
COSMOPOLIS

NUMBER 50

JUNE 2004

COSMOPOLIS NUMBER 50 — A GOLDEN MILESTONE

Most publications begin with carefully defined goals, financing, staff, and enough articles accumulated to suffice for at least the first few issues. Marketing and advertising revenues are major considerations, for without them, failure is around the corner. Endorsements from well-known authors and critics are crucial. This is all the stuff of a good publishing business plan. With these in hand, fifty issues is an optimistic but hopefully reasonable objective. And then there was the concept for Cosmopolis...

This, the 50th issue of COSMOPOLIS, is the most recent evidence of a vast work-product produced by volunteers, most of whom lack any experience in journalistic publishing. COSMOPOLIS was conceived to be simply a means of generating interest in and support for a much larger vision: publishing forty-four volumes containing the collected works of an author deemed worthy of such an effort. That simple vision has guided the collective efforts of hundreds of volunteers through millions of words for over four years.

The differences between the first and fiftieth issues are readily apparent. And it is not just the differences in fonts, in composition skills, or subject matter of the articles that catch one's attention. From the first issue's opening header: "Welcome to Cosmopolis" and a general description of what the Vance Integral Edition was actually going to attempt, COSMOPOLIS became the focal point of the entire volunteer effort to reprint the writings of JACK VANCE. It chronicles the progress of that

effort, it describes the evolution of the VIE's rigorous process to restore and preserve the wonder of Jack Vance's artistry, it illuminates just how important each volunteer is to the entire project.

This issue of COSMOPOLIS reports that the Vance Integral Edition project is over 75% of the way toward reaching its goal. Ah, but it also retains that spirit of camaraderie that exists among the volunteers, as evidenced by CHUCK KING'S article reminding friends around the world of his favorite elixir and inviting them to share it with him. RICHARD CHANDLER'S eighth article analyzing Jack Vance's forays into astrophysics is a complete joy to read, even if parts might be beyond the comprehension of the average non-physicist. And Scanner/Imp JOEL HEDLUND suggests that all of the momentum that has attended the VIE might not and perhaps should not be lost when the last of the VIE's forty-four volumes have been shipped. These articles portray the true spirit of the VIE's volunteers' vivacious zest for the interesting and better things in life.

All who have been involved with the Vance Integral Edition are grateful for and indebted to those who conceived of COSMOPOLIS, to those who have contributed their time and skills toward producing issue after issue, and to those whose articles, reports and letters added breadth and spice. It is a very significant publication and everyone involved should rightly be proud of their contributions to COSMOPOLIS. Well done!

David Reitsema — Editor

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◆ SUBSCRIPTION REMINDERS ◆

Readers Set: 44 volumes	\$1500
Deluxe Set: 44 volumes	\$3000
Special Collections: 11 volumes	\$475
Ellery Queen volume	\$45
Pao & Dragon Masters	\$32

- The Languages of Pao/Dragon Masters volume is currently available. It also comes in a Deluxe edition for \$80. The Ellery Queen volume is available at a discounted price to Set or Special Collection subscribers.
- Prices do not include delivery.
- The Reader's Edition subscription price comes to \$34 per volume.
- VIE books are made with archival quality materials and workmanship.
- See the VIE website for other offers and full details.



Work Tsar Status Report as of May 23, 2004

- ♦ There are only 2 texts remaining in TI: Lurulu and The Star King.
- ♦ Two texts are being Implemented.
- ♦ Four texts are in initial composition and eight texts in stages of composition review (CRT and composition updating).
- ♦ There is one text in Post Proof and four texts in Post Proof composition updating and review.
- ♦ There are 10 volumes ready for processing. Five are in front matter composition and updating and five have completed VPP.

LAST MONTH:

- ♦ In-TI: 2 texts (2.44%)
- ♦ Post-TI: 23 texts (28.05%)
- ♦ Volume Ready: 57 texts (69.51%)
- ♦ Volumes Ready: 7 (31.82%)

THIS MONTH:

- ♦ In-TI: 2 texts (2.44%)
- ♦ Post-TI: 19 texts (23.17%)
- ♦ Volume Ready: 61 texts (74.39%)
- ♦ Volumes Ready: 10 (45.45%)

Joel Riedesel

You Have Done It!

VIE WORK CREDITS
COMPILED BY HANS VAN DER VEEKE

Let me start by saying that I am quite happy that the credits are published here. If we had not, we would have had MARK SHOULDER missing from the credits in several volumes. Mark did post-proofing on *The Deadly Isles* (Vol. 14), *The Brave Free Men* (Vol. 27) and *A Telephone Was Ringing in the Dark* and somehow was forgotten. Luckily, Mark spotted the error and notified me so we could repair the damage.

Sorry about that Mark, but this at least shows this column has a reason to exist.

Please check the credits below. If your name is misspelled or missing; let me know at hans@vie.tmfweb.nl. The credits of all finished (Wave 2) texts can also be found on the VIE site:

- a. go to www.vanceintegral.com
- b. click on Editors only
- c. click on Volunteer Credits (second link from top)

d. Or go to the page directly: www.vie-tracking.com/www/credits/

In this issue I would like to put the spotlight on ROB FRIEFELD. Rob is one of the diligent workers who don't get much attention but do a lot of work. Let me quote one of the emails I received which is indicative of his value to our efforts:

Folks, Rob F saved our cookies on this text. The cor-v1 he received for seconding had 563 endnotes. He took a look at the scans of the original magazine appearance and found some more issues. . . The endnote count went to 715. Bravo, Rob F!

This is about one of the stories which will be published in a totally revised version in the VIE.

Besides that Rob was TI-Wallah on *Bad Ronald*, *The Chasch*, *Cugel: the Skybreak Spatterlight*, *D.P.*, *The Dirdir*, *The Domains of Koryphon*, *Hard Luck Diggings*, *The Houses of Iszm*, *The Howling Bounders*, *The King of Thieves*, *The Last Castle*, *Masquerade on Dicanthropus*, *Milton Hack from Zodiac*, *Noise*, *The Pnume*, *Ports of Call*, *Rhialto the Marvellous*, *Sanatoris Short-cut*, *Spa of the Stars*, *The Unspeakable McInch* and *The Wannek*.

And Rob was also TI-second on *The Anome*, *The Blue World*, *Cugel the Clever*, *The Devil On Salvation Bluff*, *Guyal of Sfere*, *The House Lords*, *The Killing Machine*, *The Kragen*, *The Men Return*, *The Miracle Workers*, *The Narrow Land*, *Phalid's Fate*, *Ports of Call*, *Sabotage on Sulfur Planet*, *Seven Exits from Bocz*, *Son of the Tree*, *The Star King*, *The Ten Books*, *To B or Not to C or to D*, *The Uninhibited Robot*, *Vandals of the Void* and *The Visitors*.

So Rob, please take some time to relax in the special section of the Nympharium. Your place has a 'reserved' sign and is waiting for you!

Now back to business, last month there were no finished texts so there were no credits. But this month we are making up for it. Four completed texts which in turn completed three more volumes. Here are the new completions:

THE PALACE OF LOVE

Finished 11 May 2004

<i>Digitizer</i> Suan Hsi Yong	<i>DD-Jockey</i> Hans van der Veeke
<i>Pre-proofers</i> Deborah Cohen Rob Gerrand Dirk Jan Verlinde	<i>DD-Monkey</i> Patrick Dusoulrier
<i>DD-Scanners</i> Mark Adams Richard Chandler Charles King	<i>Technoproofer</i> Patrick Dusoulrier
	<i>Special tasks</i> Marc Herant

TI
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Rob Friefeld
 Alun Hughes
 Steve Sherman

Implementation
 Derek W. Benson
 Joel Hedlund

Composition
 John A. Schwab

RTF-diffing
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Bill Schaub

Composition Review
 Marcel van Genderen
 Charles King
 Bob Luckin

Correction Validation
 Bob Luckin

Post-proofing
 "King Kragen's Exemplary Corps"
 Robert Melson (team manager)
 Neil Anderson
 Michel Bazin
 Mark Bradford
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Martin Green
 Lucie Jones
 Simon Read

~

AN UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT
 (The Genesee Slough Murders)
 Finished 18 May 2003

Acquire
 John Vance

Special Reformatting
 Mike Berro

Pre-proofers
 David A. Kennedy
 Hans van der Veeke

Technoproofer
 Joel Riedesel

TI
 Rob Friefeld
 Steve Sherman
 Tim Stretton
 Harrison Watson Jr.

Implementation
 Donna Adams
 Joel Hedlund

Composition
 Andreas Irle

RTF-diffing
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Bill Schaub

Composition Review
 Marcel van Genderen
 Karl Kellar
 Bob Luckin

Correction Validation
 Bob Luckin

Post-proofing
 "Dragon Masters"
 Erik Arendse (team manager)
 Scott Benenati
 Angus Campbell-Cann
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Marcel van Genderen
 Yannick Gour
 Erec Grim
 Chris laHatte
 Jurriaan Kalkman
 Gabriel Landon
 Willem Timmer
 Hans van der Veeke
 Dirk Jan Verlinde

~

THE UNSPEAKABLE MCINCH
 Finished 18 May 2003

Digitizers
 John Rick
 Luk Schoonaert

Pre-proofers
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Andrew Edlin
 Martin Green
 Paul Rhoads
 Per Sundfeldt

DD-Scanners
 Charles King
 Peter Strickland
 Dave Worden

DD-Jockey
 David Reitsema

DD-Monkey
 David A. Kennedy

Technoproofer
 Rob Friefeld

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 John Rick
 Steve Sherman
 Tim Stretton

Implementation
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Composition
 Joel Anderson

RTF-diffing
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Charles King

Composition Review
 Christian J. Corley
 Charles King
 Robin L. Rouch

Correction Validation
 Bob Luckin

Post-proofing
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 Karl Kellar (team manager)
 Alex Crowther
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Patrick van Efferen
 David A. Kennedy
 Joe Keyser
 Bob Luckin
 Robert Melson
 Lee Petersen
 Linda Petersen
 Jim Pattison
 Joel Riedesel

~

PARAPSYCHE
 Finished 19 May 2004

Digitizer
 Donna Adams

Special reformatting
 Patrick Dusoulier

Pre-proofers
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Carl Goldman
 Gan Uesli Starling

DD-Scanners
 Joel Hedlund
 Charles King
 Dave Worden

DD-Jockey
 Damien G. Jones

DD-Monkey
 David A. Kennedy

Technoproofer
 Rob Friefeld

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 Mike Berro
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 Steve Sherman
 Tim Stretton

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 Joel Hedlund
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Composition
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 Patrick Dusoulier
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Composition Review
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Correction Validation
 Bob Luckin

Post-proofing
 "King Kragen's Exemplary Corps"
 Robert Melson (team manager)
 Neil Anderson
 Nicola de Angeli
 Michel Bazin
 Mark Bradford
 Ursula Brandt
 Patrick Dusoulier
 Linda Heaphy
 Lucie Jones
 Mike Myers
 Eric Newsom
 Simon Read



*Here is the credit list for VOLUME 3
 which contains:*

DEAD AHEAD
 DOVER SPARGILL'S GHASTLY
 FLOATER
 FOUR HUNDRED BLACKBIRDS
 HARD LUCK DIGGINGS
 PARAPSYCHE
 THE UNINHIBITED ROBOT
 PLANET OF THE BLACK DUST
 SABOTAGE ON SULFUR PLANET
 SAIL 25
 SANATORIS SHORT-CUT
 SJAMBAK
 SPA OF THE STARS
 THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS
 THE HOWLING BOUNDERS
 THE KING OF THIEVES
 THE POTTERS OF FIRSK
 THE SUB-STANDARD SARDINES
 THE UNSPEAKABLE MCINCH
 THE VISITORS
 THREE LEGGED JOE
 TO B OR NOT TO C OR TO D

*The realization of this volume was
 made possible by the help of:*

Donna Adams
 Mark Adams
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 Neil Anderson
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 Erik Arendse
 Mike Barrett
 Michel Bazin
 Derek W. Benson
 Mike Berro
 Brian Bieniowski

Malcolm Bowers
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*Here is the credit list for VOLUME 13 which
 contains:*

THE FOX VALLEY MURDERS
 THE PLEASANT GROVE MURDERS
 AN UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT
 (THE GENESEE SLOUGH MURDERS)

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 possible by the help of:*

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Here is the credit list for
 VOLUME 24 which contains:

THE PALACE OF LOVE

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 John A. Schwab
 Steve Sherman
 Hans van der Veeke
 Dirk Jan Verlinde
 Suan Hsi Yong



TI HONOR ROLL

THE WALLAHS

LINNÉA ANGLEMARK: *The Chasch, The Dirdir, The Pnume, The View from Chickweed's Window, The Wannek*

DEREK W. BENSON: *The Absent Minded Professor, The Mitr*

CHRISTIAN J. CORLEY: *Night Lamp, The Sub-standard Sardines*

RICHARD CHANDLER: *The Blue World, The Kragen, The Miracle Workers, The Narrow Land*

RON CHERNICH: *The Devil on Salvation Bluff, The Dragon Masters*

PATRICK DUSOULIER: *Big Planet, The Book of Dreams, Clarges, The Face, The Palace of Love, Ports of Call, Sabotage on Sulfur Planet, The Rapparee*

ROB FRIEFELD: *Bad Ronald, The Chasch, Cugel: the Skybreak Spatterlight, D.P., The Dirdir, The Domains of Koryphon, Hard Luck Diggings, The Houses of Iszm, The Howling Bounders, The King of Thieves, The Last Castle, Masquerade on Dicanthropus, Milton Hack from Zodiac, Noise, The Pnume, Ports of Call, Rhalto the Marvellous, Sanatoris Short-cut, Spa of the Stars, The Unspeakable McInch, The Wannek*

ROB GERRAND: *Coup de Grace, Phalid's Fate, The World Between*

KURT HARRIMAN: *Vandals of the Void*

HELMUT HLAVACS: *The New Prime, Strange People-Queer Notions*

ALUN HUGHES: *Emphyrio, The Magnificent Showboats . . . , The Secret, Space Opera*

DAVID A. KENNEDY: *Dead Ahead, Dodekin's Job, Dover Spargill's Ghastly Floater, The Gift of Gab, Gold and Iron, The Rokod Warriors, Planet of the Black Dust, Sail 25, Sjam-bak, Sulwen's Planet, Three Legged Joe, Ullward's Retreat, The Visitors*

CHARLES KING: *The Killing Machine, The Star King, The Ten Books, To B or Not to C or to D, The Uninhibited Robot*

R.C. LACOVARA: *Abercrombie Station, Cholwell's Chickens, The Moon Moth*

JESSE POLHEMUS: *Cugel the Clever, Rhalto the Marvellous*

PAUL RHOADS: *The Flesh Mask, The House on Lily Street, Ports of Call,*

KENNETH ROBERTS: *The House Lords, The Men Return*

JOHN ROBINSON JR.: *The Languages of Pao*

ROBIN L. ROUCH: *Seven Exits from Bocz*

JEFFREY RUSZCZYK: *Dream Castle, When the Five Moons Rise, The World-Thinber*

THOMAS RYDBECK: *A Practical Man's Guide, Alfred's Ark, The Augmented Agent, Crusade to Maxus, The Dogtown Tourist Agency and Freitzke's Turn, Rum-fuddle, Trullion: Alastor 2262*

JOHN A. SCHWAB: *Araminta Station, Chateau d'If, Ecce and Old Earth, Golden Girl, Green Magic, Meet Miss Universe, The Potters of Firsk, Throy, Where Hesperus Falls*

STEVE SHERMAN: *60 page Joe Bain novel outline, Clang, The Fox Valley Murders, The Green Pearl, I'll Build Your Dream Castle, Madouc, The Mag. Red-hot Jazzing Seven, Maske: Thaery, Nopalgarth, Parapsyche, The Pleasant Grove Murders, Ports of Call, The Stark, Suldrun's Garden, Wild Thyme and Violets*

ANTON SHERWOOD: *Cat Island*

TIM STRETTON: *Cugel the Clever, Gyal of Sfere, Marune: Alastor 933, Mazirian the Magician, Ports of Call, Wyst: Alastor 1716*

KOEN VYVERMAN: *The Dark Ocean, The Enchanted Princess, Four Hundred Blackbirds, The Phantom Milleman*

DAVE WORDEN: *Bird Island, The God and the Temple Robber, Telek*

SUAN HSI YONG: *The Anome, The Asutra, The Brave Free Men, The Deadly Isles, The Insuf. Ráhd Dtr of Cmdr. Tynnot..., The Man in the Cage, Shape-Up, Son of the Tree, The Telephone was Ringing in the Dark (An Unfinished Manuscript)*

THE SECONDS

PATRICK DUSOULIER: *Alfred's Ark, The Chasch, The Dark Ocean, The Deadly Isles, The Dogtown Tourist Agency and Freitzlee's Turn, Four Hundred Blackbirds, The Fox Valley Murders, The Green Pearl, Madouc, The Man in the Cage, Marune: Alastor 933, Maskee: Thaery, The New Prime, The Phantom Mileman, Rumpfuddle, Strange People-Queer Notions, Suldrun's Garden, Trullion: Alastor 2262, The View from Chickweed's Window*

ROB FRIEFELD: *The Anome, The Blue World, Cugel the Clever, The Devil On Salvation Bluff, Guyal of Sfere, The House Lords, The Killing Machine, The Kragen, The Men Return, The Miracle Workers, The Narrow Land, Phalid's Fate, Ports of Call, Sabotage on Sulfur Planet, Seven Exits from Bocz, Son of the Tree, The Star King, The Ten Books, To B or Not to C or to D, The Uninhibited Robot, Vandals of the Void, The Visitors*

ALUN HUGHES: *Araminta Station, Clang, Ecce and Old Earth, The Mag. Red-hot Jazzing Seven, Throy, Where Hesperus Falls*

PAUL RHOADS *Crusade to Maxus, The Languages of Pao*

STEVE SHERMAN: *A Practical Man's Guide, The Anome, The Asutra, The Augmented Agent, Bad Ronald, Bird Island, The Book of Dreams, The Brave Free Men, Cat Island, Chateau d'If, D.P., Dead Ahead, Dodekin's Job, The Domains of Koryphon, Dover Spargill's Ghastly Floater, The Dragon Masters, Dream Castle, The Enchanted Princess, The Gift of Gab, The God and the Temple Robber, Gold and Iron, The Houses of Iszm, The Howling Bounders, The Insuf. Rhd Dtr of Cmdr. Tynnot..., The Ring of Thieves, The Rokod Warriors, The Last Castle, Masquerade on Dicanthropus, Milton Hack from Zodiac, Night Lamp, Noise, The Palace of Love, Planet of the Black Dust, The Potters of Firske, Sail 25, Sanatoris Short-cut, Sjambak, Spa of the Stars, The Sub-standard Sardines, Sulwen's Planet, Telek, The Telephone was Ringing in the Dark (An Unfinished Manuscript), Three Legged Joe, Ullward's Retreat, The Unspeakable McInch, When the Five Moons Rise, The World-Thinker*

TIM STRETTON: *60 page Joe Bain novel outline, Abercrombie Station, The Absent Minded Professor, Cholwell's Chickens, Coup de Grace, Cugel: the Skybreak Spatterlight, Emphyrio, The Face, Hard Luck Diggings, I'll Build Your Dream Castle, The Magnificent Showboats..., The Mitr, The Moon Moth, Nopalgarth, Parapsyche, The Pleasant Grove Murders, Rhalto the Marvellous, The Secret, Shape-Up, Space Opera, The Stark, Wild Thyme and Violets*

THE REVIEWERS

PATRICK DUSOULIER: *The Languages of Pao*

ROB FRIEFELD: *60 page Joe Bain novel outline, A Practical Man's Guide, The Anome, The Asutra, The Brave Free Men, The Enchanted Princess, The Gift of Gab, I'll Build Your Dream Castle, The Magnificent Showboats..., Nopalgarth, The Palace of Love, Parapsyche, The Phantom Mileman, The Potters of Firske, Sjambak, The Stark*

ALUN HUGHES: *Crusade to Maxus, The Domains of Koryphon, The Dragon Masters, Maskee: Thaery*

PAUL RHOADS: *Abercrombie Station, Alfred's Ark, Araminta Station, Big Planet, Bird Island, The Book of Dreams, The Brave Free Men, Cat Island, Clarges, Coup de Grace, Cugel the Clever, Dead Ahead, Dodekin's Job, The Dogtown Tourist Agency and Freitzlee's Turn, The Fox Valley Murders, Golden Girl, Green Magic, The Green Pearl, The Howling Bounders, The Insuf. Rhd Dtr of Cmdr. Tynnot..., The Ring of Thieves, The Rokod Warriors, The Last Castle, Madouc, The Man in the Cage, Mazirian the Magician, The Men Return, Milton Hack from Zodiac, The Mitr, The Moon Moth, Night Lamp, Noise, The Pleasant Grove Murders, Ports of Call, The Rapparee, Rumpfuddle, Spa of the Stars, The Sub-standard Sardines, Suldrun's Garden, Sulwen's Planet, The Telephone was Ringing in the Dark (An Unfinished Manuscript), Trullion: Alastor 2262, Ullward's Retreat, The View from Chickweed's Window, The World Between, The World-Thinker, Wyst: Alastor 1716*

STEVE SHERMAN: *The Absent Minded Professor, The Blue World, The Chasch, Cholwell's Chickens, Cugel: the Skybreak Spatterlight, The Dark Ocean, The Dirair, The Dogtown Tourist Agency and Freitzlee's Turn, Ecce and Old Earth, Emphyrio, The Face, Four Hundred Blackbirds, Guyal of Sfere, Hard Luck Diggings, The House Lords, The Killing Machine, The Kragen, Marune: Alastor 933, Mazirian the Magician, Meet Miss Universe, The Narrow Land, Phalid's Fate, The Pnume, Ports of Call, Rhalto the Marvellous, Sabotage on Sulfur Planet, The Secret, Shape-Up, Space Opera, Strange People-Queer Notions, The Ten Books, Throy, To B or Not to C or to D, The Uninhibited Robot, The Wannek, Where Hesperus Falls*

TIM STRETTON: *The Augmented Agent, Bad Ronald, The Book of Dreams, Chateau d'If, Clang, Crusade to Maxus, D.P., The Deadly Isles, The Devil On Salvation Bluff, The Dogtown Tourist Agency and Freitzlee's Turn, Dover Spargill's Ghastly Floater,*

Dream Castle, The God and the Temple Robber, Gold and Iron, Golden Girl, The Houses of Iszm, The Mag. Red-hot Jazzing Seven, The Man in the Cage, Masquerade on Dicanthropus, Meet Miss Universe, The Miracle Workers, The New Prime, Planet of the Black Dust, Ports of Call, Sail 25, Sanatoris Short-cut, Seven Exits from Bocz, Son of the Tree, Telek, Three Legged Joe, The Unspeakable McInch, Vandals of the Void, The Visitors, When the Five Moons Rise, The World Between

TI ODDS AND ENDS

KRIS ANSTRATS: *The Killing machine, The Star King*

MIKE BERRO: *The Man in the Cage*

PATRICK DUSOULIER: *Big Planet, Clarges, The Rapparee*

ALUN HUGHES: *The Dark Ocean*

PAUL RHOADS: *The Dark Ocean, The Deadly Isles, The Flesh Mask, The House on Lily Street, The New Prime*

JOHN RICK: *Hard Luck Diggings, The Houses of Iszm, Noise, Phalid's Fate, Planet of the Black Dust, Spa of the Stars, To B or Not to C or to D, The Unspeakable McInch*

CHRIS RYAN: *Milton Hack from Zodiac*

TIM STRETTON: *The Dark Ocean Norma Vance, Big Planet, Clarges, The Dragon Masters, Ecce and Old Earth, Emphyrio, The Face, The Green Pearl, Madouc, Night Lamp, Strange People-Queer Notions, Sulwen's Planet, Throy, Vandals of the Void, When the Five Moons Rise, The World Between,*

KOEN VYVERMAN: *The Dark Ocean, The Man in the Cage*

A NOTE ON TI

The *TEXTUAL INTEGRITY* process began several years ago. To explain it: 'Wallahs' are VIE volunteers who were adjudged qualified and invited to one of the TI training sessions presided over by Alun Hughes, Tim Stretton and Steve Sherman. Assigned to a text a Wallah was supplied with all relevant material (manuscripts, if any, all publications, special errata). The Wallah then did a full study of the text, beginning with an assessment of the evidence and culminating in a set of propositions for text restoration. This work was done in conjunction with a 'TI SECOND'. The idea of 'Second' grew out of the 'Mentor' program established for Pre-Proofing, when it was found useful to provide a designated helper for each volunteer. In the case of TI the Second was given final say regarding the propositions. The propositions were not simply reviewed and ruled upon by the Second, but were the object of a conversation of several 'rounds' between Wallah and Second. The propositions were then reviewed by the REVIEWER — or 'board reviewer'. The Reviewer, also working with the Second, made a new and fresh review of the propositions. In conversation with the Second a final set of propositions was made, with the Reviewer having the final word. The Wallah was brought into this conversation at need. The process may seem unnecessarily cumbersome or hierarchical, but it proved flexible and efficacious. The various stages, structured always as a conversation, channeled passion (and there was a great deal of it) into exchange, and guaranteed that no idea went unexamined. The weight of responsibility was well distributed, not too heavy for any one person to bear. With clear designation of responsibilities deadlocks were avoided but, in practice, resolution through authority was rarely needed. The conversations of the Wallah with the Second and with the Reviewer were fully recorded in each document's files, a work structure which lent sobriety and probity. Also, as a review of the Honor Roll reveals, the Wallah, Second and Reviewer of one text often had their roles shuffled for the next. As a result accumulating experience spread to all the members of the team in an ongoing way.

Conversations on given points sometimes became intense but rarely became disagreeable. It was my own experience as Reviewer that when they had objections my Seconds changed my mind more often than not. Mutual respect was a dominant feeling within TI. Aside from the sheer interest of the work itself my own memory of TI is marked, above all, by the people I worked with.

The foundation of VIE Textual Integrity work was laid by Alun Hughes. Later Tim Stretton, who had already served as head of Pre-Proofing, took over as administrative head, and Steve Sherman saw the work through to the end. All three did many jobs as Wallahs, and all remained fully committed to the end.

The special role played by Norma Vance should be emphasized. Many texts presented knotty problems which only Norma could help us resolve. She was always present and energetic. She actually did some formal TI jobs but most of her contributions are to be found in emails or telephone conversations, transcripts of which are preserved in the work notes. If a study of VIE TI work is ever done, the full importance of Norma's contribution will become clear. I might add to this that she

has always promoted and supported VIE work of every kind with full and unstinting enthusiasm. Its accomplishment will be, in important measure, not only a tribute to her efforts but her own achievement.

Paul Rhoads

38's CRUCIBLE



GOLDEN MASTER 3

&

BOOK PRODUCTION SCHEDULE

The Wave 2 production schedule has been established in cooperation with STEFANIA ZACCO of Sfera. In order to launch production efficiently we are dividing final Composition work into two lots. At Golden Master 1 ('GM1') the 22 Wave 1 volumes were done all at once. Wave 2 volume composition will be finalized at GM3.1 and GM3.2.

GM3.1 is scheduled for Chinon in early July. The attendees will be: ANDREAS IRLE for Composition, ALUN HUGHES and TIM STRETTON for TI, CHRIS CORLEY and BOB LUCKIN for Composition Review and Verification. DEBORAH COHEN almost came to help Paul Rhoads host the event, and Tim Stretton, as usual, is doing the organization. This group will be finalizing about half — more if work proceeds well in June — of the Wave 2 volumes. The work involves a final Composition review, implementation of outstanding text and setting errata (generated by VPP, for example), and file out-put for the printers in Milan. Our printer will again be GLOBAL PRINT. With any luck we will have proofs ('blues') before August. These can be reviewed in August and September.

GM3.1 will also be an opportunity to work on such things as the VIE credits and textual notes of volume 44.

GM3.2 will occur in September, probably also in Chinon, and treat the remaining Wave 2 volumes.

By the end of September GM3.1 texts should be ready for printing and binding, and actual production in Milan can begin.

We should have the blues for the GM3.2 texts by October, and they can be reviewed by November.

If the VIE holds to this schedule Stefania Zacco thinks Wave 2 books can be ready by January of 2005. As for 'Wave 2 packing' we will again gather in Cologno* to pack and ship. All who would like to participate are welcome! Make a note in your agenda.

Regarding new subscriptions Stefania Zacco has suggested that we proceed as follows: the first run of Wave 2 books should be in the same quantity as the first Wave 1 run. This way the 'second run' of all 44 volumes will be of an identical quantity, to simplify production. In

*just outside Milan, where Torriani is located.

November we will provide Stefania with final subscription numbers, and she will purchase materials for the 'second printing'. The second printing will produce sets for all 'post-Wave 1 cut-off date' subscribers. It will proceed, uninterrupted, on the back of Wave 2 printing, which will be a production advantage. A packing trip for the second printing will be organized, probably in March.

Finally, though Stefania Zacco and her associates, as well as the whole cast of characters from TORRIANI and Global Print, are still with us, 'Sfera', the name, is a thing of the past. It is being grouped with its sister companies in a newly rehabilitated building. We are sad to lose a lovely Italian vocable from the copyright page of the VIE books, and even sorrier to see it replaced by the barbaric: 'AREAGROUP MEDIA'. Stefania informs me that 'the big boss' wife' invented the new name. Bibliophiles, at least, will have grist for their mills. So it goes in the era of globalization which, like so many things, is largely a matter of style.

YET MORE EDITORIAL FIDDLING

TI for *The Absent Minded Professor* uncovered several layers of editorial fuss. A banalization to whet our appetite for indignation is the replacement of 'taradiddle' with 'rubbish', but the piece de resistance is what happened to a phrase so ordinary and innocuous that we are amazed it stimulated any creative urges—and yet it did, more than once. A first editor felt the need to change: 'I went into the station', to: 'I went inside the station', and a second made a further change to: 'privately elated, I went inside the station'.

Perhaps publishers should be treated like the tobacco people, with a 'caveat emptor' on the cover of every mass-market book: 'WARNING: THIS STORY MAY BE ADULTERATED BY VASSAR GRADUATES'—heavy yellow lettering on field of black.

Thanks to DEREK BENSON for restoration of this text.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER VIE?

With the end of the project in sight—as a small and dim light on the far side of a range of mountains of work still to be done—there has been some chatter about the VIE's future. The following speculations were contributed by 'Satyr JOEL' HEDLUND:

What next? If anything?

Andre Norton (Alice Mary North) and the ANIE? Good mix of Sci-fi and fantasy to appeal to the eclectic tastes of the VIE. She's still

available to rein in excess enthusiasm. Her caliber of writing is not up to Jack's, but whose is? We started with the best, and are left with also-rans for future projects. But not all that remain are dregs: The Edgar Rice Burroughs estate is a virtual cottage industry of protection for his works, solidifying his Tarzan, Mars, and Venus for posterity regardless of the original author's intent (ERB has been silent for some time as to his preferences). ERBIE has a nice ring to it, though. The estate may appreciate new interest for a wider audience, but we would be meddling with a going business concern of some antiquity.

Laumer, Cherryh, Niven (with or without his co-authors), E E & Cordwainer Smith, Kuttner, etc., are all possible contenders, with attendant complications and attractions. Maybe just a pulp roundup (PIE?).

Poul Anderson (PAIE) has the range, but is still widely distributed, and seems to have suffered less at the hands of his editors. He has played the fancon and book tour game more ardently than has Jack. His fans are a wider spectrum of the sci-fi and fantasy worlds, from squirrel-monkey lunatics to the staid and pleasant types at the VIE. Opposition to stylistic or editorial changes may engender anthrax envelopes or tactical nuclear strikes from those offended, where we had only faced character assassination or verbal abuse (see 'Gaeon Reach', referenced elsewhere). I do have a lot of his stuff. He is definitely the pick of the litter when the VIE is laid to rest.

A larger problem is not choosing a successor author to Jack for our attentions. When I refer to 'the VIE' I am not talking about a shelf full of books. I am thinking of all of us folks who have volunteered to get Jack Vance before the larger audience he deserves. We are motivated by our enthusiasm for his books, characters, and settings, from the Rigel Concourse to Lyonesse and Fox Valley. Some (most?) of the staunch pillars of the VIE will drop away if effort is redirected toward another, inevitably lesser, author. If enough pillars depart, the roof sags, cracks. Rain and gale will invade the premises. The product will become soggy, mildewed, and indiscernible from the general chife that dominates the literary scene.

Replacement pillars will be of varying quality. Who, among the followers of any other author, can summon our steel will for digitizing, proofing, monkeying, jockeying, textual integritying, and imping? If such exemplars of literary dedication can be combed and culled from the ranks of fandom they will be rookies, inheriting the framework we erected to bring the IE to the hands of fellow Vance fans. Our learning curve must be repeated by newbies, fresh from the streets, doubtless with annoying ideas of their own. Accommodations would have to be made; new concepts entertained. I foresee problems along this path.

I fear that the years will most likely find me in my rocker, unshaven, shawl askew, with a tumbler of Jack Daniels in one hand and Lurulu in the other.

BAD MARC

Vance's *Bad Ronald* has been exerting a horrid fascination for fifty years, and Belgium has been traumatized

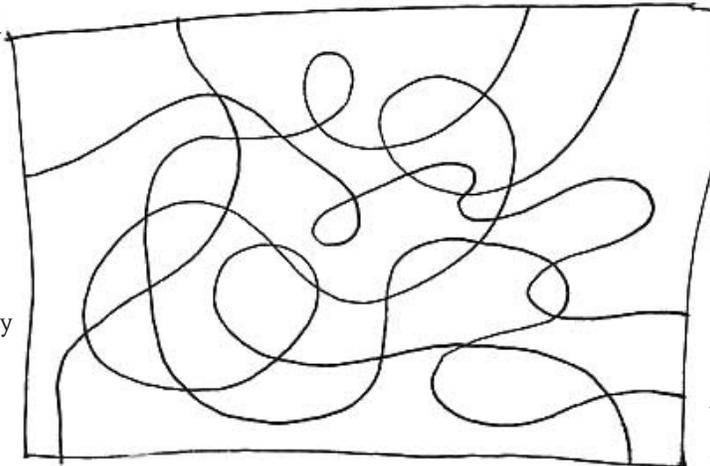
by the Marc Dutroux affaire for two. Marc Dutroux is a real world Ronald Wilby, if not Howard Alan Treesong, or at least Viole Falushe. A pedophilic multi-murderer, he built a secret room in his cellar dissimulated behind a door disguised as shelves, where he imprisoned young girls — alone or in groups — for months at a time. Most of them he murdered. Like Ronald Wilby with his mother, Bad Marc also had accomplices — more or less intimidated or fascinated — including his ex-wife, and he is even suspected of being at the center of a vast pedophilia ring. His trial proceeds with difficulty because the Belgium magistrates are suspected of guilty involvement. Jury members have suffered nervous collapse.

With the explosion of pedophilic crimes world wide 'The North American Man/Boy Love Association' is no longer being treated with TLC — or even mentioned at all — in the media — in contrast with the good-old days of ten years ago. But NAMBLA is still there, going along as if nothing had happened. On their web site all may read their complaints of 'extreme oppression', by which I presume they are referring to those poor suffering priests in Boston. They do not state that their goal is 'buggery with minors' — why? — but 'educating the general public'. That particular entity, as all are aware, is a famous ignoramus: xenophobic, misogynist and everything else bad, and homophobic to-boot. Trumpeting their advocacy of what, with a certain coy cleverness, they call 'personal freedom', they state that 'membership is

open to everyone sympathetic to man/boy love', and announce that they 'support the rights of youth' (by which I think they mean eight year olds) 'to choose the partners with whom they wish to share and enjoy their bodies'.

So it goes at NAMBLA, since 1978. As they say: 'You can help in this historic struggle!' I didn't wait to see what they suggest, specifically, but cellar improvements may be on the program. The brave new world has to begin somewhere; why not at the bottom?

So it goes at NAMBLA, since 1978. As they say: 'You can help in this historic struggle!' I didn't wait to see what they suggest, specifically, but cellar improvements may be on the program. The brave new world has to begin somewhere; why not at the bottom?



VISUAL JAZZ

Art and Literature as Music

IMPROVISATION

Art is easy to appreciate and difficult to practice. But to our understanding it presents a 'tall wall of mystery'. What is it? How does it function? How is it made?

Jack Vance, as we all know, is inordinately fond of jazz. George Rhoads,* a painter, is also extremely fond of jazz. This preference was made clear last January when I received a letter from him, including a little sketch with this commentary: 'Example of my new work. I like to think of it as visual jazz'.

It has since occurred to me to wonder if Vance's work might be considered 'literary jazz'?

The most salient feature of jazz is improvisation. It starts with a theme, usually a popular song of circumscribed musical structure, and elaborates melodic and rhythmic improvisations. This foundation has enough simplicity to remain legible, enough rigidity to keep the music from becoming diffuse and formless, and enough flexibility to allow improvisatory artists room to work.

Improvisation is not limited to jazz. The first movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* can be thought of as an extended improvisation upon a musical element smaller than the smallest popular song — the famous *ta-ta-ta-TAAA* with which no one is unfamiliar. Beethoven builds it into one of the most prominent of all musical monuments. The improvisation in question is not exactly of the same type as jazz improvisation. The improvisatory power of which Beethoven was capable operates at many levels, aspects of which can only be elaborated and realized through writing. It is not possible to 'improvise' a sudden decrescendo of first and second violins and simultaneously introduce a clarinet and cello duet. Playing such a passage involves the disciplined coordination of dozens of musicians. Though it might be just as much the result of 'improvisation' as anything a jazz man ever does, it must be written out. Jazz improvisation is basically individual. Each player 'takes a chorus'.

*father of the author of this essay.

The other players know in advance when each improvisation will begin and end. They don't know in advance the melody that will be elaborated, but they do know the rhythm and harmonic structure. If aspects of classical music—and this is just as true of modern popular songs—are formulaic, things that occur in works like the *Fifth Symphony* may indeed be improvisatory, and that such work must be written out does not demonstrate the contrary. On the other hand it is not enough to improvise in order to produce a *Fifth Symphony*. Not just any improviser—which is to say any composer, for improvisation is creativity in action—even armed with pencil and staff paper, can do much with *ta-ta-ta-TAAA*. *Ta-ta-ta-TAAA* can serve as a starting point only to musicians with exceptional creative powers. It is also true that a *Fifth Symphony* itself leaves no room for further improvisation. It is not like stone blocks that can be built into different houses, or a machine that can be retooled for different purposes. Popular songs, with their formulaic verse-chorus structure have this flexibility. If some popular song composers—Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Charles Trenet—can be, within the scope of that genre, great, Beethoven's power of improvisation is so vital that his musical structures are like animals; creations with an integrated internal structure such that they cannot be decomposed without having their essence destroyed.

Vance is famous for restricting his taste in jazz to 'early' or 'classic' jazz, the famous New Orleans style. He specifically excludes bebop. Even if this restriction is too severe for some, it is true that bebop tends to bite off more than it can chew. Laying too much emphasis on 'pure creativity', bebop improvisations tend to become formless so that musicality tends to be replaced with mere instrumental effect. New Orleans style jazz, whatever one thinks of it, is always melodic, always harmonic, always rhythmic. The tendency of bebop to become unmusical is evoked in a famous song of the time, now a jazz standard:

I like to recognize the tune!
I like to savvy what the band is playing!
I keep saying: don't you bury that tune!

The best jazz men among the 'younger generation'—which is to say the '50s and '60s—are players like Jerry Mulligan or Stan Getz who keep it clear and simple—or, when they stretch out, know how to make it stick. A good example is the *The Girl from Ipanema* where Getz does amazing melodic and harmonic things behind Astrid Gilberto's flat rendition of the last chorus. These phrases may have a bebop quality in being so far from the theme. Taken alone they would be unrecognizable or make no sense. But in context they are wonderful;

where, the listener thinks, did that come from? Where indeed. One might as well ask where Beethoven came up with his elaborations of *ta-ta-ta-TAAA*.

Jazz is a way of making music that emphasizes free and varied interpretation of popular dances and ballads.

It is not, in itself, improvisation, which is a larger concept. Still it has a special relationship to improvisation, and, for this reason, it may be said that jazz has something particularly, or naturally, artistic about it. Of course jazz is no more successful than any other art at avoiding academicism, but it seems to have a special mission to avoid that trap. One feels that jazz men, of all artists, ought to stay close to what lives in art, to the creative essence, to improvisation.

VARIATION AND CREATION

The fundamental grammar of my father's visual jazz, like its musical cousin, is solid, simple and above all, limited. Its logic and language is clear. But just as a popular tune—say *Cherokee*—though basically simple, offers infinite improvisatory scope to the jazz soloist, visual jazz, despite its obvious structural limitations, offers infinite possibilities of variation. A limited grammar does not limit the breadth of possible expression—within the given context; it provides a supporting frame without which improvisation cannot happen.

Improvisation is variation, and a variation is a variation of something. So improvisation is an expression of difference; as such, it can only exist in a context of comparison or contrast. If the form within which improvisation occurs is too vast, too tiny or too amorphous, 'improvisation' would have no purchase as variation. It would become 'pure creation'. It is not thanks to 'pure creation' that thousands of jazz men entertain hundreds of thousands of people night after night for hours on end. Too large a scope hampers the vitality of a popular art form—and indeed, jazz has steadily lost adeptness since the rise of bebop. Pure creation, even in the sense of 'improvisation', is an occasional and special thing. Even if Jack Vance's stories are like nothing else, they owe something to such forms as science fiction, the mystery novel and fantasy. In a sense his work is an improvisation on those genres, though the improvisation is so successful that it emerges as a new form.

ART AND MATHEMATICS

The two examples of visual jazz, *Actura* and *Molda*, might be convincingly entitled: 'polka in purple and orange' and 'pavane in blue and brown'. Duke Ellington called one of

his famous compositions *Symphony in Black, Brown and Tan*. These are variations on a type of title invented in the 19th century by the American painter Whistler, who used such titles as *Symphony in White, Harmony in Blue and Silver* or *Nocturne in Grey*. At the end of the 19th century one of the most popular musical forms was the 'tone poem', which, unlike the more structured symphony with its four movements, was a vast somewhat amorphous symphonic canvas. Tone poems were often inspired by literary works, like Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel* or *Don Quixote*.

Composers have thought of music in terms of literature or painting. Painters have thought of painting in terms of music. Can writing be thought of as music—as jazz in particular?

Of all the arts music is closest to mathematics. It is therefore the art most susceptible to theoretical 'understanding'. All its structural elements—melody, rhythm, harmony—can be described in mathematical terms, or 'noted' in writing.

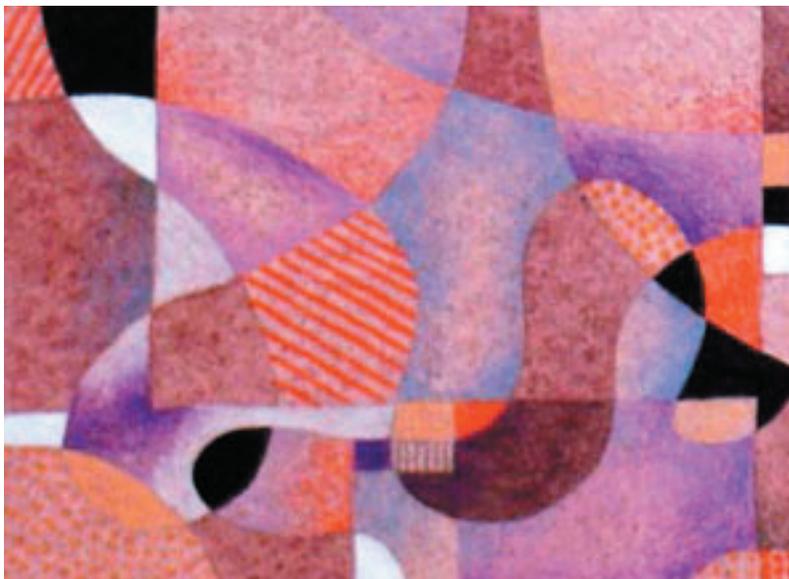
Since poetry, like music, has a rhythmic aspect, poetry analysis also has a mathematical side. Poetical forms, at least the traditional ones, are defined in mathematical terms. William Shakespeare's famous *Sonnet 18*, if we leave aside the sentiment, can be defined as '14 lines of iambic pentameter with a 4-4-4-2 rhyme structure', or it can be represented with symbolical notation:

—/—/—/—/—A
 —/—/—/—/—B
 —/—/—/—/—A
 —/—/—/—/—B
 —/—/—/—/—C
 —/—/—/—/—D
 —/—/—/—/—C
 —/—/—/—/—D
 —/—/—/—/—E
 —/—/—/—/—F
 —/—/—/—/—E
 —/—/—/—/—F
 —/—/—/—/—G
 —/—/—/—/—G

In fact *Sonnet 18* would seem to have nothing to do with mathematics:

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

Still, part of the power of this great work of art is its



Actura

strong musical structure. Because the syllables are given rhythmic structure, because the rhyme gives a melodic quality to the words, the meaning itself seems to sing. The words are not gratuitously squeezed into form; form is a point of departure that makes the music of the words possible. As for creativity, just as the symphonic form was not invented by Beethoven, so the sonnet was not

invented by Shakespeare. His *Sonnet 18* is a variation on a form. Given that the formal aspect of the poem is where the music is, using jazz terminology it could be called an improvisation. As a love poem it is also a variation on the well-used love poem theme, but that is something else. On the musical level there is a parallel between Stan Getz playing *The Girl from Ipanema* and Shakespeare writing *Sonnet 18*.

Though much of painting is characterized by washes of color and a joyful pell-mell of form that seems immune to mathematical expression, there are inevitable geometric aspects which analysts are always eager to seize upon—such as the 'golden section'. Story prose, on the other hand, seems totally divorced from mathematics, and thus from any clear structural link to music. If

Vance's writing does have a poetic—or rhythmic—aspect it can none-the-less be insisted that prose, as such, is totally unmathematical, and therefore unmelodic, unharmonic and unrhythmic.

Even if painting is not as subject to the rigorous mathematical analysis which can describe music, it is none-the-less rife with rhythm and harmony, if not melody as well. The divisions of space in a painting, by their regularity and irregularity, are like divisions of time and convey a sense of rhythm. As can be seen in *Actura* and *Molda*, the use of a color scheme of dominant and subordinate elements likewise gives a feeling of harmony, or accord. As for melody, the 'notes' of black and white in *Actura*, or the cusps and triangles of light blue, orange and yellow in *Molda* suggest dancing paths in the context of visual rhythms and harmonies.

I do not mean to stretch the point too far but it is fair to say that painting has some musical qualities, and, to a certain extent, these qualities retain a mathematical aspect. Can something similar be said of story prose? I think not.

If story prose is not made of mathematical elements, how can its structure be described?

Vance has stated that the basic strategy of story writing is to keep the reader interested to want to know what will happen next. The way this is done is straightforward: the writer must lead the reader to expect something will happen. An example Vance gave was a narrative of a cowboy going along in Indian territory. Will he be set upon by Indians? A troop of Indians appears! The cowboy tries to hide; will his ruse succeed? The Indians see him and come in pursuit! Will the cowboy win free? He is captured! What will the Indian do with him? They tie him up; will they kill him? Not right away, instead they take him somewhere. Where? Etc.

PLAYING JAZZ

Anyone with a minimum of musical training can play jazz. I don't mean they can necessarily be any good at it, but just as anyone who can dip a brush into a pot can paint, or anyone who knows the alphabet can write,

so anyone with the rudiments of a musical instrument can play jazz. Jazz is not esoterically beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. Like any real art form it can be practiced at many levels. It is not an amazing sleight to improvise. Anyone who whistles a tune a few times falls into it naturally. Improvisation does not consist—as is pretended in the mystique of jazz criticism—of perpetual inspiration and pure creativity, but on solid musicianship, good familiarity with the musical material, and the judicious use of 'riffs'. Riffs are small melodic structures—*ta-ta-ta-TAAAs* so to speak—which, strung upon a theme like melodic and rhythmic beads on a thread of harmony, build up a variation. Even the greatest improvisers, including and especially such musical giants as Bach or Beethoven—both famous keyboard improvisers of their day—depend upon a repertory of riffs and underlying musical frameworks. While jazz men may create riffs in the fluid and inspiring situation



Molda

of improvisation, and even if such creation is a species of improvisation, it boils down to composition. Such an act—the inspired and on-the-spot invention of a new musical phrase—is not essentially different from Beethoven spending weeks figuring out what to do with *ta-ta-ta-TAAA* and writing it out on paper. There is no greater thrill—and probably less—in hearing a riff for the first time, at the very moment of its

invention—than when it is used later, possibly to better effect. The compelling quality of jazz does not depend on the originality or quantity of riffs employed, or even in how cleverly the improviser structures them in a given framework. What counts most is the feeling of creative flow. This quality is not the same thing as creation or invention. It is the feeling of creation and invention that counts—not the actual thing. Put another way, it is the aliveness, what might be called the 'thereness' of it that matters. 'Thereness' is not about composition—or creation—it is about performance, or realization.

My painting teacher loved to remind me that in life it is not how you do things that counts, it is what you do; but in art it is not what you do that counts but how you do it. That horses are more beautiful than pigs—if they

are — does not make a painting of a horse more beautiful than a painting of a pig; if the painting of the horse is more beautiful it is because it is painted more beautifully. If my teacher is right — and to transfer this idea to jazz — it is not the riff you play, it is how you play the riff. So: what is it about how a riff is played that gives it a feeling of 'creative flow', or 'thereness'? This is not impossible to define; call it 'swing', 'grace', 'style', 'ease'. However admirable the mental, pulmonary and digital acrobatics of the player, these are not the things that count in the end. The music must seem to flow out of the instrument with the conviction and inevitability of water pouring from a pitcher. This 'graceful' quality can be sustained by jazz musicians because they use a solid and familiar grammar and operate within a limited scope. This is crucial because the human power of invention is not infinite. For the musical result to feel plentiful and vital the musician must carefully operate within a few dimensions only of a lucid and encompassable sample of that vastly complex and multi-dimensional thing which is music.

This is a non-mathematical model which can be transferred to story prose. The underlying structure — in this case the plot — must be built to a clear geometry; a well defined series of events with a limited number of moods and personages, each of specific characteristics. Visual jazz uses a grammar of lines and intersections to define shapes according to criteria of size. In *Molda*, for example, the line grammar uses a contrast of angled lines and curved lines to make shapes of certain proportions, while the color scheme uses limitations of variety, distribution and proximity. For example, light blue is used in small areas only which are never adjacent but may touch at points. A similar rule applies to browns. The bright colors in small doses provide a 'melody', while the 'harmony' is carried by broader expanses of darker and duller tones. The effect, while totally inaccessible to linguistic expression — some more or less meaningless flights of metaphor — is distinct.

FORM AND DESIRE

Genuine art proceeds from strong and genuine desire which engenders clear and strong conception. The genuine artist knows what he wants. If the power to conceive resembles the power to improvise it has a different place in the structure of art work for, as improvisation depends upon form, form depends upon conception. A genuine writer does not construct a narrative by a process resembling stringing beads but, like a sculptor roughing out a preconceived form, lays out narrative passages to the dictates of a conception. A conception gives coherence

and life-force to an ensemble like a plant growing in accordance to its DNA instructions. Anyone can practice visual jazz by dividing a canvass up into areas and coloring them; only a genuine artist can arrive at a set of divisions and colors which are compelling and appealing because, even if he must make some discoveries along the way, he knows something about where he wants to go and about how to get there. Great jazz improvisations are made by men who have played the same tune hundreds of times, and experimented with many improvisatory strategies. They might not know exactly what they are going to do but they know where they want to go and they know how to get there.

The idea according to which art is a gleeful gush of pure creativity whose source is the unconscious is not only inaccurate and impoverished, it is absurd. If there is a mysterious aspect to art — and there is — it is the same mystery animating mathematics or logic, subjects of endless fascination. There is mystery in emotion, and there is mystery in ratiocination. Tolstoy did not sit down without a thought in his head, and stand up several months later having written *War and Peace*; neither is *War and Piece* a mechanical elaboration of a coldly wrought plan. The difference between primitive and academic art, and genuine art, is about eroticism, in the original sense. Like the desire of man and woman for each other, which results in the conception of children, the genuine artist conceives out of desire. What he desires is something that only the coming into existence of the work of art can satisfy. Primitive and academic art depend on imitation because of the absence of desire. Its intentions are unfocused or weak. The genuine work of art is an erotic thrill.

CONCEPTION

Visual jazz admits of an almost musical degree of analysis. For example, from the 4 edges of *Molda* lines arise per a clear plan: 2 on the left, 3 on the right, 4 at the bottom, and 5 at the top. This is not chance. It is a scheme, or a formula. Furthermore, each line uses a specific grammar, of angles or curves, and a logic or phraseology of vertical and horizontal movement — the details of which are easy to trace out. The colors follow a similarly limpid scheme. *Actura* is based on a contrast of orange and violet, with notes of black and white. *Molda's* graphic and chromatic form is so clear that it is not only possible, but easy, to play a variation on it which respects its fundamental aspects.

Such a variation, of which there are an infinite potential number, is expressed in the same visual language as the original, even if the effect on the viewer is dif-

ferent. The original *Molda* uses a coloring technique of transparencies and layers which produce a 'warm' or 'appealing' stippled effect. Most people, if they wanted to practice visual jazz without first studying the work of the masters, would probably fill in with flat colors—as in the variation. However, whether flat or transparent and stippled, the color interactions—light and dark, pure and dull, warm and cold—of *Actura* and *Molda* are so nicely adjusted that they produce an effect of tension which resembles a pattern of magnetic interference. They are pungent with personality, delicious and compelling, each in its own way. The *Molda* variation, though faithful to *Molda's* formal elements, lacks this all-important quality. By contrast to the original it is unfocused. It owes more to following a form than to desire. It is academic in the sense that it is true to form while betraying the essence, and primitive in that it is haphazard, or hit and miss.

It lacks an organic or 'necessary' quality. If it borrows a certain charm from *Molda*, by contrast it is flat, voiceless, tepid. *Molda* is revealed to be like an arrow which has struck its target with a 'thaw' and is still quivering with a low-pitched hum.

This demonstration makes clear that form, however well conceived, is artistically incomplete without proper realization. 'It is not what you play, it is how you play it.' It is through realization that art achieves the all important quality of appeal. Painting, like jazz, has an aspect of performance. This also applies to writing.

When we think of 'writing' we think of phrase making. Music borrows this literary term because a piece of music is like a story told in musical phrases. Musical phrases are forms; they are 'realized' by a series of notes—just as literary phrases are forms realized in a series of words.

The 'central theme' of *The Face*—the *ta-ta-ta-TAAA* one might say—would seem to be Gersen's efforts to get at Lens Larque, at large in the universe. The first attempt is made at Pontifract, with the lien on the Ettilia Gargantyr. At Serjuz Gersen uses not a lawsuit but a variation on this economic/business theme: buying up Kotzash stock. Finally, on Methel, Gersen not only asserts his legal ownership of Jarkow Engineering but, in a further commercial interaction, buys the very house which

started all the trouble. The 'business theme' is used for a set of variations. If other themes were introduced—for example if Gersen had attempted to entrap Lens Larque with some non-economic ploy like tracing his history or stealing his girlfriend—the story would have lost focus. The episodes of *The Face* are also variations on another theme; place and social class. These various themes and variation, like the structures of visual jazz, combine and contrast mood and event to an ensemble of shapes and colors which is 'the plot'. The Domus, a grand and urbane setting for the severe comporture of benchmarker Dalt; Tintle's Shade, a swillery where Darsh perform low antics. The subtle Ottile Panshaw; the brutal Bel Ruk; dancing with Lully Inklestaff at the Black Barn; mooning on the steps of Moss Alrune in Llalarkno with Jerdian. It is easy to evoke these scenes one at a time because, indeed, they are quite distinct by reason of strong individual atmosphere.

The plot of *The Face* is a form. This form is as clear—one might even say 'as triumphantly lucid'—as that of *Molda*. It cannot be accused of being a formula, for it is not found a second time among his plot structures. *The Blue World*, for example, is quite different. Its form is characterized not by contrasts between episodes and variations on a theme. Instead it begins with a stable and settled social atmosphere which, by

slow evolution, goes into crisis, and eventually sinks into a civil war. The rebel-heroes make a painful escape to distant floats and, despite ongoing menace from King Kragen and his Exemplary Corps, the atmosphere slowly begins to lighten, until a final happy triumph which ushers in a new era. The setting never changes; we are always on the floats. The evolution is not spatial but cultural, and in the end we arrive at a new cultural place; the new era has a different feel from the old. The people of the floats have learned much and life is no longer the same. The form of *The Blue World* is both totally different from that of *The Face*, and equally well defined.

It might be objected that, if *The Blue World* is indeed different from *The Face*, books like *The Killing Machine* or *The Palace of Love* are not. It is true that, in the latter books, there are suites of episodes in different localities, but this similarity is superficial. The theme of *The Killing*



Molda variation

Machine is not a scenography of place and class, a romp in the mysterious particulars of things. Instead the story is structured by a moral tug of war. The SVU authenticity code, the mobile fort, Alusz Iphigenia herself, are elements generated by Kokor Hekkus' desires. The *Atillia Çargantyr* is only a freighter. Kotzash stock is worthless. Lens Larque gave up on Moss Alrune when he decided to punish Adario Chanseth with his trick. The episodes in *The Face* serve a purpose hinted at in the tripartite division of the book: 'Aloysius', 'Dar Sai', 'Methel'. Though *The Killing Machine* is set variously at Bissom's End, locales on Alphanor, at Interchange or on Oliphane and Thamber, these locales form a connected playground of an ongoing struggle, not just against Kokor Hekkus but of Gersen with himself. The most serious danger in the hunt for Kokor Hekkus is not his murderousness, but the fecundity of his desires. Gersen's entanglement with Alusz Iphigenia is a function of Kokor Hekkus' interest in her.

Gersen went to his usual bench, seething with a new set of dissatisfactions. This unknown woman, by any logical processes, should mean nothing to him. . . Such was not the case. Çersen puzzled over himself and his motives. How and why had he become fascinated? Because of Alusz Iphigenia's self-appraised value of ten billion SVU? The fact that Kokor Hekkus, in all his egotism and arrogance, was about to possess her? (The thought awoke a peculiar fury in him.) Because of her asserted origin: mythical Thamber? Because of the stirrings of his own sternly repressed romanticism?

This is not the only moral struggle of *The Killing Machine*; there is also the conflict in the breast of Duchane Audmar between his Institute ideology and his attachment to his children, or Myron Patch's struggles between greed, disgust, and an artisan's obsession with work well done. Kokor Hekkus, by contrast, has no hesitations. He will enhance his life to the ultimate degree, taking all that he desires without qualm. If we ordinary mortals do not share this degree of shamelessness, we may yet be plagued with similarly imperious desires. When Gersen takes Alusz Iphigenia for himself, unlike the law-suit of the *Atillia Çargantyr*, buying up of Kotzash or control of Jarkow Engineering, it is no calculated tactic of the hunt. Instead, like the redemption of the Audmar children or the perfection of the mobile fort, his deeper feelings are engaged. To put this another way, if *The Face* is a joyful celebration of the theater of life, *The Killing Machine* is an anatomy of moral entanglement. Jerdian Chanseth and Lully Inklestaff, each in her own register, are real persons experienced, or tasted, by Gersen as he passes from scene to scene. Together they are literary counterpoint. Jerdian is a somewhat

haughty Methlen, attached to her exclusive way of life, but her modesty is genuine and her feelings are sincere. Lully Inklestaff, though both more conventional and more flexible, is without modesty and nice feeling. They are unattainable or silly, essentially scenic obstacles. Alusz Iphigenia becomes part of Gersen's life, and a serious competitor to his mission.

The heaviness of this liaison is explored at the beginning of *The Palace of Love*, a book which uses a third and totally different formal strategy. *The Palace of Love* is structured neither on geography and class nor moral risk. Instead Gersen, like an agent of the Historical Institute, is interfering in a story about other people. He explores their history from end to end. He is, it is true, also co-opted into Navarth's world of fear, competition and revenge. Yet Gersen remains an outsider, a navigator less in space than in time and the psychology of Drusilla Wayles and Viole Falushe. He is not morally entangled. Drusilla Wayles is more the object of observation than object of desire. The entanglements, the suffering, are for others: Inga and Dundine, Jheral Tinzy, Navarth. The latter has had Jheral torn from him, and then been forced to raise her clone for the use of Viole Falushe. *The Palace of Love*, in contrast to the other two books, is about the elasticity of the past, about how the world is conditioned by the history of other people's lives. There is nothing like this in *The Face* or in *The Killing Machine*. The result of the journalistic strategy against Viole Falushe may eventually provide opportunity to approach Viole Falushe but, much more significantly, it provokes the invitation to the Palace, where the layering of other people's histories, tragic and otherwise, becomes thicker than ever. By comparison to the weight of *Destiny*—past, present and future—on characters like Hule and Billika (the druid youths destined for interment), on Drusilla Wayles and her sisters, or on Navarth himself, the misadventures of Daswell Tippin or even Tintle are merely comic.

This sort of structural analysis could be continued indefinitely. I have prolonged it perhaps farther than necessary to demonstrate beyond cavil that the form of each of Vance's stories is unique—or, to put it in musical terms, that Vance is a great composer. If Gersen and his mission is *ta-ta-ta-TAAA*, the Demon Prince books are a symphony in 5 movements.

REALIZATION

As it is possible to make a variation on *Molda* which is faithful to its structural logic, so *The Face* could be totally rewritten, leaving not one word unchanged, in a version that would respect the story's plot and form. *Molda* may seem simplistic in its logic. *The Face* also is admirable for

its formal lucidity. Limpid forms arise from clear conceptions, and their simplicity makes a good foundation for improvisation. In visual jazz the particular placement of lines and the particular use of colors is the 'realization' of the form. A prose-story realization is phrase by phrase. To demonstrate literary improvisation we take a fragment of conversation from Chapter 3 of *The Face*. Even though it is almost totally rewritten, no one will fail to recognize it:

Glancing up suddenly, Rackrose asked; "Have you ever visited Wigaltown?"

"Never", replied Gersen.

Rackrose folded his hands on the table. "It's full of off-worlders — a shabby part of town, not at all stylish. But if you like the exotic, it's worth a visit. The local Darsh have a tavern called Tintle's Shade. A sign advertises 'Fine Darsh Provender'."

"Hm", said Gersen. "Any Darsh visiting Pontifract would be likely to visit such a place."

Rackrose looked to right and left. "An uncomfortable thought. Suddenly I'm wondering if Dett Mulligan, whose presence is normally so reassuring, is not part of some inter-planetary conspiracy. What makes you think Lens Larque is in Pontifract?"

"Nothing specific. He might be here; he must be somewhere."

"This is only logical."

"Indeed. Accordingly; we too should visit Tintle's Shade."

"It does not smell nice. I'm not sure I'm can handle it."

Getting to his feet Gersen spoke; "Let us try 'fine Darsh provender'. We may like it better than you think."

It is as if *The Face* were a jazz standard, like *Cherokee*, and this were an improvisation on the theme. No structural elements are introduced or subtracted. The order of the speeches is the same. A few incidentals have been added or subtracted but there is no straying from the original's internal logic. On first reading it may even seem plausible, just as the *Molda* variation, at first glance, might seem like something.

But this first example is deceptive for the most important words remain: 'Gersen', 'Maxel Rackrose', 'Wigaltown', 'Darsh', 'Tintle's Shade', 'Fine Darsh Provender', 'Lens Larque', 'Dett Mulligan' and 'Pontifract'. What is the effect of replacing these elements, pure products of Vance's creative genius?

Glancing up suddenly, Glabbertree asked; "Have you ever visited Poolie Ville?"

"Never", replied Felker.

Glabbertree folded his hands on the table. "It is full of off-worlders — a shabby part of town, not at all stylish. But if you like the exotic, it's worth a visit. The local Alurians have a tavern called Zebbie's Tent. A sign advertises 'Excellent

Alurian Cuisine'."

"Hm", said Felker. "Any Alurian visiting Balcanzeb would be likely to visit such a place."

Çelb Çlabbertree looked to right and left. "An uncomfortable thought. Suddenly I'm wondering if Scoty Brannoc, whose presence is normally so reassuring, is not part of some inter-planetary conspiracy. What makes you think Dinster Twog is in Balcanzeb?"

"Nothing specific. He might be here; he must be somewhere."

"This is only logical."

"Indeed. Accordingly; we too should visit Zebbie's Tent."

"It does not smell nice. I'm not sure I'm can handle it."

Çetting to his feet Felker spoke; "Let us try 'excellent Alurian cuisine'. We may like it better than you think."

We are now ready to look at the original:

Rackrose sat up in his chair. "Are you acquainted with Wigaltown?"

"Not at all."

"It's a coarse and dismal neighborhood with a dozen or more off-world enclaves. Altogether unfashionable of course; still, if you like odd smells and peculiar music Wigaltown is the place to wander. There's a small Darsh colony and they patronize a public house on Pilkamp Road. Tintle's Shade, the place is called. I've often noticed the sign which reads 'Fine Darsh provender'."

"That is interesting news," said Gersen. "If Lens Larque is Darsh, and if he happened to pass through the neighborhood, we might expect him to visit Tintle's Shade."

Maxel Rackrose glanced over his shoulder. "Even Dett Mulligan begins to look sinister. Why do you suppose that Lens Larque is nearby?"

"I don't hold any firm opinion. Still, he might arrive at any time."

"Mathematical probabilities guarantee at least this much."

"Exactly. We should acquaint ourselves with Tintle's Shade for just this contingency."

Rackrose winced. "The place reeks with strange odors; I wonder if I'm up to it."

*Gersen rose to his feet. "We'll try 'fine Darsh provender' for our supper. Perhaps we'll become devotees." **

The difference between original and variation is like the difference between Michelangelo's *David* and a \$49.95 quarter-size plastic garden-decor reproduction. If the variation respects the form, its only real artistic virtue is to throw into contrast the original's precision, nuance and palpable atmosphere. In the variation all the sparkle, lilt, drive and pace, the flourishes, glissandos, diminuendos and crescendos are wiped away. Why? How? Take this twenty word line:

Getting to his feet Felker spoke; "Let us try 'excellent Alurian cuisine'. We may like it better than you think."

*VIE volume 25, p24.

What is wrong with this? The main character stands up, exactly as in the original. His name is 'Felker'—but why not? He proposes sampling the food, and makes a hopeful speculation, just as in the original. All the essential elements are untouched. But how flatfooted compared to Vance's seventeen words:

Gersen rose to his feet. "We'll try 'fine Darsh provender' for our supper. Perhaps we'll become devotees."

The suave decisiveness of 'Gersen rose to his feet' is exactly attuned to the hero's spare personality. The speech 'Let us try' is hardly different from 'We'll try'—both mean exactly the same thing, but the former is a suggestion while the latter is an order. 'We may like it better than we think', compared to the original is linguistic hash, a pale hint of the pungently delicate irony of the original. As for 'fine Darsh provender', it is one of those vancian formulations which, once read, can never be forgotten.

But if this particular variation is a failure, does it follow that another would fail as miserably? Can we imagine a wordsmith, a jazz man of the pen, doing something amazing with *The Face* theme, the way Stan Getz does something amazing with Jobim's *Girl from Ipanema*? Is it possible, even theoretically, to construct a variation on 'Gersen rose to his feet' that would carry as much conviction as the original, or even more? Treating the words of this sentence like the notes in a musical phrase—or trying to vary them according to a quasi-mathematical schedule, the possibilities are, more or less, the following:

- Gersen rose up
- Gersen rose erect
- Gersen got up
- Gersen got to his feet
- Gersen stood
- Gersen stood up
- Gersen stood erect
- Gersen stood to his feet
- Gersen left his chair and stood
- Gersen left his chair and rose to his feet
- Gersen got out of his chair and stood
- Gersen got out of his chair and rose to his feet
- Gersen pushed back from the table and stood up

Some readers may feel that one or more of these variations are as good, or better.

Unlike words, musical notes, harmonies and rhythms are mathematical values subject to division, multiplication or transposition. Within the harmonic structure of a musical phrase there are always notes which are

viable theoretical alternatives to the original. So what if, rather than a rather loose variation, it were to adhere strictly to the original, changing only the words/notes. In the next variation key words only are changed—though phrasing has been adjusted in cases when the natural use of new key words demands it:

Benthorn straightened in his seat. "Do you know Jiggersberg?"

"Not in the least."

"It's a rough and dreary sector with several non-Alosyan communities. It's hardly a-la-mode, to say the least; none-the-less, if you love strange odors and odd songs Jiggersberg is a locality to explore. There's a tiny Skaze group, which frequents an Inn on Timmony street. Guffler's Parasol by name. More than once I've seen the panel which says 'Tasty Skaze Fodder'."

"This is important information," replied Herter. "If Algor Schraag is Skaze, and if he chanced to come to the area, we might anticipate his appearance at Guffler's Parasol."

Cyde Benthorn looked behind him. "Even Star Callahan starts to seem suspect. Why do you think Algor Schraag is close to hand?"

"I don't have a strong feeling one way or the other. However, he could come at any moment."

"Such a possibility, at a minimum, is assured by statistical law."

"Precisely. In view of the eventuality Guffler's Parasol is a place we ought to get to know."

Benthorn shuddered. "The Inn is redolent with odd smells; I'm not sure I am equal to the occasion."

Herter stood up. "We'll sample 'tasty Skaze fodder' for our dinner. Perchance we'll become enthusiasts."

If better, because closer to the original, the new variation continues to lack the crisp graciousness of the original. The focus is gone. The effect is enfeebled. A detailed comparison to the original can only reinforce appreciation for the peculiar force and savor of the latter.

It must be admitted that the comparison with music is not legitimate. Words are fundamentally different than musical notes. Each word, no matter how many synonyms it may have, no matter how close these synonyms may be, has an irreducibly individual affect. 'Rose' and 'stood', even if, in a given context, they might mean the same thing, are not interchangeable. A man may 'rise', like the sun. The sun does not stand. 'Rise' is upward movement. 'Stand' is not movement, but immobility. It is applied to things with legs. The same sort of remarks may be made for 'got', 'left' or 'pushed'. The way each word colors a phrase is particular; 'Gersen stood' is not a neutral replacement of 'Gersen rose' and, since Vance knew what he was about when he improvised his phrases, any changes must be inferior. To be a great writer means, above all, knowing the best word to use.

This somewhat fastidious, not to say peculiar, exercise

is aimed at clarifying the relation of 'form' and 'realization'. It could be prolonged indefinitely, just as an infinite number of variations on *Molda*, or improvisations on *Cherokee*, are possible. But, for reasons evoked above, a prose variation cannot have the same relation to its 'theme' as a jazz man's riff on a standard. Literary transpositions or transcriptions are made all the time—as when books are made into films—but transposition from one medium to another is not the same thing as a variation in the same medium. Filmified books—or paintings, like *La Kermesse Heroique*— must succeed on their own terms, just as Strauss' musical transposition of stories must succeed in musical terms.

If, like music and painting, stories have a form, and if their form must be realized—or incarnated in a particular way—it does not follow, as we have seen, that variations can be played on a story as if they were a musical theme. But a writer is obliged to realize his form in some particular way, and it may not be stretching a point too far to consider that this is a process of improvisation. After all, there are an infinite number of ways the form could be realized. But a writer's work may only be compared to jazz if his capacity of realization has the jazz quality of 'thereness'. Speaking of the Yerba Buena jazz band,* Vance describes the 'trumpet ringing like a bar of pure energy', and says that the music 'came in a tide'. When it comes to writing it is perhaps less a phrase by phrase analysis that would indicate a parallel with jazz, than a sense of appeal, vividness, nourishment, or satisfaction even after the *nth* reading.



The Vancian Pursuit of Whiskey Appreciation,

REVISITED

As I noted in my series of articles on whiskey (COSMOPOLIS 33-35), many of the Vance fans I have met share an appreciation of fine whiskey. So, it seems natural to turn to fellow Vance fans with a whiskey-related proposition.

Last fall, my wife and I honeymooned in Scotland, and while there we visited a number of distilleries. Among the places we went was the island of Islay, which, for the ardent whiskey fan, is akin to making a pilgrimage

*Gold and Iron, VIE volume 7, p28

to Mecca. We managed to tour five of the seven distilleries on the island (leaving us an excuse to go back!), and while they were all fascinating, and while they all produce fine drams, if I had to recommend just one distillery to visit, it would be Bruichladdich.

Islay is home to some of the most renowned, most distinctive and most highly regarded single malts. When Jack referred to "that brown smoke they call whiskey" in *The Uninhibited Robot*, he was talking about Islay whiskey: Islay whiskeys are famous for being peaty and smoky—and most are. Bruichladdich (pronounced "brook laddie"), however, is not (presently) one of the smoky ones. It is, nonetheless, one of the very finest single malts (in my opinion). If you've never tried it, pick up a bottle of the ten- or fifteen-year-old Bruichladdich single malt! It's great!

A few years back, Bruichladdich came under new management, and they have been experimenting with new styles of whiskey. While they still make their classic non-peated whiskey, for the past few years they have also made batches of a peated whiskey, which they call Port Charlotte (after the nearby town which housed a distillery of its own in years past). The casks are in the warehouse (I saw some), but it will be several more years at least before they are ready for bottling. Eventually, Port Charlotte will no doubt join the ranks of classic smoky Islay whiskies, like its neighbors Ardbeg, Lagavulin, Caol Ila and Laphroaig.

But the new Bruichladdich distillers are not stopping there. The "peatiness" or "smokiness" of a whiskey is often measured in parts per million of various phenolic compounds; just a few ppm will give whiskey a little peaty character, and the smokiest of malts nowadays are, I believe, in the 30s to 40s (i.e., approximately 30-40 ppm phenols). That's the approximate range for Port Charlotte. But Bruichladdich decided to see just how smoky they could get their whiskey: they had a batch of malt specially kilned to be as peaty as possible; at the end of the process, the stuff that came out of the stills was over 80 ppm. So, this whiskey will be over twice as smoky as anything else out there. Bruichladdich calls this whiskey "Octomore", and the first batch went into the casks about two years ago.

When we visited the distillery in September we got to nose some of the Octomore distillate, and it is indescribable (in a good way!)—so much going on. This should be an amazing whiskey, given a few years in the cask. The distillery expects it to be bottled around 2010, and interest has been intense. But, they are not selling indi-

vidual casks of the initial run. Rather, they are selling it in case lots as futures, with no more than one case to a buyer.

A case (12 bottles) is a bit much, both in quantity and price, for me personally, but I would love to get a couple bottles. So, recently I approached some of the other whiskey fans I met at GM2 to see if there would be interest in purchasing a case as a group. To make a long story short, there was sufficient interest that we presently have takers for about a case and a half. So, in hopes of filling out that second case, I am approaching you, the COSMOPOLIS readership, to see if anyone else would like to take part in our little transaction.

We are proposing to buy a “future” in Octomore; we buy it now, and when the master distiller decides the whiskey is ready, it will be bottled and we can pick it up or they will ship it to, preferably, someone with an EU address who will in turn ship the bottles to the rest of us. Their present estimate is that it will be ready for bottling at eight years, in 2010. So you won’t actually get your whiskey until then, but besides the novelty value this will undoubtedly be one of the most collectible bottlings in years, and if bottles could be found at all at that time they will certainly cost far more than the futures are going for now. At present, the distillery is offering futures at \$250 per case. That works out to about \$20.83 per bottle, or \$36.59 or 30.85 Euros, plus shipping. (That’s based on the exchange rates as I write this, and of course is subject to change.) Around here, that’s a reasonable price for common single malts generally, and a real bargain for a highly collectible Islay. (Note: I want my bottles to drink, but if someone has access to the secondary market in collectible whiskey, it would be just about impossible to lose money on this.)

Anyone interested in participating, please e-mail me at chas_a_king@yahoo.com. If response is rabid, we could of course subscribe for an additional case or cases.

It occurs to me that, given present estimates, the bottling of the first batch of Octomore will coincide roughly with the fifth anniversary of the completion of the VIE. It further occurs to me, at least, that Islay would be a fine location for the fifth anniversary reunion party, at which time we could pick up our whiskey at the distillery.

If you’d like more information on Bruichladdich in general and Octomore in particular, check out the distillery’s web site at:

www.bruichladdich.com

Clearly this is not for everyone, but we are hopeful that somewhere out there are a few more people who are willing to wait six years to get part of the inaugural bottling of the smokiest single malt Scotch ever made. If that’s you, let me know!

Chuck King



The Mathematical Vance

#8

In the sixth of these observations on Jack’s use of mathematics I mentioned Newton’s Law of Universal Gravitation: the gravitational force between two objects is proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. Stated mathematically, this can be expressed:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{d^2}$$

At the beginning of several of the chapters in the *Demon Princes* novels data from the *Popular Handbook to the Planets* is given concerning the planet of immediate interest. For example, starting Chapter 1 of *The Palace of Love*, we see:

Sarkovy: Single planet of Phi Ophiuchi. Planetary constants: diameter—9,600 miles; sidereal day—37.2 hours; mass—1.40; G—.98; . . .

While the lead-in to Chapter 1 of *The Face* has:

Aloysius, Vega IV: diameter—7340 miles; sidereal day—19.836218 hours; mass—0.86331 standard; Etcetera

The value given for the mass actually would be the ratio of the planet’s mass to Earth’s mass. We can determine how much we would weigh on these planets. To standardize, let’s see how much a mass equal to one pound here on Earth would weigh on Aloysius. Following a little algebraic manipulation of Newton’s Law we would get:

$$W = \frac{m_A}{m_E} \left(\frac{r_E}{r_A} \right)^2$$

Since Jack gives us the $\frac{m_A}{m_E}$ ratio (0.86331 for Aloysius),

the radius of Aloysius ($r_A = 3670$ miles), and we know the radius of Earth ($r_E = 3963$ miles), all we have to do is substitute these into the formula to get the weight of our one pound mass on Aloysius:

$$W = 0.86331 \left(\frac{3963}{3670} \right)^2 = 1.0067, \text{ very slightly more}$$

than one pound.

If we apply the same reasoning to the data for Sarkovy we find something a little surprising:

$$W = 1.40 \left(\frac{3963}{4800} \right)^2 = 0.9543. \text{ Oops! How Jack got}$$

0.98 we'll probably never know. Perhaps he overestimated the radius of Earth: a value of 4016 miles would give a consistent result. (A similar error occurs in the data for *The Languages of Pao*.)

While we are on the subject of weight, have you ever wondered how much the "faultless cube of pyrite a foot and a half on the side" (mentioned near the beginning of Chapter IX of *The Face*) might weigh? Unfortunately, we are given no information about Dar Sai which would enable us to calculate its weight there. We can calculate how much it would weigh here on Earth. Pyrite (iron sulfide = FeS_2) has a specific gravity of about 5. This means its weight is approximately 5 times that of an equal volume of water. Thus that cube of pyrite would weigh $5'62.4'(1.5)^3 = 1053$ pounds. Now that's a paper-weight!

Richard Chandler



COSMOPOLIS: 50 Issues Down the Road

Hmmm. Fifty issues of COSMOPOLIS. It seems, somehow simultaneously, both a long time ago and a short time ago that I first conceived the idea that the VIE should have a public face.

A number of us had first gathered at Jack and Norma's home in Oakland, California for an initial meeting sometime in 1999. We met in the hope that we could fashion a workable organization to publish Jack's works. That's another story, however, and one which if you are reading this, you know the outcome, if not the details.

PAUL RHOADS and I were sitting in the dining room, along with a few other people; TIM STRETTON comes to mind, along with MIKE BERRO and SUAN YONG. Some who were there are no longer active in our efforts, others now active were not yet heard from. Nevertheless, Paul and I and others were busy laying the groundwork for the present VIE.

It was a daunting task in many ways, but the part which was uppermost on my mind wasn't the raising of money, but how to locate potential subscribers, convince them of our seriousness (to the extent needed to have them part from their money), and keep them reasonably happy over the months and years that it would take to field our volumes.

(Not long ago, one volunteer told me that his impression, from the first announcements on our web page, was that a particularly clever scam was being run. After all, a bunch of people he'd never heard of were asking for a plausible amount of money for a down payment: right; sure; and would anyone ever see any part of this money ever again? However, fate caught up with this fellow in fate's often amusing way: he is now the fourth editor of COSMOPOLIS . . .)

But when Paul and I were talking the issues over, I proposed what seemed to me to be an obvious action: distribute a regular newsletter so that interested persons would see continuous activity and progress towards the production of the books. Paul greeted this with an enthusiasm I've never understood: yea, it was a good idea, but to my mind, a fairly obvious idea, one used by many and many an organization.

So COSMOPOLIS was conceived. Not quite born, since it needed articles and an editor. Oh, my: articles were not too hard, but an editor . . . there was little hope that I could shrink into the corner at this point. So under the

working idea that it was better to jump than be pushed, I volunteered to edit COSMOPOLIS, having little idea of the amount of work it would entail.

To give you an idea: every month, articles arrive by some deadline date. Usually, the articles arrive in either Microsoft Word, or as plain text. Both are a nuisance. Even though I initially set COSMOPOLIS in Word, you can imagine the variety of formattings and styles in which articles would arrive. Better still, Word has national flavors, so that I would receive a Word document with an attached style sheet in French or German! If the articles arrived in plain text there were usually about a zillion end-of-line markers to remove in one way or another. So for a first pass, the raw articles had to be re-formatted into something approaching the final COSMOPOLIS format.

The next stage was even more horrifying. Some people can spell; others cannot. Vive le difference. Word can spell (sort of!), but there might be hundreds of words to be checked. Trouble is, Word doesn't seem to have two dictionaries the same, and again, foreign editions were even more of a problem. Need more convincing? How many errors do you think that Word spots in the following doggerel?

*I have a spelling checker
It came with my PC;
It plainly marks four my revue
Mistakes I cannot see.
I've run this poem threw it
I'm sure your pleased too no.
It's letter perfect in it's weigh.
My checker tolled me sew.*

Not to mention proper nouns: what a heartache. So I almost immediately enlisted a small army of proofers, and would send out COSMOPOLIS to them. Perhaps 80% of their work consisted of finding simple grammatical errors and minor errors in spelling missed by Word, but sometimes they would point out that the author had run amuck or afield, and needed correction or consultation. This work was essential, and our proofers have always been extremely diligent in their efforts. But eventually, they would return to me between four and six corrected copies—which I would then merge into a single document.

Total time for the first issue? Perhaps 40 hours on my part. And this pattern would be repeated, by me for a mere eight issues, and then by several other people, with minor changes, with great dedication, and much midnight oil.

DEBRA COHEN became Editor after my stint, and helped to streamline our production. Lord knows, she had to take over a process which existed mostly in my head, and

which we never began to understand in its complexity until it had changed hands. Plenty of teething issues fell her way as well.

DEREK BENSON served (slaved?) away as Editor perhaps longer than any of the rest of us, over half of the issues. Under his hand, COSMOPOLIS reached a steady-state in editing, setting, and distribution. During his tenure several thorny issues arose, which Derek handled with gentlemanly good grace.

Now COSMOPOLIS is edited by DAVE REITSEMA. Dave brought a long experience of business practice to COSMOPOLIS, polishing practices and procedures. Dave's style varies somewhat from his three predecessors, but it would be hard to find much fault.

The editors, of course, are only the tip of a production pyramid. Incoming articles all wind up on the desks of at least three proofers. These poor souls translate our authors' text into something which closely resembles the King's English, or at least a variety recognizable to a reading American. And don't be fooled: as many of our contributors don't really write good American English, having the excuse of living as they do in Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, not to mention countries where English is a second language. As a result, our proofers are confronted with British spellings and usages, as well as the variety found in the lower Forty-Eight. We try to preserve an author's mannerisms when important, but we also try to print the colour grey in only one way. Gray, is it?

Our proofers, most slated for early beatification, have included Tim Stretton, CHRIS CORLEY, STEVE SHERMAN, MATT PICONE, RON CHERNICH, MARK SHOULDER, CARINA BJÖRKLIND, KOEN VYVERMAN, PATRICK DUSOULIER, ROB FRIEFELD, TILL NOEVER, and JIM PATTISON.

Oh. Lest I forget. After a corrected and prepped edition is ready, it has to be set. Where would we be without our composition team members? I tended to set my own issues in Word, but once COSMOPOLIS was set in Amiante, it needed something with a bit more horsepower, and Derek Benson would set COSMOPOLIS himself. JOEL ANDERSON has set the majority of the issues of COSMOPOLIS, and without someone to set the issue, *you could well imagine THE result.*

Lastly, our webmaster and gatekeeper Suan Yong takes the issue and distributes it to our subscriber list. Many people get the issue as an attachment, others receive only notification, and get it from the web page. In either case, Suan keeps track of who's in, who's out, and where the issue goes. For some seven hundred readers, this is a large enough task to add to Suan's other duties.

Over these fifty issues and four editors, numerous proofers and compositors, COSMOPOLIS has performed its function well indeed. Any subscriber, volunteer, or

just interested party may find all of our back issues on the web site. COSMOPOLIS chronicles our production, and highlights some of the enormous efforts made by volunteers to produce Jack's works in one set of volumes. Just as in the VIE proper, whose volunteers made the goal of producing the great work of Jack Vance feasible, the production of COSMOPOLIS was the gift of a set of dedicated volunteers. COSMOPOLIS has never had funding, but something far harder to obtain: dedicated individual volunteers.

Bob Lacovara



End Note

David Reitsema, Editor, Cosmopolis



APPOLOGY

The staff of Cosmopolis would like to apologize to David Williams for inadvertently cutting off the end of his article:

DON'T LOOK NOW:

JACK VANCE'S DIRE BEASTS AND GHASTLY FIENDS

The missing passage was a quotation from a certain writer:

"Luminous blue-green space surrounded them; at their very elbows swam, grew or drifted the flora and fauna of the Persimmon Sea: white eels and electric blue scissor-fish darting through the thickets of water-weed; schools of blood-red spark-fish, green serpents, yellow twitters, twinkling and darting, the myriads occasionally sifting through each other in a pointillistic confusion, finally to emerge as before. On three occasions, purple and silver spangs, ten feet of prongs, barbs, hooks and fangs, came to grind against the crystal in an attempt to seize one of the folk who lunched in the half-light. . ."

We hope everyone downloaded the corrected issue, which is available, as always, at vanceintegral.com.



Thanks to proofreaders *Steve Sherman*, *Rob Friefeld* and *Jim Pattison* and to *Paul Rhoads* for his composition work. COSMOPOLIS SUBMISSIONS: when preparing articles for *Cosmopolis*, please refrain from fancy formatting. Send raw text. For COSMOPOLIS 51, please submit articles and letters-to-the-editor to David Reitsema: Editor@vanceintegral.com. Deadline for submissions is June 30, 2004.

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