

Iterative Architecture: a Ballardian Text

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Instructions/ Introduction

Readers hoping to solve the mystery of J.G. Ballard's 'The Beach Murders' may care to approach it in the form of a card game. Some of the principal clues have been alphabetized, some left as they were found, scrawled on to the backs of a deck of cards. Readers are invited to recombine the order of the cards to arrive at a solution. Obviously any number of solutions is possible, and the final answer to the mystery lies forever hidden.*

* You may find scissors a useful accessory

♣♠♥♦

Clubs ♣

Architecture (A♣). Physical space is crucial to the Ballardian imaginary, from the eponymous tower block in *High-Rise* (1975) to the 'gated communities' and science parks of *Super-Cannes* (2000) and *Millennium People* (2003). Counterposed to images of flight and transcendence found in many of his stories, the urban environment is often an imprisoning space. In his online article 'J.G. Ballard and the Architectures of Control' [Ballardian » J.G. Ballard & Architectures of Control](#), Dan Lockton argues that 'One of the many 'obsessions' running through Ballard's work is what we might characterise as *the effect of architecture on the individual*', while complicating his argument by acknowledging the mutual implication of inner and outer, psychological and environment: this blurring being Ballard's method of 'reflecting the participants' mental state in the environment itself'.¹ Lockton also suggests that '[t]he architecture [...] acts as a structure for the story' in locating the protagonist and 'plot' firmly in an 'obsessively explained and expounded' architecture. I would like to develop this argument by suggesting that the informing structural principles of Ballard's short stories, particularly that of the period beginning with 'The Terminal Beach' (1964) and embracing *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1969) but also later short fictions, are spatial and iterative: geometry and algebra.

Ballardian (2♣). On the BBC Radio 4 arts review programme *Front Row*, presenter Mark Lawson, in introducing a discussion of Ballard's autobiography *Miracles of Life*, suggested that 'he's one of the few writers to have become an adjective — Ballardian'.² An author who attains the status of an adjective runs the risk of reduction to culturally received ideas of their work (often erroneous and masking the texts themselves) or, worse still, it makes them the object of caricature or burlesque. To become an adjective suggests a certain kind of cultural visibility (or even cultural power), but also indicates a possible ossification through repetition: another reduction, to a set of representative images, ideas and tropes. In this case, 'Ballardian' signifies a recurrent set of narrative structures, characters, and particularly iconic places

and things, many of which were identified by David Pringle in his groundbreaking critical work of the 1970s:

Such things as concrete weapons ranges, dead fish, abandoned airfields, radio telescopes, crashed space-capsules, sand dunes, empty cities, [...] beaches, fossils, broken juke-boxes, crystals, lizards, multi-storey car-parks, dry lake-beds, medical laboratories, drained swimming-pools, [...] high-rise buildings, predatory birds, and low-flying aircraft.³

To assert a 'Ballardian' imaginary is to suggest a limitation to his work, a finite set of materials out of which a range of texts are worked (and re-worked). It is a critical commonplace to note the 'obsessional' return to key images, objects and concerns in Ballard's work – from emptied swimming pools to a desire to transcend time – that could have reduced his texts to a set of symptoms of an identifiable pathology (and did, in the notorious judgement on *Crash* by a publisher's reader). At best, Ballard's 'obsessional' return to a limited creative palette can be used to articulate a consistent and particular vision of the world – what Mark Lawson, characterising 'Ballardian', called a 'way of looking at the world and describing it' – or is, at worst, a boring and repetitive re-working of the same old material by a 'minor' (genre) writer who lacks a wider engagement with human life. 'Ballardian' is perhaps best understood (a) as a symptom of genre, and the repetition-with-difference pattern of much genre fiction; and (b) as an effect of Ballard's structural reliance on iteration.

Confetti Royale (9♣). The original title of the story collected in the 2001 *Collected Short Stories* as 'The Beach Murders' is 'Confetti Royale', signifying its intertextual relation to Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale* (1953) and the Cold war spy or espionage narrative. The impenetrable motivations of the characters in 'Confetti Royale' – two Russian agents, on CIA operative, an 'absconded State Department cipher chief' and 'American limbo dancer' (whose actions entirely exceed this belittling characterization) – both anticipate the labyrinthine logic of Le Carré's espionage fiction and compromises the more straightforward and linear adventures of Fleming's secret agent. There has been some recent speculation on the *Ballardian* website about the connection between Ballard and Fleming, particularly with regard to *The Wind from Nowhere* (Ballard's 1962 'disowned' apprentice novel) and its megalomaniacal industrialist Hardoon, who could be seen as an analogue of the Bond super-villains who seek the chimera of 'world domination'.⁴ While 'Confetti Royale' is a playful iteration of espionage fiction, its card-game structure raises to a formal principle the centrality of the game between Bond and Le Chiffre in *Casino Royale*. Here, the 27 textual elements (Introduction plus 26 alphabeticized titled paragraphs) are strewn as 'confetti', compromising the ordering principles of the baccarat tables or Cold War ideologies.

Diamonds Are Forever (6♣). The 1969 James Bond film *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (*OHMSS*) was the first to be made without Sean Connery. The opening 15 minutes is suffused by a self-reflexivity which marks out the problematic nature of generic repetition-with-difference. The new Bond,

George Lazenby, looks directly at the camera at the end of the pre-credits sequence, when the 'girl' he has been fighting for drives off, and says 'This never happened to the other fellah'; the film's title sequence replays scenes from earlier Bond films; and when Bond 'resigns' and clears his office drawer, key objects from earlier films are introduced with *aide-memoire* musical leitmotifs from previous Bond films overlaid on the soundtrack. Anxiety-provoking difference is suppressed by reference to the recognisable and familiar, even at the risk of disrupting the film diegesis. In 1971, not only did Bond return, but so did Connery. *Diamonds Are Forever* is Bond's 'revenge' mission for the death, in *OHMSS*, of Bond's wife Tracey (the 'girl' who escaped him at the beginning), and is largely set in Nixon's USA. A morally rotten, bloated film (featuring two sadistic homosexual assassins as an index of its gender sensitivities), *Diamonds Are Forever's* main location is Las Vegas, the 'old' Vegas of the Dunes and the Sands, the excessive, corrupt Vegas of Bugsy Siegel and the Mob. *Diamonds Are Forever* plays the megalomaniacal Blofeld – murderer of Bond's wife and manipulator of the diamond trade to create a laser-bearing 'killer' satellite – against one 'Willard Whyte', a helpful billionaire resident of a Las Vegas penthouse suite. This character's good-ole-boy persona fails to mask the fact that he is a Whyte-washed reiteration of a real-life Las Vegas resident, Howard Hughes, who in real life more nearly approximated Blofeld. Unlike Fleming's *Casino Royale* (1953) and the 2006 film version of this Bond narrative, where the high-stakes card games function as a trope for ideological conflict and the dangerous fluidity of capital markets and financial flows, *Diamonds Are Forever* makes little or no play with the casino chronotope. Ballard's own Las Vegas novel is *Hello America* (1981), the most generically 'science fiction' of his later works. This novel narrates a journey by a European exploratory mission to a depopulated, post-apocalyptic United States, where they find a self-anointed (and self-named) President Charles Manson, who has assumed command of the remainder of America's nuclear arsenal. *Hello America* uses the Las Vegas gambling icon of the roulette wheel, rather than the card table, to critique the logic of Mutually Assured Destruction. As Ken Cooper suggests, 'self-destruction [...] is the inevitable payoff of atomic roulette'.⁵

Experimental Fiction (7♣). Ballard's most formally experimental period lies between 'The Terminal Beach' (1964) and *The Atrocity Exhibition* (1969). Although his later novels are iterative in their narrative and textual patterning, they are much closer to 'mainstream' literary fiction's spatial continuity and temporal causality. However, in his short fiction Ballard did return to formally experimental or innovative texts, often playing with textual conventions. 'The Index' (1977) consists of just that, 'the index to the unpublished and perhaps suppressed autobiography of a man who may well have been one of the most remarkable figures of the 20th century', one Henry Rhodes Hamilton, but the mystery of who he was and the status of the text remains unresolved; 'Notes Towards a Mental Breakdown' (1976) consists of annotations to the subtitle of the story ('A discharged Broadmoor patient compiles "Notes Towards A Mental Breakdown", recalling his wife's murder, his trial and exoneration'), each word of which is footnoted; and in 'Answers to a Questionnaire' (1985) the respondent implies that he has assassinated the second incarnation of Christ in 100 'answers'.⁶ These texts are organised by absence or ellipsis, the

architecture of the stories signifying a missing central element or text that reader must configure or enunciate for herself/himself. Non-linear, spatial in design, Ballard's later experimental short stories are textual games that posit a foundational enigma, a mystery that the reader must work to decode.

Fugue Fiction (5♣). The 'fugue fictions' are three connected short stories that Ballard published around the turn of the 1980s: 'News from the Sun' (1981), 'Memories of the Space Age' (1982) and 'Myths of the Near Future' (1982). A close examination of these stories discloses the iterative principle at work even in Ballard's later texts, where formal fragmentation has given way to more linear narrative models. A paragraph from 'A Question of Re-Entry' (1962) pinpoints the shared emphases of these stories:

The implication was that the entire space programme was a symptom of some inner unconscious malaise afflicting mankind, and in particular the Western technocracies, and that the space-craft and satellites had been launched because their flights satisfied certain buried compulsions and desires.⁷

In 'Memories of the Space Age', the protagonist Mallory, a doctor in the NASA program, confesses to his unconscious complicity in the first orbital murder, by a borderline-disturbed astronaut named Hinton. This act produced a kind of 'space-sickness' of fugue-states and loss of temporal awareness that is centred on Cape Canaveral: 'he had torn the fabric of time and space, cracked the hour-glass from which time was running'.⁸ The fugues experienced by Mallory and the protagonists of the two other stories are a kind of congealing of time, a transcendence of clock time; in 'News from the Sun', these fugues are explicitly typed as a return to a pre-lapsarian state of consciousness. In 'Myth of the Near Future', the protagonist Sheppard pursues his terminally ill wife to Canaveral, where the time-effect may ultimately revivify her. All three stories are patterned on a triangulation between the protagonist, his wife (or lover), and an antagonist; a fourth figure is present, outside of the primary triangulation, who is either an astronaut or connected to the space program.

'News from the Sun': Franklin-Ursula-Slade (Trippett)
'Memories of the Space Age': Mallory-Anna-Hinton (Gale Shepley)
'Myths of the Near Future': Sheppard-Elaine-Martinsen (Anne Godwin)

The triangulations suggests a geometric/architectural emphasis, but the sense that these three fictions, published in sequence, are reworkings of the same conceptual material and re-deploy the same motifs (flight, the space programme, fugue states and time) signifies their centrality to the Ballardian iterative complex.

Gemini. (4♣) The Space Age is a crucial source for the Ballardian imaginary, from the negotiations of cargo-cult imperialism in 'A Question of Re-Entry' (1963) to the assassination of a messianic astronaut in 'The Object of the Attack' (1984). The icon of the astronaut is central to the 'fugue fictions' and their sense that NASA's manned space programs were a cosmic

transgression, an hubristic leap out of biological time which has catastrophic psychological consequences. Many of Ballard's texts are centred on Cape Canaveral, from 'The Illuminated Man' (1964) (itself later incorporated – reiterated – into *The Crystal World* (1965)), where time crystallizes, to 'Memories of the Space Age' (1982), where the Cape is the epicentre of a kind of 'space sickness'. However, it is not Apollo imagery – the Moon landings – that regulate Ballard's Space Age imaginary. His astronauts have orbital trajectories. In 'The Dead Astronaut' (1968) and 'The Cage of Sand' (1962) orbiting capsules containing dead astronauts form a kind of artificial constellation in the night sky, while the protagonists wait at Canaveral for their orbits to decay. It is not Apollo, but the Mercury and Gemini programs – manned orbital missions that grew in complexity and duration, but stayed within the ambit of Earth – that provide the backdrop for Ballard's Space Age. This is no New Frontier, no ascension to other planets, but a limited, problematic endeavour.

Hearts and Minds (8♣). The title sequence of the 2006 *Casino Royale* plays with the centrality of the card game and the casino to its narrative. In motion-capture animation (where computer-generated graphics are overlaid on live action), a silhouetted polygon Bond fights, shoots, and is finally shown (in a live-action 'reveal') to be Daniel Craig, the 'new' Bond. The roulette wheel becomes a sniper-scope target in these graphics, as clubs, diamonds and spades become weapons embedded in the torsos of antagonists, 'blood' flowing across the screen from their wounds. Bond is himself 'cut' by playing cards in one animated sequence, but is invulnerable; no blood seems to flow there. The interrelationship of the casino, the roulette wheel and the playing card with the neo-colonial adventurism represented by the Bond imaginary invites us to read the film itself as a kind of spectacle or game, masking its ideological premises.

Iterative (3♣). Crucial to the idea of a 'Ballardian' text is patterning or what I have suggested as *iterability*. It would be difficult to deny that Ballard returns to similar ideas, or narrative structures throughout his work: it is the *effectiveness* of the patterning that is crucial, the combination and re-combination of elements to work through a coherent world that provides Ballard's texts with imaginative power. David Punter, in *Modernity*, concurs, stating: 'What is most significant [...] is that Ballard is a repetitive writer, a writer of repetition.'⁹ The first formally 'iterative' Ballard short story is 'The Terminal Beach' (1964), in which the textual fabric of the story is fragmented, split into 22 sections (21 of them subtitled), echoing the psychological fragmentation of the protagonist Traven (the earliest incarnation of the 'T-' figure who recurs, as 'Tallis' or 'Talbot' or 'Trabert') who can also be found in Ballard's iterative masterwork, *The Atrocity Exhibition*. 'The Terminal Beach' and particularly the *Atrocity Exhibition* texts are non-linear and non-causal in terms of narrative; in 'The Terminal Beach', the concrete blocks of the nuclear testing site Eniwetok Island form a maze, 'their geometric regularity and finish [seeming] to occupy more than their own volumes of space, imposing on him a mood of absolute calm and order.'¹⁰ Here the spatial ordering of the text is more properly geometric rather than algebraic (iterative), but the repetitive, disorienting regularity of the field of blocks is a figure for a space that repeats

itself endlessly. This motif can also be found in the more classically dystopian short story 'The Concentration City', where the urban 'build-up' has no boundary, no end, and a train journey to find its limits returns the protagonist to the starting point in a regressive, looping trajectory; and in the repeated face of Cordobès on the deck of cards placed upon Quimby's balcony table in 'Confetti Royale'.

James (10♣). J.G. Ballard's first names are James Graham. Only in his *Crash* alter-ego is Ballard 'James', a knowing self-implication in that text's transgressive sexual material; he was 'Jimmy' as a boy, 'Jim' to his adult friends. The diminutive, 'Jim', humanises Ballard, and it is this name which is given to his 'autobiographical' selves in *Empire of the Sun* (1985) and *The Kindness of Women* (1991). Opposing this is the self-alienated 'J.G.', a not-quite *nom de plume* that masks the 'real' Jim Ballard. Ballard's textual interrogation of unitary subjectivity is reflected in this circulation of names, and the surnames of his protagonists – Sheppard, Maitland, Franklin, Sinclair – are themselves iterative signs. James Bond, by way of contrast, is never 'Jimmy', 'Jim' or 'Jamie': always 'James'.

Kennedy (J♣). After his assassination in 1963, President John F. Kennedy's name was given to the Cape where the NASA space program still has its operational base: Canaveral. This naming has now been reversed, but the Space Center still bears JFK's name. It is Kennedy who is seen to be the 'author' of Apollo, giving the political and economic impetus to reach the Moon through the rhetoric of the 'New Frontier' and a sustained arms race (symbolically as well as militarily), though it could be argued that it is Lyndon Johnson who was most committed to the American space program in the 1950s and 1960s. Kennedy's assassination is, in some sense, a 'ground zero' for contemporary American culture, and he looms large in the algebra of icons that Ballard constructs in the period of *The Atrocity Exhibition*, along with the president's widow, Jackie. The implication of glamour, celebrity and violent death is embodied in the icon of JFK; in 'The Assassination of John F. Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race', a key text in *The Atrocity Exhibition*, the moment of assassination also becomes a fatal game.

Lunghua (Q♣). With the publication of Ballard's autobiography, *Miracles of Life* (2008), it became apparent that, as much as I would like to resist a biographical reading of Ballard's work, it is Ballard's own childhood that has had a fundamental regulatory effect on the Ballardian imaginary. In *Empire of the Sun*, Ballard playfully encouraged the reader to 'spot' the Ballardian icon in an autobiographical context – the drained swimming pool, the crashed plane – while simultaneously denying that autobiography provided any kind of key or code to understanding his work. His life, as represented in both *Empire of the Sun* and *The Kindness of Women*, is filtered through the medium of fiction. In the light of *Miracles of Life*, I would now like to suggest that it is Lunghua, the resettlement camp into which he, his parents and his sister were interned during the Japanese occupation of Shanghai in World War Two, that is the model for the Ballardian social environment. Lunghua is enclosed, fenced off from the outside world; it is a place where work is scarce; where a system of social codes and conventions regulate personal interaction; where

games, hobbies, organised events schedule the lives of its inhabitants; and where existence shades inevitably into a slow decline unto death. A place to rebel against, if space can be found; a space to escape from, if escape is possible. Lunghua is the model for the high-rises, gated communities, science parks and suburban dormitory towns of Ballard's later fiction.

Metacriticism/ metatext (K♣). 'What is distinctive about *The Arcades Project* – in Benjamin's mind, it always dwelt apart – is the working of quotations into the framework of montage [...] the transcendence of the conventional book form would go together, in this case, with the blasting apart of pragmatic historicism – grounded, as this always is, on the premise of a continuous and homogenous temporality. Citation and commentary might then be perceived as intersecting at a thousand different angles, setting up vibrations across the epochs of recent history, so as to effect "the cracking open of natural teleology." And all of this would unfold through the medium of hints or "blinks" – a discontinuous presentation deliberately opposed to traditional modes of argument.'¹¹

Spades ♠

(A♠) Macro-economic tidal systems. B sat down in the oak-panelled room of state opposite Sir Richard Markham. Markham assessed this loose-limbed man in the ragged flying jacket. A constellation of scars around his mouth and jaw-line traced the trajectory of his chequered history as an agent. Markham accepted the logic of the situation – an agent lasted a few years in the field, no more – but B had gone further than most, much further in many ways. The grey, haunted eyes that looked through Markham scanned the ocean bottom of his psyche, cut adrift from the time system of Whitehall.

'You've been away, B,' said Markham.

B's eyes refocused.

'In a manner of speaking.'

(2♠) Auto-intentional displacement. B realised, as he stood on the moving walkway in the inner hub of Charles de Gaulle airport, that the geometry of the architecture expressed a latent psychopathology. The concrete tunnels of the travellers indicated a profound desire to return to the amniotic peacefulness of the womb, the octagonal central atrium and suspended Perspex walkways revealing a fascist worship of the late General in the form of an architectural homage to his nasal septum and zygomatic arch. B found himself profoundly identifying with the unknown would-be assassin who had missed his opportunity to be the French Oswald in 1965. It was clear to him that the French, for all their insistence on *grands projets* like CDG, inhabited a fundamental and psychotic cultural landscape in which the tension between their embrace of modernity and their nostalgia for empire went unresolved.

(3♠) Goldeneye. As he dipped the clutch of the Aston and thrust the gearstick into fifth, B remembered the death of his wife. It was, he now understood, a special form of automobile accident. Blauveldt and Blunt, whom he had previously recognised as enemies, were in fact the agents of an underlying

logic of necessity. Since the death of his wife, B had slipped further and further out of time, occupying fugue states where hours slipped by. Now, as blades of sodium light accelerated across his windshield, B felt himself again returning to the fugue state that had plagued him since her death, the Aston congealing in a viscid block of time.

(4♠) Operation Grand Slam. B opened the attaché case. In it he found what Markham had called his ‘assassination weapon’. It consisted of: (a) reproductions of Marcel Duchamp’s ‘Nude Descending a Staircase’; (b) a pulp spy novel by one Richard Markham; (c) Eadweard Muybridge’s series photographs of horse and rider; (d) soft inner flying helmet and communication rig of B-29 navigator, USAAF issue; (e) November 1963 edition of *Time* magazine; (f) an unused prophylactic wrapped in a tin foil sachet; (g) black-box voice recording of co-pilot, Concorde air disaster, Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris; (h) .25 Beretta pistol.

(5♠) Heliotropic. Dr Catherine Penny waited in the secure car park of the Jodrell Bank radio telescopes, as the man in the ragged flying jacket paced the grounds, where the massive volumes of the dishes sprouted like some monstrous alien crop. Dr Penny thought of B’s grey, haunted eyes, and turned the heating in the MGC up a notch. What B was looking for, he could not find amongst the files and despatch boxes of Whitehall. Could he find it here, among the constellations?

(6♠) Index of Alienation. B calculated the angle between Dr Penny’s rigid torso and her splayed thighs, as she sat like an ill-propped mannequin on the edge of his bed. The conjunction between her naked body, the vintage bottle of Bollinger and the torn foil of the prophylactic sachet brought back disconcerting memories of the buckled armcove on Monaco race day. He turned back to the light box he was building to display x-ray plates of his own fractured clavicle, femur, and kneecap.

(7♠) Quantum theory. ‘Pay attention, B,’ said Quinn, the head of the special quartermaster stores. ‘One day these things could conceivably save your life.’

He placed another card on the desk and invited B to respond.

‘Come on,’ said B. ‘What will it be next? Solitaire? The Tarot pack?’

‘This is for the good of your health, not mine,’ replied Quinn, ‘though God knows it’s difficult enough to tell the difference these days. How did you find Switzerland?’

B smiled. ‘The facilities were excellent. The doctors pronounced me in fine physical shape.’ The lie was automatic, almost unconscious, thought Quinn.

B’s eyes defocused, the deck of cards indecipherable sigils beneath his hands.

(8♠) Beretta .25. Sitting on the balcony of his room in the Loew’s hotel in Monte Carlo, B watched the workmen fix road markings for the motor racing that would take place next week. The late afternoon sun painted the harbour

with gold as he finished the club sandwich and drained the last of the glass of Johnny Walker Black Label. On his knees was the conference pack of the neurosurgery symposium he was attending, where he hoped to catch up with Blufeldt. Blufeldt had assumed the legitimate identity of a specialist doctor and had attached himself to a radical clinic in Bern, Switzerland. He was giving a paper on neurology, brain injury and fugue states. B stood up, brushed the crumbs from his knees, and pinned his identification tag onto his shirt. At least the others would know who he was supposed to be.

(9♠) Jackie O. As B entered Catherine Penny from behind, he registered the way her hips, flaring out from the waist, repeated the sensual curves of the mouthpiece of the telephone. Her back, bent rigidly over Markham's desk, echoed the planes of the reclining chair that sat, as in a psychiatrist's consulting room, to one side of the grand office. As he moved inside her, B thought of the coil that sat in Catherine's womb like an ironic plastic echo of the DNA double-helix. He held Catherine's hips as if he were piloting the Aston at high speed down the autobahn between Köln and Berlin.

(10♠) Neverland. 'Blaufeld is in Florida,' said Markham, looking at B carefully. 'Down at the Cape, the disused launch site. We don't think he's interested in the physical possibilities of the gantries, but...'

'I always wanted to be an astronaut,' said B. 'The NASA program drew a lot of astronauts from Navy fliers, like Sheppard. I met him once. A difficult man. He told me flatly that no Royal Navy Commander could ever make NASA grade.'

'Space,' Blaufeld had said, 'is money.'

(J♠) Solar Transits. The strip lighting haloed from Bluffield's large, pink, shaven skull as he looked up at B from under cerebrotonic brows.

'You've never understood my work, James. God knows I've tried to explain. But I knew you'd come. Particularly here, of all places.'

B looked out of the office windows and saw the rusted, half-ruined gantries propped like a disused stage-set against the Florida sky. He could feel the .25 Beretta in its clam-shell holster beneath his left arm, but knew he would never use it now. The cool afternoon seemed to stretch forever, like the nearby glades.

'How long have you been having these fugues, James?' asked Bluffield.

(Q♠) Restitution. Karen Blunt sat astride the Yamaha, revving it slowly, her aviator shades reflecting the parking lot where B sat in the open-top Pontiac. One side of B's face was turning coral in the intense afternoon sun, as he lived out a waking dream, his memory tapping out the algebra of his past. Karen's dark hair cascaded onto her sturdy shoulders and chest, which were buttoned up in a grubby NASA flight suit scavenged from Kennedy. Here at Cocoa Beach, outside the bar where the astronauts once dreamed of flight, B and Karen pitched in the oceanic tides of time.

(K♠) Pinewood to Shepperton. In the attaché case B found his instructions from Markham, consisting of a sequence of defaced postcards posted to B by Bloveltdt, from Cape Kennedy, Florida; the Alamagordo testing grounds, New Mexico; Utah Beach, Normandy, France; and Fort Knox, Kentucky. They read, in date order: '(1) Maiden flight of Concorde (2) *Abbey Road* (3) Rolling Thunder (4) Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong walks on moon (5) *The Wild Bunch* (6) Inauguration of President Richard Milhous Nixon (7) *Medium Cool* (8) d.o.b 20 March (9) *Let It Bleed* (10) *The Stones in the Park* (11) *Tommy* (12) The election of French President Georges Pompidou, succeeding General de Gaulle (13) Woodstock (14) Altamont Speedway (15) *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (16) *The Atrocity Exhibition*.'



The Joker. The Joker in the pack is the card that, in some games, can replace (or substitute for, take the place of) any of the others. In this sense, the Joker is the empty sign.



Hearts ♥

(A♥) Time Drill. 'I don't remember much about my father,' replied B.

'No, I'm sorry, you misunderstand,' said Bluefield. 'I meant Markham, Sir Richard Markham.'

'Ah... ' B looked a little confused, then passed a thin, sunburnt hand across his eyes. Bluefield thought B looked exhausted after his ordeal in the Pontiac. Karen Blunt had finally rescued the half-blistered scarecrow figure in his ragged flying jacket, and at least the soft flying helmet had prevented too much sunstroke. Even now, after a week's rest and medical attention, Bluefield could see the sores around B's dirty neckline, beneath the leather collar of his jacket.

'Are you really a doctor?' asked B, looking up.

'Of a special kind.'

(2♥) Unwritten histories. 'You've been in Florida before?' asked Karen. B was surprised to hear her speak in light, rather melodious accentless English.

'Yes, some time ago. I met a man by the name of Scaramanga.' Blowfield smiled gently and looked down at his large, soft hands. Pink and scrubbed, they looked out of place on the dusty grey melamine table-top. They sat in a red vinyl horseshoe-shaped booth in the abandoned diner, three Coca-Colas in green bottles growing ever closer to blood heat in front of them.

'I read that case,' said Blowfield. 'You weren't quite yourself to begin with, I recall.'

B's eyes flickered as he began to enter another fugue.

'And who am I now, doctor?'

(3♥) Whisky and soda. The fugues seemed to take the place of any true dream sleep, but that afternoon B drew up a sun-lounger beneath an overgrown palm, and drifted to sleep by the side of the drained swimming pool. He dreamed of flight. Propeller blades flashed from his shoulders in the golden sunlight as he ascended into the Florida sky, below him the gantries and concrete aprons of Canaveral. A space-age archangel, clothed in light, he rose until he could see the curvature on the blue rim of the earth and the vault of the sky deepened to a crushing black. Turning on his back, in coronation armour flashing like a new star, he awaited blissful deliverance.

(4♥) Kuomintang. B sat in the wrecked Aston, its red leather trim burst like a rotten scarecrow. He toyed with the broken instrument stalk as he stared at the cracked dials and buckled binnacle, the Aston's instruments frozen at the crash speed of a hundred and twenty. Feeling his cracked kneecap, B pressed down on the accelerator pedal and saw, through the frosted windshield, the roads of the International Settlement in Shanghai, where he sat on his father's lap as they drove down empty boulevards in the grandiose Packard that his father bought to impress high-ranking Chinese officials.

(5♥) Viennese Benediction. 'Who do you want to be, James?' asked Blovelt. 'Is it a matter of choice, doctor?'

'For you, it's a matter of necessity,' said Blovelt, drawing aside the Styrofoam cup of coffee.

'I think you may have the question wrong, if I may say so,' said B. 'It's not a matter of who do I want to be, but why?'

Blovelt slowly traced the parabola of his pink skull with his left palm.

'Have you seen her, again?'

B seemed, with an effort of will, to come to himself, and looked searchingly at Blovelt, certainty and horror at home in the grey eyes.

'She's out there on the gantries, doctor,' said B. 'She keeps escaping me, and I don't have much time left. But I'll find her.'

(6♥) X-1. In one of his increasingly rare periods of physical activity, B walked towards the Apollo gantry and heard the spluttering engine of the Cessna. Through the cockpit window, as the aircraft circled the gantry, B could make out the habitual white coat, red shirt and pink skull of Blyfield, the man who had murdered his wife, but who had now somehow brought her back to him. Blyfield was waving, pointing to the top of the gantry, and as B looked up, he saw a figure clambering among the rusted geometry of the access platforms. There she was. As B made his way to the stairwell on aching, sore legs, he heard the Cessna's engine cut out, and watched as Blyfield wrestled the aircraft to a controlled crash landing on the concrete apron.

(7♥) Cobalt Blue. B and Blueweldt met in the atrium of the Monte Carlo convention centre, which presented itself as a provincial casino without the formal wear. The foyer was crowded with middle-aged men in light summer suits.

'Dr. Blueweldt, I assume?' asked Bond, peering at a name tag.

‘My dear James! How lovely to see you here!’ Blueweldt warmly clasped B’s hand. ‘How have you been?’

B looked searchingly into Blueweldt’s eyes for signs of dissimulation.

‘Have you been to any of the panels?’ asked Blueweldt ruefully.

‘Second rate, to a man. As you can see, they all look like middle-management executives racking up the air miles. Appearances, in this case, are not deceptive.’

Blueweldt’s own light-blue three-piece blended him in perfectly with the crowd, but B’s worn leather jacket, cracked aviator glasses and khaki pants identified him either as a media don or a stray patient. B opened his conference pack and scanned the schedule of panels.

‘Nothing of interest next, doctor. Shall we step outside for a sundowner and a talk?’

(8♥) Yarrow Stalks. As he finally stepped onto the access platform near the top of the rusting Apollo gantry, legs shaking and a fugue beginning to come on, B saw his wife looking at him from a pool of silver sunlight. His wife pointed away from Canaveral, out into the light and air. He wondered if she was beckoning him to step out into the æther and join her. He edged further along the platform towards the open end, feeling the pull of the light airs that breathed past the gap. As he approached, time slowing, he realised what his wife was pointing towards – there he seemed to see, in the far distance, the light shining on the Everglades, a burnished mirror of the sun. He stared, the reflected light searing an image onto his retina. Turning, slowly turning, he realised that his wife had gone.

(9♥) Dilation of the Iris. Ordinarily, B only found motor vehicles interesting if he was behind the wheel, and despite the glamour of the grand prix circus that had now arrived in Monaco, this week was no exception. He had lost track of Blaufield some time before the end of the neurology conference, having become bored by the presentations of the delegates and unimpressed by the exhibits and displays. He had drifted off into strolling the streets of the city principality, unwilling to return to London and admit – perhaps to himself most of all – that he had lost the urgency of the hunt. He haunted the harbour, obsessed with the Mediterranean light playing upon the water and the large white motor yachts that now filled the marina. Time, here in this piece of France that was not France, seemed to stretch into a long, martini-filled afternoon.

(10♥) Emergency Procedures. Using his conference accreditation to flash the security staff, B made his way with the crowd onto the deck of a large motor launch and accepted a glass of champagne from a waiter. His worn leather jacket and aviator sunshades gave him just the right kind of down-at-heel glamour so that the crowd accepted him as an out-of-work American character actor or throwback racing driver, scion of a far less technical and bureaucratic age. Bored by the upscale small talk, he drifted to the stern rail of the launch and looked back across the marina. At his elbow, a young woman in matching aviator glasses coughed slightly, and said, ‘Thinking of jumping?’

He turned and looked at the self-possessed young woman in the pale blue silk dress who leaned into him, looking up, and saw his own rather

ragged features reflected in her glasses. She was a head shorter than B, but held herself with a kind of rakish confidence that marked her difference from the crowd behind them.

‘No, of flying,’ he said.

‘You’re not a race driver, then?’

‘I can’t say I’m much of anything.’

‘You do, however, have a name?’

‘It’s James. James B.’

(J♥) Facts in the Case. They stood arm in arm as the fumes from the high-octane engines hazed the sidewalk, pressed as it was with spectators. Their ill-timed stroll had locked them into the very circus they had hoped to avoid. The falsetto roar of the factory-team racing cars blasting past the barriers stilled their conversation, and they communicated by way of near-hysterical mime, raised eyebrows, pointedly directed eye movement and clasps of the hand. Both wore smiles that the crush and the noise could not erase. B motioned with his head to cut past the end of a run-off area to walk away from the crowds and up into the town away from the circuit. As they disengaged themselves from the crowd and walked past a race marshall frantically waving a red flag, B was suddenly conscious of a blast of engine-hot air that lifted him bodily then slammed him back onto the asphalt. Time and space wheeled like a burst tyre. His ears full of the roar of the dying high-performance engine, he turned his head to the right and saw her propped up against the buckled armcove, smiling slightly at him and tenderly brushing away the drops of blood that spilled from a graze in her scalp onto the white cotton dress.

(Q♥) Left Luggage Office. ‘Come in,’ said Markham.

‘Thank you,’ replied Professor Blowfield with a slight bow. ‘You would like to discuss the case of James B?’

‘Yes. Although when he came back from Switzerland, he professed the desire to return to active service, his behaviour has been erratic to say the least. Here is a record of the surveillance that one of our top female operatives has been conducting.’

Blowfield took up the file that had been slid across the desk to him, and scanned down the list of B’s movements and activities. His eyebrows, beneath the dome of his naked forehead, raised in surprise once, then again. ‘Here?’

M smiled ruefully. ‘I thought that once B’s dalliance with a wife had been ended, he would come back to us. It seems he has, in fact, gone much further away. Is there anything else we can do?’

Blowfield winced, and dipped his head. Looking up at Markham, he said, ‘There’s one more thing we can try. After that...’

(K♥) Zoëtropic. B drove out to one of the abandoned small towns on the edge of the glades, looking for an airboat. He finally found one in the late afternoon, one that started after a little tinkering, and seated high in the driver’s chair, he powered up the caged propeller and swung the airboat out into the middle of the reed-choked creek. He throttled back and let the engine idle as the boat skimmed out into the glades proper, skirting the causeway he had driven on. Once out into flat water, he opened the airboat up, skimming at

a speed that seemed literally unearthly, a dream of flight, airborne on water, airborne on light. He glanced to his left and saw his wife sitting beside him looking forward into the sun, dark hair streaming behind her, light cotton dress swept against her breasts and torso. He looked ahead, feeling the fugue coming on him again, and pointed the airboat towards the sun that dipped molten gold into the Everglades.

Diamonds ♦

New Worlds (6♦). Under Michael Moorcock's editorship from 1964, *New Worlds* magazine became the home of the science fiction 'New Wave'. The archetypal New Wave science fiction story was textually experimental and formally and/or generically self-conscious; alienated from the mores and conventions of contemporary mainstream culture (and mainstream 'literary' writing); and infused with a cynical, dystopian or counter-cultural politics, signified in the recurrent use of the scientific concept of entropy. Moorcock has written about *New Worlds*:

Style and technique was merely a means to an end – frequently a very moral means to some very moral ends. We were looking at the Vietnam War, Kennedy's assassination, the computer revolution, the armaments industry, the manipulations of the media, the profound hypocrisies of the liberal bourgeoisie, the appalling condition of the majority of human beings on the planet, the useless currency of outmoded or inappropriate political language. But our response was scarcely a puritan one and neither did we recoil from *experiencing* our subject matter. We relished and embraced change, we celebrated the advent of new technologies and theories which opened up the multiverse for further exploration, which helped us understand our own behaviour and which provided us with some profound and spectacular metaphors! If the world was going to hell, we were determined to see how, but we were also determined to enjoy it while it was happening. Our curiosity was considerably greater than our uncertainty.¹²

The iterability of Ballard's work makes him a central player in the 'New Wave' and in *New Worlds*.

Out There (8♦). James Bond is crucially implicated in the social and ideological practices of tourism and consumerism; but Bond is 'at home' anywhere, as in *From Russia, With Love*, where he is accepted in the Turkish gypsy caravanserai as a kind of 'brother' and is even accorded the honour of judging the outcome of a dispute between women. As Vivian Halloran notes in 'Tropical Bond', the issue of 'passing' for local recurs in Bond texts which consistently, she argues, 'complicate Bond's whiteness'; following Edward Said's argument about Kipling's Kim in *Culture and Imperialism*, I would like to stress here that Bond can 'pass', even as a non-white other, where the ethnically troubling 'villain' (from Dr No onwards) most assuredly cannot.¹³ Ballard's protagonists are alienated everywhere, even 'at home'; the fragmentation of the Traven/Talbot/Tallis figure is of a different order to the disguises that Bond affects, under which the 'real' James Bond still exists. In

The Atrocity Exhibition, there is no such foundational unitary subjectivity. Where the Ballardian protagonist travels to different parts of the world, he only 'passes' in that the indigenous people recognise such a radical psychological dislocation in him that he is not really there at all.

Pleasure Periphery (7♦). Ballard and Fleming share an interest in what Michael Denning calls the 'pleasure periphery', 'the tourist belt surrounding the industrialized world': the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, or certain parts of East Asia. The centrality of tourism and travel to Bond texts is echoed in such Ballard texts as 'Having a Wonderful Time' (1978) or, more importantly, *Cocaine Nights* (1996). Denning writes, after quoting from a scene in Fleming's *From Russia, With Love* :

Here we find the epitome of the tourist experience: the moment of relaxed visual contemplation from above, leaning on the balustrade; the aesthetic reduction of a social entity, the city, to a natural object, coterminous with the waves of the sea; the calculations of the tourist's economy, exchanging physical discomfort for a more "authentic" view; and the satisfaction of having made the 'right' exchange, having "got" the experience, possessed the "view".¹⁴

It is no coincidence, argues Denning, that the Bond narratives find their location in the 'pleasure periphery': Fleming's texts articulate the 'tourist gaze' (analysed by John Urry), the mobile gaze of consumption embodied by jet-age travellers to 'exotic' tourist destinations.¹⁵ In Ballard's fictions, the 'pleasure periphery' is the location for what Andrzej Gasiorek diagnoses as 'a world dominated not by work but by leisure', although in *Kingdom Come* (2007) and elsewhere, the 'pleasure periphery' has now been imported to the centre.¹⁶

Queens and Kings (3♦). In 'Confetti Royale'/'The Beach Murders', Quimby, who is identified several times as the 'dealer' of the deck of cards that 'he set out [...] on the balcony table', both plays a card game alone (with which he 'amused himself in his hideaway') and, by extension, with the other characters in the story.¹⁷ Each card has two aspects: the number or face upon it (denoting its value), and on the reverse or back, a picture of the bullfighter Cordobès, whose image is thereby repeated fifty-two times across the table, another figure of iteration. There are no easy homologies between Queen, King and Jack and the characters in 'Confetti Royale', however (even though there is a Princess): what is important is the role of the dealer, and the game itself. The game as metaphor for espionage informs this short story as it has the spy genre since Kipling's *Kim* (1901) and the colonial 'Great Game' played by Britain and Russia for domination of the Indian subcontinent. Kim's fluid and liminal subjectivity is an index of the instability of the spy-subject at the centre of espionage narrative: the secret agent becomes the 'double agent'.¹⁸

Reified Subjects (4♦). David Punter, in *The Hidden Script*, identifies the centrality of subjectivity to Ballard's concerns in his fiction. Punter writes:

The long tradition of enclosed and unitary subjectivity comes to mean less and less to him as he explores the ways in which person [*sic*] is increasingly controlled by landscape and machine, increasingly becomes a point of intersection for overloaded scripts and processes which have effectively concealed their distant origins from human agency.¹⁹

Punter's assessment of Ballard's critique of subjectivity can be exemplified most clearly in *The Atrocity Exhibition*, where the Traven/Tallis/Talbot figure, whose 'breakdown' is materialised in the fragmented form of the text and in the iterated ('obsessional') motifs, is a liminal or fractured subject. Ballard's critique of contemporary life is articulated largely through his destabilisation of unitary subjectivity, a fragmentation which leads to the release of 'unconscious' forces and desires which remain obscure (as conscious 'motivation') to the subject that enacts them. Figures for the fragmented or replicated subject can be found in 'Confetti Royale', for instance, in the repeated image of the bullfighter Cordobès on the backs of the cards, or in the first paragraph, where Princess Manon sees herself in the mirrors: 'In the triptych of mirrors above the dressing table she gazed at the endless replicas of herself.'²⁰ Ballardian subjects are rarely agents in their own narratives; agency is displaced on to the 'provocateur' antagonist, Vaughan or Wilder Penrose, the third point in the Ballardian triangulation.

Secret Agent (5♦). Fleming's Bond, by way of contrast with the Ballardian subject, seems *all* agency, however 'secret'. Bond, though, is *acted upon* in the death of his wife in *OHMSS*, and is subjected to a beating of his genitals, administered by Le Chiffre, in *Casino Royale*. There are limits to Bond's agency. Also in *Casino Royale*, Bond is at first 'defeated' by Le Chiffre and the cards and is only saved in his mission by the offer of 'Marshall aid' (American finance) by the CIA operative Felix Leiter. His rescue from Le Chiffre is also *ex machina*, as a Smersh agent enters and kills Le Chiffre and his crew, only to leave Bond alive as he has no orders to kill the British agent. The fantasy of total agency represented by the figure of Bond, an expression of Cold War and decolonisation-era anxieties about Britain's geopolitical role and influence, is destabilised by the texts themselves.

The Beach Murders (2♦). At the missing centre of 'Confetti Royale', the 1966 short story that was renamed 'The Beach Murders', is Quimby, the 'absconded cipher chief' from the US State department, who is the 'dealer' of the pack of cards that feature throughout the narrative. Quimby is an encoder, the master of this textual game, though he himself remains an enigma (his motivations obscure even to himself: 'what these obsessives in Moscow and Washington failed to realize was that for once he might have no motive at all').²¹ The retitling of the story – the text becoming its own double – emphasises the murders rather than the Cold War espionage milieu, placing the enigma 'who killed?' at the heart of the generic recoding: the text becomes a detective fiction rather than a spy fiction. As the 'Introduction' to the text suggests, the form of the story is an invitation to the reader to decode the narrative, recombine the 26 alphabeticized paragraphs and narrative events

to resolve the text by identifying the murderer(s). No such resolution can take place. Of the murders, the following can be stated:

1. the Russian agent Kovorski murders the Romanoff Princess Manon (with certainty: her death is described).
2. the 'American limbo dancer' Lydia is killed (accidentally) by a bomb planted in the CIA agent Statler's Mercedes by Kovorski (paragraph ends at the point at which she presses the starter and sets off the device)
3. Quimby kills the Russian agent Raissa (less certain, but probable)
4. Kovorski is shot and killed by an unknown assailant
5. Statler is killed in an unknown manner by an unknown assailant
6. Quimby and Sir Giles are left alive at the end of the narrative (probable, because there is no narrative of their deaths)

Of the murders, then, one is known; two are probably ascribable; two remain mysteries. The fate of two characters, including Quimby the 'dealer', is unknown. The recombinatory game 'fails' because there is, and can be, no solution to this criminal narrative. We might suspect that Quimby, as the 'dealer', is responsible, but the murderer(s) might also include Sir Giles or other (unknown) figures. The 'Introduction' also suggests that the textual game of deduction is doubled: the 'solution' to the 'mystery of the Beach Murders' requires a 'key', perhaps the very phrase that Lydia lifts from Kovorski's Travel-Riter ink ribbon. As the text foregrounds from the very beginning, 'any number of solutions is possible, and a final answer to the mystery [...] lies forever hidden.'²²

Upwardly Mobile (10♦). James Bond is a curiously classless figure, despite the over-coded aristocratic connoisseurship purveyed by the Roger Moore film incarnation. In the film of *Casino Royale*, Bond and Vesper Lynd travel by high-speed train to Montenegro (the re-location of the casino). After dinner, the two swap character assessments/ character assassinations. After Bond essays a rather trite analysis of an anxious, beautiful-but-brainy femininity, Lynd reverses the trick: Bond is an orphan, the product of a public school and Oxford education (where he never 'fitted in'), and MI6 via the SAS. Lynd then asks how his lamb was for dinner; 'Skewered,' says Bond. 'One sympathises.' Bond may be embarrassed by the ease in which Lynd is able to 'skewer' his character, but its detail signifies how dis-located he is in terms of social structures: he is an outsider, 'maladjusted', a status which in fact generates his mobility as a secret agent. Bond's popularity can partly be read as a reflection of the aspirational, economically mobile, consumption-oriented imperatives of the British middle class in the 1960s and afterwards – the period of the Bond film phenomenon. Ballard's own life history echoes Bond's: not an orphan, but with distanced parents and Chinese servants *in loco parentis*; public school in England post-war (the Leys School in Cambridge), then Cambridge University; a short spell in the RAF, then marriage and life as a professional writer. Ballard's connection to, and insight into, the mores and aspirations of the affluent British middle class is clear throughout his writings. Ballard is, in some ways, as exemplary a twentieth-century Englishman as is Bond, even though both are 'outsiders'.

Vesper Lynd (Q♦). The second point of the Ballardian narrative triangulation, the wife or lover, is often unfaithful or even lost to the protagonist. Even *Crash*'s Catherine Ballard is no *femme fatale*, however; sexual infidelity is less a matter of betrayal than of a mirror-image of the protagonist's own personal trajectory of (self)alienation and (self)discovery. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, drawing upon the critical work of Rene Girard in her text *Between Men*, writes of an 'erotic triangle' in texts, where the (unspoken) relationship between two rival males predominates over, and regulates, the relationship each has with the 'third' point of the triangle, the female. The female thus becomes a counter or marker in a system of exchange: a medium or locus of repressed male desire.²³ Ballard's triangulations are a geometry of homosociality and homoeroticism, made most explicit in *Crash*, but present everywhere.

War Fever (J♦). The title of Ballard's last short story collection, 'war fever' symbolises the underlying pathology at work during the Twentieth century: an implication of desire, destruction and death.

X = ? (A♦). Ballard's texts tend to work particularly through the recognition of the component. This is most evident in *The Atrocity Exhibition*, where each chapter is itself a 'condensed novel' and each titled paragraph thereby a 'chapter'. Here, the architectural/ iterative imperatives of the Ballardian text are at their fullest extent. Brian McHale, in *Postmodernist Fiction*, suggests that 'a pattern of repetition-with-variation' is a central compositional motif in Ballard's 1960s disaster fiction, and goes on to propose that 'a fixed repertoire of modules, many of them repeated from the earlier apocalyptic novels, are differently recombined and manipulated from story to story'. 'All this suggests,' argues McHale, 'the game-like permutation of a fixed repertoire of motifs – "art in a closed field"'.²⁴ Ballard's 'modular' texts are therefore devices to work another iteration on the Ballardian algebra, the triangulation of protagonist, wife and provocateur/antagonist. Where *P* is the protagonist, *A* is alienation, *V* is the provocateur, *W* is the wife, and *T* is time:

$$X(\text{Transcendence, Escape, Death}) = ((P/A \times V) +/- W) - T$$

It is not the aesthetic of the fragment that is central to the Ballardian text; it is the algebra of the iterative component or module.

You Know My Name (9♦). The title song of the 2006 *Casino Royale* was written by Chris Cornell and David Arnold, and performed by Cornell. Its rock dynamics give the title sequence a kinetic edge, and is one of the more memorable of recent times. Its title and refrain, 'You Know My Name', signifies that the Bondian imaginary, like the Ballardian, is recognisable without (necessarily) being explicitly named.

Zones of Transit (K♦). The Ballardian protagonist is often in movement, physically and metaphysically; between one place and another, between one state and another. Cast in the role of detective in *Cocaine Nights*, *Super-Cannes* and *Kingdom Come*, what is revealed by the protagonist's investigations is of less importance than the progressive shedding of the

layers of repression, self-delusion or unknowingness that constitute the protagonist's world-view, compromised by the experiences the investigation leads him into. Just as there is no solution to 'The Beach Murders', only a game to be played, Ballard's texts remain unresolved, in transit.



The Joker. There are two jokers in the pack; like Gemini, twins, red and black. They do not conform to one of the four suits, but take their colours. They are part of the pack but not part of it, always present but unused in many card games. The extra two cards, a kind of supplement, disrupt the seductive numerology of 13 that otherwise attends the 'French deck' of cards: 13 cards, 4 suits; $13 \times 2 = 26$, the letters in the alphabet; $13 \times 4 = 52$, the number of weeks in a year; 13 is the number of disciples present at the Last Supper, the unluckiest of numbers. The extra two cards, the jokers, the twins, indicate that all this significance is but a game. The jokers are the fly in the ointment, the empty sign, the absent code.



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- ¹² Michael Moorcock, 'Introduction' to *The New Nature of the Catastrophe*, Moorcock and Langdon Jones, eds. (1993) (London: Orion, 1997), pp. viii-ix.
- ¹³ Vivian Halloran, 'Tropical Bond'. *Ian Fleming and James Bond: The Cultural Politics of 007*, Edward P. Comentale, Stephen Watt and Skip Willman, eds. (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 2005), p. 158-177 (p.165).
- ¹⁴ Michael Denning, *Cover Stories: Narrative and ideology in the British spy thriller* (London and New York: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1987), p. 105; p.104.
- ¹⁵ John Urry, *The Tourist Gaze*, 2nd edition (London: Sage, 2002).
- ¹⁶ Andrzej Gasiorek, *J.G. Ballard* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005), p.26.
- ¹⁷ Ballard, 'The Beach Murders', *The Complete Short Stories*, p.663.
- ¹⁸ See Brian Baker, *Masculinity in Fiction and Film: Representing Men in Popular Genres 1945-2000* (London and New York: Continuum, 2006), chapter 2.
- ¹⁹ David Punter, *The Hidden Script* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1985), p.9.
- ²⁰ Ballard, 'The Beach Murders', *The Complete Short Stories*, p.663.
- ²¹ J.G. Ballard, 'The Beach Murders', *The Complete Short Stories*, pp.663-668 (p.664).
- ²² Ballard, 'The Beach Murders', *The Complete Short Stories*, p.663.
- ²³ I have myself written on this in relation to *Crash*: Brian Baker, 'The Resurrection of Desire: J.G. Ballard's *Crash* as a Transgressive Text', *Foundation* 80 (November 2000), pp.84-96.
- ²⁴ Brian McHale, *Postmodernist Fiction* (London: Methuen, 1987), p.69; p.70.