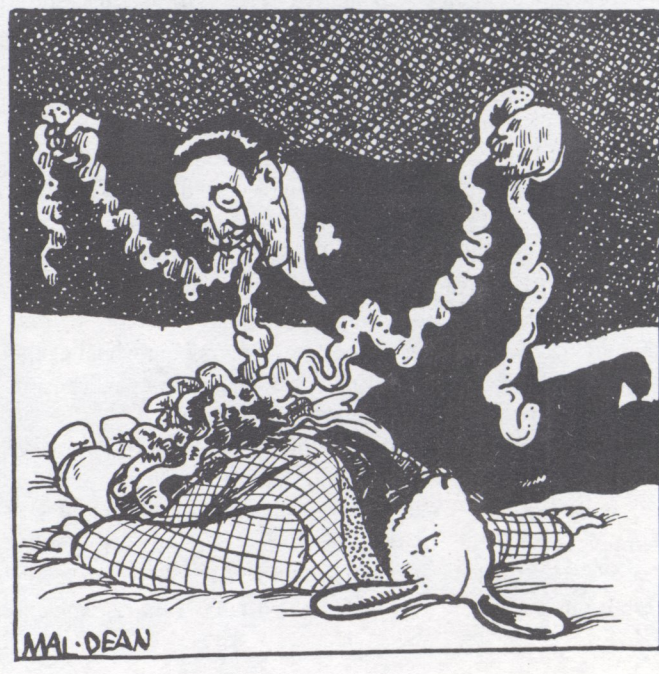
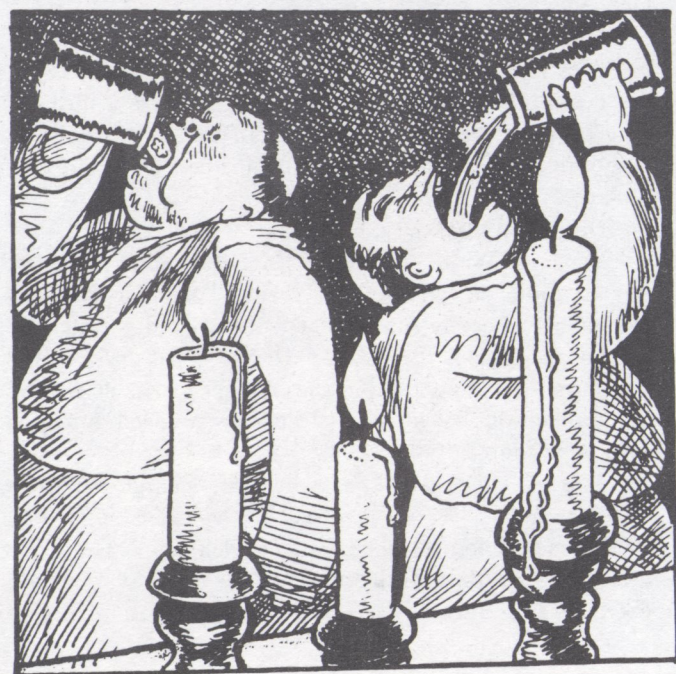
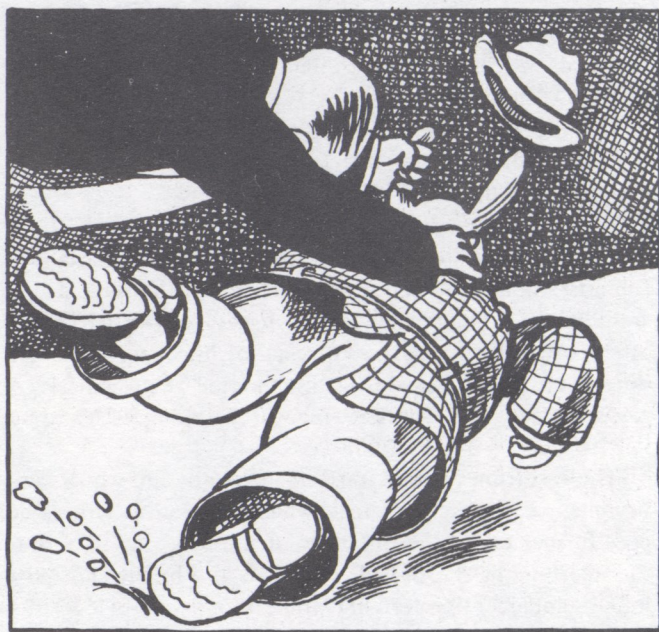
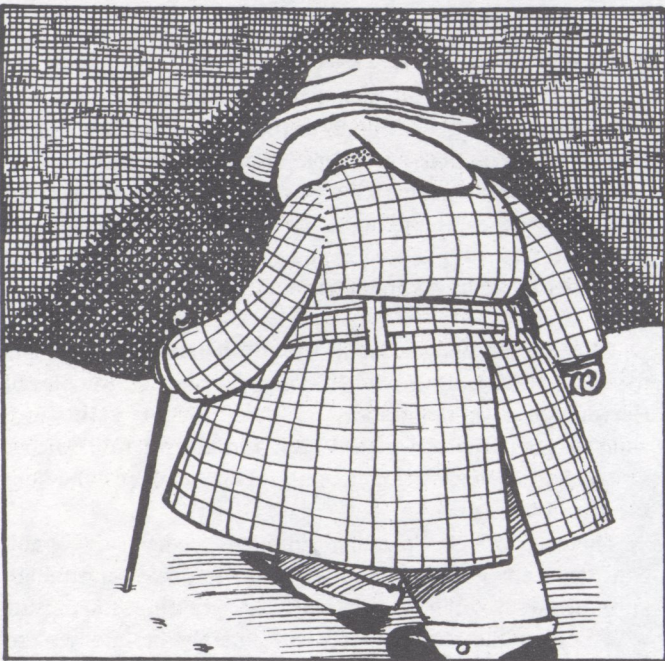
"I can't help feeling that this pregnancy is a mistake, you know. After all, in the course of nature the mother's body prepares itself quite without outside help in a matter of days."

"Don't you think we'd better start, Mr. Plekhanov?"

"Yes, yes, Tania," irritably. "Have the child brought in." For a while all proceeds in silence. At a signal from Plekhanov, Harvergsson widens the already distended vaginal aperture of the mother. The baby is squalling only intermittently now, a depressing though inevitable feature of termination. A little afterbirth is syringed into the mother's womb.

"This is going to be a tight one, Georgi," mutters Harvergsson.

"Extract umbilical cord," barks Plekhanov. He unties the knot at the child's navel. "Clamps!" He clamps together the ends of the cord, which then, in one of



nature's characteristic miracles, become as one.

"Nurse, smack its bottom to stop it crying." Tania does so. "Forceps." Sweating a little, unusually, Plekhanov grips the child's head with the forceps. "O.K., gently does it, slot his legs in now. Right, administer compressants, get her muscles working. That's right."

"Head's too big, Georgi."

"Air pump. We'll have to syphon it out afterwards."

Frantic fingers rush to it. Stimulated pregnancies were a particularly tiresome manifestation of the medical art, Harvergsson thinks desperately. Thank God these techniques will be unlearned soon.

"Be careful, man. You'll break his skull. I think we may have to use Caesarean section. Scissors."

Plekhanov's deft fingers work rapidly. All this and a revolution to worry about. "O.K., Harv, stitch 'er up. From now on I'll be refusing all applications for Unnatural Terminations of this type."

He is washing up afterwards. He becomes aware of someone else in the room. "I think you were wonderful, Georgi." Tania's eyes are aglow.

A little later. The heath is very green. The rain is lashing down. Their hair wet, Plekhanov and Tania are moving through the storm.

"Come under this tree, Tania." The oak offers ample shelter. The heath is deserted. His eyes are cold, like those of a fish or an alcoholic poet.

Frame I

They kiss, drawn together by some mystic process they know not what.

Frame II

A roll of thunder appears to frighten Tania. She snuggles tighter into Plekhanov's embrace. He buries his mouth in her hair. His hands begin to play over her warm, vibrant form.

Frame III

She undoes his trousers, removes his burgeoning penis. "This thing is bigger than both of us," she whispers passionately.

Frame IV

Tania kisses and caresses the Slavonic organ. A soft rumbling arises in her throat. Plekhanov breaks free abruptly. He removes his white mackintosh and lays it down on the sodden ground.

Frame V

They undress each other gravely, like schoolchildren.

Frame VI

There is a large bearded man in the bushes. He watches them as they set to. It is Harvergsson. "Is that so?" he hisses between his teeth.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Georgi?" He complies absently. "What are you thinking about?" She lays an arm on his shoulder.

He shrugs. "Oh, nothing. The rain is stopping now. Perhaps we should be getting back."

She looks at the ground. "I suppose you're right." she sighs.

Plekhanov Screams

Shots echo through the narrow streets. Trapped in a cul-de-sac. A party of horsemen ride past, swords drawn. "Sir," gasps Plekhanov, aromatic with decease.

Meanwhile, back at the collective farm. Data transmission is laid on. Stakhanovite labours approach binary fission.

1. Lenin is being disinterred. Anxious fellow-travellers are in attendance. At the hospital they are getting Trotsky out of cold storage. The ice pick has been discarded. Valuable evidence has disappeared all down the line. More careful spirits are checking the entry registers for theological colleges. A saturnine figure is shaving off his beloved moustache, preparing to flee. The assassins are vainly attempting to escape Stolypin's wrath.

2. Sergius Witte is grappling with the economy. Less and less vital material is being produced each day. Soon a ukase is to be proclaimed tying the serfs to the land. A monstrous white-bearded figure sets to his pontifications.

... Harvergsson gropes towards consciousness. The inescapable Moebius strip divides but still he is trapped within the great circle. Superimposed on the cyclorama is the Great Revolution. Cut to the steps. Harvergsson, mouth agape, watches helplessly. As he lies on the Terminal Strand, a fish out of time, ready for any self-abasement, tanks roll through the streets. Stormtroopers corner a group of people in a narrow alley. There is an old cripple there. They attack him with night sticks. The poor old man attempts to hobble away. They smash into him. His glasses fall off, crash to the ground, are crushed underfoot. A woman laughs.

A deaf mute is being suspended by his thumbs. He is trying to grunt out a message. Harvergsson moves forward haltingly. Dissolve the images.

He emerges to find himself mounted by Tania. It is not pleasant. "Am I psychotic?" he croaks.

"It is nothing, little one."

Safe in Finland, secret surgeon Georgi Plekhanov plan his recollections. The transposition has been safely made. The card output is collecting in the outtrays. He lights his hand-rolled cigar, takes a genteel sip of brandy. A pain grips his chest. He clutches himself. (Outside an eskimo is singing *It Ain't Me, Babe*.) "Angina pectoris," he mutters.

They have brought Harvergsson at long last from the fetid dungeon where he has been languishing. He can hardly walk, still less speak coherently. Tania watches him contentedly with wide eyes. Now and then she gurgles, or dribbles down her blue shawl. He turns his haggard face towards her. She commences to suck her big toe, ignoring him completely.

"What have you to say for yourself?" Lenin inquires, cynically. A final whirr of magtape. "I . . . I . . . I . . ."

Lenin makes an annotation in a morocco-bound notebook. Outside the walls of the Lubianka, off-white, menacing, veer into the sky.

Lenin looks up from his writing. "Kill him," he murmurs







CHARLES PLATT

IN THIS VILLAGE it was the same as everywhere. Rows of empty cottages, windows closed and dull. Gardens of rotting fruit, sprawling weeds that spilled out on to the footpath and choked the gutters. We drove slowly along the broken-surfaced road, steering round pot holes and bumping over deadwood.

Unexpectedly the line of buildings ended on one side, and there was a wide stretch of open grassland sloping gently down to a lake set deep in a narrow valley. Seen through the hazy evening air, the tiers of trees on the opposite hillside half a mile away were pale blue-grey, fading into the white, overcast sky. But at the foot of the hill, beneath the trees, the lake lay stagnant and so dark it seemed to have trapped the only shadows in the landscape.

I drove the car off the road and let it roll to a halt on the smooth, sloping grass. I switched off the ignition and turned to look at her, beside me; there was a long silence. Outside, no birds were singing. I opened the window and cool air spread inside the car.

We got out and stood together in the grass, breathing the soft air. Then she ran away from me and down to the lake, arms outstretched, tight sweater and jeans outlining her body.

She stopped in the distance, and turned in a flurry of long brown hair.

We walked slowly under the trees, around the lake. The water looked black and sinister; countless human corpses could have been dumped under its dark, polished surface. I threw a pebble, and watched the ripples spread with slow deliberation, soon dying.

We walked on. The land lay in rolling mounds; the tough flesh of an enormous prehistoric creature. In patches bare of grass the pink, sandstone-tinted soil was exposed like the raw skin of wounds where fur had been torn away. I walked watching my feet on the earth and imagined I was touching life.

Later I stood beside her on a promontory and gazed

down into the lake at my reflection: a silhouette among the black tree branches, under the staring sky.

Further on I found a hollow where the soft, steep lake shore had been eroded, undermining the black column of a timeworn beech. The tree towered a hundred feet, leaning gently out over the lake. So deeply had the soil been worn away that we could stand right under the giant bole, cantilevered out above us by a tangle of roots, each as thick as my body, thrust deep into the vertical face of the soil.

We gathered wood and built a fire and I sat with her under the tree, conscious of its living weight focused on me. We ate canned food and drank from plastic bottles. It was getting dark; the hiss of the fire and the sting of its smoke were painfully vivid. I looked into the delicate flames and saw birth and blood, iron and earth, death and water. The air constricted my face, when I looked up from myself to her, and her image twisted and flowed in the hot, shimmering air.

Distant beat music burst in the night and gathered in the hollows of the valley. Over on the hillside the car's headlamp beams spread across the grass, making it sparkle translucent green in the darkness. The sounds surged and sang. I started drinking scotch from a bottle, turning and wheeling, stumbling through the noise, enclosed by it and the night, feeling it lifting me. Stinging whisky ran down my face. I threw the half-empty bottle in the lake and started another.

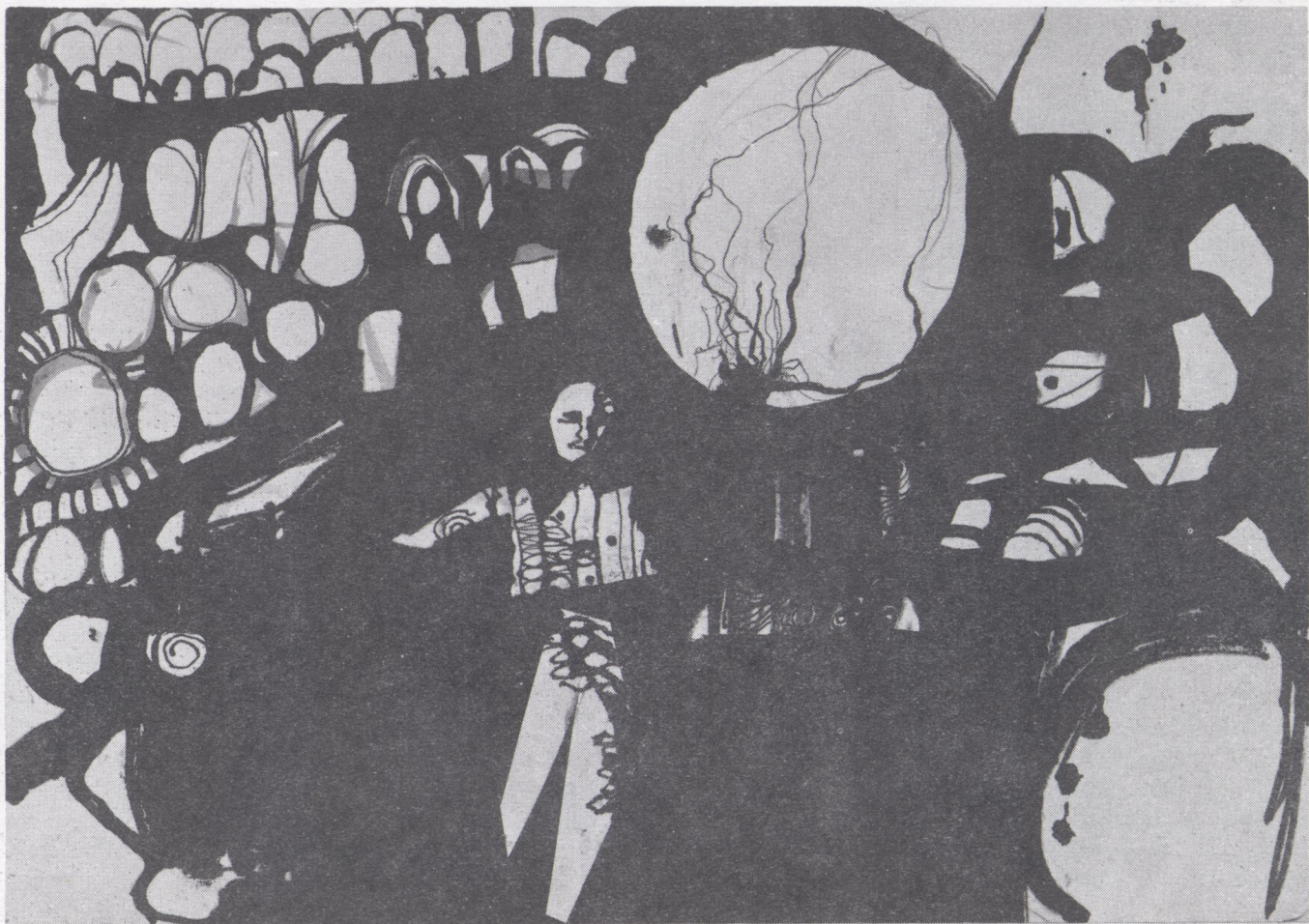
I ran and rolled over the undulating land, spinning and gasping, singing and shouting, recoiling from trees and brambles, making wild forays across the occasional open spaces. The music seemed louder. Colours fizzed at the edges of my eyes. My lungs ached. My mind was tingling. I tore off my shirt and wrapped it round the end of a branch, soaked it in alcohol and lit it. I ran through the forest searching for her and whirling my torch, showering droplets of fire.

The undergrowth was a shadowy web of hiding places and the branches patterned around me in the flickering light as I ran.

I thought I saw her swimming in the lake so I plunged in. The water doused my torch and I splashed heavy-limbed and clumsy in the abrupt darkness, writhing and churning up spray, gulping brackish water.

Back on the shore I was suddenly cold and empty. The music died between songs; it was so still and dark I felt I had no right to life.

I approached the bridge. It was old, heavy, a grey semi-circular arch disfigured by moss and dirt, supporting a straight, sturdy lintel eighty feet above the lake. The concrete geometry seemed braced to hold the hills apart. I climbed up and saw it had been built wide enough for a two-way road, with footpaths either side, but there was no



road—only gravel and stunted weeds. Nor could any road have ever reached the bridge; the steep hillsides reared up either end to make access almost impossible. The bridge had been built in the wrong place. It connected nothing to nothing.

I saw her as she walked toward me, away from where she had been leaning on the balustrade. Her face was pale.

I glanced to my right, over the lake, and saw the car on the slope in the distance. Its lights still burned white. The music was receding; we were quite alone.

Later, though still before dawn, we drove over the grassland behind the forest and around the lake. Shutting ourselves in the car had shut out the night, and the landscape beyond the windscreen was pale monochrome in the dramatic headlights.

We got lost twice, bumping over the dry earth and nosing through the brambles and long grass. But at last I drove to the steep hillside directly above the bridge and, with the brakes hard on and the tyres skidding over the grass, manhandled the big car to the beginning of the old concrete span. Then, slowly, I drove to the centre.

I switched off the engine and lights and sat holding her against me on the front seat, my eyes shut, picturing her face and body in my mind. Gradually the pictures faded into sleep.

I dreamed of deserts, stars; oceans, towers. Crystals and creatures, caves and cathedrals. I dreamed of myself. I

dreamed of my death. I dreamed of the lake.

I dreamed of my own birth and the first sting of life. I felt the slap and screamed but my mother was not there. I had entered the world alone and saw I lay in an empty, ruined hospital whose old concrete walls had collapsed, whose floor was covered in moss as thick and deep as grass. I cried and the sound rang in the narrow space.

I clenched my baby-hand into a fist, pinched up the skin of my tiny arm and squeezed. Magically I drew blood; I watched it flow.

The sun was bright and clean the next morning. The air was very cold. I sat on the parapet of the bridge and ate my breakfast, looking at the stagnant lake; in daylight I realised how shabby the place really was.

I rummaged around and picked up a few things from my stock of belongings in the car, knowing I could easily replace anything I left behind. I walked around the forest and the lake, heading back to the village.

When I got there the cottages were as dead and silent as I remembered them. The only sound was of my feet on the gravel, the faint rustle of my clothes. I could barely hear myself breathe.

"I think I'm glad there's no one but us," she said from behind me. I ignored her, knowing she wasn't really there.

I only looked back once. When I did, despite myself, I glimpsed the big car stranded on the bridge, trapped between the hills, above the dark water of the lake ■

THE KILLING GROUND

j g ballard

AS THE LAST smoke from the burning personnel carrier rose through the wet dawn air, Major Pearson could see the silver back of the river three hundred yards from his command post on the hill. Pulverised by the artillery fire, the banks of the channel had collapsed into a network of craters. Water leaked across the meadow, stained by the diesel oil from the fuel tanks of the carrier. Working the binoculars with his thin hands, Pearson studied the trees along the opposite bank. The river was little wider than a stream, and no more than waist-deep, but the fields on both sides were as open as billiard tables. Already the American helicopters had climbed from their bases around the city, clattering in packs over the valley like mindless birds.

An explosion in the driving cabin of the personnel carrier kicked out the doors and windshield. The light flared across the water-soaked meadow, for a moment isolating the faded letters on the memorial stone that formed the rear wall of the command post. Pearson watched the nearest flight of helicopters. They were circling the motor-bridge a mile down-river, too far away to notice the wrecked vehicle and its perimeter of corpses. The ambush, though successful, had not been planned. The carrier had blindly driven up the embankment road as Pearson's unit was preparing to cross the river.

With any luck, Pearson hoped, the crossing would now be called off and they would be ordered to withdraw into the hills. He shivered in his ragged uniform. Corporal Benson had pulled the trousers off a dead Marine machine-gunner the previous morning, and there had been no time to wash out the blood caked across the thighs and waist.

Behind the memorial was the sandbagged entrance of the storage tunnel. Here Sergeant Tulloch and the seventeen-year-old lieutenant sent up overnight from the youth cadre were working on the field radio, rewiring the headphones and battery. Around the emplacement Pearson's thirty men sat over their weapons, ammunition boxes and telephone wire piled around their feet. Exhausted by the ambush, they would have little energy left for a river crossing.

"Sergeant... Sergeant Tulloch!" Pearson called out, deliberately coarsening his over-precise schoolmaster's voice. As he half-expected, Tulloch ignored the shout. A pair of copper terminals clamped in his sharp mouth, he went on splicing the frayed wire. Although Pearson was in command of the guerilla unit, its real initiative came from the Scotsman. A regular in the Gordon Highlanders before the American landings six years earlier, the sergeant had joined the first rebel bands that formed the nucleus of the

National Liberation Army. As Tulloch himself openly boasted, he had been drawn to the insurgent army chiefly by the prospect of killing the English. Pearson often wondered how far the sergeant still identified him with the puppet regime in London propped up by the American occupation forces.

As he climbed out of the slit trench gunfire flickered from the central traverse of the motor-bridge. Pearson waited behind the plinth of the memorial. He listened to the roar of heavy howitzers firing from the American enclave five miles to the west. Here nine hundred Marine artillerymen had been holding out for months against two divisions of rebel troops. Supported from the air by helicopter drops, the Americans fought on from their deep bunkers, firing thousands of rounds a day from their seventy guns. The meadows around the enclave formed the landscape of a drowned moon.

The shells whined away through the damp air, the explosions lifting the broken soil. Between the impacts came the rattle of small arms fire as the attack went in across the bridge. Slinging his Sten gun over his narrow shoulders, Pearson ran back to the tunnel.

"What's holding us up, Sergeant? This radio should have been checked at Battalion."

He reached out to the mud-splattered console, but Tulloch pushed his hand away with the spanner. Ignoring the young lieutenant's self-conscious salute, Tulloch snapped: "I'll have it ready in time, Major. Or are you wanting to withdraw now?"

Avoiding the lieutenant's eyes, Pearson said: "We'll follow orders, Sergeant, when and if you repair this set."

"I'll repair it, Major. Don't worry yourself about that."

Pearson unfastened the chin-strap of his helmet. During their three months together the sergeant had clearly decided that Pearson had lost heart. Of course Tulloch was right. Pearson looked around the fortified position shielded from the air by the ragged willows, counting the pinched faces of the men huddled beside the field stove. Dressed in ragged uniforms held together with American webbing, living for months in holes in the ground, under-fed and under-armed, what kept them going? Not hatred of the Americans, few of whom, apart from the dead, they had ever seen. Secure within their bases, and protected by an immense technology of warfare, the American expeditionary forces were as remote as some archangelic legion on the day of Armageddon.

If anything, it was fortunate that the Americans were spread so thinly on the ground, or the entire liberation front would long since have been wiped out. Even with twenty million men under arms, the Americans could spare fewer than 200,000 soldiers for the British Isles, a remote backwater in their global war against dozens of national liberation armies. The underground free radio system which Pearson and Tulloch listened to at night as they huddled in their tunnels below the searching helicopters reported continuous fighting from the Pyrenees to the Bavarian Alps, the Caucasus to Karachi. Thirty years after the original conflict in south-east Asia, the globe was now a huge insurrectionary torch, a world Viet Nam.

"Benson!" The corporal limped over, his captured carbine heavy in his thin arms. Pearson waved with a show of temper at the men slumped against the sandbags.

"Corporal, in half an hour we're going into an attack! At least keep them awake!"

With a tired salute, the corporal went off round the emplacement, half-heartedly nudging the men with his boot. Pearson stared through the trees at the river line. To the north, near the ruined castle at Windsor, columns of smoke rose below the helicopters as they plunged and dived, firing their rockets into the ragged forests that had grown among the empty suburban streets. In this immense plain of violence only the meadow below with its leaking river seemed quiet. The water ebbed around the personnel carrier, stirring the legs of the corpses. Without thinking, Pearson started to count his men again. They would have to run across the open ground, ford the river and penetrate the line of trees on the opposite bank. Perhaps the Americans were sitting there with their rapid-fire Gatlings, waiting for them to break cover.

"... Major Pearson." The lieutenant touched his elbow. "You wanted to see the prisoners."

"Right. We'll have another go at them." Pearson followed the boy around the memorial. The presence of this young man—barely older than his pupils at the mountain school in the north of Scotland—gave Pearson some kind of encouragement. Already his age had begun to tell doubly against him. Over the years the losses in manpower had been so great, a million soldiers and a further million civilians dead, that older men were put in the more dangerous roles, saving the young for whatever peace would one day come.

The three Americans were behind the memorial, guarded by a soldier with a Bren gun. Lying on his back was a Negro sergeant who had been shot through the chest. His arms and shoulders were caked with blood, and he breathed unevenly through the thick crust on his mouth and chin. Leaning against him was a young private hunched over the knapsack on his knees. His tired student's eyes stared down at his manacled wrists, as if unable to grasp the fact of his own capture.

The third prisoner was a captain, the only officer in the ambushed patrol, a slimly built man with grey crew-cut hair and a soft but intelligent face. In spite of his uniform and webbing he looked less like a combat soldier than a war correspondent or observer. Telephone wire was lashed around his wrists, forcing him to hold his elbows together. Nevertheless he was watching closely the preparations for the coming attack. Pearson could see him counting the men and weapons, the two machine-guns and ammunition boxes.

As these sharp blue eyes turned to examine Pearson, running over his decrepit uniform and equipment, Pearson felt a surge of resentment at these intelligent and self-confident men who had occupied the world with their huge expeditionary armies. The American was looking at him with that same surprise Pearson had seen on prisoners' faces before, a genuine amazement that these ragged little men could go on fighting for so long. Even the term the Americans used to describe the rebel soldiers—"Charlie", inherited from the first Viet Nam—showed their contempt, whether the soldier fighting against them was a Riff tribesman, Catalan farmer or Japanese industrial worker.

However, as the American knew all too well, if the order

came through to attack the three of them would be shot down where they sat.

Pearson knelt by the Negro sergeant. With the barrel of his Sten gun he nudged the young soldier clutching his knapsack. "Can't you do anything for him? Where's your morphine?"

The soldier looked up at Pearson, and then let his head drop, staring at the fuel oil that formed rainbows on his boots. Pearson raised his hand, about to hit him with the back of his fist. Then the sounds of gunfire on the motor-bridge were lost in the overhead whoom of a shell. Coming across the river, the heavy 120 mm. soared over the meadow and plunged into the woods below the hill-crest. Pearson crouched behind the memorial, hoping the shell was a stray. Then Sergeant Tulloch signalled that two more had started on their way. The next fell without exploding into the water-meadow. The third landed fifty feet below the memorial, splattering its surface with broken earth.

When it was quiet again Pearson waited as Corporal Benson pulled the knapsack away from the young soldier and emptied its contents. He slit the captain's pockets with his bayonet and jerked off his ID tag.

There was little to be gained from any formal interrogation. American weapons technology had advanced to the point where it made almost no sense at all to the rebel commanders. Artillery fire, battle dispositions and helicopter raids were now computer-directed, patrols and sorties programmed ahead. The American equipment was so sophisticated that even the wrist-watches stripped off dead prisoners were too complicated to read.

Pearson reached down to the clutter of coins and keys beside the private. He opened a leather-bound diary. Inside was a series of illegible entries, and a folded letter from a friend, evidently a draft-dodger, about the anti-war movement at home. Pearson tossed them into the pool of water leaking below the plinth of the memorial. He picked up an oil-stained book, one of a paperback educational series, Charles Olsen's "Call Me Ishmael".

As he held the book in his hands, Pearson glanced back to where Sergeant Tulloch stood over the field radio, well aware that the sergeant would disapprove of this unfading strand of literacy in his own character. He wiped the oil off the American eagle. What an army, whose privates were no longer encouraged to carry field-m Marshals' batons in their knapsacks but books like this.

To the captain he said: "The U.S. Army must be the most literate since Xenophon's" Pearson slipped the book into his pocket. The captain was looking down over his shoulder at the river. "Do you know where we are?" Pearson asked him.

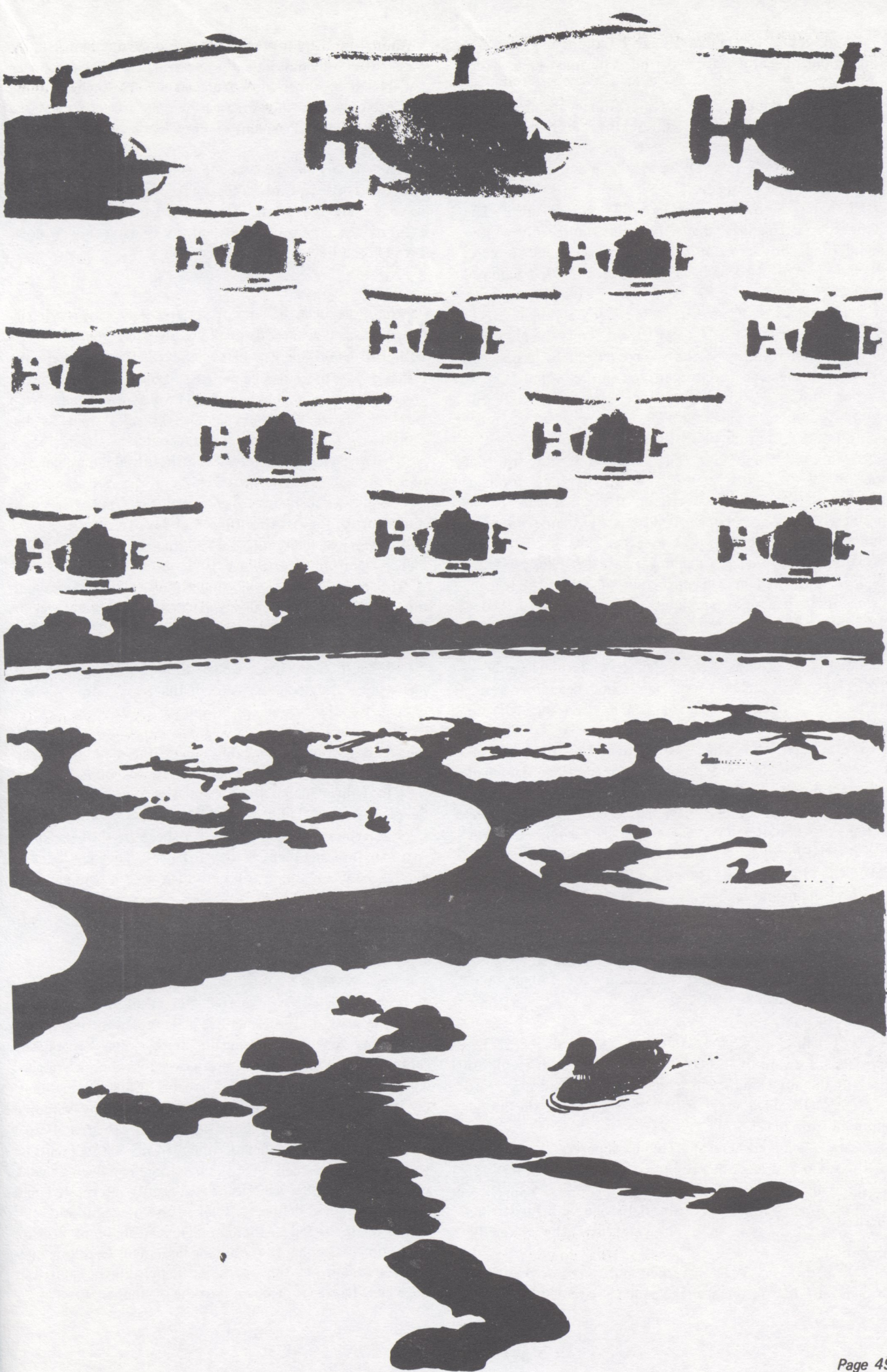
The captain turned himself round, trying to ease the wounds on his wrists. He looked up at Pearson with his sharp eyes. "I guess so. Runnymede, on the Thames River."

Surprised, Pearson said ungrudgingly: "You're better informed than my own men. I used to live about ten miles from here. Near one of the pacified villages."

"Maybe you'll go back one day."

"I dare say, captain. And maybe we'll sign a new Magna Carta into the bargain. How long have you been out here?"

The captain hesitated, sizing up Pearson's interest. "Just over a month."



"And you're in combat already? I thought you had a three-month acclimatisation period. You must be as badly off as we are."

"I'm not a combat soldier, major. I'm an architect, with U.S. Army Graves Commission. Looking after memorials all over the world."

"That's quite a job. The way things are going, it has almost unlimited prospects."

"I hate to have to agree with you, major." The American's manner had become noticeably more ingratiating, but Pearson was too preoccupied to care. "Believe me, a lot of us back home feel the war's achieved absolutely nothing."

"Nothing...?" Pearson repeated. "It's achieved everything." An armoured helicopter soared across the hill-crest, its heavy fans beating at the foliage over their heads. For one thing, the war had turned the entire population of Europe into an armed peasantry, the first intelligent agrarian community since the 18th Century. *That* peasantry had produced the Industrial Revolution. This one, literally burrowing like some advanced species of termite into the sub-soil of the 20th century, might in time produce something greater. Fortunately, the Americans were protected from any hope of success by their own good intentions, their refusal, whatever the cost in their own casualties, to use nuclear weapons.

Two tanks had moved on to the parapet of the bridge, firing their machine-guns along the roadway. A scout helicopter shot down into the fields across the river was burning fiercely, the flames twisting the metal blades.

"Major!" Corporal Benson ran to the tunnel mouth. Tulloch was crouched over the radio, headphones on, beckoning towards Pearson. "They're through to Command, sir."

Ten minutes later, when Pearson passed the memorial on his way to the forward post, the American captain had managed to lift himself on to his knees. Wrists clamped together in front of his chest, he looked as if he were praying at some ruined wayside shrine. The wounded Negro had opened his eyes, shallow breaths breaking through the caked blood on his lips. The young private slept against the plinth of the memorial.

The captain pointed with his wired hands at the men strapping up their packs. Pearson ignored him, and was about to move on. Then something about the American's posture, and their shared community of fatigue and hopelessness, made him stop.

"We're going forward."

Eyes half-closing, the American stared down at his wrists, as if aware of the effort he had wasted in trying to prevent the abrasions from opening. "That's bad luck. Not my day." His face grew stiff and wooden as the blood emptied from his cheeks.

Pearson watched Sergeant Tulloch supervise the stowage of the radio and begin his rounds of the men, waiting with weapons at the ready. "Why did you come up the river?"

The captain tapped the memorial stone with his wrists. "We wanted to see about moving this. The Kennedy Memorial."

"Kennedy...?" Pearson turned and stared down at the broken lettering on the stone. Vaguely he remembered the

memorial built by a previous British government at Runnymede to commemorate the assassinated President. In an amiable, if sentimental, gesture an acre of English ground had been given to the American people overlooking Magna Carta island. The President's widow had been present at the unveiling.

The American was feeling the broken lettering. He pulled off his cap and dipped it in the pool of oil-stained water beside the plinth. He began to work away at the memorial, scraping off the mud, as Pearson moved down through the trees to the forward post.

WHEN PEARSON RETURNED shortly afterwards the American was still working away at the memorial with his wired hands. Below the surface dirt were the residues of earlier defacements, slogans marked in engine grease or cut with bayonets. There was even one, "Stop U.S. Atrocities in Viet Nam", almost as old as the monument itself. Pearson remembered that the memorial had been regularly defaced since its unveiling, a favourite target of vandals and agitators.

"Major, we're ready to move off, sir." Tulloch saluted him smartly, for the first time that day. The American was still scraping at the stone, and had managed to clean at least half of the front surface.

The lead platoon moved down the slope. As the captain dropped his cap and sat down, Pearson signalled to Sergeant Tulloch.

"O.K., Charlie—off your backside!" Tulloch had drawn his .45 automatic. The rear platoon was filing past, the men's eyes fixed on the gaps in the trees, none of them paying any attention to the prisoners.

The American stood up, his eyes almost closed. He joined the two prisoners lying behind the memorial. As he began to sit down again Tulloch stepped behind him and shot him through the head. The American fell on to the sleeping private. Tulloch straddled his body with one leg. Like a farmer expertly shearing a sheep he shot the other two men, holding them as they struggled. They lay together at the base of the memorial, their legs streaming with blood.

Above them, the drying stone was turning a pale grey in the weak sunlight.

IT WAS ALMOST white twenty minutes later when they began their advance across the meadow. Fifty yards from the bank a murderous fire had greeted them from the Americans concealed among the trees along the opposite shore. Pearson saw Tulloch shot down into the waterlogged grass. He shouted to Corporal Benson to take cover. As he lay in a shallow crater the white rectangle of the memorial was visible through the trees behind him, clear now as it would not have been that morning. In his last moments he wondered if the cleaning of the memorial had been a signal, which the watching Americans had rightly interpreted, and if the captain had deliberately taken advantage of him.

Mortar shells fell in the damp grass around him. Pearson stood up, beckoning to the young lieutenant to follow him, and ran forward to the wreck of the personnel carrier. Ten steps later he was shot down into the oil-stained water.

GEORGE MACBETH

THE HIROSHIMA DREAM

*the colour of dirt and got soft. Flies
came all over him and he was moaning in
a faint voice and an awful smell was coming
from him. He kept saying, "Water, water."*

Her frontispiece shows
the usual arches and blotched
firs. Edwardian

Japan seems to have been less
populated than one thought.

After a while a lot of blood came out of my ears

Still, here's a pretty
woman with a parasol
being pulled by a

bowl-hatted servant in a
rickshaw. He looks a bit tired.

and it didn't stop for a long time. Even when we

Up they go (steep steps

I mean) to some frail houses
on top of a hill.

In the foreground on a bridge
a few peasants shift. They stare.

put cotton and gauze in, the blood came pouring out

Now it gets tougher.
A chill personage on short
wood stilts is blowing

something through a tube. He leans
over. There is no background.

between my fingers holding the cotton and gauze in

No, but a few pines
(tall and rather grim) recede
into vague distance

where a white house and three men
can be seen. One sports a cap.

place. My father and mother were frightened and they

Well, in the barren
times we live in a cart and
whatever the man

in the boater is lugging
across the moat may help. Yes.

bandaged my ears for me. Father had his little

After all, those junks
(or are they sampans?) look as
if someone had them

stacked full for a siege. One thin
sail is up, too. And oars dip.

finger cut with glass—it was almost off. And below

See. Three men in close
bowlers pose on the lap of
a Buddha, framed by

drab sun-flowers. Two of them
sit. One lolls, twirling a stick.

his eye there was a big cut from glass. When I

A domestic touch
makes a change. These brash farm-girls
with leeks and cheese are

cooking breakfast, aren't they? Well,
I know, one does appear glum.

looked at mother she was all bloody below the

And look at all those
corn-stooks! Gathered near them, six
bending peasants pluck

and cut things. Their backs are to
us. Each is wearing leggings.

hips. It must have been from the glass that came

Odd. And now on straw
panniers a man balances

what might be egg-plants:

beside him his wife stoops. She
dangles a wooden bucket.

flying from the north windows. A big piece of

Wait, though. Under a
silk lantern a man dressed in
a kimono glares

over a city. He seems
unusually lonely.

glass was still sticking in mother's back. The cut was

Is he? The waiting
carriages by the yawning
door remind us that

visitors come. And, besides,
washing is pegged out to dry.

about six inches long and two inches deep and the

Two chests, next. And a
vendor ladling broth from a
pan into a cup.

At his side, a girl crouches
with a pillow on her spine.

blood was pouring out. The edges of the cut were

From a screen, then, two
women strip silk and douse it
in a tub. It is

all striped. As in the sash one
flaunts round her elegant waist.

sort of swollen and like the lips of a savage. As

Why this old boy holds
his hands crossed in prayer, though,
I don't know. Yes, he

frowns like a monk, but so would
anyone in those tassels.

Mother cried out with the pain, Father pulled

Look. Under the ㄨ -
shaped arches below the steps
our familiar group

of squat men assemble. The
face of one is in shadow.

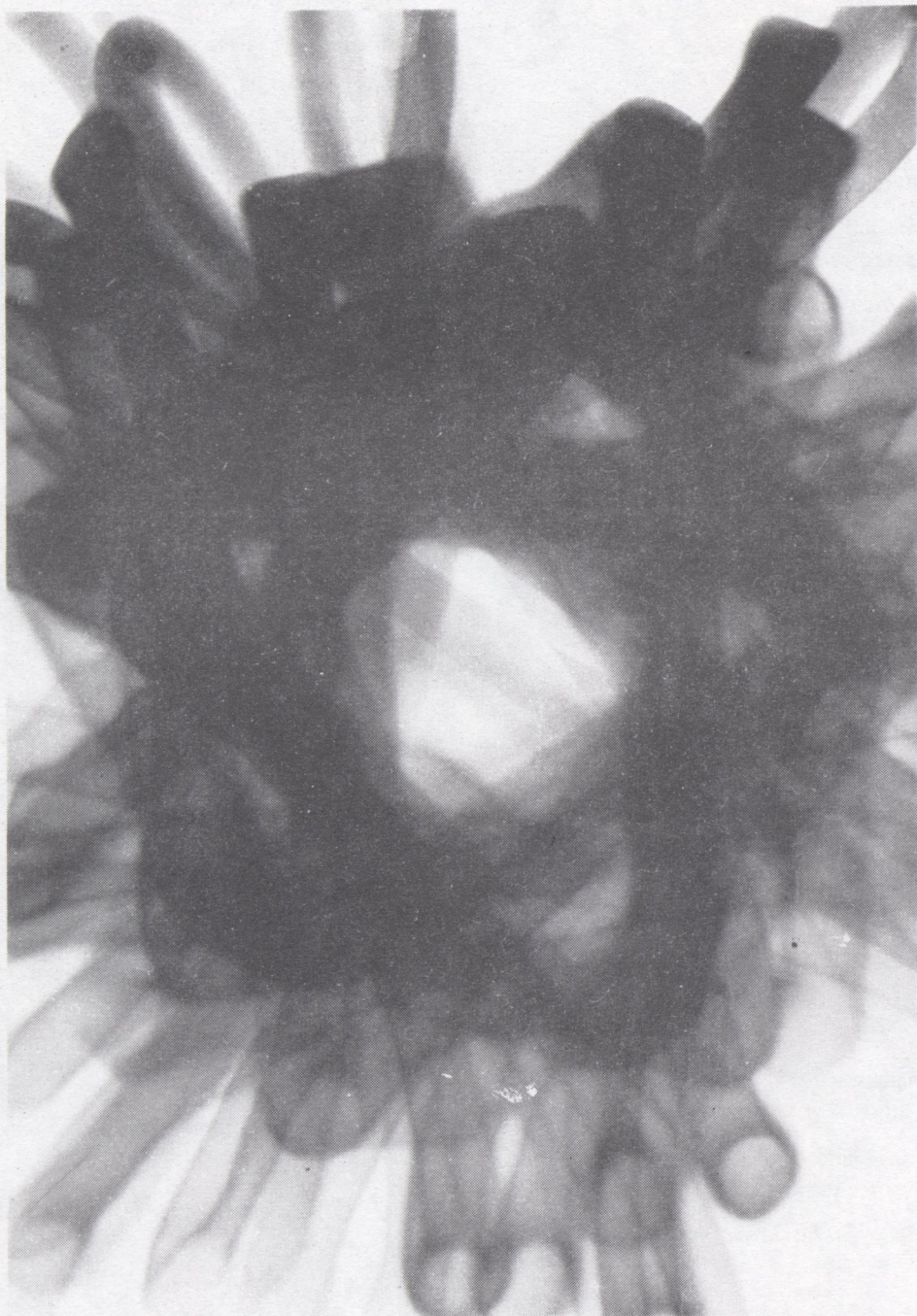
out the glass and poured a whole bottle of

Nothing moves. By a
rock on the perfectly still
lake, a neat lady

twizzles her parasol in
a low boat. A soldier punts.

iodine on the place to sterilize it. After they

Is he her lover?
The well looks dry. As the flight
of steps oozes up



the mountain, though, a sort of
menacing silence gathers.

finished bandaging me, a pain stabbed me so

The massive pillars
flanking the shrine are dwarfed by
firs. They surge out of

sight into a clear sky. And
no priest or monk is about.

I lay down. When I woke up I was lying in

Where are the horses?
The saddling-posts remain in
ornate grandeur, but

their mounts have all fled into
the wood, or been sacrificed.

a funny little shed. When I tried to lift my

Have they? To be so
boldly exposed over a
torrent might seem rash

but neither of these two seems
to mind. They neigh down brightly.

head it was stuck to the mattress by the blood

Meanwhile, the man in
a felt hat salutes the sea
from a projecting

rock. High over his head a
gnarled tree echoes his gesture.

that had seeped out and I couldn't lift it. Father

Someone must have hoped
for a quick departure, if
that mare loaded with

roped sacks is anything to
go by. Or is all quite safe?

said, "We don't want this to get any worse, so

There on the ocean
the light dances. The bay is
sprinkled with gay ships

and waves. Behind, an island
riddles the sky with three peaks.

let's go to the hospital." So he carried me

How clear it is! In
a bare lane a pagoda
tilts at the air. The

sun shines on a split fence through
which we observe cottages.

on his back to a military hospital nearby. The

By a thatched wall, a
sad family of eight is
grouped. One elderly

fellow has a rough beard. What

look like oars gleam behind him.

hospital was full of people who were groaning

Oars or poles? From a
canoe a long-haired sailor
thrusts one down into

calm river water. He sums
up the whole misty landscape.

and people who were naked. I was scared

Silence. As they halt
by stones the two ten-year olds
pant for breath. Meanwhile,

one of their carried babies
throws its head back, as if dead.

to death. Finally I said to Father, "I'm too

Is it? In her low
chair the cautious wife settles
with some care before

they lift her. One porter stands
unfolding a graceful fan.

scared; let's go home. Since there were so many

Beside the lake, the
entrance leads towards a shed in
the trees. The maples

are not giving anything
away. It is a grey day.

people that we didn't know when our turn

Or so think those bent
workers in the water. This
time one has turned, though,

and faces away from us
draped in a scarf. His friend rests.

would come—and besides that, there were so many

The father hoists his
first son in a basket. He
smokes his pipe while the

other straddles his mother's
back. A haze envelops them.

people who were hurt worse than I was—Father

Will it lift? Near the
settlement by the river
a snow-capped-peak is

hovering. Girls are in the
fields already. They glance up.

said "All right, let's go back," and we did. We

At what? From uncut
masonry light roofs flutter
up. Square windows, though,

assert a more appropriate
hint of contained violence.

had a good view from the fields and we could

Here's a surprise. One
plate seems to have been torn out
or not inserted

at this point. And no loose shred
remains to show what went wrong.

see that it wasn't only the part where we lived

No explanation
seems to fit. Unless that bare
white wall around what

might be a paddock offers
one. Or the drooping willows.

but the whole city that was burning. There was a

And these cool farm-girls
grouped around bushes are not
really much help

either. They pick what they pick
in silence, expressionless.

strange smell all over. Blue-green balls of fire

A smiling man in
long sleeves bends over a tray
and shifts their leaves. His

companion waits with her scoop
to slough more in. She looks pale.

were drifting around. I had a terribly lonely

What a grotesque and
baroque undersurface the
roof has! Redeemed, though,

by that simple palisade
at the base, and the squared stone.

feeling that everybody else in the world was

Is it? Girls in plain
cloth are turning wheels with fir
teeth. And in baskets

placed on shelves their soft coffins
lie. So much work for a dress!

dead and only we were still alive. Ever since

Indeed, yes. In her
wheeled seat by the grove, a girl
hesitates. The road

is broad and dusty. A few
of the lush canes bend to her.

that time I haven't liked to go outside. A

All sways. In high wind
inflated fish soar at the
ends of their poles. Is

that why a spurned wife has turned
her back, and is walking off?

man who was so badly burned that you couldn't

Well, the scene by the
lake offers little food for
speculation. An

old man sits by a curious
well. A young man watches him.

tell whether he was a young man or an old

One wonders. Do the
ducks on screens exist in a
vacuum? A girl tints

them in with her brush and is
dedicated to the work.

man, was lying in front of Grandpa's house which

Shadows of concave
bastions grow vague in the wide
moat. We pause. Above

the rococo fort a few
birds ominously circle.

is right next to ours. Poor thing, we laid him

Again, this patient
figure stares down at the slow
ebb-tide from a high

rock. Tonight the pines rush down
into the sea, though, and drown.

on the floor in our hall. Then we put a blanket

So it ends. Twig ships
litter the waves, as if on
a snowfield. In the

town small hotel affords
a good view of their movements.

down for him and gave him a pillow; while we

The barges are thronged
with boys and one appears to
have fallen in. A

man rows past without stopping
to look. Where is he going?

were looking at him he swelled up to about

Whatever happens
the sail swollen in the wind
will carry that slight

dark figure safely out of
sight on her junk. It moves fast.

three times his size and his whole body turned

Note: The fifty tankas which make up this sequence are based on the photogravure illustrations in *Japan and Her People* by Anna C. Hartshorne (Henry T. Coates & Co., 1902). The intercut passage of prose is from an essay written by Ikuko Wakasa of Hiroshima and published in *Children of The A-Bomb*, edited by Dr. Arata Osada (Peter Owen, 1963).



Entrance to Hell, by a follower of Bruegel the Younger

BOOKS & COMMENT

Kenneth Coutts-Smith: *the Future of Art*

Heaven and Hell in Western Art by Robert Hughes. (Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 4 gns.) **Art, Affluence and Alienation** by Roy McMullen. (The Pall Mall Press, 42s.)

The imagery of the visual arts from the pre-Gothic, Byzantine and Romanesque, indeed all Western art in the 'mainstream' between the Roman and Levantine 4th Century, the art of the catacombs, and the Enlightenment, was completely geared to the iconography of the Christian Church. The whole tradition up until the Renaissance was exclusively didactic; it would be far too simple to state that the reasons for this were social (along

the lines of 'the Church being the only patron' for instance), for the central points of Christian dogma were more than merely accepted points during the Middle Ages; they were the very ideological core upon which society was constructed. The secularisation process which began with the rise of bourgeois and merchant society, marked in art by the aesthetics of the Florentine Republic and the initial commissioning of non-religious works by the Medici, has long since been terminated in our emergent technological society. The pre-Renaissance feudal world was totally coloured by the actual 'living' presence of Heaven and Hell. The post-Renaissance bourgeois world saw religion by and large elevated from its earlier primitive structure, but also progressively edged from the centre of the stage. Our current painfully developing technological world has now almost totally abandoned Christianity, as anything other than an occasional private mysticism usually seen as related to the more sophisticated religions of the East. The astonishing thing about it is that Christianity is a relatively primitive religion, still retaining in its ritual and dogma tribal elements of European pagan mythology, and by and large its survival today is geared to basic and fundamentalist approaches.

Robert Hughes' study does not concern itself with either the theo-

logical or the sociological implications of the imagery of Heaven and Hell; his book is essentially a study of the iconography of Medieval art. Nevertheless this is not to say that it is restricted in its interest to specialists, is, as it were 'art-history' bought by his colleagues for the text and by everyone else for the pretty pictures (for the book is lavishly and fully illustrated not only with the obvious material—Bosch for instance—but also from many fascinating and lesser-known sources). It is possible that its wider interest, that is to say outside of art-history, is the result of implications the author may not have himself fully grasped. "The Christian Hell," he writes "has become unreal for us in comparison with the concrete and much more dreadful hells which men have managed to construct for others in the last fifty years, in Siberia, on the frozen compounds of Belsen and Auschwitz, and in Vietnam. Reality has outstripped myth. The art of the twentieth century, despite a fitful interest in demonic and ecstatic images among the Surrealists, includes no significant painting on eschatological themes."

This is, of course, true; the fine art mainstream since the Renaissance annunciation of the 'scientific' method, the tradition of analysing objective reality has been concerned with a more and more progressive

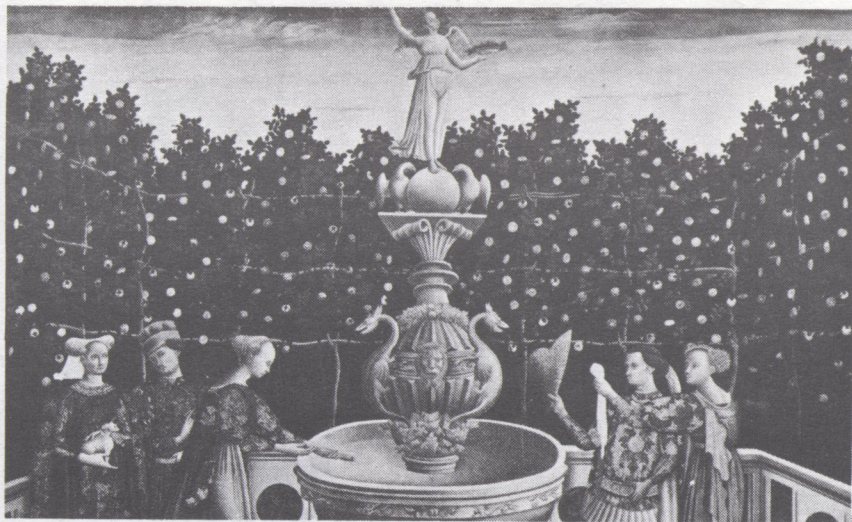
attempt to achieve images of absolute naturalism. The Impressionists, for instance, were intimately concerned with trapping the retinal image, their fluid and luminous paintings were attempts to record what was *actually seen* by the eye, rather than the 19th Century academic's depiction of what was assumed to be before the eye. It is worth noting here without going too far into the question that Impressionism, and later Cubism, were fundamentally 'visual'; the tradition of Realism, as in the pre-Raphaelites, was fundamentally 'tactile'. Despite the fact that Cubism is generally held to be the fount of modern art, contemporary painting and sculpture seems to be more firmly embedded in the latter tradition. Of course, we are at the moment in the centre of a cultural upheaval, bang in the centre of a cultural hiatus, not yet having begun, I suspect, to touch upon a cultural language based upon electronic and nuclear technology. This social and cultural evolutionary shift is of greater proportions than that of the Renaissance, perhaps even of that of the transition from the Classical to the Medieval world.

Hughes points out the pagan roots in much of the Medieval iconography of Heaven and Hell and implies, though does not specifically discuss, the continuing Millennial tradition. In general he does not explore beyond the Renaissance, hints only at the early 19th Century eschatological tradition by mentioning Blake and Martin (suggesting perhaps a future and separate study). As for today, the



Demons from capitals at Vezelay

only iconographic fragment of this tradition that he discovers is in popular folklore, defining Batman as a sort of converted direct-descendant of the Miltonic Satan. The Millennial, chiliastic tradition is, however, still very much alive, though since the days of Blake it has retired progressively underground, and certainly abandoned the mainstream of the visual arts. An iconography is clear in the 'popular' arts as Hughes suggests—and it is



The Fountain of Love by Antonio Vivarini

surprising he has not made more of this. The cinema is particularly relevant here. Science-Fiction, of course, is intensely Millennial in nature particularly in its earlier 'space-opera-and-end-of-the-world' manifestations. Yet it is becoming increasingly clear that the Millennial tradition is breaking out from its underground sleep. Norman Cohn, in his important book, *The Pursuit of the Millenium* has traced the continuous line of Chiliastic ideas in political thinking from the Peasants revolts to the apocalyptic mysticism of totalitarian, particularly Nazi, ideology. Louis Pauwels and Jaques Bergier, in their book *The Dawn of Magic* have touched on similar territory in a more popular manner.

In our present sub-cultures, the emergence of 'Psychedelic' art and the fundamentally eschatological ideas of people such as Timothy Leary indicate a new orientation of Millennialism in the visual arts. Hughes, also, in deciding that these elements appear only, in a veiled form, as it were in Surrealism, has not noticed the tradition at the root of for instance Tachism, the apocalyptic qualities of auto-destructive art (Tinguely, Metzger, Latham, Ortiz, Mühl etc) or the specific sf imagery of more mainstream work such as that of Paolozzi, Fullard, Trova, Yves Klein. Parallel with an increasing polarization in a progressively solidifying corporate society, in politics as in social attitudes, the visual arts are moving, on the one hand, to a cool and formal position, and on the other to a mystical one with Millennial overtones. The descendants of Romanticism, de Sade, Dada and Surrealism, The Other Tradition, as Gene Svenson calls it, seem to be touching more and more on esoteric imagery; I have already mentioned Psychedelic art, but the allied Funk sculpture also shows evidence of this.

This is of course partly a reaction to the increasing 'rationality' of the tech-

nological world, but it is in itself not a retrograde direction; possibly together with the added impetus of Jungian psychology, it is the result of the recognition by various thinkers (Ronald Laing for instance) of the importance of 'inner' reality. The most obvious and welcome development in the recent maturation of science fiction has been the swing away from the mechanistic and technological in favour of a concern with what Ballard calls 'inner space'. This book, detailing the iconography of a period of history when 'inner' and 'outer' space were still one and unified, when the poetic or metaphorical truth was undivided from the literal phenomenological one, should be of specific interest to the present readers of this magazine, which is itself currently exploring new ways of manipulating myth and symbol.

The mind of the Middle Ages comes very much alive for us through Hughes' analysis of its symbology; a world obsessed with a logic far removed from our own, the eschatological symbols, a need to number (the strictly defined layers of Heaven and Hell), the mandorlas. There is, in fact, an interesting discussion of mandorlas, those oval symbols usually like the form of interlocking circles, which unlike haloes, or their oriental versions, are usually associated with Christ's Ascension. This is one place where Hughes refers to today's esoteric and eschatological 'underground'. "It may be worth noticing," he says, "that the god's cloud, glowing or opaque, has shown itself to be an exceptionally durable myth. Every day, thousands of people glue their eyes to telescopes and the tracking screens of home-made radar devices in an effort to detect flying saucers. Science-fiction constantly deals in force-fields which human beings or



The Damnation of Lovers by Grunewald

extra-terrestrials generate around themselves to repel attack. Saucers generate a luminous egg-shaped aureole around themselves, or so innumerable reports claim. Indeed, what is a flying saucer but a kind of horizontal mandorla, round in plan, but elliptical when seen edge-on, in which incomprehensibly powerful and technologically advanced beings descend from outer space—for which, read Heaven—and take off from earth. Thumbing through the American publications devoted to saucer-lore, one still periodically hits on the hoary belief of saucer enthusiasts that Christ's cloud was really a space-ship in which being from a planet of some distant sun took him away, as friend or specimen, to regions far removed from ours.'

If Hughes might speak of the 'crisis' of the Middle Ages moving into the Renaissance, McMullan is consciously discussing the cultural crisis of the present day, where Hughes' territory is the eschatological utopia, that of McMullan is the 'techno-aesthetic utopia'. In his longish book he attempts to pin down the current state of our whole cultural continuum (fine art, literature, music, poetry, the

novel, films, architecture, theatre, the lot, crammed into some 260 pages). Of necessity such an approach must end up with somewhat sketchy results. Without focussing onto any specific aspect, leaving the reader with a somewhat blurred feeling of indigestion. There is very little new here, the role that this book ultimately fulfils is informative rather than speculative; it is a sort of solid 'A' level text. This is not surprising, as McMullan is essentially an art journalist, his main role being consultant for the fine arts for *Encyclopaedia Britannica* who have themselves published this current volume.

McMullan is very conscious of the technological revolution of our times and sees the 'crisis' of the arts as being involved with an adjustment to the new implications brought up. One rather feels though that he sees the revolution as being merely concerned with the machinery of 'technology', and not as a complete cultural upheaval. In this I feel certain he is mistaken. The implications of science, communication, electronics and other aspects of today's world demand a total shift of values at all levels. McMullan is worried about the paradox between the 'applied' and the

fine arts, he is worried about the debilitating effect of 'too much of today's painting and sculpture is conceived with no destination in mind except a commercial gallery and eventually a museum.' But I suspect that he is still looking at art as a 'static' phenomenon, linked to the past (he continually picks out art-historical threads tying the present firmly with the past) rather than the new situation which is clearly evolving into a 'fluid' one. Though mentioning McLuhan, he has far from grasped the point. It is not so surprising that after all that he banks on continuity, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is both a product and a bastion of the capitalist ethic; no longer quite the scholar's recourse, but the mass potted culture, the centre of a vast publishing and promotional machine.

"What millenarianism was for an imaginative person in the early Christian era, historical accelerationism is for us." Nothing's fundamentally different, society isn't wrenching itself off into a new direction, but merely getting faster. The problems lie in finding methods of keeping up. The modern that has been with us for six decades is the face of our present and future, not last twitches of the Renaissance. At times he seems almost unendurably optimistic. He recognises, of course,

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the fact of 'alienation' in the arts, indeed he has almost an orgy of counting examples, and comparing them with the (novels) of the 18th and 19th century deciding that the latter contain the message: 'grow up, face reality, adapt yourself, and be integrated.' As to why what clearly he feels to be the 'drop-out' message of modern writing (Holden Caulfield and all that being significant?) should differ, he can only come up with '... the answer to that question, I'm afraid, is another commonplace—and a Romantic one. Alienation is notoriously congenial to artists. It helps them to create worlds within the world. It does part of their work for them.'

Plus ça change, plus la même chose, in fact. The modern is just another period style. The art of the future will probably, as a result of communications and new printing techniques, be a total culture, embracing not only the whole planet, but also all of history, Sumerian side by side with Surrealism, Han Dynasty with Happenings—Malraux's voices of silence frozen into one final and all-embracing style. 'In sum, it is impossible... to envisage a 21st century sensibility which would call into existence an art both eclectic and major. Such an art might have the disadvantages we associate with the more extreme kinds of classicism and romanticism, since it would be outside of and irrelevant to the history made by technological change. But for that very reason it would have the advantage of never being out of date.'

A static society with a static art! Who's been talking about Millenarianism lately?

Mr. John Harrison: Mr. Throd and the wise old Crocodile

AT IRMA PRUNESQUALLOR'S coming-out party, Professor Throd saw his first woman in thirty seven years. From *Gormenghast*, the second book of the Titus Groan trilogy by the late Mervyn Peake, published by Penguin at 10s. 6d. and Eyre & Spottiswoode at 50s:

He gulped her through his eyes as at some green oasis the thirst-tormented nomad gulps the wellhead. Unable to remember any female face, he took Irma's strange proportions and the cast of her features to be characteristic of



Mervyn Peake

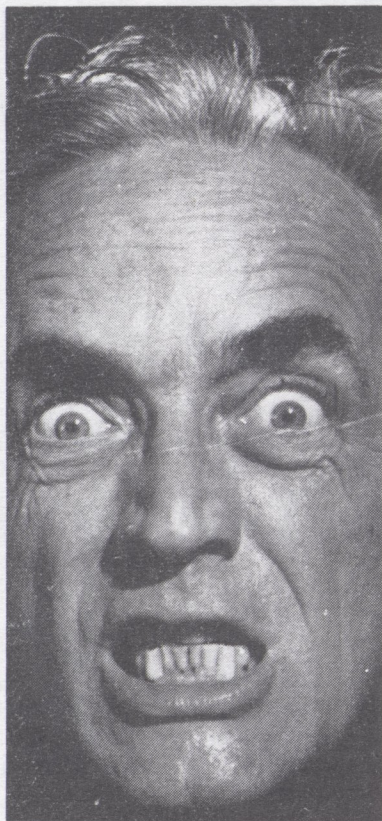
femininity. And so, his conscious mind blotted out by the intensity of his reaction, he committed the unforgiveable crime. He made his feelings public. He lost control. The blood rushed to his head; he cried out hoarsely, and then, little knowing what he was doing, he stumbled forwards, elbowing his colleagues from his path, and fell on his knees before the lady, and finally, as though in a paroxysm, he collapsed upon his face, his arms and legs spread-eagled like a starfish.

The subsequent catatonia of Throd, his resurrection and incredible disappearance from Gormenghast castle—the last that was seen of Mr Throd... was a lunar flash of buttocks where the high wall propped the sky—makes up one of many skilfully executed comic vignettes that thread the major narrative of the book. This kind of subsidiary action emphasises not only the breadth of Peake's firework imagination but also the fact that the massive suspension of disbelief necessary to make a work like *Gormenghast* succeed is buttressed for the main part by painstaking involvement in detail, however secondary. Here, the sub-narrative is used as a

counterpoint to an equally sad/funny love scene, amplifying the tension as Mr Bellgrove the senile headmaster woos ugly Irma in a rose garden; without Throd, Bellgrove's struggle with his own embarrassment would lack its powerful sense of the ridiculous.

Titus Groan set the scene. *Gormenghast* goes to the hub, Titus Groan's achievement of majority and his growing resentment of the traditions that bind him. In it, there is no slackening of Peake's peculiar skill: the characters are as diverse, fantastic and *real* as those in *Titus Groan*; they are treated with sympathy and an incisive knowledge both of individuals and archetypes. The settings—a flooded Gormenghast like a great rocky island; the haunted woods of Mt Gormenghast; the interior stone wilderness, a perfect architectural model of the tradition and collective mind of the Gormenghast clan; the ritual burning of the Bright Carvings—are beautifully depicted. The narrative is handled with such grace and technical proficiency that the book is truly impossible to put down. There is no doubt that Peake's tragic death robbed him of the wide acclaim and fresh surge of interest which must follow complete re-publication of the trilogy.

Anthony Burgess's **Tremor Of Intent** (Penguin, 5s.) is a competently written novel of motive disguised as—and struggling with—a spy story. It is reminiscent of Green's entertainments, complete with Catholicism and a horror of neutrality. Hillier, an ageing secret agent, is sick of the game and about to retire; his last assignment is to entice, browbeat, or steal back Doctor Roper, a British scientist who has defected to Russia. The two men have grown up together, sharing the same Catholic boarding school, the same experience of Church parochialism, the same war. They diverge



Fritz Leiber

in opinion and motive when Hillier takes Arts in the sixth form at school, and again, more violently, when Roper is conned by a German prostitute into believing Britain the sole villain of WW II. The novel shows Roper growing implacably away from religion while Hillier gravitates—just as inexorably, but unconsciously—toward it. In fact, the story is of Hillier's re-conversion: Burgess's point being that only those who have lived in the grey are in a position to appreciate the black and the white.

All this is dressed up by the addition of a gallery of traditional spy types: Theodorescu, the fat villain, pederast and buyer of information; Miss Devi, a quite unbelievable sex machine; Wriste the assassin who collects his wages only if he is able to produce the amputated forefinger of

his victim. The action of the book takes place in Istanbul, the Black Sea, seedy Islington, concentration camps in 1945, and encompasses a vile gourmet eating contest that might well be a parody of Fleming-echoing-Hemingway, two spectacularly vicious murders, and the mandatory amount of seductions. **Tremor Of Intent** is satisfying, if slightly schizophrenic: like Greene, Burgess has not fully reconciled high morality with speedy entertainment, but his fibrous, clever prose and ironic approach carry the reader through regardless.

In **The Secret Songs**, title story of a collection published by Rupert Hart-Davis at 25s., Fritz Leiber freely interprets the cover tableau of a science fiction magazine circa 1950. The Wise Old Alien Crocodile, addressing his human protégé:

Got a hot trip shaping up for to-night, son. Three new novas flaring in the next galaxy south-east-by-up and a dust cloud billowing out of Andromeda like black lace underwear... Drop this silver sphere in your pocket, son. It's a universal TV pick-up... Don't use it to spy on your wife.

In her introduction to Leiber's work, Judith Merrill doesn't say how the genre aficionados of the time received this animation and its inherent satire, but judging by their reaction to other works in this collection (notably the viciously humorous *Rump-Titty-Titty-Tum-Tah-Tee*, in which a negro jazz drummer discovers the ultimate symbol, the symbol that 'has everything—birth, death, mating, murder, divine and demonic possession, all of life, the whole lot') they can't have been too impressed. Leiber has been consistently ahead of his time: in 1949 his *The Girl With The Hungry Eyes* predicted the Shrimpton/Bailey thing, and provided Marshall McLuhan with ammunition to shoot at the advertising business in **The Mechanical Bride**. Miss Merrill says succinctly: " 'The Girl' was published in 1949, McLuhan's book in 1951. They both had to wait for the audience to catch up."

Leiber leans heavily on internal perception of outer reality for his themes: *Mariana* concerns a girl who slowly switches off reality; *The Winter Flies* and *The Secret Songs* deal with an individual's attempt to block off the external boredom through fantasy; and in *The Smoke Ghost* reality and hallucination combine in a frightening personification of the industrial Zeitgeist. Every story in the book is finished with a craftsman's care, and they are all thoroughly readable. Leiber is applauded for his more trivial work, which is sad: he must be one of the most misjudged and underrated writers in the field.

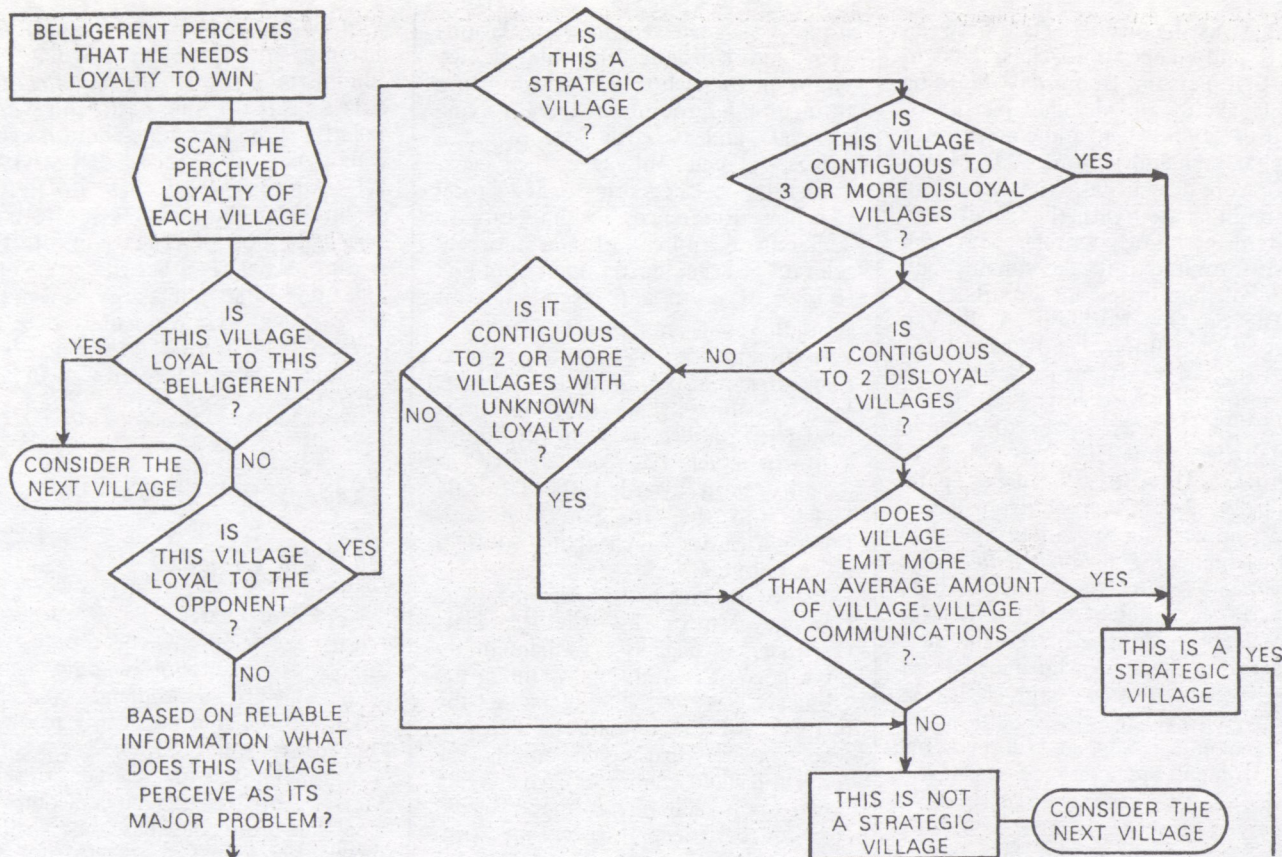
William Barclay: No News is Good News

IF THERE WAS any further proof needed that the role of science fiction as a predictive medium is completely redundant, Andrew Wilson's **The Bomb and the Computer** (Barrie and Rockliffe, 30s.) should give it. While editors like Pohl and Campbell argue that the 'purpose' of sf is to 'prepare us for the future', the RAND Corporation continues to prepare much more elaborate, sophisticated and detailed predictive crossword puzzles than anything you can ever hope to find in the pages of a hardline sf magazine and there are as many would-be philosophers ready to write books debating the moral implications of the result, *ad nauseum*.

Wilson describes the use of computers in war-games like Janice and William Fain's South-East Asian simulation 'The 1972 War in Thailand' or the U.S. Navy's NEWS (Navy Electronic War Simulator) or the computer called TEMPER (Technological, Economic, Military, Political Evaluation Routine). These simulation systems are infinitely better adapted than the ANALOG writer to make accurate (though not perfect) predictions from any given set of statistics (see *How Dr Christopher Evans Landed on the Moon* in our last issue!).

The playing of war-games dates from Wei-Hai, the Chinese game originating around 3000 BC but has only really come into its own as a serious full-time occupation for military men since the last world war, for now there are sophisticated computers that can supply and process all relevant information and make the game as much like the real thing as possible.

Andrew Wilson is *The Observer's* Defence and Aviation Correspondent and his book's somewhat trendy title shouldn't put you off, for Wilson reports objectively on the various war-games being operated, on their relevance to actual events, and does not make the mistake of trying to interpret the military psyche or discuss the moral implications of the war-games. In short, he supplies us with a great deal of previously hard to find material about the various games used by various institutions (mainly the U.S. military) and leaves us to form our own conclusions. Only at the end of the book does he allow himself a personal note in which he contrasts the military planning apparatus with



the actual situation in Vietnam.

"It was only when one looked at the toll of civilian casualties, the impoverishment of the countryside, the growing refugee problem, the degradation and demoralization of Saigon, that one saw the extent of the moral and strategic trap into which America had fallen—a trap from which even 'victory' could never rescue it. Here were the factors with which no war game had reckoned, or perhaps could ever properly reckon. The consequences of overlooking them—the cost in life and treasure, the loss of allies, the exposure of military impotence, the effects on American unity and the American character—would reach out in ever-increasing circles for years to come." (p. 174).

It is this tendency towards quasi-scientific abstractions (in all political issues) that links the American power establishment so firmly with its Communist counterparts. There is nothing wrong with the scientific attitude (indeed it will probably be our salvation) or with computers as such, but a great deal wrong with both the quality of the information given the computers and with the men who use them. Even so, I suppose we should be encouraged that men are at least groping towards the proper study of mankind and it must be hoped that the sophisticated instruments of study will not be discredited by the rather primitive uses to which they are currently being put.

James Cawthorn: *Those Erotic Green Men in their Flying Machines*

THERE IS A certain fascination in the spectacle of a talented author struggling with an old and tattered theme. *The Heaven Makers* (Avon, 60 cents) is a good example, and represents some sort of a triumph for Frank Herbert. Whether the struggle was worthwhile is another matter. The creation in considerable detail of a race of immortal humanoids, the Chem, seems to call for a more original plot-line to give it full play. Herbert's novel, originally published in *AMAZING FANTASTIC* Magazine, follows the we-are-property line, complete with dwarfish extraterrestrials flitting around our planet in camouflaged aircraft, controlling our emotions, lusting after Earthly women, and generally relieving their everlasting ennui at our expense. Dr Thurlow, who, owing to an accident involving radiation damage to his eyes, can see the camouflaged craft as they really are, is brought into sharp conflict with the Chem when their machinations involve his ex-

girlfriend, Ruth. He is unable to prevent the abduction of Ruth by the Chem, who proceed to work their will upon her; as they are little more than three feet tall, this is a fate considerably more ridiculous than death. The author somehow whips this and the subsequent action into far more presentable shape than it deserves; his Nebula Award could well have been inscribed 'E for effort'.

In less exotic vein, Catherine L. Moore's *Doomsday Morning* (Avon, 60 cents) is a faintly dated but fast-moving story of revolution in a future America ruled by a dictator-president. Howard Rohan, a once-famous actor now on the skids following the death of his wife, is forcibly rehabilitated by the director of Comus, the massive communications system that gives the people just as much information as the president considers good for them. Comus appears to be losing its grip upon California, and there are rumours of the anti-Com, an unspecified device believed capable of smashing the system, which is in preparation there. Rohan, tempted by the prospect of his name in lights again, agrees to head a touring company of players who will perform in selected towns within the troubled area, ostensibly to spread pro-Comus propaganda through the medium of skilfully slanted dramas. There are, of course, wheels within wheels, as Rohan suspects; his own role, complicated by his personal ambitions, becomes increasingly

complex as the ultimate clash between rebels and rulers approaches. Told in the first person, **Doomsday Morning** largely avoids any detailed picture of the gadgetry involved and concentrates on character and action. C. L. Moore has a sure touch with the latter and can be bracketed with that small band of female fantasy-writers who can down firewater or foes as convincingly as any of their male counterparts.

The Far-Out Worlds of A. E. Van Vogt (Ace Books, 60 cents) is, according to the blurb, his first new collection of short stories in fifteen years. Which only serves to demonstrate that Time is rarely kind to popular fiction. Though, paradoxically, *The Cataaaaa*, from 1937, reads much more smoothly than stories such as *The Earth Killers* of a decade-and-a-half later, which is ludicrous to the point of self-parody. Not a collection designed to win new readers for the man who once caused as much controversy in the sf field as any 'New Wave' author.

As an editor, Michael Moorcock has long ridden the crest of the 'New Wave'; as a writer, he has often employed a more formal, less fluid style of story-telling than this editorial policy would lead one to expect. **Stormbringer** (Mayflower, 5s) is perhaps the best-known example of his work in the traditional vein. A wild brew of metaphysics, magic and violence, **Stormbringer** brings to a climax the career of Elric of Melniboné, the proud Prince of Ruins whose earlier adventures are chronicled in the companion Mayflower paperback, **Stealer of Souls**. Servant-master of the great black sword to which both titles refer, Elric rides across a world doomed to dissolution by the forces of Chaos, fulfilling a purpose which he can never wholly understand and which runs counter to his own unhuman, Chaos-oriented nature. Continents founder, ravaged lands crawl with demons, hell-ships plough earth and ocean while the fleets of men crumble beneath their keels, and over them all loom the Lords of Order and Chaos, awaiting the final battle. An uneven book which bites off far more than any author could conceivably chew, **Stormbringer** nevertheless remains an original and remarkable example of sword-and-sorcery fiction.

With two novels, **The Weirdstone of Brisingamen** and **The Moon of Gomrath**, Alan Garner established himself as a major talent in the field of children's fantasy. His third, **Elidor**, crossed the border of science-fiction and evoked to even greater effect the fear and darkness already present in the earlier books. **The Moon of Gomrath** is the second Garner fantasy to be published by Ace Books (**Weird-**

stone was reviewed in *New Worlds* 165) and continues the tale of two young people who were drawn into a strange underground struggle involving dwarves and wizards, swords and stones, played out against a background of contemporary rural Cheshire. References in the blurb to Tolkien and Andre Norton are scarcely relevant; Garner draws upon common sources of myth and legend, but his strength lies in an ability to fuse them with the routine of everyday life so that sorcery and domesticity co-exist. In this country, the above three titles have been published by Puffin Books; a fourth novel, **The Owl Service**, has recently been awarded the Carnegie Medal and the Guardian Children's Book Award, which constitutes a unique double.

It is tempting to describe **The Garbage World**, by Charles Platt (Panther, 3s 6d), as a fundamentally dirty book. Certainly, it assembles the grimmest cast of characters in the history of sf, the inhabitants of Kopra, who live by scavenging among the rubbish-packed "blimps" which rain down upon their terraformed asteroid from more prosperous worlds. Into their insanitary idyll drops Minister Larkin of the United Asteroid Federation with orders to stabilize the vast accumulation of odorous refuse that forms the fertile outer shell of Kopra, by installing a more efficient gravity generator. Or so his crew, including data collector Lucian Roach, believe. At first repelled by the Kopran way of life, Lucian gradually begins to find in it an insidious attraction, reinforced by the grubby charms of Juliette, the daughter of village headman Isaac Gaylord. And when an overheard conversation lends a sinister new meaning to Minister Larkin's mission, it is time for Lucian to make his choice and face the truth about himself. . . .

Regular readers of *New Worlds* will recognise this as an expanded version of a serial which was written for this magazine. The added material has strengthened the story, although the humour still tends to be rather over-written in places, and the science is somewhat suspect. Dive in, even so—you make like it.

There is space to mention only briefly **The Star Fox**, by Poul Anderson (Panther SF, 5s), a ponderous, irritating and intermittently exciting novel concerning Gunnar Heim, interstellar freebooter and believer in preventive war. If life among the stars is going to be like this, it may be better to call off Apollo Eleven; **The Time Hoppers** (Avon, 60 cents), which features that familiar Robert Silverberg character, the middle-rank bureaucrat slightly at odds with the overcrowded future

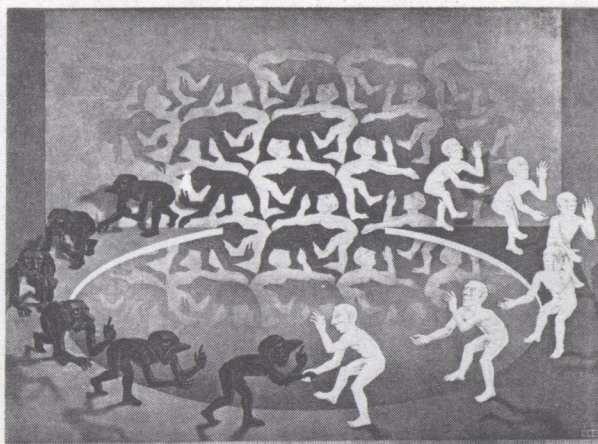
world which he helps to govern. In this instance, the problem plaguing the administrators is: who is shipping their citizens off to the past, and what, exactly, should be done about it?; **The Ring** (Ace SF Special, 75 cents) by Peirs Anthony and Robert E. Margroff, dealing with the unforeseen effects of a new method of crime control; **The Dream Master** (Panther SF, 5s), Roger Zelazny's outstanding story of Render, the psychoanalyst who could shape his patient's dreams—all but one. Previously reviewed in *NEW WORLDS* 170.

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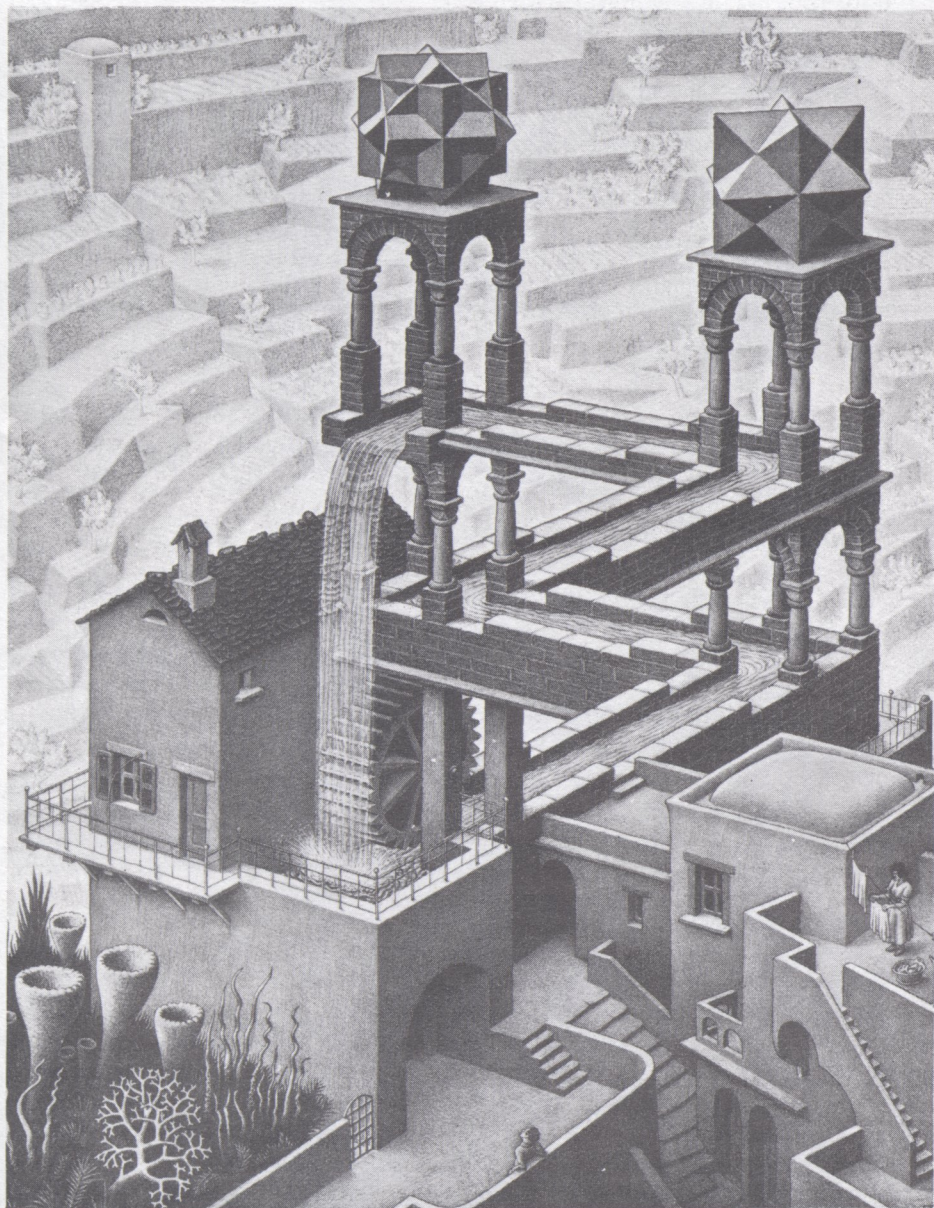
The Unfortunates, B. S. Johnson (Panther/Secker & Warburg). Mr Johnson's boxed book, about a man who goes to a Midland city and catches the memories of a dead friend (his reality and his friend's memories intermingling), is inconvenient to read. Mr Johnson has that enviable reputation that often goes these days with an unenviable lack of talent and his attitude towards writing seems to be that it is 10 per cent inspiration and 90 per cent desperation. The box is a smokescreen hiding the poverty of invention, a frantic trick. It is the last clumsy try of a traditional writer of meagre ability to dress up his sparse array of dog-eared goods. Mr Johnson says he has, by allowing the reader to shuffle the middle 25 chapters of this 27 chapter book, attempted to represent the 'randomness' of the mind's workings. An interesting assumption; but the idea hardly needs loose chapters to do it justice. This autobiographical book, claimed by its publishers as a bold experiment, is, in fact, nothing more than one of the last attempts by the old guard to give interest to intrinsically boring subject matter. It does not compare favourably with Eduardo Paolozzi's boxed book **Moonstrips Empire News** (discussed in *NW* 174) which is so far the only successful example of its kind—largely because it offered fresh attitudes and imagery with its fresh technique. Paolozzi's cost £200. Johnson's cost a guinea. Paolozzi's was worth the money.

Three Plays (Penguin, 7s. 6d.) by Jean Paul Sartre: *Kean*, *Nekrassov*, and *The Trojan Women*, translated by Kitty Black, S. & G. Leeson and Ronald Duncan. Two adaptations and a political satire by the man who made existentialism a household word.

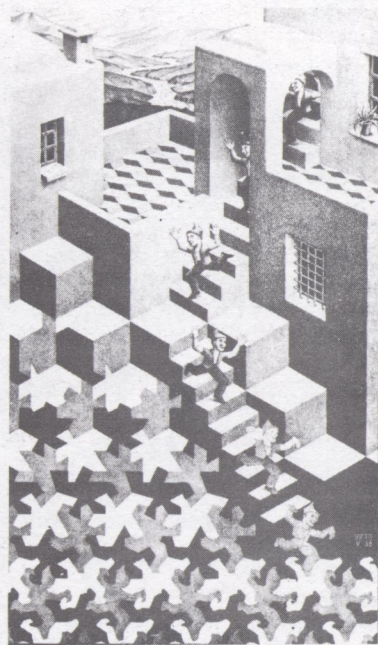
Penguin Modern Poets 13 (5s.) contains work by Charles Bukowski,



M.C.ESCHER:



In NEW WORLDS 173 (July '67) we published a feature on the graphics of M. C. Escher and included reproductions of his *Three Worlds*, *Möbius Strip*, *Relativity* and *Reptiles*. These lithographs, and *Another World* and *Cycle* (the latter reproduced below) are now available as large posters, two dollars each (or equivalent), including postage from Reprinter Reproductions, Wezep, Netherlands. The other three illustrations on this page are from *The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher*, Oldbourne Press (42s.).



Harold Norse and the American sur-realist Philip Lamantia.

The Penguin Book Of Italian Short Stories (6s.), edited by Guido Waldman: stories by the best Italian prose writers from the Medieval period up to the nineteen fifties.

In The Wilderness (Bodley Head, 16s.) is a collection of drab moralistic verses by James Simmons; most have been published previously in the *New Statesman*, *Spectator*, *Times Literary Supplement* and so forth.

Neither The Sea Nor The Sand (Hutchinson, 30s.), by Gordon Honeycombe: a novel about a modern zombie. Honeycombe's idea is sound and original, but messily executed and marred by prosaic side-effects.

The Beastly Beatitudes Of Balthazar B (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 35s.) is J. P. Donleavy's latest novel. It is finely written, sad, and utterly hilarious.

The Arms of Krupp by William Manchester (Michael Joseph, 60s.). Sensational, baroque, utterly readable account of the rise of the Krupp arms kings. Its thesis: *Krupp is Germany; Germany is Krupp*. The Krupps flung themselves wholeheartedly behind first the Kaiser and then Hitler (whom one

of them believed to be the reincarnation of Frederik Barbarossa!). Reviewed at length next issue.

Black Alice (W. H. Allen, 25s.) by Thomas M. Disch and John T. Sladek is a thriller concerning a kidnapped white child who is given a drug to darken her skin and a frizzy hairdo. In this way she can be taken anywhere and remain 'invisible' to white police. Despite being a very real comment on the ambivalent attitude of whites towards negroes it nonetheless remains a fast-moving and exciting novel.

D.R.B.

The appearance of a book in this column does not preclude its review in a later issue.

We regret that in issue 186 William Barclay, in mentioning *Foreign Mud* by Maurice Collis, said that it was out of print. The book is in fact in print in a Faber paper-covered edition. In the same issue the review of *Black Easter* by James Blish did not mention that the novel is published in the U.K. by Faber and Faber (21s.).

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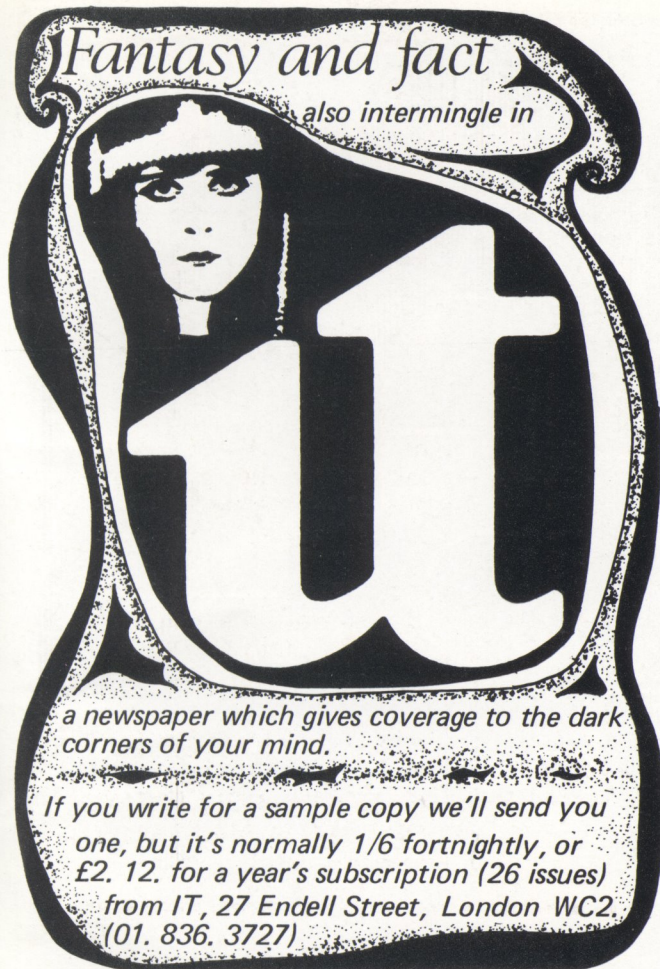
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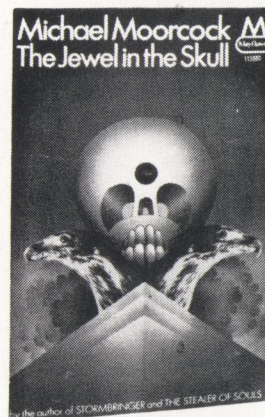
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