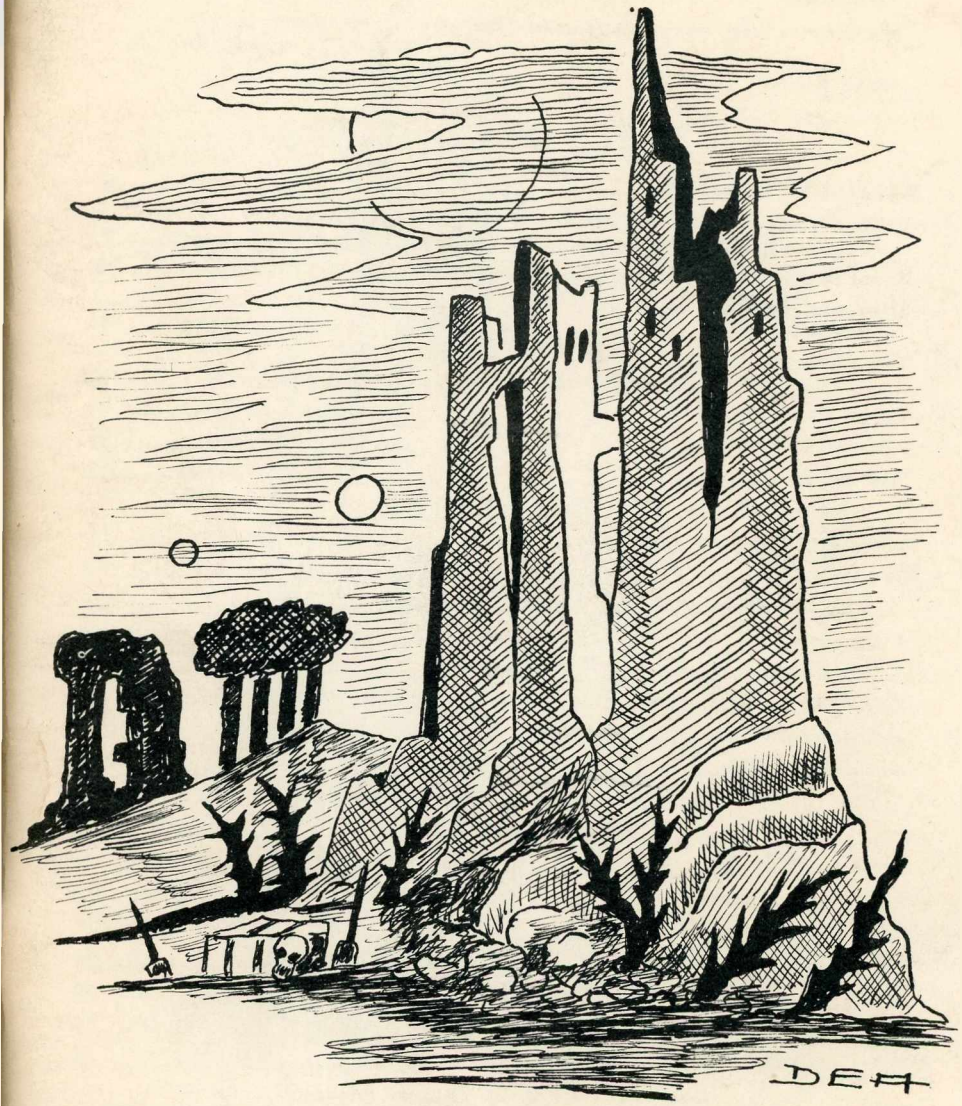
RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY



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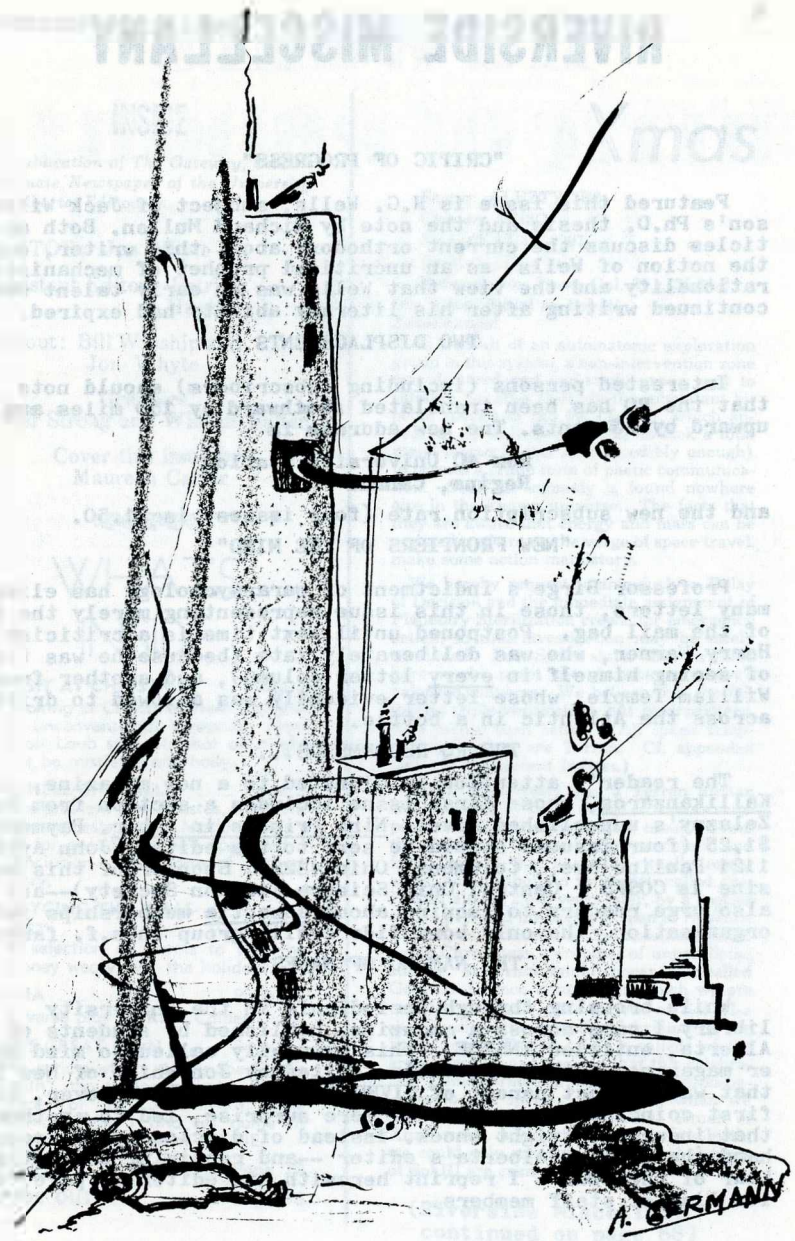


RIVERSIDE MISCELLANY

"CRITIC OF PROGRESS"

Featured this issue is H.G. Wells, subject of Jack Williamson's Ph.D. thesis and the note by Richard Mullen. Both articles discuss the current orthodoxy about this writer, e.g., the notion of Wells as an uncritical prophet of mechanistic rationality and the view that Wells was an early talent who continued writing after his literary ability had expired.

TWO DISPLACEMENTS

Interested persons (including subscribers) should note that the RQ has been translated **southward** by 150 miles and **upward by 25 cents.** The new address is

Box 40 University Station
Regina, Canada

and the new subscription rate (four issues) is $1.50.

"NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND"

Professor Birge's indictment of parapsychology has elicited many letters, those in this issue representing merely the top of the mail bag. Postponed until next time is a criticism from Harry Warner, who was deliberately late (because he was tired of seeing himself in every letter column), and another from William Temple, whose letter evidently was allowed to drift across the Atlantic in a bottle.

THE RQ RECOMMENDS...

The reader's attention is directed to a new magazine, Kallikanzaros, whose first issue includes a section from Roger Zelazny's unpublished novel, Nine Princes in Amber. Payment of $1.25 (four issues) should be sent to the editor, John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224. Sponsor of this magazine is COSFS (Central Ohio Science Fiction Society)--and I'd also urge readers to inquire about absentia memberships in this organisation, the only bona fide cyclic group in s.f. fandom.

THE NAMING OF NAMES

While browsing through periodicals in the University library I came across a magazine, published by students of Alberta, entitled INSIDE. This naturally called to mind another magazine of the same title, edited by Jon White of New York, that was in fact parent of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. However, this first coincidence, a cause of mere surprise, led to another that induced outright shock. Instead of disclosing at second hand the name of Alberta's editor --and receiving the title, Liar of the Year-- I reprint herewith his editorial page, with its list of staff members.

INSIDE

A Publication of The Gateway, Undergraduate Newspaper of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

EDITOR: Jon Whyte

Assistant Editor: Patricia Hughes

Layout: Bill Winship and Jon Whyte

Graphics:
Peter Strong and William Salter

Cover this issue by
Maureen Carter

WHAT'S INSIDE

Xmas

Sector: ALBZTY-7B2
Cluster: MN8Q
Star: 6K9-L4X-0907
Base: Sol III-a
Transmission Time: Gal. 39.s.431.24-2
Re: *Xmas Ritual on Sol III*
Excellencies!

As a result of an automatonic exploration group in this system, a non-intervention zone was declared and our study group sent to satellite Sol III-a to study the inhabitant bipedal species of Sol III (Terra), which appeared: 1) to be sentient. 2) to lack a total racial memory; and 3) (incredibly enough) to possess a crude form of poetic communication Such an anomaly is found nowhere else in the known universe. The facts that they are aware that energy and mass can be equated, and are on the verge of space travel., make some action mandatory.

We hereby request unanimously a Delay of Decision and the immediate assignment of Planetary Sterilization crews, for emergency action, so that investigation may be safely continued. Poet-Sador states that an error here might upset the ALMIGHTYDIVINITY'S balanced universe We believe that the following triple-verification, but *contradictory*, data justify such action. (All spacio-temporal references are Terran. Cf. appended *Galactic Equivalent Indices.*)

About 2,000 years ago, a Terran *human* was executed by being nailed to a cross composed of dead dried vegetable tissue. From the cruelty of the method of execution, and from the fact that it is still ritually re-enacted, and symbolized by models called crucifixes, almost 2,000 years later, by a species with a personal life-memory span of 70 years, it has been deduced that the executed, called Jesus Christ, was a criminal of unparalleled stature. His crime would appear to be called God, a reference to an action which we are unable to imagine. We arrived on Sol III-a shortly after the annual celebration of the Execution or Easter (as it is called) of the arch-criminal, and decided that this celebration demonstrated a spark of DIVINEMORALITY in this species. However, when we discovered that the primordial ritual of Xmas was a celebration of J. Christ's birth, we could only conclude that the inhabitants of Sol III are criminally insane.

(Riverside Miscellany continued on page 88)

H.G. WELLS
CRITIC OF PROGRESS

JACK WILLIAMSON

CHAPTER ONE -- THE IDEAS OF H.G. WELLS

#1 -- THE PROPHET AND HIS HONOUR

In a curious way, H.G. Wells is immortal. The physical organism, under-sized and squeaky-voiced and generally inadequate, died in 1946. The serious literary artist had perished thirty years before, a martyr to great causes. Yet Wells himself lives on, in a multitude of conflicting images.

He is the forgotten author who was once the prophet of the masses. He is the craftsman of the short story who wrote "The Country of the Blind," the amateur statesman welcome in the White House and the Kremlin,[1] the international pundit whose snap judgments sold for a dollar a word. He is the atheist who hated God (ibid., 45),[2] the evangelist of a deified Spirit of Man,[3] the zealot who tried to write a new Bible.[4] He is the cockney Don Juan, and the tenderly devoted husband revealed in The Book of Catherine Wells, and the loving father who wrote "The Magic Shop"[5] to entertain his son. He is the facile popular journalist who learned from a book by J.M. Barrie how to write glittering trivia (Exp., 306-11); he is the prodigal father of modern science fiction; he is the dedicated and inspiring teacher whose classroom finally included most of the world.[6] He is the utopian optimist who campaigned for an "open conspiracy" to set up a new world order.[7] But he is also the critical pessimist who challenged every theory of progress.

Even other images are current, but the Wells who criticises progress is the one who demands attention, for strong reasons. An essential part of the whole man, this image has been too commonly overlooked. It points the way to a consistent pattern beneath all the other images. More than any other image of Wells, it is relevant to us. For the idea of progress is immortal, in the same curious way that Wells is. In the mind of the literary intellectual, it withered and died about the end of the nineteenth century, blighted by the fin de siecle[8] pessimism of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley and Max Mordeau. In other minds all over the world, however, the hope of progress remains alive and vigourous, in shapes as numerous and contradictory as the surviving images of Wells.

It survives in the five-year plans of Communism, in the new nationalism of the colonial peoples, in all the aspirations of the West--even in the project to invest twenty billion dollars in the old Wellsian dream of a voyage to the moon. Everywhere, it stands in need of the kind of criticism that Wells expresses in his first fiction.

During his own physical life, his reputation blazed and faded like a literary comet. He earned a quick and immense success with the half dozen scientific romances that began with The Time Machine in 1895. Turning gradually from literary art to pamphleteering journalism, he averaged more than two books a year for fifty years. Long before his death, his fame had gone into eclipse, for apparent reasons. His cockney pride and his restless impatience with things as they were had annoyed every sort of conservative. As the vociferous spokesman of his generation for what C.P. Snow calls the culture of science, he had alienated the literary intellectuals. His campaign for a new world order had found no effective support. His great popular textbooks on history and biology and social science were going out of date. Only the early fiction and one or two of his comic novels and perhaps Tono-Bungay were still widely read.

Although Wells is too large to be readily shelved for oblivion, the effort has been made. His work has been neatly catalogued in three periods: the scientific romances (1895-1900), the comedies (1900-1910), and the novels of ideas (after 1910), with the comment that "the work of the last phase can be ignored."[9] In the imaginative stories of the early period, he was a new Robert Louis Stevenson or H. Rider Haggard or Jules Verne."[10] In the comedies of the middle period he was another Dickens (HGW, 268-70). In the voluminous journalism of the last period, he was a second Defoe, adept at sugar-coating his facts and sermons with convincing circumstantial detail. A confident prophet of social progress,[11] he persistently underestimated the irrational elements in man.

Such statements contain some truth, but they cannot explain either the place of Wells in his own generation or his relevance today. The division of his work into three periods is too neat to be accurate. As late as 1937, with The Croquet Player, he is still writing Stevensonian allegory; the vein of comedy runs through all his books from the time an angel is brought down with a fowling piece in The Wonderful Visit (1895)--even from the time he wrote The Desert Daisy, about 1879[12]; all his novels are novels of ideas. A glance into the early fiction is enough to shatter the image of Wells as the foolish optimist who died embittered by the failure of his dreams of easy progress. The Time Machine, his first novel, places all its gloomy emphasis on the retrograde evolution and final extinction of the human race.

Although this image of "crass Wellsianism"[13] has become a critical stereotype, Wells was once widely understood. Louis Cazamian, for example, has given him an acute evaluation. "Impulsive as it is...his thought is none the less one of the most substantial in contemporary Europe...What a Balzac and a Zola had done in France, Wells does again in England, with less genius than one or the other...but with a sociological sense more precise than that of either."[14] In the opinion of Anatole France, "Il est le plus intelligent des Anglais!" (quoted in HGW, 215).

Leo J. Henkin, in his lucid study, Darwinism in the English Novel: 1860-1910, recognises Wells's unique combination of scientific insight and literary power, and discusses "the idea of degeneration" in Wells's early fiction.[15] He concludes that "though his work is a milestone in the history of evolutionary romance there were few with the grounding in science and the vivid and fluent imagination to follow him into the future" (ibid., 259). In spite of such perceptions, however, the image of Wells as the critic of progress was almost lost for a whole generation. Only recently has it come back into the focus of attention.

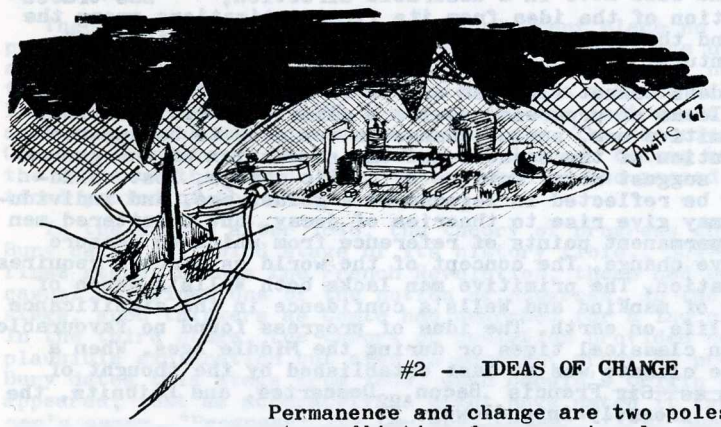
The new appreciation of Wells began with an important article by his son, Anthony West, published in 1957. West names George Orwell and St. John Ervine as examples of "the new obscurantists" who have upheld the false image of Wells as "a mind led away to folly and despair by the nineteenth century progressive fallacy, and by a blind faith in science."[16] Defending his father,[17] West cites Wells's own essay, "The Rediscovery of the Unique," his first important published work, which shows that even at the beginning of his career he had rejected the idea of unlimited evolutionary progress. West concedes that Wells had an optimistic phase, beginning about 1900, when success had brought him out of the rural and proletarian worlds in which he had grown up, and into contact with men of wealth and intelligence who were also men of good will. Wells found a temporary prop for this optimism in the Pragmatism of William James, but when that failed his early pessimism returned to overwhelm his progressive idealism. His last despair, West believes, was not due to any disappointment in mankind, but rather to remorse for his own failure as an artist to express the virile stoicism that had made his life happy and creative in spite of his pessimism. "He had known the worst there is for man to know about himself and his fate from the beginning, and he had faltered only in sharing his knowledge" (HGW, 73).

In the few years since, the old stereotype of Wells as the disappointed prophet of an automatic sort of progress has been hidden in a flurry of new recognition. The University of Illinois has acquired the Wells papers, and the University of Illinois Press is publishing his letters.[18] Dr. Gordon N. Ray is at work on a full-length biography. A newly founded H.G. Wells Society has begun publication of The Wellsian.[19] Two important books have appeared. Writing from the historian's viewpoint, W. Warren Wagar has studied the work of Wells as prophet of a unified global society, in H.G. Wells and the World State. From a literary viewpoint, in The Early H.G. Wells, Bernard Bergonzi has written a sensitive study of the conflicts and ambivalences which Wells reveals in the scientific romances.

The present study seeks to show the essential unity of Wells's work more fully, and to show more precisely his place in the thought of our time, through a new survey of his treatment of the idea of progress. No idea, of course, is ever quite the same in two different minds, and Wells's notion of progress is by no means the same idea preached by Comte or by Marx or even by Herbert Spencer. In the mind of Wells, the idea was not only defined by his knowledge of biology, but it was additionally controlled by his realistic knowledge of human nature.

In his scheme of thought, the progressive idealism of the nineteenth century came into conflict with a classical attitude derived in part from his reading of such writers as Swift and Johnson and Voltaire, and doubtless in greater part from the social environment of his early life.

This conflict within the mind of Wells, especially as it is revealed through the early fiction, will be the focal point of this study. Perhaps every artist is at odds with himself, and indeed, at some stage of his life, so is every human being. In the case of Wells, this internal quarrel is the key to his essential character and to the facts of his life. It gives shape and substance to the early fiction, which seems to have served as a sort of imaginative laboratory in which Wells was testing discrepant ideas and attitudes. The conflict arises from the facts of change, and the criticism of the idea of progress emerges as a central symbol for deeper and more personal divisions of mind.



#2 -- IDEAS OF CHANGE

Permanence and change are two poles which exert conflicting forces not only upon Wells but upon each of us. As Whitehead puts it: "There are two principles inherent in the very nature of things, recurring in some particular embodiments whatever field we explore--the spirit of change, and the spirit of conservation."[20] The manifestations of this conflict are too nearly universal to be enumerated, and most of the psychological and anthropological and philosophical implications lie beyond the scope of this study. Yet the basic idea opens useful insights into Wells and his relevance to modern man.

The idea of progress is the symbol of change in the thought of Wells, and his early fiction records a bitterly critical reaction against it. The details of this struggle will appear as the separate works are discussed.

The scope and importance of the idea of progress scarcely needs emphasis. The fact of change is as universal as the human hunger for permanence.

The polarity between the two determines character and channels attitudes, all the way from the first clash of the individual infant with its mother as the figure of society to the last defense of the aging conservative against the resurgent liberalism of a new generation. Change arises largely from the inner nature of the individual; permanence is sought outside the individual, especially in the structure of society.

The progressive idealism that Wells questions so searchingly in the early fiction was an idea of the nineteenth century, supported by an optimistic interpretation of Darwin's biological theory of evolution and by the even more optimistic implications of Herbert Spencer's general evolutionary theory. But optimism and even ideas of evolution are almost as old as the fact of change. Arthur O. Lovejoy and George Boas, in their monumental Primitivism and Related Ideas in Antiquity (Baltimore, 1935), have collected many anticipatory notions of progress--notions that were always overwhelmed in the ancient world by primitivistic concepts of steady or cyclic degeneration. J.B. Bury, defining progress as the belief that "civilisation has moved, is moving, and will move in a desirable direction,"[21] has traced the evolution of the idea from its first intimations among the Hebrews and the Greeks to its climax at the end of the nineteenth century.

Such ideas cannot flourish except in favourable climates of opinion. Ideas of progress require a climate of civilisation. Among primitive men, social change is too slow to be apparent. The revolution of the seasons and the succession of the generations may suggest naive notions of cyclic change, lost childhoods may be reflected in legends of a golden age, and individual aging may give rise to theories of decay, but unlettered men lack any permanent points of reference from which to measure progressive change. The concept of the world as process requires sophistication. The primitive man lacks both Wells's sense of the unity of mankind and Wells's confidence in the significance of human life on earth. The idea of progress found no favourable climate in classical times or during the Middle Ages. When a favourable climate was at last established by the thought of such men as Sir Francis Bacon,[22] Descartes, and Leibnitz, the idea burst promptly into flower.

The French Revolution, as historians from the time of De Tocqueville have perceived, was a sort of Holy war, its banner the idea of progress. Its militant faith overflowed frontiers, sustained by its own dogmas and rituals and saints, "by a mystical faith in humanity, in the ultimate regeneration of the human race."[23] This new religion had already crossed the Channel, a good century before the birth of Wells, though its effects were less explosive in England than in France. Adam Smith in his Wealth of Nations (1776) assumes a gradual economic progress resulting from the economic unity of the human race. Priestley wrote that, "whatever was the beginning of this world, the end will be glorious and paradisiacal beyond what our imaginations can now conceive."[24] William Godwin's Political Justice (1793), for all its attacks upon political authority and social institutions, proclaimed the perfectibility of mankind.

At this point, the doctrine of unlimited progress was challenged by Malthus, whose Essay on the Principle of Population (1798) started a conflicting train of thought which ran on through the minds of Darwin[25] and Wallace, where it led to the idea of natural selection, and down through the lectures and essays of T.H. Huxley, and finally to the sardonic criticism of evolution as an instrument of any ideal kind of progress in Wells's The Island of Dr. Moreau.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, the evolving theories of progress took two directions (Bury, op. cit., 236-237). In one branch of development, Comte and Owen and Marx each worked out a blueprint for a particular society designed to perfect human nature. When this millenial state had been achieved, all change was to stop--except perhaps for some inconsequential additions to art or to knowledge. Actually, such ideas return to the pagan tradition of the slow degeneration of an ideal state founded by a wise legislator. Once such a state is established, as it has been in Soviet Russia, it tends to become in most respects intensely conservative. Change is admitted only within the very narrow limits allowed by the founders of the state.

Theories in the other line of development place no limit upon progressive change. In the absence of any compulsive utopian scheme, the state remains the servant of the people, not the master. The consequent political philosophy is a broad liberalism. Individual liberty is both the goal and the instrument of social advances, which may continue indefinitely. The theories of Godwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer belong here. So do the ideas of the mature H.G. Wells, when he had passed the critical period of the early fiction.

In the decade after 1848, the theory of progress entered what Bury calls the third stage of its history (ibid., 334-5). In the first stage, before the French Revolution, there had been only casual anticipations of the notion of progress. In the second stage, such thinkers as Comte had searched for a law of progress. In the third stage, the theory of evolution provided not only a plausible explanation but also an apparent proof of progress. Bury dates this stage from 1859, when Darwin's Origin of Species appeared; just as accurately he might have dated it from Spencer's essay, "Progress: Its Law and Cause,"[26] first published in Westminster Review in April, 1857.

All the accumulating evidences of evolution were also evidences of past progress. Although T.H. Huxley and the early Wells did not say that social evolution must increase individual happiness, Darwin saw fit to conclude his Origin of Species on an optimistic note:

> As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporal and mental endowments will tend to progress toward perfection.

It is this view of progress that Wells questions in The Time Machine and The Island of Dr. Moreau.

Spencer's theory of evolution is broader than Darwin's, and even more optimistic. The evolution of life is only a special case of the general process he describes in First Principles:

> Evolution is the integration of matter and the concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation. (407)

Like Comte, Spencer tries to build a complete system of thought upon the scientific method. His system is comprehensive, his logic is clear, many of his pages are still persuasive. Yet his influence upon Wells would be hard to trace. Their ideas of progress were sharply different, and Wells's own comments on Spencer are often critical. Certainly the influence of Darwin and Huxley was more direct, but Spencer's optimistic philosophy was part of the intellectual climate into which the maturing mind of Wells emerged.

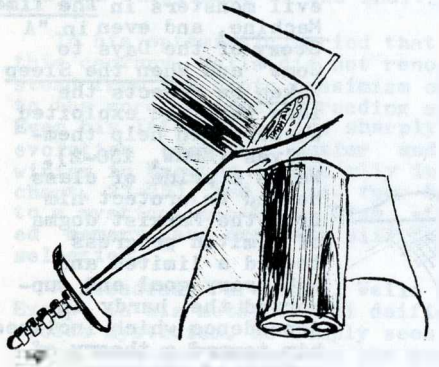
Wells never became a systematic thinker, and he criticised the universal schemes of Comte and Marx even more severely than he did Spencer's. The idea of progress that he carried out of the critical period was his own, planted by other minds but shaped by the harsh facts of his own life. He has acknowledged the influence of Huxley, "the acutest observer, the ablest generalizer...the most lucid and valiant of controversialists" (Exp., 159). He writes that the day when he walked across Kensington Gardens to begin his studies at the Normal School of Science was one of the great days of his life. The study of zoology under Huxley "was a grammar of form and a criticism of fact. That year I spent in Huxley's class, was beyond all question, the most educational year of my life" (ibid., 161).

But Wells was eighteen. He had already glimpsed the possibility of social progress, in Plato's Republic and Henry George's Progress and Poverty (ibid., 140). Even earlier, his brain had been sensitized by the spark of nonconformity in his cricketeering father, by the severe but genteel poverty of his home behind the failing shop at Atlas House, by his close acquaintance with the anachronistic eighteenth-century squirearchy at Up Park, by his sufferings as an unwilling draper's apprentice.

Progress, for Wells, was never the universal law of Comte's Positivism, nor the historic logic of Marx's dealectical materialism, nor even the benign force of Spencer's evolution. His most splendid dreams of better possible worlds were always curbed by the stubborn respect for fact that he had learned from Huxley, and by the realistic awareness of human imperfections that he had gained from his own unsheltered life. In his later optimistic period, he believed that he had found "the pattern of the key to master our world and release its imprisoned promise" (ibid., 12). But even then Wells was never the "cosmic optimist" as Perry Miller uses that phrase to describe the Puritan who held that "if the creation is ruled by God's will, and His will is itself the norm of justice and equity, the universe must be essentially good,"[27] nor even as Conner uses it to mean "the interpretation of evolution as a progress that is inevitable in some sense it is divinely motivated" (op. cit., viii).

Even the later Wells was always more the cosmic pessimist than the cosmic optimist. As he confesses in the autobiography, his attempt to deify the spirit of man in Mr. Britling Sees it Through (1916) and the following novels was never much more than a stirring metaphor (Exp.,574-8). He warns that progress will require "incessant toil...sacrifice...and much fearless conflict" (ibid., 12). He sees advancement never as the unfolding of a divine plan or as the operation of some obscurely benevolent metaphysical process, but simply as the possible but uncertain result of ordinary biological processes brought under intelligent human control. All his life he refused to believe "that the order of nature has any greater bias in favor of man than it had in favor of the ichyosaur or the pterodactyl." However inspiring, his visions of progress are always glimpses of a possible reward to be earned by reason and courage and effort; they are never promises of an unearned bounty to come from some friendly law of nature.

His idea of progress can be defined more clearly by comparison with the rival ideas of Comte and Marx and Spencer. He writes in the autobiography:



> Probably I am unjust to Comte and grudge to acknowledge a sort of priority he had in sketching the modern outlook. But for him, as for Marx, I have a real personal dislike, a genuine reluctance to concede him any sort of leadership. It is I think part of an inherited dislike of leadership and a still profounder objection to the subsequent deification of leaders.
>
> (Exp., 562)

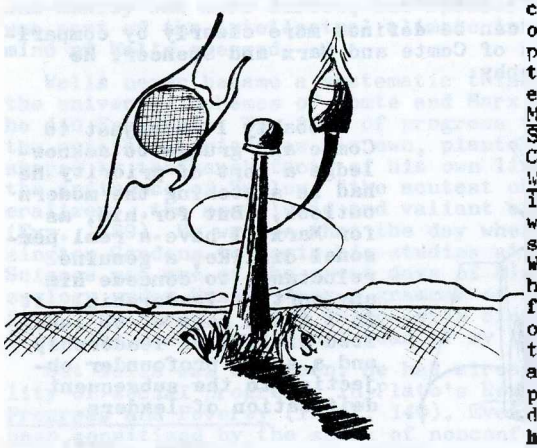
In a "discourse delivered to the Royal Institution on 24 January 1902," he repudiates the Positivist doctrine with a characteristic vigour, emphasising Comte's ignorance of the prehistoric past and the peculiar limitations of the Positivist conception of the future.[29] Since Darwin has trained our imaginations upon a longer view of the past than Comte saw, we see that modern man

> is no more than the present phase of a development so great and splendid that, beside this vision, epics jingle like nursery rhymes, and all the exploits of Humanity shrivel to the proportions of castles in the sand. (DF, 77)

Wells rejected the ideas of Marx just as explicitly. His own socialism, he says, was pre-Marxist. He had "scarcely heard the name of Karl Marx" before he came to London, where his biological training soon equipped him to find the flaws in Marx's "plausible, mystical and dangerous idea of reconstituting the world on a basis of mere resentment and destruction"(Exp.142-3).

There might have been "creative revolution of a far finer type if Karl Marx had never lived." This vigourous opposition to Marxism must have come partly from Wells's keen awareness that he belonged to a middle class. His parents had been servants, but upper servants, not proletarians. He was grateful for the class feeling he was taught at Mr. Thomas Morley's Academy, which was a middle-class school "saturated with the spirit of individual self-reliance and individual dignity" (ibid.,68).

The Marxists, on their side, knew him for a stranger. After his interview with Lenin in 1920, according to Trotsky, Lenin said vehemently: "What a bourgeois he is! He is a philistine! Ah, what a philistine!" (EHGW, 212).



Marxist critics have commented upon his lack of sympathy with the proletariat: the proletarian Morlocks are evil monsters in The Time Machine, and even in "A Story of the Days to Come" and When the Sleep Wakes he rejects the idea that the exploited workers can help themselves (EHGW, 150-2). Wells's pride of class helped to protect him from the Marxist dogma of limited progress toward a limited and arbitrary goal and supported the hardy independence which inclined him toward a theory of unlimited progress.

With Herbert Spencer, Wells had more in common. Both men shared the same liberal belief in the possibility of indefinite evolution toward an always happier human race living free in an ever more perfect society. Both were scientists, rather than utopians; both were aware that evolution is controlled by natural forces acting in a cosmos neither created nor operated for the benefit of man. Both saw progress as a possible but uncertain reward for human effort, and both promoted education as the way to advancement.[30] The essays collected in Spencer's Education may be read as a kind of prospectus for the later work of Wells, especially for his great triology, The Outline of History (1920), The Science of Life (1931), and The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind (1932), with which he was trying to train good citizens for the coming world state.

To summarize, Wells is more nearly a follower of Spencer than of Marx or Comte. Both Wells and Spencer accept progress as an evolutionary process, which cannot continue without the aid of human intelligence, and which must at last be ended by cosmic forces beyond any possible human control. But Wells, even in his most hopeful years, is less optimistic than Spencer, and the Wells of the early fiction is sharply critical of Spencerian optimism. The influence of T.H. Huxley was always greater than Spencer's.

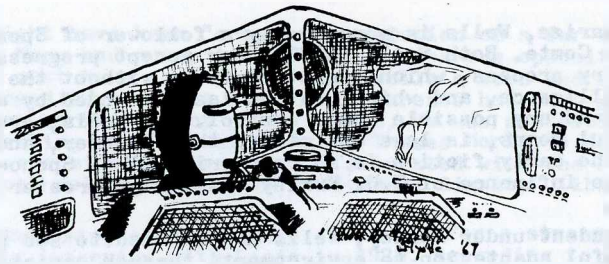
As a student under Huxley, Wells had learned to see progress as successful adaptation to environment, through variation and survival of the fittest. But Wells rejected the ethical system that Huxley was attempting to erect upon the facts of biology in such essays as "Evolution and Ethics."[31] Instead, in what Anthony West calls "a kind of treason" (DW, 69) to Huxley, Wells shows in The Time Machine and other stories that values and standards based upon biological fact are pragmatic, relativistic, and entirely irrelevant to the happiness and freedom and fulfilment of the individual.

In his optimistic period that began in the first decade of this century, Wells did not renounce Darwinism; he turned instead from the stoic pessimism of Huxley's interpretation[32] to the more optimistic reading suggested by Darwin himself. Even his later views are sharply distinct from the creative evolution of Samuel Butler and Bergson.[33] Butler satirises Darwinism in Erewhon (especially in "The Book of the Machines," chapt. 23-25),[34] and in his four books on evolution he reverts to a mystical neo-Lamarckism, attempting to substitute inherited memory[35] and creative will for the role of chance in natural selection.

A steadfast Darwinian, Wells stresses the factor of chance. Except in his metaphorical deification of the human spirit, he avoids mysticism. He simply sees the expanding human intelligence as a new element in the evolutionary process. Understanding the mechanism of evolutionary progress, the human mind can hope to control it. Reason can depose blind chance, in a simpler and more obvious way than Butler suggests, and human purpose can now reach for control of the universe. It is this biological, rather than mystical, view of progress which informs all the later efforts of Wells to educate and organise the citizens of the new world republic. He writes optimistically in The Science of Life:

> It is clear that what man can do with wheat and maize may be done with every living species in the world--including his own...Once the eugenic phase is reached, humanity may increase very rapidly in skill, mental power, and general vigor.(New York, 1934, p.1478)

Theories of change have continued to evolve since the time of T.H. Huxley and the early Wells. Mendel's rediscovered work has revealed part of the mechanism of biological change. Freud has illuminated the dynamics of change in the individual. Current anthropology is offering more precise descriptions of change.[36] In general, scientific progress continues at an exponential rate, while social progress totters along the brink of catastrophe.



#3 -- WELLS AGAINST HIMSELF

Wells understood man's war with himself. In the preface to the second volume of the Atlantic Edition, he says that The Island of Dr. Moreau was a response to the reminder in a scandalous trial of the time [that of Oscar Wilde] "that humanity is but animal rough-hewn to a reasonable shape and in perpetual internal conflict between instinct and injunction" (HGW, 106). Nor was Wells himself exempt. The criticism of progress in the early fiction is symbolic of an inner conflict too deep and too complex to be analysed briefly. It is, perhaps in the beginning, the self against society. In The Invisible Man, Wells presents the case for society: Griffin's story is a parable of the selfish individualist hunted down and destroyed because he will not conform to the terms of society. In "The Country of the Blind," he presents the opposing case for the individual: Nunez finds death upon the mountain snows preferable to the sacrifices required by social conformity.

The conflict is also the past against the future. In a whole group of short stories, such as "Aepyornis Island" and "The Land Ironclads" the modern world is in conflict with the primitive past. In The War of the Worlds, a symbolic future lays waste to the present with military armour, poison gas, and weapons that are clearly thermonuclear. Wells begins The Discovery of the Future by describing two divergent and conflicting types of mind, the retrospective or submissive, which seeks only "to reap the consequences of the past," and the constructive or creative, " which is perpetually attacking and altering the established order of things, perpetually falling away from what the past has given us." As he wrote the early fiction, his own mind was shifting towards the second type.

His inner conflict, in another sense, is classicism against romanticism. In a preface to a collection of the early romances he stresses his "early, profound, and lifelong admiration for Swift," but in a discussion of his attitudes toward sex and marriage he acknowledges the influence of Shelley (Exp.,147). Though the plot materials of the scientific fantasies may appear wildly romantic, the critical attitudes toward progress are sternly classic. In Wells's impatience with traditional literary forms, shown in his abandonment of the short story about the date of "The Country of the Blind" (1903), in his efforts to invent a new and more elastic form for the novel (ibid., 410-24), and in his literary debate with Henry James, there is evidence of a gradual victory of romantic individualism over classic restraint.

His conflict is the country against the city: Up Park against London. It is the upper classes against the proletariat: the Eloi against the Morlocks in The Time Machine, Ostrog against the wearers of the blue in When the Sleeper Wakes. Wells mistrusts the masses, and he anticipates the rise of a new aristocracy (modeled upon the guardians of Plato's Republic) in his version of the Samurai in A Modern Utopia (1905). He writes in the autobiography:

> A Samurai Order educated in such an ideology as I have since tried to shape out, is inevitable if the modern world-state is ever to be fully realized. (Exp.,563)

Though he has no use for the class of social parasites, a stubborn contempt for democracy runs through his work.

Wells's conflict is religion against atheism. In the autobiography he has vividly recorded his struggles to escape the vengeful primitive God of his childhood (Exp.,45), but he never fully outgrew the emotions and attitudes of religion, which appear in his efforts to deify the mind of the race, and again in his years of religious devotion to the cause of a new world order. His most scathing satire against conventional religion is in The Island of Dr. Moreau.

His conflict in yet another sense is conservatism against liberalism: his home and his first schools against the scientific method and the ideas of socialism. It is permanence against progress: the comfortable security of things as they are against the exciting promise of things that would be better. Plato's Republic, "a very releasing book" which he read at Up Park before he went to London, has filled his mind with ideas of change.

> Here was the amazing and heartening suggestion that the whole fabric of law, custom and worship, which seemed so invincibly established, might be cast into the melting pot and made anew. (Exp., 106-7)

His revolutionary ideas of economics and government, of sex and religion, came from Plato rather than from Marx.

The most striking thread of his inner conflict, which runs like a common theme through most of the early fiction, is intellect against emotion. The Invisible Man is selfish intellect. The Martians in The War of the Worlds are exaggerated intellect, almost disembodied. Dr. Moreau is emotionless intelligence. The Grand Lunar, in The First Men in the Moon, is a brain evolved to the ultimate. Ostrog, in When the Sleeper Wakes, is political cunning unrestrained by moral feelings. Even the Morlocks possess a kind of intelligence. In none of these stories does the exercise of pure reason lead toward individual happiness or toward any ideal social goal. Instead, it forces the individual toward suffering, deprivation, and death (see Anthony West, passim). Man's reason, as Wells wrote in 1891, is "about as much a truth-seeking tool as the snout of a pig" (RU, 108).

This sustained criticism of man's intellect is the most damaging attack upon the idea of progress in the early fiction. It is fundamental. The whole theory of creative evolution, as Wells later accepted it, is that the emerging human mind will replace blind and random cosmic forces in control of the evolutionary process.

Human reason is to assume the creative role ascribed once to God, and later to natural selection. But Wells shows emphatically in the early fiction that the mind of man is utterly unfit to guide progress in any ideal direction, because it is inevitably only one cog in a cosmic machine that is entirely indifferent to ethical values.

A more timely aspect of Wells's internal struggle is the clash between science and humanism, now familiar in the phrase of C.P. Snow as "the conflict of two cultures."[38] Though Snow's feud with his humanistic critics is recent, the quarrel itself is old. Plato may even have given Wells his first intimations of the issue, with the animadversions[39] against the poet in his Republic (II, X). Thomas Henry Huxley[40] and Matthew Arnold were debating the question in the 1880's, and Wells himself discussed it with George Gissing during the years when he was writing the early fiction (Exp., 481-93). This side of Wells's struggle with himself will be discussed more fully in the concluding chapter of this study.

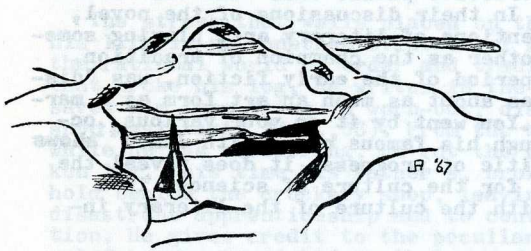
In simpler terms, Wells's conflict is pessimism against optimism. It is even a matter of youth against age, hope against illness, and success against failure. His desperate struggle for sheer survival is enough to explain a good part of his early pessimism; his brilliant success with the early fiction brought health and fame and his brightest optimism; the slow ebbing away of time and creative vigour brought a returning pessimism that increased until he died. Partly it is no more than something that was floating in the air: the intellectual scepticism and the fatalistic gloom of what Bergonzi calls the fin du globe myth (EHGW, 5), against a cheerful vitality that supported an unquenchable hope for better things.

However this conflict is described, it must have originated partly in the contrasts and tensions between Wells's own parents. In the autobiography, his mother dominates the early years. She had been a ladies' maid before her marriage; she drudged for twenty-four years in the "dismal unsanitary hole" of the cramped home behind the unsuccessful crockery shop called Atlas House; she later returned to Up Park as housekeeper. Devoutly religious, she never escaped or wanted to escape the ideas of her time and class. The "vast unexpected forces" of progress presented themselves to her "as a series of perplexing frustrations and undeserved misfortunes, for which nothing or nobody was clearly to blame--unless it was my father"(Exp.,43). She toiled and prayed for her sons, and strove to make them conform. With no grasp of the unfolding aspirations of Wells, she was bent on making him a draper. Loving him, she was yet the stupid, stubborn antagonist of his emerging ideas of progress.

Wells presents his father, son of the head gardener to Lord de Lisle at Penhurst Place in Kent, as a genial but futile nonconformist. He had lost a series of situations as gardener or under-gardener, perhaps because "he did not like to be told things and made to do things"(ibid.,38). He had talked of migrating to Australia or America. An active athletic man, he spent more time at professional bowling and cricket than in the shop. He "read diversely" and encouraged his son to read.

> His was a mind of inappeasable freshness, in the strangest contrast to my mother's. I do not think my mother ever had a new idea after she left Miss Riley's school; her ideas faded out, that was all. But my father kept going to the last.(Exp., 154)

Oddly, in the biography by Geoffrey West, which Wells calls "exact and careful "(ibid.,66), the images of the parents are almost reversed. The mother shrinks and the father expands:



> For thirty years Joe Wells was a ubiquitous and popular figure in Bromley, with his ruddy sun-burnt complexion, short crisp beard, curling grey hair, and jovial bearing. He lingers in peoples' memories as dictatorial, having decided opinions and acting upon them, and altogether overshadowing his small and much more "genteel" wife. (HGW, 24)

West remarks that Wells has never presented faithful portraits of his parents, but agrees that Joseph Wells was an intelligent and stimulating nonconformist, and that Sarah's "respectful acceptance of the established order" was the first great obstacle to the progress of her son (HGW, 25).

That conflict between his parents moulded the maturing mind of Wells into a pattern of rebellion. A brilliant boy, brought up in an atmosphere of ignorance and inequity and want which his mother dutifully approved, infected with his father's not unreasonable discontent, he had no need to wait for Comte or Marx of Spencer or even for Plato to impart a hope of better things. In the words of Wells himself, "It was a process of severance and estrangement, for I was my father's as well as my mother's son" (Exp., 43).

The pattern of revolt against his mother's illiberalism repeats itself in every aspect of his life and thought. He re-volted against class inferiority. His mother was a contented servant; sharing his father's stubborn independence, Wells himself became "a typical Cockney without either reverence or a sincere conviction of inferiority for any fellow creature"(Exp. 238). He revolted against his mother's ideas of God.

> I was indeed a prodigy of Early Impiety. I was scared by Hell, I did not at first question the existence of Our Father, but no fear or terror could prevent my feeling that his All Seeing Eye was that of an Old Sneak.
>
> (ibid.,45)

He revolted against his mother's Victorian prudery. She was able to nip his budding affair with an Up Park kitchen maid named Mary (ibid.,145), but she could not rule his dreams of splendid women or his ideas of sex freedom.

The pattern of sex rebellion appears in his elopement with the student who became his second wife, in his later affairs, in such novels as Ann Veronica (1909), in all his speculations about sex and marriage in the new world order. He revolted, too, against economic injustice, and refused to remain a draper's apprentice.

This same pattern of revolt helped to shape Wells's ideas of literary form. He writes that he was caught, early in his career, in a conflict between "the civil service conception of a life framed in devotion to constructive public ends" and the "artistic attitude" (ibid.,520). In their discussions of the novel, Henry James urged the conventions of literary art, playing somewhat the role of Wells's mother as the champion of tradition. But Wells, as he left the period of the early fiction, was "disposed to regard the novel as about as much an art form as a market place or a boulevard...You went by it on your various occasions" (Exp., 412). Though his famous clash with James[41] shows nothing of Wells as the critic of progress, it does reveal the later Wells, the spokesman for the culture of science, in a typical misunderstanding with the culture of the literary intellectual.

The men were old friends. James had always admired Wells enough to be distressed by his want of artistic concern. In Notes on Novelists (1914) he suggested that

> such things as The New Machiavelli, Marriage, The Passionate Friends, are...very much more attestations of the presence of material than attestations of an interest in the use of it.[42]

Wells retorted to such comments with a caricature and burlesque of James in Boon,[43] which is a jumble of bits of satire and serious comment, unorganised and uninhibited, held together only by the transparent pretense that the parts of it are fragments of unfinished work from the pen of George Boon, now dead, who was before the war a popular writer. James, as Geoffrey West put it,

> was naturally distressed to find that art to which he had given his life pilloried and mocked by the one man whom for nearly twenty years he had admired above all others. (HGW, 192)

Most accounts of the affair have been written by members of the literary culture, who tend to award the victory to James.[44]

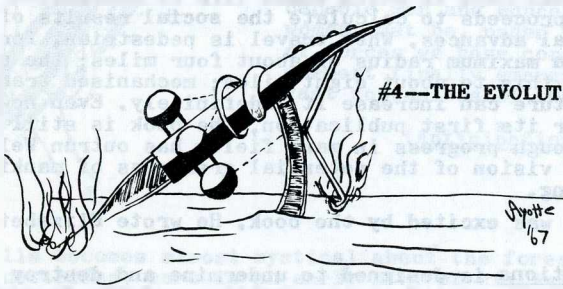
But Wells, at least, did not know that he was beaten. The disputing parties, belonging to different cultures, simply did not understand each other. In the correspondence that followed, Wells was forced at one point to admit "that he really didn't know what James was talking about" (HGW,192). The basic difference was that James, as an artist, wanted to render life objectively, as he saw and felt it, without conscious manipulation. The later Wells didn't even care about rendering life; he wanted to change it. Geoffrey West quotes from an introduction, written in 1917, to Frank Swinnerton's Nocturne:

> Personally I have no use at all for life as it is, except as raw material...I have never once "presented" life. My apparently most objective books are criticisms and incitements to change. (ibid.,193)

Between such fundamental differences, no real contact is possible. Nothing illuminates the nature of the controversy quite so tellingly as Wells's image of what he calls "the elaborate and copious emptiness of the whole Henry James exploit."

> The thing his novel is about is always there. It is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused in the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string.
>
> (Boon, 109)

The stress that Wells placed on the role of blind chance in his life is yet another evidence of his Darwinian revolt against the rational world of order and tradition. A childhood accident that broke his leg, he writes in the autobiography, probably saved him from being "a worn-out, dismissed and already dead shop assistant" (Exp.,53). From the books his father brought him while he was recovering, he got the reading habit. A second broken leg, this time his father's, broke up the precarious household behind the crockery shop, leaving him free to escape another disastrous apprenticeship and to continue his irregular education. He gives credit to the peculiar humour of his Guardian Angel for a raptured kidney that saved him, in 1887, from becoming "a second rate secondary teacher"(ibid.,242). Later, his "last cardinal turning point on the road to fortune" was marked by a mouthful of blood" (ibid.,311). For all the indomitable good humour that Wells displays in this account, such repeated demonstrations of the power of chance can scarcely have supported a faith in the supremacy of human reason or the prevalence of any benevolent law of progress.



#4--THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEAS

This conflict in the mind of Wells had no sudden culmination. His idea of progress must have grown from attitudes as old as his first resentment of his mother as the social instrument restraining his infant individualism. It was always in competition with clashing attitudes, and its predominance in the later work of Wells seems to have come from a long process of mental selection and survival of the fittest. Its evolution can be traced through the early work, from the sceptical pessimism that almost overshadows any idea of progress in "The Rediscovery of the Unique" in 1891, to the unfolding optimism of his first parables of unquestioned progress, The Food of the Gods (1904) and In The Days of the Comet (1906).

Already a highly original thinker in 1891, Wells develops some of the semantic and philosophic and scientific implications of the thesis that "all being is unique." At first, he says, his title was to have been "The Fallacy of the Common Noun"--for the idea of the common noun implies an identity that does not exist in nature. Anticipating general semantics, he remarks that words are not things, and that no two things are the same. If each event is unique, then change is a constant element in the universe. At the same time, however, that Wells is developing this essential premise for a theory of progress, he is also foreshadowing the critical attitudes that dominate his early fiction. Progress is possible:

> We are on the eve of man's final emancipation from rigid reasonableness, from the last trace of the trim clockwork thought of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
>
> (RU, 111)

Human intelligence, unfortunately, is no dependable guide to the future, and science, "a match that man has just got alight," has revealed only a greater darkness.

Anticipations, begun early in 1900 in his new home at Sandgate and first published as a series of magazine articles, reveals his attitudes toward progress in transition from the haunting pessimism of the scientific romances to the vigourous optimism of his next phase. The moment seems significant. He is arousing himself from a mood of gloomy intellectual criticism, and methodically forecasting the future history of mankind. His ideas take form as he writes, and here he outlines or suggests most of the themes that are to dominate his future work.

He considers the ways in which human life is controlled by technology, and proceeds to calculate the social results of probable technological advances. When travel is pedestrian, for example, a city has a maximum radius of about four miles; the use of horses increases this to about eight miles; mechanised transportation in the future can increase it indefinitely. Even now, sixty years after its first publication, the book is still exhilarating. Although progress in many fields has outrun Wells's predictions, his vision of the potential greatness of mankind is still inspiring.

Wells himself was excited by the book. He wrote Elizabeth Healey:

> Anticipations is designed to undermine and destroy the monarch monogamy and respectability--and the British Empire, all under the guise of a speculation about motor cars and electric heating. One has to go quietly in the earlier papers, but the last will be a buster.
>
> (Quoted in HGW, 116)

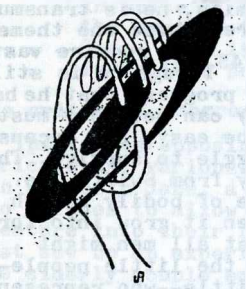
Setting out simply to discuss what might happen in the new century, he soon found that he had "a new thing in general thought" (Exp.,551). More systematically than in the fiction, he was trying "to state and weigh and work out a general resultant of the chief forces of social change in the world."

The book is not fiction. Commonly in fiction, he says, "the provocation of the satirical opportunity has been too much for the writer. The narrative form becomes more and more of a nuisance as the speculative inductions become sincerer"(Antic.,3-4).

Modern prophecy, he feels, should be "a branch of speculation, and should follow all the decorum of the scientific method" (ibid., 3-4). This is the surrender of the literary artist to the more urgent claims of the culture of science.

The future progress that Wells finds revealed by his new method is merely potential, never inevitable. Always aware of the limiting factors in external nature that are beyond human knowledge or control, and also of the more immediately dangerous limiting factors within human nature itself, he sees the future in terms of an evolutionary struggle for existence. The survival of the human race is never certain; he simply feels that it is worth a fight. With this book Wells is beginning the great campaign that lasts through his later life: to warn and educate and unite the race for this struggle to survive.

The essential change that he sees in the future is the collapse of the old class structure and the rise of a new scientific class of technicians and engineers. He places his best hope for progress upon this new culture: the Samurai of A Modern Utopia and the members of his later "open conspiracy" (see WWS, 164-205). Keenly aware of the opposition to be expected from the non-productive classes, Wells is yet confident that this new culture of "the really functional people" will become the active instrument of progress. Unless civilisation is broken down by catastrophe,



> these great kindred groups of capable men and educated, adequate women must be, under the operation of forces we have considered, the element finally emergent amid the vast confusions of the coming time.
>
> (Anticipations, 154)

Wells becomes almost mystical about the foreseen triumph of this new class; here is an early hint of his later attempt to deify the human spirit. The construction of the new world order "has an air of being a process independent of any collective or conscious will in man, as being the expression of a greater will" (ibid.,267-8). Discussing the education of this new culture, he reveals the seed of purpose that later grew into The Outline of History and his other ambitious textbooks for the new world. Since the new class will include emancipated women as well as men, he suggests the revolutionary ideas about sex and marriage that led to such later novels as Ann Veronica. Democracy, he feels, is even more likely than marriage to be swept away by the wave of time. It must be eliminated in the course of the evoluaionary struggle because of a fatal flaw: democracy leads automatically to war. The new world order will be set up by a "sort of outspoken secret society" of superior men and women" (ibid., 298).

In The Discovery of the Future, Wells returns to this new science of prophecy. He argues that we know the past largely by induction and not by personal observation, and that we should be able to discern the future in the same way. He believes that "we are inclined to underrate our chance of certainties in the future just as...we are inclined to be too credulous about the historic past (59-60). His old pessimistic bias is reflected in a list of disasters which might logically end the human race, but he rules them out with an admitted act of faith. The book ends upon a note of eloquent optimism that contrasts sharply with the dark mood of the early fiction. "Worlds may freeze and suns may perish, but I believe that there stirs something within us now that can never die again" (88). Even at such moments of exaltation, however, Wells keeps within the limits he has drawn for progress. If we allow for the normal dependence of his moods upon the state of his health and his success in the world, Wells is remarkably consistent in his recognition of these limits. In his optimistic periods he hopes to evade them, but he seldom forgets that they exist. His realistic awareness of the uncertainty of man's fate appears in his first essay, and it still appears in his last almost hopeless book, The Mind at the End of its Tether (1945).

Wells completes this evolution of his thought, from the critic of progress to the evangelist of the new world order, in two of the later romances, The Food of the Gods (London, 1904; reprinted in SFN) and In the Days of the Comet (1906; SFN). The first is a parable of progress. As Wells admits, he is transmuting Anticipations into fiction, trying to press home the theme that human beings are now faced with changes that require vast readjustments in the scale of their ideas.[45] Though he is still aware of all the difficulties in the way of progress that he had explored earlier, he is saying now that they can be, they must be, overcome--not because the victory will be easy, but because defeat would mean elimination from the struggle to survive. The idea of "big and little men" comes obviously from Swift. The food is an alkaloid that increases the scale of bodily growth six or seven times. The babies who have eaten it grow into forty-foot symbols of the potential greatness that all men might achieve through progress. Their enemies are the little people--physically and intellectually and morally little--who represent various sorts of opposition to progress.

Brilliant in spots, the book should be better than it is. The comic types, the deft satire, and the sharp realism all show Wells's growing novelistic skill. The fantastic symbolism reflects an unfailing power of invention. The narrative is often absorbing, and the poetic visions of man's possible future are inspiring.[46] Yet many readers have found the book disappointing. Perhaps the reason is that Wells had come too near a solution of his own inner conflicts, allowing his attention to shift from the individual to society. Even in The Desert Daisy he had been inclined to see people as social types, but the main characters in most of the early fiction are individualised by the projection of his own conflicts. The Food of the Gods has no individual hero. The collective hero is the whole new race of giants, standing as a symbol for the idea of progress, and their story sprawls over twenty years, from the invention of the food to their maturity. Though the narrative is vivid and absorbing, the book lacks the dramatic unity and intensity of the earlier romances.

The characters are types. Redwood and Bensington, the inventors of the food, are comic scientists, drawn deliberately small for the sake of contrast with their immense achievement. They exist to make the point that progress is something greater even than the individual men who bring it about. Cossar, "the well-known civil engineer" who leads an expedition against the enormous rats and wasps that have grown from the spilled food, is a typical pioneer of progress, a leader of the culture of science. Possessing energy, courage, and common sense, he uses scientific knowledge to solve problems. He smokes out the giant wasps with sulphur and saltpeter, and ventures bravely down into the holes of the big rats. Yet even he is dwarfed by the children of the food, who are progress itself.

Even before they grow up, the young giants are full of large plans for the future. The three sons of Cossar have a yard where they build huge and powerful new machines. When they leave the yard, however, to build a road for the machines, they are defeated by the laws and the property rights of the little men. When they try to set up a great building for the little people, they are frustrated again by "rights and laws and regulations and rascalities" (Bk.III, Ch.I, Sec. 3). Yet, in spite of their defects, the whole tone of the book is optimistic. Progress is kindled by an increase of human knowledge; it is fed by human intelligence and effort, especially by rational education; but it is a process greater than any human being. The march of greatness must go on, even though individuals drop out.

> In spite of prejudice, in spite of law and regulation, in spite of all the obstinate conservatism that lies at the base of the formal order of mankind, the Food of the Gods, once it had been set going, pursued its subtle and invincible progress. (Bk. II, Ch. I, Sec. 1)

The critic of progress has abdicated to the prophet.

The forces opposing progress are illuminated in a series of caricatures, variously comic and sardonic. The first is Bensington's Cousin Jane, a figure of featureless custom and propriety, who refuses to allow him to bring any sort of smelly or wriggly creature into their flat for scientific purposes, so that he must set up an experimental farm to test the food. The Skinners, the elderly couple employed at the farm, are the comic epitome of all human backwardness, drawn with a Dickensian reality and vigour. Mr. Skinner lisps and has trouble with his buttons and carelessly scatters the food among weeds, insects, and rats. With a kind of animal cunning, Mrs. Skinner steals two tins of the food for her infant grandson.

Anthony West, in fact, suggests that Wells, in his success with the Skinners, has denied his whole progressive theme. The best part of the book is the story of what goes wrong when the food is spilled and scattered, and the Skinners, "monstrous parodies of the average man in their blind sloppiness," are far more believable than the gigantic symbols of progress. Actually, says West,

> The truth is with the Skinners, and what the book convincingly describes is the frustration and the destruction of the progressive grand design by the fallibility of the human material which is necessarily its medium.
>
> (DW,71)

Even the giant rats are not only a source of melodramatic action, but also a significant part of the fable. Wells has written elsewhere about the human rodents that

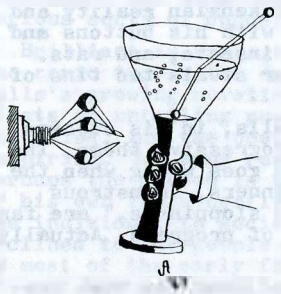
> get the better of us in all sorts of ways and gnaw and scuttle and scamper. They will muck about with our money, misrepresent our purpose and disposition, falsify ownership and waste and frustrate millions of genial lives.
>
> (Exp.,157)

The rats are symbols of the untamed individualist. Like the enormous wasps, they are also reminders that evolution is a race in which every other species is competing, and that the perfection of mankind is not the final purpose of the universe.

As the giant children grow, reaction rises. There is "talk of the bankruptcy of science, of the dying of Progress, of the advent of the Mandarins" (Bk. II, Ch. I, Sec. 1). New opponents of progress appear, among them Lady Wondershoot, who finds the feeding and clothing of the Skinners' gigantic grandson an intolerable burden upon her aristocratic bounty, and sets him to slave for his living in the chalk pit on her estate. In a tragic interlude, the giant rebels against her, smashes the machinery in the pit, and wanders to London, asking questions.

> "What are ye for, ye swarming little people? What are ye all doing--what are ye all for?
>
> "What are ye doing up here, ye swarming little people, while I'm a-cutting chalk for ye, down in the chalk pits there?" (Bk. III, Ch. III, Sec. 2)

He robs a bread cart, ignores demands that he return to the chalk pit, and is killed at last by the police. But change continues to play with the world; greatness keeps creeping in upon the frightened little men, until the forces of reaction find their leader in a demogogue named Catherham, who leads a movement to stamp out the food and destroy the young giants. The giants resist. At the end one of them stands in their fortress, speaking to his brothers.



> This earth is no resting place; this earth is no resting place, else indeed we might have put our throat to the little people's knife, having no greater right to live than they. And they in turn might yield to the ants and vermin. We fight not for ourselves but for growth, growth that goes on forever. Tomorrow, whether we live or die, growth will conquer through us. That is the law of the spirit forever more. To grow according to the will of God!...Till the earth is no more than a footstool.
>
> (Bk. III, Ch. V, Sec. 3)

The psychological conflict symbolised in Wells's criticism of the idea of progress is essentially the universal clash between the individual and society. This conflict gives the tone and tension of life to every successful character, creating the basic human ambiguity in which we can see reflections of our sometimes secret selves.

This same polarity also gives dramatic form to the more successful stories of Wells (and of other writers), finding expression in opposing characters that represent opposing patterns of response, as the little people in The Food of the Gods stand for aspects of selfish individualism and the giants stand for unselfish devotion to social or racial goals.

In the Days of the Comet, the last and the least successful of Wells's scientific romances (see HGW, 157), is interesting not only because it shows another step in the evolution of his ideas of progress, but also because it shows how essential his own psychological conflict is to the structure of the more successful romances. Here he deliberately reverses his earlier pessimistic statement that the cosmos is implacably hostile to progress. He makes it arbitrarily benevolent. "The swish of a comet's tail cools and cleanses the human atmosphere, and jealousy, and with it war and poverty, vanish from the world" (Exp. 401). With this unpredictable freak of cosmic chance, he removes the human limits upon progress and ends all the conflicts they cause.

The novel is meant to be a parable of the transformation that individual men must make for the sake of progress. In a sense, it is also a confession of the change in Wells himself which has enabled him to rise above his own internal conflict and so to set himself free to undertake his long evangelism for the cause of global progress. Yet this victory of the idea of progress in the mind of Wells has a curiously ironic aftermath, because the resulting tract for progress is an artistic failure.

Wells has come to feel that individual jealousy is the chief enemy of social progress; he believes that civilisation has developed "by buying off or generalizing, socializing and legalizing jealousy and possessiveness, in sex as in property" (Exp. 400). The story is plotted to show how the world would be changed by the removal of jealousy; the comet is simply a device invented for that purpose, and much of the action is equally didactic. Unfortunately, the same cometary gases that remove the inner conflicts of the characters also take away the dramatic interest of the novel.

Although the setting is in a cluster of pottery towns, the narrator, Willie Leadford, is clearly the young Wells himself --or rather the jealous aspect of Wells, with the same religious and social and sexual conflicts that he reports in the autobiography, but without all the charm and complexity and social adaptability that made the living Wells so readily and variously successful. He is by no means the Wells described by Geoffrey West, "a friendly, likeable, lively boy, always ready for a 'lark,'" (HGW,40) or by his own brother Frank as "a healthy and masterful child from the first" (ibid.,27). Willie's worn, devoted drudge of a mother is a bit of Wells's own mother, secretly grieving for his dead infant sister. Nettie Stuart, the distant cousin Willie loves, is very much like the cousin, Isabel Mary Wells, who became Wells's own first wife. Willie's savage jealousy is the same emotion Wells felt for Isabel (see Exp. 350-61).

Yet, though the originals may be real, the characters are not. The conflict that had been the living heart has been cut out. Before the coming of the comet, Willie is the pure type of selfish jealousy, his misery almost unrelieved by successful social adjustments.

After the passing of the comet, his new altruism is equally pure, robbed of all the ambiguities that would make it a really human trait. The two sides of his nature are never allowed to come into real dramatic conflict, because the miracle of the cometary gas intervenes like a deus ex machina. The ending, as Wells admitted, is as far from reality as the Kingdom of Heaven (HGW, 165).

Penniless and in love, Willie suffers from jealousy of both property and sex. The background of poverty, labour strife, and war is planned to show that his predicament is universal. His Nettie elopes with the rich widow's son. Maddened by jealousy, Willie is hunting them down with a revolver when all their difficulties vanish in the true light of the comet. This new illumination reveals to Willie what has been wrong with the world. As he tells Nettie,

> These bodies of ours are not the bodies of angels...In our bodies you can find evidence of the lowliest ancestry...something of the fish...and a hundred traces of the ape" (Bk. III, Ch. 1, Sec. 4)

Jealousy is an atavistic monster, snarling in the path of progress. When it is removed, the millenium dawns at once.

These last of the early romances show a final step in the evolution of Wells's ideas: the resolution of the old psychological conflict that his criticism of progress has symbolised. As an individual, he has been in rebellion since his birth against all the formal institutions of society. What he discovers in these romances is the paradox that the true goals of the individual and society are the same. As the pamphleteer of progress, he is still attacking the old enemies of his rebel individualism: the fossil social structures of religion and convention and law that are the remains of dead progress in the past. But he has found a new and cleansing motive for the attack: he is fighting now for racial progress instead of individual satisfaction.

Even in these first tracts for progress, however, Wells is expressing no blindly optimistic belief in any benevolent natural law working to advance the happiness of humanity. Rather, his most rosy expectations are always restrained by a realistic knowledge of the processes of nature and of the faults of men. He is never the voice of Victorian optimism, numerous critics to the contrary (see WWS, 81). Even the optimistic vision of a perfect future in In the Days of the Comet is subject to a pessimistic reading, for the people of the story are so hopelessly mired in jealousy that nothing less than the miraculous comet could have set them free. Nor was even their freedom welcome to Wells's Victorian readers, who were scandalised by the notion of love without jealousy (see Exp., 403).

Our survey of the early fiction in the following chapters will show that Wells's ideas of progress were controlled from the beginning by his vision of mankind at the mercy of a chaotic and uncaring cosmos, by his sense of the painfully refractory stuff of human nature, and by his ironic awareness that even the most successful evolutionary adaptations of the future world are unlikely to base themselves upon the dreams of progressive liberalism.

FOOTNOTES

1) H.G. Wells, Experiment in Autobiography (New York, 1934), 643-702 (designated hereafter as Exp.).

2) In Mr. Britling Sees it Through (1916), God the Invisible King (1917), The Soul of a Bishop (1917), Joan and Peter (1918), and The Undying Fire (1919).

3) Geoffrey West, H.G. Wells (New York, 1930), 213 (denoted by HGW).

4) Amy Catherine Wells, introduction by H.G. Wells (New York, 1928).

5) Short Stories of H.G. Wells (New York, 1929), 832-43.

6) F.H. Doughty, H.G. Wells: Educationist (New York, 1926).

7) For a thorough study of Wells's efforts to promote a new world order, see W. Warren Wagar, H.G. Wells and the World State, New Haven, 1961 (denoted as WWS).

8) Bernard Bergonzi, The Early H.G. Wells (Manchester, 1961), 1-8 (designated as EHGW).

9) Walter Allen, The English Novel (New York, 1958), 376.

10) Lionel Stevenson, The English Novel: A Panorama (Boston, 1960), 434-5.

11) Albert C. Baugh, ed., A Literary History of England (New York, 1948), 1558.

12) Urbana, Ill., 1957; introduction by Gordon N. Ray.

13) F.R. Leavis, Two Cultures: The Significance of C.P. Snow (New York, 1963), 43.

14) A History of English Literature (New York, 1935), 1358-9.

15) Henkin, op. cit., 253-9.

16) "The Dark World of H.G. Wells" (designated hereafter as DW), Harper's Magazine, CCIV (May, 1957), 68.

17) "The Rediscovery of the Unique" (abbreviated hereafter as RU), Fortnightly Review, L (July 1, 1891), 106-11.

18) Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray, eds., Henry James and H.G. Wells: A Record of their Friendship, their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and their Quarrel (Urbana, Ill., 1958); Royal A. Gettman, ed., George Gissing and H.G. Wells: Their Friendship and Correspondence (Urbana, 1951); Harris Wilson, ed., Arnold Bennett and H.G. Wells: A Record of a Personal and a Literary Friendship (Urbana, 1960); Gordon N. Ray, ed., Bernard Shaw and H.G. Wells (in preparation).

FOOTNOTES (continued)

19) Edited by Alan Mayne, Archer's Court, Hastings, Sussex.

20) Alfred North Whitehead, Science and the Modern World (New York, 1948), 201.

21) The Idea of Progress: An Inquiry into its Origin and Growth (New York, 1932), 2.

22) With respect to Bacon and Descartes see ibid., 50-63 and 64-77, respectively; for Leibnitz see Arthor O. Lovejoy, The Great Chain of Being (New York, 1960), 255-62.

23) Carl L. Becker, The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers (New Haven, 1960), 155.

24) Quoted by J.B. Bury, op. cit., 221.

25) See H.G. Wells, Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought (New York, 1902), 112-3; cited hereafter as Anticipations.

26) See Herbert Spencer, "Preface to the Fourth Edition," First Principles (London, 1880).

27) The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century (New York, 1939), 18; quoted by Frederick William Conner, Cosmic Optimism: A Study of the Interpretation of Evolution by American Poets from Emerson to Robinson (Gainesville, Florida, 1949), 375.

28) The Fate of Man (New York, 1939), 247.

29) The Discovery of the Future (London, 1902), 74 (designated hereafter as DF).

30) Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical (New York, 1896).

31) The Romanes Lecture, 1893, included in Evolution and Ethics and Other Essays (New York, 1898).

32) See Mark R. Hillegas, "Cosmic Pessimism in H.G. Wells's Scientific Romances," Papers of the Michigan Academy of Science, Arts, and Letters, XLVI (1961), 655-73.

33) Bergson's L'evolution creatrice was not published until 1907; his influence on Wells was probably small.

34) Life and Habit (1877), Evolution Old and New (1879), Unconscious Memory (1880), and Luck or Cunning (1886).

35) See Leo J. Henkin, op. cit., 94-104.

36) See Edward T. Hall, The Silent Language (New York, 1963).

37) "Preface," Seven Famous Novels of H.G. Wells (New York, 1934), vii (denoted by SFN).

FOOTNOTES (continued)

38) See Snow, The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution (New York, 1959), Science and Government (New York, 1962), and Leavis, op. cit.

39) In "Science and Culture" (1880), reprinted in Science and Education (New York, 1898), 134-59.

40) In "Literature and Science" (1882), reprinted in The Scientist vs. The Humanist, eds. George Levine and Owen Thomas (New York, 1963), 29-37.

41) See ibid., 410-24; Letters of Henry James (New York, 1920), II, 503-8; and Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray, op. cit.

42) Henry James, The Future of the Novel: Essays on the Art of Fiction, ed. Leon Edel (New York, 1956), 273.

43) Boon, The Mind of the Race, the Wild Asses of the Devil, and the Last Trump: Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times: Prepared for Publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H.G. Wells (New York, 1915).

44) See E.K. Brown, "Two Formulas for Fiction: Henry James and H.G. Wells," College English, VIII (October, 1946), 7-17.

45) Works (Atlantic Edition, 1924), V, ix.

46) See Norman Nicholson, H.G. Wells (London, 1957), 43; also EHGW, 121.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN CHAPTER ONE

Exp. -- Experiment in Autobiography

HGW -- Geoffrey West, H. G. Wells

WWS -- W. Warren Wagar, H. G. Wells and the World State

EHGW -- Bernard Bergonzi, The Early H. G. Wells

DW -- Anthony West, "The Dark World of H. G. Wells"

RU -- "The Rediscovery of the Unique"

Anticipations -- Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought

DF -- The Discovery of the Future

SFN -- Seven Famous Novels of H. G. Wells

excerpts from

RUN, THE SPEARMAKER

BY KRIS NEVILLE

TIME: AT THE BEGINNING

OF THE LAST ICE AGE

After hiding three days, Forw, under death sentence, returns to the cave site to announce that the Forces in the jungle forbid the Hunters to kill him. He performs a sleight-of-hand trick to convince the Hunters he has spoken with the Forces. The Hunters are not entirely convinced, and eventually demand he repeat the magic. To confound their growing suspicions, Forw offers to perform a miracle that surpasses all understanding and that will convince the last unbeliever to the end of time. The following is from Part I, The Men, Chapters 13 and 14.

13

The morning of the day of the miracle, the Hunters assembled at the spot, not far from the river, indicated by Forw. He insisted that the Women come, too, and the Women brought the Children.

All knew the stakes. This was the final confrontation between the tribe and Forw. The judge was Harsp. His the decision: Forw shall live, Forw shall die. The Hunters seated Harsp separately, so that they might watch him.

Run joined the Hunters.

Forw was not in evidence. The Hunters were all assembled. To one side, the Women. The Children ranged near to the Women's hands, regarding the men with respect.

They waited.

Where was Forw?

Had Forw run away? Had his cowardice overcome him?

Time progressed. Still Forw was missing.

Run felt his body lose its tenseness, slow degree by slow degree. Forw was always a coward. He wasn't man enough for his last bluff. He knew he couldn't bring off any kind of miracle in plain sight, before such a sophisticated audience as this, an audience containing Run, himself, smartest of all the men in the tribe. Forw doubtless had thought upon the matter at length, and at the end, had fled rather than face them.

At first the Hunters talked about what Forw might do. He might command thunder. Or fire in the sky. Or bring snow. Or make the earth shake. Or the sun dim.

Still, all these things they had seen. True, not on command, but they had seen them done. They had seen the wind carry branches. They had seen the sky turn to fire at evening. Would he command one of these? It would prove, perhaps, that he knew magic to control these Forces. But, while terrifying, what would such control prove in actuality?

It would prove that he might be dangerous, and they should kill him quickly. It would say nothing of what might then happen. It would not prove that the Forces had said: Do not beat the Women and Children.

No! Nothing short of the sky itself, opening, and the thunder crying, "Love the Women!" would convince these sceptical Hunters beyond the possibility of doubt.

Harsp's position in the matter was thus unfortunate. Run felt compassion. No matter what decision Harsp came to, he would finally be proved wrong.

I always told him, thought Run, that thinking would get him in trouble. He would not take my advice. This is what it has cost him. His only hope is now that Forw will not come at all. His salvation is in that. This should teach Harsp a lesson he will not quickly forget.

There was open grumbling now. "He would not wait like this if he knew the miracle were a true miracle." "He is embedded in fear, like a wound in mud." "It's a moment more of life for him before he faces us!" "The coward!" "He keeps us here, from the hunt, merely to live a while longer!" "Perhaps he will not come at all!"

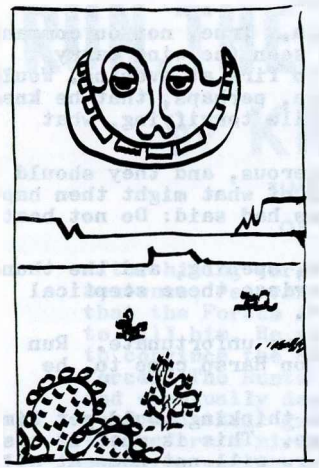
The Hunters, worked to a fury of anger, began to cry: "Forw! Forw! Forw!" The whole jungle roared echo to this impatient cry, and it came back from the cliffs along the river: "Forw! Forw!"

They'll kill him now, thought Run with satisfaction, the moment they see him.

Standing, Harsp cried in the loudest of voices, "Let us organise and hunt the coward down!"

And at that moment, Forw appeared from the jungle. Gone the weakling stance. Gone the cowardly fear in the cave. Here was a man transformed inwardly with a strange confidence. His skins were limp upon him, yet they did not detract from his dignity. His body moved with the twisted rhythm he could never escape: but now the movement inspired fear rather than contempt in the Hunters. He was altered into something not quite human.

Forw walked slowly, dragging, swaying, drawn erect against the difficulties of his body, overcoming them, bending the body to a will that blazed without compromise from those eyes that swept the rest of his face into shadow. He ascended the slight rise before the Hunters. He seated himself. He picked up a stone knife lying on the ground. All was silent.



Beside him, the Hunters now noted, was a depression. They could not see into it, since he was slightly elevated. His hand vanished into this depression. It came up with a fish.

A fish?

The Hunters, astounded, looked at each other. What was this foolishness? Was he trying to convince them he had pulled a fish out of the ground? Any fool could see through that! The merest of tricks! He had merely put the fish in there in the first place! Was this the contempt he held them in, to attempt such transparent deceit?

They all looked to Harsp for the signal. Kill the contemptible creature at once!

Harsp bent forward, hesitating. Was that all he was going to do? Remove a fish from that depression? It was insane! There must be more. Harsp must hold his hand. It was too soon to judge.

Forw cut the fish into two pieces and motioned the Women forward. He gave the pieces to two Women.

"What's he getting at?" whispered Lirk. "I don't see what he's getting at at all."

Forw reached into the depression. Out came a second fish. He gave this to a third Woman. Out came a third fish. He worked upon it with the knife, slowly, methodically. He motioned more Women forward. He distributed the pieces of fish to Them.

"How many fish has that idiot got?" thought Run.

Forw brought out a fourth fish. The knife moved. Pieces went to the Women. A fifth fish came out, a sixth. A seventh fish, cut into three pieces.

"I've never seen so many fish!" gasped Lirk. "Where did he get all those fish?"

Eight fish, nine fish, ten fish: with the knife making cuts. How many fish were there? Look, the Women are still taking pieces of fish. All the Women now have fish, and there is fish to spare. There are many, many, many, many fish! He has brought out an innumerably large quantity of fish from that small hole in the ground. Perhaps more fish than there are in the whole river.

Gasps of astonishment came from the Hunters. It is not possible! One fish, yes! Even two fish! Once in a great while, by accident, the Women might catch one fish. One could stretch credulity a little and say, in one day, the Women might catch two fish. But more than that? Impossible! And here is Forw, pulling fish out of that little hole until all the Women are fed.

And look! The fish are not dead! They are fresh fish! See the Women eat them? They have just been taken from the river! Look! Yet more fish!

Out came the eleventh fish. It wiggled and was still alive! The Women were eating fish faster to keep up. Their mouths were stuffed with fish. Their hands were filled with fish, and still fish came.

A twelfth fish came out. He cut it into many pieces and held out the pieces to the men! Plainly, he would sit here all day pulling fish out of that little hole. The men's stomachs turned at the thought of eating the fish he held toward them. Was he going to make them eat it? No! No! Please! Stop!

Forw turned slowly at the waist and offered the fish to the Women. The men let out a long sigh of relief. It was over. They were exhausted with tension. Then Forw reached in and brought out another fish. It was more fish than anyone could eat, and still the fish came. Would he continue to pull fish out until there would be no place to stand but for fish? It was insupportable! He had made his point! Why didn't he stop?

Forw regarded the thirteenth fish before him. He did not use the knife upon it. Rather, he waited until the tension was just short of unendurable. Would he pull out still another fish?

No. Forw stood slowly.

"There are no Forces!" he cried.

They all knew he lied. There had to be Forces. No man in the world, nor all the men in the world, could assemble that many live fish together. Any man that couldn't see that was just plain dumb! What was he up to?

"Of course there are Forces!" they cried. "There have to be Forces!"

"There are no Forces!" answered Forw.

The following silence was so painful it hurt the ear drums. It went on and on. It seemed silence would never end until the assembled multitude, each in his own way, exploded under the tension of waiting.

Then, at last, he let them down, gave them relief, gave them reassurance, restored to them the logic they had forsaken.

"There is only one Force!" he cried. "It commands you to Love the Women!"

And he turned and walked away.

The Hunters collapsed upon themselves, their bodies rivers of clammy perspiration, now growing chill in the breeze that came. They hardly knew what to do with themselves, whether to move, whether to stay. It was some time before anyone thought to look toward Harsp.

Limply he gestured, He shall live.

Later, he told Run, "If I'd have told them to kill him, they would have torn me into more pieces than the fish."

14

Days later, when the Hunters returned from the hunt, Run was sitting disconsolately, his spear work untended.

Harsp came to his side. Run was moving the pile of pebbles aimlessly.

"It doesn't matter," said Harsp. "You can never figure out how many fish there were."

"I know that. I know that. But then the Mother kept cutting them up, too!"

*****

Forw, as his control over the tribe tightens, advances toward paranoia. The following is from Part II, The Women, Chapters 18 and 19.

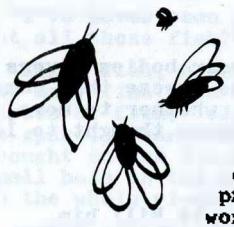
18

Run's initial resolve was to keep to himself the secret of the seed. But as he thought the matter over, would his wife, Lemar? Soon the new knowledge would travel through the mouths of the women into the ears of the men. Run's role in the revelation would forever remain unacknowledged. The need for recognition was too great. At the first opportunity, Run relayed the information to Harsp. Impelled by honesty and a secret guilt, he brought out Lemar's own contribution: so that it became their joint discovery.

Harsp went at once to Forw. The theory was outlined. As it grew from his lips, Harsp's own contribution to its development assumed overriding proportions. "So," he concluded, "you see, Lemar has carried the Child of Run, Lorci now carries the Child of mine. And Forw, your Child is carried in the belly of Cari."

"My Child?" said Forw.

"Whose else? Has she not always been in your sight? The Child can be none other but yours." Harsp reviewed this statement. Certainly a more true statement, or one more obvious, had never been advanced.



His eager candor, his innocence, disabused Forw, in a flash of insight, of his lengthening suspicion.

"The Child is not mine," said Forw.

"It can be no other's!" Harsp insisted.

Upon this proof the whole force of Harsp's argument turned. No demonstration could be too lengthy. Harsp therefore proceeded to cover Forw with the necessary words. No one else had an opportunity to impregnate Cari. Did not Forw keep her ever in his sight? Had she ever, once, strayed: during the day or while the Hunters were at the cavesite? Never! There was no alternative explanation.

Into Forw's eyes, as Harsp talked, came a strange, wild light. "Praise the Lord!" he cried at length. "Praise the Lord! You are right, Harsp; you are right!"

Harsp relaxed. The point was made; the issue was won.

Cari was not nearby, so Forw called to a woman to bring her. In time, she came, large with Child, sullenly.

"You are with Child," said Forw. "The Child has been planted in your belly. But you have not been with man. Is this not true? Did I not warn you, you are not to lay with man! You have not lain with man?"

Cari readily admitted the truth of this. She was apprehensive: had that fool Run let slip their conjoining? She prepared to deny it, suspecting the possible depths of Forw's wrath.

"Praise the Lord!" cried Forw. The light in his eyes was brighter now. His whole face was suffused with an almost luminescent pallor. "I knew it was true! I knew it was true! This is the true sign, the final proof. The last unbeliever must now forsake his unbelief! Come! Here! Admit it now! Don't lie! The Lord of the Jungle came to you in the silence of the night and lay with you and got you with Child! Confess! Tell all! How did He come to you? Tell me! Describe it!"

Cari was motionless. As feared, Forw had already learned of the discovery made by Lemar and Run which even now the women were in a dither of excitement over. Trapped in the final proof of her infidelity, she smiled now and passed through the entrance-way Forw had laid open to her. Her own fertile mind could not but grasp the advantage which would accrue to her status when all knew that she had had sex with the Lord and bore His Child in her belly. Again she mounted the pedestal of superiority which the sharing of women had deprived her of.

Forw was snapping at her, demanding details. "Why were you afraid to tell me before?" Harsp had fallen back.

And Cari tried to think. What did the Lord of the Jungle look like? Was He a man? Did he possess the necessary physical equipment?

In truth, knowing Forw for a fraud, she had never attempted to envision the substance of his imagination and give it reality. The Lord of the Jungle was words, nothing more.

"What was it like?" demanded Forw, dancing with excitement.

"Well, first," she said, "there's these words --"

"Praise the Lord," cried Forw. "Is this not true, Harsp, is this not eternally true? In the beginning there were these words. I knew it! In the beginning, there was this word, and the word was God! Praise the Lord!"

Harsp nodded his head.

"And God came to you like the wind at night, like the mist, God came to you as a spirit and entered you?" demanded Forw.

"This is true," said Cari. Already she was elaborating the details in her mind. Here was a tale she would be able to repeat until the end of time and each repetition would grow in the telling. She could scarcely restrain herself from interrupting Forw, who was already piling detail upon detail with regard to this singular encounter.

A secret smile came. A great burden lifted. Fear that Run might some day expose her was gone. When she was through, no one would dare believe him should he attempt it.

"And this son of God," cried Forw, "will stay at the cave and will help me and will talk to God, his Father, and in time he will replace me and guide our tribe in the ways of righteousness. He will succeed me! Praise God!" Forw was seized and inflamed by the passion of a convert.

"But what do you think It's going to look like?" asked Harsp. "Will It be born in the form of a vapour, of a mist?"

Forw's enthusiasm faltered to a halt. Horrifying thought!

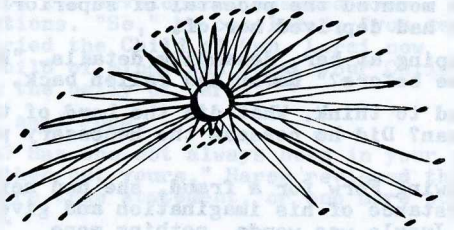
This Thing in her belly might replace him entirely. The Lord might bring It forth full grown, in all It's powers. Had the Lord stolen from Forw his just reward? Ah! When this Thing came, gone was the role of Forw forever.

And so, in that moment, Forw, in profound bitterness, came to hate God as well as everybody else.

Cari, who knew that she carried a normal baby in her belly, did not disabuse him of his suspicions as to its form. Let the suspense increase.

Later, when Harsp described this new miracle to Run and speculated on the form the son of the Lord would assume, Run started to say, "It's just another baby." But caution made him hold his tongue.

Then he said, "It will walk upon the water and control the winds and be one with the soaring birds. Oh, age of miracles!"



19

Cari gave birth, eventually at high noon. The sun was directly overhead. The three wise men of the tribe, Harsp, Run, and Forw, stood beside her and watched.

Harsp and Forw were covered with fear, awe, and apprehension. Run was calm.The baby came, and it was a small, red, squalling object. A male.

Forw gave a mighty cry of anguish, a scream that echoed in the forest and startled the women almost into flight.

Forw stared at the infant and knew that he could never be able to establish, to his own satisfaction, whether or not there really was a Lord of the Jungle, unless he could first know for certainty, once and for all, whether or not Cari had learned from him how to lie. And he could never, never, never, to the end of time, solve this puzzle.

So he looked down on the Infant and hated It, too.

* * *

Harsp, become King, has personal problems. The following is from Part III, The Children, Chapter 13.

13

Spring came to end the terrible winter; the snows melted by slow degrees, leaving the ground moist and new.

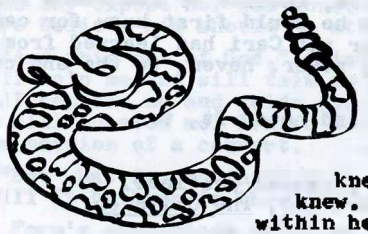
King Harsp joined the hunters to restore their pride in themselves, brushing aside his son, the Prince, without concern for his feelings. Harl was made again into a small infant while his father rallied the hunters with great words:

"We have survived as a Tribe the time of bitter trial. We are men strengthened by adversity. Great is our Tribe; great our hunters. Has not the Lord, himself, favoured us with promises? Let us ever remember the welfare of the Tribe. This is the precious thing to all of us. Do not expect the Tribe to do for you; rather, ask of yourself what you, mighty hunters, can do for the Tribe. In our Tribe, truly, we find ourselves and become whole. In my breast beats this great love of Tribe that dims my eyes with tears and chokes my throat so that I may hardly speak. What great, pure, true, unselfish love is this! Can there be any among you who does not feel as I? Is there one so base born as to prefer his good over the good of the Tribe?

"If there be such a one, let me not hear of him, lest I should fall upon him in great wrath. He should be shunned by all men of virtue. If there be any among us who should talk against this great civilisation we have built, if there be any that talk against this natural order by which we live, according to the will of the Lord -- let him be cast out! If any, in complaining of the snows and the hardships, mutter against the Tribe and its leaders, answer him resolutely. He cares only for himself. He is selfish. He is discontent. He is not satisfied. He is served as he deserves by the Lord, by the Tribe, by his fellows: as his own merit dictates. He can gain no stature from his own worth and would tear us down to his level. Let there be no such talk--"

The hunts began to go well; discontent
was buried in bellies full of meat. King
Harsp returns to domestic tranquility
only to be confronted by new problems.

Leta had taken to hiding from her father and increased in disobedience. Harsp would seek her out to punish her with harsh shakings and furious hugs. "Let me alone!" she cried. "Keep your hands off me!"



Yet she knew into Harsp's thoughts, and he was consumed with a burning rage: how sweet above all things this forbidden thing. Only in her could he find the true release for the hot power within his body. No consequence was too awful to restrain him, and yet he held off. For she knew, and he waited her move. She knew. She must feel the same burning within herself that he felt: she must come to him -- so that all might be done in silence, in secret. The time would --must-- come.

Lorci, his wife, said: "Harsp, we must do something about Leta. It is time that a husband is found for her. In her treatment of me, she causes much dissention in the family and great unpleasantness. We must mate her among the hunters, that she may leave our meals and sleep away from us."

"She's too young," Harsp snarled. "She is not of the years to know man. Besides, she is a comfort to me, woman. Would you deny me this childish pleasure in my daughter? Do you ever wish to bring evil to our family and dissention? Let Leta alone, she knows her mind."

Lorci moved among women, seeking to find a mate for Leta. "It is good that we see our daughters, when they are of an age, married. It would be an honour, indeed, to marry the daughter of the King, would it not? Let one of your children come forward to take her. Do not fear her father's wrath. No. Listen. Do this, and I will give you this special seed grinder Run has made for me and that I value above all things. I will give this to Leta, that she may prepare bread, that she may feed her husband in time of hardship. Truly, is she not a fine woman already? Has she not been a dutiful daughter, well trained to please men, of a quiet, loving disposition. Oh, a thing of precious rarity..."

One day, Lorci was horrified to find both Harsp and Leta absent. It was approaching the time when the sun is most high. The air was delicious and exciting with the perfume of growing things. In panic, Lorci rushed to the edge of the jungle. Where were they? Not in the thickets -- perhaps where there were leafy, secret enclosures, perhaps they had hidden there!

She plunged into the jungle. The noise she made was most loud and alarming. She became still, but for the powerful beating of her heart. She moved, then, as quietly as the wind, more quiet than the wind. Often she stopped to listen, tasted the air. Then she heard voices, soft, indistinct. Cat-like she came closer and closer:

There they were, tangled together in the sex act! The sunlight dimpled over their thrashing bodies. It was so far from her expectations as to produce in her the chill of a winter night and with a great cry she sprang forward. The male leaped to his feet and fled.

Way looked up from the ground into the eyes of her mother.

Way! Way, not Leta! Way and an unknown child!

Lorci screamed in anguish -- and relief.

Way, trembling, came to Harsp for judgment. In him burned such awful, quiet rage that no words were invented for its expression. This rage had components like sharp knives, and so his thoughts flinched and flinched again and became bloody. There was no clear channel for them to escape into.

He started quietly: "What have you done?" he asked. "Is this thing true, what you mother has said?"

With downcast eyes, Way was silent. Her trembling now ceased and her body held itself with stiff defiance. She said no word.

"Does Lorci lie? Speak!"

"She does not lie," said Way.

"So! My own daughter! To do this thing! Tell me about it. Let me hear it from your own lips. Call Leta in. Let her hear, too. I will be told all the sickening details of this monstrous act. Tell! Talk!"

"I lay with a man," Way said. "It's not the first time. What do you want from me? It's true."

"Is this the example you set for your sister? Would you have that sweet child, Leta, do as you have done? Have you no pride?" He was blinded with rage.

Way now looked up and met his eyes. There was quiet defiance in her. Harsp faltered in his thoughts and there was a sudden panic. He must not allow her to talk. God knew what that wild thing might say, what awful accusations might tumble from her lips. Leta could not hear this! No, she must be protected.

"Get out!" snarled Harsp at Lorci. "Out. Leave us! Out, I say."

"She's your own daughter, your flesh and blood, your seed," Lorci said. "Stay this wild rage in you."

"More yours than mine!" And he sprang upon Way, knocking her to the ground. "Out, Lorci!"

She faced him but could not hold her position. She fled in panic for her child.

Harsp stood over the girl. Blood trickled from her cut lip. "Kill me if you wish," she said. "Lorci speaks truly. You have made me. I am your seed. Do what you will: it is to yourself that you do it."

And suddenly the rage trembled to confusion and despair. Something was wrong, somewhere, and a monstrous, unheard of thing had happened to him. No, not to him, to the whole Tribe: the wickedness of women, as Form had said, pervaded all. He was smothered by it. These creatures who shamelessly flaunted man's desire were aliens. Without them, men were good. But when they came, they brought evil thoughts and strange passions with them. They urged man to disobey the Lord, his God. They cared nothing for the Tribe, nothing for the future, only for themselves. Truly in their shamelessness, they brought sin and evil into the world.

Harsp was filled with disgust. Nothing more. "And what now, woman? You have by your evil desire brought shame upon us all. You will be found out. All the Tribe will know. They will see your belly grow large, and they will talk. Who has she lain with? Look, Harsp's daughter is with child! Who will support this child? What hunter will get meat for you and this child?"

She lay looking up at him without answering.

"And they will ask who is the father. Yes. There will be much speculation on this subject. And I fear their thoughts, mightily do I fear their thoughts. Who can defend himself against such thoughts and idle speculations? No man will be safe from such fearful gossip. Get from my sight! Go!"

He kicked her savagely as she half rose.

"You are no child of mine. You could not be a child of mine!"

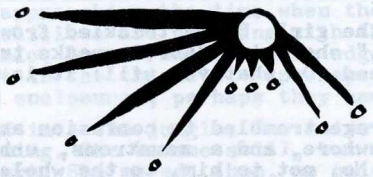
Later, Harsp told Lorci quietly, without emotion: "The twins are not mine, neither Leta nor Way, but from some other seed. And Carl, too, is this not true? Only my son Harl do I know. You have deceived me with others and burdened me with the guilt of a stranger -- no. Don't bother to deny it. I know it is so: deep in my very bowels. We need never speak of it again. But I know, I know, and I shall never forget this knowledge. Have you not always been shamelessly with the hunters, always seeking their company, and what have you done behind my back? Way, she is your child, and has learned this from you."

"King Harsp," Lorci sobbed, "this is not true. I love you only. You are my life. Beyond you, there is nothing. This is the whole truth."

"You lie," said Harsp. "Things can never be the same between us again."

* * *

Forw orders the tribe uprooted and sent off into the direction of the sunset, choosing their path as the river runs, in search of the land the Lord had promised, where the snows will never come. Hison, first born of Cari, is upset by Forw's decision. The following is from Part III, The Children, chapter 15.



15

... Hison worked desperately on the great Temple from the first rays of morning to the last at night. It would not be finished. It would never be finished. He went to Forw.

"Forw, I have worked long upon the Temple. The blood of my hands are upon its rocks and in the very clay which seals it up. I have in it a room for you, where you were to be walled up against eternity. Give me but another passing of the season and it will be done.

"Let us wait, Forw. Surely, speed is unseemly. If the Lord has said we must go, does he give the time of our going? Let us stay. Here at the cave. Where will be your tomb, far from home? There will be no spot to mark you. Have I not done this thing for you? Have I not laboured beyond memory on this tomb? Now, are we to leave it behind, empty? I planned for you, Forw, for my brother, Fil, for my mother, Cari, for all of us. This is to be used, to serve us. Surely we cannot leave it here, empty. Let us stay, let us wait, let us fill the tomb. This is the meaning, this is the end of our work. All else is ashes from the fire, nothing."

"I have thought of my entombment," said Forw. "This has been a matter of concern to me, and I have raised it with the Lord. Can I leave this great work of Your Son idle, alone, unfulfiled? And the Lord has said, 'Great is the love of Hison for man, but in this he has been cruelly betrayed by their evil nature. I sent him into this world to build this Temple: and men will take it with them in their minds to the end of time. It will cease to be of stone and mud, of water and blood, and will become a great memory and a mystery surpassing understanding.' So the Temple will be with us, wherever we assemble. Thus saith the Lord.

"As for Forw, His faithful servant, the Lord has said, 'Long not within your soul for this mighty tomb. This is a thing of the world, the flesh. This is vanity. On the time of your departure, the following instructions must be obeyed: The earthly body will be carried into the jungle and placed upon a great altar of branches and dried vines and leaves and wood. There shall be wood of the various trees, which I must teach you, and the size of the altar shall be four times the length of a man and twice the width of a man. The altar will stand to the height of a man's shoulders and the top of it shall be covered with dried grasses gathered by the women. Of the grasses, there shall be these types: those which make large seeds, those which make small seeds, those with broad leaves and no seeds, and those which bear white flowers. The body shall be placed in the centre of this altar and at each of the four corners shall be started a fire.'"

"But to do this," said Hison, appalled,"would result in the body being consumed by flames! What can the Lord be thinking of?"

"This is the point. This is the object. For in this fashion will the Lord destroy all earthly remains of His servant, Forw. To the things of the flesh, flesh, but to the things of the spirit, spirit. So will this earthly flesh be translated into the bosom of the Lord, so will the Lord receive His great and faithful servant.

"And so Forw will return to God, from Whom he came, and so will Forw's spirit be lifted up in the Hands of God as this earthly body is melted to nothingness."

SUPERMAN AND THE SYSTEM
(CONCLUSION)

W.H.G. ARMYTAGE

#5 -- THE SHAVIAN APOCALYPSE

If the adjective "Wellsian" carried overtones of the grandiose, "Shavian" epitomised pith and point. To Bernard Shaw, Wells's fellow Fabian, the Superman was "as old as Prometheus," and he has the Devil prophesy in Man and Superman (1901-3) that:

> The 20th century will run after this newest of the old crazes when it gets tired of the world, the flesh, and your humble servant. (act iii)

Shaw's own evolutionary panorama was an epic play: Back to Methuselah (1920). It began with Adam and Eve, and leaping from the contemporary scene, it projects three tableaux of tomorrow--one in the year 2170, the next in the year 3000, and the last in the year 31920. Each tableau is an imprisoned prophecy of the next.

The first begins with the President of the British Isles facing, with the help of a Chinese chief secretary and a negress Minister of Health, the problems posed by mankind's longevity--the life span now being three hundred years. The wise archbishop of York, "with more than a century and a half of fully adult experience" reminds him:

> The thinking, organising, calculating, directing work is done by yellow brains, brown brains and black brains, just as it was done in my early days (he was born in the Victorian era), by Jewish brains, Scottish brains, Italian brains, German brains. The only white men who still do serious work are those who...have no capacity for enjoyment, and no social gift to make them welcome outside their offices...We are letting all the power slip into the hands of the coloured people. In another hundred years we will be simply their household pets. (part III)

When the President discovers that he, too, may have to live for three hundred years, his relations with his negress minister of health have to remain "purely telephonic, gramophonic, photographic and...platonic" because if he visits her at Fishguard (she can't stand the cold of the East Coast), he might find himself catching rheumatism through being parachuted into the bay, and as he says, "I will not face an eternity of rheumatism for any woman that was ever born."

His Chinese secretary, Confucious, congratulates him on becoming President,

> You are no longer what you call a sportsman: you are a sensible coward, almost a grown up man.

The second view is of the year 3000 A.D. By this time there is a patron saint of discretion--Sir John Falstaff--to whom the Irish have erected a statue. The statue, now regarded as an oracle, is visited by Joseph Popham Bolge Bluepin Barlow, O.M., Chairman of the All-British Synthetic Egg and Vegetable Cheese Trust in Bagdad, accompanying his son-in-law the prime minister Mr. Badger Bluepin, his daughter and grand-daughter and the Emperor of Turania (a reincarnation of Napoleon travelling incognito as General Aufsteig). But the Irish, who by now had acquired the art of living for three hundred years, regard them as freaks and imprison Joseph Barlow behind an electric fence. To them his O.M. was a "name for certain wild creatures, descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island"--the O'Mulligans. The rest of the visitors are marshalled by an Irishman with a kind of "walkie-talkie"--like a tuning fork. But Joseph Barlow is told the story of how the scientists were brought under control after the general massacre of men of science that took place in the twenty-first century of the pseudo-christian era, when all their laboratories were demolished and their apparatus destroyed. He hears how:

> When Science crept back, it had been taught its place. The mere collectors of anatomical or chemical facts were not supposed to know more about science than the collectors of used postage stamps about international trade or literature. The scientific terrorist who was afraid to use a spoon or a tumbler until he had dipt it in some poisonous acid to kill the microbes, was no longer given titles, pensions and monstrous powers over the bodies of other people: he was sent to an asylum, and treated there until his recovery. But that is an old story: the extension of life to three hundred years has provided the human race with capable leaders, and made short work of such childish stuff. (part IV)

The story moves him so much that he has no heart to return to Bagdad and dies.

To die like Joseph Barlow when you wanted to was indeed a privilege, as became evident in the third phase of gerontopia "as far as thought can reach" the year 31,920 A.D. Since the life span is now eight hundred years, a new method of gestation, taking two years, has come about. Normal processes of growth that once took 20 years, now take 15 months, and the subsequent span of 50 years, now takes 4 months. No one dies of decay. A man and woman are made by Pygmalion in his laboratory, but having such passions as jealousy, they die quickly.

> "There once was a time," says a she-ancient to the newly-born, "when children were given the world to play with because they promised to improve it. They did not improve it; and they would have wrecked it had their power been as great as that which you wield when you are no longer a child. Until then your young companions will instruct you in whatever is necessary. You are not forbidden to speak to the ancients; but you had better not do so, as most of them have long ago exhausted all the interest there is in observing children and conversing with them." (part V)

Having forgotten "how to speak; how to read; even how to think," the ancients so discourage the young that they begin to lament the shortness of their real life and one of them exclaims:

> I made up my mind on that subject long ago. When I am three years and fifty weeks old, I shall have my fatal accident. And it will not be an accident.

#6 -- LATER GERMAN APOSTLES

Nietzschean apocalyptics, however, were explored yet further by Hermann Hesse, Franz Werfel, and Ernst Junger. Set in "Kastalien," Hesse's Das Glasperlenspeil (1943) looks back from the year 2200 and postulates a different historical development from 1920's on, with certain groups concerned with spiritual rather than journalistic values. These groups develop the "Glasperlenspiel," a private game in the face of a socialist-mechanistic educational and cultural system. They play and juggle with the total content and values of our civilisation, searching for God, which they see as the force which unifies all these disparate elements. These Glasperlenspieler become the meritocrats, the philosopher scientists, the thinkers whose work is translated into educational action by the next layer of highly educated intellectual technocrats. But harmony between "world" and "spirit" is easily broken, particularly where it is institutionalised. Knecht (the hero) tries to combine "living reality" and the spirit, and goes through an internal conflict as to whether the pure thinker has political responsibility. He comes to the conclusion that his values are higher than politics. Therefore Glasperlenspiel is not used to conquer reality. The conclusion is that the schoolmaster is the true contact between intellect and reality, since he passes on values.

In Der Stern der Ungeborenen (1946), the author, Franz Werfel, is called via a seance to the "astromental age." A change in solar intensity enables people to live to 200 in such bodily perfection that external technology is unnecessary. In this brave new world there are four estates: the church, politicians, workers, and chronosophs (to whom learning is a way of life). Werfel's presence acts as a catalyst for the revolt of a fifth estate: the jungle-living primitives. Against them, politicians (as they are too indecisive) and the chronosophs fail (as they are too rarified). Only the Church can help. In other words, social reality, however perfect, is not enough.

Last, we come to Ernst Junger, whose two novels Heliopolis (1949) and Glaserne Bienen (1957) go beyond Utopia. In the first, de Geer, the nonconformist in the Utopian society, the man who has reached the summit and sees no way on, the wanderer through Utopia, knowing all Utopias, seeks a new Utopia. He is commandant of the Prokonsul's military academy, finds himself at the hub of a conflict between Prokonsul (an aristocrat) and the popular hero Landvogt (a bailiff). Failure leads to a messenger from the Regent (God, the father figure), bearing an invitation to join Regant's order in the other world. The Prokonsul and Langvogt stand for the army and the people, but also for the human and the technical. Three partial solutions to the basic conflict lie in the attitudes of the "Parsen" (Jew-equivalents), who turn inward into the spiritual regions: the "Maurentanier" (Nazi-equivalents), the technicians of power at the expense of human feeling; the "Besten" (intellectual) elite of outward-looking, seeking approximations to the kingdom of the Regent on earth.

In the second novel Junger's hero, Richard, can also see no way out. He is trying to get a job with Zapparoni's, the Utopia, set in an allegorical, quasi-real world. Waiting in Zapparoni's garden for interview, he sees glass bees collecting honey more rationally than real ones. He admires the mechanism, but realises how absurd it is to have mechanical bees. He concludes that old human perfection and new technical perfection are irreconcilable --one or the other must be sacrificed. Richard himself is an "old human," but we are left with the knowledge that a new Human reconciled to and a part of the technical world is at hand.[14]

#7 -- D.H. LAWRENCE: THE ENGLISH GERMANIST

It was while twenty seven year old D.H. Lawrence was visiting his old professor at Nottingham about a teaching post at a German university that he met, and eloped with, the professor's wife, Frieda Weekley Richthofen. They went to Munich. Lawrence loved Germany: he had reviewed two German anthologies by English academics in the English Review (X 373-4, 374-6). Its editor was of the opinion that Lawrence was a well-read German scholar who had absorbed Nietzsche, Marx, and Wagner as his daily breakfast."[15]

Certainly he rejoiced that his generation was "waking from the dream of demolition." Because "faith and belief were getting pot-bound, and the temple was more a place to barter sacrifices, therefore faith and belief and the Temple must be broken." The breakers were Nietzsche and Hardy and Flaubert. "And behold, out of the ruins leaps the whole sky."[16]

Lawrence did not think we would "get any more literature out of man in his relation to man." Instead there must be a "new stride. And the next stride lands you over the sandbar in the open ocean, where the first and greatest relation of every man and woman is to the ocean itself." Then he concluded

> ..you release the new relation of man. Men like fishes lifted on a great wave of the God of the End, swimming together and apart, in a new medium. A new relation, in a new whole. (ibid., 723)

His prescription was

> Switch off the upper consciousness. Release the cramped and tortured lower consciousness...Snap the old connections. Break clean away from the old yearning navel-string of love...break it and be born. Fall apart into your own isolation; set apart single and potent in singularity for ever. One is one and all above and even more shall be so. (ibid.,634)

He advised his readers (in an article refused by the Times Educational Supplement):

> Exult in your own dark being. Across the gulf are stranger, myriad-faced dancing strangers like midges and like Pleiades ...Have done; let go the old connections...Then, dancing magnificent in our own space, as the spheres dance in space, we can set up the extra individual communication. (ibid., 658)

"We will have a new education," he exclaimed," where a black eye is a sign of honour, and where men strip stark for the fierce business of the fight."

In Fantasy of the Unconscious he gives a blueprint for an age to be:

> All schools will shortly be converted either into public workshops or into gymnasia...Active training in primitive modes of fighting and gymnastics will be compulsory for all boys over ten years of age...The great mass of humanity should never learn to read and write--never. First and foremost establish a rule over them, a proud, harsh manly rule.

#8 -- THE YEATSIAN DIALECTIC

A similar trend towards a "proud harsh manly rule" can be detected in W.B. Yeats, to whom man was the active shaper of the historical process. This process alternated endlessly between Dionysian (or anarchic) and Apollonian (or severely disciplined) civilisations.

Each was the opposite to what it succeeded:

> When a civilisation ends, task having led to task until everybody was bored, the whole turns bottom upwards, Nietzsche's "transvaluation of values." As we approach the phoenix nest the old classes, with their power of co-ordinating events, evaporate, the mere multitude is everywhere with its empty photographic eyes. Yet we who have hated the age are joyous and happy. 17

Out of Nietzsche (whom he first read in 1903) supplemented by readings of Blake, Swedenborg, and Boehme, Yeats evolved his own outlook best expressed in 1920:

> Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.
>
> Surely some revelation is at hand;
> Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
> The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
> When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
> Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
> A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
> A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
> Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
> Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
> The darkness drops again; but now I know
> That twenty centuries of stony sleep
> Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
> And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
> Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Five years later, Yeats had issued, privately, A Vision, which begins with Owen Aherne, a Neo-Thomist, telling of his recent meeting with Michael Robartes, an occultist, of Robartes' adventures in the Orient, about their mutual religious differences and their friendship with the poet himself. Following this come four essays: "What the Caliph Partly Learned," "What the Caliph Refused to Learn," "Dove and Swan," and "The Gates of Pluto."

In the third of these Yeats applies and develops universal history in the light of the Nietzschean cycles seen through his own models of the Great Wheel, lunar phases and interpenetrating gyres or whirling spirals, which alternately contract and expand.

"Dove and Swan" concerns the cycle of two thousand years in which the period from 1927 to 1965 represents phases twenty--three, twenty-four, and twenty-five of the Larger Wheel.

Yeats believed that myth and fact had fallen apart: and for that reason man is calling up myth "which now but gropes its way out of the mind's dark, but will shortly pursue and terrify." Phase twenty-four will be followed first by a kind of passive obedience, and after by decadence. He wrote:

> I forsee a time when...a ceaseless activity will be required of all; and where rights are swallowed up in duties, and solitude is difficult, creation except among avowedly archaistic and unpopular groups will grow impossible. Phase 25 may arise, as the code wears out from repetition, to give new motives for obedience... Then with the last gyre must come a desire to be ruled or rather, seeing that desire is all but dead, an adoration of force spiritual or physical, and society as mechanical force be complete at last.

This, he prophesied, would be confirmed in phases twenty--six to twenty-eight covering the years 1965 to 2000, when "anarchic violence with no sanction in general principles" (symbolised by the widening turning inward of the gyres) and when [18]"false leaders will appear and an expansion will take place." It is remarkable that while Yeats was writing this in Galway, Spengler's Decline of the West was published in Germany. Yeats confessed, "I had never heard his name and yet the epochs are[19] the same, the dates are the same, the theory is the same."

Yeats spoke of rewriting for the seventh time that part that deals with the future, yet not till 1937, a year and a[20] half before his death, was a corrected version published. In this he expanded the introduction as "Stories of Michael Robartes and his Friends." Robartes prophesies the coming of war and advocates a world-wide revolution to destroy our civilisation:

> Love war because of its horror, that belief may be changed, civilisation renewed. We desire belief and lack it. Belief comes from shock and is not desired. When a kindred discovers through apparation and horror that the perfect cannot perish nor even the imperfect long be interrupted, who can withstand that kindred?[21] Belief is renewed continually in the ordeal of death.

Editor's note: "Superman and the System" will be a chapter in Dr. Armytage's book, Yesterday's Tomorrows: The Rise of Predictive Dialogue, to be published by Routledge and Kegan Paul early in 1968. It will complete the trilogy begun in Heavens Below (1961) and continued in The Rise of the Technocrats (1965).

FOOTNOTES

14) H.J. Krysmanski, op. cit., 70-74.

15) Armin Arnold, D.H. Lawrence and German Literature (1963).

16) D.H. Lawrence, Phoenix (London, 1936), 304.

17) W.B. Yeats, On the Baler (1939), 25.

18) A Vision (1925), 215.

19) Ursula Bridge, W.B. Yeats and T. Sturges Moore: Their Correspondence 1901-1937 (1953), 105.

20) T. R. Henn, The Lonely Tower: Studies in the Poetry of W.B. Yeats (1965), 193.

21) Morton Irving Seiden, William Butler Yeats, The Poet as Mythmaker 1865-1939 (Michigan State, 1962).

In his own attempt to "rip the old veil of the vision across" W.B. Yeats joined a Hermetic Society in Dublin, and later joined Madame Blavatsky's Lodge, trying to conduct seances, experimenting with ritual magic, and becoming obsessed by occult symbols like the wheel, the sphere, the cone, and the interpenetrating triangles. Later he joined the Isis--Urania Temple of the Hermetic Students of the Golden Dawn--a Rosicrucian Society of ardent social reformers who wished to use magic and alchemy to transmute or regenerate the modern world by destroying the present and ushering in a Golden Age. Finally, he married a medium almost as learned as himself.

Yeats prophesied that the "latest results of that psychical research founded by William Crookes" would be combined with some Asiatic philosophy so as to prepare "all to face death without flinching, perhaps even with joy. As according to their philosophy the dead will not pass to a remote Heaven, but return to the Earth, it would seem as though the soldier's dead body manured the fields he himself would till." (Quoted from MS in possession of Mrs. W.B. Yeats by Hazard Adams, Blake and Yeats: the Contrary Vision (Ithaca, 1955), 30.)

THE SEASONAL FAN

BY: JIM HARMON

AN UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPT

The bias of most Riverside Quarterly readers is towards the reading of science fiction; in some cases it is more than a bias, but a prejudice.

Many of the statements of fans prominent during the fabled era of Moskowitz and Wollheim (though not necessarily those men themselves) are prejudiced to the point of being humourously "camp" today. One of them might say something like,"Take all the stars in the heavens and multiply that number by the number of light years to the furthest star, and that is how many times scientifiction is better than detective stories..." Even Robert Heinlein has expressed the opinion in his introduction to Tomorrow the Stars that s.f. is "better" than mainstream literature because it is not stuck in the past or present but has all time and space in which to roam. Of course, s.f. does not really venture into the future, only into an imagined and an all too occasionally reasoned future. As with all literature, s.f. is "stuck" within the mind and imagination of the author. It can't be superior to mainstream literature, and is usually inferior. At best, it can be a part of mainstream literature, and sometimes can achieve virtues by merely being "different" from it. The value of art objects lies in their dissimilarities.

Our bias toward science fiction, however, may not be a bad thing. If science fiction has ever produced anything worthwhile, and of course we think it has, it has been worth saving. Without our bias, it probably would not have survived. Time and again, it has been the fan activist from the era of Gernsback's Wonder Stories to Moorcock's New Worlds who has been instrumental in preserving the organs of science fiction, who has, in effect, saved its ass.

This biased reaction, if not precisely love, is at least akin to it. Perhaps we should love only people or God and/or Country, but demonstrably, people love Things other than other people. Most people I know love Money. Practically everybody loves Fun. At last there are such refined sublimations as love of Art, of which love of science fiction is a peculiar reflexive expression.

Without emotional bias, civilisation could not have survived (as of this writing). After sex, one must have an emotional bias towards a mate for the family unit to survive. After the family, comes a bias towards the tribe, which slowly evolved to a bias in favour of the state and nation, and currently enjoys its highest achievement to date in a bias toward NATO. Our only problem with this is to expand this bias from the smallest survival group to the now necessary survival group--the Family of Man.

In science fiction, our problem is not discarding the strange bias we have inherited as a gift of environment and heredity, but to expand our bias to the love of the great sea of which our world is an island. People, even writers and fans, are valuable for being unique. There is a need for someone to be chiefly concerned with the Rube Goldberg machinations of the Gernsback and Tremaine 'Thirties, and for others to trace out the paper doily fantasies carved by Ray Bradbury. But we can't ignore the smell of the sea as we chart our island.

The instances of intolerance seem to me to be increasing throughout modern life, public and private, popular and literary. Certainly the prejudices against Catholics, Jews, Negroes, et al, have not disappeared, but today those who give lip service to refraining from these specific prejudices feel free to voice prejudices against other groups.

One of the more disturbing instances of intolerance on "moral" grounds comes from the "hippies" of today. I had hoped that these bearded and sandaled rebels against society were expressing a greater tolerance of their fellow man, but from talking with several and reading the views of several in such underground newspapers as The Free Press and the paper-back, Freakout on Sunset Strip, by Mick Rogers, I'm afraid this isn't so. While professing "love," they reveal an active hatred of the "squares" who will not refuse work and let their families starve or who from inexplicable taste do not care to dress exactly as they do. These young Mods really desire only to fragment a torn society even further, and have invented whole new class hatreds, despising those who use hair tonic on their long hair--the "Greasers"--with seemingly as much venom as the KKK reserves for Negroes. But not only do the "flower children" hate Squares and Greasers, they have equal loathing for Surfers, Ho-dads, etc., etc. All of these terms, even "Square" are directed to minuscule fractionings of their own generation--those over twenty five are beneath not only contempt but concern.

The intellectual expresses his active or passively omissive contempt of all that isn't intellectual. But as Raymond Chandler observed in his published letters, most people would miss the disappearance of all literature far less than they would the disappearance of all whiskey. (Secondary influences following a literary void might in time create a distress they might not observe as a cause-and-effect result.) Certain situations are, regardless of value judgements. Movies, comic books, radio and television programs have had more direct influence on the average person in our society than books. It has been my personal experience that the genuine or self-styled intellectual will not even tolerate my own interest in these "things we once loved with all our heart," as Ray Bradbury termed them. No judgement is implied that these things are of equal value to the things of genuine art, but the "professional" intellectual will not even allow them their corner of the culture's history in which they existed. Yet value judgements can not erase these things that were and are; they can not uncreate a popular culture. Still it moves...us.

Value judgements tend to be "moral" rather than reasonable. People, things, ideas, books, art are worthless because in our own estimation they are unworthy. They fail on the scale of right and wrong, they fall from the high purpose we espouse, the creation of genuine art, a socialized state, a democracy, a "Great Society." Those who oppose the war in Viet Nam have expressed satisfaction that if the young liberals refuse to go to this war, those who will go and die will be those who support the war--the Southern conservatives and racists--who are better off dead anyway. I believe it is wrong to kill off any large class of human beings for utilitarian reasons, that some view of the public good will be served by it, or even to let them die through inaction. We can't decide who deserves to die. Perhaps no one deserves to live. Value judgements made on such moral grounds are particularly shaky--morality changes. We may do Bad, but we always want Good, except that we can never finally and forever know what is Good. Still we must keep trying to discover Good, or lose all chance of coming nearer.

According to Bertrand Russell in The Conquest of Happiness, happiness can lie in an emotional bias such as stamp collecting. Or, one assumes, reading science fiction. Life would be rather drab without our biases--leaning towards certain people more than others, having favourite foods, favourite films, favourite books, finding experiences good enough to wish re-experiencing.

Yet in a world with enough real choices, enough real rivalries, we continually invent further unnecessary ones. I can choose for me, but not for you in the making of tribal lays. To you, science fiction may be astronomically superior to detective stories, but to Anthony Boucher they are apparently of roughly equal value. My personal bias is that prejudice ends not with the rejection but the acceptance of bias in ourselves and others.

POEM

stands at her mirror (her life,
behind her, faces her
)this is called retrospect(
: watch as this becomes
a begging stranger asking
why Why why
is it always Snow
White

POEM

Yesterday
the country side within myself
shot all locks, broke every door,
hung each window on the square
to ask all people and
every madness
to these plain states

Who came like a fall of
wind, into its hills.

This soon--
a snow has grown, a gruel
that coats the ground. And
I am a kind
and gentle kingdom
unto myself.

--James Castle

STILL GRAY

Someone is walking down the halls
of the afternoon I hear his heels
dragging the floor along
I listen as
the apparition occurs outside
my window
(somewhere someone is listening)
cows are moored
in the grass, sharpen
it with sideways teeth, and
the grass is
cutting, is cutting (cutting)
at the ropes of belonging
(somewhere someone hears)
gray
tells the cows
to go away
(somewhere someone is hearing
the wind)
they stay

—James Castle

The window looks on
to watch our
turnings
in this bed, five
by four, hole
in the sky.

Night comes
and the window's a
mirror crossed
by two wood stakes.

We eat garlic
and listen
to scrapings
on the roof.

(Let us be also
a silent witness)

—Gordon James

DAY DREAM #12
(for Leslie)

Wind through holes
in the crumbling logger's shack
and rain
falling on my belly.
Walls are bare
where the old Life Magazines
have been used for reading.
In the morning I will find you
on a yellow horse
running toward white topped mountains
that, in the clear distance,
imitate postcards.

27 AMERICAN FLAGS ON A NAKED TRYNA

February
and it's like June or May,
a Valentine
to a past mistress or a far away look.
There were 13 stars originally.
There's Louise, a Le Ann, Julie, Heidi....
All past and nothing done
but hide under an electric can opener
or the back seat
of an Airflow.
What about nipples on the wall
or a hair couch?
What about it?
Is it better hiding in a machine, or safer?
Xerox is the coming art form.

--Peter Warren

GREGORY CORSO IN ATHENS

These passings
in the Greek city with light and smoke and rain
line my old loves, an older age.
Go, Gregory, called ugly here.
This is not only pain,
Gerry. This is something that rages.
I never saw anything except a picture of you
on a book's back, over which I rubbed off
when I was sixteen. Here you come to the house
that a day later I have come to
in lightning. Athens is not clean
but the blonde girl who met you douses
rags at the sink and
sitting in another tile room
you fill my hand.

--Samuel R. Delany

KNOSSOS POEM

I

Black Bubbles up beneath Knossos
nodules, light points,
maidens gone fruitful
on bulls. Trees and a bushel of
oranges moldy now (turning back, black,
bubbling up beneath Knosses).
The eternal spring spent, lax
cries of enervated courtiers,
no maiden sprightly
to somersault a bull's back
and set out fresh linen. Above
gardens now black, filled
with the droppings of creatures
gone and covered with yellow flies: a
joint requiem for the fruit.

II

Although not eyes, red dots
on the wall turn as cows pass,
searching for bulls now engrossed
with those Knossian maidens
sown by gods. The careless
ennui of the bulls, oh the
sun very hot, the land
fevered, dreams borning
in the dry stick by which
he's measured (five days now)
the fall of water. Not
to a place specific as those bulls,
lacking their mythic definition, or
to gods--but to sun, say,
with its pure concentration on
water falling.

--Ralph Dobbins

"We are come for the machine's
wake--
why is everyone speaking
Gaelic?"
(The agent from Berlitz secretly
zippers his fly.)

Bornet III sends ambassadors,
regrets, and (1) the basket,
(2) the herald's tabard, (3) heads
of statement. (Who
sends this white rose--for Love?)

"I tell you the corpse is dancing,
its own white hope
ravaged
like a buffalo--
and your children's bodies hang
like bells
on a churchyard end of ropes."

(keenly honed over salt rock,
filed to an edge where the ambassador's
cravat will soon be fitted
as he wastes himself on bulls)

Royal Herefords swing their message
udder to udder; ball-bearings
clutter their feet.

--And he is administrator of
legend in the province of Kwan
in the year of the machine
of bees.

--Ralph Dobbins

A BUNCH OF THINGS

I

Concrete images the
accreting of the detritus) yet
My face in the pool water is
so Venetian or stony in this mask) that
the Protean statuary: an Academy.
The beginnings of a metamorphosis:
my thoughts condense into gravel,
numerable, that grate
upon my iron heels.

II

The convertible sofa
opens a door:
"Oh, there is room for one more
piece of cargo.
We are taking the bodies
to City Dump."
Dumptrucks in conversation
with dumptrucks, while
as though independently things
seem to tumble over the edge
squealing with delight

III

One! and another makes:
Two. I am counting them:
(there is nothing else to do) Three.
Four. (some are still alive) Five.
(notice) Six. (their) Seven
Eight. Nine. Ten.
(hands stretching up) Eleven,
(to the number:) Twelve!
(notice the world change into a coach
drawn by numerous mice

IV

Disjointedly, a part of me, one lobe
of mind, one half of a whole globe,
swings, with a warlike, breaking sound,
into collision with his look-alike.
The front door makes a noise like that
flapping in the wind. Batt.
Batt. Then, in something like dawn,
I'd find dead on the porch one
of the birds that has a wrong number of wings
and then behind me something
closes in on itself and locks

V

Beauty sits down
at his Pandemonium. There is
music at the Paris Opera Ball and songs
and, oh, many brands of cigarette
and such brave colours that
Lulu, Lulu, at the beating of the gongs,
loses her way among the throngs
of ashtray and urn, brass
and stone (The ball goes on (the ball
goes on while some foul thing (swings
around and around (around
in a beautiful Steuben chandelier

VI

I dismask and watch with glee
old fibres dropping off of me,
like the sops that bandaged my
ignescent, fevery eyes) fingers touch
the hollow porcelain) And pull the string
and with a whirring sound I scream:
"My face My face My face I see
my face is bouncing down the street"

VII

flunk flunk flunk Boop go
the glouting drops of goop down
the gilded jawbone) The nave
is ill-lit and seems to lurch(
In his baby hand the churchkey turns
into a miraculous anatomy.
Stop stop
The clock repeats Tic-toc-tic-toc,
I mock Democritus. The key turns
into a lock and) Stop stop (
down the aisle, all stiff and bubbly, come
the cruciform millesimal brassieres.

VIII

I have taught my gears to talk:
"Nicky-nicky Poop, tic-toc.
It costs one dollar ninety eight cents
for five full stones of insentience."
Clock unwinds and Money talks: "I spend
my life in a kilowatt hour of electroshock
that never never ends.
I spend. I spend.
Won't you have another piece
of my best friend? Thank you

IX

Oh the house is like a can
of vacuum packed) full up
(all things strewn in cataleptic quiet
heaps of whitewashed stone
edging the abyss) Listen to the list:
Bunting, combs with nickeled studs; knick-knacks:
little German gorgons whittled in bone,
cast in bronze, shadowed forth in leaded glass;
knives and pins and golden rings: Jew-
elry! Everything! Top Values!
Oh the things here all the things
all precious semi-precious things

X

flunk flunk flunk Boop go
the cans of Campbell's Soup Dust
burgeons settles crusts More dust
burgeons settles The store is locked
but rows of cans and boxes and boxes of cans
and boxes of boxes stand
everywhere Everywhere the clocks
are hiding their faces The lovely carts
are full of
Things things things the register sings
It sings as it works It works alone
It does not know that everywhere
the carts the cans the boxes the clocks
the things have turned to dust
the dust to stone

--Thomas M. Disch

EVERYTHING CLOSES AFTER MIDNIGHT:
A LONDON LAMENT

I have turned into a pumpkin I am poor

The ball is over and I did not dance

My heart stops beating I am sad

Nothing can ever be so beautiful again

Nothing can

This is my usual corner I'm at home

Here are the pots and spoons and darkness

I did not dance and now I am alone

My death drops down the chimney

My heart stops

--Thomas M. Disch

H.G. Wells

THE OLD ORTHODOXY AND THE NEW

By **richard mullen**

The old orthodoxy seems to have been expressed first by H.L. Mencken in a 1919 essay, "The Late Mr. Wells":

> There remains a little shelf of very excellent books, beginning with "Tono-Bungay" and ending with "Marriage." It is a shelf flanked on the one side by a long row of extravagant romances in the manner of Jules Verne, and on the other side by an even longer row of puerile tracts. But let us not underestimate it because it is in such uninviting company. There is on it some of the liveliest, most original, most amusing, and withal most respectable fiction England has produced in our time. In that fiction there is a sufficient memorial to a man who, between two debauches of claptrap, had his day as an artist.
>
> (Prejudices: First Series (New York, 1919), 34-35.)

The new orthodoxy -- the orthodoxy of the Wells revival, which finds its most recent and most strident expression in Richard Hauer Costa, H. G. Wells (New York: Twayne, 1967, 191 pp., $3.95) -- differs from the old primarily in that it recognises the literary value of the early scientific romances and of the short stories and thus extends the period of Wells's artistic success to about sixteen years; i.e., from 1895 and The Time Machine to 1910 and Mr. Polly, or perhaps, with less enthusiasm, to 1911 and The New Machiavelli. Old or new, orthodoxy holds that Wells died as an artist before 1920, that nothing he wrote after that year is worthy of serious consideration: if you are to write a book on Wells, your task is not to decide whether or not the later work is of value, but to explain how it happened that such a great artist lost all his artistic ability twenty-five years, and about fifty books, before his actual death.

On the basis of a hurried and (as it turned out) very superficial first reading, I wrote the editor of the RQ that Mr. Costa's book was a very good one and therefore should be reviewed. I regret that I must now say that (completely apart from the opinions it expresses) it is a very bad book -- adding nothing new where it seems to be satisfactory, full of errors when it is not merely derivative, at times both derivative and erroneous, and sometimes even erroneously derivative, for Mr. Costa is inaccurate not only when dealing directly with Wells's work but also when echoing comments upon it.

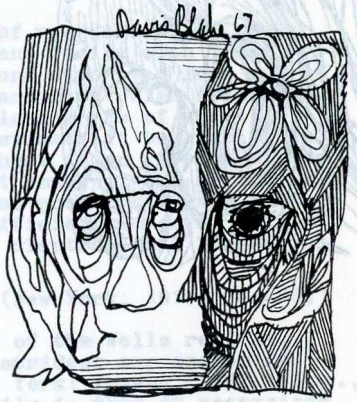
If any of the charges in the preceding sentence are challenged, I will be happy to support them with chapter and verse. For the present, let us content ourselves with a single example.

Young Rudolf (rhymes with Adolph) in The Holy Terror is a tiresome, bad-tempered boy, a fugitive from Joan and Peter, who could not overcome his miseducation (as his creator had done). He becomes Rud the dictator. The novel, one of Wells's poorest, has a certain academic interest for the evolution of the Wellsian rebels it tokened. Dr. Moreau, Griffin, Trafford--Wells's early scientists--were exceptional men who drew their fire from a sense of mission stemming from a Huxleyan scientific education. Rudolf's strength lies in his failings. Far from being a member of any elite--Samurai or New Republican--Rud draws his breath in an atmosphere of ignorance, laziness, vulgarity. He becomes "a holy terror" of a megiomaniac by exploiting all that is basest and vile in human nature. When Wells wrote his first books, vengeance--his own as well as those of his fictional alter egos--could still be a virtuoso matter. Griffin ranged the Woking countryside--but alone. In the days of Hitler and Mussolini, the avenger raises armies. (p.142)

"Tiresome" is not the word; "bad-tempered" is the understatement of the year; and miseducation has nothing to do with it. Joan and Peter is not relevant--nor are Joan, Peter, Moreau, Griffin, Trafford. Little Rudie is a holy terror from the moment of his birth (as we are told in the book's first sentence). As a small boy he has a violent temper that he never attempts to control, for he lives in constant fear of being hurt by people bigger than himself and has already learned a lesson that he will never forget: get him and get him good before he can get you.

The atmosphere in which he first draws breath is that of a quite respectable middle-class home. He is sent to a pretty good school, where he learns to control his temper and where he proves to be a brilliant student--that is, a genius at writing compositions and passing examinations. From school he goes to Camford (where "ignorance, laziness, vulgarity" are no more prevalent than at Oxbridge) and there he discovers that he is a masterful orator. He perhaps never has an idea of his own, but he absorbs what he hears and reads, digests it, and has flashes of insight that enable him perhaps to understand it better and certainly to express it much better than those with whom it originated. Although his childhood reveries were fantasies of destruction, his abiding passion as a man is to create a world in which little people (he is slight and short, though two inches taller than Napoleon), i.e., people little in any way, will be safe from big people.

At Camford, and later in London, a number of brilliant young men are attracted to him by his talents as writer, orator, tactician --men who would surely quality as Samurai or New Republicans, or for membership in any merit-based elite. It is thus his abilities, not his "failings," thus his appeal to the best in men, not his exploitation of "all that is basest and vile," that brings him to power. Indeed, although he is a holy terror as a child and a monster for a brief period preceding his death, he is a thoroughly good man for most of his life--and from the 23rd to the 390th of the book's 454 pages.



In the chaos created first by world-wide depression and then by world-wide war (the work was written in 1938, and the story moves from the Twenties to the Fifties or Sixties), the world-wide party of the Common Man, under Rud's leadership, restores peace, ends depression, and creates--in sum--the beginnings of Utopia. When the party comes to power, Rud is not World Dictator, even though he thinks he is, but Sacrificial King (unfortunately, this is one idea that he has failed to understand, for he never got around to reading Frazer). When his work is done and he finds himself at loose ends (he is officially Master Director of the World, but in Utopia there is nothing for a master director to do), his paranoia returns (the details of the origin of its return parallel those of Stalin's reaction to the death of Gorki). The sacrifice of the king having become necessary, it is made: Rud is killed, and Utopia is saved.

In this brief account I have not been able to do anything like justice to the intellectual content of The Holy Terror--psychological and sociological, religious and political--nor to the development of its continuously absorbing story, not to mention the felicity of style that Wells never lost. But surely I have done what I set out to do: surely it is clear that Mr. Costa did not read the book before writing about it so patronisingly.

So far as the works after 1920 are concerned, not reading the book seems to be a frequent failing with present-day Wellsians. That this should be so is quite understandable, and there is certainly no reason to fault any critic for limiting himself to the early Wells; for Wells wrote about a hundred books, and if you start with The Time Machine you will be mighty weary before you reach Mind at the End of its Tether. Having granted this, we must still say that there can be no justification for the sort of thing Mr. Costa has done--or for the continuing neglect of the later Wells on the theory that his having been unfashionable in the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties is proof of his failure after 1920 to create work of permanent interest.

A SATANIC BIBLE

BOOK REVIEW YOGI BOREL

Philip Dick, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, New York, Macfadden Bartell, 1966. 60¢

Transubstantiation: The change or conversion of one substance into another. Its usage is confined to the Eucharist rite, where it signifies the change of the entire substance...of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ, while the outward appearance (species, accidents) of the bread and wine are unaffected.

(Catholic Encyclopedia, V, 615)

Central to the apostolic religion are the sacraments of baptism and holy communion, and the second of these is the informing notion for Mr. Dick's novel, which is essentially a secular variation of the Eucharist ceremony. Instead of a sacred wafer used to achieve mergence with Deity there is the hallucinogenic drug Can-D, which fuses together human minds and "translates" them to an imaginary leisure world where vacation is every day.

In the real world the controlling force is the UN, which is empowered to send draftees anywhere in the solar system. Mars, in particular, is just an airless desert where existence is tolerable only through the use of Can-D. In such an experience, explains one colonist (using the language of Corinthians xv)"..we lose our fleshly bodies, our corporeality...and put on imperishable bodies instead..." After death, such a state (according to St. Paul) is permanent; meantime, the drugged "translation" is "...the only hint we can have of it this side of death."

But if the description of Can-D is irreverent, the claims by its rival drug, Chew-Z, are positively satanic, for they compete directly with the Lord Himself. "God promises eternal life," reads the advertisement, "We can deliver it." Unfortunately, reports "pre-fash consultant" Barney Mayerson, this is "not the big lie...but instead the big truth."

> Ideally, Palmer Eldritch would drop dead for the blasphemia shouted by the pamphlet, but evidently that was not going to occur. An evil visitor coming over... from the Prox system...offering us what we've prayed for over a period of two thousand years.(126-7)

The initial event is the return of Palmer Eldritch from his voyage to the Centaurus star system. Bringing back the new Chew-Z, Eldritch obtains the UN's permission to sell it; for his claim that it induces genuine reincarnation confirms religous beliefs held by a majority of the General Assembly, including the Buddhist Secretary-General.

Naturally, such news is unwelcome to Leo Bulero, Mayerson's employer, who distributes the old drug; so he decides to visit Eldritch's habitation, now orbiting the Earth, and kill him if necessary. But instead Bulero is himself captured and given an injection of Chew-Z. He then finds himself prisoner in a dream world constructed by Palmer Eldritch, who assumes now his own form and again the outward semblance of a little girl.

> The child...said, "I'm glad you're not leaving, Mr. Bulero."
>
> Leo said hesitantly, "You're Palmer, are you? I mean down underneath? Actually?"
>
> "Take the medieval doctrine of substance versus accidents," the child said pleasantly, "My accidents are those of this child, but my substance, as with the wine and wafer in transubstantiation--"
>
> "Okay," Leo said, "You're Eldritch; I believe you..." (79)

Earlier, while in his own proper form, Eldritch had explained why his drug is superior.

> "When we return to our former bodies...you'll find that no time has passed. We could stay here fifty years and it'd be the same; we'd emerge back at the demesne on Luna and find everything unchanged, and anyone watching us would see no lapse of consciousness, as you have with Can-D, no trance, no stupor. Oh, maybe a flicker of the eyelids. A split second; I'm willing to concede that." (76)

Bulero is revived and allowed to return to New York, where he tells Mayerson about his "terrible experience."

> "He's a damned magician, Barney...turned himself...into a little girl, showed me the future, only maybe that was unintentional, made a complete universe...along with an illusional New York City..." (95)

Various paradoxes arise from this captive dream-sequence; since it, in turn, motivates everything that follows, the rest of the book is correspondingly difficult, and requires close attention.

First we must bear in mind the vagueness of the boundary between reality and dream. The images generated via Chew-Z are hallucinations in the sense that they depict nothing happening now in the external world; but some of them are "real" in the sense that they depict future events, or at least probable future events. Using Chew-Z then, one can see events on the more probable future time-lines.

Thus Bulero, near the end of his forced visions, sees a brass plaque that commemorates the death of Palmer Eldritch. Later, he learns that Eldritch himself knows of the monument. "About 45% of the futures have it," he says, "...so I'm not terribly worried." (Recall Bulero's remark, quoted above, that "He showed me the future, only maybe that was unintentional.")

These "temporal overtones" sometimes entail the problem of how to tell which of two events is the cause and which is the effect. If I really do perceive a future event A and if my precognition of A makes me perform act B, then B might conceivably be the cause of A. Hence each of the two events is the cause and the effect of the other. (This circularity is one of the paradoxes encountered by anybody who writes about precognition and other related "psi" phenomena.)

For example, Bulero's first action after he returns is to chastise Barney Mayerson, who knew about the capture and yet did not attempt a rescue. Mayerson, in turn, enlists for duty on Mars, where he (later) promises to atone for his negligence by swallowing a toxic substance. Then, instructs Bulero,

> "You file a complaint--our legal boys will draw it up for you--with the UN. Declaring that the goddam miserable unholy crap produced highly toxic side effects in you...We'll escalate you into a test case, compel the UN to ban Chew-Z as harmful, dangerous..." (104-5)

But once on Mars, Mayerson perceives , after a dose of Chew-Z, the future destruction of Eldritch and his ship "by two laser bolts from Leo Bulero's UN-model fighter." Realising that further atonement is unnecessary, Myerson tells Bulero he'll not take the toxin after all.

However, it is precisely this refusal that causes Palmer Eldritch's destruction. For the UN Secretary-General has heard reports about Eldritch's appearance in each of the supposed reincarnations--and he correctly surmises that Chew-Z consumers are becoming captives in Eldritch's own subjective worlds. Therefore, when Bulero seeks UN aid--the only alternative, after Mayerson's refusal--he obtains the laser equipped rocket to perform the action Mayerson had foreseen.

In short, the future destruction of Eldritch's ship causes Mayerson's refusal, and this refusal, in turn, initiates the causal chain that ends--or will end--with the destruction of Eldritch's ship.

But other aspects of the story are less confusing and are sometimes brilliantly successful, e.g., the mask motif. Captain Ahab once said he must strike through the mask at the alien Presence behind it, but now such an act is impossible, since the Presence is not confined to a single body: the entity that seized Palmer Eldritch, somewhere among the stars, is perpetuating itself by becoming literally everybody in the solar system.

> "It is out in the open, ranging in every direction. It looks into our eyes; and it looks out of our eyes." (182)

Of course, demonic possession is an old theme, but never was it employed with the metaphysical associations used here. Before, there had been no immediate symbols for human depravity, hence our author provides them. As a result of being mutilated and blinded during his earlier career, Palmer Eldritch acquires several bodily deformations: an artificial hand and jaw plus mechanical slitted eyes. And now anybody tainted via Palmer's drug also acquires these stigmata, or at least is perceived by others to have acquired them. "The Presence abides with us," explains Mayerson, "potentially if not actually"--and these three stigmata enable the beholder (if not their bearer) to see "into absolute reality. The essence beyond the mere appearance."

Hence these bodily distortions become visible correlatives to the moral vacuity within.

> "It's a price...that we must pay. For our desire to undergo that drug experience with that Chew-Z. Like the apple originally." (182)

There are also implications of cosmic evil. When Eldritch originally set out for the stars some people actually believed that he would find God--and there is the terrifying possibility that this conjecture has turned out to be true. Only now "...we have no mediating sacraments through which to protect ourselves; we can't compel it, by our...rituals, to confine itself to specific elements such as...bread and wine."

This identification of evil with omniscience is not entirely new; however it is followed by another blasphemy, perhaps entirely original, which inverts the sacrifice that had inaugurated the Christian era.

> "...instead of God dying for man...we faced...a superior, the superior power asking us to perish for it." (182)

Since other statements in the novel point the opposite way ----to assure us that evil is not omnipotent --we cannot decide for certain whether or not the malefic force is really intended as Deity. In any case, there is introduced, toward the end, another force, analogous to the Fate of ancient mythology, that controls even the Presence itself. This seems to be a necessary weakness of the story: I think the author had the choice of either making further convolutions in an already snarled causal chain or breaking the chain via Eldritch's death, facilitated by a reference to "something worse" if on this occasion he does not allow himself to be destroyed.

There is another difficulty, not directly connected with the others, that may give us some understanding about this author's mode of composition. Noted earlier was Leo Bulero's resentment that his assistant did not attempt a rescue; here we must notice that a rescue would have been impossible. As emphasised by Eldritch himself, the actual time lapse during captivity was measurable by "a flicker of the eyelids" --so that Mayerson had literally no time.

Of course, the captivity seemed very long to Bulero, who reacted to his own feelings about the situation rather than to the situation itself. That Bulero forgets the objective time, therefore, is not surprising; more noteworthy is the forgetfulness of the author, the last part of whose novel arises from Mayerson's efforts to atone for something he never could have prevented.

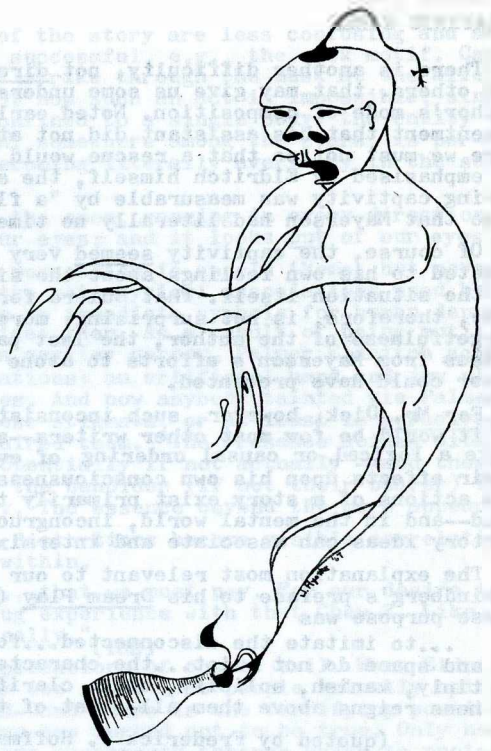
For Mr. Dick, however, such inconsistency is not fatal--as it would be for most other writers--since he aims not to give a logical or causal ordering of events but to express their effects upon his own consciousness. For Philip Dick, the actions of a story exist primarily to convey states of mind--and in the mental world, incongruous and even contradictory ideas can associate and intermix.

The explanation most relevant to our author appears in Strindberg's preface to his Dream Play (written in 1902), whose purpose was

> ...to imitate the disconnected...form of the dream...Time and space do not exist...the characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But the consciousness reigns above them all--that of the dreamer.
>
> (quoted by Frederick J. Hoffman, The Twenties, 250)

Mr. Dick's expressionism, then, is not new--but in our domain the technique was not used by any important writer before him. This, however, attests only to the technical and imaginative backwardness of science-fiction--although the field is starting to catch up through the efforts of writers like Philip Dick.

SELECTED LETTERS



592 16th St.
Brooklyn 11218

Dear Lee,

I had not, in a voluminous reading of Wells's works during my teens realized anything of the anti-rationalist influence which Armytage says pervades his works through the influence of Nietzsche and James. To me, at the time, they seemed the quintessence of "scientism"--the idea that all problems are ultimately scientific problems, and are amenable to solution through the methods which have proven so successful in the physical and biological sciences. In Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and James we have the antithesis to this, as they attack the very assumptions on which rested the 18th century appeal to "reason" and the related 19th century appeal to "science." This anti-scientific reaction in philosophy we might call "voluntarism"--the idea that the human will may prevail over any scientific facts that might lie in its way.

Voluntarism has been the principal form of reaction in 20th century philosophy. It rejects or subordinates science and rationality to a Jamesian "will to believe," which has appeared in science-fiction as Vonnegut's "Universal Will to Become." The fictional hero who does something that has been "scientifically proven" to be impossible, the man whose "indomitable will" conquers some natural obstacle--these are the figures of voluntarist folklore. The discredited story that a scientist once proved that "a bumblebee cannot fly," and that the bee goes on flying anyway--this is a voluntarist fable. So are teleological interpretations of evolution--the idea that giraffes have long necks because generations of their ancestors "wanted" to reach the high branches. Ayn Rand's objectivism and Trofim Lysenko's cockeyed genetics are attempts to cross-breed materialism with voluntarism--and like many other crossbreeds, they are stunted, mis-shapen, and sterile.

In science-fiction, voluntarism is exalted by Heinlein with considerable sophistication, and more crudely by E.E. Smith with his super-human Lensmen and Skylarkers. The best anti-voluntarist science-fiction story is [Tom Godwin's] "The Cold Equations," which caused much controversy when it appeared in a now-defunct prozine called Astounding some dozen years ago. The idea that there might be a natural predicament against which a stalwart space-ship pilot and an appealingly girlish heroine might not be able to prevail deeply upset a good many science-fiction readers.

In its effect upon the mainstream of 20th century life, voluntarism has been productive of appalling consequences. Armytage quotes James as saying: "ideas...become true just in so far as they help us to get into satisfactory relations with other parts of our experience." This leads right into the view of the Nazi philosopher Alfred Rosenberg that the criteria for "true" and "false" must not related to some absolute referent, but depend instead on whether life and growth are promoted or retarded...

In practical application, voluntarism promotes the notion that emotion is superior to reason. It is not exactly accidental that Benito Mussolini, a man of considerable erudition as Fascists went, regarded William James as his favorite philosopher. There is a clear voluntarist tone to such phrases as "I think with my blood," "When I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my revolver," "In your heart you know he's right," or "No matter what laws you pass, you can't change human nature."

And this leads right into Prof. Birge's article and the criticism of it which you will undoubtedly get from psiontific readers. Because when voluntarism undertakes to challenge science on its own grounds, it takes the cause of psionce for its own and accuses scientists of being a narrow-minded pack of bigots who are refusing a hearing in this alleged field of knowledge. We are accused (see Heinlein's story about the star--travelling telepathic twin) of puttering about the universe at that slow crawl represented by the speed of light, while psi offers us a cut-rate ticket to eternity.

Actually, to refute the claims made by psiontists, one need travel no further than Las Vegas or Monaco. The croupiers are on salary; they don't care who wins or loses. The customers are obviously hoping with all they've got to win.

Yet the tables keep turning the expected percentage into the house, year after year. And, as has happened recently, when someone does take the house for a beating, he is a scientist who has applied that universal key, the scientific method, to the problem of the particular game and licked it.

If, as in the case of the Fox sisters, people still believe in some aspect of psionics even when the perpetrators themselves have confessed and revealed all--what can you do except sigh or swear, as suits your personality, and turn for consolation to the pages of Erasmus's In Praise of Folly?

The University of Utrecht is one of the oldest and most respected universities in Europe, but I'm afraid that, in establishing a chair of parapsychology, it has fallen into something of the same intellectual malaise as the rest of the nation in which it is situated...Utrecht lends its prestige to psionce, the royal descendants of William the Silent consult fortune tellers, and the Dutch police go to crystal-gazers to solve crimes. What has happened to the country of Huyghens, Snell, and Leeuwenhoek--and, of course, Erasmus?

.....

Alexei Panshin continues his excellent job of demolishing Heinlein, and it is a pleasure to read him. There is, in this connection, an interesting parallelism between Heinlein and Nietzsche. Both went into their country's armed forces, and were washed out of active duty...for reasons of health. Having been exposed to just enough military life to be excited by it, but not enough to develop a reaction against its stultifying effects, they thenceforth exalted the soldier as an ideal in their writings. Nietzsche said that Germans ought to take pride in the accusation made against them by other Europeans, that they were too militaristic, while Heinlein sees in the army a panacea against colonial oppression (Between Planets), slavery (Citizen of the Galaxy), civic inertia and irresponsibility (Starship Trooper), and religious bigotry (If This Goes On).

.....

David Papayanopulos writes, "It's not acid heads...who are loosing napalm on oriental rice farmers, or running around New Jersey clad in white sheets." True. But neither are these acid heads parading for peace, registering voters in the South, or organizing anti-poverty councils in the slums. In a few months it is going to dawn on some of the less obdurate members of the Power Structure that it is better to have rebellious youths sitting in a corner somewhere, zonked out of their minds on the latest psychedelic drug, than parading in a picket line or out talking to migrant laborers. Then we'll start to see a careful acceptance of these things in the press. Henry Luce, by his patronage of Timothy Leary, may have been verging in this direction. And there must be tobacco magnates realizing that marijuana won't cut into their profits if they themselves maneuver it into legality and then put it out under their own labels...

Stay well,

John Boardman

We learn more of Mussolini's voluntarist activities from the autobiography of Bertrand Russell (surely the epitome of 20th century rationalism), who once deliberately failed to attend a mathematical congress in Italy when he heard of a threat (by Mussolini) that any Italian seen talking to him would be killed.

1613 4th St. NW, Calgary
Alberta, Canada

Dear Leland,

The article on parapsychology was of special interest to me because many of my SF reading friends try to destroy my faith in physics by quoting Campbell's editorials on Things Science Cannot Explain. The impression is that overwhelming data supports the case for the existence of psionic powers, although it is strange that this data is usually accepted second or third hand without question.

The "scientific" value of these reports is shown up clearly in the editorial in the Feb.'67 Analog...Campbell states that Prof. Tenhaeff has adopted the practical way of experimenting with the subject...he does not question whether telepathy exists, he simply assumes that it does and makes experiments from that basis. Since everything in that magazine must be made to tie in with science or engineering, the analogy was drawn to the scientists who search for new particles by predicting the results of their existence and then searching for these results ...The only problem with this approach is that it is quite easy to find necessary conditions in both cases--although a failure of such an experiment usually arouses the complaint that the experimenter was hostile to the experiment and so it could not possibly succeed, thus destroying any significance the experiment might have--but it is more difficult to find a sufficient one. A typical confusion of the two is connected with the Hieronymous machine: if the machine demonstrates a new principle, then it should feel "sticky" to our fingers, but if it feels sticky then we have proved nothing--the most obvious explanations, loss of moisture from the fingertips and lowering of the arm, are simply not considered.

(If you aren't familiar with the machine...read about it in the June '56 ASF and de Camp's article in the April '57 Fantastic Universe. Essentially one uses a new law of nature to get a "tacky" feeling when rubbing his fingertips over a piece of plastic. At least, one should, but it doesn't work with scientists (p.346, Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science, Martin Gardner, Dover 1957) and a low mind might suspect that it fails with any person trained to approach new theories with scepticism.)

Of course, by the time the reader reaches the lapse in logic he has been mentally bludgeoned into accepting all that is told him: the article on the Hieronymous machine, for example, starts off with over 5 pages of general talk on the patent system (one of Campbell's pet hates--see Analog Jan.'67) which seems designe to convince the reader that psionics is going forward with great strides but the Establishment is somehow stopping its progress.. the articles gives the impression that the persecuted truth seek ers are looking for your help, and at the end you hardly feel like persecuting them yourself by disputing their statements.

But all this should not convince a sceptic or a hardhead. Wh does it go over so well in the SF community? I suspect that the fault does not lie with the magazines themselves, but with thos who read them, that the astonishing revelation of unknown facts true or false, is demanded by the readers. This sort of thing ha appeared in all magazines--the Shaver hoax, Dianetics, Flying saucers--and it seems likely that the fault is inherent in the field of SF, in short, that it is reader sponsored. This is su ported by the reader reaction when one editor came out against dianetics (see p.68, Jan.'52 Future).

But why should such cults gain acceptance among a group that is supposed to be interested in science with their fiction? Must we also have fiction in our science?...

Sincerely,
Gordon Phillips

The psiontist mentality was characterised last issue by the burgomaster of Wierden: "When someone desires to see something special...he will see it, even if it is not there." // For more on "the evolution of science-fiction into fiction-science" see S.I. Hayakawa, "L. Ron Hubbard, Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health," ETC. (Summer, 1951), VIII, 4, 280-93.

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411 West Green Road, Tottenham
London, N. 15, Great Britain

Dear Leland,

This is a real hatchet job Birge has done here--this is a compliment, by the way, because I feel that a treatment of this kind was long overdue. Having said that, I'd like to...add that the whole issue has been confused since the beginning, in my view, by putting it under the field of the sciences, when actually it comes under the humanities. After all, any of the abilities under discussion, if they can at all be done, will be done by individuals, and would come under the same general heading as speaking, reading, weight-lifting, singing, etc...

Now, if anyone wants to know if there is any truth in the claims to have such abilities, then instead of calling for research grants and laboratories, he should begin by asking, "Have I ever done anything of this kind myself?" and "Do I know any persons whom I consider to be both honest and reliable who have told me they have done something like this?" Such an approach, crude though it might seem, would be far more fruitful, because there would be fewer unknowns to deal with. I have on one occasion had my own mind read. The occasion was quite a casual one, without a lot of hoo-ha or equipment, but there is no doubt as far as I am concerned that the thing was actually done. To me, this is worth a thousand case-histories...

...Science is today bedevilled by a mania for an objectivity which, when closely examined, turns out to be no objectivity at all, but merely a need to have something stated by an authoritarian...committee of faceless men. This was summed up for me by an American acquaintance...who once told me that nothing was "true" unless you could read it on a dial. "O.K.," I said, "but surely you'll admit that it is you [who has] to read the dial." He thought it over, and agreed--rather reluctantly, I thought...

My best,
George Hay

But each activity--singing, weight-lifting, etc.,--cited above is amenable to scientific study--so I'd surmise that Dr. Rhine's work was vitiated by his lack of scientific method. That somebody must be present to read the dial merely shows (what we know already) that without humans there'd be no science. In any case, it is the artist, not the scientist, who conveys the non-metric aspects of experience--so it's not surprising that pointer readings give an incomplete picture of the world.

---

324 Forestdale Ave
Dayton, Ohio 45432

Dear Editor:

...The purpose of this paper is not to present an argument for psi but merely to try to correct some of the false impressions Dr. Birge may have generated by his article.

Dr. Birge's first attack on psi has to do with the scientific competency of Dr. Rhine. Dr. Rhine's services to parapsychology have, for the last twenty years, been mainly as a popularizer and administrator. During this period, the burden of psi research has been carried on by dozens of scientists, working independently, all over the world. So it is not possible that any criticism of Dr. Rhine would approach a criticism of psi research in general. However, in the U.S., Dr. Rhine and parapsychology are almost synonymous in the mind of the public, no doubt including Dr. Birge...

Dr. Rhine asserts that parapsychology is a field in its own right, requiring an interdisciplinary approach. Therefore, a Ph.D. in psychology is not a prior condition to doing psi research. This is not to say that many parapsychologists don't hold Ph.D.'s in psychology, for they do...

Dr. Rhine is now director of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, an independent psi-research organization. While the Parapsychology Laboratory existed at Duke, it did receive much of its financing from the University including some of the staff salaries...

Dr. Birge seems to confuse orthodox parapsychologists with various fringe groups and occultists. Psi is a very lucrative field for various charlatans, stage magicians, and journalists. But the serious psi researcher is generally very hard pressed to make a living at it. Several noted psychical researchers have lived on the hard edge of poverty. They also have to endure a constant stream of abuse and accusations from self-proclaimed critics. Dr. Rhine tells of people who were once his friends crossing the street to avoid him after his first book on ESP was published. A couple of years ago, Sylvania Electronics ran ads for a scientist to head their proposed ESP project. Public and stockholder reaction was so violently negative that the offer had to be withdrawn...

Dr. Birge cites a definition of magic as "sympathetic influence on each other by persons or things at a distance" and notes this is equivalent to many psi phenomena. This is, of course, just name-calling and has nothing to do with the reality of the phenomena. But it is interesting to note that this definition also describes Mach's Principle, so dear to the heart of many physicists. Mach believed that the existence of inertia in an object is a consequence of the fact that there are distant masses of stars around it. We know of no physical effect conveying this action...

In his comments on mediums, Dr. Birge states that essentially all the really able mediums of the past were exposed as frauds. Many of the physical mediums were caught cheating. But it is hard to think of any major mental medium who was proved or even seriously [suspected] of being fraudulent.

Birge claims mediumship is a dead issue because there are no longer any mediums to investigate. This is certainly not the case. The British Society for Psychical Research has a number of mediums under study as does the Psychical Research Society in the U.S...An Argentine biophysicist now at Berkeley told of a series of sittings held in his own home. Levitation and movement of a small table were observed in good light. I do not argue that the reported phenomena are or are not real, but only that mediums are still found and investigated.

Since some English researchers such as Dr. Thouless have reported successful PK experiments...I find it strange that Dr. Birge says that no prominent parapsychologist in England appears to believe in the reality of PK. His statement that PK involves a violation of conservation of energy is also curious. If dice acted on by PK show a change in energy, it must be determined whether or not an equivalent energy change occured elsewhere before it can be stated that conservation of energy was violated. Actually, changing the final position of a tumbling die need not involve any energy transfer at all. As a physicist, Dr. Birge knows of "workless forces." These forces are capable of transfering energy from one degree of freedom to another without changing the total energy of the system. Workless forces can affect an object in motion but cannot move a stationary object however light. So it seems a safe bet that if there is a PK force it is a workless one. The electromechanical PK detectors of W.E. Cox have provided a considerable degree of reproduction even when used by other experimenters. This work is being reported in the Journal of Parapsychology.

Dr. Birge gives the impression that no more work is being done in card-guessing. I looked through my copies of the Journal of Parapsychology for the past year. I found 27 card-guessing experiments reported...Much of the card guessing work originated at the FRNM. In Experimental Parapsychology, Dr. R.K. Rao gives a bibliography of over 1200 papers and books in this field published since 1940...

Dr. Birge complains that Pearce has never produced a written public statement that he did not cheat in one of the early experiments at Duke. If Pearce were dishonest enough to cheat, he would no doubt be dishonest enough to lie about it. So it is not clear what all the fuss is about. But just for the record, the current issue of the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research does reproduce such a statement...

Having laid some suspicion in the reader's mind that Dr. Birge's article is not the last word on parapsychology, I should go on to tell him the "truth," as I see it, about this complex field. That would take a long article indeed...For a quick orientation to the claims and criticism of psi research I recommend...the International Journal of Neuropsychiatry, Vol 2, #5, Oct. 1966, which is devoted entirely to 15 articles on psi. If your library doesn't have a copy, you can order one from Research in Organic Psychiatry, Inc., 8 South Michigan, Suite 514, Chicago, Illinois 60603. The price is $2.50 a copy.

Dennis K. Guthrie

If parapsychology is an independent field, as Dr. Rhine claims, then it appears senseless to say it requires an interdisciplinary approach, since an independent field is characterised by its own intrinsic methods. // There is nothing in Mach's Principle about action-at-a-distance: nobody but a magician would argue that gravitation (or anything else) is propagated instantaneously. // Since messages from the Great Beyond are invariably of the mindless having-fine-time-wait-till-you're-here variety, the factor that makes them difficult to disprove is the very thing that makes them impossible to authenticate. // The only "workless force" is one that is neutralized by an equal and opposite force. The associated argument on "an object in motion" can be met by having the experimenter walk around the room, thus placing himself in motion relative to the object and hence the object in motion relative to himself. // Concerning Mr. Pearce, the point was that if he were once dishonest enough to cheat, he would not (in his present position as clergyman) be dishonest enough to lie about it; accordingly he maintained discreet dilence.

Box 101A RFD 3
Auburn, Maine 04210

Dear Leland,

I applaud your stand on...legalized theft...The collector is in a bind; if he wants a particular magazine badly enough the dealer is able to put considerable pressure on him...It's all very well to say the collector is also at fault for paying the high prices, but an organized boycott of over-charging dealers is required. This wouldn't work if even one person broke it. You also must remember that some people don't think they're getting anything worth while unless the costs are high ...It's the poor but eager collector who gets the dirty end...

The title of Dr. Birge's article is deceiving. He is not trying to objectively explore the field of parapsychology, but to prove that it is a fraud. I hold no bias in the matter personally, but I feel that it is about time a truly objective study was made, free from either pro or anti emphasis...Dr. Birge...dismisses many fields with just one example, as in the case of Borley Rectory, used to prove that no haunted houses exist. In the case of the card guessing, he says that the Pratt-Woodruff series proves nothing, because there were no individual instances of really high scores. But considering that the liklihood of being even slightly above average on every run is so phenomenal, I contend that his judgement was hasty...

David Chute

For one reason why such a boycott is impossible, see the letter immediately following. // At the start Dr. Birge had no fixed preoccupations whatever on ESP: he did not set out to prove it fraudulent but was led to this conclusion. // Since the lecturer could not discuss all haunted houses in one hour, he restricted himself to the most famous example.// I must agree that even if the one really high score in the Pratt-Woodruff were fraudulent, the chance probability of so many slightly above-average scores is still very small.

Rt. 3 Hartford City
Indiana 47348

Dear Leland,

You don't seem to understand the mentality of collectors. People don't pay $12.50 for an old fanzine because they want to read it; they pay the price in order to have it. And they want the original, not a reprint. So while your idea of reprints might well gain support, this support would not come from the same group which supports the dealers. (I have enough of the "collector's urge" to understand it, although not enough to make me pay vast prices for old magazines. I just do without them, and suffer.)

Bob Coulson

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If we adopt this distinction between readers and collectors, then the Modest Proposals (on cheap reprints) apply only to the former. While sometimes surrendering to the collector's instinct myself, I think that in this Xerox Era of easy duplication the insistence on high-priced originals is just a fetish.

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1115 Woodbrook
Arlington, Texas 76010

Dear Leland,

I should like to add a comment to the flap about Ultimate and its payment policies for reprinted material.

When RQ #6 reported the unethical practices of Ultimate the issue seemed clear enough to me; I ceased buying new copies of Amazing and Fantastic from the newsstand. I shall continue not to buy these publications until I learn that some kind of satisfactory arrangement has been made between Ultimate and the victimized writers.

The correspondence in issue #8 muddies the water, however, and it seems to me that things will not come clear until we begin to realize that literary property is essentially no different from any other kind of property. The fact that what Mr. Cohen is doing is legal only is evidence of inadequacy in the present U.S. copyright law. It does not make the action ethical or moral. Though I admit that the analogy does not quite fit, what Mr. Cohen is doing is not greatly dissimilar from what would be the case if a thief started disposing of stolen goods after the statute of limitations had run out. He would still be a thief.

The extent of injury to the writers has not been sufficiently emphasized. Not only is a writer deprived of income by such a situation but also the republication of some of his early work might not be to his liking. For instance, the January 1966 issue of Fantastic reprints John Wyndham's "Meteor" under its 1941 title of "Phoney Meteor" and under Wyndham's then pseudonym of John Beynon. When "Meteor" was collected in Wyndham's 1956 collection, The Seeds of Time, the story was considerably altered and, in my judgment, greatly improved. To have the original version disinterred after twenty-five years of decent burial may not have pleased Mr. Wyndham, whether or not he was properly compensated for the reprint. There is apparently no redress for the conscientious writer who is not satisfied with his early work.

To suggest that magazine publishing is a business, as one of your correspondents does, and that presumably any kind of practice is justified so long as it does not specifically violate a law evokes shades of Jay Gould or the Credit Mobilier. Perhaps your correspondent would feel more at home in the gilded age; I'll opt for the present age, myself. Since I am serving on the editorial board of a non-SF literary periodical I dare say that I am familiar enough with the financial problems of periodical publication, but I cannot anticipate any form of financial difficulty that would justify the patent dishonesty that Mr. Cohen has been guilty of.

Magazine publishing is a business; so, for that matter is writing, or to quote Samuel Johnson, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote for any other reason except money."

With best wishes,
John S. Lewis

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Sol Cohen's unpopular activities have been defended on the basis of financial necessity, but such sacrifice of ethics to commercial expediency is precisely what we mean by "swindling." Of course, if such actions become unpopular enough, they're declared illegal.

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Editor's note: What follows is a reply to my request for a review of Fenton's biography on E.R. Burroughs. Although unable to write formally on this particular work, Mr. Lupoff has promised us other articles on ERB-type books.

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Merry Hell Road
Poughkeepsie, NY 12603

Dear Leland,

I did read Fenton's THE BIG SWINGERS last week and I'm afraid I'll have to beg off reviewing it for you.

Reason: It's a very poor book.

You may say to that, "So what? Pan it if it's bad." But since the new book must inevitably be compared with my own ERB: MoA, I don't see how I can be the one to pan it. You see the position I would put myself in if I did so? All else aside, the fact that Fenton studiously ignores all mention of my book (although he refers to HH Heins and even goes into the ERB fanzine phenomenon, citing three fanzine publishers) would make my harsh words about him highly suspect.

As James Blish said about Judith Merril's vicious attack on Kingsley Amis's NEW MAPS OF HELL, "Hell hath no fury like a reviewer who can't even find her name in the index." You see, Judy's criticism of the Amis book may or may not have been valid in its own right, but whatever the case, coming from her, it was suspect.

So I can't damn Fenton's book in print and I won't praise it. You'll have to get somebody else to do the review...

Best regards,
Dick Lupoff

==========

Mr. Lupoff's predicament is understandable. However, I think Kingsley Amis was damned only because his book was bad, its failure to cite Judith Merril being just another exemplification of the ignorance that should have prevented its being written in the first place.

1410 Bentley Avenue
Los Angeles 90025

Dear Mr. Sapiro:

The SFWA Bulletin says I can get the Riverside Quarterly ... by writing a letter for publication. This sounds like a good deal. So I enclose the beginnings of two stories. Just the beginnings, mind you. I have no idea whether I will write further on either of them.

The first, a fantasy:

> In the days before his species was conquered and imprisoned by human magic, he had been the greatest goldsmith among the djinni. The Golden Djinn, they had called him for the wonders he worked in metal. Now the tools of his craft were dust, and he was only Sigram, a prisoner in a bottle.

The other is science fiction, perhaps postdating the Known Space series currently running in IF:

> Hargrave was with the fleet in Section H.
> There was known space, a bubble in immensity, thirty light years across. The present emperor had had the audacity to divide that immensity into twenty-six sectors. Perhaps he was mad. He'd sent the Imperial Navy out into the void beyond known space, to explore, to find new worlds, and, if they could, to return.
> Section H was the worst. Hargrave and his men had stopped off to explore a likely-looking sun with no worlds at all, and now he was feverishly trying to catch up with the rest of the fleet. He didn't dare take his eyes off the mass indicator. This part of Section H was jammed with gravity wells, with small, dense stars...and each was a deadly danger. Get too deep in a gravity well in hyperspace, and your ship will never be seen again.
> At quantum II hyperdrive it was like driving the wrong way on a freeway. When Kjerulf came up from the engine room, bringing coffee, he found Hargrave muttering foul things under his breath.
> "What's the trouble?" he asked.
> Hargrave looked up, a man in the last stages of exhaustion. "It's these H gee wells," he blurted...

Well, there they are. If they ever become stories, remember, you saw them first in the Riverside Quarterly.

Regards,
Larry Niven

On p. 74 of the present issue is one of John Ayotte's illustrations for the Innsmouth Press edition of this author's Golden Djinn fantasy. We shall quote more from Mr. Niven's works in progress--and (I hope) print more illustrations thereof by Mr. Ayotte--in future issues.

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77 Davis Avenue
Cookeville, Tenn. 38501

Dear Leland:

...Panshin's nit-picking goes on, of course. More potency to him. Just to have something irrelevant in this letter, I am going to quote some recent comments on Heinlein which will probably confuse the matter very thoroughly. First, from the February 19 New York Times Book Review, "Where the Action Is":

> The acid-heads, users of LSD, wear beaded headdresses to keep their brains together, but the tribal habit includes more than that--a non-parental sharing of affluence and poverty, abstention from "the establishment game," subscription to a credo of Creativity, addiction to the love-me look. Their language is Basic Tender: "You're beautiful. I dig. We grok." The word "grok" comes from a fad, underground, science-fiction novel, Robert A. Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land, which has recently been turned into a rock song by a San Francisco group. It means: enjoy, float and relish the scene, for that's what's happening, baby."

Second, from Saturday Review, March 18, "But Does It Sell Books?" Quoth:

> "Grok" is another case in point. Fraternal in spirit, it admits the wearer into a cult, shows that he has looked into Robert L. (sic) Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land (a science-fiction novel now undergoing a revival), and that he knows the code. Translated, "Grok" is a cry of friendship.

Sarcasm, anyone? It makes great black humor to think that the Sir Galahad of the status quo has been embraced by that portion of American society which thinks of the New York Review of Books as hopelessly reactionary and which perceives Commonweal to be run by Southern Baptists who refuse to join the Ku Klux Klan because of its leftist tendencies.

...I think I'm going to have to retract that nasty crack I made about Ace books in RQ #2 ...Recent items include not only such moldy ancients as G.F. Heard's Doppelgangers and van Vogt's The Weapon Makers, but also such reputable items as the new World's Best SF [edited] by Wollheim and Carr, and Herbert's Dune (not to mention The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein). And if that weren't enough, they are even leading some of the best newcoming sf writers...Roger Zelazny's This Immortal, The Dream Masters, and Four for Tomorrow...and, of course, all of Samuel R. Delany's work...

Sincerely,
Reece Morehead

I suppose the nearest connexion between love and groking (in its proper sense of "knowledge" via unification) is given by such Biblical phrases as, "...Adam knew Eve his wife..." --but I doubt that the NYTBR and SR reporters had this in mind.

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915 W. Hazelhurst
Ferndale, Michigan 48220

Dear Leland,

...I find in #5...some rather equivocal criticisms of Robert A. Heinlein by Alexei Panshin which definitely merit repass.

Mr. Panshin repeatedly deals in classification, (his) personal opinion, and sophistry. Stranger in a Strange Land is a composite hypothesis, and the clear divisions of the novel are easily discernable without too much trouble. One need only glance at the table of contents to discover the intentional severality within the structure. To use this as a depreciatory factor seems at best only to deprive Panshin's criticism of Mr. Heinlein's discretionary literary designment. The different parts of the book are contiguous, which is all that truly matters along this line.

On page 45: "If you grant the story's premises, you cannot argue with its religion...You can't argue with facts, and Heinlein has made the rightness of his religion a fact."

Here Mr. Panshin shows his inability to examine the book from within, demanding its relevance to the present day and age. He refuses to accept the book within its own microcosm, and then has the effrontery to infer that Mr. Heinlein failed to convince him of the practicality and applicability of his hypothetical religion to anyone. If it is thought by Panshin that it was Mr. Heinlein's aim to institute a new religion, then I should say that his literary powers of dissection leave much to be desired. In my own opinion (for which I cannot attest but I did accept the novel for what it was worth within itself, rather than become frustrated because it did not harmonize with my own beliefs), Mr. Heinlein created a masterpiece of cynicism of the human race. Mr. Heinlein has stated in the past that he claims no powers of prediction, but rather speculation and/ or extrapolation and not necessarily probability are the justifications for an author of stf. In exploring these modern-day trends (of course they've always existed in the past) Mr. Heinlein is merely exploring a trend that may in all likelihood never come close to history. As in all other art-forms, the artist creates for himself, and not to fit the mold of another. The generalizations that have been made of Mr. Heinlein's "supposed" deterioration as a writer are like judging the worth of C.S. Lewis, author of the famous "Screwtape Letters," by his mediocre space trilogy. No one is static ...but to suggest that Mr. Heinlein has changed his own moral views because of the negative-hypostasis he has proposed is stretching Panshin's prerogative as a critic(aster?) a mighty mite. Makes one wonder whether the book is one man's evaluation of another's literary achievements, or a modern crucifixion.

best,
J. Matthew Venable

What I find most valuable in the essay is not its analyses (with which I often disagree) of particular stories, but its generalizations, e.g., on Heinlein's later works--that they state rather than demonstrate--or on this author's themes of liberty and solipsism.

A-2762 Ortmann
Felsenstr. 20, Austria

Dear Leland,

...The most interesting thing in RQ 8 was Jack Williamson's letter with its notion that Heinlein's treatment of sex in Stranger in a Strange Land is "more symbolic than realistic" and your own conclusion...that it symbolizes mystical "knowledge." It's curious that people who object to the taboos of the sf magazines (as we are told), should prove themselves unable to make any other use of freedom from sexual conventions...than making a journalistic enumeration of who slept with whom, and when; and that there should be other people explaining away this unrealistic treatment in a writer otherwise noted for his realism as "symbolism," thereby turning deficiencies into assets. Now I do not question that there might be symbolic overtones in Heinlein's hotch-potch, but one cannot help wondering why Heinlein hasn't made use of an opportunity to make his symbols of "brotherly love" still more powerful... besides shocking still more people, the ostensible aim of the novel. As far as I can recall, the members of the Martian cult are sleeping around only with members of the opposite sex. ...I wonder why Jubal Harshaw wasn't able to follow Walt Whitman in declaring that he "has slept with all the women of the world and all the men of the world." One would expect that there would be at least some practising homosexuals among Smith's followers; and I think that Heinlein should either have not "revolted" at all; or that he should have gone farther...

Your suggestion led me to an explanation of another problem... the matter of the cannibalism of the Martians. The "rational" explanation given: that it would be a waste on poor Mars to throw away all that meat, is plain idiocy: Should the masters of the universe be unable to produce food in quantity? ...as far as I know, there never was a society practising cannibalism for lack of food: it is always connected with ritual, with the belief that by eating the dead, you'll gain their life-force. So I am forced to conclude that this cannibalism is another form of "groking"; and another superstition revived.

I noted a number of misspellings in Mr. Armytage's German titles: but then, all American authors seem to have trouble with their German, ever onwards from that horrible book of von Junzt, Unaussprechlichen Kulten, made still more horrible by its title, which should really be (in the nominative) Unaussprechliche Kulte, and up to de Camp, Leiber and Farmer. The most amusing example...is to be found in Phil Dick's The Zap Gun, where a "Hund schnurrt," accompanied by the explanation that a dog is snarling. "Schnurren" is something normally achieved only by cats, whereas dogs are content to "knurren."

Best wishes,
Franz Rottensteiner

Symbolism is not necessarily unrealistic--and sometimes offers insights into "reality" that cannot be gained otherwise.// Homosexuality is excluded from the orthodox Christian notion of love and hence from Stranger, whose background is entirely Christian, right down to Valentine Smith's Christ-like sacrifice at the end. // I'd always assumed that the full title was "Uber Unaussprechlichen Kulten," with the customary title being merely for the sake of euphony and abbreviation.

RIVERSIDE MISCELLANY

(continued from page 5)

"FROM THE SKETCH PAD OF CHARLES SCHNEEMAN"

Readers of the old-time Astounding and Unknown Worlds may remember the stories that correspond to Mr. Schneeman's sketches on the next page. (These, of course, were not the actual illustrations, but preliminary studies for the illustrations.) The first person who correctly identifies all three titles will receive (sometime in 1968) a free copy of Jim Harmon's The Great Super Heroes (tentative title), the sequel to his just published The Great Radio Heroes.

DOUBLE CROSS: THE END AND THE BEGINNING

Two items this issue--the remarks on Amazing Stories (see "Selected Letters") and the advertisement (back cover) for Los Angeles as next convention site--will appear to some readers as being "dated." For, the SFWA has removed its interdict on Sol Cohen's Ultimate Publishing Company, which now has begun to pay for all stories; while the Los Angeles bid was rejected in favour of San Francisco.

While not attempting to erase the moral stigma from previous Ultimate activities, I'm obliged to relay, from the SFWA Bulletin, the news that Ultimate has promised to pay $20 and $40 for reprinted stories that are less and greater than 7,500 words, respectively--and that the SFWA considers this acceptable.

The retraction with respect to the convention site is less easy. In view of the vast amount of work already done by the Los Angeles convention committee and the virtually null amount done by their homologues in San Francisco I'd feel out of order in reporting that San Francisco even received serious consideration.

Objections are: (a) Los Angeles is smaller than San Francisco in all respects except population and air pollution. (b) work is not necessarily a measure of ability.

However, (a), while true, is irrelevant: conventions are not dispersed through entire urban areas, but are held in particular hotels, which are equally good in both cities. Relative to (b) I concede that the two committees have approximately the same ability and experience, so that either is capable of doing the job. But a convention bid is supposedly also granted on the basis of such qualities as willingness and enthusiasm--in short, on the assumption that the staging of the annual conference is a privilege won by active participation, not by passive acquiescence--and by this criterion there can be no question as to the more deserving organisation.

It is unthinkable that the Los Angeles Committee's many sacrifices could have resulted in the prize being given to San Francisco; accordingly I do not consider such an alternative, and reprint the Los Angeles advertisement as it was originally submitted.

TOFF —

Takumi Shibano has been an SF fan since age 14, when he read War of the Worlds; from that time he read avidly, though he had to settle for translations of stories from other languages. When Takumi sold his first SF story, it started him on the road to encouraging other Japanese fans to write professionally. Takumi started UCHUJIN [Cosmic Dust] for that purpose; from the pages of Japan's first fanzine have come today's biggest SF writers in Japan. Takumi Shibano is Japan's #1 fan.

The Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund needs about $1000 in order to bring Takumi Shibano to the US for the 1968 World SF con. Contributors of $1.00 or more [in cash, or salable material (fanzines, books, art, mss, comics, etc)] will receive a sub to MANEKI-NEKO, the TOFFanzine. Make all checks to: David G. Hulan
Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund
P.O. Box 422
Tarzana, Calif. 91356

At WESTERCON XX and NYCON 3, look for Maneki-Neko [the beckoning cat] for more information about the TOFFund.

PAN-PACIFICON —

This is the Los Angeles-Tokyo bid for the 1968 World SF Con. The ol' "Shaggy Crew" has recruited assistance, and is planning on utilizing their experience to good use in putting on a great Worldcon.

Many of you already know us, but for the information, here's a run-down on the Pan-Pacificon Committee members:

AL LEWIS [Chairman]: 62 Westercon Chairman; Seacon, Chicon 3 Auctioneer; former editor SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES; co-pub'd Pacificon 2 PR's & Program Book; Parliamentarian for LASFS; Past Director & Directorate Chair N3F; 59 Evans-Freehafer Award.
JOHN TRIMBLE [Vice-Chairman & TOFF]: Chaired 65 Westercon; Sec'y 62 Westercon; Co-Fan Guest of Honor, 66 Westercon; Past Director LASFS; Hugo Study Comm.; former editor SHAGGY; Treas. Fan Art Show; 61 Evans-Freehafer Award.
DAVE HULAN [Treasurer]: 65 Westercon Parliamentarian; past Director LASFS; former treasurer LASFS & Andy Capp Fund; Chaired 1st MidSouthCon; 66 Rebel Award.
FRED PATTEN [Auctions & Publicity]: Pacificon 2, Tricon costume judge; former Director LASFS, N3F; 65 Evans-Freehafer Award; Active collector & Apa member.
KATYA HULAN [Secretary]: Experienced as Sec'y of non-fan organizations; conducted ISL raffle at Pacificon 2; hostessed MidSouthCon I.
BJO TRIMBLE [Public Relations & Art Show]: Co-Fan GoH 66 Westercon; Founder & Director of Project Art Show; 65 "Big Heart" Award; Organized first WorldCon Fashion Show, 58 Solacon; chaired longest panel in Worldcon history, Detention.