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## VIE UP-DATE

While the VIE site remains an linkless stump, *Foreverness*—that rich archive, and promotional space for VIE project progeny such as TOTALITY, EXTANT and the paperback VIE book facsimiles published by *Editions Andreas Irle* (in cooperation with the Vances)—fails to appear on the crucial first page of a ‘Jack Vance’ Google search, or even the second and third. Consequent lack of exposure for EAI in particular is unfortunate because it is intended not only to make Vance’s work available but to generate income for him. Though not a money question, it seems shameful to me that the unique honor conferred upon Vance’s work by 300 Vance readers, in a 6 year volunteer effort, is receiving this negligent treatment at the hands of the VIE board.

The antecedents of this situation are exposed in EXTANT 15. To resume; a certain individual contends that one issue\* among the VIE mensual publications hosted by FOREVERNESS—one among 81†—exposes the host of *Foreverness*, and the hosts of any sites linking to *Foreverness*, to a law suit for defamation from Alexander Feht or Bruce Yurgil. The grotesque nature of this maneuver is not in the contrast of how vast stocks of ‘legitimate Vance material’ is swept aside for the sake of one speck of alleged ‘non-Vance related defamatory material’, but its laughable dishonesty. It is the support of Ed Winskill, VIE board member, for this contention—made by a person at best peripherally

\* i.e. EXTANT 13. The individual in question threatened to sue the VIE on the ground that the VIE site hosted EXTANT. This threat was based on content in EXTANT 12. This content (4 words) was removed in a gesture of good will, and because certain stomachs fluttered at any mention of ‘legal entanglements’. Given, however, that the individual has himself republished what he calls a ‘damaging’ statement 12 times on his own web site, his hysteria about these 4 words may be dismissed. As for who is defaming whom, and who is doing damage, that should be clear to all men of good will.

† 63 issues of COSMOPOLIS and 18 of EXTANT.

connected to the VIE project—that this situation prevails. Ed Winskill’s anti-FOREVERNESS position has been followed by the board since the creation of FOREVERNESS over 6 months ago. During this time, no doubt to the amazement of everyone, neither Feht nor Yurgil has launched a single law suit. Not only have they failed to attack any of the many sites which choose to link to FOREVERNESS (including *Wikipedia* and *Editions Andreas Irle*) but they have not even attacked FOREVERNESS itself.\* And yet both Feht and Yurgil (to mention only them) have been menacing the VIE project and certain VIE managers with lawsuits since 2000, but never once have they, or anyone else, acted on such threats—which, to say nothing of their obvious malevolence, are notoriously fantastical tissues of sheer bravado. Meanwhile neither Feht nor Yurgil, despite their dedicated anti-VIE Internet forum, have not so much as mentioned EXTANT 13,



PREPARATORY DRAWING FOR  
 THE WORLD-THINKER, VIE VOLUME 2 FRONTISPIECE.

\* To say nothing of how EXTANT 13, rather than creating any liability, proves that no such liability exists—the article in question was written expressly to refute noisy public accusation that any actionable defamation had ever occurred.

or even the alleged ‘defamations’ about which Ed Winskill pretends such concern—which, in any case, defamatory or not, occurred no less than 4 years ago. Further; the reason I, personally, have not pursued a law suit against Feht or Yurgil for slander against myself is not simply because I can not afford to do so, but mainly because I refuse to burden myself with such time-consuming and expensive foolishness. This, however, does not mean I lack good grounds, or that I am unwilling to act where the investment of time and energy is reasonable. Alexander Feht has been constrained to make several public apologies. Bruce Yurgil, under pressure, has removed slanderous statements from his ‘Gaeen Reach’, provoked the resignation of a COSMOPOLIS editor by reason of publication of a slanderous letter and, several years ago, under constant pressure, abandoned direct attack on the VIE or its managers.

I served with Ed Winskill on the VIE board from 2000 to 2005. During that time he took no action, and even refused to take action, when the VIE, or certain of its managers, were subjected to campaigns of public slander by Feht, Yurgil, or other persons, prejudicial to the tranquil management of the project. These campaigns were not only ad hominem but included accusations such as that COSMOPOLIS published anti-Semitic articles, that Vance’s texts were being rewritten by the VIE under Vatican tutelage, or that VIE managers were using bribery and intimidation to handle VIE volunteers and control the Vance family. It was only when the individual in question, above, made his spurious, and probably defamatory claims, against myself that Winskill chose to act, and then only against the interests of the VIE. Winskill, like the individual in question, is a lawyer. Both are licensed by the WASHINGTON STATE BAR ASSOCIATION. As suggested in a previous issue of EXTANT, the present and uncharacteristic quiescence of individual in question is not without explanation. I hope the VIE board will quickly see fit to provide a prominent link to Foreverness or simply to replace the currently infertile VIE site with FOREVERNESS, which is designed specifically as a post project resource. Depending on how this situation evolves Winskill’s implication in these matters may be brought to the attention of the appropriate interlocutors.



## ECHOES IN THE ETHER

Vance aficionado David B. Williams, recently and for the first time having read those early Vance classics, *The World-Thinker* and *Chateau D’If*, posted remarks on the VanceBBS some of which I copy here:

“I suppose”, wrote Williams, “[*The World-Thinker*] was adequate for the pulp SF scene of 1945. The dialogue is banal, the plot hard to detect. The only neat twist is the subterfuge of Isabel May, the fugitive, revealed as the Gahadion girl Jiro, whom Lanark rescues from the raft, rather than the high priestess who claims to be Isabel May. But that raises the question of what Jiro/Isabel was doing on the raft when Lanark arrived, if she was not indeed an escaped slave girl. Oh well. I believe that this story attracted attention to Vance

for its fantastic imagery—the black pyramids erupting from the ground and piercing the sky, the sun turning into a segmented white slug, etc.

“I was struck by the lack of affect in both stories. Lanark meets the gigantic, telepathic alien Laoome and hardly reacts to this astounding encounter, he just gets on with his mission. Likewise in *Chateau*, Roland Mario regains consciousness in the body of another man [. . .] but only seems a little puzzled and then mildly upset by the loss of his own strong young body.



COUNTER PROOF FOR THE WORLD-THINKER ETCHING.

“There are many places in both stories where a few more sentences would have enhanced the presentation. Both seem to be condensed versions of tales that could have used more development. In fact, I would call *Chateau d’If* the outline for a good novel. Transferring a personality from one body to another raises all kinds of dramatically rich situations—which Vance deals with in a few paragraphs that could have been full chapters. (I even wonder whether he might have written a longer story but cut it down when the editor offered to buy a shorter version.)”

Last month I began a reply to Williams’ essay on plot—*Beginnings and Endings: from Big Planet to Lurulu* (see EXTANT

16, page 16)—but could only duplicate previous remarks (see, for example, *How to Praise Lurulu*, COSMOPOLIS #57, p8 ). However, like Williams, I too have recently and for the first time read some classics. This positions me to quote a better man than myself on the subject. But that man's point—I hope—is what mine has always been: that true criticism is not about stuffing a thing into pre-established slots, but fresh, innocent reaction, and mature, wide reflection upon what a thing is—for great works are always surprising.

As for this master's style and manner; the pre-ordained slots, mentioned above, would very quickly deform them out of all recognition.

. . . I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing,—as I would do to a connoisseur in painting, etc., etc., the whole set of 'em are so hung round and befetished with the bobs and trinkets of criticism,—or to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have fetched it as far as from the coast of Guiney;—their heads, Sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses,

and have that eternal propensity to apply them upon all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than stand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

—And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?— Oh, against all rule, my Lord,—most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus,—stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—but in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?

—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my

Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses. etc., my Lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at— upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand contour of Angelo.—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour—give me—I ask no more, but one stroke of native humour, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it—and send Mercury, with the rules and compasses, if he can be spared, with my compliments to—no matter.

From *Tristram Shandy*, by Laurence Stern,  
book III, chapter 12

While we are on the subject, or as we slip off it, Vance readers may be amused by the following passages from the same supernally comic pen:



FRONTICE PIECE ETCHING: VIE VOLUME 2

—Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have con founded the most *physical précieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine—

From: *A Sentimental Journey*

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: [. . .]

*Ibid.*

As for Stern's spelling and punctuation, to say nothing of his sentence structure; oh, the fine time we would have had with them in TI!

(called 'v-texts') were identified by six letter codes, and developed in a multi-stage process from 'raw' files to 'cor' (or 'corrected') files. The raw and cor files went through various 'v' numbers, typically raw-v1 and raw-v2, for initial digitization and Pre-Proofing, and then various 'cor' versions, corresponding to Double Digitization and Textual Integrity work. Once ready for 'board review' the text went into a 'b' series (cor-b1, cor-b2, etc.) and, when cleared for composition, was designated 'cor-bf' ('correct, board final').

At the time *Mazirian the Magician* was in the works VIE processes were not yet as stable as they later became; evidence of this will be visible in *maziri-cor-bf* to those familiar with VIE processes. I have removed a few notes of little interest, such as several of those relating to the spelling of 'marvellous', which, until towards the end of the project, was standardized per Vance's preference.

VIE textual work was performed in Microsoft Word, using the end-note feature of that program, which I have transformed into footnotes for EXTANT. V-text's also used colored highlights to help identify editorial issue, which has been eliminated here. Every statement in these notes, per TI procedures, required a signature, with sign-in and sign-out, where volunteers typically identify themselves by number only, though initials tended to be used for board-review. Certain issues were discussed outside the document, such as the spelling of 'mold' and 'mould'; this issue, and others, as will be clear, was the subject of internal debate as well as 'conversations with Oakland'—meaning phone or e-mail communication with Jack and Norma Vance.

## VIE ARCHIVES

Despite COSMOPOLIS, the VIE site in its day, and now *Foreverness*—which publishes material from VIE volume 44, there are many project related documents of interest which have never been published. This issue presents 3 such documents from 2001 and, assuming EXTANT persists I hope to publish more, as time goes by.

The first is called *Lessons Learned*. It was created by Bob Lacovara after the publication of the Gift Volume (*Coup de Grâce and Other Stories*, see COSMOPOLIS #17) to formalize the profit of our first production experience. The issue of flexible covers, as will be seen, was not yet resolved here; see COSMOPOLIS 27, page 6, for the dénouement of that issue. The participants are designated by VIE volunteer numbers: 002=Bob Lacovara; 025=Joel Andersen; 038=Paul Rhoads; 161=Steve Sherman.

The second and third documents regard VIE editorial work on *Mazirian the Magician* (a.k.a. *The Dying Earth*). First is Tim Stretton's 'TI Narrative', a document summarizing the publication and editorial history, as well as explaining the main and main issues of a given text. Next is the substance\* of that key document known as *miziri-cor-bf*. VIE texts

\* I have removed all the text except for sentences containing editorial issues.

## LESSONS LEARNED

### ISSUE 002:

#### INADEQUATE LINE-FIT MONKEYING.

When fitting type into justified lines (inserting manual hyphenation, adjusting laxness or tightness of the spacing, manipulating these in order to avoid widows and orphans), there comes a point at which the composer declares, "Good enough for who it's for". There are passages in the GV that should have been better done...I can't find a grotesque example right now, but they're there. The GV\* is as good or better in this regard as are a large majority of good books printed, but not as good as others or as it could have been.

### ACTION 002:

More time should be spent on finessing. The transfer of our activities to modern, more sophisticated page layout software and increasing compositional experience should make better looking pages possible.

### COMMENT 025:

Agreed.

### COMMENT 038:

Such problems are caused by the way PageMaker or Quark handle given lines of text. All future VIE texts will have final out-put from InDesign, which is apparently better in this regard. But fear not, it will not be perfect.

\*GV = gift volume.

ISSUE 002:

FINAL TEXT FILES THAT ARE NOT ACTUALLY FINAL.

This has to be mentioned, although *hopefully* it should not be an issue with the 'real' TI-passed VIE files; only one GV story had been through TI as I remember. Otherwise things were changed many times after everything had been typeset, PDF'd and sent to the printer, changed and sent again, and then again. There was a lot of avoidable stress and wasted effort which I believe would derail the project if made necessary again. Uncharacteristically by American standards the people at Sfera were very tolerant of us, but they made it clear that this kind of practice would not be acceptable in the future.

ACTION 002:

I think we've learned our lesson, or at least I have, with the GV experience. Everyone who has proofing authority of any kind should declare their satisfaction that a text is correct and finished before it goes near composition, so that the only changes after typesetting concern decisions and errors made during composition. There's no reason we can't behave as professionals—collectively we have the experience from one source or another—and have press-ready files after CRT and PP. (I suggest that the front matter and covers, which aren't available until late in the process but contain little text, undergo their own expedited proofing.) The only things necessary to achieve this is that we employ a little foresight and discipline, and that we pass on our experience to those in the project who don't have it first hand.

COMMENT 025:

This is a bad situation, and cannot continue. It will be impossible to produce the VIE set if we go about it as we did on the GVs. It is imperative that files be "released" to Sfera via a formal process. In *Moon Moth* in the GV, the compositor touched the text and introduced an error, undetected because there was no review. The *Introduction* was riddled with typos, and apparently still has some: again, inadequate review. *Recommend* that our file flow be changed to reflect a final sacred release.

COMMENT 038:

We did the GV to gain experience. Also, since most of the texts were not out of TI, there was a certain amount of shuffling that will not, structurally, take place for our future publications. 002 wrote: 'the people at Sfera were very tolerant of us, but they made it is clear that this kind of practice would not be acceptable in the future.' This was not my impression. Stefania was very patient and made no ultimatums. Naturally we want to do better in the future, but our relations with Sfera remain, as they were throughout the GV process, excellent. I am not trying to dampen enthusiasm to improve our procedures, but there is no point in making the picture darker than the reality.

ISSUE 038: PRINT DENSITY

Printer did not use enough toner so font was reproduced poorly. I did not check final blues of GV, but had them sent to Andreas because I was concentrated on the proofing aspect and he is more skillful at this than I. I was aware of the problem, and had communicated with Stefania about it, and

assumed, wrongly, that it had been attended to.

ACTION 038:

Work more closely with Stefania.

I have already re-discussed this issue with her, and she is now fully aware of it. She will send me new samples. I must personally check final blues, and perhaps even be present in Milan when printing, particularly of set volumes, occurs.

COMMENT 025:

Issue is understood and closed. Other comments are still welcome.

COMMENT 038:

Stefania and Joel have been in contact recently about this issue, which seems to have been caused by a wrong driver.

ISSUE 038:

OCCASIONAL STAMPING PROBLEMS WHERE PAPER OVER-LAPS LEATHER ON READERS.

ACTION 038:

1 - Redesign cover to avoid stamping on overlap.

2 - Apropos Deluxe edition: Redesign cover to avoid lines that are too fine.

The GV covers were never intended to be the final VIE covers. With the LofP/DM book (to be published in late winter and which may be designated the 'L/D edition' unless someone has a better term) I will create new designs closer to the final VIE covers. There will be a simpler front cover for the Readers, and a both more elaborate and more individual design for the Deluxe, both front and back, which will use a 3 color motif, probably gold, black and green.

Comment 025:

Stamping. We need to stop stamping on the overlap. It will produce waste books.

Fine lines in design. Paul understands the issue, he'll correct it.

COMMENT 002:

This issue is understood and closed. Comments still welcome.

ISSUE 038:

LAI'D 'TOBACCO' PAPER STAINS FROM FINGER GREASE?

ACTION 038:

Any cover material has draw-backs, and dirties or deteriorates in ways specific to itself. My researches convince me that no cover is more robust, both mechanically and with regards to the accumulated effect of grease and dirt, than dark laid paper glued to thin board.

COMMENT 025:

Stains on cover. The RGV covers get dirty and discolored very easily. It needs a darker paper, or a different surface, or cloth. The present covers are not great.

COMMENT 038:

Reaction to the covers has been overwhelmingly positive. I don't understand [25's comment]. Darker paper would be too dark. Cloth will not hold up as well over time, or be as pleasant in the hand. It will make the books more 'standard' and therefore less remarkable, which will weaken the VIE message.

#### ISSUE 038: READER'S FLEXIBLE COVER 'TOO THIN'?

##### ACTION 038:

The 'flexible' cover has met with much approval, but some doubts as well. It is admittedly unorthodox, but I am encouraged by the majoritarilly positive reactions, and feel vindicated in my original intention. It achieves the purpose intended: it is an ideal "readers" solution, it has all the robustness of a hardcover, and all the convenience and comfort of a paperback. It is durable and 'user friendly'. However, some people would simply prefer a more traditional "hardcover". Of course they can choose the Deluxe, and I am not interested in abandoning this aspect of the original VIE conception, which has proved to be successful. But the point has also been made that these covers are too atypical for library use, and thus perhaps library acceptance (re libraries, this question has not been addressed for a long time, and perhaps even dropped in the minds of many, but Russ has made some important points about it, and we need to readdress the question). It would not be not very much extra work for us to produce a 'library version', which would be the same as the readers but with thicker board in the covers. This would cost no more (or only pennies) than the Readers, and impose only some extra sorting when we send out books. If we do launch a 'library version', which I am not against, I would say that individual subscribers should be charged a premium for it, to both compensate our extra effort and guarantee that the standard Reader's remains the basic main format. This premium could be, say, \$500 or \$600.

##### COMMENT 025:

*Cover stiffness.* Our "flexible" cover isn't flexible at all. If you flex it, it will crease. I don't care whether or not the cover is flexible, and it's not clear that it's an issue, either. As to a "library edition": I'm not in favor of another version at this time. I have to be convinced. I don't care to have a cafeteria menu of covers, either. I think the RGV cover is ok but for the color and tendency to stain. (As to library donations, this is a separate issue, unrelated to the Gift Volume. For the record, I think we should get the Allen people to simply buy 50 sets, and we'll ship where ever they like.)

#### ISSUE 161: TYPOS IN INTRODUCTION

As has been noted on the VIE message board, there were a number of typos in Paul's introductory article.

##### ACTION 161:

Put the same effort into proofreading supplementary material that we put into the vtexts.

##### COMMENT 025:

No material which we publish should get less proofreading than the rest of the book. This includes introductions etc. We need a change to the flow of textual material handbook.



## MAZIRIAN THE MAGICIAN

### ESTABLISHING THE COPY TEXT

#### Introduction

The file finally submitted for TI Board Review will contain fewer than 50 TI propositions, compared with *Wyst* and the *Lyonesse* books, which run to several hundred each. The reasons for this are two-fold:

Lack of external evidence

Choice of copy text

The first of these needs little explanation. *Mazirian* is the first TI job which has no external evidence on which to make changes; there is no manuscript from which to restore Jack's 'final intention'. Given the essentially conservative nature of the TI process, where changes are only made on the basis of solid evidence, this removes the major basis on which changes to the vtext might be made. I would expect this pattern to continue for those other works where external evidence is lacking.

The choice of copy text is a little more complex, and my reasons are set out below.

#### CHOICE OF COPY TEXT

The vtext [here defined as originally digitized source: pwr] was the Grafton 1986 UK paperback, a widely available edition but one which, given Jack's reluctance to revise his work, is unlikely to represent fully his artistic intent. The differences between Grafton and earlier editions became manifest during the double-digitisation process. This process revealed that Lancer (the DD source) and Grafton differed in numerous, normally fairly minor, ways; and that Lancer was a degraded copy of the original 1950 Hillman paperback. Detailed scrutiny of the textual differences led me to believe that the Hillman/Lancer stem was a more faithful representation of Jack's intentions than Grafton; as I result I decided to bring the vtext into conformity with the Hillman edition, which was done as cor-v1.

The result of this was naturally to reduce the number of TI endnotes, since had the Grafton remained as the preferred text, each reversion to Hillman would have required endnoting. It will therefore be necessary for the TI reviewers to satisfy themselves that Hillman is indeed the correct choice of copy text. Maziri-raw-v4 documents all the differences between the texts and I recommend the reviewer to study the differences between the editions using the endnotes to validate my conclusions. I adduce one further piece of evidence below:

Hillman has the first two stories in counter-chronological order, the only edition to do so. I raised this with Norma who said:

[Jack] *had written Mazirian the Magician first and Turjan of Miir second, even though chronologically MM follows TM. He had been annoyed that Lancer had published chronologically instead of in the order in which he wrote the stories. Hillman, the first publisher, had done it right.*

The question of ‘Guyal of Sferē’ requires special consideration. In this case we do have ms evidence – extensive revisions by Jack for the 1968 Macmillan *Eight Fantasms and Magics* collection. These revisions significantly alter the character of the story, making it leaner, sparer, less emotional. In my view to include this revised version with the other five stories would cause a discongruity. My recommendation is that the 1968 should be published separately, while allowing the original to stand in the *Mazirian the Magician* volume.

Tim Stretton, 1 August 2001



## MAZIRI-COR-BF.DOC

Mazirian the Magician<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> VTEXT Mazirian The Magician – Grafton edition 1986

SIGN-ON Richard Behrens, 310, Phase 1 Proofreading, Maziri-raw-v1.doc, 15 April 2000

COMMENT 310; I have left the green highlighted text untouched. There are notes corresponding to these texts by the Text Entry Specialist in the BIS file called MIZIRI-RAW-V2.BIS.

SIGN-ON Tim Stretton, 45, monkeying, maziri-raw-v3.doc, 29 March 2001  
COMMENT Unclear about what’s happened to the v-numbers here!

COMMENT I have effectively conducted a parallel read against the Hillman edition as part of this exercise. While the text has been brought into conformity with Grafton, differences from Hillman have been noted. The cumulative effect of this exercise has been to convince me that Hillman is a more reliable source than Grafton; the changes made by the latter have nearly always given the text a less “Vancean” flavour. Since we have no reason to believe there were authorial revisions subsequent to Hillman (other than for *Eight Fantasms and Magics*), this is only to be expected.

SAVE maziri-raw-v4, 6 April 2001

SIGN-ON Tim Stretton, 45, text conversion, maziri-raw-v5.doc, 5 June 2001

COMMENT After a preliminary assessment of the texts, I have decided to bring the v-text into conformity with Hillman edition since this clearly has greater TI value. Raw-v4 remains a fully-DD’d version of the Grafton edition.

SAVE Tim Stretton, 5 June 2001

SIGN-ON Tim Stretton, 45, TI, maziri-raw-v5, 8 June 2001

COMMENT First pass through the text to remove merit free-endnotes, with a tremendous reduction in noise.

SAVE maziri-cor-v1, 11 June 2001

SIGN-ON Tim Stretton, 45, TI, maziri-cor-v1, 8 July 2001

COMMENT This phase of the project proposes changes to the v-text. Note that I have left ‘Turjan of Miir’ as the first story, rather than ‘Mazirian the Magician’, which would have been the case had implemented Hillman. Norma will need to be consulted as to the correct running order.

SUBSEQUENT NOTE: Norma has confirmed unequivocally that ‘Mazirian the Magician’ should be the first story. See evidence document for details.

IMP <reverse first two chapters>

This is the first TI job I have undertaken in the absence of external evidence; I anticipate few changes from the Hillman given the presumption of no change without good evidence.

SAVE maziri-cor-v2, 2 August 2001

The entire expanse of tender herbiage<sup>2</sup> lay before him.

He plunged deep through the Lake of Dreams, and as he stood on the bottom, his lungs at ease by virtue of the charm, he marvelled<sup>3</sup> at the fey place he had come upon.

Pandelume, who knows all the spells, all the incantations, cantraps, runes, and thaumaturgies that have ever wrenched and molded<sup>4</sup> space . . .”

Turjan watched her disappear through the shafts of jewel colors, then went in the direction she had indicated. Soon he came to a long low manse of red stone backed by dark trees. As he approached the door swung open<sup>5</sup>. Turjan halted in mid-stride.

Pandelume’s voice was amused. “I, too,” he replied, “have vats where I mold<sup>6</sup> life into varied forms.

“*Your*<sup>7</sup> body, Turjan!” cried the Prince, babbling the spell.

SIGN-ON 38/161; Board Review, Paul Rhoads and Steve Sherman  
SAVE 38/161; maziri-cor-bl.doc, 8 August 2001.

SIGN-ON Donna Adams, 1, Implementation, maziri-cor-bl, 14 August 2001.

SAVE, Donna Adams, 1, maziri-cor-001.doc, 14 August 2001.

SIGN-ON Mike Dennison, 10, imp, maziri-cor-bl.doc, 16 August 2001

SAVE maziri-cor-bl-10imp.doc, 16 August 2001

SIGN-ON 412; Damien Jones, Implementation Merge; 16 August 2001

My little imps missed the note to swap the first two chapters. Disappointment weighs heavily on my heart, as now I will have to level indenture points.

SAVE 412; maziri-cor-b2.doc, 16 August 2001

<sup>2</sup> TI-ISSUE 45; herbiage/herbage

COMMENT The former does not appear in my Shorter Oxford English Dictionary (SOED) but has the feel of neologism rather than typo.

RECOMMEND: Stet

pwr-? but prefer stet.

SJS: Also prefer stet. I think it’s analogous to ‘verbiage’ and I think it’s wonderful.

IMP: stet

<sup>3</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; marveled/marvelled

COMMENT 45; by well-established precedent

pwr-right; II

IMP: marvelled

<sup>4</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; molded/moulded

by analogy: JV consistently prefers ‘mouldered’ to ‘moldered’

pwr-molded

IMP: stet

<sup>5</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; As he approached the door swung open/As he approached, the door swung open.

The additional comma is necessary to avoid confusion: otherwise we read ‘as he approached the door’ and have to backtrack.

pwr-no

IMP: stet

<sup>6</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; molded/moulded

by analogy: JV consistently prefers ‘mouldered’ to ‘moldered’

pwr-mold

IMP: stet

<sup>7</sup> TI-FORMATTING 161; Italics for emphasis. TI recommendation for Composition: remove.

The innocent Floriel wandered by and T'sais, exclaiming "Green-eyed woman—your aspect horrifies me, it is death for you!"<sup>8</sup> cut her down as she had the flowers in her path.

He abandoned all else to teach T'sain, and she learned with marvellous<sup>9</sup> speed.

T'sain loved to swim in the river, and sometimes Turjan came down to splash her and toss rocks in the water while he dreamed.<sup>10</sup> Against T'sais he had warned her, and she had promised to be wary.

It was a sight to excite the brain: the beautiful twins, wearing the same white waist-high breeches,<sup>11</sup> with the same intense eyes and careless hair, the same slim pale bodies, the one wearing on her face hate for every atom of the universe, the other a gay exuberance.

"You do wrong by existing, and you offend me by coming to mock my own hideous mold<sup>12</sup>."

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<sup>8</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; "Green-eyed woman—your aspect horrifies me, it is death for you!" / "Green-eyed woman—your aspect horrifies me. It is death for you!"

JV rarely if ever uses a comma to separate run-on clauses in this way. A period is probably the answer although either colon or semi-colon might suit.

pwr-leave comma. This contributes to the urgency of the speech. Note also the absence of comma before the speech, and the non capitalized word before it. This is part of Jack's artistic usage.

IMP: stet

<sup>9</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; marvelous/marvellous

Although one 'l' is used with only one exception in this text, the British version has been explicitly preferred by Norma/Jack in previous discussions. pwr-mavellous. Jack specifically prefers this.

IMP: marvellous

<sup>10</sup> TI-ISSUE 45; T'sain loved to swim in the river, and sometimes Turjan came down to splash her and toss rocks in the water while he dreamed. / T'sain loved to swim in the river, and sometimes Turjan came down to splash her and toss rocks in the water while she dreamed.

Who is dreaming here? I think it's more likely to be Turjan than T'sain, although both are arguable. . .

RECOMMENDATION: Stet

pwr-stet

IMP: stet

<sup>11</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; It was a sight to excite the brain, the beautiful twins, wearing the same white waist-high breeches / It was a sight to excite the brain; the beautiful twins, wearing the same white waist-high breeches

JV doesn't normally string sentences together with a succession of commas in this way. Both the rhythm and the content of the sentence require a heavier piece of punctuation after <brain>

PWR-ok ,/;

SJS: I agree with Tim's argument, but I think a colon is more Vancean than a semicolon.

PWR (email of 7 Aug 2001): OK

IMP: colon following brain (instead of comma).

<sup>12</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; mold/mould

COMMENT 45; by analogy with 'moulder' where JV's preference is known

And in spite of my craft I erred, so that when you climbed from the vat, I found that I had molded<sup>13</sup> a flaw into your brain; that you saw ugliness in beauty, evil in good.

T'sais watched without comprehension. The three were equally vile, of sticky blood, red pulp, inner filth. Liane seemed slightly less ignoble—he was the most agile, the most elegant. And T'sais watched with little interest.<sup>14</sup>

I know of two only who are strong enough to make a mold<sup>15</sup> of the past.

And this race of honest men assembled in the temple, and all flung a mighty prayer, a worshipful invocation, and, so legend has it, a god molded<sup>16</sup> by the will of this people was brought into being, and he was of their attributes, a divinity of utter justice.

"My brain is whole!—*I see the world!*"<sup>17</sup>

Liane is feared by those who fear fear<sup>18</sup>, loved by those who love love. And you—" his eyes swam the golden glory of her body"—you are ripe as a sweet fruit, you are eager, you glisten and tremble with love.

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<sup>13</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; molded/moulded

COMMENT 45; By analogy with the well-established "moulder". JV appears to prefer the UK spelling.

pwr-mold

IMP: stet

<sup>14</sup>TI-ISSUE 45; T'sais watched without comprehension. The three were equally vile, of sticky blood, red pulp, inner filth. Liane seemed slightly less ignoble—he was the most agile, the most elegant. And T'sais watched with little interest. / T'sais watched without comprehension. The three were equally vile, of sticky blood, red pulp, inner filth. Liane seemed slightly less ignoble—he was the most agile, the most elegant. And T'sais watched with a little interest.

COMMENT 45; The paragraph seems to be explaining that, while T'sais finds the whole episode disgusting, Liane almost excites her curiosity. If she shows a 'a little interest' this suggests grudging attention; while 'little interest' suggests none at all.

pwr-a difficult one. I favor stet. she watched with little (or indeed Tim's no) interest, but she watched.

IMP: stet

<sup>15</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; mold/mould

COMMENT 45; by analogy with 'moulder'

IMP: stet

<sup>16</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; molded/moulded

COMMENT 45; by analogy with 'moulder'

IMP: stet

<sup>17</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; *I see the world!* / I see the world!

COMMENT 45; this is an example where italics are used solely for emphasis and are not necessary for meaning. In such an early work there is circumstantial evidence that these are either the work of editors, or an approach JV would now repudiate. Recommend removal.

pwr-right

TI-FORMATTING: Recommendation to Composition: remove italics

<sup>18</sup> TEXT-CHANGE 38; fear/fear fear ; per Pocket

IMP: fear fear



"Very well then,"<sup>19</sup> he said blandly.

Two steps forward, thrust—*thus*<sup>20</sup>!" He lunged. "And souls go thrilling up like bubbles in a beaker of mead."

He sat back, frowning. "What then<sup>21</sup>?"

He turned his watery blue gaze back to Liane. "Return,<sup>22</sup> young man, return—lest your body lie here in its green cloak to rot on the flagstones."

He strode past the broken obelisk into a wide court<sup>23</sup>—the Place of Whispers.

When intelligence and good will restore order to the city; or when blood and steel teaches the folly of bridled credulity and passion, and all but the toughest dead:—<sup>24</sup> then shall these tablets be read.

Branches and boughs knit patterns on the fading purple over him; the air smelt of moss and dank mould.<sup>25</sup>

The building had a high facade, broken by four large windows, each of which had its two blinds of patined<sup>26</sup> bronze filigree, and each overlooked a small balcony.

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<sup>19</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; "Very well, then;"/ "Very well then,"

COMMENT 45; from the precedent of 'well then', where JV's preference is clear.

IMP: remove comma

<sup>20</sup> TI-FORMATTING 161; Italics for emphasis. TI recommendation to Comp: remove.

<sup>21</sup> TI-ISSUE 161; What, then/What then  
SJS: Remove comma?

PWR (email of 7 Aug 2001): agree.

IMP: What then (remove comma).

<sup>22</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; return, young man, return; per Pocket.

IMP: Return, young man, return (add comma)

<sup>23</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; He strode past the broken obelisk, into a wide court/  
He strode past the broken obelisk into a wide court

COMMENT 45; The comma appears to do nothing but disrupt the rhythm of this sentence. The idea of striding precludes the comma reflecting a pause in Liane's steps.

<sup>24</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; :— extant in Pocket

IMP: stet

<sup>25</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; mold/mould

COMMENT 45; the 'moulder' analogy...

pwr-YES, mould is good here.

IMP: mould

<sup>26</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; patined; per Pocket

COMMENT 38; patine is French for patina

IMP: stet

"This is Carchasel<sup>27</sup>," said the girl, "abandoned by all ten thousand years ago.

Before inquiring for the Museum of Man, it would be wise to learn in what regard the Saponids held it, lest, learning his interest, they seek to prevent him from knowledge<sup>28</sup>.

The last penalties exacted for the crime were stringent; the felon was ordered to perform the following three acts: first, to cut off his toes and sew the severed members into the skin at his neck; second, to revile his forbears for three hours, commencing with a Common Bill of Anathema, including feigned madness and hereditary disease, and at last defiling the hearth of his clan with ordure; and third, walking a mile under the lake with leaded shoes in search of the Lost Book of Qualls<sup>29</sup>."

"Well then<sup>30</sup>," said Gual, "reveal to me now my third task that I may have done and continue my pilgrimage."

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<sup>27</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; Carchesel/Carchasel

COMMENT 45; This proper noun occurs three times; I am recommending bringing the minority version into conformity with the majority.

pwr-good

IMP: Carchasel

<sup>28</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; it would be wise to learn in what regard the Saponids held it, lest, learning his interest, they seek to prevent him from knowledge/  
it would be wise to learn in what regard the Saponids held it, lest learning his interest, they seek to prevent him from knowledge

COMMENT 45; the single word bracketed between commas is most un-Vancean.

The sentence works at least as well without it.

pwr-agree

SJS: agree, IF Jack didn't intend the reader to pause after 'lest'.

PWR (email of 7 Aug 2001): I now favor keeping the comma. It may well be what Jack wrote, as you suggest.

IMP: stet.

<sup>29</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; Kells/Qualls

COMMENT: After the following dialogue with Norma and Paul:

Norma:

...But Jack could not remember what he had written originally; now he couldn't remember the name he had changed it to. So I had to give my own brain time to mull it over, because I did know what he had renamed it and I remembered it today. I reminded Jack and he replied "Oh yeah, that's it." Not to draw too long a bow, the answer is: The Book of Qualls.

Paul:

Norma, do you remember that breakfast conversation where Jack brought up this problem [highly annoyed at 'Kells'], then couldn't remember the original name, and wracked his poor brain for about 20 minutes inventing a new one? I can't lay my hands on my notes, but as I recall he came up with: "The Larval Chronicles". That made you squawk, but Jack stuck to his guns. Lucky thing your memory came through!

IMP: Qualls

<sup>30</sup> TEXT-QUERY 45; Well then/ Well, then

COMMENT per Hillman. Strangely, it is Grafton which is characteristically Vancean here. I think the precedent is strong enough to allow us to agree with Grafton in this case.

RECOMMENDATION: Well then

pwr-no comma

IMP: Remove comma

She wore a stiff gown of yellow brocade, and the wand<sup>31</sup> of her body seemed pent and constrained within.

Guyal said in a voice half-laugh, half-quaver, "In truth I do not know... perhaps I find it incredible that Destiny<sup>32</sup> would direct me from pleasant Sferre, through forest and crag, into the northern waste, merely to play the role of cringing victim.

"This is the Museum," said Guyal in rapt tone. "Here there is no danger... He who dwells in beauty of this sort may never be other than beneficent<sup>33</sup>. . ." He flung wide the door.

Shierl gazed at him with a marvelling<sup>34</sup> expression, and Guyal's soul throbbed with love.

The torpor had evaporated; the glaze had departed the eyes<sup>35</sup>.

Hesitantly Guyal and Shierl followed him. He opened one of his doors, passed through muttering and expostulating with doubt and watchfulness.<sup>36</sup> Guyal and Shierl came after.

"Merely close this contact, engage this arm, throw in this toggle—then you daze<sup>37</sup>. In thirty seconds, this bulb glows, signaling the success and completion of the treatment.

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<sup>31</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; the wan of her body; per Pocket  
COMMENT 38; wand of her body?  
SJS: Confirmed by Norma.  
IMP: wand

<sup>32</sup> TI-ISSUE 45; Norns  
COMMENT 45; This direct lift from Scandinavian mythology sits strangely in this story. Could this again be an editorial interposition like the Book of Kells? Difficult to know what to replace it with - recommend checking with Norma to see if she's happy.  
SJS: Per Norma. . .  
IMP: the Norns/Destiny

<sup>33</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; beneficent/ beneficient  
COMMENT 45; While not normally enslaved by the dictionary, SOED tells us that the former is an erroneous derivative of the latter. It seems an unlikely neologism and I propose returning to the 'correct' version.  
pwr-ok  
IMP: beneficient

<sup>34</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; marveling/marvelling  
COMMENT 45; by precedent  
IMP: marvelling

<sup>35</sup> TEXT-CHANGE, eye/eyes  
COMMENT 38; per Norma  
IMP: eyes

<sup>36</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; >, < per Pocket  
TEXT-CHANGE 38; , /  
COMMENT 38; per Norma.  
IMP: change comma to period.

<sup>37</sup> TI-ISSUE 38; daze; per Pocket  
IMP: stet

It puffed before the rushing horde and each mote became a red scorpion. So ensued a ferocious battle;<sup>38</sup> and little shrieks and chittering sounds rose from the floor.

"Halt your misgivings and hasten; the necessities to be accomplished in the time available thereto<sup>39</sup> make the task like trying to write the Tomes of Kae in a minim of ink.

These youths of both sexes<sup>40</sup> are his play, on whom he practices various junctures, joinings, coiti, perversions, sadisms, nauseas, antics and at last struggles to the death.

You have seen how he molds<sup>41</sup> his being, so he performs his enjoyments.

"The great door into the Cognitive<sup>42</sup> Repository!"

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<sup>38</sup> TEXT-CHANGE 38; , /;  
COMMENT 38; per Norma  
IMP: change comma to semicolon.

<sup>39</sup> TEXT-QUERY 38; the necessities to be accomplished in the time available there to make the task like trying to write the Tomes of Kae /the necessities to be accomplished in the time available to make the task is like trying to write the Tomes of Kae  
COMMENT 38; from Norma; the necessities to be accomplished in the time available there to make the task like trying to write the Tomes of Kae (Pocket text)  
"Delete 'there'; insert 'is' between 'task' & 'like'"  
But this may be a wrong change. The thereto fix seems better.  
SJS: Reversed by Norma.  
IMP: stet

<sup>40</sup> TEXT-CHANGE 38; youths, of both sexes, are /youths of both sexes are  
COMMENT 38; per Norma  
Norma also mentions uncapitalizing "These" and capitalizing "youths". ?  
SJS: The latter change reversed by Norma.  
IMP: These youths of both sexes (remove both commas)

<sup>41</sup> TI-PROPOSITION 45; molds/moulds  
COMMENT 45; by analogy with 'moulder'  
IMP: stet

<sup>42</sup> TI-ISSUE 45; Cognitive/Cognitive  
COMMENT 45; This is a tricky one! 'Cognitive' does not exist (while 'cognitive' does) but it is a plausible neologism. It would mean 'related' or 'descended from a common ancestor'. Consider Kerlin's definition of the C. Repository:

Would my poor brain encompassed a hundredth part of what these banks know," panted Kerlin. "They are great brains crammed with all that is known, experienced, achieved, or recorded by man. Here is all the lost lore, early and late, the fabulous imaginings, the history of ten million cities, beginnings of time and the presumed finalities; the reason for human existence and the reason for the reason. Daily I have labored and toiled in these banks; my achievement has been a synopsis of the most superficial sort: a panorama across a wide and multifarious country.

This fits 'cognitive' equally as well as it fits 'cognitive', and my inclination is to leave it as published.

RECOMMEND Stet

pwr-a strained theory. I think Cognitive is meant, but I have no objection to Cognitive. It means 'Cognitive' to me.

SJS: I agree with Tim's analysis and recommendation. I think 'Cognitive' is derived from 'cognate' and refers to the interrelatedness of all knowledge in the Repository. It feels more Vancean than 'Cognitive', which ultimately is just a word.IMP: stet

# THE LOST QUEEN

by George Rhoads  
(chapters 1 through 5)

## A SMALL PERSON

In the sixth month of his father's exile Tad Van Meer walked with his little black dog, Pam, through the forest behind his parent's house. The trees were mostly small and twisted, growing thickly in places, thinning off into meadows in others. Tad and Pam followed a familiar animal trail, up the hill, across the small stream, skirting a thick grove of trees, and winding into the wilderness of a long shallow valley.

Tad was absorbed in his thoughts, following the trail automatically. Pam ran about him, sniffing and capering.

Alertness for danger was not needed here. No wild creature larger than a rabbit had been found on any of the hundreds of planets so far explored. The tiger, the shark, the elephant, and others not brought from old Earth had become fabulous beasts, living only in the imagination of children.

Tad thought of the day, a few weeks away, when he would fly back to New Earth to school. The thought of new people, new knowledge, the rich variety of life in the city, did not attract him.

On the other hand, the closeness, the tameness of his life on this little planet oppressed him. It was like the forest, pleasant, harmless, and without challenge. He wanted to go another way. But what way?

He looked up from his thoughts and realized he did not recognize his surroundings. This did not surprise him. One meadow was much like another. He decided to cross the next rise, see what could be seen, and then go home. Across the rise the view was blocked by a heavy growth of trees. Tad followed the trail into the thickest part of these woods and after about a quarter of a mile the trail faded away. He turned around to go back, looking for signs of a path. The light had changed. The source of light in the New Universe was a mystery to science. There were sun-like lights in the sky, sometimes bright points, more often diffuse luminous areas, hidden sometimes by clouds. Unlike a sun, however, these lights moved, appeared and disappeared in an erratic way, and gave no heat. Sometimes several sources of light could be seen in the sky at the same time. They never changed suddenly. They moved no more quickly than old Earth's moon, and faded or brightened in imitation of sunset and sunrise. Often, before fading entirely, a sun, as they were called, would condense into a small point, throwing sharp shadows before it expired.

This was happening as Tad turned to look for the trail. Dark shadows of tree trunks obscured the contours of the ground entirely, and as the light faded he lost his sense of direction. A dawn-like glow appeared at another point on the horizon. Boy and dog worked their way downhill through dry leaves and sparse underbrush toward a place where the trees seemed to be thinning. They broke through into a large meadow of tall grass topped with feathery gray plumes. In the middle of this, far off, was a large hill with a small grove of trees on top. Tad made

for the hill, hoping to see a familiar landmark.

As he approached it he felt a heightening of awareness and a sense of urgency. He arrived breathless at the top. The air was still, and a diffuse pale saffron light glowed near the horizon. A black boulder, twice Tad's height, stood among the trees. Tad circled it cautiously, looking for a way to the top. Pam, subdued, followed at his heels.

As he stepped around the boulder, Tad nearly cried out at what he saw. Dimly visible was a niche set into the rock at Tad's eye level. In the niche sat a small person, looking at him with large magnetic eyes. The infantile body was curled in the niche, chin against knees, arms around lower legs. The eyes struck Tad as terribly sad and very still—eyes that had beheld events beyond imagination. The childlike face did not change expression, yet Tad was reassured, and made a little nervous laugh.

"You startled me," Tad said.

"Yes," replied the other, His voice was breathy, whispery, yet musical. "You expected something, perhaps, but you did not know what."

"Yes," said Tad, and they both laughed. The small person unwound his limbs and sat with legs dangling over the edge of the niche, His clothes seemed gray, scarcely visible in the dimness, but his face and hands shone a coppery color.

"I have been waiting for you, you see—calling you to come here."

"How could you do that?"

"By thinking of you."

"Oh. Some sort of hypnotism I suppose," said Tad warily.

"You do it yourself, you know," said the little being, "only *you* do it without realizing it and *I* do it on purpose."

"What do you want with me," said Tad abruptly.

"Don't be afraid. It's nothing sinister. We can talk about that later. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," said Tad, realizing that he was indeed very hungry. Supper would be waiting at home and he knew his parents would be worried.

"Come on then. Let's see what we can do."

The little man stretched out his arms like a child and Tad, a little embarrassed, lifted him from the niche and carefully set him on the ground, amazed at his lightness. He could not have weighed more than three pounds—eight pounds in old Earth weight—though he stood nearly two feet high.

"I'm not much good at running or jumping and such, you see. Now."

With that he grasped Pam, who stood patiently still, by the hair of her back and clumsily climbed upon her, lying face down with his arms around her neck, legs dangling on either side. Pam, hardly out of puppyhood and usually quite bouncy and playful, bore him gingerly as if she felt him to be a precious burden. With a backward glance at Tad, she trotted off sedately into the gloom with her passenger, and Tad followed.

## A MEAL IN THE WILDERNESS

As they descended the hill of grass the little man fell off Pam's back and lay on the ground, still clinging feebly to the hair on her neck. Tad, nearly treading on him in the dim light,

knelt to help him in his clumsy attempt to clamber back.

"Maybe it would be better if I carried you."

"Yes, it might."

Tad lifted him to his shoulders, astride his neck, and felt the baby hands grasp his ears. He was no more weight than a scarf. Pam bounded off, playful once more.

"Where to, then?" Tad asked.

"You must choose the way yourself."

"But I thought . . ."

"You are in search of food, are you not?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then lead the way. I'm sure you will find it shortly."

Hesitantly Tad moved off in the direction of the glow at the horizon. He wove his way through clumps of bushes and tall weedy growth, down to the border of a large tranquil lake with a narrow beach of firm sand. On this they traveled easily a while, hearing the faint slap of wavelets on the shore. Presently Tad saw some lily-like flowers bobbing in the shallow water. They looked so beautiful, spreading out their large waxy golden petals, that Tad kicked off his sandals and waded in to pick one. The stem tore easily from the sand, and at the end was a potato-like tuber.

"Is it good to eat?" he asked the little man.

"It must certainly be. Let me try it."

Tad broke off a small piece and passed it up behind his left ear. There were chewing sounds.

"Yes. Delicious."

Together they ate three of the roots, Pam declining. They had the texture of raw potato, but tasted sweet and nut-like.

"Now," said the little man when they had finished, "I suppose you will be wanting to go home."

"Yes, my parents will wonder what is keeping me."

"Yes, of course."

"Would you like to come and meet my parents?" Tad said this out of politeness. He felt that such a meeting would not be at all right.

"Thank you for asking, but I think not."

"Will I see you again?"

"Certainly, as soon as you like."

Before Tad could speak again, the little figure slipped away into the high grass and was gone. Tad set out away from the lake. He had no idea where he was, yet his feet seemed to know, and he let them lead. He was home with a swiftness that amazed him.

## A CORRUPTED DREAM

Jose Van Meer, Tad's father, was considered one of the great men of his time. In his twelve year term of office as president of New Earth he had held together the various political factions of the planets through numerous crises of conflict. He had acted with unfailing insight and humanity, and was respected by diverse interests, venerated by many.

He had been three times reelected, bathed constantly in admiration, and as his years in office passed he grew to reflect the attitude of those who surrounded him. He retained his idealism, his breadth of view, and devotion to duty, but began to believe that he was a person apart, a man of destiny, whose

directing force would lead the people of the New Universe to glory. He would not have said this to himself or anyone, but the seeds of belief were sprouting.

This belief came out in the form of a plan of exploration. From the beginning, since their immigration from old Earth twenty generations before, the interest of the people of the New Universe had been to create a life of peace, plenty, and harmony for themselves. The problem of people living with each other and their environment had been uppermost. At the same time there were those who wondered and dreamed of the unknown. This new universe had many mysteries. How far did it extend? What lay beyond? Out of the records of the past, nearly mythical, glimmered the stars. There was the deep urge to be out among them again.

Through his growing vanity, Jose Van Meer had been persuaded that he was the man to lead humanity back to the stars. This had resulted in his losing the last election. For years he had been asking for public money to further a large project of exploration; it became a major issue of his campaign, and he lost by a close margin. The margin was close only because of Jose's brilliant past performance; the majority of the people were as yet uninterested in the project.

Though exiled from New Earth for three years after his deposition as president, as demanded by political custom, Jose was not ready to abandon his dream. The bungalow of many rooms on Nipponica Nueva, his planet of exile, was filled with visitors of importance in many fields. The air in the conference room was blue with cigar smoke; aircraft came and went from the meadow outside, and there was a man at the powerful radio telephone to New Earth at all hours, waiting to receive the feeble signal that occasionally penetrated the thousand or so miles of atmosphere between the two planets.

Air was dense in the center of the New Universe. Average pressure on New Earth was forty-five millimeters of mercury. Jet planes could fly scarcely faster than the speed of sound. A large airliner could travel about four thousand miles without refueling. Jose's plan was simple. He would extend the fuel depots out from New Earth like beads on a string four thousand miles apart, and see how far an airliner could go. Jose and those around him were gathering funds to pay for the project, but somehow, despite increased spending, the rate of depot formation was slowing. There were endless difficulties and delays, at the heart of which was large-scale profiteering. Jose Van Meer's vanity had blinded him to the fact that his reputation was being used as a front by a group of corrupt conspirators. The money was not going into exploration, but into private bank accounts under fictitious names.

## THE PEOPLE OF DESTINY

Tad and his small friend lay in the sand by the shore of the placid lake where floating flowers grew. Pam lay beside them. Tad's new friend, Rillusochwo (Rilly for short), ate celery as they talked. Tad had brought it from the kitchen garden, knowing Rilly's great fondness for it.

They met often. Tad, on his walks, chose a different direction every day, through heavy thickets, down rocky slopes, but he

never failed to find Rilly waiting for him along the way, curled up in the crotch of a tree, perched on a rock, or in the grass underfoot.

"What do you think of your father's project?"

"I don't think about it," Tad replied. "It leaves me cold."

"Wouldn't you like to see what is beyond all this? Wouldn't you like to see the stars?"

"Sure I would. I think it's a good idea, but all the talk, the excitement, the political people trying to impress each other—I'm just not interested."

"You sound cynical. Don't you approve of what they are doing?"

"I don't really know what they are doing. It seems as if all they talk about is money. I don't listen."

"Your father is a famous man, a humanitarian . . ."

"One would think . . ." He broke off and chewed celery as he regarded Tad with his amazing eyes. "I know you don't want to think about it, but do so for a minute. What do you really think about what they are doing?" Tad's expression became sad.

"I don't like it. There is something wrong about it. I feel sorry for my father and I don't know why."

"Yes," replied Rilly. His face grew serious. "I am goin' to tell you something. Wouldn't you like to know something about me?"

Until now Tad had accepted Rilly as a fact of nature, as a child accepts a pet, with interest and affection, but without curiosity. This talk of his father's doing's doings had made him see Rilly as part of a scheme of things and events, that perhaps lay close by, but about which he knew nothing.

"Yes, of course," he said. "Tell me."

"Have you never heard of the People of Destiny?"

"You mean the little men with long white beards that grant you three wishes?"

"Yes, only it doesn't work quite the way it is described in the fairy tale books. The People of Destiny, as your folk lore calls them, exist; and I am one of them. Do you see?"

"No," said Tad, and fell silent, too polite to reveal that he did not believe his little friend.

"Do you recall how easily you found the lily roots?" asked Rilly. "And don't you purposely take a new direction every day just to see if I will again be waiting along the way? Do you think I sneak along beside your path and plant myself in front of you?" Tad remained silent. He inwardly resisted hearing anything more about the subject, but Rilly persisted. His breathy voice held a new urgency, and his eyes compelled. "Tad, you are fourteen years old, and growing fast. There is much you must know and understand. You will have to face more in this life than most men do in a dozen lives. It is useless to resist. Listen: My people have been here among these planets before humans came, and we will be here after you leave. We have been on your old Earth also, and other places you cannot now imagine. We do indeed have the power to grant wishes, but not in the way you may imagine. We are always near humans, but they very seldom notice us. There are special reasons I have made myself known to you. It will take time to make you understand. Are you with me so far?"

"Yes," said Tad. He had a feeling that he was leaving behind him forever a familiar and predictable part of his life.

They rose and walked along the black sands of the lake shore,

Tad swinging Rilly to his shoulders.

"But, what is it you want me to do, Rilly?"

"It is not exactly what I want you to do. But wait awhile yet. You will understand. Now let us go and visit some of my people. Take me around the lake and up the bank of that little stream on the other side."

As they proceeded, Rilly talked. His voice was clear, and like the wind in Autumn leaves.

"We do not grant wishes, you see. We simply speed the fulfillment of desires. We do not judge or choose between desires, nor could we make a choice if we wanted to. That is beyond our powers. However, we can choose, to an extent, the person who will come under the influence of our powers."

"But how do you really do it?"

"We do not do it, it simply happens to the person we are near. He finds that he easily gets what he wants, or what he feels he deserves, when we are near him. He need not be aware of our presence or our influence, yet the effect is greater if he is aware."

"Is that why you showed yourself to me?"

"Yes, one reason."

"But why do you want me to get what I want? I don't even know what I want."

"That's just it, you see. Your desires are asleep within you. You are free, for the moment, to learn and respond."

"But . . ."

"Let us visit my people first, and perhaps your question will be answered."

The stream they were following ran up into woods, under low hanging branches. Underfoot were large stones and brambles. Tad placed Rilly piggy-back so branches would not hit his face, and they went a long distance in silence, Pam close by, into ever thickening forest. They heard the sound of falling water ahead, and came to a basin of rock in the course of the stream. Chalky cliffs several times Tad's height formed the walls, and twisted tree roots bordered the rim. A small waterfall issued from beneath the roots, falling free into a pool at the floor of the basin. In the chalky walls Tad could see niches carved, some containing the infant-like figures of the Karmadoren—as Rilly called his people. They sat motionless, eyeing Tad with an expression of expectation unmixed with eagerness or hope. Silently they dropped or fell awkwardly from their niches. Some held out their arms as Rilly had done and allowed Tad to lower them to the floor of the rocky basin. He wondered how they would manage to climb up again. They all seemed as physically weak and inept as Rilly. This did not seem to be an effect of old age or illness. Their faces, showing slightly under hoods of colorless material, were varied. Some had slanted eyes, some round. There were large noses and small. All were alike in having eyes much larger than human eyes, and chins smaller. All were beardless.

The twenty odd Karmadoren sat in a group by the pool, unmindful of the drenching splash of the falling water, talking together in a language strange to Tad. At last one of them left the group and came to stand where Pam and Tad sat on the other side of the pool. He seemed to be a sort of spokesman, with an expression of authority. His pale green eyes looked like jewels set in the burnished mahogany of his face.

"You are welcome among us, friend of Rillusochwo. You

must pardon us if our ways seem strange, for we are not accustomed to receiving other intelligent beings in this way. The circumstances are unusual. We have suffered a great loss, a disaster for us and for all in this universe, and we are confused in our sorrow and desperation. I know I may speak to you thus because you have been a friend to Rillusochwo and have done him many kindnesses, which to you may seem a small thing, but your kindness has greater significance than you can yet know, and as a result of it we are beginning to have hope in this time of our darkness and despair." The little figure had lost its commanding stance and the voice faltered, overcome with emotion. Rilly came forward and helped the tottering figure to seat itself again on the stone.

"The fact is," said Rilly, returning to Tad's side and looking up into his down turned face, "we badly need your help."

"I will help if I can," replied Tad.

"I know you are willing," said Rilly, "and that is essential, but what we ask is not a simple favor. It will involve great hardship and dangers unknown to any of us. It is our task now to convey to you the urgency of what must be done. It is difficult for us to think about it clearly. We are all so upset with grief . . . We have lost our queen!"

At this Rilly was likewise overcome, and he collapsed to the ground with his face in his hands.

There was a long silence, during which the hazy sun overhead spread and faded into a violet glow, and shadows filled the chalky basin. Then Rilly, calm and steady once more, took up his story.

#### A CAPTIVE QUEEN

Rilly's story was long, rambling and full of emotion. The facts which emerged were these.

The law of cause and effect as it applies to embodied souls is effective in all worlds based on time, space and energy. This law, as stated in a religious teaching from old Earth is: "As you sow, thus shall you reap." On old Earth the time of reaping was regulated by the movements of the planets against the background of stars. Thus the reaping, the effect of past actions, for any individual, is not dumped upon him haphazardly, but measured out in doses—predictable, to a degree, by the science of astrology.

The New Universe, being outside of any solar system, was not directly subject to the influence of this ingenious cosmic clockwork, and required some other method whereby the living beings in it could experience in orderly sequence the effects of past actions. This function was performed in the New Universe by the Karmadoren—the People of Destiny. The nearness of their bodies or minds to any living being precipitated whatever was appropriate to happen to that being at that time. They did not of themselves determine the timing of events. This was determined, as on old Earth, by the movements of the ten planets of the old solar system, and transmitted to the Karmadoren through their queen. The queen was a clearing house for the messages of the stars, and her people were the messengers.

Compared to human beings, the Karmadoren had no personal lives. All their energy and thought and love was for their queen, whom they desired to serve and please above all else.

Now their queen had been taken from them and they were in despair.

The queen, named Liria, was in contact with her people directly, that is telepathically, as always, but the contact now came only in flashes, distorted and confused by her suffering. Her mind was distracted by her tormentors, and she was weakening.

Where she was, or who her captors were, the Karmadoren on Nipponica Nueva did not clearly know. All they could tell Tad was that these captors were powerful and determined. They had taken the queen far away, to the edge of the New Universe where the air was thin and the stars shone through.

The Karmadoren, though able to travel between planets, were physically feeble, and alone could not hope to regain their queen. They required a human whose personal desires were small, or not yet ripe for fulfillment. Otherwise human contact with the Karmadoren would bring about not what they wanted, but what the human wanted. Rilly, passing among the planets, had discovered Tad, and felt that Tad could be persuaded to become this person. All this and more the Karmadoren told Tad during long hours by the gloomy waterfall.

As he made his way sleepily home with Pam, Tad tried to make sense of it all. He concluded that the notion of finding a lost queen for these little people was exciting and intriguing, but seemed impossible. If what they said was true then life was not what it seemed, and most of its activities did not make much sense. But he felt this way in any case. He could make no decision.

#### AN ARTIST

The New Universe, as it was called by the immigrants, was unlike the old solar system. Instead of nine planets, there were many thousands, mostly small, clustered immovably in a sphere of air like raisins in a plum pudding. These bodies, though called planets, were not, since they did not orbit around a sun. Gravity, even on such a large planet as New Earth was slight. The reason for this, as the scientists of the New Universe eventually discovered, was that most of the planets were of low density, filled with a kind of solidified organic foam, unlike old earth's core of iron. The most rickety of airplanes could fly easily between planets, weather permitting. The sphere of air was millions of miles in diameter, and no man knew what lay beyond it, except what was written of the space voyage that had brought the original fugitives from old Earth.

On a chunk of jagged rock near the rim of the New Universe lived a human being. He was unknown to the civilized world. No archive bore record of his existence. This fact filled him with insane glee.

He was an extremist. He intended that every human should know him and fear him. This goal kept him in violent animation much of the time. At other times he lay on his couch of Elgelede feathers in a stupor, smoking pipes full of potent hybrid Cannabis Indicus and listening to the music of Richard Wagner and other music appropriate to megalomania.

He thought of himself as an exalted being, a romantic, a lonely dreamer, greatly injured by the callous brutality of the

universe. He thought of God as a mean old man in the sky who had spitefully singled him out as an object of torture. His body was shrunken and pain-infested. He felt that God had given him this body in order to humiliate him before men. As he lay on his couch of Elgelede feathers, he imagined God pointing down out of the clouds, laughing at him, and his knotted muscles twitched as he saw himself smashing that laughing mouth with an ironclad fist bearing rows of spikes across the knuckles.

This human being called himself Senkrad, and potentially he was an artist. He did not consider himself an artist, however. He would have considered artists, if he considered them at all, which he did not, as ludicrous piddlers, unworthy of a glance, much less a blow of the iron fist. Yet beneath his vivid Cannabis dreams of revenge, buried deep in the caverns of his subconscious and fastened down with a steel door of fanatical hatred, lay a simple wish. Senkrad wished to paint a picture of a flower.

Senkrad had a right-hand man named Scotty, and a band of slaves which he controlled by means of drugs and hypnotism. Everyone else who had known him, or known of him, was dead. Senkrad had killed them all.

Senkrad's mother had been born into a small community of puritanical farmers on a planet remote from New Earth. These farmers comprised a small religious sect splintered off from the central creed of the New Universe. This central creed was a Christian one, but the figure of George LaFong, its founder, loomed nearly as large as Jesus Christ. This creed called itself *The Church of the Chosen*, and its members were popularly known as the Second Chancers. They believed that God, through George LaFong, had given humanity a second chance by bringing a chosen few to the New Universe. The members of the small splinter group into which Senkrad's mother had been born were known as the Third Chancers. They believed that the Second Chancers had muffed their second chance and were hell-bound. The Third Chancers resolved not to fall into such evil ways, and believed that because of the love of Jesus and George LaFong they were redeemed and would triumph. They looked down on the Second Chancers, and to avoid contamination by them, they settled on a planet as far out of the main travel lanes as possible. Here they led an austere life of hard work, prayer, and hymn-singing.

They thrived until a drought struck their planet. Crops and pasture withered until there was nothing left to eat. A few of the Third Chancers reached other planets by means of blanket sailing.

In this haphazard mode of transportation people were flung, by catapult, beyond the pull of a planet's gravity, and held out a blanket to the wind. An erratic course could be maintained by collapsing the blanket, and opening it again, to the changing currents of interplanetary air.

Many of the third Chancers were lost in space. Others stayed

behind to die, and the rest resorted to cannibalism. Among the cannibals were Senkrad's mother and father. Senkrad's father, although he had cooked and eaten his wife's aged parents, in whose house he and his wife lived, preferred to die rather than do the same with his wife, and launched her into space by means of the community catapult. She carried only a blanket and an eight-month old fetus, which was to become Senkrad.

Senkrad's mother was carried far by the winds of an interplanetary storm, dropping at last onto a planet named Photon, inhabited only by scientists. Photon was a remote research station whose members were devoted to the study of the sun-like lights and their mysterious waxings and wanings.

Senkrad's mother, dazed and disheartened by the recent events in her life, died in childbirth, and Senkrad was nurtured through infancy by a young meteorologist named Priscilla Parkinson, who grew to love him as she would have loved a child of her own. Her love had a poignant flavor because Senkrad was a monstrosity. He did not develop like a normal child. He grew crooked and lumpy-limbed. Nor did he grow firm and sturdy, but remained wizened, shrunken and flabby. His pink newborn color gave way to a mottled yellowish hue, and his disposition matched his appearance. In his best moments he was merely cranky and sullen. When he did not get his way immediately he screamed until he turned blue and collapsed unconscious.

Priscilla Parkinson loved Senkrad with uncritical love. She named him Benjamin and adopted him legally, above the protests of her colleagues, and refused to let them send him to New Earth until he was six years old, by which time it was too late.



SCOTTY, TAD AND RILLY WATCHING SENKRAD'S SHIP. ONE OF THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE RHOADS FOR THE LOST QUEEN.

# PATAPHYSICAL BOOK REVIEWS

by *Matty Paris*

## UNDERSTANDING THE HOLOCAUST

"If God is the ultimate executioner, human beings are masterly adepts at torture," say Gopal Chandraputra in the epigraph to this volume. The late Sri Gopal Chandraputra's farewell tome is filled with metaphysical insights into the holocausts, or "sagavatra kuudrapatra" as he calls it, which illuminate all 20th century genocides.

The famed mystic, and senior chairman of the Psychology Department at Calcutta University, won a Pulitzer Prize for his best selling *Black Hole Planet or Anti-Foucault*, a volume claiming that everyone outside of prisons or hospitals is in exile from benign authority, and gives examples from his own life—he served a jail sentence in Gatramanda Saguntaba, the fabled-maximum security penitentiary in downtown Mumbai, for serial murder and arson. He also liked to kick cats and behead lizards, but was never tried for these magic acts of liberation, which are not crimes under Indian law.

In his last autumnal tome Sri Chandraputra notes that God himself created the Great Flood which killed off nearly the whole human race. God, claims Chandraputra, even destroyed whole Creations, innumerable times, before he came up with one that he thought was good, or at least tolerable.

All prestigious religions, explains Chandraputra, are based on maniacal murder. Krishna advises Arjuna to go to war, to kill and be killed. Jesus was publicly and lawfully executed. Mohammed slaughtered millions with his pious armies. Buddha had a taste for fresh, spicy tandoori chicken, with the result that hundreds of these innocent creatures were eagerly slaughtered. Even atheist Leaders who order genocides move closer to God. Slaughtering at whim imitates the our divine Creator's will to destroy. Even stepping on a cockroach brings us closer to God; by such as apparently trivial act one enters the company of heaven, for at least five minutes.

In his addenda Chandraputra complains that only lack of means made him less than a mass killer; he is, however, not what his foes call him, in their slyly mocking lampoons; "a failed genocidal maniac". It is the tragedy of his existence that Chandraputra's list of victims barely extends beyond his wife, children, extended family down to third cousins, and assorted neighbors, cows, horses, elephants and dogs, before he was hauled off to the prison in Mumbai. There he was hanged, and his body was burnt in a sacred ghat by the authorities, a mere half hour after he had penned the last words of his book.

Many of Chandraputra's America acolytes feel he should be awarded the Bollinger and Nobel Prize, posthumously, for this sterling work alone. It will be remembered that Chandraputra murdered the Pulitzer Prize committee which awarded him his first honors; he also slaughtered the committee which appointed him to the prestigious Ezra Pound "Deconstruction Chair" at Harvard, with a stone ax.

With Chandraputra's execution the Nobel and Bollinger

people can honor him while adhering to their custom of recognizing dull and certifiably dead authors.

## THE BOLSHEVIK LOVE MANUAL

Sandra Gabble, retired porno star and luminary of the audacious San Francisco scene for twenty years, recently converted to Bolshevism; the result is a volume of simply dynamite recipes for love that is changing the amorous habits not merely of Bay area radicals, but of America itself. Fashionable progressive women are throwing away their peasant costumes, dyeing their hair blonde, getting affordable silicon breast and posterior implants, and doing those clever tricks in the sack which are giving American social radicals an erotic life comparable to any fatigued wine-swilling gourmand womanizer maundering in Paris.

The indefatigable, still gorgeous and pert Sandra Gabble has certainly revolutionized world Bolshevism in a profound way!

Thanks to this celebrity, world leaders are no longer taking us to an inevitable future where, as Lenin proclaimed, "Sex is less important than urination."

"Only a few people are good lovers," Lenin once remarked, "but everybody knows how to piss." Lenin was right but these days, when you walk down the street and see an artificial looking woman dressed in stiletto heels and a tight skirt, with suspiciously large, spongy boobs, and traces of cosmetic surgery scars beneath a fluff of lemon-colored hair, it might be a Bolshevik.

Sandra, of course, is pushing her book on a public who are not Bolsheviks. "Happiness should not be just a Bolshevik thing," she says; "Everybody should be delighted to be alive, as fiercely erotic animals, like the American Bolsheviks, thanks to me. But it's not enough to put a smile on the face of American radicalism; I want to make oyster-eating capitalists, lusher mumbler in the gutter, lunatics in asylums, death row convicts, cell phone fiends and terminal news junkies as happy as progressive thinkers. I'm even pitching my book to ghosts. Don't ask me how, kid; just watch me do it!"

Gabble has been haunted by questions about her controversial internal Bolshevik revolution. Some call her the worst thing to happen to Communism since Kerensky. Because of Gabble, Bolsheviks are too tired to go to meetings; they spend most of their time in a half-snooze waiting for their body to recover from the last revel, so they can go on to the next one. Her enemies say she is turning idealists into jaded degenerates. Gabble find these charges silly. "Let them go back to that boring Lenin; I don't care," she says winsomely. "Some people hate porno. Fine for them! Some like to be celibate; goody-goody, say I! There's plenty of room in the new Bolshevism for everybody."

## THE LENIN CODE

In his remarkable new novel Achille Beaugard asserts that Lenin covertly created a ciphered document which reveals how not only Karl Marx, but the entire Communist Party,



including the vodka-drinking Stalin, were capitalists with heavy investments in arms stocks, and gourmet tastes in French wines and cunning noodle dishes prepared by smiling Asians.

According to Beaugard, Lenin's cipher reveals that these so called heroes and martyrs of Communism regarded the actions and successes of their philosophy as incidental to their passion for young, and not so young, peasant women in colorful dresses with wide, plunging décolletage.

I admire Beaugard's persuasively felicitous prose, and it is no surprise that, after selling the movie rights for his book to Mel Gibson, he no longer has to work as a freelance dentist in inner-city hospitals. I am troubled, however, that his readers can no longer tell the difference between lies and truth. To them television fictions and scientific data have become interchangeable. Beaugard has admitted he completely invented his novel but he also claims, in television interviews, that for all he knows his fictions may be real.

Yet the notion that Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Engels, along with anarchists like Bakunin and Kropotkin, were only out to feast and slake their lusts on the pliantly faithful rank and file of the party, trivializes a large cause, Communism, for which millions of human beings died, often whether they liked it or not.

Were Beaugard to write a sequel claiming he found comparable ciphers about the bibulous capers of Jesus, Mohammed or Buddha—and, given the greediness of the New Modern Library which publishes his effusions, this is inevitable—he will provoke a class of soldier and martyr compared to which his slothful and fatigued Reds are as gentle doves. Their furious fatwas may drive Beaugard back into dentistry, if not farther.

## THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME

This second handsomely printed volume of Hypolitte Bourbon's immense, beautifully written memoir traces his later social action, his subtle legacy to America: a clarion call to stand against, punish and prevent crime.

Bourbon, an acclaimed and prestigious statistician and psychology professor working for Welfare was a frequent expert witness in Family Court, and sometime marriage counselor. He realized early on that there was more crime among Black males than anybody else. He is, of course, the esteemed author of our current laws which lock up Black men under any pretext.

Bourbon claims he had nothing against Blacks; he was not a racist. He acted after proving irrefutably and statistically that Blacks were natural criminals. We discover, in subsequent chapters, however, how he came to realize that crime was ubiquitous in our species; even middle class Whites, as incredible as it seems, committed crime. In fact humans could almost be defined as the only species on Earth, were it not for magpies and mockingbirds, that commit crime when they are sated in all their needs, or even rich.

In despair Bourbon thought of locking up the human race, but couldn't figure out who would guard the prisons. He

tried to convince baboons, lemurians and other primates to accept this work, but they refused to cooperate, selfishly preferring their traditional mode of life devoted to social status and food. Bourbon realized that the dream of universal imprisonment was a mirage.

In his heartfelt testimony Bourbon recounts how he finally realized that it was Life itself which was spewing out crime in a universal cloaca, and that this was not a quintessential human fact. Thanks to a brilliantly ground-breaking methodology Bourbon was able to prove that if microbes could have committed crime they would have; the little rogues lacked only the means, not the desire, to be felonious. Plainly, Bourbon thought, a purging chemical that would destroy all life was necessary to put a decisive end to crime.

Bourbon dropped psychology to studied chemistry. He came up with a powerful and merciless venom made cheaply from rotten potatoes that would utterly eliminate life, from human to viral, and cleanse our planet of crime. But then he realized, with sudden melancholy, that other planets probably had even more crime than Earth. Clearly, as he says in his later chapters, only total destruction of the universe can effectively combat crime. But in the last chapter Bourbon explains how he abandoned this plan when he realized that whoever created this cosmos could produce another infinite den of felony, perhaps even more criminal than this one. He therefore began to plot the murder of the nefarious entity which had fashioned the Cosmos.

Lamentably, this poetically written memoir ends inconclusively. Bourbon was felled, while accepting the Pulitzer Prize, by a spate of catarrh, ague, phsisis and black lung fever, in the very midst of contemplating his ultimate attack on our creator.

But he has left us this beautiful book.

## SUBURBAN WELFARE: A PLAN FOR AMERICA

This expertly produced reprint of Hypolitte Bourbon's 1970 classic, illustrated with its famous murkily erotic woodcuts by Vin Franzetta, adds to its lyric text a touching contemporary afterword by the author. Bourbon claims, with justice, that he and his allies never had enough power and money to do what they hungered and hoped for; to redeem the humanity they loved.

Bourbon aimed at nothing less than bringing the glories of Welfare to *all* Americans. He traces how he and his social agency confreres opposed the masses fleeing Welfare to live in hermitages, where voting Republican out of fear of people like himself was de rigueur even if the candidates were felons, imbeciles and degenerates.

Bourbon relates the relative ease of duping natural chumps into embracing artificial indigence and broken homes in a war-zone like environment of shadowy fathers, ferocious and androgynous mothers, and stupefied and violent minors. But in 1970 he asked himself the inevitable question: how could he bring these felicities to the whole country?

From then on Bourbon, a Pulitzer Prize winner, and one of America's great philosophers, focused on convincing the bourgeois consumer populace, busy taking refuge in

tract homes—the same demographic group who, in fact, were paying the Welfare bills—that shopping was the central rite of happiness, that carnivorous hunting of one's personal interest without regard to anything else, was the quintessence of human sanity, not to mention healthy morals.

So what, asks Bourbon, went wrong?

Were men not better off in legal indenture? Were women not better off embracing fashionable loneliness and toying with lesbianism? Were children not better off freed from authority or parental guidance, with dogs and cats privileged as if they were God's natural aristocrats?

As it turned out, in the new post-1970 credit economy it was the Welfare clients themselves who paid for Bourbon's reformed middle class; they supported their former patrons with their credit cards.

Whatever one thinks of Bourbon's theories and actions for social justice he is not likely to be forgotten as a wonderful Italian chef. His recipes for colorful pasta dishes, garnished with tripe stewed in spiced Sicilian white wine, can be found in a gorgeously illustrated addenda to this volume. Bourbon includes an ingenious way to cook puppies, in a once secret regional Vietnamese spicy sauce.

Like Bourbon himself, these dishes are part of the new American legacy.

## THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SLANDER

This vast ten volume collection from the New Modern Library contains not most but all the ways their contemporaries, and also later commentators, have trashed every human being who has ever walked the Earth. Among its favorite fools, dunces and dupes are Santa Claus, mom, dad, grandma and Doctor Seuss. All are deemed to have a disreputable sex life, mental retardation and fits of lunacy; all are ruled by unnameable criminal perversity. The reader will be familiar with the classic impaling of savants and celebrities of the past, those luminaries who, like ordinary mediocrities, one might think would be exempt from persiflage and scorn, but our deity too, who has purportedly been around since before Creation, even then got a well deserved shellacking from our contributors. God, however, does not come off any worse than all the others, including whales, bacteria, angels, demons, martians, arachnids, protozoa and assorted cats and dogs. All are treated with equal disdain, contempt and mockery in these impressive volumes.

The EOS trashes not only persons but things, including waste products, as well as all human inventions—including the wheel, fire, and shoes. It denigrates the utility of toenails, the intelligence of fish and worms, the notorious lack of egoism and respectable mien of stones, and the innumerableness of motes of dust. All take hits.

The EOS lambasts not only all life but lack of life; the void itself is criticized for both its qualities and lack thereof.

The cumulative effect of reading these volumes is the assurance that all and everything in the past is rank and insufferable beyond patience and tolerance, or even mercy and forgiveness. It allows everyone to despise and scuttle all

and anything. I gives reality itself the internment it deserves, in some dismally impersonal landfill. In this regard it may be noted that the Encyclopedia of Slander is often quoted at memorial services in which a succession of choleric eulogists give good reasons we should be glad somebody, or something—or even nothing—has finally shown the tardy grace to disappear from our midst.

With these volumes on our shelves we can all feel the inner security of having been saved from our doleful yesterdays by the benign engines of progress.

The Encyclopedia is constantly being expanded as new people and things, all vile and rank beyond measure, appear like chirping locusts on the Earth. Mimicking the galloping expansiveness of folly, filth, crime and madness in this malodorous Creation, this vast encyclopedia of mockery spews its slops into the void with a crass vigor that is never-ending.

## THE JUDITH REAGAN MEMORIAL IMPRINT

On a sorry planet of slander and ultimate sleaze the prestigious Judith Reagan Memorial Imprint has been scurrilously profiled by that fossilized and incontinent sex fiend, Rudolph Murdocch, as shamelessly roguish and money-mad. We say; "Hardly!" We Reaganites are part of an industry in which one either *is* Judith Reagan, or one *prays to be* Judith Reagan.

Here is this month's listing:

*If I Hadn't Been Crucified*, by Rabbi Joshua ben Joseph.

The charismatic miracle worker meditates on his career had he not ridden the wrong donkey and been publicly executed. With an annotated Forward by Robin Woodnik Krutch.

*God Knows I Ain't No Rebel*, by Shotan ben Shaddai.

The legendary dark angel speculates on why he never had a quarrel with anyone; he merely wanted to set up an underground real estate scheme. With an Afterward by Jonathan Milton.

*If I Would Have Been Crazy About Jews*, by Adolph Schickelgrubber.

The late German statesman says he would have done it all differently were he Chancellor of Deutschland again. With a heartfelt Forward by Martin Heidegger.

*Selling Short in the Frozen Porkbelly Market*, by Karl Mark.

The fabled bear of Wall Street recounts his poker secrets, and tells how he bilked the rubes in the biggest casino on the planet. Appreciations by Tony, Ralph, Frankie and Joey Mangiamarrone.

*I, Slavemaster*, by Calvin Luther King.

The heavy hitting social activist brother reveals his rebellious and mischievous intrigues with Peruvian house servants. Copiously illustrated by oldtime pop artist Harry Kishmir.

*Pimping The Big Pink Peace*, by Sri Jamal Migoogoo.

The celebrated United Nations official talks about supplying the United Nations peacekeepers in Swakiki with erotic fare.

*Flush Away God's Touris*, by Deacon Billy Bob Burdick.

The prestigious Appalachian-based Israeli toilet manufacturer is on a mission to promote modern plumbing as a purge of the soul. Comes with CD of the stomping Eskimo dance: Flushaway.

*The Sudanese Crow Recipes*, by Idi Bamaraka.

The great cook eats tepid boiled crow in the middle of a famine. Footnotes by famed pupick expert, Doctor Juju Kevarkian Korkenyada.

*The Texas Fatboy Killers*, by Shaari de Brune.

The heart-and-kidney-stopping, page-turning thriller about obese, sweating, heavy-breathing serial killers who are clandestine bishops of Apache Consumer cults in North Dakota.

*Fuck Me? Fuck You!* by Doctor Alfred Ellis.

The author of *Piss in the Wind*, *Led 'er Rip* and *Dying for Dollars* explores the self-help field.

*Tofu Mama*, by Srui Krishna Kamamuruta.

Erotic Sculptures on Easter island fashioned from spiced bean curd.

We Reaganites are never ashamed of making money. Are you?



## LAST AND LEAST

*The Lost Queen* was written by George Rhoads (celebrated origamist, internationally known creator of audio-kinetic sculptures, surrealist, and progenitor of Paul Rhoads) in 1970. At that time the manuscript was proposed to a dozen publishers. All were enthusiastic but none would publish; they considered the story unmarketable by reason of failure to fit in any category. Is it science fiction? Is it fantasy? Is it comedy or drama? Mysticism or satire? Is it a children's story, or for adults only? At the time, by reason of youthful naiveté, I was scandalized by such narrow commercialism, but now, thanks to age and experience, I appreciate the quandary. Today, however, thanks to the technological advances which made the VIE possible, marketing problems can be just ignored, and we can go ahead and print this wonderful classic ourselves—which is what we are going to do.

The book will include the original illustrations by the author, and the current plan is for a special first edition of 60 volumes, printed and bound in Milan to our specifications, and a more approximative Lulu version, in case wider interest develops.

The chapters presented here are set in Rhoads Roman, a typeface created in 2001.

Regarding Matty Paris' pataphysical book reviews; Paris is the only artist I know to use spam as an art form, and he regularly spams his friends with his pataphysical fare.



I would like to thank Hans van der Veeke (the Legendary Locator) for help with EXTANT 18.

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PAUL RHOADS