
COSMOPOLIS

Volume 1, Issue 8

August 2000

An Honor Roll: The Digitizers

Donna Adams

Alfred
The Houses of Iszm
Mazirian the Magician (The Dying Earth)
Parapsyche
Sulwen's Planet

Mark Adams

The Gift of Gab
The House on Lily Street

Derek Benson

The Augmented Agent
The Devil on Salvation Bluff
Green Magic
The New Prime (Brain of the Galaxy)
The World Between

Connie Brown

Clang
The Magnificent Red-hot Jazzing Seven

Richard Chandler

The Dirdir
The Enchanted Princess (The Dreamer)
The Man in the Cage
Nopalgarth (The Brains of Earth)
Phalid (Phalid's Fate)
The Phantom Milkman
Planet of the Black Dust
Rumfuddle
Strange People, Queer Notions
The View from Chickweed's Window

John Council

Sail 25 (Dust of Far Suns)

Ian Davies

Rhialto the Marvelous

Evert Jan de Groot

Star King

Mike Dennison

D.P.

The Fox Valley Murders

The Pleasant Grove Murders

Sjambak

The Temple of Han

Rob Friefeld

The Dark Ocean

David Hecht

Crusade to Maxus

Joel Hedlund

Big Planet

The Chasch

Commander Tynott's Insufferable Redheaded Daughter (Assault on a City)

Emphyrio

The Magnificent Riverboats of the Lower Vissel River, Lune XXIII, South Big Planet

The Pnume

The Roguskhoi (The Brave Free Men)

Throy (File recovery)

Vandals of the Void

The Wanish (Servants of the Wankh)

Alun Hughes

Coup de Grace (Worlds of Origin)

Rumfuddle

The Stark

Wild Thyme and Violets

John Hunt

Son of the Tree

Andreas Irle

Bird Isle

The Flesh Mask (Take My Face)

Jurriaan Kalkman

The Domains of Koryphon (The Gray Prince)

R. C. "Bob" Lacovara

Space Opera

Kyle McAbee

Four Hundred Blackbirds

David Mead

The Book of Dreams

David Mortimore

Cat Island

The Dragon Masters
The Last Castle
The Miracle Workers
Sabotage on Sulfur Planet
Suldrun's Garden (Lyonesse I)

Christopher Reid

Abercrombie Station
Chateau D'If
Cholwell's Chickens
Clarges (To Live Forever)
Masquerade on Dicantropus
Men of the Ten Books
Trullion
Where Hesperus Falls

Paul Rhoads

The Men Return

John Robinson

The Anome
The Languages of Pao (short version)
The Rapparee (short version)

Thomas Rydbeck

Noise
Telek
When the Five Moons Rise

Bill Schmaltz

Araminta Station
The Blue World
Maske: Thaery
The Moon Moth

Luk Schoonaert

Hard Luck Diggings
The Howling Bounders
The King of Thieves
The Kokod Warriors
Sanatoris Short-cut
Spa of the Stars
The Sub-standard Sardines
To B or Not to C or to D (Cosmic Hotfoot)
The Unspeakable McInch

John Schwab

Dream Castle
Gold and Iron (Slaves of the Klau)
The Potters of Firsk
Seven Exits from Bocz
The Visitors (Winner Lose All)
The World Thinker

Mark Shoulder

The Rapparee

Michael Shulver

The Narrow Land

Gan Uesli Starling

The Absent Minded Professor

The Deadly Isles

Dodkin's Job

Dover Spargill's Ghastly Floater

The Green Pearl (Lyonesse II)

The Killing Machine

The Languages of Pao

The Man from Zodiac

Meet Miss Universe

The Secret

Something Awful (Bad Ronald)

Three Legged Joe

Ullward's Retreat

Tim Stretton

Marune

Vandals of the Void

Per Sunfeldt

The Dogtown Tourist Agency

Fritzke's Turn

The Golden Girl

Plagian Siphon (The Planet Machine)

Christopher Taylor Davies

Cugel (Cugel's Saga)

Cugel the Clever (The Eyes of the Overworld)

The Face

Koen Vyverman

The Kragen (short version of Blue World)

The Mitr

Suan Yong

The Asutra

A Practical Man's Guide

Ecce and Old Earth (File recovery)

The Palace of Love

Shape-Up

Throy (File recovery)

Ultimate Quest (Dead Ahead)

The Visitors (Winner Lose All)

Wyst

The effort of these dedicated and devoted admirers of Jack Vance could be described in terms of words digitized, or hours spent at meticulous labor, but this begs the point: that the people named above, who revere the Master and love the Art, have made it possible to preserve this good man's work as long as an English-speaking culture exists.

An Honor Roll

I'm not entirely sure of my footing here. I'd like to praise the people and their effort, but their achievement is at once so vast, unique, and important that I have yet to put it into perspective. Baldly stated, it's rather quiet: With minor exceptions, the digitization effort of the *VIE* is complete.

Words digitized? 4,400,000. Time spent in meticulous labor? a year. But this is only part of the story: since the monkish scribes of the middle ages put down their quills, no writer has been so honored *by his readers* as these volunteers have honored Jack Vance. The whole world should look on in awe and wonder...

This act was performed by volunteers; motivated, it seems, primarily in homage to an author whom they love. It is a curious thing to find such devotion, since Jack Vance's readership is relatively small. Clearly, the readership is dedicated to Jack Vance out of all proportion to their numbers.

Many authors have enthusiastic fans. The Asimov and Heinlein crowd, for example, mobbed their authors at conventions and speaking engagements. But: *sic transit gloria mundi*. The fanfare and the outward show that such authors inspired fade steadily. That is because it is the acclaim rendered to *entertainers*, albeit good ones. The homage paid here to Jack Vance is that which is accorded to a *teacher*.

Our enthusiasm has been manifested in a most American manner (not withstanding the fact that we are not all American): we have put our money (that is, our time) where our mouths are, and produced a digital recording of the works of Jack Vance. None of this work will ever be lost – multiple copies of the *VIE* archive are carefully maintained – the lament “no surviving text” will *never* be heard.

Of course, we still have some distance to go in order to field the *VIE* volumes. But through the efforts of the dedicated friends of Jack Vance listed above, we are well on our way.

R. C. Lacovara, Editor, *Cosmopolis*

The *Cosmopolis Literary Supplement*

Introducing the first issue of the *Cosmopolis Literary Supplement*. The *CLS* will be published irregularly, but in conjunction with *Cosmopolis*. Dedicated to Vance's literary influence, the *CLS* has a logical place in the *VIE* project. By showing Vance as reflected in the work of other writers, we hope the *CLS* will shed light on the nature of his *oeuvre* and, of course, we are glad to showcase writers whose work may be of interest to *Cosmopolis* readers. We will be publishing poems, stories, novellas, and novels in serialized form. Contributions to the *CLS* must meet three specifications:

- The author must recognize in Vance a major influence.
- This influence (in tone, style or theme) must be perceptible to the *CLS* editors.
- Work submitted must be on a respectable literary level.

The *CLS* will publish complete works, but also drafts, fragments, snippets, or otherwise unfinished texts, since the emphasis is on Vancian influence, not literally finish and polish in itself, though we hope to keep *CLS* readers eager for each new issue. Letters from readers will also be published.

The first issue of *CLS* will include three items:

The Zael Inheritance, by Tim Stretton. We present the first section of this novel which will be serialized in the *CLS*.

Keaen, by Till Noever. The *CLS* presents Chapter 1 of this soon-to-be-published fantasy, the first in a series of three novels.

The Planet of Retribution, by Zack Fance. The adventures of Kirk Pearson continue!

The *Cosmopolis Literary Supplement* will not be sent out directly. To receive your issue, you must download it from the link provided on the *Cosmopolis* download page of the *VIE* site.

Because of its particular mission, and the constraints of the *VIE* project itself, no editorial support – meaning proofreading – can be offered by the *CLS* editorial staff to *CLS* contributors. Readers should therefore use a degree of

indulgence. Letters to the editors, or submissions for the *CLS*, should be made to Paul Rhoads: prhoads@club-internet.fr.

Paul Rhoads

Reflections on The Cadwal Chronicles

Introduction

Cadwal is the story of its protagonists – Glawen and Wayness – and the crisis of the Cadwal Conservancy. It also recounts other characters and situations which can seem unrelated and might even give an impression of sprawling formlessness. But the underlying theme of Cadwal permeates even such minor incidents as the strange experience of Lixman, or the disappointment of Miss Shoup.

Vance's political philosophy is nowhere more evident than in this book. But Vance is an artist, not a philosopher. Literature is about people. People live in societies. Vance gives an artist's view of people and societies. A political philosopher also gives his view of people and societies. But the philosophical treatise shows a thing from the outside. In art we live it from the inside. Vance, as political philosopher, is closer to philosophical artists like Aristophanes, Plato or Solzhenitsyn, than to philosophers like Aristotle or Leo Strauss. All are writers who deal with questions of political philosophy – questions of man in society. Aristotle instructs and explains. Vance gives us living experience.

Jack Vance the artist is an aspect of Jack Vance the man, a man of action and experience. Though well read he is even better traveled. Though thoughtful he is more artisan than intellectual. When Vance writes he does not expose theories; he has few, or none. Instead he makes a story. His characters move and speak according to a profound artistic logic founded upon intelligent observation; they are true to what they represent. By this I do not mean the banal idea that characters should be realistic or internally consistent, but that Vance's characters are representations of important and true things in the real (as opposed to an imaginary) world. It is knowledge of True Things that gives Vance's work its philosophical scope. But because his work is so artistic we are

carried off by the tale, and the philosophical aspect is sensed rather than grasped.

The underlying theme of Cadwal is intimately related to Vance's political philosophy. To get at it we must also get at the philosophy. But the philosophy, since it is not formulated as such, is difficult to extract; so we must proceed bit by bit, as best we can.

The basic drama of Cadwal is the mortal danger menacing the Conservancy. What drives this drama, when all else is stripped away, is the problem of private property; a venerable problem of political philosophy. The planet Cadwal is the possession of the Naturalist Society. This entity's right to possession is a matter of legality. The Naturalist Society creates The Conservancy to manage (in fact to rule) this planet, with certain ends in view. The right of the Naturalist Society to do this is guaranteed by Gaean law. To put it another way: because there exists a just and lawful order in the Gaean reach, private ownership is protected by public force.

The Problem of Private Property

The right to private property has been the bug-bear of the twentieth century. Communism, its great enemy, thrives on opposing it. Western society (not "Capitalism," which is just a special case of economic freedom linked to industrialization, technological and marketing innovation, and modern banking), its great defender, depends on protecting it. As problematic as private property seems to ideologues, the alternatives are even more so. There are only two such alternatives, and private property protected under law is the mean between them. The first is anarchy: a chaotic situation in which the weak are at the mercy of the strong. The second is state ownership of everything, or Socialism. But full-blown Socialism is always a failure for a simple reason; except for very small groups of highly self-disciplined and virtuous people – like certain families – collectivism is a myth; there is always someone who is the de-facto owner, even if it is *in the name of the people*. These real owners are almost identical to the tyrants endemic to anarchy (an-: without, -archy: rule) but they camouflage this with the myth of collective ownership, and try to gain support by playing on the envy of the poor (i.e. the majority). These demagogues hope the poor will ignore their own sufferings for the sake of seeing the rich deprived of their "disproportionate" wealth. The preemption of private property by tyrants or Socialists is identical except for manner: one uses naked force, the other, ruse. The

middle way is limited public power; deriving its legitimacy (or acceptance by the majority) from its defense of their private property. Thus the weak are protected from the strong. But the strong are also protected from the weak (the poor), since the weak are also the majority and therefore, in a sense, stronger.

To give a concrete example: in France, where Socialism is still dominant, the rich are subject to confiscatory taxes. This drives them out of the country, which impoverishes it since the rich are the main employers of the poor. However the poor, being both ignorant and envious, vote for leaders who will impose even higher taxes on the rich, thus continuing to saw off the branch on which they are sitting, to the advantage only of the Socialist demagogues.

Even in a society where it is protected, the right to private property is never unconditional. There are limits, for instance, on the extent to which human beings may be considered private property, or that the uses of private property are allowed to prejudice the rights of others. Ownership of a territory is not justification for crimes committed there, or even abuse of the territory itself. The IPCC would never tolerate interplanetary traffic in humans for food. Other rules are formalities inevitable in any legal system. These formalities – registration of deeds and so on – are normally sheer routine. But Vance brings out how they are a rampart against violence and ruse. Though Glawen and Wayness succeed in winning the legal battle for possession, and thus control, of Cadwal – a battle which occupies much of the story – in the end this rampart is burst open by their enemies, who oblige Araminta Station to fight a war.

But the legitimacy of possession, however serene its legality, will always be judged by a higher standard. The most evident is the use the possessor makes of his possession. The rich man who spends his money on himself is not admired. But if he spends in on philanthropy (philos-: love, anthropos: man) he is praised. Love of others is considered more noble than love of self, and selfish use of property wins no praise. The Naturalist Society claims to protect Cadwal for the sake of its unique bio-system. While this seems unselfish and noble, I will make a preliminary remark about it: animal rights activists must regularly parry the accusation that they care more about beasts than about people.

The Conservancy

The Naturalist Society created a system of management for Cadwal which, under the force of circumstances and

human nature, evolved swiftly into a hereditary meritocracy. Being human, the Agents desired to bequeath what they had built to their progeny. Araminta Station is a pleasant and fulfilling place to live. But the stated goal of the Conservancy – to conserve Cadwal in its original pre-human state as a nature preserve – has nothing to do with the Agents enjoying life at Araminta Station, or their desire that their own progeny, as opposed to other people, inherit their privileges. In *The Domains of Korymbon* Vance exposes the violent origin of property rights. The Land Barons pretend to legal ownership of their domains, but this ownership was wrested from the Uldras by force, several generations earlier. There is a contradiction between the Land Barons' claim of legal ownership, and the clear act of theft at its origin; and how can theft be legitimate? But Uldra ownership also originated in an act of theft, only a more ancient one. Does this precedence in crime make it more respectable?

By contrast Cadwal was stolen from no one. It was discovered by the Naturalist Society, and in no way can it be considered stolen property. Ownership of Cadwal might seem legally unproblematic, but it is not. There is tension, not between ownership and its dubious origin, but between ownership and its ultimate philosophical justification; the tension between the natural or selfish human impulse to live a happy life, and the higher goals which are invoked to legitimate this way of life.

At Araminta Station the Agents establish their quasi-hereditary system; this, along with their control of Cadwal, guarantees their happiness. Araminta Station is attacked as selfish. Are the attackers right? Are they any less selfish, as they claim to be?

Cadwal and the Greens

In Cadwal, besides the question of property rights, the *conservative* nature of “Environmental Conservation” is also an issue. Since Vance wrote this book, the problem of ecological politics has only grown more important. Vance, as far as I can tell, is the only writer who has dealt seriously with this crucial contemporary issue. Back in the sixties, when ecological politics began, it was known as Environmental Conservation. But because today’s “Ecological,” or “Green” parties place themselves resolutely on the left, the old term has been pushed aside. What is the difference between Environmental Conservation, and Ecology? The latter is a radicalized, pseudo-scientific version of the former. The original idea was that the environment should be protected

from pollution, that since man must live within the environment he should respect it, and not treat it like a magic cookie jar or a toilet. But the Ecological or Green idea goes well beyond this. Like the Greens, though not in exactly the same way, Vance's Conservancy places animal and plant life above human life, something Environmental Conservation never did. Many Greens are opposed to human activity of any sort. Of course they are still opposed to dumping chemicals in rivers, but they also censure having babies, urinating behind trees, and discarding apple-cores on the ground. Nature has become an idol, a sacred body whose good outweighs any other. Man's good in particular is secondary and utterly subordinate to the good of "Gaea." Note well: were wolves to reproduce, or horses to urinate, or rotten apples to fall from a tree branch onto the ground, the Greens would make no protest. For this reason Vance makes Adrian Moncurio say: *Never forget: a beautiful girl is no less a part of Nature than a bottle-nosed blind worm from the caves of Procyon IX. (Ecce and Old Earth)*

The planet Cadwal is an ideal human habitat but it is off limits to people. The minuscule exception to this rule is the presence of 240 Agents at Araminta Station, one of whose primary functions is to keep other people off the planet. Ancillary personnel, tourists, and even members of the Naturalist Society may only use Cadwal for temporary work, scientific studies, or vacations. They are not allowed permanent residence. But Cadwal could comfortably support a population of billions; for the sake of argument let us say two billion. At the end of the book the New Conservancy expands the territory of Araminta Station from 100 to 500 sq. miles: a five-fold increase. The permanent population is raised from 240 to, let us estimate, 2000; an eight-fold increase. But 2000 is merely 1% of 1% of 1% of the possible human population of Cadwal! It is as if the whole of the planet Earth were to be owned, and exclusively resided upon, by the population of an Italian fishing village like Positano. This glaring fact is a main-spring of the story. Legally the members of the New Conservancy are merely exercising their property rights under Gaeian law. But this bit of private property just happens to be an entire planet.

Unity of Theme

Now let us look at how Vance makes all the parts of his story relate to the special situation of Cadwal. The story begins with the drama of whether or not Glawen will be made a member of Araminta Station's hereditary meritocracy. If Glawen fails to gain agency status he cannot continue to

live in Clattuc house, his childhood home. He could remain at Araminta Station only as a worker subject to six-month work permits; a bitter fate for a proud and patriotic young man. As it turns out – and despite Spanchetta's ruses in favor of her son Arles – Glawen is made an Agent and gains the right to protect Cadwal as a member of Bureau B; a typically sly bit of Vancian political philosophy. Glawen loves Araminta Station because it is his home; he loves it by the law of the heart. But Conservancy law is heartless. If he does not qualify, both on personal merit and hereditary precedence, he will be rejected. There is a certain contradiction between Glawen's love of Araminta Station and what Araminta Station is. And when Glawen later becomes a hero he does so by efficaciously keeping other people off Cadwal. The Conservancy is anti-human, though not anti-Agent. The Agents alone are privileged to serve it in the highest capacities, and thus reap the benefits denied to others. But we should not be overly shocked and outraged: this contradiction is inherent in any political situation, if in less exaggerated form. Only so many people can occupy any given place before it becomes unlivable. The situation on Lutwen Atoll makes this clear. It is not unimaginable that the whole habitable area of Cadwal could become a gigantic Yipton. The Yips show no restraint in overcrowding their habitat, while the Agents are disciplined in this regard. To stretch a point as far as possible: the population control exercised by Araminta Station (by exclusion from agency status and the interdiction on non-Agent permanent residence) though not involving murder or mutilation, has the same goal as the Chinese population control laws against having more than one child, enforced with abortion and sterilization. Such control is consonant with Green demographic paranoia, and their plan to impose world-wide controls; Mikhail Gorbachev is chief of a Green non-governmental organization which has exactly this program. The Yips, who resemble the Mexicans or the Africans in this regard, show no restraint in matters of population growth. Were they to become the rulers of Cadwal there is no reason to suppose the Yipton situation would not repeat itself on a planetary scale. There are places like this on Earth: Sao Paolo or Bangladesh, but the people who live there are not utterly miserable. They seem happy enough.

At any rate, by gaining Agency Status Glawen becomes a protector of the Conservancy of Cadwal, and attains his heart's desire.

Enemies of the Conservancy

With his agency status Glawen inherits trouble. For several centuries the Conservancy has been thoughtlessly administered. Now it is faced with two major problems: Stroma and Yipton; dangers from within and without. The efforts of Glawen and Wayness, the errors of their enemies, as well as some good luck, result in an outcome favorable to the Conservancy, as well as to Glawen and Wayness personally. However, this outcome is not necessarily satisfactory in the absolute. The solution involves, first of all, an evolution of the Conservancy, which reforms itself into the “New Conservancy,” including enlargement of Araminta Station and its population. Will further crisis result in further enlargements, until one day Deucas is fully inhabited? Any enlargement at all would have been impossible under the letter of the original Charter which the Agents defended with such uncompromising rigor. Once their enemies are defeated Glawen and Wayness, with no twinge of conscience, build their house on territory supposedly reserved for animals and which, for this reason, had been denied to both Yips and Peefers. The Conservancy is modified but saved, at the price of a vast human tragedy. This tragedy is emphatically not the fault of the Conservancy, at least not of the Agents of Glawen’s time. These Agents could only have averted it by accepting the triumph of the Yips and the destruction of the Conservancy, in other words by adopting an attitude like the one many people took in face of the Communist menace: “Better red than dead.” But given Smonny’s murderous nature the only real choice pacifist Agents would have had was leaving Cadwal forever. Twentieth century pacifists who used this philosophy were in the same situation but refused to acknowledge the real nature of the red menace. Murderous Communism would have permitted life to few of them, if any. Luckily for the West the political opponents of the pacifists prevailed.

How did Araminta Station come to such a pass? When the Naturalists visited Cadwal for work or vacations they were not comfortably lodged. Their complaints caused the Conservator, who enjoyed the use of Riverview House, his official residence, to allow them the use of a cliff face on inhospitable Throy. This, contrary to expectation, eventually became the town Stroma. Like Araminta Station, Stroma became another hereditary community. Though the Naturalists of Stroma remained scientists, over the centuries the passion for zoology weakened. The population of Stroma started to think of its own happiness more than the ideal of Conservancy. Julian Bohost is a Naturalist in name only. He is as interested in Conservancy as he is in quadratic equations.

Allowing Stroma to come into existence was a short-sighted act not in concordance with the Conservancy Charter. Meanwhile, and here another weakness of the Great Charter is revealed, there turned out to be more work to be done on Cadwal than 240 Agents could perform. So rules were bent and labor imported. Population influx, with restrictions on permanent residence, engendered a third enclave, this one openly illegal: Yipton completely and densely covering Lutwen Atoll, off the west coast of Deucas. A population of hundreds of thousands was crowded into Yipton, and the Yips lived there for so many centuries that they became a separate and distinct race, with their own culture.

In this volatile situation something predictable happens; Stroma gives birth to the LPF. The Yips want to live on Deucas; so do the Peefers. At Riverview House the following exchange occurs apropos the LPF:

Glawen said: “With such a slogan [Life, Peace and Freedom], how dare anyone raise his voice in opposition?”

Julian(... :) “Against all sanity, opponents to the great LPF movement not only exist but flourish like noxious weeds.”

“These are evidently the ‘DWSers’: the advocates of ‘Death’, ‘War’ and, ‘Slavery’. Am I right?”

The Naturalists at Stroma have the same culture as the Agents at Araminta Station. The Yips do not. The Naturalists ought to be the allies of the Agents. They are supposed to be the ruling *élite* – the conservator is always a Naturalist – while the Agents are just the managers and workers. But the Naturalists turn against Araminta Station, just as the *élites* – the intellectuals, artists and writers – have turned against Western society and, under the banner of multiculturalism, are promoting third world cultures and denigrating their own. But it is not as if the Agents are implacable enemies of the Yips and shoot them on sight, as Glawen ironically points out to Sunje at Riverview House in a passage no one will have forgotten. Yips and Agents work together at Araminta Station on a daily basis. They may not love each other, or even understand each other very well, but they are familiar with each other, which cannot be said of the Naturalists. Also Yipton is a useful source of temporary labor and is also exploited, both by the Agents and the Yips themselves, as a tourist attraction. But when the over-crowded Yips attempt to cross the sea and settle on vast, empty, eminently habitable Deucas, the Agents send them back, at gun-point if

necessary. The Yips are not allowed more *Lebensraum* than the crowded island they already inhabit.

The Left

With the party of “Life, Peace and Freedom” Vance is alerting us to a constant of leftist ideology: hypocrisy. (Note that there actually is a “Peace and Freedom” party, which ran Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panther and rapist who recently died of a drug over-dose, for president.) Leftism always presents itself as the party of brotherly love, and implies that all opposition is motivated by the opposite: hate, greed, exploitation and brutality. Given the history of the twentieth century one might think this fad would lose its vitality, but it is a game as old as politics and certainly will not go away tomorrow. Politicians of the left are as busy as ever branding their opponents as rich oppressors, racists, war-mongering exploiters indifferent to the fate of the common man. And yet even if this accusation were strictly true, history demonstrates with no possible doubt that this famous “common man” would, at any time or place, be better off suffering the “exploitation” of “rich war-mongers” than enjoying the “liberation” offered by the left. In fact “common men” always choose the camp of the “bourgeois capitalist exploiters” if given the choice. Twentieth century migration patterns serenely confirm this. Nobody went to Russia, China or Cuba. Everybody came to America and Europe. Since France remains one of the most left dominated countries in Europe, (and, to prove it, constantly brags about how much less exploitation and human misery there is there than in the USA) young French people are leaving their country in droves at the moment, going to places where leftist ideology is less stifling: mostly the USA.

The Yips on Lutwen Atoll lack *Lebensraum*. So do the Naturalists at Stroma. The Peefers, no longer the devoted scientists they once were, now just people looking to expand the situation of their lives, wish, like the Yips, to leave their cramped situation for the pleasant and salubrious vastness of Deucas. The Peefers think their philosophy is a link between them and the Yips. In the name of Life, Peace and Freedom they take up, or pretend to take up, their cause. But, as always with leftists, the words they use must be examined with care. “Life” is living expansively on Deucas; “peace” is ending the conflict that opposes Agent to Yip by settling in favor of the Yip (who are “the majority,” thus the constant Peefers invocation of “democracy”); and “freedom” is the possibility for both Yips and themselves to live wherever they like on Cadwal, namely Deucas, despite the law.

The Agents, thanks to the resolution of Bodwyn Wook, face facts: they must accept the end of the Conservancy (and leave Cadwal themselves), or deport the entire Yip population; a daunting project for the mere handful of Bureau Agents. Vance makes it clear that while the Yips are by no means intrinsically evil, their culture lacks many of the civilized virtues. We are also given to understand that the Peefers are not as disinterested as they present themselves. They rarely mention their dream of destroying the Conservancy, or their projects for Deucas, including clearing away the animals, exploitation of the Yips, and manorial domains for themselves.

The French leftists, to again take them as an example, harp on equality and the selfishness of the rich. But they send their own children to the best private schools, and none live in the squalid public housing they are so keen to build for the poor with other people’s money. For themselves they favor chateaux and manor houses with gardens and parks. They dine in the best restaurants and drive fancy cars. The non-leftists, all three of them, do the same if they can, but they do not harp on equality or accuse the rich of turpitude.

Cadwal and the Real World

Because Vance’s work is considered SF, and because the majority of SF readers don’t even bother with him, the publication of Cadwal went unnoticed in the world at large. But this book, in its own register, has the stature of Solzhenitsyn’s *Gulag Archipelago*, and would have ignited extreme passions across the political spectrum if it had been written by a well-read author. It is not, as I will be careful to point out, a transcription, or even a crypto-transcription, of specific historic events, but it is so rife with historical reference that it is preeminently a book for our time. To begin with there is the reference to the population pressure from the “south.” The Yips, from the north, are, in various ways, like certain South American, Asian, Indian or African immigrants to the West. Their cultural norms refer both to attractive and unattractive aspects of certain third world cultures. Though they are golden skinned and classical featured like the Lekthwans of *Gold and Iron*, who are unambiguously superior to Americans, the Yips are like third world, non-white foreigners, and are culturally inferior. As a group they are lazy, dishonest, and lack a sense of the sanctity of human life. And, as has already been indicated, Peefers ideology is an obvious mirror of leftist ideology. Are these parallels correct? Each reader must judge. Vance has traveled the entire world and lived for long periods in exotic

countries. As for Leftism, those readers who have never bothered to wonder about its nature are given food for thought.

As for the Agents' unapologetic defense of personal property, again each reader must judge. The end of the Conservancy could hardly be called a calamity, unless you are an Agent of Araminta Station, a temporary worker like Eustace Chilke who values his situation, or a beast of Cadwal. The society which the Peefers would like to establish on Deucas, even if in conformity with the most class bound – or even racist if you like – and luxurious dreams of the Peefers, might still be considered preferable to Yip deportation, or even maintenance of the Conservancy. Yip domination of Cadwal, such as Smonny plans, would begin with a blood bath and end with a Cadwal-wide Yipton, a *democratic* outcome which would give, without reference to deeper considerations, a maximum of satisfaction to a maximum of individuals.

Vance arranges his story so that taking sides means more than simply choosing an ideological camp: the Yips, the Peefers or the Agents (i.e. the Third World, the Left, or the Bourgeois West). He forces us to face up to details. Siding with the Yips means siding with Simonetta; siding with the Peefers means siding with Dame Clytie, and siding with the Agents means siding with Bodwyn Wook. This is no accident. Each is a typical personality of their group. Smonny is not a Yip, but many of the Yips are as eager as she to slaughter the Agents and sweep away Araminta Station. Not all Yips feel this way of course, but enough to make the threat real. Wayness, who lives at Araminta Station and is not an Agent, sides with Bodwyn, as does Chilke, another non-Agent. But many people in the story are not given the choice of siding with Bodwyn, the Yips in particular. Smonny, though born at Araminta Station, was not so lucky or hard working as Glawen; she was denied agency status. Given their resentment and vengeful intentions, the Yips are her natural allies. Glawen, if he had been denied agency status, would never have embarked on an adventure of retribution. He would have sought his fortune elsewhere, however regretfully. But Smonny allows her disappointment to grow into rancor and vengeance. Human life to her is the slight thing it is to a Yip, as her commerce on Thurban Island proves. Those who find this episode exaggerated in the context of a parallel with certain third world cultures know nothing of what goes on in Thailand and other places where

“sexual tourism” and murderous gladiatorial sports are practiced in an organized way.

Dame Clytie, a typical leftist ideologue, is a rationalizing would-be populist, who can't abide opposition to her will, which she instinctively interprets as turpitude. Her nephew Julian is an exemplar of what is known in France as *la gauche caviar* (the caviar left) since his ideological commitments, really just a strategy to gain power, blend easily into unabashed selfishness. His project to use Peefer philosophy to end the *banjee wars* is a typically Vancian exposé of how Leftism deforms the mind; it understands reality only through the distorting lens of ideology; it serenely hopes to impose its ideals on others without reference to their own wishes, or even reality; it uses a populist discourse that admits no debate by refusing to recognize the honorableness of any opposition.

It must be explained that the word “ideology” in this sense is only properly applied to the left. You can define leftist ideology (“liberty,” “equality,” “fraternity” and so on) and leftists will proudly admit these are their ideals. But you can't find anyone who will confess to having “rightist” ideals: greed, exploitation of the workers, war-mongering and such. In fact *Rightist ideology* exists only as a dishonest leftist strategy; a self-serving leftist myth. Obviously the people on the so-called *right* won't confess to being polluting war mongers, but the left pretends to see through this supposed hypocrisy and treats them as if they were depraved. So what is the “right”? Politically speaking, today anyway, there are two poles. There are the reality-defying leftist ideologues, and then various positions best characterized by their degree of distance from ideology and nearness to reality. Reality of course, because of the obscuring screen of human desire, is hard to understand, so “non-leftist” positions are always confused to some degree, and often have large chunks of Leftism in them. Leftism simplifies all problems out of existence, but these simplifications give it a superficial coherence lacking to other political opinion. Also, now that we have escaped the twentieth century, leftist positions are cracking up a bit, so that the differences between the *left* and the *right* tend to become even more difficult to define.

Like the characters in the book, Cadwal readers must adjust their ideas and make their allegiances with reference both to the discourses and personalities of the various camps. Vance, though his own opinions are not concealed, gives us all the information we need for this. The situation is more complex than it seems from any point of view.

Cadwal and its History

To augment their power the Peefers try to transform the Yips into a vast LPF clientele. To this end they ally, or try to ally, themselves with Smonny. Eventually, to punish Smonny's perfidy, they destroy hundreds of thousands of Yip lives. What is all this about? Cadwal has no hidden code. The Peefers are not the Communists, the Omphs are not the Nazis, the battle on Cadwal is not World War II. And yet...

For the benefit of those *VIE* whippersnappers, like my dear friend Luk "Goldfish" Schoonaert, who shamelessly display an absence of historical knowledge, we must now review some facts. Luk is a victim of modern educational "ideas" about history (i.e. don't teach it) and now he is too busy being exploited by global start-ups, and courting pretty Portuguese girls, to worry about his grandfathers' tribulations, or the saga of the blood soaked ground which mutely bears his cheerful step (may God bless him!). So the following section is for Luk – and anyone else who is interested.

The Russian revolution took place during World War I, in 1917. Lenin and the Bolsheviks, but a single element of the revolutionary forces, were bankrolled by the Germans and eventually shouldered aside the middle class "bourgeois" revolutionaries (who were in favor of private property) and made themselves masters of Russia. The Germans financed the Communists because, in 1917, they were eager to weaken Russia with revolution and civil war, for Russia was part of the alliance which, one year later, would defeat them. Communists all over the world were delighted by the take-over of Russia. The Red Army (under Trotsky), after completing the suppression of anti-Communist forces (the whites) invaded the countries around them, expropriating, murdering, and oppressing their own people and their neighbors on a scale without precedent in all human history. It was a bloody festival which crescendoed under Stalin, and was only cut short by the fall of Communism in 1989. These goings on were approved, or deliberately ignored, by Communists and Communist sympathizers during seventy infernal years. Sympathizers agreed with Communism's plan to *liberate the world from the oppression of capitalist, bourgeois society* (read: private property). Communism would bring *equality, peace and social justice*. Lenin and Trotsky murdered and starved millions of souls. Stalin continued their special methods of achieving *equality, peace and social justice* and spread them to the countries on his western border – Lenin and Trotsky had already done the job south to the Black Sea. The methods

never changed; systematic murder of all élites (army officers, priests, teachers, artists, peasants – peasants being the worst, since no sociological group is more private property oriented than they), slave labor camps, state control of everything including farming, with mass famine as inevitable result. These methods were, and are, practiced by every Communist regime including China, Korea and Cuba.

After World War I Germany was crushed. The Germans were forbidden to have an army and condemned to pay for the war damage. For these and other reasons Germany did not manage to recover economically. In these conditions of humiliation and penury Hitler came to power in the 1930s. Hitler, contrary to powerfully maintained misconception, was in no way on the political right. Whatever the right may be thought to be today, in the past it was surely associated with kings, aristocrats, private property and religion. In any conceivable "extreme" form it can only be anti-democratic and elitist, since, if it has any ideal, it is surely rule by "the best" or "the few," in other words: aristocracy. It cannot be associated with majority rule, or "democracy," and Hitler, though he owed some of his power to terror, was a populist. Hitler was a tyrant, of course, not a king. This is not the place for an analysis of the important difference: I will only assert that a populist tyranny (and there are other kinds) is closer to democracy in the classical sense than to aristocracy.

Today it has become common to identify the right with those willing to use force, and thus with "fascism," which glorified force. But this is a canard. In the democratic West, not "right-wing war-mongering" but leftist pacifism has been our important contribution to the tragedy of this century. But leftist pacifism is a twentieth century pose, since revolutionaries from the French Terror to Che Guevara and Yasser Arafat never blanch at using force. Had the Americans had more than 400 tanks in 1942 (the third year of World War II!) to Hitler's 4000, the liberation of Europe might not have waited until 1945. Churchill's and Reagan's "war-mongering" stance against Hitler and the Evil Empire were not the dangers they were so loudly proclaimed to be by pacifists of the time, but clearly an important part of what saved the world.

Hitler was in fact a socialist and a declared student of Karl Marx. He was also, like all Socialists, a demagogue who flattered the people. He was a collectivist and an atheist. The word NAZI is an acronym for "National Socialism." The only difference between Hitler's and Stalin's brands of Socialism ("Communism" is a philosophy, "Socialism" is the

system of government that it proposes) is that one is National and the other is International; meaning that both intend to take over the world, but the former will do it in the name of the superiority of the one nation, while the latter will do it in the name of love of humanity. Both intended to, and did, progressively collectivize private property, and “liquidate” any group it considered undesirable, following the recommendations of Marx.

Which kind of Socialism, National, or International, is worse? The question in the absolute may be open. Historically however, and to use the popular *cadaver count* measure, the International kind has been the more redoubtable, by far. As for their greatest exponents: the most important difference between Hitler and Stalin is that Hitler was less of a hypocrite; he made less of a secret of his intention to rule the world. He said Aryans (a race) should rule the world, while Stalin thought Communists (a class) should rule the world. In both cases those not in the right category were slated for a hard time – and got it. The nefarious *final solution* is thought to be Hitler’s great specificity. It is not. Stalin also had a program of extermination for the Jews: the corpses of several hundred thousand Jews have recently been unearthed from the trenches near Moscow into which they were bulldozed as part of Stalin’s own “final solution.” This is not often, or never, mentioned because those who control information do not want Stalin to look as bad as Hitler. Thanks to a half century of propaganda they have managed to identify Hitler with the right but, in spite of all their squiggling, they are themselves stuck with being tainted by Stalin. I certainly do not bring this up to lessen the horror of Hitler’s murder of the Jews. But since those who dare tell a racial joke are sanctimoniously informed they are “as bad as Hitler,” why should Stalin be deemed less bad only because he did not manage to kill as many Jews? If intentions are what count, than let us admit that Stalin did his best. He did manage to kill more people than Hitler in all categories combined. Perhaps the pogroms had already killed off so many there were not enough left for poor Stalin. The latest tactic is saying that the Russian Communists betrayed Communism and that the Soviet Union was really, what else? the fault of the *right*. For how could the left be anything but good and sweet; are not its ideals Life, Peace and Freedom?

I feel compelled to these considerations because Cadwal demands it. The book ends in a painful episode which leaves all its readers with a bitter taste. This taste is not the taste of

Jack Vance, it is the taste of the twentieth century. Personally I do not like morbid, depressed, or violent literature. This is one reason I do not care for most Modernist art. Vance’s work – a great exception in the twentieth century – is free of gratuitous wallowing in the ugly. When he makes use of it, it is for a good reason.

As is also rarely mentioned, but perfectly well known, Hitler and Stalin cooperated closely for years and years. The treaty of Versailles (which followed World War I: 1914 - 1918) did not permit Germany to create an army. Stalin allowed Hitler to develop his Panzer Corps and Luftwaffe in secret areas of Russia, as well as actually building his tanks and planes for him. A formal alliance was later concluded between Hitler and Stalin (the *Molotov-Ribbentrop* or *non-aggression* pact) and was in effect in 1939 when the two friends divided Poland between them. It was still in effect a year later when Hitler over-ran France – meanwhile Stalin was over-running Finland and other countries on his western border. Two long, painful (for everyone but this happy couple) years later, in 1942, Hitler attacked Russia. It was the bloodiest fight of the Second World War. But before that, all during the very time these charming fellows were busy taking over Europe, Communists the world over stood staunchly by Stalin’s buddy Hitler. When comrade Hitler annexed Austria, Belgium, France, Denmark, Luxembourg and Holland, they gave support not only with verbal approval, but material assistance. French Communists sabotaged munitions and sapped the morale of the French army; both factors in the French defeat. Some of the people who lent their names and prestige to these goings-on were Sartre and Picasso. Why this treason? Because of *love of the people*? Sartre once complained that not enough people had been murdered. I sketch these facts because analyzing the significance of Vance’s references is impossible without them.

One final fact should be made clear. The official version of history, of which Luk – happy fellow – may in any case be ignorant, is that poor Stalin (our good old uncle Joe) was victimized by Hitler. But Hitler’s surprise attack, even if it was a wild bid for world domination, was also a defensive preemptory strike. The non-aggression pact had freed Hitler’s hand in Western Europe. But why should Stalin have wanted Hitler to take over Western Europe and half of Poland? After they had divided Europe between them, with Hitler getting all the best parts, Stalin did not adopt a defensive posture. Instead of a defense in depth, he massed his Armies on the new border (running through Poland) which divided the

Russia empire from the German empire. Why did he do this? The heroic Finns, greatly out-numbered, had exhausted the Russians thanks to a proper system of in-depth defense; and the grandiose *Stalin line*, a system of fortification which dwarfed the Maginot line, was dismantled on Stalin's order after the conquest of Poland. Why? Of Stalin's vast arsenal of tanks and plains, many times greater than Hitler's total European forces, none were held in reserve, none were deployed for a defense in depth, the only kind possible in modern warfare. All were poised for a great strike. It was this aggressive Russian stance that allowed the Germans, in the first minutes of their surprise attack, to completely destroy the near totality of Russian might. Hitler nearly conquered Russia as a result, and Stalin was forced to cry for help from the West. Hitler later begged the West for aid against Russia. In the end Hitler was destroyed and Stalin rolled down the iron curtain on half of Europe for 50 years. Remember: Stalin built Hitler's armies in the 1930s, and even secretly financed his rise to power. What does this mean? It means that Hitler, from the Russian point of view, was a part of their plan to conquer the world. Had Stalin attacked Germany before Hitler's strike, he would doubtlessly have rolled his armies over Germany and then prostrate Europe.

Let us say that Smonny is Hitler, the Omphs are the Nazis, the Peefers are the Communists, and that Araminta Station is the Western allies. The Agents' resistance to Yip pressure on Deucas is then like Churchill's courageous defiance of Hitler when the English, alone, had to face him triumphant in Europe. Remember – in 1940 Hitler controlled all of continental Europe with the exception of the Spanish peninsula (over which Franco successfully prevented German troops from ever passing in spite of the aid this would have been to the Afrika Korps in 1940 - 43). Hitler's alliance with Stalin protected his eastern front. He had a vastly superior army (thanks in part to Western pacifism). In 1939 Hitler was planning an invasion of England which was only stopped because the Luftwaffe was stymied by the out-numbered Royal Air Force. America was not in the war at that time; brave, outmatched England was alone. Like the handful of Agents protecting Deucas from the masses of Yips?

To jump ahead; Smonny's surprise attack on Stroma is like Hitler's invasion of Russia. The Peefer's destruction of Yipton is like Russia's subsequent triumph over Germany, and the slaughter of the Yips like the murders perpetrated by Communism in this terrible century – some 100,000,000.

But these parallels, while vaguely plausible, are hardly exact, and could be reformulated in other ways. Some of Smonny's discourse is a mirror of Black Power positions for instance, and her threat to eradicate Araminta Station is like what was until very recently the official Arab position on Israel. The Yips, though they threaten Deucas – and do their best by theft, smuggling and sabotage to arm and invade – do not yet have the upper hand. Though vastly out-numbered the Agents retain a precarious superiority of armament, something the English did not have. Smonny operates mostly in secret; so, though a Hitlerian savage, she is not a copy of him. Eventually however she states her intentions boldly and openly, which is more than Dame Clytie ever does. The Peefers' destruction of Yipton and slaughter of the Yips is an act of pure spite that gains them nothing. Can it be that Stalin's gulag, Mao's Cultural Revolution and laogai, Pol Pot's killing fields or Castro's jails served (serve!) any purpose? Were they necessary, at least, to the maintenance of their power? Brezhnev, Franco, Pinochet, Gorbachev, and other dictators have gotten by with less killing. For me it is impossible not to suspect sheer *Schadenfreude*, or *joy of damage*. The Peefer vengeance is an image of this. It is a terrible episode which marks all who read it, but on the scale of twentieth century horror it is "average" or "small."

On the other hand, Araminta Station is unquestionably the *bourgeois* enemy of the masses. Philosophically it fits, as closely as any decent society can, the caricature of so called bourgeois society as presented by Communist propaganda. It can be accused of being class ridden, racist, selfish and exclusive, of exploiting low cast outsiders while keeping all the good things for itself. Its ideals are hypocritical; Glawen clearly cares more about living in Clattuc house, or in a nice bungalow with Wayness, than he does about the animals in the name of which Araminta Station seeks to perpetuate itself. He feeds them if that is the duty he is assigned, but he destroys them without a moment's regret if they dare threaten him – and is not accused of murder if he does (Green extremists are currently promoting animal homicide laws in America). Glawen defends the Conservancy because it is his, and does not cry about expelling a population of tens of thousands of people from a place they have been living for centuries, and just after they have suffered a cataclysmic collective trauma. Smonny is explicit; her condemnation of Araminta Station is a mirror of Hitler's and Stalin's condemnation of "bourgeois" Europe and America. The Agents, like the bourgeois, are evil and must be liquidated. She is a declared genocidal maniac; but is her admittedly

exaggerated condemnation of Araminta Station wholly inaccurate? *Araminta Station is a citadel of greed and jealous cruelty; everyone scrambles up the golden ladder, pausing only to kick at the faces of those below, with the good and worthy cast aside! [...]* 'Conservancy'? *What a joke! It conserves privilege and unspeakable selfishness.* When it is put to her that these accusations only arise from personal disappointment, she replies: *The grievances go far beyond my own small tragedies. The Yips have been exploited for centuries; now they will avenge themselves upon this stinking hive of privilege [...]*

Cadwal and the Individual

This will suffice to give a sense of Cadwal's relation to the twentieth century, a relation which is not gratuitous as we shall later see. But much of the book seems unrelated to this history. In what way then are characters like Kirdy, Floreste and Namour related to the underlying theme of the book? And what is this underlying theme? The problem of private property is really the political subset of a larger problem. The three characters just mentioned will bring us closer to it.

Kirdy Wook, like Glawen, is an Agent and member of Bureau. In spite of this, instead of being a hero, Kirdy is a villain. He is first of all a murderer, and then obstructs the work of Bureau because he is utterly uninterested in it. Eating his favorite sausages is more important to him than an investigation vital to the survival of the Conservancy.

Kirdy is a sociopath. For Kirdy, unlike Glawen, the good of others has no meaning. He can think only of himself and his own desires. This is why he is neurotic; sociopaths have no motivation to overcome their neurosis. Because they are concentrated totally on themselves they have no basis upon which to transcend themselves. Their phobias and manias are simply elements in the bundle of impulses that constitute their subjective self. They have no critical distance on themselves. They indulge and revel in each whim, each emotion, each internal sensation of whatever sort, whether harmless, baleful, or self-destructive. Kirdy's aqua-phobia ultimately dooms him, and saves Glawen. Sessily Veder is one of the objects of Kirdy's desire. Because Sessily is very conscious of the real she is thrilled with life, and this is important to what makes her so attractive. As a butterfly in Floreste's Phantasmagoria, she: *made an image of irresistible appeal.* "Irresistible appeal": in Greek mythology the oldest and most powerful of the gods is Eros, known to the Romans as Cupid, and vulgarized today as a baby with a bow and arrow. But Eros is more than the god of romantic love.

He is attraction on all levels, even the most exalted. He is even the ruler of philosophy (philo-: love, -sophy: knowledge). This is the deep meaning of the word *erotic*. Though Glawen is as strongly affected by Sessily as Arles or Kirdy, because he, like Sessily, is alert to the real, he has a greater sense of her as a person in her own right. This has nothing to do with "respect for women" in the feminist sense. Glawen's deeper sense of reality simply includes the reality that other human beings are more than part of the decor of his personal world, and every bit as real and important to themselves as we are to ourselves. Kirdy has no sense of this.

But how does the egocentricity of Kirdy Wook serve the underlying theme of Cadwal? Kirdy is Bodwyn Wook's nephew. The rulers of Araminta Station practice nepotism. Bodwyn Wook, mastermind of the Conservancy's salvation, promotes his nephew in Bureau to the point where his own goals are seriously compromised. Vance pitilessly exposes the weaknesses of his protagonists, his "heroes," the noble defenders of private property! Not only Bodwyn's nepotism, but Kirdy's ego-centricity itself shows this. Is not private property a form of publicly sanctioned selfishness? But this formula, while revealing, is not wholly fair. We cannot live without owing things. We must "own" (have) our bodies. Then we need a minimum of things, just for ourselves, to ensure our survival. Beyond that, only "ownership," or control, of further material things can insure our full human development. A sculptor, for instance, must have stones and carving tools. Without them he simply cannot be a sculptor. That Kirdy's neurosis dooms him shows one of the natural limits of such "selfishness." We must live in balance between *selfishness* and *selflessness*. Glawen represents this balance. This is the deep theme of Cadwal.

What of Floreste? Floreste also pursues his own course without reference to others, and it bothers him not at all to crush whoever blocks his path. But, totally unlike Kirdy, Floreste is an important and recognized benefactor of Araminta Station; his artistic genius is one of the things that make life there so attractive. So Floreste is not "selfish" in the same sense as Kirdy. Like Kirdy he is completely concentrated on something within himself, but this something is not mere personal whim. With his art Floreste expresses Beauty, the arrow of Eros. But his sense of beauty, his *eroticism* to use the technical term, is both his strength and his weakness. He is devoted neither to himself, nor to the common good, but to Eros, to Art. Floreste could not want

to see Araminta Station destroyed because his art depends upon it; it is where he intends to build his new Orpheum, the tool which will permit him to reach new artistic summits. But his devotion to Eros makes it easy for the enemies of Araminta Station to use him, though all along he thought he was using them.

Vance is hinting at a deep problem with the arts that was famously revealed by Plato in the *Republic*. The arts, though part of what civilizes us, are none-the-less not fully compatible with civil society. Beauty is real, objective, and universal, more so than society; its action on us is therefore profoundly intimate and anti-social. True Art (beauty) is not in harmony with civil society because civil society is not universal. It is particular. Citizens must, at least to some degree, forget themselves and devote themselves to society, if society, upon which they depend, is to persist. This means doing ugly things: serving in the army and killing the enemies, paying taxes, waiting in lines of government bureaus, and cooperating in a whole series of other collective aspects of life that are in contradiction with the Beauty, which makes us fall in love with a woman who is not our wife, or pursue other apparently mad, anti-social courses. Of course by *Art I* do not mean whatever anyone cares to call “art” – and I certainly exclude most of so called *contemporary* or modernist *art*. I bring this up because to make sense of Floreste’s place in the scheme of Cadwal, it must be understood that Art, genuine Art in its plenitude, is erotic by nature. Though it may have an intellectual or even a political dimension (the only important elements in the mass of what is known as “contemporary art”) it appeals, above all, directly to our eroticism. Art, to be fully itself, must be concerned with beauty first and foremost, beauty in the primary sense of gracefulness and all that warms, delights and seduces our spirit. With real Art there is never occasion to say: I don’t understand. Vance himself is this kind of artist, and this is why his work has so much appeal. It is also what makes it such a contrast to most contemporary writers, who are confused by the intellectualized and politicized styles of art that have dominated since the triumph of Modernism.

Namour represents another type. He is totally self-involved like Kirdy, and artistic like Floreste. His representation of Latuun is the *soul of Parillia*, the major civic festival of Araminta Station. His art is therefore more civic than Floreste’s, since it uses seduction to lead people toward civil society. Latuun draws people into the bacchanalian Parillia, where they not only celebrate their instincts, which is

the erotic side, but also their participation in Araminta society. Parillia reinforces patriotism and the feeling of belonging.

But though he is self-involved, unlike Kirdy Namour is fully self-conscious and thus master of himself. Unlike Floreste Namour is also fully conscious of society and his place in it. Though Vance does not state this explicitly, Namour hopes to exploit the troubles that brew which he encourages in all directions in the hope of becoming the tyrant of Cadwal. Namour is the most dangerous enemy of all because he is closest to the inside, the most self-aware, the most flexible. Smonny or Dame Clytie, compared to Namour, are blind and out of control. Had the situation gone against Araminta Station it is probable that Namour would have become tyrant of Cadwal.

The heroes can be measured by the same rule. Eustace Chilke is a decent person but he does not share Glawen’s dedication to Araminta Station. And why should he? He is not an Agent. As soon as Lewyn Barduys gives him a space ship he disappears with Flitz. Barduys is also a benevolent personage, but he too is an artist. Like Vance himself he is interested in creating hostelries and societies. Barduys’ goals are not simply sensual delectation; the settlement of the Yips on the Mystic isles has both artistic (erotic) and intellectual aspects. It is a mirror of Vance’s own concern with things political, as well as a counterpoint to the Arcadian society the Peefers plan for these same Yips on Deucas. Barduys has something of both Floreste and Namour about him, as does Vance himself.

Does Vance approve of Araminta Station and the behavior of Bodwyn and Glawen? This is the wrong question. One of the reasons Vance is a great artist is that, unlike so many other writers, he is not fixated on personally gratifying daydreams, or re-imagining society according to his tastes. Instead he explores and articulates *reality*. Some may think my analysis too neat; that Vance had none of this in his mind when he wrote Cadwal. I don’t pretend to know what Vance had in mind. In fact I do not think he deliberately planned the book out along the lines my analysis purports to reveal. I think he simply started from issues that interest him (environmental conservation, private property, and so on, even if he represented these things to himself under other labels, or merely as feelings) and then built, felt and imagined his way into the story. But since he is an artist, and not a dilettante, he rigorously insisted on the pertinence of each character and event to his underlying themes. I only pretend

to trace out the result. I do not think Vance ended up doing something he did not intend to do, but that having used all his experience and art he produced a coherent, profound and wide-ranging work.

To demonstrate that the underlying themes indeed saturate the whole work, we now look at some of the very minor characters and events, such as those encountered by Glawen and Wayness during their researches on other planets. At first glance these seem to be just typical Vancian incidents that might be stuck into any of his stories to “fill them out.”

Take Miss Shoup. Poor Flavia Shoup hates young men. Why? Because she has suffered a disappointment. Julian Bohost bamboozled her with romantic suggestions in order to get the address of Melvish Keebles, and now she won't give the address to Glawen. When he appeals to her *ordinary human decency* she responds: *But I am extra-ordinary... It is not by choice that I am human. As for 'decency', the word was defined without my participation...* Miss Shoup is convinced she has been played a dirty trick by fate because she is not a beauty. This, she believes, has deprived her of what she wants: the attachment of a young man. But it was her own eagerness to trust him which prevented her from seeing that Julian was merely exploiting her but, in her disappointment, she has decided that the universe is senseless and that “decency” is merely a way to trick people. So she has retreated into solipsism. She helped Julian pursue criminal aims without meaning to, and now she gratuitously refuses to help Glawen, whose aims are decent. From sheer spite, to revenge herself on a world that will not conform to her desires, she justifies indifference to good and evil. Since the world does not serve her good, as she conceives it, goodness does not exist. Miss Shoup's ideal world is in conflict with the real world. The underlying theme of Cadwal is the self in relation to the world, personal desire in relation to the exigencies imposed by our human limitations and the consequent demands of society.

Wayness must deal with a certain Bully Buffums, exhibitionist and collector of erotica. Buffums wants Wayness to participate in his erotic phantasms. Although this episode is somewhat comical, on a serious level Buffums represents a form of sexual obsession. Eros is a mighty little fellow, and sexual obsessions are a major reason people tip over into uncivil, or even criminal, self-involvement. Miss Shoup, not to mention Kirdy, Arles and the Ordene Zaa all have sexual obsessions as part of their problem. Buffums is

totally uninterested in Wayness as a human being. For him she is only a possible sex toy. As a result he won't help her, and only succeeds in earning her contempt and revulsion. Here again: Buffums' obsessions, his wallowing in subjective desires, stand between him and reality, or the possibility of working with others toward something good.

Animals

The significance of animals in Cadwal is that the main moral justification for the possession of Cadwal by the Conservancy is the preservation of the planet in its unspoiled natural state. This means favoring animal life over human life. We have seen how unconcerned the Naturalists and the Agents really are about animals. On Earth, however, Wayness encounters two people who have passionate relations with animals. The first is Lefaun Zadoury, junior curator of the Funusti Museum in Kiev. Here is what he says of himself: ... *I am one of a group known as the Running Wolves... we run across the steppe, ranging far into the wilds...* Lefaun's ideal is animal vitality and primitive experience. He and his friends live a harum-scarum life, driven by strange ideals and whims. Charming as they are in their way, they cut themselves off from reality by living according to intellectual notions, one of which is that man can enhance his life by living like an animal.

Countess Otilie is such a horrible person that she has no friends. So her little dogs are her whole society. She promotes them to a grotesque caricature of human status and treats them like valued persons, while maltreating everyone around her. Lefaun and the Countess represent two extremes: lowering the human to the animal, and raising the animal to the human. They illuminate the situation of Cadwal by leading us to wonder about the proper relation of humans to animals. Glawen's benevolent indifference to animals is certainly healthier than the attitude of either Lefaun or Countess Otilie.

Society and the Transcendent

In Kiev Wayness meets one of Lefaun's friends, Lixman, who recounts a strange experience he had:

... I met a woman who told me that I was accompanied everywhere by the spirit of my grandmother, who was anxious to help me. At the time I was playing dice, and I said: 'Very well, Grandmother, how shall I bet?' 'She says to bet on the double three!' came the answer. So I bet on the double three and won the stake, I looked around for another hint but the lady was gone, and now I

am unsure and nervous. I dare do nothing of which my grandmother might disapprove.

Lixman is unhappy because suddenly he believes he is being watched and judged from the invisible world. Lixman, like Lefaun, leads a wild and dissolute life. He would like to continue being irresponsibly self-involved; but suddenly he is troubled by the idea he might displease his grandmother. The spirit of Lixman's grandmother is *the thing outside the self* which Kirdy lacks, a lack which makes it impossible for him to transcend himself, which Lixman, to his confusion, suddenly has. Glawen has it, in part, in the form of love of his home, or patriotism. Lixman's grandmother is a caricature of God, omniscient and demanding of us a pure heart. What, we might ask, justifies Glawen's patriotism? What higher law gives us the right to defend what is our own? Why, all taken with all, are the Peefers and the Yips wrong, and Glawen right? These questions can't be addressed without reference to a higher law.

Cadwal and the other Vance books

To the above exposé it might be objected that events in any Vance book might be interpreted in the light of *the tension between the needs and desires of the self, and the demands of, and our dependence upon, society*. But this would not be correct. Take *Wjyst* for instance, which has a theme close to that of Cadwal. Alexander Feht, in his letter to *Cosmopolis* volume 1, issue 6, trenchantly summed up Vance's take on socialism, the political expression of egalitarianism. The villains in *Wjyst* are clearly sociopaths, but that in itself is not what counts about them in the context of the book. Jantiff is a decent person of modest competence, from a normal society. When he renders services to his new "friends" in Arrabus he ends up earning their resentment because, though they are glad to have their screens fixed or their portraits drawn, his extra-ordinary (in the strict sense of the word) competencies show him to be *inégal* – unequal. He is superior to others in certain ways, and this inspires envy and spite. The tension that counts in *Wjyst* is not the tension between the self and society; it is the tension between ordinary, decent behavior and attitudes, and the behavior and attitudes generated by the egalitarian spirit. The characters and events of *Wjyst* are arraigned specifically as a critique of egalitarianism, not as a meditation on the self and society as in Cadwal.

At issue in *The Domains of Koryphon*, as in Cadwal, is ownership of property. But in this book the tension is between the ideological vision, and the view from reality.

Elvo Glissam stands for fashionable anti-colonialism, while Gerd Jamaze stands for staunch, realistic, un-neurotic and un-ideological defense of one's possessions. Everything that happens, and all the characters, are arraigned around this tension. The basic movement of the book is the transfer of Schaine's affections from Elvo to Gerd, from the ideological view to the un-ideological view. This movement itself is what reveals the nature of the poles the young men represent. To say this another way: the tension in *Domains* is between anti-colonialism, or a typically ideological kind of view, and the mind that is free of ideology. Though Cadwal also deals with ideology, here ideology is just one way a person can rationalize his anti-social attitude, or selfishness. But Elvo is not at all selfish; he is a noble character, and he never tries to excuse his outlook. But he loves Schaine less than he loves his anti-colonial ideology, and Gerd can't bring himself to really fall in love with Schaine until she sheds her ideological blinkers. Elvo is blind to reality; blindness is what counts about him, just as clear vision is what counts about Gerd. In Cadwal, clairvoyance or blindness to reality because of ideology is not the basic tension. Rather it is the tension between personal desires and needs, and society.

Pink and Blue

Glawen must pursue his researches on Nion. He arrives at Tanjaree and inquires at TOURIST INFORMATION, where he finds two charming receptionists, one wearing a pink, and the other a blue ribbon in her hair. (Pink is the color of socialism. Blue is the color of (classic) republicanism. These are less extreme forms of the left and right, more extreme being red and white: Communism and Monarchy). These receptionists are there to "help" him, but Glawen, though bemused by their charms, soon becomes impatient with them. His important business is being delayed (see: *Ecce and Old Earth*, Underwood Miller, pages 263 - 264). My favorite line in Cadwal occurs here: "*An instant only!*" said Blue. "*We are famous for the quickness of our fast speed!*" Not so, but they are flattering themselves, which is in character. These are clever, pleasant and charming girls, of loose sexual morals, vain but not vicious. They like to shop, gossip and take a variety of mild drugs to help ease them though life. The planet Nion, like *Trullion*, is conducive to this easy-going state of affairs. In the HANDBOOK TO THE INHABITED WORLDS Glawen reads:

By reason of pold, everywhere available, hunger is unknown...Due to the plenitude of pold, the work ethic is

little in evidence... 'The easy way is the best way': this is the basic premise of Tanjaree society.

Besides *Trullion*, this reminds us of our own society. Not that some of us don't work very hard, but generally speaking our affluence, entitlements, public education, therapeutic mentality, obsession with health, culture of youth, leisure, games and entertainment, is all like the pold-ridden situation of Nion. We are soft, self-absorbed, petulant, capricious and prone to weird ideas. Our easy situation dulls the edge of our spirit. Not so the men and women who won the world wars. I don't mean they were any better, essentially, than we are, but circumstances forced them to a degree of alertness. After all, they lived in a time when there were villains really and truly plotting to take over the world – as romantically exaggerated as this sounds – and only they could save us, which they did.

Glawen's incursion into Tanjaree society is like a man from 1944 stumbling into our time. He has important work to accomplish. He is no tourist. He must save his world from its enemies. But Pink and Blue want him to walk by the lake, count the moons, and watch the mad harlequins. They want to amuse themselves, and why not? Even the fearful Haz are now no more than a tourist attraction, like everything else. Politics? The Right and the Left? mere colored ribbons. Nothing is serious and nothing matters; only whims and nice feelings.

For those who can read it, Cadwal is a key to who we are and where we come from. It is a mystery play, a Rosetta stone, a *summa* of American, even Western twentieth century life. It is one of America's greatest books; one day it will find its rightful place beside *Moby Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

Paul Rhoads

Call to Arms

Attention all Digitizers

In order to ensure that not a word of Jack Vance's stories is missed, we are going to re-digitize all texts that were scanned. The primary reason is to make absolutely 100% (or as close as we can get) sure that we have not omitted any text. Since this is primarily a text recovery operation, you will not be required to reformat or otherwise heavily proof the

texts, beyond the point of making sure all of the text is present.

As an added step, we would also like you to save the raw scans (in .xif format) and submit them in this format as well. The .xif files will be used by Textual Integrity team members who do not have original manuscripts when doing their work. Instructions for saves of .xif will be supplied to the volunteers on this task.

I know this sounds like a lot of additional work, but rest assured that the final product – a complete *VIE* – will be the better for it.

Richard Chandler will be directing the re-digitization process. Joel Hedlund will be collecting the .xif data and coordinating that aspect. What we need from each of you who are asked to participate (or volunteer!) in re-digitization is a list of the texts you have on hand, and the number of texts you would be willing to commit to. It should be noted that this will most likely not create an additional delay in the release of the *VIE* as the textual comparisons which will be involved can be performed at any time prior to TI work.

I look forward to hearing from you and hope that many of you will choose to volunteer. We may not use all volunteers, but knowing who would like to help out will help us plan.

Thank you for an excellent job done to date. We currently have all but three texts digitized, and these are nearly done. These are *Wild Thyme and Violets* and the short (magazine) versions of *The Raparree* and *Languages of Pao*.

John Schwab

Reading vs. Proofreading

Normally, I'm not what anyone would call a "careful" reader. When I read for pleasure, I read about 600 words per minute. I like to read a book at a single sitting, and I don't much worry about whether I'll retain any of it two days later. The experience of reading is what I'm after. I'm not interested in reading critically; that's why I quickly dropped the idea of majoring in English at college.

When I performed my first *VIE* proofreading assignment (*Gold and Iron*, back in October of last year), it quickly became apparent to me that that style of reading wouldn't do. I read

the text through, making notes on the hardcopy as I went. Then I read the text again, and was appalled at how many things I had missed in the first pass. A third pass revealed still more. Evidently something was going to have to change.

I now have a dozen proofreading assignments under my belt and, as a result of my membership in the Proofreader Support Team with Chris Corley and Patrick Dusoulie, have seen perhaps 25 *VIE* text documents. I have learned some things about the idiosyncrasies of scanned text, but more importantly I've developed a methodology that I think has made me a much more effective proofreader.

Clearly, the first thing I had to do was slow down. Too often, the mind sees what it thinks it ought to see, rather than what is really there. It became evident that the kinds of errors inherent in the digitization process are exactly the kind that the mind "autocorrects" when it encounters them. The most common of these is the substitution of 'b' for 'h' (and vice versa): *be/he*, *bead/head* and so on. Another common substitution is 'm' for 'rn' (and vice versa): we have seen "comer" replacing "corner" in quite a number of documents, and in one instance "modern" was rendered as "modem." A less common replacement that I have nevertheless seen in two or three files is "arid" for "and." And scanning software can easily outsmart itself when it encounters one of Jack Vance's coined words: *Gold and Iron* had an instance of "Klau" being interpreted as "Klan"; *The Pnume* had numerous instances of "Keith" for "Reith."

So how is one to increase the likelihood of actually finding these errors? The *find* function of MS Word is a great help: once I have spotted an instance of such a substitution, I search the entire document for others (*Edit/Find* or *CTRL-F*). But of course that only works if I've spotted the error in the first place. Here there is simply no substitute for concentration. I try to force myself to concentrate on each individual word and mark of punctuation as I proofread, being particularly alert to those cases where vulnerability to scannos is greatest. If I see the word "be," I want to look at it consciously and critically and ask myself if I'm really seeing "be" and not "he." This doesn't cost more than half a second, but it nonetheless requires a real act of will.

Words, however, are not the worst victims of scanning software; punctuation is. I would guess that eighty percent of the errors I flag in any particular document are missing or incorrectly scanned quotation marks, periods, question marks, exclamation points and commas. Chris Corley has written a very useful discursion on the subject of OCR errors,

which is included directly following this article, and I have used the methods he describes with considerable profit. I especially endorse his remarks about MS Word's Spelling and Grammar Check, particularly the part about it being worth a few laughs. However, many punctuation errors are not as neatly characterized as the cases Chris cites, and here again, there is no substitute for concentration. I try to look consciously for the period at the end of every sentence and for opening and closing quotation marks on every piece of dialogue. I also try to look critically at every other mark of punctuation, because experience has shown that what comes out of the scanner is not necessarily what was on the original printed page.

All of this is much easier to say than it is to do. The proof of that is this: for all my effort to concentrate, it is not infrequent that a second pass over a text will find something that the first pass missed. My practice has evolved over time: I no longer read the text from start to finish, unless it is unfamiliar. In that case, I first do a read-for-pleasure, to avoid being distracted by the content. When proofreading a text, I read it page by page, marking errors and queries on the hardcopy. I don't leave a page until I have read it without finding anything, and I read each page no less than two times.

As indicated, I proof from hardcopy, produced in the same Times New Roman 12 of the document (to maintain page for page correspondence). Many trees have been sacrificed to my work on the *VIE*. I know some proofers prefer to work directly on screen, but I simply can't do it. I find it very difficult to see punctuation errors on screen, particularly when the preceding letter terminates at or near the lower right ('e', 'h' and 't', for example). Some volunteers have proposed converting the text font from Times New Roman to Courier New; I agree that errors are easier to spot in that font, but I still have better success with hardcopy. (I'm looking forward to proofreading texts in Amiante!) Methodology is an individual preference, obviously. I know that at least two professional proofreaders are making their talents available to the *VIE*. I would be very interested to know how they go about it: sirs, why not write a letter to *Cosmopolis* and help to educate us amateurs?

A by-product of my work on this project is a greatly increased familiarity with MS Word itself. I had used it little if at all previously, and on my second assignment (*Sail 25*) was perplexed, when I typed quotation marks, that they didn't come out as the double primes that were in the document, but as double raised commas or double raised inverted

commas. In that early stage of the project, the mailing lists were still up and running, and I posted a plaintive query on The Merfolk Scriptorium. Less than an hour later Kurt Harriman had responded, pointing me at the various “mischievous options” (his formulation) in the *Tools/Autocorrect* menu. He was right: the “smart quotes” option was turned on. I turned it off and reopened the document: to my great relief, all the quotation marks were repairable. And that’s what the cryptic notation “fixed quotes” in the assignment tracking for *Sail 25* on the website means.

A feature of MS Word that I have been experimenting with only recently is the text *comparison* (*Tools/Track Changes/Compare Documents*). I use it to compare my finished proof job with the previous version. This is particularly interesting when doing a proofread against the edition that was digitized, where endnotes are removed that simply document a correction that restores the digitized text to the value in the printed text. And in one case, it called attention to a word that had been inadvertently deleted. But there are annoyances as well. Sometimes MS Word will make it appear as if a line break has been introduced where in fact none has. Also, I find it annoying that, when I hit the “undo” button in order to view the plain text, MS Word immediately jumps back to the beginning of the document, forcing me to scroll back to where I was. I’m still undecided on the usefulness of this, and would be interested to hear of anyone else’s experience with it.

I must also mention a feature of MS Word that I find unqualifiedly useful, indeed that I use on every assignment: the Custom Dictionary. This feature was originally brought to my attention by Suan Yong, and his remarks are included in the second article to follow this one. Here one again uses the Spelling and Grammar Check of MS Word, but in this case the Grammar Check is turned off. In all but two or three of my assignments, this has alerted me to inconsistent spellings of Vancian words or proper names. A few examples:

Gold and Iron: “Bornghalese” vs. “Bornghaleze”

The Green Pearl: “Alvicx” vs. “Alvicz”

Madouc: “Evadnioi” vs. “Evadnoi” and “Hadion” vs. “Haidion”

The Fox Valley Murders: “Hunsacker” vs. “Hunsaker”

The Palace of Love: “Gersen” vs. “Gerson”

This feature is not without its own irritations, of course, notably the inability to recognize possessives and plurals as variations of the base word. But its utility far outweighs the irritations, which I would classify as minor.

Finally, I’d like to address an issue that has been much discussed among proofreaders: the question of context. There is always the danger – especially in proofing the work of Jack Vance! – of being distracted from the task at hand by the text itself. Some proofers counter that by, for example, reading from back to front. The idea is appealing, but I find that I need a bit of context. Consider this sentence from *Blue World*:

Two hundred persons, of various cases, managed to disembark before the ship of space foundered in the ocean which spread unbroken around the world.

According to the website, a digitizer, a reformatter and two proofreaders processed this text before me; none of them saw anything questionable about this sentence. The first three times I read it, I didn’t either. On the fourth pass, it leaped out at me. In the context of the novel, the word “cases” should almost certainly be “castes,” which is how the various criminal classes that settled the planet are designated. Had I been reading without consciousness of the story, I’d never have spotted that. As it is, I almost didn’t anyway. (I should add that I did not actually make the change, even though I’m almost sure of it. I entered a query and left it for Textual Integrity.)

I hope that other proofreaders will find food for thought in this article, and that other readers of *Cosmopolis* will gain some insight into the work we are doing. And I want to close with a firm denial of any impression I might have given to the effect that proofreading is drudgery. It is not. Yes, it can be hard work, and I’m not going to toss aside my career as a software developer and try to hire on at Random House. But this isn’t just any proofreading: it is a way of making a more intimate acquaintance with some of the most wondrous texts of the Twentieth Century. I have learned many things about the fiction of Jack Vance from proofreading it; my appreciation for it has certainly increased. Those of you reading this who are not volunteers: consider sending mail to volunteer@vanceintegral.com and making yourself available, if only to proofread a single short story. You will not only make a contribution to this wonderful and unique project, you yourself will profit in ways that, before my own involvement, I could not have imagined.

PS: OCR Errors (Chris Corley)

In the process of proofing several *VIE* texts, a few MS Word tools and tricks have surfaced as useful in finding textual errors. The tool *Find* (*CTRL-F*, or *Edit/Find* in the top menu bar) is useful for finding errors generated by Optical Character Recognition (OCR) software. The Mentor Team have noticed several punctuation and spelling errors that seem to be common; I have compiled these into a list which I include below, along with some comments.

Each time that I proof a new work, I do a global search for each item in the list below to help eliminate punctuation errors. I should emphasize that I *never* do a global replace. Each instance of the character sequences below should be scrutinized carefully before a TEXT-QUERY or TEXT-CHANGE endnote is added; otherwise, the number of problems introduced by this process might well exceed the number eliminated.

The Spelling/Grammar tool has also proven useful, if tedious, in finding errors. I typically turn off the Grammar Checker (F7, or Tools/Spelling and Grammar in the top menu bar) before I proof a document. As a final check, though, MS Word's grammar-checking engine has proven useful in finding at least a couple of errors in most proofed texts. The problem with doing this is that it can be quite tedious, especially in long texts. It should surprise no one that Jack Vance's writing does not conform to the MS Word grammar engine's preferred style. Nevertheless, a grammar check often turns up previously undiscovered errors; it is usually good for a few laughs as well.

I emphasize that the steps outlined above are optional. They are provided merely as tools to help you in your quest for textual errors.

OCR ERROR CHECKING LIST

NOTE: Angle brackets (<, >) are used as delineators enclosing the characters for which to search.

- <' '> Consecutive single quotes normally should be a single instance of the double quote character.
- <' ?> and <?' '> When a word or sentence is quoted, the question mark should be inside the quote only if the source (i.e. what is being quoted) is interrogatory in

nature. Otherwise the quote should precede the question mark.

- <' "> This can in fact be correct, but sometimes this is generated by OCR software in place of a normal double quote.
- <' "'> Double quote followed by single quote usually should be the other way around, as in a spoken passage quoted by someone other than the original speaker.
- <"a"...<z"> Searching for these 26 patterns helps find quotations with missing punctuation, which is much more common inside spoken passages; the OCR process sees the quote but misses the comma, period, question mark, etc. In many cases it might not be obvious what punctuation is actually missing. (*Editor's note: MS Word's Find and Replace allows you to search for <'any letter'"> Look at the options on the Find and Replace pop-up under the button marked "special."*) Reference to the Preferred Text (if available) is the best course of action, and TEXT-QUERY is recommended except in cases where the correct punctuation choice is obvious enough for a TEXT-CHANGE endnote.
- <. . > "dot dot space" Finds sentences that end with two periods. It can get tedious searching on this pattern, since each ellipse instance conforms to this pattern (although some OCR software translates the ellipse into a single character entity).
- <. , > and <. , > Usually one of the two characters should be deleted.
- <1 ><1 > The capital I sometimes gets translated to either the digit one (1) or a lowercase L (l).
- <()> Open/close paren instead of O (letter) or 0 (digit)
- <' (> Incorrect rendering of T
- <arid> Incorrect rendering of <and>
- <modem> Incorrect rendering of <modern>
- <fuming> Incorrect rendering of <turning>
- <lie 's> Incorrect rendering of <he 's>
- <comers> This text string usually should be rendered <corners>; this seems to be a fairly common error.

Many other instances of <m> replacing <rn>, or replacing <h>, or <ri> for <n>, could be enumerated here; however, many of these are common words that become tedious in a global search. This just illustrates the point that there is no substitute for diligent human proofreading, which is why your work is so important.

PPS: Custom Dictionaries (Suan Yong)

I add notable words to a custom dictionary. Then, after the spell check, I can browse through the DIC file to see if there are any inconsistencies in spelling (of proper nouns and Vancian words) throughout the file – could be useful for TI or accumulating the Vance lexicon some of you have been talking about.

Directions: in the *Spelling and Grammar* window, click *Options/Dictionaries/New* and create a new DIC file (e.g. *wyst.dic*), *Save*, *OK*, and select your newly created DIC file for “Custom dictionary.”

Thereafter, when you click *Add* from the right mouse button pop-up window, the word will be added to your DIC file, which is just a plain text file listing the words in alphabetical order (so you can actually manually add words to that file before you start spell-checking).

The Subscription List

There has been some confusion surrounding the subscriber list, the pecking order, and the number of sets that will be available. Specifications are always subject to change without notice, but of course we will always try to notify everyone as soon as possible regarding any changes. This set will be a literary milestone, but it is also a substantial economic endeavor, and so we are striving to accommodate as many people as possible.

How much will the *VIE* cost?

We have a target price of \$1000 per set. This was based on preliminary estimates from the printer. It may be more and it may be less. We will obtain a much firmer commitment from the printer prior to soliciting a deposit.

The leather editions have a target price of \$3000 per set. If you are interested, please visit the *Message Board* and join in the discussion, or contact me directly at mikeb@vanceintegral.com.

How many sets will be printed?

This number kept growing as interest increased. However, due in part to contractual obligations, the upper limit is approximately 600 sets. Only numbers 1 through 200 will be signed and numbered. There will also be a leather-bound edition of no more than 26 copies, signed and lettered from A to Z.

It is important to note that we will produce only as many sets as are paid for; there will be no extras. Therefore, there may be less than 600 copies total, and most likely less than 13 leather-bound editions. No one gets a free copy, not even Mr. Vance, although a group of subscribers have decided to take up a collection to buy one for him. There will be no “publisher’s copies” or “presentation copies.” We hope that publishers will make use of *VIE* text, but the *VIE* itself have no second edition. We can hope that a “mass market” re-make of the *VIE* will eventually be made, but in all likelihood it could not be done as inexpensively as we can do ours.

When do I need to make a financial commitment?

The answer to that is: soon, probably sometime this fall. In the next few months we expect to ask for a deposit, but you will have a window of several months in which to pay. Failure to pay within this limit will only mean losing your present place on the subscriber list. We will not be asking for money before we have an accurate estimate of the final price.

Is the deposit refundable?

At this time, we do not expect to make the deposit refundable. A refundable deposit, by law, must be kept in an account for that purpose, and therefore the funds would not be available to the *VIE* to actually cover the expenses of the books we are printing.

How do I tell you what I want?

At the time we’re ready to accept deposits, I will go through the subscriber list one by one in chronological order, and give you several choices. You can then choose to order the leather edition instead (until 26 are accounted for), and drop off the main list. Or, you can choose to be added to the leather list and keep your place on the main list (paying for

both). You can choose to keep your place as before. Finally, you can choose not to pay the deposit and drop off the list.

If anyone drops out for any reason, everyone below moves up in the list. This is optional; if you happen to like your number, you can choose to sit tight.

Mike Berro

Who's Who in *VIE* Management

The *VIE* is one year old this August. And this month we also celebrate the completed digitization of Vance's work! So it is appropriate that we also celebrate the man responsible for this accomplishment.

John Anthony Schwab is a 41 year old native of Washington State, now living in Portland. He is currently finishing a Master's Degree in Geography, one of his specialties being a technique of topographical analysis which helps locate archaeological sites. He holds a set of jobs: computer consultant, web site designer, web programmer. He has had professional experience as an editor for an environmental arts magazine and as a technical writer.



John first discovered Vance at age 13 when he read *Big Planet*, and we have forced him to state that his favorite work is *The Cadwal Chronicles*. (We simply ignored the rest of his long list of favorites.) Like the rest of us, John works for the *VIE* out of gratitude to Jack, and he says that meeting him last February was a highlight of his life.

John has been present in the *VIE* from the earliest discussions last August. He was first to respond to the request for a "work-force manager," but because he expressed some dismay at the size of the job a more insouciant candidate was accepted. But John's caution was well founded; after several weeks the work had to be divided into smaller pieces and John got saddled with one of them: digitizing. It turned out to be a super-human task, greater than any of us, in our naïveté of yore, had thought. We were still using Olympian nomenclature then, and John was designated "Hercules." Given the over-abundance of "Johns" in management, though the other names have mostly fallen out of use, this one has stuck, and "Here" is still John's *VIE* moniker. Without a doubt he has lived up to it.

His first official *VIE* job was the creation of the old *VIE* "global tracking chart." It is no longer extant but it was a remarkable tool that carried us to the point where we no longer needed it. In addition to his regular management work – not to mention prodigious amounts of front line digitizing and proofing – John is also an active worker on both the TI and Composition teams, one of the rare people at work in both these exclusive clubs. Thanks to his intimate familiarity with, and great sensitivity to, Vance's work he has made important discoveries for TI. On the Composition team he is not only the resident PageMaker 6.5 expert, but has worked closely with both John Foley on many technical matters and with Paul Rhoads on both format and the *VIE* font.

John is famous for his jovial and frank bearing. All of us in management enjoy working with him; and all of us in the *VIE*, volunteers and subscribers alike, owe him a debt of gratitude. He is paying his debt to Jack with Gargantuan panache!

The Management

Notes from Readers

We have received much criticism of Amiante this month. I have made some response, and Paul Rhoads responds after the last of the letters.

From Russ Wilcox

Dear Bob,

I hasten to agree with the comments of Richard Anderson. Amiante is a poor font choice for the *VIE*.

I did print out the enclosed pages of *Trullion* to see the new font. From a distance the page looks less dense than traditional text. Taken individually the letters are spare and elongated; much like El Greco bodies they reach toward the heavens evoking an ethereal mood. I can see how some might find this Vancian, although personally I think Vance is more even-handed as he is always careful to balance intangibles against the violent, greedy reality of human nature.

Whatever the intended aesthetic, the mechanics fail when I actually start to read. The ride is a choppy one, owing to the variations in letter style as Anderson mentions, but also because of the spacing which expands and compresses (even within the same line!) and the uneven bottoms of the letters. The result I regret to say makes me seasick.

It's not pleasant to criticize the work of what are obviously a group of dedicated, thoughtful and earnest people. I salute the *VIE* team for its outstanding efforts. The compilation and revision of the texts (the improvements in punctuation described in *Cosmopolis* Volume 1 Issue 7 really whetted my appetite) is a labor that I believe will stand the test of time. But I sincerely hope you reconsider the choice to create a new font, since I can't imagine reading Amiante for pages upon pages, and the *VIE* will be quite a long read.

From John Ashmead

I was delighted to see the sample of Amiante in the latest issue of *Cosmopolis*.

I am not a professional typographer. But I do have a lot of experience in publishing (I was an assistant editor at Isaac Asimov's *SF Magazine* for several years and have published some newsletters since then).

Unfortunately, while the individual letters seem attractive esthetically, I found the text difficult and in fact unpleasant to read. I found my eye skipping over the text looking for readable patches. I would be very reluctant to attempt to read an entire book in this font.

I would suggest some attention to the kerning of the font: the letter 'i' in particular seemed too broadly spaced. I would

also suggest some attention to the weights of the italic and footnote faces: in particular the footnote felt significantly bolder than seemed just. The kerning did seem better with those.

The title page design seemed a bit fustier than I think is appropriate for Jack Vance, whose work has always struck me as timeless.

I strongly recommend that the opinions of professional typographers be solicited. As I noted, I am not a professional typographer but I have worked with a number of such and have a high respect for their judgement. The ones I have known would neither reject nor endorse a new font based on its novelty. And outside, professional judgement is generally helpful.

I would also be curious to know how other readers felt about the sample. I also suggest setting an issue of *Cosmopolis* in Amiante, to give people a longer stretch of text to react to.

Bob replies:

Further review of Amiante, including the opinions of professional typographers, is planned. In addition, we plan to set *Cosmopolis* in Amiante in the near future.

From Richard Anderson

The two-page excerpt of *Trullion* recently published in *Cosmopolis* demonstrates the design flaws that Paul Rhoads has built into his Amiante font set — a result of his confusing the concept of legibility with that of readability. Side-by-side comparisons of the text when set in AGaramond or ACaslon (using 12.7 point leading and either 9.7 point or 10 point type) will show that the latter two fonts are easier and thus more enjoyable to read than the example set in Amiante.

Given the sizable monetary expenditure that *VIE* subscribers are being asked to make, I recommend the *Trullion* typesetter perform these comparisons himself and make them available through *Cosmopolis*.

(Incidentally, he may want to modify his justification parameters; the excerpt we were given too often had an excessive amount of air placed between characters.) I also recommend the *VIE* managers invest in professional typesetting services, or at least in consultations with professionals knowledgeable with regard to the requirements

of book composition (e.g., Wilsted and Taylor, in Oakland). Enthusiasm is an admirable quality, but it is no substitute for technical expertise.

From Jeff Anderson

To the Editor of *Cosmopolis*:

I had some concerns regarding Amiante's readability when I first saw the short example in volume 1, issue 6 of *Cosmopolis*, but decided to withhold my judgement until I could read a more complete example. Unfortunately, the *Trullion* pages in the latest issue have confirmed my fears. Rather than improving readability, to my great dismay Amiante has had the opposite effect, and I personally find the characters when read as an ensemble clunky and awkward and a very unpleasant experience. Simply put: it bugs the hell out of me every time I try to read it.

Paul Rhoads has well articulated his opinions why he considers his first font design to be superior to those that have been time-tested in the publishing market. Frankly, I find his observations completely unsupported by reality. For example, he claims that 8 to 12 point font is inappropriate for Adobe Garamond. Readers can perform a simple experiment and judge for themselves. I suggest those whose children have the hard-cover American version of the Harry Potter books crack one open and skim a few lines. The font is Adobe Garamond, 12 point (per the description within the books).

Despite Mr. Rhoads' claims, I find this example an absolute joy to read.

I've subscribed to the *VIE* because I love the works of Jack Vance. He is a superlative author whose stories have given me great pleasure over many years, and the concept of the *VIE* is, without a doubt, a brilliant idea. However, I'm not plunking down a thousand bucks for a set of books published in a substandard font that's going to annoy me every time I look at it. How in the world was Amiante determined to be the optimal font for this endeavor? What metrics were involved, who made the decision, and how? Rightly or wrongly, this choice appears to me to be based more on whimsy and vanity than even the simplest, most basic market research.

As someone who has designed products for a number of different markets for many years, the testing of novel ideas

before enormous sums of money are spent tooling-up, rather than after, seems obvious. But you'd be surprised how often this step is skipped, frequently to disastrous results (and the figurative lopping off of heads of upper management). If it hasn't already been done then, at a minimum, I would recommend Amiante undergo focus group evaluation. Such testing could be as simple as, say, printing the *Trullion* example in Amiante and several other popular fonts (while matching all other parameters – font size, line spacing, etc. – as closely as possible, or perhaps slightly optimized for each). Then ask an unbiased group of readers which font they would prefer to read if an entire book was printed in that format.

And finally, if any reader would like to know my specific complaints regarding the Amiante font, or would like to skewer me (figuratively) for my criticisms, please feel free to contact me at: jeffa@ix.netcom.com.

My regards...

More from Jeff Anderson

To the Editor of *Cosmopolis*:

This letter is a follow up to my message sent last week in which I voiced my dismay at the choice of Amiante as the *VIE* font.

I have just performed a simple study in which I asked a number of co-workers to compare Amiante to four other fonts (Adobe Garamond (font size 10), Adobe Garamond 9.7, Adobe Caslon 10, Adobe Caslon 9.7). Two paragraphs of the *Trullion* text were composed in each of the four new fonts using QuarkExpress. Parameters such as line width and line spacing (number of lines per inch) were kept as close to the Amiante example as possible to minimize the number of variables changed.

The five examples were placed on a single sheet of paper (all on the same side). The fonts were identified only by number, not name. Survey respondents were asked to "please rate the 'readability' of the fonts (imagine you had to read a book printed in each of the fonts – which one(s) do you prefer, which do you dislike?)." The ranking scale was 1 (poor) to 5 (great).

Of the ten participants (I excluded myself), six are engineers (or engineering management), three are in

marketing, and one is a program manager. All are college educated; all speak English as their native language. Interestingly, roughly half had read science fiction, but none had heard of Jack Vance.

The results are contained in an Excel spreadsheet (attached). To summarize: The average scores (1 = poor, 5 = great) are:

Adobe Caslon 10:	4.0
Adobe Garamond 10:	3.8
Adobe Caslon 9.7:	3.1
Adobe Garamond 9.7:	2.65
Amiante:	2.1

The number of people who ranked a font as their first or second choice:

Adobe Caslon 10:	7
Adobe Garamond 10:	6
Adobe Garamond 9.7:	3
Adobe Caslon 9.7:	2
Amiante:	2

The number of people who ranked a font as their last choice:

Adobe Caslon 10:	0
Adobe Garamond 10:	0
Adobe Garamond 9.7:	3
Adobe Caslon 9.7:	0
Amiante:	7

(For seven of ten respondents Amiante ranked last!)

This survey was not meant to prove or disprove beyond a doubt the suitability of the Amiante font. Rather, it simply demonstrates that Amiante may not be the best choice, that further research should be done before the final font selection is made, and that such research need not be overly complex.

My best regards...

Bob replies:

First, I'd like to point out that your experience of science fiction readers who have not heard of Jack Vance is lamentable, but hardly surprising. I have lost count of the number of people I have waylaid in the science fiction section of various bookstores who haven't heard of Jack Vance.

That aside, to Amiante. Paul has a reply below to all of the critical letters, but I could not let this one pass by unscathed, as an element of Jeff's survey touches upon my professional competencies.

I should like to point out to readers that it is a common habit of pollsters to ask for a numerical rating of some attribute, such as color or flavor, and allow the respondent to reply with a number. This is not, a priori, a fault.

But, oh, a number! Once in hand, hardly anyone can resist *averaging* these responses, which is understandable, but unforgivable, and technically unacceptable. These numbers are technically *incommensurable*, that is, they are not numbers on the same *scale* of measurement. No one's feeling for "pretty good" or "4" is really equivalent to anyone else's: the act of averaging these numbers is tantamount to averaging a height in meters with a height in feet. (Please, no jokes about landing spacecraft on Mars. These sorts of *faux pas* seem to be difficult to eradicate. Further reading, however, on the topic of measurement may be found in one Norman Fenton's excellent books on software measurements.)

The best which may be done with such values is to display the responses in a histogram. Jeff, I must say, did supply me with his raw data, and one could indeed construct a histogram from it, but it's not necessary: the point which Jeff is anxious to make is clear.

I too conducted an informal poll after reading Jeff's letter. My victims were a colleague who is an engineer, and three summer students from Rice University. Now I grant you that few engineering students can read, but I wasn't interested in context. I handed each of these people a few pages of the sample from last month's *Cosmopolis*, and asked them, "what do you think of this as a book presentation?" When you read the interchanges which follow, please bear in mind that I have, from time to time, been accused of a certain flippancy of attitude. (The most wounding of such claims was made by one of my graduate professors, the occasion being my first failure during a doctoral oral examination.)

But in any event, here are the responses to my leading question:

- 1) Bob: “So, what do you think?” A: “What’s this story? It’s interesting, so far.” Bob: “Never mind that, what about the format?” A: “What about it?” Bob: “The font, damn it, the font.” Pause. A: “Uh, the font’s different.” Bob: “That’s all?” A: “Yea.” Bob: “Shut up.”
- 2) Bob: “So, what do you think?” B: “It’s a font.” Bob: “Shut up.”
- 3) Bob: “So, what do you think?” C: “I could get used to it, I guess. Why not? Why did you use this font? Why didn’t you use Arial or Times Roman?” Bob: “ARIAL??? Shut up.”
- 4) Bob: “So what do you think?” D: “It’s really difficult to read. The letters aren’t perfectly regular. I don’t like it at all.” Bob: “WHAT???” D: “Uh, I read last month’s *Cosmopolis*. Actually, I don’t care either way.” Bob: “Shut up.” – Note: this student is a double major, one major is philosophy, the other engineering. The effects on his mind should be obvious.

Well, Jeff, beats me. I rather like the font the more I look at it. Your mileage will vary.

From Andy Gilham

Amiante* and the design of the *VIE

Now we’ve seen a sample of *Amiante* in action, as it were, I’d like to contribute to the debate on the design of the *VIE*.

Firstly, let me be blunt: I don’t like the font. It too readily announces its origins as being hand-drawn, with different letters varying in weight, and with eccentric variations in heights and line alignments. Moreover, the italics and footnotes look boldface next to the body text. My personal reaction is that it is hard to read and disconcerting to behold.

I would be interested to understand the thinking behind the rest of the design; the physical size of the page, the placement of page numbers, the absence of running heads, the abundance of illustration on the title page, and so on. My small amount of reading on book design leads me to understand that there are basically two schools of thought when contemplating such a project: to aim for neutrality in design, or be allusive in design.

My initial understanding was that the design was to be neutral – that is, not indicative of any particular genre or style. However, reading Paul Rhoads’ articles, I receive the impression that the design is actually intended to be allusive of continental Europe in the nineteenth century; perhaps an incorrect impression, but the one I received. It is as if Paul not only wishes to avoid the hated “sci-fi” tag, but the “twentieth-century” tag as well! But if we are to aim for neutrality, then every departure from contemporary American norms, whether in page size or margin width, let alone choice of typeface, must be convincingly justified.

The book designer’s principal client is the reader: in the case of the *VIE*, the subscribers (whose views must be taken into account, as they are expected to contribute sizable sums of money), and the “great and good” to whom we will be donating sets with the aim of promoting Vance. My contention is that the majority of these readers, living in the twenty-first century and with twenty-first century sensibilities, will find a contemporary style more appropriate and less intrusive.

There is plenty of scope for a beautiful, genre-free design, which still acknowledges the time and place of the material’s origin.

Bob replies:

I can’t think of a more politic way to say this, but why should the subscribers’ views be taken into account in the selection of the font? What publisher takes into account the views of the readers on the matter of font? Certainly, the publisher attempts to please the reader in various ways ... he certainly wishes to sell books.

When some of Jack Vance’s stories were first published, the editors didn’t worry about the sensibilities of the readers: they didn’t really care about Jack’s wishes in many cases for that matter. These are somewhat more serious transgressions than the exact font used to present the work, I think.

Amiante was designed (by the publishers) to enhance the presentation of Jack Vance’s work. Admittedly, it seems odd or different at first glance. My personal experience is that I have grown fond of it with exposure. I hope that many of the people who have been taken aback by it will shortly begin to see the font’s charm.

Paul Rhoads responds to the Amiante letters:

Naturally I would have been gratified by more enthusiasm in letters to *Cosmopolis* concerning the *VIE* format and Amiante, on which we have labored for so long, but I thank the writers none the less. Before I address a few of the comments, I will state that format and font have received many compliments, and also that Joel Anderson, who participated so actively in the perfection of the format and the design of the Amiante font family, is an experienced font designer.

Some of the objections to Amiante are the following:

1 - It is eccentric, bizarre or otherwise unpleasant and difficult to read.

2 - Its designer is an earnest but self-satisfied amateur amusing himself at the expense of the *VIE* project.

3 - Focus groups ought to be used to test fonts for the *VIE*.

4 - The appropriate font choice for the *VIE* is a popular favorite such as Caslon or Garamond.

I have already explained my reasoning about Amiante's legibility, so I will not go back into that. We are publishing the *CLS* in Amiante, so people will indeed have a chance to spend time with it, though not in *VIE* format. Amiante may take some acclimatization, being so different from the digital Old Style fonts in vogue, but I am sure it will make converts. There is still some tweakage going on, so keen intelligences may pick up little flaws, and later versions of Amiante will have small alterations.

While criticism is not unwelcome, and we can talk things over in *Cosmopolis*, no one should nourish the illusion that the *VIE* font choice process, which was long and deliberate, will be re-opened or subject to a vote, or even to a focus group composed of engineers (shudder!). I do hope all will give Amiante the benefit of the doubt and not be stubborn about first impressions. Though Amiante apparently comes as a shock to some, I stand by my claim that it is superior to any digital Old Style font – bastard creations which accumulate a whole set of historical errors. I must also point out the following: that people happen to like these fonts proves nothing. I used to like them too, until I learned better. Also, even if the font question were to be reopened, which it will not be, we could not both appeal to professionals and use focus groups! As it happens, to say nothing of John Foley and Joel Anderson, I myself am a “professional,” if only an

artist, as anyone can verify who wishes. I was new to typography last fall, but not any more. Since Amiante I have kept on designing fonts for pleasure. Typography, of course, falls comfortably within my field; it depends on drawing and aesthetic judgement: my specialties! Be that as it may, I did not anticipate that *Cosmopolis* readers would express only displeasure; we were sure we had a hit. However, Amiante is not on display for your approval – though we would be glad to have it – but for your information.

Caslon (Adobe Caslon) and Garamond (Adobe Garamond) happen to be very recent creations, which hold only the flimsiest claims to the names they use. I will repeat: Amiante is more like Claude Garamond's fonts than Adobe Garamond - which does not prove it is more suitable for the *VIE*! However, it does show the illegitimacy of this Adobe nomenclature (we might, with greater legitimacy, call Amiante: “*VIE* Fournier” though it was not based on a Fournier font). The critics of Amiante are silent on the arguments I have offered about the problems with these fonts.

Russ Wilcox wrote: “...the letters are spare and elongated; much like El Greco bodies they reach toward the heavens evoking an ethereal mood.” The Amiante letters are narrow, as a font at small size should be, and the ascenders are only about 1/3 the x-height. In Adobe Garamond the ascenders are about equal to the x-height, as is letter width, a dramatic difference in proportion. At 10 or 12 points this makes Adobe Garamond both too wide and too high. Amiante is also darker than Adobe Garamond, so if this stumpy little font seem ethereal to Russ, I find that interesting. I think he is reacting to what I call the “nothingness” of the Amiante letters. If you compare them individually to the digital Old Style letters you will see that the latter have much more individual “character,” flashy moves, and distinctive features. The Amiante letters are deliberately bland, which in the ensemble gives a quiet and dignified effect. The generous line spacing of the format doubtlessly accounts in large part for Russ' reaction.

Andy Gilham writes: “I am (...) concerned that the look of the finished *VIE* may be self-consciously old-fashioned, and consequently ersatz. Vance is an American writer of the twentieth century.” The basic design of the *VIE* books has three elements: Andreas Irle's book design, the aesthetics of the Composition team, and my understanding of Jack's own aesthetics. Jack is attached to the style of book he knew in his youth, and the *VIE* volumes will reflect this to an extent. We

are aiming, however, at timelessness – beauty in the absolute – as best we can. Any hint of self-conscious modernity, or even self-conscious old-fashionedness, will be scrupulously avoided. Jack is a classic and this is how we will present him. We are unashamedly guided by the great books of the best periods, though we are not copying, and if the absence of a contemporary aesthetic displeases, so be it.

John Ashmead writes: “I would suggest some attention to the kerning of the font: the letter ‘i’ in particular seemed too broadly spaced.” In fact the ‘i’ was adjusted two weeks ago, and John Ashmead may now find it more to his taste. He also mentions that professionals would not be prejudiced against a novel font like Amiante. I have found this to be so, at least in the case of Joel Anderson, who has been an Amiante partisan from the start.

Jeff Anderson writes: “(Paul) claims that 8 to 12 point (...) is inappropriate for Adobe Garamond. Readers can perform a simple experiment and judge for themselves. I suggest those whose children have the hard-cover American version of the Harry Potter books crack one open and skim a few lines. The font is Adobe Garamond, 12 point ... Despite Mr. Rhoads’ claims, I find this example an absolute joy to read.” Well, tastes vary. I have seen these books, and the typography (to say nothing of the prose) makes me ill. But the test of point size appropriateness is not to read Harry Potter, it is to look at Renaissance books where Old Face fonts (which digital Old Style fonts vainly seek to imitate) are used as they were intended to be. As for Jeff’s queries about who and how these things are decided in the *VIE*, the answer is: they are decided at the top, with limited and judicious consultation. It was for John Foley (head of the Composition team, and a man with years of professional publishing experience) to accept or reject Amiante. After months of dubiousness about the project of an original, *VIE* specific font, and many objections raised against Amiante itself (with changes made in consequence), he has become an unqualified supporter. John is a deeply conservative person (as I am) and his approval was given neither swiftly nor lightly. Twelve members of upper level management were also consulted, though the decision was only John Foley’s to make. All but one (a software engineer!) endorsed the font.

As is always the case, we appreciate your comments, praise and criticism. As always, I invite all of our readers to contribute to our letters section.

Bob Lacovara, Editor of *Cosmopolis*

Bob’s Closing Comments

With these last few paragraphs, I bring the eighth issue of *Cosmopolis* to a close.

The State of the Web (from Mike Berro)

First, the bad news: the email server for “vanceintegral.com” was down for the first two weeks of August. Any email sent there was returned as “undeliverable.” I fervently hope that this did not discourage anyone from subscribing or volunteering. The rest is good news: Our new email server allows us to add various addresses to the same domain name. For example, you can now reach the editor of *Cosmopolis* at cosmopolis@vanceintegral.com and the editor-in-chief for the *VIE*, Paul Rhoads, at editor@vanceintegral.com. Of course you can continue to correspond with them using their ordinary email addresses.

The website itself is being subtly re-organized. Although it is (hopefully) transparent to visitors, some of the pages are in fact being maintained by team members other than myself. Our new gatekeeper, Deborah Cohen, has been maintaining the *Who We Are* page, while Suan Yong has been maintaining the *Subscribers* page. I’ve recently added the *Learn About Jack Vance* page, written by Paul Rhoads, to educate those visitors that might be wondering what the hullabaloo is all about.

The *Message Board* continues to be the forum of choice for discussions and questions about the *VIE*. Topics include the possible alternate titles for stories (since some were chosen by editors over Vance’s objections), the contents of the “appendix” volume, the format of the books, suggestions for publicity, and much more. Please join in!

The anniversary of the *VIE*

The *VIE* is a year old this month. It’s hard to believe what has been done in that year. In my case, my involvement began with this e-mail to Mike Berro:

Mike,

I've a more-than-passing interest in Vance's work. Perhaps I could buy an Edition myself, if the cost were spread out somebon. Or perhaps there's some effort I might contribute to assist the project.

I can scan/prepare a text, I suppose. I have access to a scanner and ocr software: I've done a bit of proofreading in my time.

What do you need most desperately?

Bob

I think that it's safe to report that although much work remains to be done, we are not desperate in the least.

Change of Watch

With this issue of *Cosmopolis* I step down as Editor-in-Chief. The next issue will be edited by Deborah Cohen with my advice and assistance, at least for the transition issue, in production matters. Subsequent issues will be her "baby" entirely. I sincerely hope that she enjoys *Cosmopolis* as much as I have.

I'd like to express my appreciation to my proofing staff: Chris Corley, Joel Hedlund, Steve Sherman, Tim Stretton, and Patrick Dusoulier. Without their time, effort, and advice *Cosmopolis* would not have even a fraction of the quality it has today.

In Months to Come

Although it is Deborah's call, there are several interesting articles in the pipeline.

There will be an article on my visit with Vance fans Hideyuke and Momoe Kanazawa at their home in Tokyo.

Gardner Dozois, the noted editor and anthologist, has granted permission to reproduce some of his anthology essays and introductions pertaining to Jack Vance. Mr. Dozois' comments are most interesting reading.

Have you ever wanted to build your own Sandblast Cannon? Learn how: I explain the physics and capabilities of a weapon which accelerates sand to relativistic speeds.

VIE & Cosmopolis Staff

The VIE Web Page

www.vanceintegral.com

R. C. Lacovara, Editor of *Cosmopolis*

Lacovara@infohwy.com

Christian J. Corley, Assistant Editor, *Cosmopolis*

cjc@vignette.com

Paul Rhoads, Editor-in-Chief of the VIE

prhoads@club-internet.fr

John Robinson, Publicity Coordinator

johnange@ix.netcom.com

Deborah Cohen, Volunteer Coordinator

volunteer@vanceintegral.com

Team Leaders:

John Foley, Composition

johnfoley@lucent.com

Alun Hughes, Textual Integrity

a.hughes@newi.ac.uk

John Schwab, Digitization

jschwab@uswest.net

Tim Stretton, Proofing Text Entry

tim.stretton@bigfoot.com

The Fine Print

Letters to the Editor

Letters to *Cosmopolis* may be published in whole or in part, with or without attribution, at the discretion of *Cosmopolis*. Send your e-mail to Bob Lacovara, with indication that you'd like your comments published.

Deadlines for Publication

Deadlines for any particular issue for VIE-related articles are the 21st of the month, but for short story inclusion I must have your copy by the 14th. If you have any questions about publishing your story in *Cosmopolis*, drop me an e-mail.

Cosmopolis Delivery Options

There are two delivery schemes for *Cosmopolis* readers. Those of you who do not wish to have *Cosmopolis* arrive as an e-mail attachment may request "notification" only. When a new issue of *Cosmopolis* is ready for distribution, an HTML version is prepared for our web site, and it may be viewed there.

A PDF version of *Cosmopolis*, identical to that distributed via e-mail, is also available at that site.

Publication Information

For reprint information, address Bob Lacovara.

Cosmopolis is assembled, edited and transferred across the Gaean Reach from Houston, Texas, United States of America, Sol III.

Cosmopolis is delivered as an Adobe® Acrobat® PDF file. If you wish to have the most current version of the free Acrobat reader, follow this link:



<http://www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep.html>

Cosmopolis is a publication of *The Vance Integral Edition*, Inc. All rights reserved. © 2000.