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ARTWORK

Karen Anderson: 42	Ed Meškys: 4, 32
George Barr: 31*+	Glenn Primm: 2, 26
Anne Y Chatland: cover=	Felice Rolfe: 21, 22
Harry Douthwaite: 12, bacover=	Don Simpson: 14*+
Jack Harness: 6, 19, 35	Bjo Trimble: 7*
Dave Locke: 5	Bernie Zuber: 46*+

*Courtesy PAS art table

+Electronic stencilling thru PAS

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NIEKAS, the colorful "not-fanzine" (thanks, Ronel!) is published quarterly to fulfil the N'APA activity requirements of Ed Meškys (addresses on bacover) and Anne Chatland & Felice Rolfe (both of 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto 94301) and is available to non-members for trade or letter of comment. (Send zines & LoCs to Ed Meškys.) Tho subscriptions are not available this is being used to fulfil old subs to my (apparantly) defunct POLHODE...all 10 of them. My thanks to Karen Anderson for use of her Gestetner & putting up with me for 3 days while I ran this off, to Anne Chatland for help with the printing, to Anne & Felice for all the other help they gave in preparing this issue, and to all the contributors for their material. This was the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ th annish--watch for the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ th in three months.

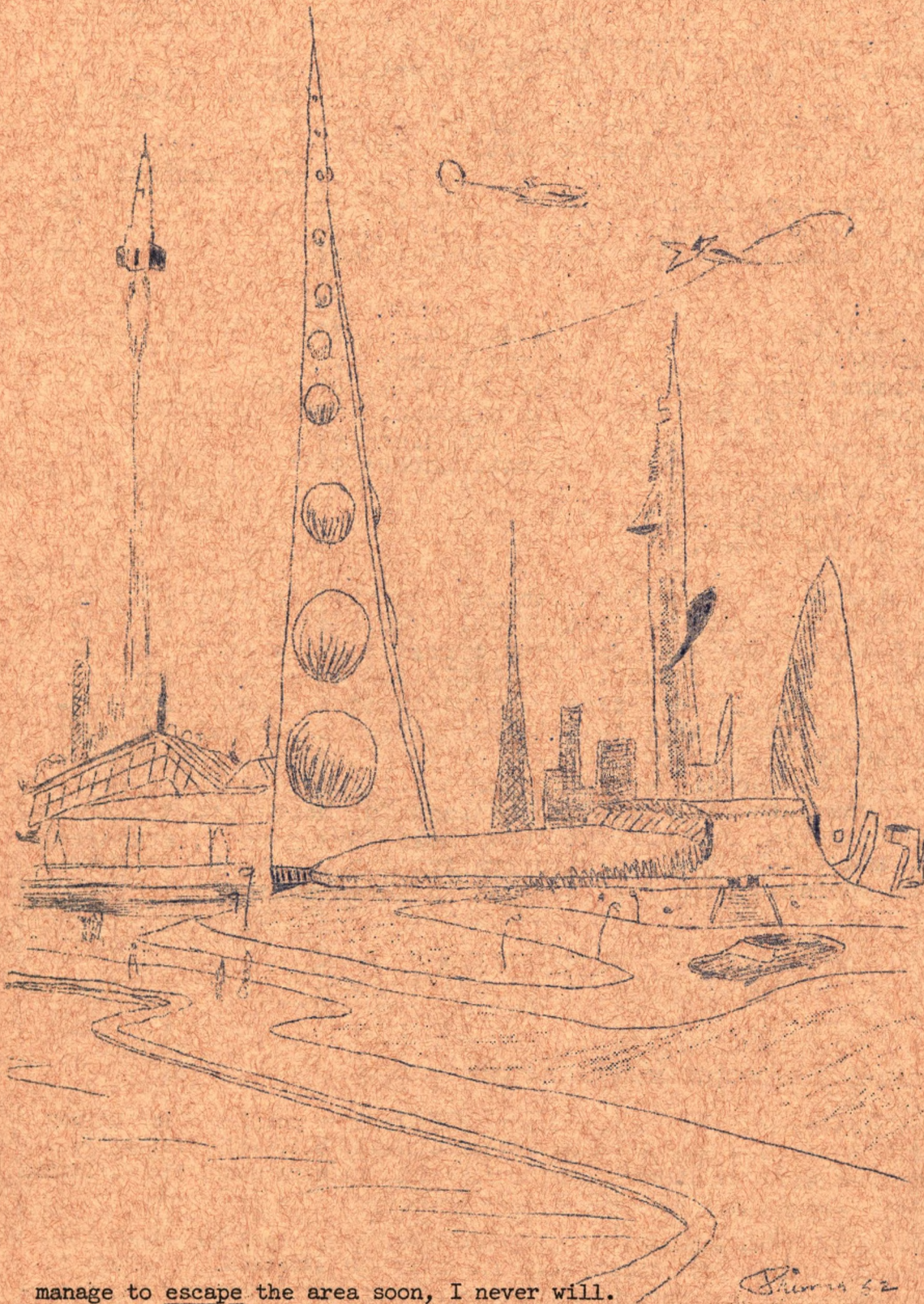
BUMBEJIMAS

LIKE, SURPRIZE! I HAVEN'T MOVED AFTER ALL.

I expected this would be the last issue of NIEKAS to be published in the Bay Area, and that it would have an east coast return address, but, well, things just didn't work out that way. As of now it looks like I'll be here until the Pacificon at the very least, and perhaps for several more years.

Vahappin? Well, I had intended to change jobs and start back to school this fall. Unfortunately things just didn't work out to my satisfaction. I wasn't interested in the companies that were interested in me and the companies I was interested in finally decided they weren't interested in me.

While things were still up in the air I had rather mixed feelings about going east and I didn't know whether or not I should hope that the right job would come through. However now I'm beginning to wish things had worked out otherwise. I've run out of excuses for free trips east and so I'll be seeing my friends there less and less often. Before this issue comes out I will have returned for the Discon, but after that the earliest I could possibly travel would be Easter time...a whole



eight months
if I make it
then. I'm a-
fraid my days
as a travel-
ing giant are
just about o-
ver.

Oh, sure,
I made a num-
ber of friends
here too, sev-
eral quite
good ones, in
fact. But I've
been seeing
these people
reasonable reg-
ularly for
the last 14
months while
I've only oc-
casionally ma-
naged to get
together with
those back
east. And I
had already
started look-
ing forward
to visiting a
number of the
local people
when I came
out for the
Pacificon....
Oh well, no
use talking
about might-
have-beens but
might as well
concentrate on
what IS.

But, you
know, I am be-
ginning to get
the feeling
that unless I

manage to escape the area soon, I never will.

Bumbejimas 2

It has been two years since I've taken any courses in school, and I'm beginning to feel restless. So, I decided, if I can't start working on a degree at least I can take a course or two this fall to get back into the routine. And then, if things really go well, I might decide to try to go all the way right here...hence the possibility of remaining for more than one year.

I can take these courses at one of two places. I could either commute to Berk-

=====
eley and take them at U.C., or I could look into the new program being set up this fall by U.C.'s Davis Campus right here at the labs. So I wrote away for catalogs and started taking driving lessons in case I might have to commute to Berkeley. Well, the way things worked out neither had any really interesting courses this fall and I chose the Livermore setup as the more convenient of the two. On the other hand both will have interesting courses coming up in the Spring semester and it will be a tough decision about which it is to be. Unfortunately I couldn't possibly manage both.

The school being set up at the labs is largely Dr. Teller's pet project. In fact, everyone here calls it "Teller Tech." He feels that there is a need for people with a training somewhere between the "ivory tower intellectualism of theoretical physics and the don't-bother-me-about-why-it-works pragmatism of engineering." Hence programs are being set up which will lead to a M.S. and Ph.D. in "Applied Physics." And since it is largely Dr. Teller's idea he wanted to meet each of the applying students individually and discuss courses and possible thesis topics with them. So it came to pass that I met him for the first time a few weeks ago in what turned out to be a half hour interview. I don't really know what I was expecting, but I was rather surprized to find him very personable and friendly. The fact that he actually cracked several jokes during the interview kinda shook me up.

Anyhow, here I is for another year, perhaps more, working at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, living in a trailer behind the landlord's house on McLeod St., and participating in "California fandom."

Ya know, all of a sudden that trailer seems to be becoming a sort of fannish Mecca. Until about a month ago only three fans had ever seen it--Al Halevy, Jerry Kolden and Alva Rogers, each of whom has dropped me off at home after some event--but recently five different fans were here within a period of one week. It started the morning after the Westercon when Don Franson drove me to Livermore on his way home to Los Angeles. He helped me get my luggage inside and then drove me straight to the labs where I arrived at 7:55, just in time for (hah!) work.

The following Saturday Joe and Felice Rolfe and Anne Chatland dropped me off at home after the four of us had gone into San Francisco to see "Camelot." I had stayed with them during the Westercon because of the outlandish rates at the Hyatt House, and had left a large package of my crud there so that I would not have to carry it all home at once. (I wasn't expecting that ride from Don at that time.) Also, I wanted to borrow their tape-recorder for a while, so their driving me facilitated getting everything to my place.

No sooner had they left than Norm Metcalf dropped by. (A half hour earlier and he wouldn't have found anyone home.) He had come around with a telegram that had arrived for me at his P.O.box, figuring that it must be something vitally important. As it turned out it was from one of the companies, General Dynamics, with which I had been negotiating about a possible job. Good grief, but they are a bunch of idiots, and did they ever get everything all fouled up. The telegram was in complete contradiction to a letter I had gotten from the same person 10 days earlier. I don't think anyone there knows what the blazes he or anyone else is doing. Anyhow, Norm had figured that it must be important, couldn't reach me by phone at the lab, and brought it out. But I'm afraid I was rather tired after a most busy day and was an even less brilliant conversationalist than usual then.

Since I first-drafted the above Norm has been by again, namely yesterday, August 7th, with a big mess of mail that had accumulated and he had forgotten to forward. He arrived just as I was getting ready to come back out to the lab in order to cut some stencils (I'd gone home only because the bicycle on which I travel too and from work had gotten a flat tire and I had to get it fixed) but instead we spent the next three hours discussing fans and fandom. After he left I did come out to the lab to get a few stencils typed and phone Anne to see how the cover & her column were coming.

Well, a month has passed since that eventful week and Norm has been the only visitor since. I wonder who and when the next one will be.

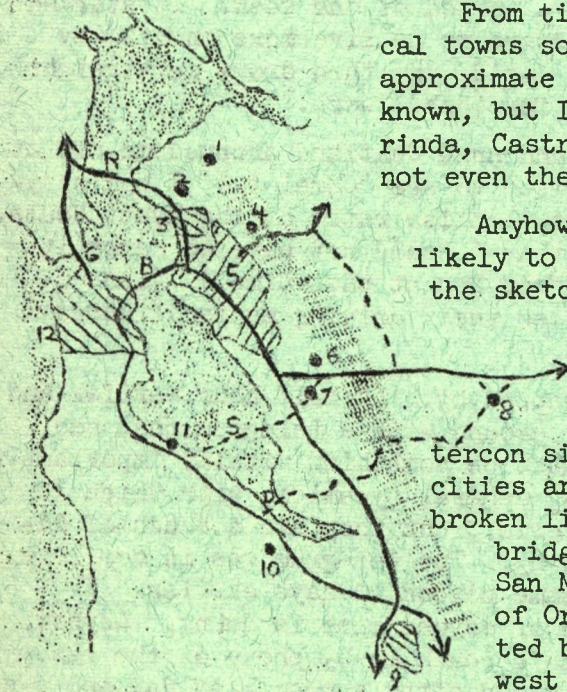
In view of my planned return to school I've decided that I simply must cut down on fanac. (Familiar story, no?) I've already dropped out of the Cult, which had become a bore and for which I would have had to publish soon. Since IPSO folded that leaves me in only N'APA & SAPS and about 2/3 up the FAPA waiting list. I don't expect to make it into FAPA for a few more years and I think I can manage two APAs and school.

I expect to be cutting down on local fanac, too. When I first arrived in California everything was new to me and I made virtually every meeting and party, being among the first to arrive and the last to leave. I would guess that during the first ten months I missed at most three meetings exclusive of those held while I was in LA or back east. However I've now met virtually all of the people, or at least virtually all of those who stay around after the formal meetings for socializing, and little new is going on. Already in the last few months I've skipped a few meetings when I was going into San Francisco for a play or something, visiting some friends like the Rolfes, or pushing an APAzine to meet a deadline. From now on I expect I will be making just about half of them. Now don't get me wrong, I still enjoy the meetings; they're just less important to me than they used to be.

In the next quarter, unless something really special comes up (such as in the way of G&S) I expect to be going down to LA only once, for Forry Ackerman's birthday party. (I'm sure Ronel & Tyrannical Al will greet this as good news.) School will make things particularly difficult when it comes to getting away from work for a few days, which I must do if I want to make the LASFS meeting too.

From time to time I mention in these pages one of the local towns so it might be advisable to include a sketch of their approximate locations. Sure, Berkeley, Oakland & SF are well known, but I don't imagine too many of you know just where Orinda, Castro Valley or Livermore are unless you get G...and not even the map there showed Livermore.

Anyhow, here for the record are some of the towns more likely to get mentioned in this or other fanzines. To keep the sketch small I simply numbered the locations of the most important ones. Going clockwise, they are 1: El Sobrante, 2: El Cerrito, 3: Berkeley, 4: Orinda, 5: Oakland, 6: Castro Valley, 7: Hayward, 8: Livermore, 9: San Jose, 10: Palo Alto, 11: the Westerncon sight, east of Burlingame, 12: San Francisco. Large cities are shaded, freeways are heavy lines, other roads broken lines. There are 5 major bridges; R is the Richmond bridge, G the Golden Gate, B the "Bay Bridge", S the San Mateo bridge, & D the Dumbarten bridge. From north of Orinda to past San Jose is a range of hills penetrated by few roads, which isolates Livermore from points west



OF NEW STAFF MEMBERS

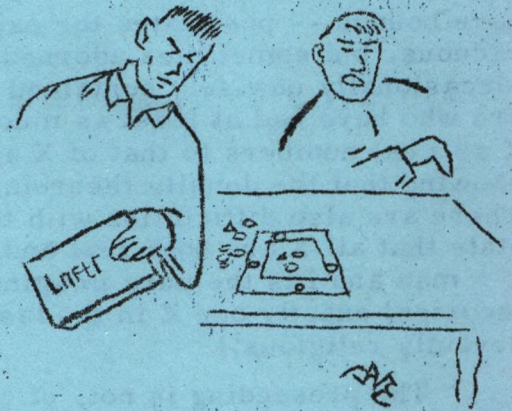
As you might have noticed I've acquired a staff cover artist (what else to call her when she's done 2 in a row & will hopefully do more?) & columnist for NIEKAS... and we are both still rather dizzy from the whole thing! (For Anne's side of the story turn to the first installment of her column on the next page. Actually, I haven't yet seen it, but that's what she said she's writing about. I'd suggest you read it now, before continuing with these slanderous remarks about her.)

VAZHENDA

Anne Y Chatland

Peculiar, indisputable fact: A phone call from Livermore, California to Palo Alto, California is a local call, while a phone call from Palo Alto to Livermore is long distance, and charged as such.

I'm not really sure how I got myself into all this, but I am in N'APA and the N3F. This latter seemed doubtful for awhile, especially when I received my first bundle from the N3F and had heard nothing as yet from the Welcomittee. Included in this bundle were some membership application forms, which I thought were for me -- all of them, which is not a strange thing to expect when you work in a defense industry. It was as if someone in the N3F had noticed that I was a new member of N'APA, and that it was high time I joined the N3F. Now I find out that I am to give these forms, one a-piece, to friends interested in joining. At that, it should be easier to do than to ask some very properly scientific acquaintance -- say a mathematician -- to speak about his specialty to the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching society. For some reason, they can't quite seem to believe their ears.



It's A GREAT NEW GAME. THE
OBJECT IS TO GO DIRECTLY TO
N'APA. DO NOT PASS THRU
N3F, DO NOT collect...."

At any rate, I've seen a lot of fanzines, most of which belonged either to Felice Rolfe (my friend and landlady) or to Ed Meskys, and one N'APA mailing of my own. In a VORPAL GLASS, Poul Anderson states that not one woman in a million has any creativity. I, for one, would very much like to know just how he got to know one million women well enough to say that not one of them had any creativity. Surely there are not one million Mrs. Poul Andersons -- I've

Dear Ed,

Anne finished this about five minutes before she had to catch her plane, so she asked me to edit it and I've done so. It was mostly a matter of rearranging. She had all the thoughts there. I refuse to take either credit or blame for any of them....

I'd also like to add to her list of verbal deformities a work which Liz Lokke quoted me from the dust jacket of The Red Marten; "This book is almost unlaydownable."

Have fun.

Felice Rolfe



Harvey

seen only one of them, and it seems to me that the only way to know a woman that well is to be married to her for some time. I don't really think Poul has committed even milligyny, although this certainly would be a neat trick. On the other hand, perhaps he shares the following conviction of many men, which can be expressed in mathematical terms thusly: Let X = woman. Any man will grant the existence of the irrational X , although that of the rational X is hotly disputed by some. But let us assume that there do exist rational X . As a consequence of the Axiom of Completeness, both the rational and the irrational X are everywhere dense.

I don't share that conviction, needless to say.

Let's pursue this digression a little further (maybe even into the ground). The Axiom of Completeness -- and we will assume that these particular X do have bounds -- postulates the existence of a least upper bound (not completely vacuous, but sometimes adorned by ridiculous hats) and a greatest lower bound (occasionally unwisely contained in slacks two sizes too small). As those readers who have had at least as much math as I have had can see, the analogy of X as real numbers to that of X as woman runs into considerable difficulties in showing that the density theorem follows from the Axiom of Completeness. There are also difficulties with the real numbers, but not with women, when we state that all X are both real and complex. Going further: If $Z = X + iY$, where Y = man and i is the pure imaginary, then there existed (according to some theories) exactly one Z in the last 2000 years. (Careful with those rocks, ye devoutly religious!)

The preseeding is not, of course, defined with full mathematical rigor.

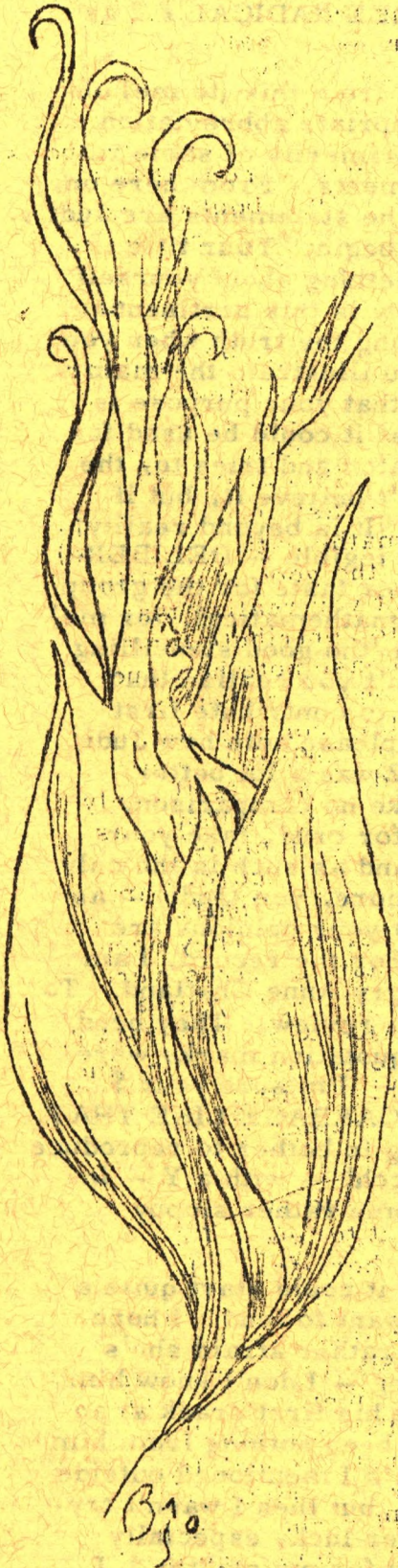
This, however, has gone rather far afield. Ed lent me the two mailings prior to the first one I received as a new member -- I don't remember the number but that NIEKAS had my cat cover -- and while as a newcomer I probably missed most of the subtle nuances in the communications among the more established members, a few things were quite glaringly obvious. One of these was Judi (I hope she notices how carefully I put an "i" on the end of her first name, and is as careful with the "e" on the end of mine) Sephton's savage review of BEYOND REALITY No 1. The immediate effect of this review on me was to get me to pester Ed for a copy of this "terrible fanzine", mostly so that I could see for myself what aroused such violent emotions. After I read it I was quite disappointed and began to regard Judi as a fool for getting so upset over something that was really rather trivial. I could see nothing to merit the work "ecch", which for that matter is a useless verbal deformity that ought to be buried in oblivion (I think that phrase is a cliché) along with such abominations as "man-packable", "jeeped" and "jeepable", "undercrawlable" and "deprojectmanagerize". All of which I have encountered at work. I would not be at all surprised if the virulence of Judi's BEYOND REALITY review stems primarily from certain earthy words in the "beat" poem -- beat, nothing; it was in critical condition -- about the condemned man who is reprieved by a power failure. I think she knew -- in fact, she said so in effect by acknowledging Harvey Forman's own statement that BEYOND REALITY was poorly done -- that it was not his idea of a good fanzine. Since that mailing, he has contributed a set of literate, intelligent (at least in comparison with BEYOND REALITY) mailing comments entitled "But Not the Ayjays" in JERELANG No 2 (I no longer have the fanzine, so I can check neither the number nor the spelling of its name). For this reason I am tempering my own criticism of ABOLITIONIST No 1 until I see more of this man's work and can form a reasonably fair estimate of his

standards. And this logically brings me to the question of Judi's standards, which I do not find impressive -- not nearly enough so for her to assume the right to damn Harvey Forman who seems to have some awareness of his shortcomings. Her reproduction is poor, and could, without demanding the impossible, be improved to the point where it would be on a par with that of NIEKAS. The artwork is inexcusably careless, and not all of this messiness is pure reproduction. (The electronic stencil for my cat cover got to Fred Patten so late that he did not have time to print a really good set of copies. This was my fault for not getting the drawing done sooner. This quarter's cover has not been printed yet, so I have no idea how good my color separation is until I get the first printed copies and look for unwanted greens, oranges, purples, and blank spots.)

I hope Judi understands that I am not trying to be catty and that I don't want to feud with her (I can never keep who is feuding with whom straight anyway, and the whole business strikes me as a waste of time.) I think she can do better work and give more valuable criticism if she doesn't let herself get carried away. Far from considering her an emotional moron, I think that perhaps she could tell me what **ABOLITIONIST** #1 is all about, and what its author is trying to say. The obscene cartoon on page three is pointless, and the purpose of the rest is almost as obscure; perhaps my scientific training (or her gentle upbringing -- FR) has created a blind spot in my comprehension.

About three weeks have elapsed between the preceding paragraph and this one, and on rereading, I find I want to rewrite some of this schizoid column. However, since I can't change the first two pages which have already been printed, I am left with the awkward business of explaining myself here. To begin with, I am not taking a poke at Karen Andersch. I hope I'm not even implying it (it would have been such a simple matter to rearrange that sentence to make my meaning clearer!) Although I do not know Poul's definition of creativity, Karen is definitely creative in mine. (The play on words is intentional.) I wish I knew her well enough to be certain she read that section as frivolously as I wrote it.

I also find that in my criticism of Judi's criticism I was catty and perhaps unjust in the motive I ascribed to her review. I then decided I wanted the opinion of another fan artist, emphatically not a neo, whose work I respect. This was to prove to myself that I was not possibly spouting off as an unpleasantly arrogant neo who felt that several hours of ambitious hard work had made



her an august little goddess with the right to say anything she pleased. (For that matter, even if I did feel that way, the cover did not turn out that well, and I hope to patch all 250 copies if Ed can get them to me in time.) Anyway, the artist in question was Bjo Trimble, and I showed her all of Judi's fanzines I could get my hands on. Bjo read them carefully, asked me where she could get a typewriter, and took BUFFERING SOLUTIONS # 4 and FREE RADICAL # 2 as references. (She has not seen this page.)

In all fairness to Judi, I think I should start quoting from this (to me) objectionable review. The fanzine is BS # 4 {What an appropriate abbreviation that is for the contents thereof! -- FR}, which consists primerily of some rather sketchy (when they are not destructive) mailing comments. From here on, where there are sentences enclosed in quotation marks, the statements are Judi's. Any intervening sentences not so enclosed are mine. To begin: "Your title is very appropriate to your mess. If your title implies something about yourself -- I don't want to know you." Implies what, Judi? And how is this pertinent to the worth of BEYOND REALITY? "At least you were telling the truth when you stated that 'this issue is lousy, worthless'..." Here you illustrate the main point I made earlier about standards, and indicate to me that your purpose is not one of constructive criticism. "Of course you say that it could be used for burning but for some strange reason when one lights a match and tries to, the flame is suddenly extinguished on contact." I simply don't believe it, but if you'll send me your copy, I'll try almost anything once. "It is beyond reality; it defies all natural laws. The thing on the last page was legible -- DELIBERATELY??? 'Lament for a Four Time Loser' was very poor taste for the group." Please defing the word 'group' with full -- ah, chemical (mathematical, for me) -- rigor. "I doubt that you could ever have good material 'tho good stencilling and repro is possible." I'm astonished at you, Judi. Don't you realize that this is an open challenge for any skilled and gifted Neffer to contribute first class material to BEYOND REALITY? Harvey Forman, please note how Judi has done you a favor. "Tom Armistead's PIED TYPE # 2 was a lot better than your zine." I haven't seen this fanzine, so I can make no comparison. "If you do have the idea that N'APA is a dumping ground for crud, take your CRUDZINE and go elsewhere." Fred Patten is the OE, and as such is the only person with any right to make such a decision. Furthermore, you (Judi) -- as are all of us -- are morally obligated to state clearly that your opinions are those of Judi Sephton only, and not those of all N'APA. For the record, I am doing nothing more than voicing the opinions of a very angry Anne Chatland. To be accurate, I am adding the concluding sentences of your review. They need no comment from me. If my comments and most of the quotation marks were removed, the exact content of your review would remain. "I'm sure your \$ will be cheerfully refunded. You have a nerve giving us GARBAGE LIKE THAT! A summary of this comment on side[sic]." I am not going to bother to reproduce this comment. It is an illo consisting of the word (?) Yecch! -- with a Y -- in capital letters along an inverse exponential curve with some rather sloppy smudges from a shading plate on either side of the curve.

Looking back on this last paragraph, I can see that it could start quite a respectable feud. However, I still maintain that I don't want to feud. I hope Judi realizes that what I'm really criticizing is what I'm rather afraid she's done to Harvey Forman (I could, of course, be dead wrong -- I don't know him even to look at) who could have been quite sensitive about his first crack at an apazine. I think he may well have left N'APA; there has been nothing from him for two consecutive mailings and he has published the mc's I mentioned outside N'APA. (I am quite sensitive about my first appearance, but then I wasn't trying to get out an entire N'APAZine and generally had better luck, especially with this second cover, a new experience both for me and for my printer.) I honestly don't think my criticism will affect Judi in this manner; she's much too self-confident and well established as a faned. In passing, I must say that

CENSORSHIP, MONEY, &

CRAZY IDEAS* by

TOM PURDOM

Over a period of $3\frac{1}{2}$ years I sold a total of 8 science fiction stories -- to everything from Infinity to Astounding -- and I thought some of my experiences might interest you. Actually, of course, I'm only a beginner at this game and don't want to talk like an expert on the subject, but you do find a few things out trying to write the stuff.

For instance, after you've been even remotely associated with the field for a few years you hear stories of how certain editors practically change a story to the point where the author doesn't recognize it, and things like that.

Well, from the first time I had a story published I ran into some experiences with editing, but they were a little different from what I had expected. In fact, most of them were more along the lines of censorship than editing, I found.

For example, in my first story "Grieve for a Man"¹ I had a bull-fighter watching a robot in the ring, and the people cheered the robot. I wrote it so that the bull-fighter, when the people cheer the robot, thinks to himself, "Well, let them get an erection out of that if they want." It was submitted like that, but when the editor got it he changed that line to "Let them get young again out of that if they want to."

This taught me one of the first lessons you should learn, which is to think about these things and sort of change the story around in advance before the editor gets a chance to do it.

The next story of mine that was really edited was one that had appeared in Satellite as "Duel of the Insecure Man."² The original title was "Insecurity" so they changed that on it, and I think about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the story was changed too! I'd written it very tightly leaving out a lot of things which I figured the reader could figure out for himself. However the editor put them all back in.

At one point one character called another a son of a bitch and the editor changed that to "son of a witch!" Like, you're building up to a big dramatic moment and then along comes this "You son of a witch"!!!

So next time I wrote a story, in the first draft when a character cusses out another he says "You bastard!" When I came back and re-wrote it I thought, well, if they buy this they'll edit it and take that out and put in something ridiculous like that "You son of a Witch." So I changed it to, I think, "snake" and they let that in with no trouble.

However the story that really worried me a great deal was "Sordman the Protector"³ when it sold to Galaxy. That came out about eight months after I sold it. It wasn't the eight months that I was most worried about, but I was afraid I wasn't going to be able to recognize it. I had heard so many stories about the way H.L.

1: Fantastic Universe, April 1957

2: Satellite, April 1959

3: Galaxy, August 1960

*) Edited version of talk given at the August 1961 *Philadelphia Science Fiction Society* meeting

Gold edits stories.

And the funny thing was, he didn't change anything except possibly for one small thing. If you remember, the Sordman in the story was a Zen Christian, and what Gold did was to eliminate all references to Christ that I had put into the story. And I'm not sure he did that, since the last time I glanced at that manuscript, it looked to me like I may have made that change myself. So my one experience with Galaxy does not bear out all the horror stories you may have heard.

-oOo-

I think it was L. Sprague de Camp, in Science Fiction Handbook, who had put a lot of emphasis on the questions people are always asking writers when they find out you are a writer. In those days the big question seemed to be "Where do you get your ideas?" If I remember right Isaac Asimov wrote a whole poem on the subject, and said a couple of times that his question is "Why don't other people get ideas? I'm getting them all the time."

However, things seem to have changed in the last few years. People no longer ask you where you got your ideas. During all the time I was in the Army, people would find out I was a writer and they'd never ask where I got my ideas. I think only one person did in all those two years. There was just one question they kept asking all the time.

"How much do you make?" "How much do you get paid?"

In fact, there was an article in Writers' Digest on this very subject a while back. The guy was making the same complaint, and has come up with some very complicated answer to give. He would mention some very large figure like \$2500 or something, and then he would throw in some fractions and business and get everyone so confused that all they would remember was that one figure.

For an example of what I had to put up with, this guy was a waiter in the post snack bar and he would see me carrying the little brief case which I took to the library in order to work every night. First chance he asked if I was a composer. No, I told him, I write science fiction. And sure enough about three days later when I'm getting my coffee from him, "I'll bet you make a lot of money off that stuff, don't you?"

These questions were very embarrassing because, well, you put a story in Galaxy and think you've really done something, and get perhaps \$150. And then these people with their questions completely deflate you.

And it goes on like this. Really, it is very depressing.

-oOo-

The other question that people used to ask you, as Sprague said, was "Where do you get your ideas?" Now this is one subject that has always interested me...this process by which a story is developed. You can't help but get self-conscious about it and study it if you're really interested in it. I thought I would like to cover two or three stories, how their ideas were born, and how they were developed.

One thing I found out definitely about writing science fiction is that you can't start out with an idea of a technological or social nature. When I get an idea like that I usually just note it down and file it away. Essentially, what I am looking for before I start a story is a dramatic situation. I found that this is the kind of thing I can usually build on.

If you get a good idea for a new invention or some new social change, but don't have that dramatic idea to start with, you usually will not get a story. At least I've never been able to. I've spent, sometimes, a couple of months trying to turn something like this into a story and in the end I had to give up.

So I usually wait 'til I get a good dramatic situation before I begin. Then usually many of these other ideas that have been hanging around in my mind will be-

gin to fall into place, and I will see ways I can use them.

One story was "Excellence"⁴ which appeared in Amazing Stories. The basic ideas of that one were somebody going to school to learn how to love, and psychological problems. The science element in it was strictly one thing--automation, the effects of short work hours on people and what they would do with their leisure time. I got the idea when Hal Lynch, Will Jenkins and I were sitting around talking with Sid Locker. All at once out of a clear blue sky Sid told me I ought to write a story about a school for love. He said it was a very common theme in all literature, especially French literature. Automatically I thought I'd just drop the idea, but a second after I did it suddenly dawned on me that this would fit very well into an automated society.

I've always read a lot of history, and one thing that has intrigued me is that the people that have occupied the stage are usually the leisure classes. And most history is written about these people, until you get into economic history. And of course what did the people of the French court do? They spent most of their time making love, talking about love, flirting, and so forth.

It occurred to me that in a society where people work only 20 hours or less a week a man's concentration is on his leisure and this would become a very important subject to the average person. It would ascend to the level of an art even more than in the French court.

As soon as this occurred to me I saw that it fitted in very well with this automation theory that's been in my mind. Also, of course, this is an age of psychology and introversion, so it seemed to fit in very well with that particular idea that I had been developing too.

Putting them together I thought I had a good story idea. However I first tried to write it with this guy going to the love school. Having done this and run it thru three or four drafts I threw it away and started with the guy having finished most of the love school and trying to apply what he had learned to the particular thing.

And of course there is another element to the story too, and that's when it clicked. Sometimes you are working with a story and you know you have a good idea, but you need an element...something to begin it. What really put the spark in this one was Hal Lynch's "Showdown" at the 1958 Philly conference. It suddenly dawned on me--dueling with paralyzer weapons could well be a thing to do in such a society. So there I had the beginning to the story and a certain amount of action and violence. And so I finally had the story, tho I think it took almost three months to get that one.

Now "Sordman" was a different case. I think almost anybody who has read the story will recognize where the idea came from. What happened is that I was reading a book on witchcraft by Charles Williams, and of course psionics had been a big subject in science fiction for some time. One of the things Williams emphasized was that our forefathers really believed in witchcraft, and for them, they really lived in a world where anyone could destroy you. Now just think of how it would feel to live in a world where you could really believe that there were people around who you'd never seen or met who could destroy you with magical powers.

Then I realized, of course, that you could build this into a psi story. The other thing that continued my thinking along these lines was a Campbell editorial on the subject of psi, in which one of the things he said was that people who thought it was going to solve a lot of problems made a mistake. If psi ever came about, there would be laws to it, and it would require discipline and so forth in order to handle it.

So these two things, combined with a few others I had been thinking about,
4: Amazing Stories, October 1959

made the "Sordman" story.

But for me the most interesting case of picking up a story idea was for one that had appeared in one of Fred Pohl's original anthologies, "The Holy Grail," because that came from a source I didn't even plan to read. That was Time Magazine, of all things.

You know, when you are looking for story ideas the first thing is to keep yourself open to many, many influences. A writer should expose himself to as much as possible. You almost have to do this methodically, by plan. If you're not exposing yourself to a certain type of medium, a certain element of life, then you almost have to go looking for it. You can't do it saying "I'm looking for a story," but if you

keep this randomness up the ideas will come to you. What happened was that there was a background article on Harry Belafonte, so I just bought Time for that one reason--I wanted to read this thing on Belafonte. So I was reading it when I should have been writing. "You know," I felt, "that you ought to be writing."

But while I was reading it I came across this bit where they said that Harry Belafonte had finally achieved one of the big symbols of status in our culture, the twice weekly visit to a psychiatrist. And I suddenly got this picture of a world of sick people all fighting and struggling to achieve health, and that you could only do it by being ruthless enough to acquire money and power. So I just figured, why not extend this and have a society where you had really good psychiatrists who could guarantee you mental health, but that they are scarce. This seemed to be such a savage and dramatic picture, and was the foundation of the story. In fact, the story came like that to me. It was no trouble at all to plot, and took me only a couple of weeks to write.

-oOo-

So there you have the genesis of three of my stories. You must have noticed that I have a particular interest in writing about psychological problems and the effects of automation.

I am surprised that these themes haven't been explored too much by other authors, and I feel that this is because science fiction has very much lost touch with science. There are all kinds of developments going on in science, especially, I think, in biochemistry and psychology, which should have provided the basis of many stories. But they haven't.

I don't claim it's necessarily Campbell's fault; I understand that in many cases he's been getting psi stories simply because people figure that that's what he wants. But, speaking as a reader as much as a writer, it does seem to me that there is too much of this stuff and that actually instead of, say, psi, biochemistry and psychology should have been the fields to dominate science fiction in our times. They are the fields with revolutionary developments being made. Nor has science fiction dealt with automation, and yet we're already in a period where it seems that almost weekly there are meetings to discuss the problem. There are Senate investigations of the problem of automation and it seems to me that this is going to

be a real social revolution. Its whole impact is a more leisurly way of life for our society. And yet I can remember only two or three stories, one of which I thought was excellent. That was Poul Anderson's "Quijote and the Windmill." And yet since then I can remember almost nothing on the subject except for Mack Reynolds's "Russian" stories.

And a writer doesn't have to be a scientist to use these ideas. The thing about this is it's a social revolution. All you have to make clear to the reader is that the working day has been reduced by any amount you want to make clear. If you have this in your background you don't have to go into great details about the techniques of doing it. All you have to do is make it seem believable and hint at it and suggest it. Just as you can use television in a story for a modern reader without explaining how it works, you can use automation in science fiction without having to go into details. We are dealing more with the way technology and social changes influence individuals than with the things themselves. So I think this is an excellent field for the science fiction writer to develop because it requires mainly a knowledge of economics, psychology, and sociology, and enough knowledge of technology to see what the possibilities are. And this has been overlooked.

It seems to me that one thing that science fiction really lacks today is simply an awareness of what's really going on in the world, and I don't think you can write science fiction if you're blind to it. Too much SF seems to be ingrown from writers concentrated in some field like psi. They've gotten too many of their ideas from others...from reading science fiction.

I know that you can get an awful lot of good ideas from what you read. For instance, Poul Anderson wrote an article on science fiction for Writers' Yearbook in which he said that one of his techniques when he is looking for ideas is to take other writers' stories and see if he can run switches on them or differ with them. Remember his "Double Dyed Villain" series? He said he got that from reading E.E. Smith's Lensman stories. Reading them, it seemed to him that this business of large fleets and atomic forces would be a very poor way to keep the peace in an interstellar society. So he got this idea of people who kept the peace without using force at all, but by skullduggary and villains.

But this has been done too much. New ideas are needed.

Many of the older writers, who had made a real discipline of coming up with new ideas and developing them don't write as much as they used to, and most of your new writers seem to get out of the field very fast.

Of course this is very difficult stuff to write. It is a great deal to ask of somebody with the experience in life you must have in order to write a good story to put in a lot of time and study and thought, and yet to do it for what is really not a very big financial reward.

And in most cases you can't pad your wordcount to up your income, either. Oh, I guess a professional writer, a guy who is turning out a lot of stuff and can count on his name selling it, will do this. But if you don't have a name that can sell the stuff I think you have to write as well as you can. In fact, you have a better chance of selling anything that is short. I think that "The Green Beret" sold only because it was a short story and tightly written. I know that Campbell has said a couple of times in Writers' Yearbook that his biggest trouble is finding short science fiction stories. It is a lot easier to write a long one than a short one. So for this reason I always try to write my stuff as tightly as possible. I figure that it is better to have a better chance at a sale than it is to make a little more money on something when I do finally sell it.

People who make a living off of science fiction by writing a great deal of it (I don't know who's left doing it now) have often ended up writing too much. As I said, SF is very difficult. I think that almost anybody who can write science fic-

tion will find any other type of fiction much easier because in science fiction you have this big technical problem of keeping the story moving while introducing the reader to a lot of unfamiliar material. If you can do that, and do it tightly, then when you don't have this problem you are going to find most other kinds of writing much easier.

Perhaps that is why some of the greatest names in fantasy and science fiction in the past fifty years have been men who work at other occupations. Certainly those who write very long things like E. R. Eddison and Doc Smith and so on were able to develop their ideas over a number of years because they were working at other things. They didn't need to write just for money, and they could develop this more.

NOTE: Tom Purdom's other published science fiction stories are "A Matter of Privacy", Science Fiction Quarterly, August 1957, and "The Man Who Wouldn't Sign Up", Infinity, October 1958.

VAZHENDA [[concluded fm pg 8]]

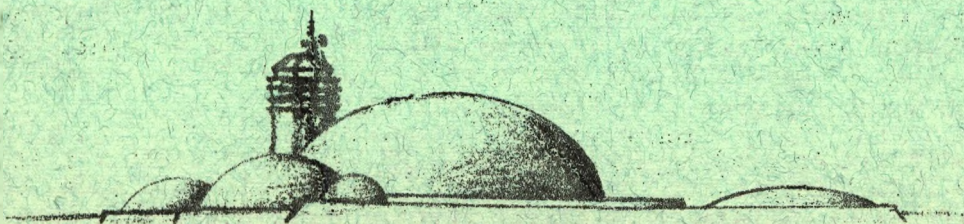
all I know of Judi's personality is what I've been able to glean from her writing in her fanzines. I don't want her to get out of N'APA; I do want her to lay off that kind of criticism, and if she chooses to keep it up, I can promise her that she will certainly have me to deal with every time. When she cools down toward me, maybe we could talk turkey about a two to four color offset cover or some other artwork -- that is, if she wants it by then.

A good part of the initial plan for this column called for a lengthy exposition on the methods involved in the production of what was to be a magnificent four-color cover. As it is, while I don't think it came out badly, it was not all that magnificent and I see no reason for a detailed resume of a technique that is not yet good enough. However, I make a special point here of thanking Jerry Kolden for his professional advice and his loan to me of several essential books on artistic anatomy. Although I did not take advantage of it, I was offered the use of a fully equipped studio in Hayward (unfortunately not too easily accessible to me) shared by Jerry and four of his friends.

Finally, I haven't forgotten the poor little orphan paragraph at the beginning of this column. I discovered this odd economic fact in the course of one of the long, harried phone conversations with Ed when we were trying to figure out just how I could get the cat cover done and printed in time for the mailing. Actually, the fact is not so peculiar. Ed made his calls from the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory where he works, and they maintain various trunk lines. Calls over such lines are billed as being local.

I see I'm back where I started, and perhaps I'd better quit while I'm ahead. If Judi writes about ABOLITIONIST # 1 the way I expect her to, and if Harvey Forman has in fact quit N'APA because of her, I shall certainly be back. (Just call me Hopeful Nemesis!)

[[For Bjo's comments see pg. 30.]]



Sam on . . .

Primitive STF

by ED WOOD

The World Publishing Company has recently released Explorers of the Infinite: Shapers of Science Fiction* This excellent, nay, superlative, book is another pioneering effort by the grand historian of science fiction fandom, Sam Moskowitz. He combines his deep love of science fiction with remarkable incisive insight and superb scholarship to investigate the neglected subject of science fiction history.

The book chapters consist of expansions of articles written for Amazing Stories, Fantastic Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Satellite Science Fiction and the fan magazine SCIENCE FICTION TIMES plus new material.

The plan of the book is to outline the history of science fiction in terms of the people who have written it in the past plus some additional material such as chapter 19, "How Science Fiction Got its Name" and chapter 20, "The Future in Present Tense," a sketch of science fiction from 1938 to the 50s which is obvious preparation for a sequel to the present work. Sam Moskowitz has used his scrupulous attention to facts together with his own splendid collection of books, magazines, and fan magazines to present to the reader much interesting material about Cyrano de Bergerac, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, Edgar Allen Poe, Fitz-James O'Brien, Jules Verne, Edward Everett Hale, the "Frank Reade" stories, H. G. Wells, M. P. Shiel, Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Rice Burroughs, A. Merritt, Karel Capek, Hugo Gernsback, H. P. Lovecraft, Olaf Stapledon, Phillip Wylie, and Stanley G. Weinbaum.

Many of the choices will seem controversial. Why Cyrano de Bergerac and not Dean Jonathan Swift? Is Phillip Wylie as important to science fiction as Edward Elmer Smith? Why Shiel instead of John Taine or others? One must allow a certain selectivity to an author and regardless of the particular person analyzed in the book, none are without some importance in the development of science fiction. Yet, will not some readers question the importance of a person like Edward Everett Hale if his work has to be exhumed from the vast domain of the forgotten?

A few typographical errors should be noted. On page 248 it is 1948 and not 1938, and on page 347 it is H. H. Holmes and not H. H. Holme.

There are so many good things in the book that it is a shame that a number of rather obvious steps were not taken to improve it and to possibly attract additional sales.

The one great deficiency in the book is the totally inadequate index. As it stands it is an index of names and at that is incomplete since everyone mentioned in the text is not in the index. For a scholarly book of this nature, the index should have: every person named in the text, the title of every book, magazine story and magazine mentioned.

Some useful additions would have been a list of references used by the author and some pictures of the people, books and magazines mentioned in the text.

* Explorers of the Infinite: Shapers of Science Fiction by Sam Moskowitz, World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York, 1963, 353 pages, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", \$6.00.

The dust jacket is disappointing considering the fine one a fan group was able to get for Moskowitz's The Immortal Storm. Also there is an error in the author blurb: world science fiction conventions have not been held every year since 1939. There were none in 1942-5.

A few carping points follow which Moskowitz can clarify in the next edition of his work.

On page 13 of the introduction, it says, "For thirty-five years copies of periodicals devoted entirely to science fiction have been found on our newsstands." Since the date January 1963 appears at the end of the introduction, it would have been better to have inserted the words, "more than" after the first word. In April 1963, Amazing Stories was thirty seven years old.

On page 151, Moskowitz makes too much of the Nietzschean term, "Overman" when used by M. P. Shiel. It has been used by others, see the book The Overman by Upton Sinclair, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1907.

On page 335 it says, "...the first new science fiction magazine in nearly seven years made its appearance..." in reference to Marvel Science Stories in 1938. Some qualifications had best be put in there like "regular new American" since the following magazines put in an appearance since 1931:

Scoops (British) February 10, 1934 to June 23, 1934

Marvel Tales (amateur) May 1934 to Summer 1935

Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine, December 1936

Tales of Wonder (British) undated but late 1937 to spring 42

On page 340 I must firmly disagree with Moskowitz's assessment of Robert A. Heinlein. "...he pioneered in the magazine's exploration of the role of religion in the world of the future, particularly the part it might play in government." Heinlein might have popularized it but he certainly did not pioneer it in Astounding. Neil R. Jones in his "Durne Rague" series, one of which had appeared in Astounding as early as the September 1936 issue was much more the pioneer. In these stories, a scientific theocracy rules the earth of the 26th century. The explicit motif may be lacking but all of the paraphernalia of religion is there. The same Neil R. Jones built almost all stories to fit into a plan of "stories of the 24th century, 26th century, and the Professor Jameson series of 50,000,000 years in the future." So he also pioneered the "history of the future" technique. By implication, on the same page, Moskowitz said Heinlein originated this idea in Astounding. These words are meant not to diminish in any way the stature of Heinlein but merely to render justice to the real pioneer. Additional details may be found in "An Autobiographical Sketch of Neil R. Jones", FANTASY MAGAZINE, January 1937.

On page 349 in respect to the death of reprint magazines such as Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Avon Fantasy Reader, Moskowitz says, "Their demise was in good part attributable to the rising popularity of paperback books, which furnished an increasing quantity and a selection of reprints in editions priced no higher than the magazines." This is extremely weak conjecture. An inspection of the article "The Science Fiction Books 1958" by Earl Kemp in Destiny #11, 1954, reveals that most of the paperbacks were reprints of contemporary science fiction hardcover books. In fact, very little of the type of story material published in FFM, reprints of Munsey magazine stories and the older books of science fiction, have appeared in paperback format during the whole decade since the death of FFM in 1953. An exception might be made in the works of A. Merritt. It is true there was a wholesale slaughter of magazines in the early 50s (5 in 51, 6 in 52, 13 in 53) but there had been an enormous increase in the number of magazines (12 in 50, 6 in 51; 8 in 52, 16 in 53). Only Galaxy, If, Fantastic and Science Fantasy (British) survive today from that overexpansion period. Moskowitz will have to search among the mechanics of magazine distribution and circulation to find the truth. In this instance, he is surely wide of the mark.

Hopefully there will be a companion volume and surely it will not neglect such

John Baxter -

JACK VANCE: DAB HAND WITH A DACTYL

According to Fantasy & Science Fiction for June 1963, Jack Vance is "against" a wide variety of things, among them psychiatry, Picasso, Muzak, tobacco, sin, corruption and modern architecture. I would not give him an argument on psychiatry, Picasso or Muzak, nor believe he is being other than whimsical when he comes out against sin and corruption. But modern architecture is another matter. What a curious thing to be opposed to. One can imagine somebody deploring abuses of modern architecture, or even extremes in modern architecture (Bruce Goff and Juan O'Gorman bring out the beast in me, I know). But all modern architecture! The generalization was so sweeping that I wondered whether it cast any new light on the man's work. Surprisingly enough, after taking Vance's most recent long work ("The Dragon Masters," Galaxy, August 1962) to pieces, it is not hard to see that his aversion to architecture is echoed in his writing.

Perhaps the connection between science fantasy and architecture may not be immediately obvious to everybody. Well, look at it this way. Architecture is not a very fluid or flexible art. In erecting a building, you are committed in site, function, materials, cost, proportions -- everything, in fact, is almost preordained. The architect must squeeze in as much individuality as he can between the cracks in the design. Yet isn't this true of science fantasy also? We aren't allowed the wide range of subjects, characters and styles that is available to other writers because the sf field is a specialized one catering to a restricted public with certain preconceived attitudes and tastes. Quite bluntly, our function is entertainment. If you want a message -- a worthwhile message, that is -- call Western Union. As for materials, it goes without saying that all the fantastically fluid styles of modern English are still in our future.¹ As evidence, I quote a passage chosen at random from a contemporary short story.

The toilet flushed; the whole illuminated interior of the little house seemed purged into action. He dressed his daughter's tumblesome body deftly and carried her to the stairs. The top landing gave on to the door of his bedroom; he looked in and saw that his wife had changed position in the broadened bed. Her naked arms were flung out of the covers and rested, crook'd, each to a pillow, like spotted ivory framing the cameo of the averted, maned skull. One breast, lifted by the twist of her shoulders, shallow in her sleep, was with its budded centre exposed. The sun, probing the shredding sky, sent low through the woods and windowpanes a diluted filigree, finer than colour, that spread across her and up the swarthy oak headboard a rhomboidal web. Like moths alighting on gauze, her blue eyes opened.

Faced with this, the average sf reader would be lost. Why should the flushing of a toilet "purge a house into action"? Why "purge" anyway? Tumlesome? Why is the bed "broadened"? Why "maned skull" instead of "maned head"? "A diluted filigree, finer than colour"? Eyes opening "like moths alighting on gauze"? This might as well be Russian for all the information it imparts to somebody brought up on E.E. Smith. Clearly, we are as much confined to basic English as any architect to his
1: "The Crow in the Woods", John Updike (from Pigeon Feathers, Knopf).

timber, bricks and concrete, and a writer of science fantasy must stand or fall by his knowledge of his materials and his skill as a literary architect.

Science fantasy has been extremely fortunate in having nourished some excellent architects. Arthur Clarke, for all his British stiffness, is a fine craftsman; Jim Blish, Brian Aldiss, Henry Kuttner -- all of them exhibit a sure knowledge of their materials and a sense of form and rhythm that single out their work for special attention. In all cases, their success is due to an understanding of a basic rule of architecture: Make the best use of your materials. A good fantasy needs more than tight plotting, interesting characters, original setting and literate writing. It needs a writer who has an educated and intuitive appreciation of language as music. In short, it needs poetry. Without a rhythmic use of words, without careful choice of place names, characters' names, even titles, the story will inevitably fail. A story built on mis-matched words, titles that clash or, worse still, are monotonously alike, characters who speak like bards one moment and boobs the next will be as much a failure as any house constructed with five different kinds of bricks. As an example of how an injection of poetry can lift a simple passage out_{2,3} of the commonplace, consider these two quotes from well-known science fantasies.

In this universe the night was falling; the shadows were lengthening towards an east that would not know another dawn. But elsewhere the stars were still young and the light of morning lingered; and along the path he once had followed, Man would one day go again.

There is hardly a line in this that does not scan. A little work and it might make a neat poem.

In the endless universe there has been nothing new, nothing different. What has appeared exceptional to the minute mind of man has been inevitable to the infinite Eye of God. This strange second in a life, that unusual event, those remarkable coincidences of environment, opportunity and encounter...all of them have been reproduced over and over on the planet of a sun whose galaxy revolves once in two hundred million years and has revolved nine times already. There has been joy. There will be joy again.

In this passage, the poetic element may seem less pronounced, but note the way in which a consistent iambic rhythm (-/) has been employed, and the intelligent use of a perfect iambic pentameter to close the sequence.. Whether either Bester or Clarke intended this poetic accuracy is debateable, but nevertheless they instinctively chose those words and phrases which are most pleasant to the human ear and, more important, maintained the rhythm consistently throughout.

Arriving finally at "The Dragon Masters," we can examine it with some sort of insight. We can ask ourselves "Has Vance made the best of his materials?" The answer would appear to be definitely in the negative. The reasons jump out at us as soon as we open the magazine. The first of the Gaughan illustrations (beautiful work, incidentally) shows a map of the imaginary country in which the story is set. One is immediately struck by the decidedly poetic effect of the names chosen. "Slicktern Slides", "Barch Back" and "Clybourne Crevasse" are pleasantly alliterative, and the word "Jambles", presumably representing an area of broken ground, is well coined. Borrowings like "fell", "vale" and "crevasse" are far from ill-chosen (though one wonders why it was necessary to name a simple pass "The Giant's Crotch"!). Generally, however, the story appears promising entertainment.

Unfortunately the foretaste does not give a very good indication. Almost from the first line, Vance seems obsessed by the dactyl (words accented /--). He uses them continually for place names, titles and in general narrative until one is thoroughly sick of their monotonous sound. The leader of the here's house is the SENeschal (p.11), the mysterious underground visitors are SACerdotes (p.11). We find mountains named MAULdever and HALcyon (p.8/9), there is a window of LIGNified reed

2: The City and the Stars (Arthur Clarke)

3: The Demolished Man (Alfred Bester)

(p.10). He has ornaments of CINNibar, MALachite and MARcasite (p.11). The nation subsists on crops of "BELlegarde, SPHARganum and vetch." (Bellegarde is apparantly an invention, spharganum a bastard word probably derived from sphagnum -- peat moss, and vetch, for all its fine harsh sound, is related to the sweet pea. Surely this is taking poetic sound too far). After this, we meet the PREceptors (p.13) and of course the famous dragons -- TERmagant, Striding MURderer, Long-horned MURderer, and Jugger (short, naturally, for JUGGernaut) (p.14). The chief of the rival group is a COUNcillor (p.14), who lives near CLEWhaven, and has a force of WEAPoners, not to mention FUGelmen (p.14). And all this in the first 2000 words! As he goes on, Vance becomes more and more enamoured on the dactyl, so much so that on p.27 he gives a dragon CINNibar CABochons!

I have nothing against dactyls. They have a musical sound and, when used correctly, their effect is often beautiful. J.R.R.Tolkien, for instance, has employed them to advantage in his poem "Errantry."⁴

Of crystal was his habergeon,
his scabbard of chalcedony;
with silver tipped at plenilune
his spear was hewn of ebony.
His javelins were of malachite
and stalictite -- he brandished them,
and went and fought the dragon-flies
of Paradise, and vanquished them.

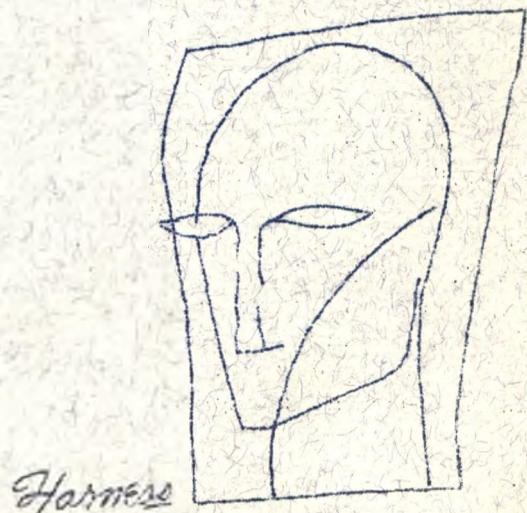
A pretty poem, though it results in the protagonist being forced to exist mainly on ORanges!

Surely, however, Vance goes too far with his search for musical names and titles. One does not begrudge him a little colour, but I find it hard to forgive him the sort of confused muttering which passes for normal narrative in "The Dragon Masters."

The Demie's eyes burst with flames as intense as those of Skene. "When the race of men is gone, then we go abroad. We move across the Galaxy. We repopulate the terrible old worlds, and the new universal history starts from that day, with the past wiped clean as if it never existed. If the Grephs destroy you, what is it to us? We wait only the death of the last man in the universe."

This is not a "rigged" example -- as far as style is concerned, "The Dragon Masters" can produce nothing better than this.

No doubt some readers will feel that this criticism is mere nit-picking, and that good ideas and interesting action justify deficiencies in style. Perhaps they are right. But my attitude is this. The science fantasy field is not what it once was. Full-time writers are rare, new ideas rarer still. The editors do not look kindly on fanciful work, and there is a great danger that the younger readers will lose touch completely with the field. It is time we revived our careless ideas about style and technique and made an attempt to push back some of the fusty fantasy conventions that were old even when Burroughs worked them over. It might be a big step in this direction if Jack Vance bought a copy of Understanding Poetry and stopped overworking that poor dactyl.



⁴: The Adventures of Tom Bombadil, J.R.R.Tolkien (George Allen and Unwin).

IN REVIEW

Felice Rolfe

For some reason, I find myself reluctant to begin this review. However, Ed left me with three blank stencils (already numbered) when he took off for the Discon, and something must be done with them. Be warned: I never typed a stencil before in my life, and I have just been reliably informed that there's no corflu in the house.

In Glory Road, the hero is an old friend of ours; a brawny young soldier, who doesn't much like soldiering but who believes in fighting for what he thinks is right. This young man, name of Oscar Gordon, goofs and gets himself drafted while in college. He means to try for the Air Force Academy, but ends up as a footsoldier in Southeast Asia. There he is wounded badly enough to be discharged. He makes his way through the Suez to Europe, and is loafing around there for various reasons; on L'Ile du Levant he runs into a veritable Amazon. (Pardon me, people, what an appalling cliché that was!) Heinlein takes seven paragraphs to describe this girl -- she is tall, broadshouldered, well-muscled, and of course supremely feminine. Blonde, too, by the way. Oscar names her "Star". Heinlein has the grace to rationalize, but I cannot imagine a more unimaginative handle for such a beauty.

Star gives Oscar the job of being her champion and Hero (capital Heinlein's.) She transports herself, Oscar, and a wizened old groom named Rufo into an alternate world, one very much like ours except that explosives don't work there. Star brings out an assortment of weapons, and Oscar chooses a sword and bow. Luckily he can fence. It seems an unusual sport for a football player to take an interest in, but then I don't know much about football.

In this land of Nevia, Oscar first takes on a remarkably solid illusion, an ogre named Igli, and feeds him to himself "feet and fingers". The three then fight their way through the Horned Ghosts (not real ghosts, but animals), and manage to sneak past the Cold Water Gang. The only description of the latter is given by Rufo, who asks "Ever seen a man who had been drowned for a week?" After these perils, there remain the swamp and the blood kites before the company wins to the sanctuary of the local squire, Milord Doral 't Giuk Doral, also known as Jocko. The Doral ceremoniously offers Oscar "Table, and Roof, and Bed". Oscar accepts with equal ceremony; then he mortally offends Jocko by assuming that "Bed" is for sleeping only. The one way to compensate for this slur on his host's honor is for Oscar to engage in a three-day orgy, which he gladly does once he realizes it's the custom of the country. (The idea is to give house Doral lots of little Heroes.)

The next (and main) task is to regain the Egg of the Phoenix from the Great Black Tower where it is guarded by the East Eater of Souls. This Tower is in another universe still. When Oscar hears of the dangers yet to come, he asks Star to marry him. She assures him that it isn't the least bit necessary, but the idiot insists. Nevian clergy are in somewhat short supply, so they "jump over the sword", using an ancient ceremony.

After a short interlude, the three fight their way through giant rats, wild swine, and a forest full of dragons (actually dinosaurs which can ignite their internally generated methane). Next is a jump through a "gate" which opens on the world of the Tower -- and on a bunch of androids, all set and waiting to kill them. They get out of that and fly (on a broomstick, yet) to the top of the Tower. The interior of it is a maze, and more than that, is boobytrapped with illusory passages, hidden tunnel openings, gravity shifts, and so on. Luckily (again) our Hero has an infallible sense of direction.

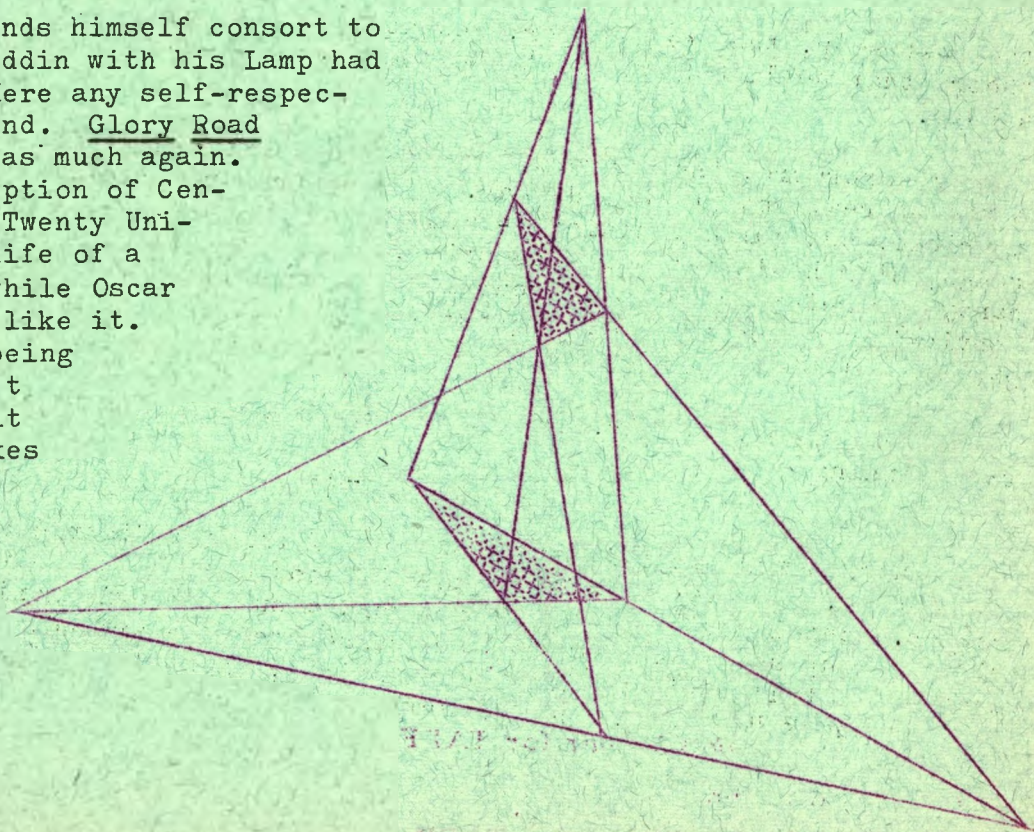
Finally Oscar breaks into a chamber where he is confronted by a gentleman whom Heinlein does not name. This man is dressed in Parisian clothes of the Richilieu era; he has an enormous nose; and he is a master swordsman and poet. M'sieur de Bergerac sure gets around, eh wot? They cross swords, and Cyrano is killed. (Oscar thus damns himself forever, in my eyes.) Then, in what to Oscar is a series of nightmares, he encounters and overcomes the Eater of Souls. He's out the whole time; Star brings him to in the Chamber of the Egg.

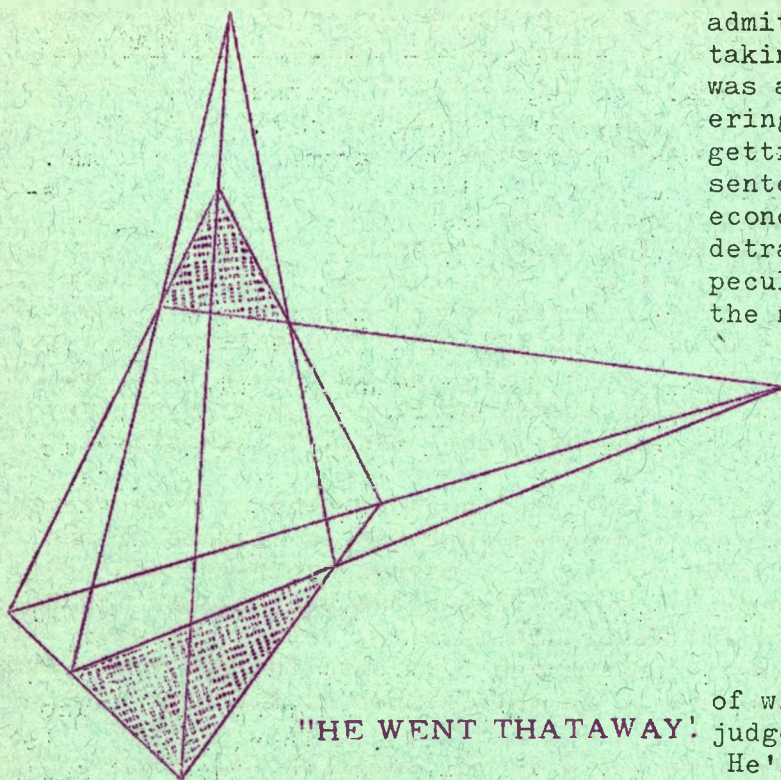
Getting out and back to Star's home world is not complicated. Except that Rufo, although interrupted by jumps several times just at the critical point, informs Oscar that Star is Empress of the Twenty Universes, and also is Rufo's grandmother. (Oscar is too snowed by the former to be bothered by the latter.) As an aside we learn that the Egg is sort of a super-computer containing the wisdom and personalities of all the former Emperors, and without it Star cannot rule.

Our Hero now finds himself consort to the Empress, and Aladdin with his Lamp had nothing on Oscar. Here any self-respecting fantasy would end. Glory Road goes on for a third as much again. There is much description of Center, capital of the Twenty Universes, and of the life of a tame Hero. After awhile Oscar decides he doesn't like it. He feels like he's being kept, and there isn't enough action to suit him. Finally he takes an indefinite vacation on Earth; he's not happy there either, so sends for Rufo and another crack at the Glory Road.

It isn't hard to make a novel sound silly when summarizing it like this.

THERE'S A THEOREM IN HERE SOMEWHERE.





"HE WENT THATAWAY!"

That was not my intention, but I must admit that it was impossible to resist taking a swing at some parts of it. It was a very disappointing book, considering who wrote it. It takes a bit of getting used to, having a fantasy presented in Heinlein's usual blunt, economical style. But although it may detract in some ways, the style lends a peculiar emphasis in others; it is not the major fault present.

Our Hero, as I said, is an old friend. He's been in most of Heinlein's books, and on the whole I enjoy seeing him and agree with his philosophy -- though it would be nice if Heinlein wrote about someone else for a change. Oscar is stubborn and independent. He has a clear idea

of what's right for him, but doesn't judge what's right for other people. He's as brave as he needs to be, even when he's scared stiff, and that's heroical for an intelligent man. But in this story, he isn't treated as a hero, even though Star keeps calling him one. He's kept ignorant of the purpose of the quest and the identity of his companions. He is informed of

the next step, the next danger, and no more than that -- on the (very probable) theory that he'll bug out if th he learns the truth. That's not a Hero; that's a Dupe.

Furthermore, the dangers Oscar faces don't ring true. Never is there a sense of real and present danger. Encounters are brief. Wounds are many and terrible, but quickly healed -- almost on the spot. When the going gets really rough, Star hauls out her broomstick. (I don't have the second installment handy for reference, but I swear it's a broomstick.) Above all, there's no convincing reason for such a quest -- the woman is an Empress and a witch besides, why does she have to go off on a fifth-grade-romantic adventure?

Even castles in air, or Yellow Brick Roads, must have some solid underpinning.

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There's more to this stencil yet! I think I figured out what to do about the corflu, so after the first page it shouldn't be too hard on ye gentle reader. But I would like to say a word about the evil genius of a man who will make up such a layout for a beginner to type around! I'd also like to mention that I'm agin reviews on principle, in spite of the above. Like, who am I to knock Heinlein? He can write, and I can't.

Wally Wastebasket Weber for TAFF

Blanchard in '66

ATOM for TAFF

London in '65

THE SAGA OF ELRIC

being PART I of "ELRIC, A STUDY AND INTERPRETATION OF A
FANTASY HERO" by

AL ANDRIUSKEVIČIUS

The saga of Elric of Melnibone begins in the Age of the Young Kingdoms which followed the Age of the Bright Empire when Elric's ancestors ruled the world. After the Age of Young Kingdoms faded into the forgotten memories of time, History, as we know it, began.

The Age of the Bright Empire lasted 10,000 years and began when Imryr the Dragon Isle began to conquer the ancient world, mounted on their Dragon steeds which afterwards were used to guard Imryr. The ancient Melniboneans were a strange and mysterious race loving pleasure, cruelty, and sophistication for its own sake as well as worshiping strange Gods and making pacts with supernatural forces to attain a mastery of the arts of sorcery. When Melnibone's rule came to an end, her people became wanderers across an earth which hated and feared them. When Melnibone herself was finally conquered, the Melniboneans became wandering Mercenaries.

It is from this race of people that Elric is descended and in his veins flows the blood of the Royal line of Melnibone. Elric is the last of the Lords of the Dragon Isle of Imryr.

Nothing is known of Elric's early life. He was born, grew up, mastered the arts of sorcery at which his people were unsurpassed, and inherited the Ruby Throne of Imryr, the Kingdom of Melnibone. Elric was tall, broad shouldered, and slim hip-ped, and wore his long hair bunched and pinned at the nape of his neck. Elric, last Lord of Melnibone, was a pure albino and, being weaker than the average person, he drew his power from his sword Stormbringer. (Stormbringer was one of two swords of black iron, forged by an ancient and alien sorcerer when Melnibone was young, and passed down through the Royal Melnibonean line only. In battle his sword would exhibit a life of its own which Elric could not control. It not only killed, but claimed the soul of its victim as well, which gave the blade its life and its owner strength.) Though Elric was the rightful heir to the Ruby Throne, he had no desire to rule Melnibone and thus left Imryr.

However, Melnibone was not left without a ruler. Seizing the opportunity, Elric's cousin Yrkoon, a sorcerer in his own right, seized the throne and became the ruler of Imryr. Thus it was that a feeling of hatred soon developed between Elril and Yrkoon. To make matters worse, Elric was in love with Yrkoon's sister Cymoril. It is with this background that the first of Elric's recorded adventures begins.

THE FALL OF IMRYR (Science Fantasy # 47)

In the fjord of the Count Smiorgan of Baldhead of the Purple Towns were gathered the six powerful Sea Lords of the Age of the Young Kingdoms, awaiting Elric who had promised to lead them in their raid against Imryr. Without Elric's aid, their plan would fail as only Elric could lead them safely through the labyrinthine passages which surrounded Imryr. Though Imryr was Elric's home, his drive for revenge against his cousin Yrkoon and his love for Cymoril was stronger. Thus Elric had agreed to lead the raid against Imryr, the Dragon Isle.

But before he leads the attack Elric, with the aid of sorcery, travels to Imryr to insure the safety of Cymoril. Making his way to the Dragon Towers Elric is met

by the Royal Household servant Tanglebones. Elric learns that Cymoril has been put into a deep sleep by Yrkoon, from which only he can release her. Elric quickly proceeds to Cymoril's room and, slaying the eunuch guard, he enters only to be set upon shortly by Yrkoon's soldiers. Calling upon Arioeh, the Demon God of Melnibone, for aid Elric manages to escape. Finding Tanglebones waiting for him, Elric tells him to take Cymoril to the tower of D'a'rputna and wait there for him until he returns.

The attack upon Imryr is successful and Elric hastily heads for the tower of D'a'rputna to seek out Tanglebones and Cymoril. But upon arrival he learns that Yrkoon has taken Cymoril to the Tower of B'aal'nezbeth.

Elric's fears for Cymoril are doubled now as the Tower of B'aal'nezbeth is where Elric's ancestors conducted their experiments in sorcery. After making his way rapidly to the top of the tower he is temporarily halted by a door of black crystal which appears unopenable and against which even Stormbringer has no effect. Elric, straining his memory, recalls the ancient word which allows him entry into the room. But Yrkoon is ready for Elric and bears the twin of Stormbringer, Mournblade. Yrkoon loses all sanity during the fight and Cymoril now awakens. Realizing what's happening, she pleads with Elric to sheath Stormbringer but the duel rages. Yrkoon makes a grab for Cymoril but being exposed allows Elric to slice him in two. Still possessing the abnormal strength which the blades impart in their wielders Yrkoon pushes Cymoril into Elric's blade where she dies.

Meanwhile, in her attempt to fight off the fight off the invaders, Imryr makes one last retaliation. Seeing that it's time to withdraw, Elric uses his powers of sorcery to pull the ships back only to find that they are being pursued by the guardians of Imryr, the Dragon Masters on their Dragon mounts. But as the Dragon Masters begin to gain on the invading fleet Elric calls off the "witch-wind" which he had conjured up and uses it to escape. He finally takes refuge on the island of Pan Tang.

Having the death of Cymoril on his conscience, Elric tries to rid himself of Stormbringer but finds that all his strength fades. Thus he retrieves it realizing that without it he is helpless.

THE DEAD GOD'S BOOK (Science Fantasy # 49)

Being an outcast now and despised by Imryr for leading an attack against his own people, Elric travels to Filkharia. While drinking in a tavern on a stormy night he is approached by Shaarilla, the daughter of a dead Necromancer. She tells Elric that she has been searching for him for 20 days and needs his help. She asks him if he's heard of the Dead God's Book. Elric admits he has but that the book is supposed to be a legend only. Shaarilla assures him that the book is real and that she knows its location, and promises that it's Elric's if he will help her find it.

Hoping that he might find the key that will release him from Stormbringer, Elric agrees to help her and they set out on their journey. But the way is not easy and Elric and Shaarilla encounter Bellband the Mist Giant, a ghoulish creature which occupies the swamps. Since the swamps are a great distance from where they were Elric realizes that Bellband was sent to destroy them, but with his sorcerous powers he manages to destroy the ghoulish creature and they continue on. Going further, they encounter a man being attacked by the hunting dogs of the Dharzi (zombie men). Elric rescues the stranger (whose name, he learns, is Moonblum and who comes from Elwher) from the vicious pack and the three continue on only to find themselves being pursued by the Dharzi. Taking refuge in a cave, Elric invokes the Earth Kings. Soon the ground trembles and gives way reclaiming the dead men.

Still determined to find the Dead God's Book, Elric continues onward until they come to a cave and Shaarilla tells Elric that this is as far as she can lead him. Seeing the sign of the Lords of Chaos upon the entrance Elric realizes that this must be the right path and proceeds to follow the tunnel inwards. Eventually they come to a sea and Elric still is determined to go on. On the beach they find a boat

and using Elric's cape as a sail they proceed to cross the sea. The cold wind soon takes them far from shore. They are then attacked by Clakars, a race of winged apes from which Shaarilla explains her people are descended, but Moonglum and Elric manage to fight them off only to find to Elric's shock that he is growing weaker. It appears that Stormbringer's power is gone while upon the sea. Continuing forward they soon reach the shore where, after a brief rest, Elric's strength returns. Moonglum's curiosity being aroused he asks Elric the nature of the quest, to which Elric calmly replies "The Dead God's Book." Spotting a dark irregular shape on a hill they proceed towards it and discern it to be a castle. In the courtyard they find Orunlu, the Keeper of the Stronghold of the Lord of Entropy. But Orunlu offers Elric no resistance and after answering Elric's question as to the location of the Book he leaves. Immediately upon reaching the tower containing the Book Elric heads for the Book lying on a stone dais in the center of the chamber. He turns the huge, heavy, jewel encrusted cover quickly, allowing it to fall to the floor scattering the jewels, but the Book itself merely crumbles to dust at his touch. Bitter at being cheated Elric turns and leaves, only to be persued by Moonglum who has decided to tie in with Elric. Thus having gained a friend, Elric leaves the Stronghold of the Lord of Entropy.

THELEB K'AARNA (Science Fantasy # 51)

Once again Elric is in a tavern in the city of Bakshaan. While he is joking with four powerful merchant princes Elric's aid is requested by them. They want Elric to eliminate their chief competitor, one Nikorn of Ilmar. Elric is contemptuous of the job, but when he hears that Nikorn has the backing of Theleb K'aarna, the sorcerer of Pan Tang, Elric takes the job as the sorcerer is an old enemy of his. (The exact nature of the feud is a mystery, but appears to involve Queen Yishana of Jharkor, the one time mistress of Elric.) Elric realizes he'll need help against Theleb K'aarna and sends for his cousin Dyvim Tvar, Lord of the Dragon Caves of Imryr. Dyvim Tvar agrees to help Elric only because he too has an old score to settle with the sorcerer.

But through his powers of divination Theleb K'aarna learns of Elric's impending attack and summons up Quaolnargh, a demon, to destroy Elric. Again calling upon Arioeh Elric destroys the demon only to find himself captured by Theleb K'aarna, and Stormbringer is taken away from him. But Nikora strikes a bargain with Elric and releases him on the condition that Elric is to make no attempt on Nikorn's life. Elric manages to find his way back to Dyvim Slorn's camp though without Stormbringer he grows weaker by the minute.

Upon Moonglum's insistence, Elric tells what occurred. But Elric has a plan to regain Stormbringer and Moonglum agrees to carry it out. The plan succeeds and with the regaining of Stormbringer Elric's strength returns. Elric then summons up the Lashaar, Lords of the Winds, (air elementals) and a storm soon begins to rage over Theleb K'aarna's castle destroying the walls. To retaliate Theleb K'aarna summons up the Fire Elementals to battle against the Wind Giants while Elric, Dyvim Tvar, and his men attack the castle. Dyvim Tvar is slain but Elric rallies his men to avenge him while he seeks out Theleb K'aarna. Locating Theleb K'aarna's room, some of the men attempt to break the door down only to disappear in a puff of smoke. Using Stormbringer Elric forces the door to collapse inwards and enters only to find the sorcerer a gibbering idiot whom he slays. On his way out he encounters Nikorn who engages Elric in a fight. Elric does not want to slay him but Stormbringer decides otherwise claiming Nikorn's soul.

ZAROZINIA (Science Fantasy # 54)

Leaving Bakshaan Elric and Moonglum travel to Nadsokor, the City of Beggars. However, Nadsokor wants no part of Elric and so he and Moonglum make their way from the city persued by the beggars. To avoid capture Elric and Moonglum head for the Forest of Troos which lay within the borders of Org, a country of necromancy and ancient evil, into which none dared persue Elric and Moonglum.

Moonglum is uneasy but Elric assures him that no harm shall befall them in the Forest of Troos. Continuing on they encounter a young woman who offers them pay if they will escort her to Karlaak by the Weeping Waste. Since the journey would be a long one Elric has no desire to go to Karlaak, and wealth holds little attraction for him. Introducing himself and Moonglum, he learns that she is Zarozinia of Karlaak, a daughter of the Voashoon which is the most powerful clan in South Eastern Illmaria, and that her father is the senior Senator of Karlaak. Zarozinia, having heard the legends surrounding him, is somewhat frightened of Elric, and yet she finds herself drawn to the albino. She still asks them for aid and Elric finally agrees to escort her to Karlaak.

As they press on Elric finds that he too is drawn to Zarozinia and the two find that they love each other. Making camp for the night they are attacked by Orgians. Elric and Moonglum fight their way out to the horses and, taking Zarozinia with them, escape. Elric is determined to call upon the King of Org and seek his vengeance for the attack. Moonglum and Zarozinia, unable to dissuade Elric, decide to accompany him. But Elric takes precautions. Before reaching the citadel, Org, he uses his sorcery to prepare a drug from one of the plants he had picked up in the forest which will render the user temporarily invulnerable. Each takes a dose of the drug and they proceed on to Org.

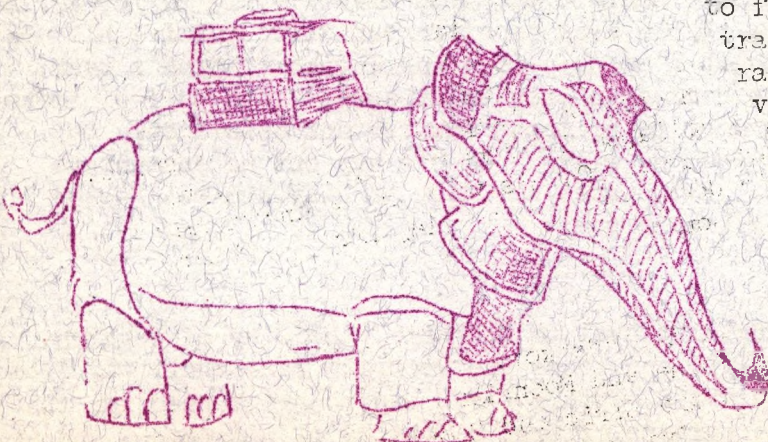
At the citadel Elric states that he has a message for the King and is let in along with Moonglum and Zarozinia only to have the King order that they be killed. But the swords have no effect on them because of the drug which Elric had prepared.

Finally gaining entrance into the Great Hall, Elric tells King Gutharan that they are emissaries of the Gods who are returning to Org and that they are here to demand the Gods' tribute of jewels. But Gutharan is sly and is unconvinced though he orders a feast to be prepared in their honor. During the course of the evening Prince Hurd, Gutharan's son, suggests that Zarozinia entertain them all by doing a Dance of the Gods. Elric is indignant and refuses for he realizes that the drug has worn off and that their plan to trick Gutharan is not succeeding. But Zarozinia consents and performs a dance which she had learned. After the dance, Elric, Moonglum and Zarozinia are given wine only to find out too late that the wine had been drugged.

Elric awakens to find himself chained between two stone menhirs upon a burial burrow of gigantic size and soon finds himself surrounded by the leprous-white ghouls which inhabit the Burial Hill. Elric realizes they are living-dead ancestors of those in the Great Hall and that he was a sacrifice to placate them. He calls upon Arioeh for aid and is soon answered by two bolts of lightning which destroy the two stones, thus freeing him. After fighting off the ghouls and freeing himself of his manacles he returns to the citadel to rescue Moonglum and Zarozinia. Upon freeing Moonglum Elric learns that Zarozinia has been taken by Veerkad, the mad minstrel and brother of Gutharan. Hearing Veerkad's laughter in the distance in one

of the passages Elric and Moonglum set out to find him. But Veerkad is in the central tomb of the citadel, preparing to raise up the dead Hill-King to seek vengeance against his brother Gutharan. He finishes the Resurrection Chant and prepares to slay Zarozinia whose blood would culminate the ritual giving the dead body life. Prince Hurd interrupts and slays the minstrel but is himself strangled by him. The ritual has been completed and the Hill-King slowly begins to come to life.

Finding Zarozinia in the



tomb Elric realizes what has transpired and he and Moonglum quickly leave with her. But he returns to the citadel and makes his way to the Great Hall to recover their possessions which had been stolen. Reclaiming his sword Stormbringer, he hears the door open and turns to find the dead Hill-King standing in the doorway backed up by his dead servants. Elric draws Stormbringer and prepares to fight the dead man as he attacks Elric. But since the Hill-King is dead and has neither blood nor soul Stormbringer has no effect. Struggling with the Hill-King Elric hears Moonglum tell him to lure the King towards the fire. Elric manages to get the Hill-King to face him with his back towards the fire while Moonglum tosses a jar of oil at the King. This breaks splashing the King with the oil and Elric, using his sword and strength, pushes the King into the fire where he is destroyed by the flames.

Joining Zarozinia they retrieve their horses and proceed on to Karlaak where Elric marries Zarozinia and settles down to live there. Using drugs which he obtained from Troos to give him strength Elric needs Stormbringer no longer and thus hangs it in the armory, locking the door so that no one should use it. Moonglum, however, soon grows discontented with the soft life of the city and leaves to revisit his homeland of Elwher.

THE FLAME BRINGERS (Science Fantasy # 55)

Elric appears to have found peace in the east but Fate once again steps in, this time taking the form of Terarn Gashtek, Lord of the Monted Hordes, the Flame Bringer. Leaving behind a trail of pillage and fire, Terarn Gashtek now moves across the Weeping Waste. It was because of this that Moonglum rode in great haste from Eshimir his home to Karlaak where Elric now lives. He explains to Elric Terarn Gashtek's plans for world conquest and that the sorcerer Drinij Bara is a captive. The city council of Karlaak, by dismissing Elric's pleas to evacuate the city, gives him no choice but to attempt to stop the Flame Bringer himself, with Moonglum's help. Elric's plan was for him and Moonglum to join up with Terarn Gashtek as mercenaries and to attempt to free Drinij Bara from the Flame Bringer's clutches. Drinij Bara would then want revenge upon Terarn Gashtek.

Thus Elric, equipped with Stormbringer, and Moonglum leave Karlaak dressed as common mercenaries in order to seek out Terarn Gashtek. After about a day's ride they encounter a small band of Terarn Gashtek's men which they have no difficulty in subduing and kill all but one whom Elric directs to take him to Terarn Gashtek. After questioning Elric Terarn Gashtek agrees to enlist Moonglum and Elric but will not trust them until they prove themselves loyal.

That night Elric and Moonglum join Terarn Gashtek and his captains in a feast. The sorcerer Drinij Bara is brought in and commanded to entertain the company, to which the sorcerer has to comply as his soul was doomed to hell if he didn't. (Terarn Gashtek's hold over the sorcerer was a simple one. One night the sorcerer was found lying drunk between two tavern girls after he had placed his soul in a nearby cat for safekeeping. Terarn Gashtek, learning of the trick, captured the cat and covered its eyes and mouth and bound it so the sorcerer's soul could not escape. If he slayed the cat with an iron sword the sorcerer's soul would be sent to hell. Not wishing this to happen, the sorcerer had to comply to all commands.) Drinij Bara appears to recognize Elric as a sorcerer and Elric quickly makes a sign which only another sorcerer would recognize. The sign is recognized and Elric is satisfied that he will not be betrayed.

Later in the night Elric pays a visit to the sorcerer's tent and explains his plan, but the sorcerer will not do a thing to help until his soul is restored to his body.

Next morning Terarn Gashtek's scouts report with news of a small town south west of their camp. Drinij Bara is forced to destroy the walls of the town with sorcery while the horde plunders the town. In the night when all are drunk and Terarn Gashtek lies asleep Moonglum makes his way to Terarn Gashtek's tent and steals the cat with the sorcerer's soul, replacing it with a stuffed rabbit skin. Making

their way to the wagon where the sorcerer lies bound Elric and Moonglum encounter a few of Terarn Gashtek's men who are determined to test Elric's blade. During the course of the fight the cat bearing the soul of the sorcerer escapes and, after finishing off their opponents, Moonglum and Elric search for it. But Terarn Gashtek is now awake and realizes that the cat is missing. He suspects Elric and Moonglum and orders that their weapons be removed and they be bound and placed in the wagon with the sorcerer. But Elric, still having strength from drugs, calls Stormbringer to him and having his runesword in his hands he frees himself and the others. Then using his powers of concentration Elric calls upon Meerclar, the Lord of the Cats, with whom Elric's ancestors were friendly. Elric explains his situation and Meerclar agrees to help the sorcerer regain his soul. He summons the cat containing the soul and has it bite the sorcerer in the neck thus giving him back his soul.

The sorcerer now turns his powers to the destruction of Terarn Gashtek's men but dies when an arrow pierces his eye. But Elric was not alone for before leaving Karlaak he had sent a message to Dyvim Slorn, Dyvin Tvar's son, for aid, and Elric's kinsman has now come bringing the Dragons of Imryr with him.

Leading the attack from the back of the chief Dragon, Elric soon destroys the remainder of the horde and then returns to Karlaak to live in peace with his wife once more.

STORMBRINGER'S PURPOSE (Science Fantasy # 59)

It seems that even in remote Karlaak trouble still follows Elric of Melnibone. Thus it was that in the night the servants of the Lord of Chaos abducted Elric's wife, Zarozinia. Elric had attempted to stop the kidnapping and managed to kill one of the creatures, but he had been overpowered. Giving chase he finds that magic was employed in the escape so he returns with another plan in mind. He raises the slain corpse and puts to it three questions but being unable to answer directly the corpse replies in the form of a riddle:

"Beyond the ocean brews a battle
Beyond the battle blood shall fall
If Elric's kinsman ventures with him
(Bearing a twin of that He bears)
To the place where man forsaken;
Dwells the one who should not live,
Then a bargain shall be entered
Elric's wife shall be reclaimed"

At first Elric is puzzled by the riddle, but then he remembers hearing word about Dharijor entering into a war alliance with Pan Tang against other Western Nations and that Queen Yishana of Jharkor had enlisted the aid of Dyvim Slorn and his Imryrian mercenaries against Dharijor. Thus Elric left in great haste for the Western Continent.

Heading for Jharkor through the forest Elric is hailed by an old, ragged woman who gives him a message from Chaos that "a kinsman is to be found in Sequaloris." Puzzled; Elric proceeds to Sequaloris in Jharkor. The next day Elric's kinsman Dyvim Slorn and his mercenary band arrive in Sequaloris and Elric soon learns from his kinsman that he had received an omen in the form of a falcon who had told him to proceed to Sequaloris. There he was to meet his king and together they would proceed to join Yishanna's army after which their destinies would be linked.

But the battle did not go well for Yishana and she herself died in the midst of the fighting. Elric, Dyvim Slord and Orozn, a foot soldier, now proceed on west leaving the site of the battle. While they are traveling through the mountains to avoid the hunting parties Zrozn disappears only to reappear to lead Elric and Dyvin into a trap. Trying to fight their way out, Elric and Dyvim Slorn are surprized to see Charriots coming to their aid. Elric rides up to the leader of the charriots only to find that they know who he is and that they are looking for him. He learns

that the strangers are servants of Fate and are the "Ten who sleep in the mountain of fire" of whom the legends of Melnibone speak. They have a message for Elric regarding Zarozinia if Elric and Dyvim Slorn will accompany them to Nihrain, the home of the "Ten."

At Nihrain Sepiriz, the leader of the Ten, tells Elric that his wife is safe and will not be harmed as she is to be bargained for something that Elric possesses. Sepiriz then tells Elric the history behind Stormbringer and its twin, Mournblade, which the Ten now hold. Their purpose was to drive the Dead Gods from the Earth; now Darnishaan, one of the Dead Gods, has returned, kidnapped Zarozinia, and will release her only in exchange for the two swords which are a threat to the Dead Gods.

Elric asks for and is given Mournblade, and he is told that Darnizhaan is in the Vale of Xanyaw in Myrrhn. So Elric and Dyvim Slorn set out for Myrrhn and the Vale of Xanyaw.

After reaching Xanyaw they come face to face with the Darnizhaan himself. Darnizhaan tells Elric that he is an anachronism and his end is near, and that the world as Elric knew it would soon be forgotten. But Elric refuses to listen and demands for Zarozinia. She is soon brought to him but will not be released until Elric hands the two swords over to Darnizhaan. Elric does so and Zarozinia is released. But Elric and Dyvim Slorn are not finished and begin to chant in the ancient Melnibonean tongue. As the chant continues the two blades begin to twist in Darnizhaan's hands and, urged on by Elric and his kinsman, the swords attack the Dead God and destroy him.

Upon returning to Nihrain Elric learns from Sepiriz that Darnizhaan spoke the truth and that the ultimate purpose of the blades is to destroy the world. Elric's role is to weaken the forces of Chaos and bring order to the earth as the era of the Bright Empire and the Age of the Young Kingdoms is coming to a close and will eventually be forgotten as new civilizations spring up. Thus having learned his destiny Elric leaves to go into battle against Pan Tang after which he will be recalled by the Ten to fulfill the rest of his destiny.

And so the Saga of Elric, the Last Lord of Melnibone, ends for now. Whether or not Elric's destiny is fulfilled and how he dies is still to be written.

[[Editor's note: There was one other story set in the Age of the Young Kingdoms, but it was not included in the above because it did not involve Elric directly. That was "To Rescue Tanelorn" in Science Fantasy # 56. The Lords of Chaos hated the city of Tanelorn because it was a utopia, and incited a mob of beggars to attack and destroy it. The inhabitants couldn't turn to the Lords of Law for help for they had spurned both sides in the great war. So it was that Rackhir, the Red Archer, and Brut of Lashmar set out to find the Grey Lords, who are above the great war, to try to get aid. Another messenger went to Kaarlak for Elric's aid but found him gone on some other quest with rumor among his people that he had been killed in a great sea battle between the Trader Princes of the Purple Ports and the Lormyrian Confederacy. So the task of rescuing Tanelorn fell upon Rackhir and the story followed his adventures. To reach the Grey Lords he had to pass thru a sequence of five extra-dimensional gates into other worlds, and he could learn how to reach the next gate only from the inhabitants of the world it lead from. This was the most mystic of all the "Young Kingdom" stories and the pair had many strange experiences before they finally reached the Grey Lords. These would not help them but lead them to other beings which would. With the aid of these, and despite the treachery of a female companion picked up on the trip, Rackhir finally managed to defeat the beggar army.

The second part of "Elric, a Study and Interpretation of a Fantasy Hero", to be called "Elric, The Character," will appear in the next NIEKAS.]]

2¢, FRECKLED:

A COMMENT OR TWO BY BJO TRIMBLE

with possible later additions
and repercussions

On reading Anne Chatland's comments for this same zine; Karen Anderson IS creativity. As artist, writer, gourmet, wife and mother, she is very talented. Without Karen, costume balls would be dull and lacking in good competition for some of us.

Over an excellent dinner of sauerbraten and potato latke, served up by our hostess Felice Rolfe, Anne Chatland asked me if I knew what was going on in N'APA. While Anne poured another glass of that insidious stimulant Coca-Cola, and I silped my zinfandel, we looked through the last few mailings.

Things have really changed since N'APA was started. As I understood the original idea (and ideals), this worthy group was to emphasize the "amateur" publishing; the aid the neo in developing his talents and interests in the field. N'APA was to criticize the neo's work, but encourage him to do better. Even tell him, in detail if possible, how to better his work, and increase not only his but others' enjoyment of the publishing hobby.

Now it seems that one self-designated "girl" may throw out any person who publishes in N'APA who displeases her own personal tastes. It is so much safer to agree with an acid typer that I do not expect anyone to even object very loudly; it might draw fire in their direction next time! Certainly there is very little said when one member pulls the stunt that Judi Sephton has in ordering Harvey Foreman out of the Group, as she calls it. There is a marvelous lack of courage when it comes to telling a female in fandom to mind her own damned business and quiet down; that even neofans have a right to their say.

Immature types think it costs nothing to tear the next guy down without any constructive criticism; it is so much FUN to just blast the other fan's ego. Ego-boo costs nothing either, but this type seems to think it costs too much effort to be nice. (Also, it is so very, very sophisticated to be nasty, of course!) Egoboo can be used in proper proportions with criticism to make a person willing to work harder for better results; negative criticism will not accomplish this. A little egoboo given out can also result in more enjoyable reading for the rest of N'APA as the neo grows and learns.

It would give me great pleasure to send to anyone who requests it a copy of Juanita Coulson's article on stencilling artwork. There are any number of good people who will be happy to give details of publishing in any medium if they are asked. No one need be turned away from an apa for lack of experience; and no one should have to wait until he is absolutely perfect to be "allowed" into an apa, either! This is one reason I will try to answer requests from a neo first for artwork. If I don't trust his stencilling, I usually put it on stencil or master myself, but his small response may be encouraging and help the neo go on to publish finer fanzines.

So far, I have seen several issues of both BUFFERING SOLUTION and FREE RADICAL, and what Judi Sephton has presented to N'APA in these zines certainly does not give

her any room whatsoever to pick on any other publisher for quality. FR #2 has "art-work" in it that indicates clearly the need for Juanita's article. Here it is difficult to coat the criticism with egoboo, for unless the cover artist, Elaine Loizides, is about seven years old, there is little excuse for the random scratches she has presented as "illos." Considering that she obviously has shading plates and other stencilling paraphernalia on hand, it ill becomes her as an adult to turn out work like this. This is one of the few cases in fanzines where the extremely bad mimeography is a blessing.

Perhaps if Elaine started out with a concrete design in mind before starting to stencil; I think this would help. A felt nibbed pen used to sketch the design on the backing sheet is easy to trace, and the drawing plate should always be in place. Unless I saw much more of Elaine's work, there aren't many more constructive points I could add.

My interest in fan artists is, of course, directly tied in with Project Art Show. Every artist who develops into something Good makes the whole show (and the whole publishing field) just that much better for all.

In BS #4, Judi Sephton summarily eliminates two contributors to the mailing without fair trial. It really must be a joke, for she cites Bad Mimeography as one of the counts; such a laughable case of the pot calling the kettle black that she can't be serious! Ted White is given "credit" for mimeo'ing the Sephton zines, and this I cannot believe; whatever else one may think of a White publication, it has always been completely readable and impeccably mimeographed. That Ted would accept stencils in any condition but perfectly typed without telling the typist how to better his work is impossible to believe. There are several articles on typing stencils and producing better fanzines, and Ted should know where to locate them.

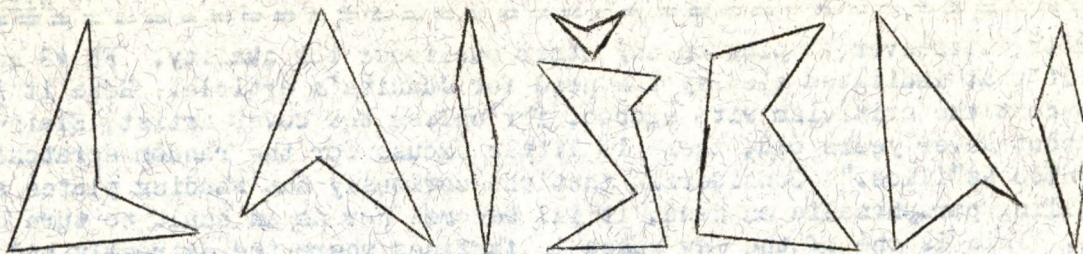
Making any claims about being an Artist in fandom means that you will have to show what you can do eventually. Being a "professional artist" means nothing, as all artists who work in the pro field know all too well. One may sell cartoons to Playboy (at \$150 each) or sell caricatures at a local church bazaar for 25¢ each; either "sale" makes the artist a Pro in his own eyes, at least. In fandom it is always a case of put up or shut up, and in fan art it is even more important to live up to claims. So far I have seen nothing professional about Judi Sephton's artwork, BUT NOTE that this gives me the license only to voice an opinion; not to order her -- as she did Harvey Forman and Mike McInerney -- to Shape Up or Ship Out NOW!

Fred Patten should run a good description of Anne Chatland; he is very good at giving short profiles of people and their personality without being at all nasty about it. In looks she is medium height, good figure, and red hair. She is very young (whatever her chronological age) and quite concerned with her artwork. At the moment, Anne's work tends to be inconsistent, but she is in a stage of growth and fluctuation (god help the artist who isn't!).

Anne is a nervous, high-strung girl and yet she decided to speak up for what she thinks is right; a difficult decision to make and one which I hope is encouraged, even in the face of another's caustic typer. We have not enough of this kind of brave person, so cherish the few we have. Too many fans TALK a good line of courage-and-convictions!

---Bjo---





Starting with a few late comments on NIEKAS 4....

ROBERT COULSON | R 3 | Wabash, Ind., 46992
21 June 1963

Dear Ed: Surprise! Comments on NIEKAS #4.

Gee, I always thought I had a pretty narrow taste in music, but Betty Kujawa's appreciation is really limited! Blues is "moving"? It's so monotonous it puts me to sleep, usually.

Smoking...the fan's I'm in close contact with (the DeWeeses, James Adams, Bob Briney, and, of course, Juanita) don't smoke at all. I smoke once in awhile, when I can get some odd brand to startle people with. After a lifetime of asthma inhalers tobacco is pretty tasteless, so any smoking I do is strictly of the "show-off" variety (like flaunting a pack of Egyptian cigarettes here in the sticks). I might smoke more if I could get more Mexican cigarettes; they do have a little taste, though not much. I've tried to get started smoking a few times in order to cut down on my between meal snacks, but it's such a silly habit...the snacks at least taste good. I don't need social assurance -- I don't have any social graces but I don't give a damn -- I've never "got with it" because I never saw any reason to let the opinions of my inferiors dictate my social habits, and I think this oral eroticism excuse is mostly hot air. I can't say why women smoke, except to comment that neither Juanita nor Bev DeWeese seem to have acquired the habit, so that at least some women can control their and other people's hands without nicotine props. ∇∇ I do agree with Betty that whether or not people choose to smoke is their own business, mostly. It's been pretty well proved that cigarettes do cause lung cancer, but they don't cause it very often. The odds are in favor of the smoker, and if he wants to play nicotine roulette, that's his affair. Tobacco companies should possibly be required to put a small warning on the label to the effect that habitual use can lead to cancer, but that's about the limit of my opposition to smoking.

I rarely identify with the heroes of stories. A few I find interesting, and I'd like to know them better (just as I find some fans interesting and when possible I do get to know them better) but about the only stf hero that I could identify with was Ed Hawks in Rogue Moon. Now there was a Super-Me. (No cracks about the extent of the superiority, please...)

Cheers,
Buck.

Wrai Ballard | Blanchard, ND 58009
14 July 1963

Dear Ed Thanks for the zines. I am very much a G&S fan even though it is months since I listened to any. Have only seen a few performances, though, all on TV so I appreciate your bits on it. G&S...well, Harry Warner and I share much the same memories on that for we both started by hearing it on the radio. Oh well, maybe some day I'll get the time and ambition to write a little on the check marks I put in the zines you sent me. Sincerely, Wrai.

Your campaign for "Blanchard in '66" has my total support.

Charles Wells | 200 Atlas #1 | Durham, NC., 27705
Dear Ed: A few comments on NIEKAS #4. I notice you use Lithuanian looking names for columns and for the magazine itself. One of my minor hobbies is Indo-European languages -- the research that has been done to find out what the original language that

Lith, English, Latin, and innumerable other languages were derived from was like. Lithuanian is quite archaic in the sense that it preserves many of the characteristics of the original language, so linguists make a big thing out of it. Also Sanskrit.... VAV For heavens' sake, it's "Yeoman", not "Yoeman". I helped (in a very minor way) build the sets for a production of YOTG that was put on by the Oberlin Gilbert & Sullivan Players. Ruth is right, it is a "tweeny". This is its major flaw, but the music is great. VAV If Betty does not like Polish polkas (and they are ubiquitous on the radio in Northern Ohio) she should come south and be exposed to all this country music we have to put up with. Keep up the good work....Chuck.

SFC Arthur H Rapp RA36886935 Hq Co, 1st US Army Msl Comd APO 221, New York, NY
18 August 1963

Dear Ed: The cover of NIEKAS #5 was amusing and well-executed, but something about it jarred me, and it took quite a while before I realized what it was: for cat-people the three maidens are too slim of limb and straight of figure. In other words, they have cat-heads on human-like bodies, yet the musculature of a cat is entirely different from that of a chimpanzee. The hair, too, of a maned cat (such as a lion) would not lie in a front-to-back direction as shown here, but would probably lie from the centerline outward to each side, more like a horse's mane. (I'm not sneering at Miss Chatland {what an appropriate surname for an artist who draws cat-people!} but merely pointing out the sort of detail an artist has to notice almost unconsciously if his work is to achieve full effect. Alas, no matter how vivid my mind's-eye scenes, I could never achieve half as effective results as Anne Chatland in transferring them to paper.)

If you have access to a shortwave radio receiver, Ed, you might achieve some memorable G&S-fannish triumphs by keeping watch on the broadcasts of the BBC. The other night, fiddling with my tempermental Heathkit communications receiver (it hasn't yet recovered from being shipped from Germany to the US in 1958 in a foot-locker with inadequate padding against the rigors of the journey), I managed to pick up the General Overseas Service of the BBC, broadcasting a performance of Trial by Jury direct from the stage of the Royal Albert Hall, London. Unfortunately, around the middle of Act II Radio Moscow decided to come on the air on a nearby frequency and louse up the music with banshee hetrodynes. Maybe it was deliberate: I'm sure the USSR could never tolerate anything as irreverent toward constituted authority as Gilbert and Sullivan were toward the majesty of the British government.

Nine chances out of ten that "Pros' Edda" in FANCY II was written by Poul Anderson.

"1944" inspires a thought that is a bit irrelevant to the article itself, but one which might merit discussion. It is obvious that to almost all fans, the great year of science-fiction is the one in which they happened to discover the field. But why should this be? The common explanation is that the fan's sence of wonder is overwhelmed by the new concepts and themes which he encounters for the first time: interplanetary flight, time-travel, psi powers, computer-ruled civilizations, and so on. Yet I am forced to dispute this theory as inadequate. VAV Just read a few fannish biographies. Time after time you'll note that the newcomer to fandom isn't overwhelmed by the strangeness of it at all. Why should he be? He's already thoroughly familiar with Verne, Poe, Wells, Burroughs, Haggard, and many other classic authors in the fantasy and stf fields. (I suppose these days one might add Bradbury and Heinlein, if not Asimov, to the list of authors recognized even by non-fan types.) VAV Thus, I maintain, what impresses the potential fan when he encounters the sf mags for the first time is not the novelty of their themes, but rather the abundance of their treasures: for years this benighted youth has been wading through great masses of mundane literature and only occasionally stumbling across the sort of tale that appeals to him; now he suddenly finds that all along it has been available on the pages of magazines.

Jumping abruptly to your comment on Avery's ERR!, I, like you, have only slight knowledge of basketball, but I believe it was invented about a hundred years ago. In fact, wasn't there a commemorative stamp a few months ago to mark the centenary?

You're right, tho: a hundred years ago the ordinary citizen would be more apt to think of a basketball-sized sphere as "pumpkin size" or "the size of a man's head".

All in all, Ed, NIEKAS #5 was an interesting and pleasant hour of reading, and I'm grateful that you included me on your mailing list. If this is a typical sample of what's appearing in N'APA these days, I wonder why it hasn't an overflowing roster and a long waiting list?

Best, Art.

Dear Ed: Richard H. Eney | 417 Ft. Hunt Rd. | Alexandria, Va.
The quote from the "Pros' Edda" in Cy² padories two genuine items: title from Snorri Sturlissen's Prose Edda, a sort of skaldic Bulfinch. The quotation, however, parodies a passage in the older Poetic Edda, which is a collection of skaldic verse of the Icelandic heroic age -- probably as authentic as is possible. The stanza spoofs Stanza 3 of Voluspō (: "The Spaewife's Prophecy"), in which Ymis stands in for Weird Tales, Ginnungagap for Mundane, and various mythological critturs for the fan references. Hoping you are the same, Dick Eney.

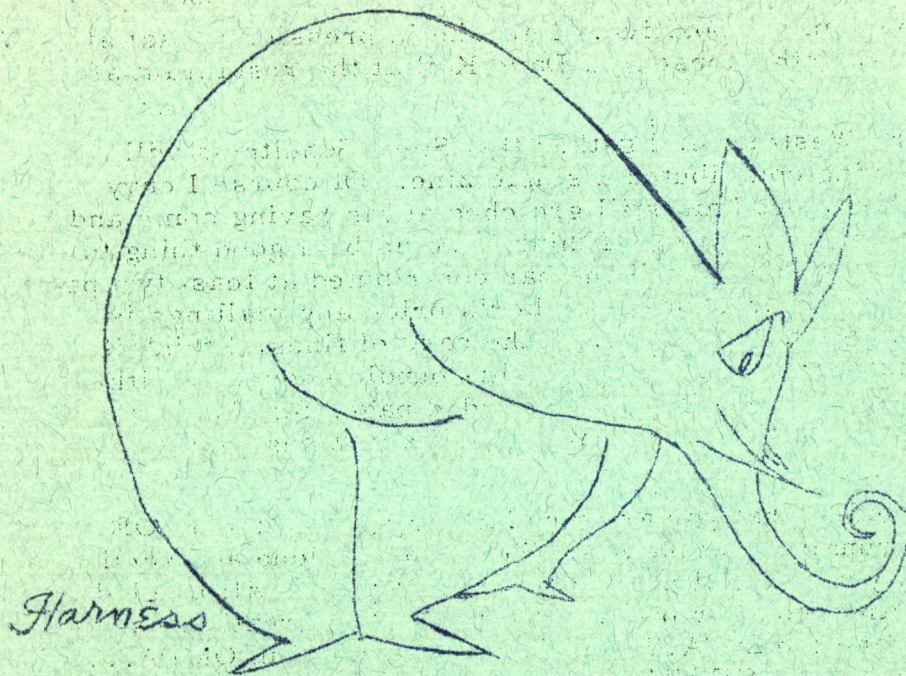
Al Andriuskevicius 2730 Burnside Street Detroit, Michigan 48212
21 July 1963

Dear Ed... Felice Rolfe's review was interesting and seemed well written (haven't read the book myself yet; come to think of it, I haven't read anything that was ordered from the SF book club in about the past year. The book arrives, I look at what they're offering next, and the book goes on the shelf.) The article by Anderson was especially interesting... anybody ever try to update the thing with some of the latest atomic theories of structure? One question; why do you call it NIEKAS? Why not VIS-KAS seeing as how it seems to cover just that? I liked the cover; thought it was interesting as well as intriguing. Is it an allusion to anything in particular or just a figment of the imagination? Fantastically yours, Al.

Dear Ed Carlton L Frederick | 740 East 32nd St. | Brooklyn NY
As a partial answer to your question concerning a fannish version of one of the Norse-Icelandic Eddas, I submit for your Edda-fication the following, taken from a mutilated copy of GRRINV I.
Of old was the Age when Weird began
Fanzines nor letterhacks there were
Ackerman was not, nor Moskowitz
But boundless mundane and fans nowhere.
Then of that time things fan-like began
Amazing was born, and fans came aware.
Tho elders sing of Thrill Book's time
Amazing was born, then fans there were.

GRRINV I also contains a third stanza which was rendered illegible by postal mutilation and an all but unreadable print face. The three stanzas were untitled and uncredited. The last line of the last stanza I have reconstructed as follows: "And wide is the cleft, that binds us still." ∇∇∇ I do not know what this line means, and would appreciate hearing from a reader who could supply the meaning, and also, if possible, the entire third stanza. [yours(t), truly(t')] = iñδ_{tt}, Carl
t' = Aug 20, 1963

I also heard from: Peter F Skeberdis [PO Box 21, Big Rapids Mich] who said, among other things, "Gilbert and Sullivan? Bharrf, ghasp." Alf Erickson [no return address & my mailing list isn't handy] "In days of old/You published POLHODE/But now it's NIEKAS/That will probably wreck us." To which I can only reply with Peter's comment. Andy Silverberg [24 E 82nd St, NYC 10028] "The cover of NIEKAS 5 was quite well done, but a cookbook in English? Oh well, I suppose it was neccessary. ∇∇∇ Join the Claude Degler Science Fiction Readers' Association. Gary Deindorfer, pres, Andy Silverberg, treas." And finally, Tom Dilley, [1590 Robinson Dr. N, St Petersburg Fla 33710] who wrote a several foot long LOC (on teletype paper) commenting on NIEKAS #2!! Anyone care to try for #1?



ATSAKIMAS

THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR #17 (Fred Patten) I am half way sorry that the name change from N'APA to NAPS didn't go thru. 'Twas a fairly good mailing... not quite up to the standards of the 16th, but still quite a bit better than the few before that. If we can keep the minimum quality at this level I'll be satisfied tho naturally I would prefer to see further improvement. Looking the mailing over, especially when GARDYLOO is added in, I suppose that there is as much good stuff as last time... it's just that the average impression was lowered by the presence of a few poorer zines.

The question of inclusion of outside material has come up with a vengeance this quarter. On the four zines in question (five if you include the TAFF propaganda) I heartily approve of the presence of two -- Dian Girard's GOOP franked by yourself and Karen Anderson's THE ZED franked by Pelz. I won't object to the inclusion of GIMBLE 'cuase many of the members weren't around when it was first distributed as a FANAC rider several years agoand, if I remember correctly, the fiction wasn't too bad. [But I certainly have no intentions of bothering to re-read it just to do mailing comments.] So some of the members might find it interesting. However I violently object to the presence of that piece of unmitigated trash, THE COVENTRIANIAN GAZETTE # 1, and claim that not only could you have rejected it on the same grounds as Baker's library booklet, but that you should have. If Pelz really wanted us to see that piece of pompous, half-baked nonsense, he could bloody well have postmailed it at his own expence. Next time a piece of trash like this comes in, Fred, won't you please reject it? Crud might pad the page count, but it drastically lowers the average quality of the mailing.

Looking over the roster, I see I've met 19 ± 1 of the 32 other members. It is mostly the newer members that I haven't met, tho one or two near-charter members also fall into this category. Let's see now, I haven't met Tom Armistead, Red Avery, Len Bailes, K Martin Carlson, Vern Debes, Phil Harrell, Racy Higgs, Gary Labowitz, Richard Plzak, Phil Roberts, Ron Wilson, & probably Larry Williams. (I don't remember... were you at one of the Lunacons, Larry?) I'm pretty sure I met Arnold Katz at an ESFA meeting I attended on one of my trips east,

ALLIANCE AMATEUR [cont] but I'm not positive. I get the impression we sat at the same table as Bernie Bubnis, Seth Johnson, & Dave Keil at the restaurant after the meeting.

From talking to him at the Westercon, I gather that Steve Schultheis will have to be leaving us without having contributed a single zine. Of course I envy the job he and Virginia have gotten, but I am still grotched at his having come and gone without having even contributed one page. I think it would be a good thing to henceforth hold up a person's membership untill he has contributed at least two pages. Send him the O-O, but let him buy at non-member's price any mailings issued before he contributes something. Similarly, in the case of fines, I think if someone incurs a fine for owing three or more pages his bundle should be withheld until the fine is paid AND he has contributed the needed pages for the next mailing. Again, simply send him the O-O as a reminder of his status, and wait for his response.

I've heard rumors to the effect that you are running for re-election as OE and that Pelz and Hannifen are running against you. Well, you've done an excellent job in your first year and if you are willing to run again I for one will be glad to have you. I know nothing, either good or bad about Owen, and I greatly mistrust Bruce. Sure he's done a fine job in SAPS, but so did Lichtman in OMPA... and the Blob turned out to be the worse OE N'APA ever had. I suspect Bruce would work out the same way.

Oh yes, and next time you use a cover please list the mailing contents on the back page.

GEMZINE 4:36 (Gem Carr) That was a very interesting commentary on The Wind in the Willows. I still haven't gotten around to reading the book, but Real Soon Now...

You asked what a "junior college" is... it's a two-year "college" which grants the "degree" of "Associate of Arts" or "Associate of Science," and as you might well imagine such a degree is worth hardly anything. In a two year school there is no real opportunity to take up a major, for it is really only in the last two years of college that one learns anything significant about one's major field of study. About all a JC does is present the survey courses one must take at the start of a regular college career and gives the opportunity for an infinitesimal amount of specialization. Back in New York they were primarily terminal schools for those too stupid to get thru college but whose parents insisted they go to a "college." (Primarily so that the parent could brag "my child is going to/has graduated from college." Remember the feeble-minded daughter in the stage-play version of "Visit to a Small Planet?") In most of the schools many of the students are juvenile delinquent types who don't want to be there and they give the teachers a hard time. Last year when I was looking for a job to come back to in New York before coming out to California "for the Summer" I was offered a teaching position at such a school. Although I like to teach and the pay wasn't bad for a person of my experience I turned the job down because I didn't want to have to be a nursemaid to a bunch of JDs. The interviewer had even warned me that discipline is a problem in their school so I can imagine how bad it really was. However, not all eastern JCs are that bad, nor all the students. A number go there because they can't afford to go to a regular one, or they aren't yet ready to choose a major, or because their grades in high school weren't too good and they hope to do better here and eventually continue on at a regular college. A number do go on to a regular college where they finally get a full Bachelor's degree. In fact, the current chairman of the Physics Department at St. John's, Dr. Burke, first attended a JC and it was there that he became interested in physics. Also, I am told that JCs are much more popular in California as first schools before going on to a regular college, and that they do not have the juvenile-delinquent air to them.

GEMZINE [cont] No, Gem, you can't copy "anything" on a Xerox. It'll handle lines, as in typing and some sketches, wonderfully, but it simply cannot handle solid areas (the centers wash out) or continuous greys as in photographs. It will, on the other hand, copy a photograph from a magazine because that has been screened before printing...ie, broken up into small dots which the machine can handle.

MARTIAN BYWAYS (Vern Debes) Very good first issue

..... I would suggest that when you review pocketbooks you give the publisher's number, copyright year, and year of publication. Also, the locale for the de Camp/Pratt Harold Shea stories is NOT the past, but it is other universes. The rationale of the series is that universes actually exist for many literary classics and mythologies, and the authors subconsciously got their ideas thru some kind of telepathy.

Also, there was some mumbo-jumbo about different time rates to allow the heroes to enter these worlds at about the point in their history that was described in the myth or classic, and not several hundred years later. Are you familiar with the third and last book of the series, Wall of Serpeants, which has thus far appeared only in hardcover? 95c for Frankenstein? I have the Lion Library pb edition which cost only 25c. Donovan's Brain has already been made into a movie twice...first time it was titled something like "The Lady and the Monster" and then it was made under its own name. I only saw the latter version. Is the Southern Fandom Group still in existence? I thought it folded up about a year ago and SFPA continued on alone as an independent APA. From your review I gather that TSF is more a genzine than an O-O, somewhat along the lines of the BSFA's VECTOR. You might be interested in VECTOR which carries some very good book-reviews by such people as Brian Aldiss, articles about SF, and a lettercolumn.

FENRIS # 4 & 5 (Dave Hulan) Vahappin to the promised oneshot, ALAR-UMS AND EXCURSIONS? It was nowhere in the mailing. If you thought three Catholics in N'APA was a large proportion, perhaps I ought not point out that there are more. But aside from Gem & Fred, and possibly former member Art Hayes (I hadn't heard about him before), at least Ed Baker and I are and I am rather certain that at least one other member is. And at least one recently departed member, Mike McInerney, is. You say you took your curse off of FANAC in October and allowed it to become regular again? I would say your de-cursing wasn't very effective. I appreciated your inside views about the troubles in the South, and found them most interesting. The things you said about Mississippi were a real revelation, tho I suppose they wouldn't have been that new to me had I still the time to read newspapers and U.S. News and World Report. Well, at least you come right out and admit you are bigoted, which is a lot more than can be said for a lot of people.

I see you and Gem are still having at each other on the matter of state aid to private (including parochial) schools. I'll still let my then tentative remarks in NIEKAS 4 stand, tho I am a bit surprized that Gem hadn't picked up any of them for comment. But perhaps she tired of and wanted to drop the subject. I would like to add one point, however; namely, there are other forms of legal coercion than outright laws saying "This shall be so!" There is economic coercion, for instance, and I suspect this will eventually apply to the case at hand. Education is getting more and more expensive all the time...not only because the same things cost more, but because more things are provided today. And construction costs seem to be going up much faster than the cost of living, too. As long as public schools are under local contröll, if the school board gets over-ambitious and wants to make the local junior high school a hill-top palace with 20 acres of landscaping, an olympic sized swimming pool, and a foot-ball stadium large en-

FENRIS [cont] ough to seat twice the population of the community the school is to serve, the people can always defeat the bond issue at the polls. Then the school board can make more realistic plans and get them approved next year. But once the federal government takes over this local controll will be lost, along with the incentive for it. Somehow many people seem to have the feeling that when the federal government is paying for something the people are getting it free... or that they are getting it at the expense of the upper income brackets. They forget that most of the federal income still comes from the common people, despite the graduated tax scale. When more money will become available for construction, textbooks, and other supplies, prices will rise more than they would have had this additional money not been available. The net effect will be that education will cost more for everybody, including those attending private schools, and eventually such schools might become economic possibilities for only the very richest. Another example of indirect coercion comes to mind. Many of my relatives are behind the Iron Curtain and my parents have been corresponding with some of them since Stalin died and things became more liberal. A lot has been made of Red China's "communes" by our press, but such things also exist in East Europe too. During Stalin's time, whenever possible people were forcibly evicted from their homes and sent to the communes. For a while this was abandoned, but it has again returned in a somewhat more subtle guise. The government still wants everyone out of his own home and living in a commune, but they don't force it directly. Instead they have made it a capital offence to do any sort of maintenance or repair work on your own home. The object is to make all private dwellings uninhabitable after a few years. The people would then have to go to the communes because they have nowhere else to go.

It might well be that it is shorter to drive from LA to DC via the Southern route rather than the northern one, but I suspect that the roads on the northern one would be better so that it would still be faster to go that way. Anyhow, the question is a purely academic one now as I see in STARSPINKLE that Katya has already moved out to LA and you will soon be following. Guess I'll be getting to meet you people when I come down to LA for Forry Ackerman's birthday party in November, if not sooner. When I saw in ALTAIR that you found it necessary to resign from the N3F directorate due to fafia I feared that this would also mean that you will be leaving our ranks, and those of SAPS. I was glad to hear from you that you will be remaining with us despite having to miss one mailing.

PIED TYPE (Tom Armistead) I got a laugh out of your comments to Judi Sephton where you followed a long list of quasi quotes of a feudish nature taken from her zines by "If there's one thing I like it's a person who is in fandom for fun."

ABOLITIONIST # 1 (Phil Roberts) At first glance this gave me a rather strongly negative reaction. "Oh no!" I thought, "Tom Armistead just got over his kick of rebelliousness, obscenity and scatology which all adolescents seem to be prone to, and here we go again with a replacement." Tom was at his absolute worst in a fractional he had put out for the Cult, FY # 1, a while back (Walter Breen says it was not what it seemed to be, but an unsuccessful attempt at something else which only he, Walter, saw thru to) tho an issue of PIED TYPE published just about the same time and almost as bad. I remember what it was like in Junior High School and so I suspect every adolescent must go thru a stage like this somewhere between the ages of 11 and 14 or 15. At this time he has just discovered "s*x." Oh, everyone thought he/she was so daring and adult while discussing, off in some corner, things much in the tone of FY # 1. And as I said a few issues back, it is here and for similar reasons that half or more began to smoke. I suppose that most people are lucky in that they aren't publishing when they go thru this stage and so they won't have concrete examples to embarrass them at a later date, and that this is why most N'APAns simply ignored Tom's outburst. (As I remember it, he came in for

ABOLITIONIST [cont] some rather harsh criticism on these grounds in the Cult, of all places. But taking another look at your zine I see that there is also some attempt at real communication. Perhaps it isn't on the level recently displayed by Tom in a SAPSzine, but it will be interesting to see what you will come up with in future mailings.

You seem to have some trouble getting even fluid distribution on your ditto, tho on the whole your duplication is quite good. If your machine is anything like the A B Dick Azograph I had used for my early N'APAZines there is a tank which holds the alcohol and allows it to drip into a tray. Along one edge of this tray is a piece of felt which the liquid wets, and which in turn dampens a roller which dampens the paper as it passes through the machine. If it is removable, take out the tray and take a good look at the piece of felt. I would guess that a good wad of lint has collected along the felt, in an uneven fashion, and it is this lint which is causing the uneven application of fluid to your paper. Try (gently) scraping some of this lint off, tho it might be necessary to replace the piece of felt. (My first fanzine, POLHODE # 1 in the 2nd N'APA mailing, had a 2-letter wide white stripe down many of the pages because a chip was missing from the felt strip on the school's machine.)

By the way, I must express puzzlement over the "cartoon" on your last page. I'm afraid I simply don't see the point, tho I suspect it is supposed to be (probably) obscene and (possibly) scatological.

CURSED # 2 (Len Bailes & Arnold Katz) I liked the joking references to Richard Matheson's I Am Legend in the opening lines of Neil Phillip's story. In fact, even though I've never read anything by Burroughs I've read enough about his stories to appreciate the satire in this story. It wasn't a bad job. I finally puzzled out the first line of the 3rd verse of "Dianetics" and see that it says "He says that you've got to be a clear and get three engrams out." Judi, did Sci Fi ever publish the third issue of ENGRAM? If so I haven't yet seen a copy. Wonder what Harness and Hannifen will have to say about this song... I suppose they'll just coldly ignore it.

You asked your readers to name their five favorite authors. I had no trouble coming up with my favorite three SF ones... Algis Budrys for Who?, Walter Miller for Canticle for Leibowitz, and Hal Clement for everything. I couldn't come up with the other two, however, until I expanded to include fantasy at which point I added Poul Anderson for Three Hearts and Three Lions and Tolkien. I suspect that my choices will diverge rather sharply from the average response you get.

As for your duplication problems, I would tend to blame the blurry letters on over aged ditto masters. Go buy them at some other, larger, store in the future, and perhaps you had best change brands too. By the way, several years ago "All Languages Typewriter Store" somewhere around 23rd St in NY had fairly good purple, red, green and blue masters at 5c each. But avoid their brown! The ones I got stuck with were so old that they were completely useless. The purple smudges on the back of the paper is due to the machine not feeding paper thru on some revolutions so that the ink is deposited on the interior rollers and then on the backs of later sheets. I would suggest that every so often you wash the pressure rollers down with a piece of paper towel wet with ditto fluid.

RACHE # 11 (Bruce Pelz) Bruce, this is the most interesting zine you've had in a N'APA mailing in several years, and I hope we will be seeing more like this in future mailings. A very funny Bjo cartoon that you have there for your cover. So that's how you intend to get over to England! But do you think you will be able to survive the rough handling at the hands of the post office? The latest MENACE said nothing about being "part A"... was this just a slip or has the "Part B" comic-name series been discontinued? No, 'twas neither intentional humor nor typographical errors that caused me to use faith for fait and

RACHE [cont] symbols for cymbles...it's just that (as 1 or 2 people have pointed out) I can't spell worth a damn.

NIEKAS #5 (meself) Lovely cover you did, Anne. Many thanks! Unfortunately a lot was lost due to the haste with which it had to be duplicated. I hope you will continue to do covers for me, and that in the future they will be ready not quite so close to the deadline so that there would be a little more time available to see to it that the duplication is up to the quality of the original artwork.

.... One person, who shall be Nameless, made some oral comments after reading my remarks about the tranquil nature of Berkeley fandom. 'Sure' this person admitted, 'Berkeley does lack the open feuds found in L.A. But there is more back-biting and vicious gossip about other fans here than in any other fan center. Within a very short time of having arrived here a person would be told more dirt about the locals, which he had no right whatsoever to know, than he would have heard by living for several years in any other fan center.' I suddenly realized this person is right! There is an awful lot of gossip here and I must admit that I slipped into the habit myself. Oh well.... My comments to Larry McCombs about the bomb-test bans have been made rather obsolete by subsequent events, haven't they.

HATRED #1 (Richard Plzak) I suspect that not enough information is given in your problem for there to be a unique solution. I easily found a set of answers which satisfied all of the requirements but I'll bet that anyone else who tried it came up with a different, but equally valid, set of answers. My answers are that water is drunk by the Norwegian in the blue house and that the Ukranian in the yellow house owns the zebra. (The complete sets are: blue, red, ivory, green & yellow; Norwegian, English, Spanish, Japanese, & Ukranian; water, orange juice, milk, coffee, & tea, etc.)

FOOFARAW #8 (Fred Patten) As usual, one of the better zines in the mailing. Blakes script was rather good [oog! that "foo man chew!" That's a pun worthy of Carl Frederick] but I really wonder if it is worth the several hundred dollar investment required to put it onto film.

DUBHE #110 (Ed Baker) I'm probably going way over my head trying to get into a discussion of Latin since I've never taken the stuff and am in general a bust when it comes to languages, but here goes anyhow.... You quote a bunch of rules for pronouncing Latin...but are these according to modern Church usage or as was used by the educated people of ancient Rome during a certain century. (I'm sure that as with any living language the pronunciation varied with time, place, and class of people using it. It just occurred to me...perhaps even the spelling varied at a given point is space-time just as it did in English before printing froze it. Didn't I read somewhere that Shakespeare signed his own name spelled several different ways because there was no unique correct spelling? Someone out there who knows Latin, tell me...was their spelling formalized?) And if there were dialects of Latin, and the pronunciation evolved over the years, just which form are we to take as the correct one? I believe I heard somewhere that one form of Latin has been selected as the version, and that it is different from Church Latin. Is this true?

HIPPICALORIC #4 (Ted Johnstone) SPARSTINKLE? I suspect that when Bruce & the Squirrel saw that you joined the dear departed! What was their reaction to that spelling for their fanzine?

HALF-LIFE #X [& the postmailed #X-1] (Stan Woolston) Do two HALF LIVES make a full-life? Your two essays...that on Utopias and that on War and Women, deserve rather extensive comment. I am glad to see articles like these around...unfortunately I suspect I simply will not be able to do them justice because of the usual last-minute rush nature of these concluding pages of NIEKAS 6. But let's see now....

HALF - LIFE [cont] I wonder about the motivations of the Russians/Communists/Stalin. Our own industrialization was pretty grizzly and I don't suppose the sweat-shop wage slaves of the last century were much happier than the outright slaves of the Bolsheviks. (Is it possible for a large nation to industrialize without doing so on the backs of the majority of the people?)

The exploitation of the masses and hence the industrialization of the nation in our case was simply brought about by the greed of the "capitalists" who made all of the profits. In Russia (about the only part of the European USSR which seems to be being industrialized) the motive of the ruling class seems to be to make the USSR the military equivalent or superior of the Western powers, and perhaps some pure patriotism for Russia. And I suppose that the ruling classes are really interested in spreading the tenants of Communism and are not merely using this as an excuse for expansion and hence self-aggrandizement. (I once felt that the latter was the case, but so many people like the war-games strategists take the former seriously [at least in their public statements] that I suppose there must be something to it.) But this only covers Russia itself. What of the communization of the essentially Western nations of East Europe, from Estonia to Hungary to Czechoslovakia? They were already industrialized before World War II and (unlike Russia) had nothing to gain from Communism, even in the long run. They were useful only for stripping to provide Russia with some "half-digested" raw materials for its own industrialization, and as subjects for Russian self-aggrandizement/imperialism. If all this is true, no feelings of guilt on Stalin's part about having been a Czarist spy are needed to explain his behavior. He wanted Russia industrialized, the people objected to the hardships and to being moved from their age-old way of life, so the people had to be terrorized into doing what Stalin figured was good. (By the way, I loved that line "Man is a rationalizing rather than a rational creature."

Both issues of HALF-LIFE were interesting this quarter, Stan; I found them considerably more so than your past issues. I'm only sorry I could not do a more adequate job of commenting on them.

GOOP (Dian Girard) Thankee, Dian & Fred, for giving us this pleasant little zine. But Dian! This wasn't the only hecto'd zine in the mailing, so you aren't unique anyhow; And three sheets? My copy has only two, and that's how many are listed in the AEL.

THE ZED #803 (Karen Anderson) And thank you Bruce, for putting this in. The way I understand it, these were published for SAPS but arrived there too late. Since Bruce had an advance copy he did a 2nd edit edition himself which he put into the mailing, but that left him with 46 copies and nothing to do with them when they finally arrived.

Karen used the word "dales" to describe the country the story was set in. Tolkien used a number of other words like Marches and Downs, which, like Dale, has no firm connotations to me. Sure, I can look the words up in a dictionary...but what's the difference between a "down" and a "dune"? [I've seen sand dunes on the shores of Long Island and know what they are. From the dictionary definition of down, that seems to be the same sort of thing.] And what characteristics must a valley have to be called a dale?

AMAZING, THRILLING, etc. (LA Neffers) When I was in New York just before and after the Discon I found things have changed again. S*I*G*H! Apparently the City College group is on the way down. Elliot, its leading light, has been drafted. Also, Charlie Brown, its main source of guest speakers, has grown tired of the club and has started having small private parties for close friends in fan and prodom on the same nights. Oh well, it was glorious while it lasted and might yet have a

AMAZING, THRILLING, etc [cont] renaissance...I certainly hope so! But that isn't all -- not by a long shot! And still another fanclub has sprung up in New York. Some students at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute set up an SF club independent of fandom, much like the City College group was started. I got most of my information on them from Carl Frederick who met several members at the Discon, I gather that their first contact with fandom was at the Discon, but they are already on the way to being integrated with general fandom. Several showed up at the Sept 8th ESFA meeting. So a census of NY area fan clubs now reads: TYPE A, open general clubs; ESFA, City College & Brooklyn Poly, TYPE B, informal, closed (by invitation only); Lunarians, Fano-clasts & Charlie's group, and TYPE C, special interest; Chris Steinbrunner's "Fantasy Film Society" and [I believe] a 2nd film society specializing in fantasy on which I have no details. Eight fan clubs for one city, that's...no, I won't say it!

GARDY LOO # 3 (Frank Wilimczyk) The "The Elite & The Electorate" reprint was most interesting. I had often thought about this and had come to some of the same conclusions...namely, that a real working democracy seems to be unique to the Anglo Saxon culture, largely because it evolved "here" over many centuries. It will probably take a like number of centuries for stable, non-dictatorial societies to evolve in such places as Latin America and France. The set of identified-by-number 1 & 2 word MCs was a clever ploy...and they seem to be legitimate MCs too! Wonder if anyone else ever did anything like that. 'Twas another very enjoyable issue of G'loo. (Shall we form a mutual admiration society?)

THE BEACON (Racy Higgs) You mean to say that Connersville has celebrated one hundred and fifty sesquicentennials? Good grief, that in itself is some accomplishment!

FINALLY, I'LL TAKE a crack at doing an "Ann Lab" type listing for the last mailing. (Places are only approximate...I only have with me the AA & the zines commented upon on this page.) 1:GARDY-LOO, 2:FOOFARAW, 3:AMAZING, THRILLING, SEXY, etc, 4:RACHE, 5:FENRIS 5, 6:GOOP, 7:FENRIS 4, 8:THE ZED, 9:HIPPICALORIC, 10:HALF LIFE, 11:GEMZINE, 12:MARTIAN BY-WAYS, 13:DUBHE, 14:CURSED, 15:PIED TYPE, 16:HATRED, 17:ABOLITIONIST, 18:THE BEACON, 19:GIMBLE, & 20: COVENTRIAN GAZETTE.

Sam ON PRIMITIVE STF (cont fm pg 16)

giants of early magazine science fiction as Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, Doctor David H. Keller, Edward Elmer Smith and others in addition to the moderns Asimov, Heinlein, Sturgeon, etc. Some tend to forget that magazine science fiction was 14 years old when van Vogt, Asimov, Heinlein and others entered the field to build so well upon the firm foundations of the pioneers.

The material on Frank Reade and H. R. Garis is beautifully done and alone would insure Moskowitz's scholarly reputation. He might consider expanding it for publication in American Heritage or some other prestige publication.

If and when the definitive history of science fiction is written, the work of Sam Moskowitz will be a substantial part of that history.



BUMBEJIMAS (Cong from pg 4) To get the basics out of the way, Anne is 24, close to a Bachelor's degree in Math from San Jose State College, and working as a technical writer at Sylvania. Her principal outside interest is music, but (as you can see) she's also interested in art and stf.

It was in school that she met Felice when they took a number of math courses together. When her family moved north about a half year ago Felice invited her to move in with them, and it was thru them that I met her.

Anne has been reading SF for a number of years but had had no contact with fandom before she met Felice. Felice has now been bringing her around to occasional Little Men meetings for about a year, but I only know about half of the members and she was just another in the mob of people I didn't know. Actually, tho Felice had occasionally mentioned her name in one connection or another it was lost among a number of names so mentioned. I never connected it with any person I saw at the meetings even tho I had been introduced to her when Felice & I had once gone to her place to retrieve Felice's tape recorder which I wanted to use.

Joe & Felice are among the people I've gotten to know rather well here, and I would often visit them despite the quite long bus trip to Palo Alto, or we would go up into San Francisco together. Anyhow, when Anne moved in with them I was vaguely aware of her presence but rarely saw her; she was just someone who was occasionally around, and then not too communicative. In fact, when I wrote up the first major G&S party in NIEKAS 4 I botched up her name rather badly, completely mis-spelling it.

When I was working on the last issue of NIEKAS I asked Felice if she would contribute something to it. (I remember enjoying her reviews in Ruth Berman's NEOLITHIC, and had somehow gotten the impression that she did artwork.) She said she was rather busy but would think about it and let me know next time I phoned.

Well, imagine my surprize when I did call a few days later and Felice said she would try to do a review but would promise nothing, but that Anne had volunteered to draw a cover for me. Even Felice had been surprised for, tho she knew of Anne's musical and stefnal interests, she didn't know that Anne could draw. Her mentioning to Anne that she didn't know where I had gotten the impression that she could draw is what prompted Anne to give it a try.

Anne and I then spoke on the phone quite a bit discussing possibilities and we finally decided upon a crucial scene from Lord of the Rings--Gollum falling into the "Crack of Doom." So next Saturday I trundled off to Palo Alto and we spent the whole day working on the picture, going thru a number of possible layouts and discussing possible means of reproduction /disclaimer! By the end of the day it was obvious to both of us that the picture couldn't possibly be ready in time for NIEKAS 5 and a quickie substitute would have to be "thunk up" (to use a Feliceism.) Anne came up with one possible substitute, but it was a cartoon which depended strongly on a knowledge of Felice's current state of employment and we dropped it as too obscure. So she then promised to think up something else, and to have it done by the Little Men meeting the following Friday.

In the meantime I missed the last bus back, which had left at the ridiculously early hour of 7, and Anne had to drive me to Hayward where I normally change buses after a one hour wait. While working on the cover, but mostly during the 45 minute ride into Hayward, she asked a number of questions about the nature of non-local fandom, and how she could apply her interests--especially in the field of music--to it.

The matter of music is a tough one, particularly for the aspects she is interested in, but I think we can come up with something once things get a little less hectic. For other possible activities I considered the three aspects of that avenue of communication known as fandom...personal contact at meetings and conventions, correspondence and taprespondence, and fanzines. She was already involved in the first thru the LittleMen and I was to later learn that conventions do not interest her, but there were still the other two and it is these which are non-local fandom.

I asked if Felice had spoken to her about joining the N3F...yes, she had and Anne intended to. A fiendish thought began to glimmer in the back of my mind..."And fan-zines? Do you want to get involved with them beyond doing occasional covers for me?" Zap! Before she knew what had happened to her she was in the N3F and N'APA.

She did have the cover at the Little Men meeting as promised, but it was too complicated for me to trace and it was too dirty to have an electronic stencil made. I took the thing, unsure of what to do, as it was very close to the N'APA deadline. After we discussed things over the phone Sunday I mailed it back to her, special delivery, she re-drew it, had an electronic stencil made in San Jose, and mailed the thing off to Fred Patten to run off. (It was too close to the deadline for me to be able to do it myself and get it to him on time.)

Now there remained the job of finishing THE cover, and as I write this a few days before the printer's deadline it is still not finished. Nor has Anne been able to do her column or mailing comments, but there have been extenuating circumstances.

First of all, the Westercon killed a week even tho Anne didn't attend, and "Camelot" killed the next weekend. The Trimbles, Blake Maxam, and I stayed at the Rolfses during the Westercon and our comings and goings greatly upset any semblance of routine at what Felice calls "Mayhem house." Then Anne's sister went and got married (a rather silly thing to do) and Anne had all sorts of difficulties, to put it mildly, because of many snafus and mis-understandings in the preparations. And to top it off, this whole bloody thing must be finished about three weeks early because I'm going East to attend the Discon (I still wish they had called it "Pentacon"!), visit my parents, and turn in my MS thesis.

Anyhow, despite all this we did manage to get together and work on the cover some 3 or 4 times. Progress has been made and now it is at the stage where I can be of very little help -- in fact, my presence would hinder progress. Of course things would be further along had we spent every minute of that time working on the cover or her written contributions to this mailing, but unfortunately diversions did come up. Well, I still have hopes that things will be all sorted out and finished before I leave. You hold the results in your hands, and know. And if things aren't quite perfect, please be indulgent.

Next quarter things will, hopefully, be a little less hectic. The issue will, again, have to be finished early--this time because my parents will be visiting me from Thanksgiving to Christmas and I want it out of the way before they arrive. But hopefully no conventions, marriages, or other extraneous trivia will interfere with the production of NIEKAS.

/Note: I have just read this and the next section in rough draft, and I can't stand it any more. Ed has just acquired a proofreader. I won't get my hands on most of this issue, but if the next NIEKAS can't spell it won't be my fault. Felice Rolfe/

THAT CRAZY GILBERT & WAZZISNAME STUFF, CHAPTER 4 (abridged edition)

I am rather surprized that it came to pass, but I did get to see a G&S operetta this quarter -- "Iolanthe" was produced as "the 7th annual G&S production put on by a cast of students and young Bay Area professionals" on the Berkeley UC campus. They used the microscopic "Durham Studio Theater" in Dwinelle Hall, and so put on a total of ten performances to meet the demand. And still they were sold out well in advance. It was the last performance which I saw, on July 27th, just barely in time for inclusion in this issue.

I think there were only about 15 rows of seats, and two dozen seats per row. Because of our late arrival and non-reserved seats all of the center ones were taken. Fortunately some good ones were still available on the sides in the second row.

I had seen the "Lamplighters" production of this operetta some eight months earlier, as described in NIEKAS 4. But I was more than happy to see it again for the music is very good and the plot superb. I loved some of the lines, such as the exchange between Strephon and his fiancée: "No, we might change our minds. We'll get married first." "And change our minds afterwards?" "That's the usual course."

The Lord Chancellor's "patter song" about the nightmares he has when he can't sleep is undescrivable and Daniel Sullivan did a magnificent job of rendering it. The Fairy Queen, while good, unfortunately came nowhere near June Wilkin's performance. But then the actress not only wasn't the originally scheduled one, but she wasn't even the usual understudy! The scheduled Queen, called "Queen Mary I" by the announcer before the performance /all three actresses involved were named Mary/ was to be Mary Vaughan Wildensten but she got laryngitis halfway thru the run. The regular understudy had to perform with the Lamplighters that night, so we saw Queen Mary III in the role.

The stage directions printed in the Martyn Greene Treasury of G&S said that Io-lanthe was supposed to be covered with sea-weeds when she rose from the river-bottom. However both Anne & I failed to notice any such adornment. (And a question...if she lived underwater, how was it that she and her son knew each other?) I still coggle over the way so many people were able to dance on so small a stage.

Since, at times, I was less than 10 feet away from the actors I really didn't miss a thing in this performance. Despite my misgivings I was able to see all of the facial expressions, etc., and got an awful lot more out of this performance than I did out of the last one. One thing I must comment upon is the Fairys' makeup, or at least the stuff they used on their eyes. Perhaps I was actually sitting too close, and shouldn't have been able to see this so obviously, but they were all wearing some kind of blue-green dye around their eyes which struck me as absolutely repulsive. I would guess that this is some sort of special stage stuff to heighten the facial characteristics for the people further back in the audience despite the shadow-eliminating spotlights, except that I have seen a New York fanne with exactly the same crud in her eyes. What its purpose is I can't venture to say!

Last time I had commented on the fairy-wings which appeared on the Peers with audible snaps in the finale. They had been moderately sized things, about as pictured in "Bab's" drawings which adorn most editions of the libretto...that is, they were fan-shaped and had a radius of about one foot. Here, however, they appeared silently and were at the waist instead of the shoulders, shaped like butterfly wings and much, much smaller. In fact, when I first saw them on the fairies I had assumed they were apron strings or something like that. And what in the blazes was the Lord Chancellor's page doing with a pair? In fact, what was he doing in the finale at all?

This time around I think I noticed an inconsistency in the ending. Ron, Bruce, or someone else care to explain it? At the LC's urging the Queen changes the law to read that every fairy who doesn't marry a mortal shall die, and she pairs off with the guard in order to comply. Then all of the mortals are made into full fairies which puts them all into violation of the amended law. If they were to be made into fairies then the law should not have been amended.

As I said last time, the "Lamplighters" cancelled their production of "The Sorcerer" so the next theater party will be in October to see "Princess Ida." I've already gotten a confirmation of our reservations for the evening of Saturday, October 5th. It should be another fine affair, with many Angelinos up for it, etc. Because we reserved a large block of seats we again got a 50% discount on the tickets; seats will cost us only \$1.25 each. But because of the discount all monies have to be in the Lamplighters' hands well before the performance. So if you're interested in attending please let Alva Rogers, Ron Ellik or me know, and we'll hold tickets in our block for you. And please give us the money as soon as possible so that we can have it all when we have to pay the Lamplighters.

The next G&S party after that will be in late Jan or early Feb, depending on just when the various schools hold final exams, to see a double bill of "Trial by

Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." Watch STARSPINKLE for further developments.

OF WORLD'S FAIRS

I made the last one, thanks a physics convention in Seattle just before Labor Day, and the next one will be in NY a year from now. For the most part the Seattle one was worth the time spent, but I hold little hope for the NY one.

I did want to make some very late comments on a few of the Seattle exhibits.... such as the horrible mess sponsored by Ford.

The whole theme of the fair had been the future, and several exhibits consisted of rides which would take you into space or the future. Some of these were quite good, and naturally word went around about this. Poul Stanbury and others had recommended particular ones to me, but nobody

had warned me about the stinkers. An awful lot of other people must have heard similar recommendations, and, like me, forgotten the specific names of the recommended items. So here was this Ford building -- a large geodesic dome -- with signs promising a simulated ride into space. So we all lined up and some two hours later I and 100 other people got in and took seats in what looked like a RR commuter car. There was an aisle down the center with 25 pairs of old car seats (what else?) on each side. The ceiling was shaped like that of a quanset hut, and it had the same slotted appearance.

After we were all seated a loudspeaker went thru the countdown nonsense, and 20 -



seconds later we were "in orbit around the earth." A voice over a loudspeaker told us some nothings about space while the ceiling on the left rolled out of the way to reveal a two-foot globe of the earth seen thru a cellophane window. While the voice droned on two cardboard models of satellites slowly jerked past (and I mean that literally) the window. Another voice interrupted "Flash! We just got word that a new Tiros satellite will be launched from Cape Canaveral. Let's turn in on the TV and watch" and they showed a movie of a rocket taking off on a small back-projected screen at the "front" of the cabin. We then "landed" and were ushered out of the "ship." I don't think 10% of the people who sat thru it were satisfied with the exhibit and I feel (and hope) Ford made itself quite a few enemies with this really lousy mess.

I suppose that this was the only really bad thing I was stuck on. Several other items, such as the US science pavilion, were superb! Another fine item was the "Bublevater". A large plastic sphere lifted about 100 people at a time into a great complex of passages high above the floor. When they got out they were told to follow the voices they hear. We were lead by a sequence of loudspeakers each with its recorded message. When it was time for us to move on one loudspeaker got fainter while the next one got louder. Since the timing was perfect I suppose we heard a single tape which was fed thru a proper sequence of messages. We were shown models, photos and drawings of what life in the future could be like...a gadgeteers utopia or a fallout shelter hell.

I don't know when I will be moving back to New York, but if it isn't next September than I will at least be visiting New York at least once during the summer. However I still do not expect to bother attending the fair. From all indications it will be quite a drag, but this is mostly because it will be next to impossible to get to without a car.

You see, unfortunately Robert Moses is the man who is heading up the thing and I think he has an obsession when it comes to cars. This fair will be held on the same grounds as the 1939 one was held, and back then two special subway lines were constructed out to the fair grounds. One was a branch off of the IRT Flushing line, and the other a branch off of the IND Jamaica line. The tracks of both still exist and are used for storage purposes, so it would be a small matter to restore the terminal stations and thus again have direct subway service to the fair grounds. But while Seattle went and built a monorail out to the fairgrounds, our good friend Robert Moses specifically requested the NY Transit Authority to NOT rehabilitate the already existing lines (according to an item in the NY Times about two years ago)! So if you don't have a car, forget about trying to get to the fair!

FINALE

Well, another NIEKAS is drawing to a close. It was supposed to be finished before the Discon, but I had to type the last few pages of the editorial & of Anne's column, and all of the lettercol after I got back. Some day I will not shave the deadline so closely!

Also, I returned to California to find that Bjo had written something for this issue (I haven't yet seen it for the MSS is now waiting for me at the Andersons where I'm supposed to run off over 50 stencils tomorrow. Well, Anne promised to help and maybe the two of us will make it in time. (Tonight is Saturday, 14 Sept, and Monday is the N'APA deadline.)

As usual, I have notes on a number of other things I want to discuss, such as the Discon (much fun!), feghoots on local radio stations, and Le Muerte de Arthur which I am half way through. Also, I just read Andre Norton's Huon of the Horn which I wanted to compare with Mallory's ancient book. Well, maybe next time....

Also, this issue has grown out of all proportions and is the largest fanzine I have ever published. But I have 8 pages of mailing comments, Anne's column is large-

ly MC's (something I had not been expecting) and I understand that what Bjo has written also boils down to being MC's. Good, grief, and she isn't even in N'APA tho I'm sure we'd all welcome her back with open arms! And now Felice told me that she decided to join N'APA and would like me to publish her mailing comments. (And this was without any suggestions from me -- after reading Anne's bundle and our MC's she decided she wants to participate.) I'm only too glad to publish her contributions, but I am beginning to get a little worried about the editorial balance of NIEKAS. When I first published POLHODE back in September 1959 [good grief! that means I've been publishing fanzines for exactly 4 years now, and a quick mental tally indicates a total of 40 to 45 issues published or almost one a month!] I received a lot of criticism from non-N'APAns such as Buck Coulson for leaving the MC's in and I decided to publish them separately after POLHODE 2. Well, tho I managed to comment on every mailing POLHODE 3 was the last one I ever got around to publishing. {I do hope to publish at least one more issue someday.} So now I don't dare to try to separate the MC's again...that would surely be the death-knell of NIEKAS.

But I must do something, 'cause, dammit, those MC's are adding an awful lot to the cost of NIEKAS and are reducing its readability to outsiders. (My own MC's alone this quarter added 2¢ per copy to the postage bill and some indeterminate amount to the paper and ink bill.) I'm amenable to suggestions on what to do (other than fold all my zines and drop out of fandom) from anyone in the audience.

I want to close with a few words about the covers. The back cover was reproduced in a rather unorthodox manner. I visited Al Schuster to see how Anne's cover was coming and showed him the electronic stencil I had had made up. He said the stencil could be used as a negative to burn an offset plate, and offered to offset it for me for a very reasonable price. "Why not?" sed I, and gave him the stencil. Well, he didn't succeed in burning the plate and mimeod up one copy of the bacover. He hand corrected and darkened this, and used it to make a regular photo-offset plate in the usual manner.

Speaking of covers, Anne's didn't come out quite as well as we had expected. But since this is the 2nd piece of fannish artwork Anne has ever done (the first was the cat cover last quarter) it came out quite well. But when she saw the slight mis-registrations she decided to patch all 250 copies by hand...good grief! but that's fantastic! Felice volunteered to help and they've spent the last few evenings and several boxes of colored pencils going over them. Well, we all learned a lot about this type of printing and such pencilled corrections will hopefully never be needed again.

Both Anne and I want to thank Al Schuster of Aton Press for all the extra work he put in doctoring the negatives, etc., to make the cover come out as well as possible, and Felice Rolfe for helping with the repairing of the covers.

'Till next quarter....

Ed Maskys

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<u>letters:</u>	<u>fanzines:</u>
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