

Chapter 1 : R. A. Lafferty, Miscellaneous unpublished novels or otherwise

R. A. Lafferty, "Royal Licorice" I read Royal Licorice just as the politicking engines were getting stoked for the presidential race. So perhaps it is no surprise that it was those aspects of the story that caught my attention and fed the illustration.

United Mythologies Press True believers c. United Mythologies Press Strange skies c. United Mythologies Press Mischief malicious c. Apocalypses Where have You been Sandalotis? Ishmael into the Barrens 1st edition ed. Ishmael into the Barrens was first printed in the anthology Four Futures: A Reminiscence Lafferty in Orbit 19 stories, 5 overlap the above; in addition, another 4 can be found in the collection Ringing Changes, below: The early Lafferty, c. The early Lafferty II, c. He never received a Nebula award. His collection Iron Tears was also a finalist for the Philip K. The Hundred Best Novels. Trivia "[Once a] French publisher nervously asked whether Lafferty minded being compared to G. Chesterton another Catholic author , and there was a terrifying silence that went on and on. Was the great man hideously offended? Eventually, very slowly, he said: In the introduction, he says this about Lafferty: There was a writer from Tulsa, Oklahoma he died in , who was, for a little while in the late s and early s, the best short story writer in the world. His name was R. Lafferty, and his stories were unclassifiable and odd and inimitable -- you knew you were reading a Lafferty story within a sentence. When I was young I wrote to him, and he wrote back. See "Quotations about Lafferty" for more: Lafferty , Locus, May , p. Hannali is a buffalo bull of a man who should become one of the enduring characters in the literature of the American Indian. Lafferty, Alan Dean Foster, and many others.

Chapter 2 : Fan Art “ Through Other Eyes

- R. A. Lafferty, "One at a Time" *Sometimes a single sentence is strong enough to burn an image into the mind's eye. This is especially true of Lafferty's writing, where every sentence seems to land a solid hit (or scratch, or tickle, depending on the author's intent) and every punch seems to come from a different direction.*

United Mythologies Press True believers c. United Mythologies Press Strange skies c. United Mythologies Press Mischievous malicious c. Apocalypses Where have You been Sandalotis? Ishmael into the Barrens 1st edition ed. Ishmael into the Barrens was first printed in the anthology Four Futures: A Reminiscence Lafferty in Orbit 19 stories, 5 overlap the above; in addition, another 4 can be found in the collection Ringing Changes, below: The early Lafferty, c. The early Lafferty II, c. He never received a Nebula award. The Best Novels. Trivia "[Once a] French publisher nervously asked whether Lafferty minded being compared to G. Chesterton another Catholic author , and there was a terrifying silence that went on and on. Was the great man hideously offended? Eventually, very slowly, he said: In the introduction, he says this about Lafferty: There was a writer from Tulsa, Oklahoma he died in , who was, for a little while in the late s and early s, the best short story writer in the world. His name was R. Lafferty, and his stories were unclassifiable and odd and inimitable -- you knew you were reading a Lafferty story within a sentence. When I was young I wrote to him, and he wrote back.

Chapter 3 : R.A. Lafferty - The Full Wiki

Anthony Ryan Rhodes. Anthony Ryan Rhodes is a Tulsa native living in Florida. He has done freelance illustrations for Google and small businesses and is a regular contributor to the Lafferty fanzine Feast of Laughter.

Rebuild always, and again I say rebuild. The best time to write a story is yesterday. The next best time is today. The good stories, of course, write themselves Renew the face of the earth. It is a loved face, but now it is covered with the webs of tired spiders. I sometimes tackle ideas and notions that are relatively complex, and it is very difficult to be sure that I am conveying them in the best way. Anyone who goes beyond cliché phrases and cliché ideas will have this trouble. Interview in Alien Critic August Though my short stories are the more readable, my novels do have more to say; and they will, if anyone has the patience for it, repay a rereading. Interview in Alien Critic August Science Fiction has long been babbling about cosmic destructions and the ending of either physical or civilized worlds, but it has all been displaced babble. SF has been carrying on about near-future or far-future destructions and its mind-set will not allow it to realize that the destruction of our world has already happened in the quite recent past, that today is "The Day After The World Ended". I am speaking literally about a real happening, the end of the world in which we lived till fairly recent years. The destruction or unstructuring of that world, which is still sometimes referred to as "Western Civilization" or "Modern Civilization", happened suddenly, some time in the half century between and That world, which was "The World" for a few centuries, is gone. Though it ended quite recently, the amnesia concerning its ending is general. Several historiographers have given the opinion that these amnesias are features common to all "ends of worlds". Nobody now remembers our late world very clearly, and nobody will ever remember it clearly in the natural order of things. Anything that you can conceive of, you can do in this non-world. Nothing can stop you except a total bankruptcy of creativity. The seedbed is waiting. All the circumstances stand ready. The fructifying minerals are literally jumping out of the ground. And somebody wants to know who are the really good writers, and how many of them there are. Most of the writers are likeable frauds. Some are unlikable frauds. Paul, there is something very slack about a future that will take a biting satire for a vapid dream. The character of Thomas More on the future reception of his Utopia , in Ch. I do not solicit the support of your party, though, in all honesty, if it had more than one member I might. They could only be sung by a bard gone blind from viewing suns that were suns. This myth filter was necessary. The ship logs could not tell it rightly nor could any flatfooted prose. And the deeds were too bright to be viewed direct. It had lasted ten equivalent years and taken ten million lives. Thus it was neither of long duration nor of serious attrition. It did not prove a point, since all points had long ago been proven. What it did, perhaps, was to emphasize an aspect, sharpen a concept, underline a trend. On the whole it was a successful operation. Economically and ecologically it was of healthy effect, and who should grumble? And after wars, men go home. No, no, men start for home. Instructions for the use of a "Gong" button, which reverses the flow of time for the wielder, if he has made an error he wishes to correct. The Reefs of Earth It was their way of defying that tricky place Earth. That place will hurt you if you let it get the hop on you. They spooked the Earth spooks away with their stories. They whistled in the dark. We have to give Earth people credit for that, they invented pirates. It had been tried before and it had failed before. Perhaps if it failed this time it would not be tried again for a very long while. The idea of the thing was attacked by good and bad men, in good faith and bad. The final realization of it was so close that it could be touched with the fingertips. It teetered, and it almost seemed as though it would succeed. Then members of that group interfered. It succeeded, Foley, as in the other case. It succeeded in so twisted a fashion that the Devil himself was puzzled as to whether he had gained or lost ground by it. You might end up dead. Things are set up as contraries that are not even in the same category. All the final answers were given in the beginning. They stand shining, above and beyond us, but they are always there to be seen. A bridge does not abandon its first shore when it grows out in spans towards the further one. In this growing there are no really new things or new situation. There are only things growing out right, or things growing out deformed or shriveled. Whenever one least growing creeper touches across the interval, that means the extinction of a devil Then the French went even beyond them, and now the whole

world is adept at it. Thus I will describe myself as a radical conservative liberal; but certain of the tainted red fish will swear that there can be no such fish as that. Beware of those who use words to mean their opposites. At the same time have pity on them, for usually this trick is their only stock in trade. There is a God. To adhere to either of these two statements strongly is to be logical at least. Not to do so is to be in the snivelling wasteland between and to have no point of contact with logic or reason. They may be too bright for us, they may be too clear for us. Well then, we must clarify our own eyes. Our task is to grow out until we reach them. We ourselves become the bridges out over the interval that is the world and time. It is a daring thing to fling ourselves out over that void that is black and scarlet below and green and gold above. There is nothing new about railways or foundries or lathes or steel furnaces. They also are green-growing things. There is nothing new about organizations of men or of money. All these growing things are good, if they grow towards the final answers that were given in the beginning. Or let us say that we have a green thing growing forever. Everything that is done is done by it. And on it we also have the red parasite crunching forever: The parasite will present itself as a modern thing. It will call itself the Great Change. Less often, and warily, it will call itself the Great Renewal. But it can never be another thing than the Red Failure returned. It is a disease, it is a scarlet fever, a typhoid, a diphtheria; it is the Africa disease, it is the red leprosy, it is the crab-cancer. It is the death of the individual and of the corporate soul. And incidentally, but very often, it is also the death of the individual and of the corporate body. We are asked to swear fealty to the parasite disease which the enemy sowed from the beginning. I will not do it, and I hope that you will not. The devils stroll the earth again and infect with the red sickness. They must, at all cost to themselves, destroy the growing tendrils before such can touch the other side. For, whenever one least growing creeper touches across the interval, that means the extinction of a devil. It is a thing to be tested. Notice it that whenever there is the special shrilling, when there is the wild flinging out of catchwords to catch you in, when there are the weird exceptions and inclusions, when there are specious arguments and the murderous defamations, when all the volubility of the voltairians and the cuteness of the queers has been assembled to confound you, then one green growth has almost reached across to the other side, one devil is in danger of extinction. Oh, they will defend against that! Listen now to a series of sayings that always come hard to brave people. Our own great movement will grow with its own impetus wherever it is not blighted. We will break up persons of blight and centers of blight.

Chapter 4 : Stories, Listed by Author

R. A. Lafferty: biography Rock / Entire and Perfect Chrysolite / Great Day in the Morning / The Hand with One Hundred Fingers / One at a Time / Royal Licorice.

He knew how blatant and stylized the outdoor world can be in its pristine moments: These scratched the smooth surface of his soul. I am also no freer from my own prejudices and intolerance than anyone else who treads the skin of this particular oblate spheroid, and although I do try very hard to prevent that small-mindedness from affecting how I address my subjects, it is frequently difficult to clearly see where the line is. My bad; I am, as the three damn cats habitually remind me, only human. As I broach the discomfiting components of this essay, bear in mind that I have an obligation to be honest, and that I will do my very best to do so with fairness. I would expect no less from anyone writing about me. Our subject this time around was a complex and complicated man, and that makes writing about him a knotty task. Lafferty made it impossible for anyone to pigeonhole him as either a stylist or a human being, whether deliberately or unintentionally, and no two readers are likely to agree about him or his writing on anything other than a very general level. Like his work, Lafferty was multi-layered. He had a self-deprecating sense of humor that served as a buffer for many of the people with whom he worked and interacted. Not for the first time was I faced with having to alter my mental construct of someone I knew only from their work. Nobody ever wroteâ€”or will ever writeâ€”quite like Lafferty. In addition, though, there were facets of his personalityâ€”facets which informed and influenced his writingâ€”which will be difficult for me to write about. Write about them I must, however, as journalistic objectivity prevents me from washing over them without mention. Bear with me, please. Three primary things made Lafferty the brilliant writer he was, inevitably and indubitably. The first, and foremost, was his unfaltering and dogmatic Catholicism. I have heard a rumor, still floating around, that Lafferty had six female sibs, all of whom took the veil. His sisters were all Sisters, in other words. This is untrue; so far as I know, although he had five siblings, none were nuns. In fact, he lived with his sister, Anna, until his death. Lewis made an entire career out of it, as you probably already know. Second, and not far behind, were his staunchly conservative political views, which caused friction between him and fellow writers and convention committees more than once. During the Viet Nam War, for instance, Judith Merrill and Kate Wilhelm arranged for an anti-war full-page ad to appear in *Galaxy*, signed by those who opposed the war. Campbell and Robert Heinlein and a number of others, some quite surprising was R. This came as a surprise to many readers who associated him with the New Wave, which had a reputation for being liberal and pacifistic at least where South-East Asia was concerned. Organized fandom was less oblivious, with convention encounters written up in fanzines and whispered about at dead-dog parties. The third facet, however, is where the difficulty really lies. In his off-hours at conventions, Ray Lafferty drank heavily. It was not an isolated or occasional thing, either. When speaking to his colleagues, his fans, and those professionals in the field with whom he worked, the one unifying comment I heard across the board after his genius as a writer concerned his serious alcohol use. As a gopher at a Star-Trek convention some thirty-five years ago, I was assigned the task of following one such author around in order to smooth over the ruffled feathers he left in his wake. It was almost a full-time job. How did it affect his writing? I asked Mike Resnick, who knew Lafferty well, and he told me this: There were a number of people. I blame his drinking for this. If he could grind out a story in one or two sittings, he could be brilliant. But if a novel took him 50 writing sessions, you get the feeling that each day he had to refresh his memory of what the hell he wanted to do, how he wanted to say it, etc. Lafferty is no longer with us to be interviewed, but extensive reading of his writings shows an arch bitterness. Kornbluth, for example, was flat-out eat up with bitterness. He was clearly a very troubled man, and he clearly drank much too much at conventions, and no doubt was extremely lonely. But he could be a charming guy. I have said that our subject was both complex and complicated, and there is more to Lafferty than just the above. Lafferty was capable of great warmth and generosity, and many people I spoke to, both fan and pro, were forthcoming about their positive encounters. The aforementioned and eloquent Guy Lillian told me this: He expressed these things exquisitely through his incredible gift, with humility and verve, and was loved for it. LouisCon [the 27th

WorldCon in], where he first appeared to fandom.. He sent me back a page of gratitude, affection and wisdom I still cherish. I have never known a finer soul. What was once something to be desperately hidden under a rock is now so commonly spoken of that they hardly even do after-school specials about it anymore. Raphael Aloysius Lafferty was born November 7, , in Iowa, but before he entered school his family moved to Oklahoma. He spent most of his life in Tulsa, working twin jobs as an electrician and a newspaper writer before enlisting in the Army in . He never married, but lived with a sister, Anna. Lafferty, of whom I had heard but at the time had not read. I read it with my eyes wide and my mouth agape. It was not the last time Lafferty would have that effect on me. Acid was the last thing R. Lafferty would have downed, considering his religious and political views. Phil Farmer, yes; Harlan Ellison, certainly. After that startling encounter, I began seeking out all the Lafferty I could find. Not all of it was as brilliant as that first mind-blowing tale, but it was all just as unEarthly. No fancy hardware, high-concept technology or plot-points turning on an astrophysical dime here. He was sui generis, was Lafferty, and there were plenty of readers who scratched their heads and called his stories unfathomable, but oh, the mythological impact of those stories! I think he was more comfortable at shorter lengths, and I certainly understand that. The kind of elliptical worldview in which he worked would have been terribly difficult to sustain for 50 thousand words or more, and readers could have found the effort of keeping up with it daunting. Luckily there is plenty of short-form Lafferty out there to be read and wondered at: Astrobe, once a utopia, is declining so irrevocably that it may mean the end of the human race. Not a good thing, they realizeâ€”hence the use of a time machine to bring in the Boss. He finds alliesâ€”not all of them humanâ€”and enemies too; ones who are prepared to off themselves and take the human race with them. Ace books, edited at the time by both Donald Wollheim and Terry Carr, devoted a great deal of paper and ink to Lafferty. Clair, Jack Vance and John Brunner among others, none of whom can easily be considered old-fashioned by any means. Lafferty was smart enough and realistic enough despite his stylistic extravagance to understand that readership is readership. There was a problem with his being identified with the New Wave, though: Of his sixteen novel-length books, half were published in the decade . The others were, like his later collections, produced by small presses. His last novel was Sindbad: As a used-book seller, I can say that there is still a readership for the work of R. Lafferty, one that crosses age boundaries and appeals to people who have never even heard of the New Wave. I find this both reassuring and enriching, as his booksâ€”even the ones Scribner so blithely dumpedâ€”command good prices. As I write this, his estate has been auctioned off by the family to the highest bidder. This singular circumstance arises from two main factors: Aside from the numbers, they are almost certainly scattered around the country, making it difficult for decisions to be made with the participation and input of all. The second reason stems from the cold reality that the small press, however enthusiastic and well-intentioned, has very little money to pay its authors. They rarely pay advances of more than a few hundred dollars, and royalties are limited not only by the relatively low print runs less of a problem with PoD but by a lack of major-house distribution channels. Add these two factors together and what you get is a bunch of checks for a bare few dollars being written and sent out to a hundred or more family members; it hardly seems worth the trouble, but honorable publishers have to do it. As a result, the family offered the entire estate, print and film rights included, for a one-time payment to be divided equally. Only the passage of time will show if this was a wise move, but chances are that it will at the very least simplify things for the family. That is, of course, the whole point of a literary estate. When I visited his house down in Oklahoma, I opened the guest closet to hang up my coatâ€”and saw a 3-foot-high pile of manuscripts. She found a little press up in Minnesota, but she never did sell them all. She used to cry on my shoulder that she and I and four dozen others thought he was one of the greatest short story writers alive. About 16 novels and something like 80 short stories. I can think of only two other writers in the field who even approach him stylistically, and then only marginally; their only real resemblance is that all three seem to come from places the rest of us only find in dreams. Look at the language they use, though, even in just what they chose for titles: Your Faces Filled of Light! These are titles beyond the poetic, they spill over into the mythopoetic, and the stories they stand for are the work of myth-makers, no matter that the three are so very different from each other in concept and execution. Lafferty left us a magnificent body of work, stories that cry and wail and laugh and bray. They come from, and take their readers to, places few others

could even conceive of, let alone limn with the skill and richness th at he wielded.

Chapter 5 : Search Results | WWEnd

An Interview with R. A. Lafferty () by Paul Walker A Window on R. A. Lafferty () by Robert Frazier An Interview with R. A. Lafferty () by Darrell Schweitzer.

Among the or so covers are included Sinbad: Dog days, draggy days, days of straw. None of them is. The best ones are shockingly imperfect. Beware the dreamy falcon if He ever grows some feathers. The weave was a most peculiar perfect circleâ€”it had two discrete ends. He has done freelance illustrations for Google and small businesses and is a regular contributor to the Lafferty fanzine Feast of Laughter. Waitâ€”a bird just fell to earth not eighty feet from this Bauer; fell to earth with every bone in its body broken. It was a dusk-flying bird of the kind that is called Night-Hawk, and it fell with resounding concussion. Only a bird that is already dead will fall heavily like that. Hey, Ben, what other animal jumps onto the slaughter wagon when you only ring a bell? That way is rump of skunk and madness. It is broke like I said. Give it to me. Maybe I can fix it. Stories of bamboozle may only be told when warm summer sun is shining. And then he was gone. Yet there was ironic laughter where he had been; and his ghost still walked. That was the oddest thing: His drawings and paintings are inspired by folklore, mythology, and dreams. I come to order it now. We never find old fingers, only jaw bones and brain pans and pelvises.

Chapter 6 : Orbit (anthology series) - Wikipedia

Biography. Lafferty was born on 7 November in Neola, Iowa to Hugh David Lafferty (a broker dealing in oil leases and royalties) and Julia Mary Burke, a teacher, the youngest of five siblings.

Chapter 7 : r a lafferty : definition of r a lafferty and synonyms of r a lafferty (English)

The Lafferty Centennial in JAPAN R. A. Lafferty!" Smoe and the Implicit Clay, Tongues of the Matagorda, Royal Licorice, Magazine Section, The Skinny People.

Chapter 8 : Anthony Ryan Rhodes, Illustrator

Alphabetical Bibliography: R. A. Lafferty You are not logged in. If you create a free account and sign in, you will be able to customize what is displayed.

Chapter 9 : Index: Stories, Listed by Title

Writer R.A. Lafferty was an original American treasure. Praised by Neil Gaiman and Gene Wolfe, compared to Borges and Garcia Marquez, Lafferty eluded genres.