

Niekas



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Blake Maxam	10 [thanx to Bjo for this illo & all of
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ATom (for TAFF)	backcover

NIEKAS, the skimpy fanzine, is available for contribution, letter of comment, trade, or (if you simply must have it that way) 35¢ from Ed Meskys (letters to T Div, Bldg 162, LRL, Box 808, Livermore Cal 94551, fanzines c/o Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley Cal 94701) /Ethel Lindsay, please note: The editors of this fanzine are Ed Meskys, Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto) and Anne Chatland (apt 20, 22 Coleman Place, Menlo Park), and NOT Norm Metcalf; it just happens that one of us gets some of his mail c/o Metcalf. This is published by the aforementioned trio in order to fulfil our activity requirements in N'APA, and is intended for the 20th mailing of that sterling organization. Chief Poorf-reader, Felice Rolfe. Emergency Poorf-reader, Liz Lokke. And now a word from our printer:

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# BUMBEJIMAS

## APOLOGIES

In my ramblings about the discon last quarter I mentioned an unfortunate party infested by a mob of drunken teenagers. When I wrote this, as when I dropped in on the party, I had been under the impression that it had been thrown by the Baltimore S.F. group. However I recently received a letter from them protesting that they were in no way responsible for the affair, but that it had been thrown by some group called "SMOF." Well, I'm sorry I implicated them in something as distasteful as this. Why, I wouldn't even blame them for denying responsibility even if it had been their party! (No, I'm not trying to imply this is the case...I now know that SMOF was responsible.) However when I had received an invite to the party that afternoon I had been given the impression that it was to be held by the Baltimore group, and of course there was nothing at the party to conflict with or contradict this impression. A party is a party and unless you see some individual you know hosting or someone tells you who is throwing it, how are you to know?

Now I am sure that this was not a part of some grand plot by SMOF (whatever that is) to besmirch the reputation of the Balto group, but that whoever had invited me had been rather vague and I had merely gotten the wrong impression. I do NOT



have an eidetic memory so can no longer quote the words of the invitation, and I am no longer even that sure as to just who did tell me of it.

And I'm certain that the sponsoring group did not plan the disastrous brawl that the party did turn into. Here these neos had been hearing about the other parties being held and (for the most part) not getting invited. So when a neo group held one of its own all heard about it and went. Since there was no one capable of restraining such a mob of them they showed their immaturity and did what they did. With that mob there the results would have been the same almost regardless of who had held the party...it would have taken some very strong personalities to keep that mob in control.

I might mention that I learned later that when the mob descended on Al Schuster's party Belle Dietz did a masterful job of helping him turn them back.

## SPEAKING OF THE DISCON

...I also wanted to mention that Carl Frederick was not the piper at the beginning of the masquerade. I just got Walter Breen's FANAC 96 and it contained the severalth conreport I've seen miscrediting Carl with that feat. I arrived late and didn't see it myself, but Carl told me that the affair started with a piper whom he talked with, and who turned out to be a member of the band who later ditched his kilts and took his regular place.

Walter, among other reporters, also had several other events concerning Carl and Lis Brodsky somewhat mixed up so I might as well try to set the record straight. Friday night Lis got the idea of a march on the Russian Embassy or Washington Monument or something and rounded up a bunch of volunteers. Carl was persuaded to lead the group but next morning he was rather reluctant. George Nims Raybin, being George, panicked and ran around telling everyone not to get involved in this because the DC police were jittery after the civil rights march and might arrest all of them...in fact, they were quite likely to, for you needed a license for a parade and to George's legalistic mind this was a parade. Well, half of the people didn't show up because it was too early in the morning and George talked most of the other half out of it. I came wandering by a couple of hours after the scheduled march and found a few die-hards still milling in the lobby. (I hadn't been interested in the thing so hadn't been by earlier.) About a half dozen decided to go to the monument anyhow and I tagged along even tho I'd been up it twice before on other trips to DC. We walked there quietly (at least for us) and without attracting too much attention. Tho Carl still had his pipes he kept them folded up and didn't use them. When we arrived we decided to walk up, and as we entered a guard made us leave everything except our cameras. Thus I was without my briefcase for the first time in ages and felt naked, and Carl left the pipes. After we came down we split up and a few of us (I think it was only Carl, the Greeb and I) went to a building just East of the monument. I think it belonged to the Dept. of Agriculture, but anyhow we were interested in it because of the bridge it had connecting it with a building across the street. Carl had discovered earlier that this made a perfect echo chamber and wanted to try the pipes under it, which he did. After a little while we headed back for the hotel, with Carl playing the bagpipes for a short while while we passed thru some park.

Now this was Saturday morning, and an outgrowth of Lis' suggestion. The following night, Sunday, (or really Monday morning at about 3 AM) a dozen of us ended up at the Washington Monument again, but this was completely spontaneous and Lis was in no way involved. As recounted in the last NIEKAS it started when Paul Zimmer wanted to hear Carl play and we made arrangements for this to happen in our hotel room. A large mob assembled and when we were thrown out by the house detective we decided to go to duPont Circle. Carl and some others then stopped by at other parties to gather recruits, and we eventually got there after starting off in the wrong direction. Only when the police chased us away from there did we decide to go to the monument. Hope that straightens everything out.



And while I'm at it I might as well comment on Breen's remarks about "the unknown couple dressed as an extraterrestrial clothesline" at the costume ball. If he hasn't yet heard elsewhere, these were none other than his old friends Belle Dietz & Chris Moskowitz.

## THAT CRAZY GILBERT & WAZZISNAME STUFF, CHAPTER 6

Another Gilbert & Sullivan party has come and gone, the largest to date. For the most part the attendees survived and are even well on the road to recovery. In fact, a few are even preparing for a return bout on March 14th, just about when this issue will be coming out. (As of now Dave & Katya Hulan will be coming up from LA [wunnerful!!! sez I] along with Owen Hannifen and several others.) Preparations are also under way for the next major party, to see "The Sorcerer" on Saturday, May 2nd.

The party was in some ways the most successful yet, in others the least. A total of 52 tickets were sold to fans for use by themselves and friends, tho one went unused and one was resold to a mundane stranger. The performance of "Pinafore" was the finest performance I had ever seen by the Lamplighters...it was truly superb! However the following party died rather early.

As usual the day started with a trip to the Rolfes' in Palo Alto. Len & I took a bus from Livermore just before noon tho we had an offer of a ride late that afternoon from the Lokkes. Thing is, I wanted to see Tyrannical Al Lewis about an index that he, Piers Jacob and I are working on. Unfortunately we discovered that most of the LA contingent had just left for S.F., Tom Seidman had gone elsewhere, and Joe & Felice were about to leave to do some shopping. This left the two of us alone to hold down the fort, answer the phone umpteen times, etc., until Tom returned from visiting some friends in the neighborhood. (OK, I know Tom isn't from LA, but is from Seattle. And no, he didn't come down from Seattle just for the party but was on his way home from a business trip that took him to LA among other places, and he travelled up with the Angelenos. But since Jim Benford & a non-fan costudent from San Diego were also up for the party the entire West Coast was represented.

I learned from Tom that Al's Econoline had arrived at 7 AM (!), at which time the LA people had let themselves into the house and collapsed on the couch, floor, or wherever they could find room. Felice thought the noise was one of her own children and yelled at them to shut up, and was quite shaken when Tom Seidman answered.

While Len looked at the Olympic games on television Tom & I talked of various things such as rapid transit and the job situation, but mostly we continued the discussion of the nature and prevalence of democracy as started in his LoC. He described in detail the Jewish council mentioned in his letter, and it sounded more like a council of wise men who in no way represented the people or any portion thereof other than themselves. OK, they had the power to define the meaning of laws so that in effect, as Tom said, they made laws. But I see little advantage of having a council of a few score men decide on the laws instead of a few men or even one man.

I will still stick to my original point...that the Anglo Saxon culture is just about unique (with a few additions such as perhaps the ancient Greeks, early Romans, and Scandinavians) in evolving a form of government where those citizens who are interested do have some say in how things will be run. Our system may be far from ideal, but it seems to be the best there is. (By this I include that of the US, UK, Canada, Australia, etc.) But then it has evolved over 5 or more centuries, so it is not that surprising that it has failed when we tried to export it to lands without the tradition.

And Tom said that the Latin countries were unable to accept or develop democracy not because they are Catholic as Betty Kujawa had implied in NIEKAS 7, but because of their long military tradition. Because of difficulties with such groups as the Moors militarism was a necessity and eventually became a "way of life" to them, and democracy simply can't take root in an environment like that. When Spain colonized America



it carried over its militaristic tradition, just as the British carried over their democratic tradition. (I am, of course, using "democratic" in the loose sense of the word.)

I was completely confused as to who actually did come up from LA until the others got back from their sightseeing and shopping. It turned out that, with Al and Tom, were Blake Maxam, Jim Benford & friend, and a mundane friend of Bjo's...Karen Sumfinoruvver I believe. John and Bjo arrived several hours later to complete the LA contingent. Liz & Bill Lokke and George . . . showed up a little later to complete the mob.

I did get to talk to Al about the index and he took the manuscript -- a two-drawer card file containing over 3,000 index cards. It'll probably be close to 5,000 by when we finish...this is the index of all bookreviews that ever appeared in the science fiction magazines. And if anyone out there with a collection of magazines is willing to help us fill in some of the missing issues, your help would be very much appreciated. We've checked some issues back into the '20s, but there are still some gaps as late as the '60s.

Felice had whipped up a wonnerful turkey dinner and the 17 of us sat down to eat. How she can cope with such mobs is simply beyond me! As usual Bjo dominated the conversation with her fantastic cat stories. She is always so interesting and animated that I could listen to her for hours.

George was the first to head north for the theater, and picked up Anne on the way. I joined him for there was one ticket left over, Paula Salo's, which I was supposed to try to resell for her. By this time all of the fans who were going had tickets so there was little hope that another would turn up at the theater. I waited in front, chatting with the other early arrivals like the Gibsons. When I saw that my guess had been correct I managed to sell it to someone on the box-office line and went in.

There had been some sort of traffic tieup and almost everyone arrived at the last minute, so there was little opportunity for the usual chatter in front of the theater. In fact, because of this a number of people were still coming into the theater when "Trial by Jury" began.

As always we chatted with the cast after the performance and went on to Brennans in Berkeley. And as always a few of the people like George and Anne went right home after the performance, but I was very disappointed when Tony Boucher was among those who didn't turn up at Brennans.

And when we got there the party just didn't seem to catch on the way it had in the past. Oh I had several most interesting conversations but in all this struck me as nothing more special than the usual sessions after a Little Men's meeting. As usual I got into the group of people clustered around Poul Anderson for this virtually guarantees an interesting discussion. One interesting exchange was started by a remark of Joe Rolfe's expressing regret over the recent demise of the western edition of the New York Times. A "liberalism is a way of life" couple, whose names I've unfortunately forgotten, disagreed with this and generally blasted the edition, largely for making a very ineffectual attempt to cover west coast news. It would have been better to ignore it altogether than have the poor coverage that it did have, they felt. He said he read the Christian Science Monitor for it was the best newspaper, and The National Guardian as an antidote to their conservatism. I remarked that John Boardman had recently sent me a copy of this devoted to Oswald's possible innocence. This moved Poul to wonder if the liberals would be leaping to Oswald's defence had he turned out to be a Bircher instead of a radical. I think this





is a very good point, and an analogous matter came up several weeks later at a GGFS meeting. Namely, how much of the liberals' hatred and mistrust of Germany (viz "Ginčas" thish) is due to a hatred of anything ever tainted with Naziism, how much is due to a fear that Naziism is still there, and how much is due to the fact that West Germany is the most strongly anti-Russian nation in Europe today.

At 1:25 we marked the impact of Ranger on the moon with the appropriate libations and noises. Like everyone we had no indications of its failure at the time and were quite exuberant in our celebrations.

About this time Brennans closed down the bar and started to hint that we should leave, like NOW. Bob Chazin invited us to continue the party at his place, and I understand that a few people did go there. However, many people had already left for home, the LA people decided to head for Palo Alto, and Len and I were rather tired so we decided to head for home ourselves. Neither had taken a car for we had intended to stay until the party ended. We knew we wouldn't want to drive then and planned to take either the 5 or 7AM bus out of Oakland. Since it was now too late to catch an earlier bus we got a ride from Alva & Sid Rogers down to Hayward where we caught up with the previous one. (They live, of course, in Castro Valley which is adja cent to Hayward and about 2/3 of the way from Oakland to Livermore.)

As for why the party died so early this quarter, there were several reasons. Al's group from LA had traveled all night and they were rather tired, as were those who had made the Little Men's meeting the previous night. Finally, just a few days earlier the Pacificon committee had held their meeting at which they decided to revoke Walter Breen's membership. I didn't hear of this meeting until about a month later, but then gossip like that doesn't interest me too much and I just didn't listen for it. But I understand that most of the people there knew about it and there was quite a bit of tension in the air. (First I heard of the decision was a few days before it appeared in STARSPINKLE when, during a phone conversation, Alva mentioned it and the fuss White & Gerber raised in MINAC. I'd heard of the possibility of something like this happening last October, but this was the first indication I had that anything had actually been done. )

The performance, as I said, was superb! I don't think that I enjoyed any G&S production as much as I did this one of "Pinafore." I didn't get that much out of "Trial" but whether this was because of the distractions at the beginning (not only were a number of people late, but some strangers had accidentally been given Felice's & my seats), a poorer performance, and/or a basically weaker operetta I will not know until I see it again in a few weeks. When we complimented the cast on their performance they said that they had done one of their two matinees that afternoon and for some reason the immediately following performance always seems to go over better. This would seem to eliminate my middle hypothesis to explain the relative weakness of "Jury."

"Trial" has no plot to speak of and only runs for about a half hour. Angelina drags Edwin into court on a "Breach of Promise" suit, he says he simply lost interest in her, the members of the jury collectively admit that they too had at times changed their minds about lovers, the judge admits to courting "a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter" in order to advance himself until he became a judge and promptly threw her over, but they are all impressed by Angelina's looks and vow to make Edwin pay a large amount in damages. He is attracted by one of the bridesmaids and says that he will marry Angelina, but that he'll also marry the bridesmaid. There is a lot of humorous fussing at this suggestion and finally, in desperation, the judge says that he'll marry her himself to get the case out of court. Also, he is impressed by her beauty and "though homeward as [they] trudge/ [they] declare [his] law is fudge/ yet of beauty[he's] a judge/ and a good judge too."

"Trial" didn't have any really memorable phrases or lines, but there was an abundance of Gilbert's fine wit. The barbs were aimed largely at the supposed impartiality of juries, a still valid point as witnessed by the difficulties in Jack



Ruby's trial. And of course there was the usual satire of the irrationality of human courtship. This operetta had some of the most realistic touches of any along these lines, but more on that later. There were also some good...would you call it "verbal slapstick?"...humor, as when the judge is trying to get silence in court but everyone is interrupting him. Altho the words of none of the songs particularly impressed me I did like the music as a whole.

The plot of "Pinafore" is so well known that I need say nothing about it. I suppose that this, "Mikado," and "Pirates of Penzance" are the three operettas that anyone thinks of when he hears "Gilbert & Sullivan" mentioned. June Wilkins did her usual masterful job as "Little Buttercup," and whoever played Captain Corcoran was equally good. (Unfortunately I forgot to note down the cast for this performance from the directory in the lobby.) My only comment at this point is that, since the captain and Ralph Rackstraw are of equal age, either Ralph's affair with the captain's daughter is one between people of extremely different ages or the captain was quite precocious!

I have a few tentative notes for generalizations on the G&S operettas, such as about the treatment of courtship, but I think I'll save these for next quarter. I hope to have seen all 11 of the "standard" operettas by then (ie, excluding the never performed "Thespis," "Utopia, Ltd.," and "The Grand Duke") so that I should be able to take an overall view...and perhaps finally end this department of NIEKAS, a thing I threatened to do way back in #5.

The next quarter should prove extremely active as far as seeing G&S productions goes, thanks largely to Andy Porter [aka Silverberg]. First off, on March 14th a number of us will be seeing "Jury" and "Pinafore" again.

But the main thing is, I recently learned from Andy that, quite coincidentally, the NY City Center will be doing 7 operettas at a time coinciding almost exactly with my next visit to New York. These seven, "The Gondoliers," "Pinafore," "The Mikado," "Pirates," "Iolanthe," "Yeomen of the Guard," and "Patience," will be performed from March 18th to April 5th, and I tentatively plan to arrive in NY on March 21st & leave on April 5th. If at all possible I will see at least "Gondoliers" and "Iolanthe," and as many more as time and their schedule permits. Any NY fan feel like organizing a series of parties?

And then the Lamplighters will be opening with "The Sorcerer" on May 2nd and we plan to have our party on opening night. I expect a record turnout for this quite rare operetta and will order at least 64 tickets. Because it is set for opening night it will be next to impossible to get extra seats at the last minute so I suppose I'll have to take a tentative count before ordering them. (This last time I expected a light turnout and only ordered 32. As these were sold I raised the order to 52 in several small steps and the people at the Lamplighters must have wondered about my being able to make up my mind.)

They are also opening "Iolanthe" on May 8th but we probably won't have a party until the middle of June. This one will be small for nobody intends to come up from LA for it and it was done twice in Berkeley in the last year. Since this will only be performed on Fridays and June Wilkins never sings on Fridays the fairy queen will have to be played by someone else. I am rather disappointed about this setup as she is really perfect in the role, but as this is my favorite I still expect to see it about three times.

Hum, if I don't watch myself I'll end up devoting all of NIEKAS 9 to G&S.

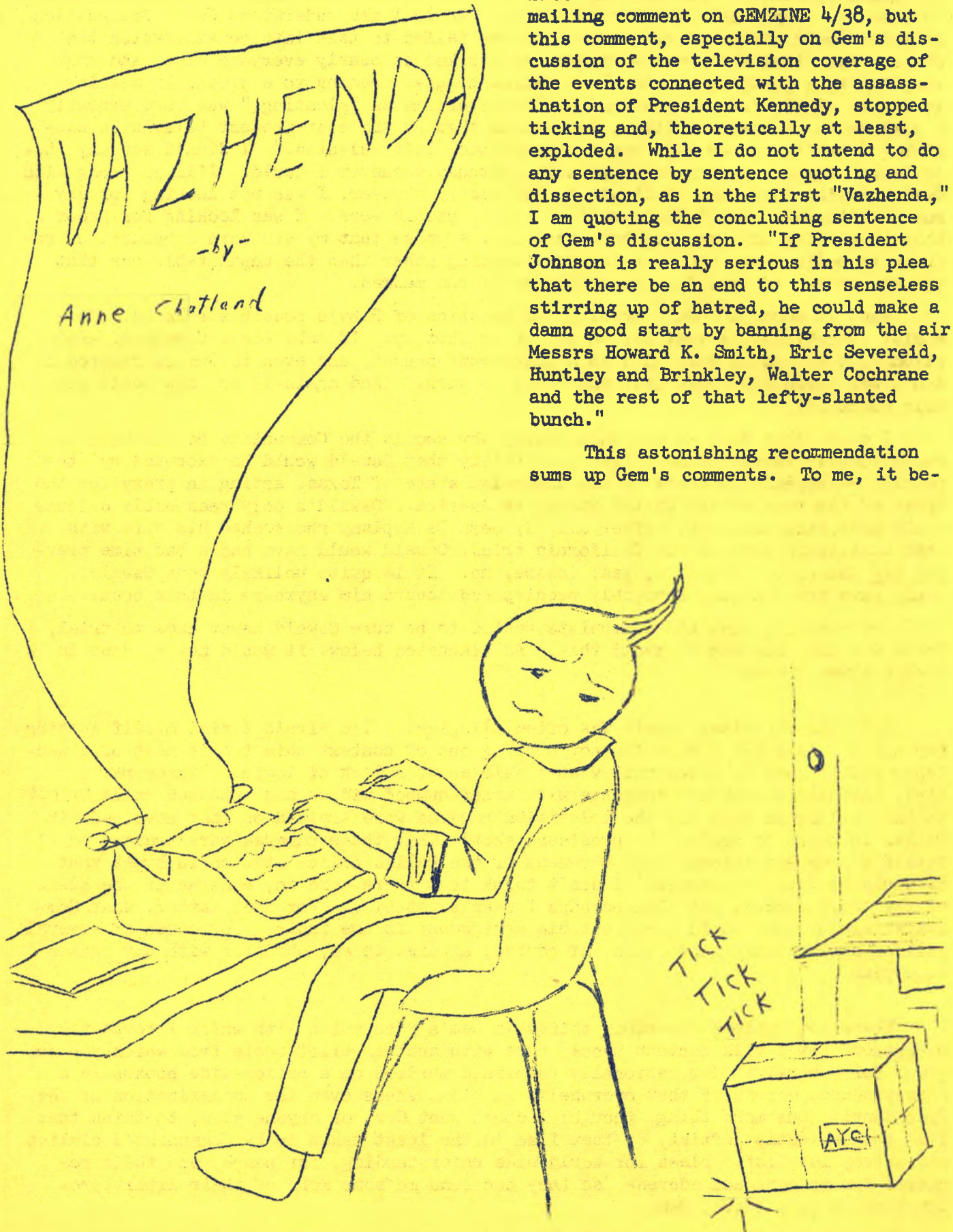
And I might mention at this point that I recently heard that the D'Oyly Carte Company will be touring the US again this fall, and I am eagerly awaiting seeing them for the first time. As the tickets will undoubtedly be quite expensive I doubt that there will be any formal parties to go but only the most enthusiastic Savoyards will go on their own.

(concluded page 33)



I suppose I might as well admit that I am quite annoyed at G.M. Carr for "Violence on TV" in "Baitbox" in her latest GEMZINE. This started out as a mailing comment on GEMZINE 4/38, but this comment, especially on Gem's discussion of the television coverage of the events connected with the assassination of President Kennedy, stopped ticking and, theoretically at least, exploded. While I do not intend to do any sentence by sentence quoting and dissection, as in the first "Vazhenda," I am quoting the concluding sentence of Gem's discussion. "If President Johnson is really serious in his plea that there be an end to this senseless stirring up of hatred, he could make a damn good start by banning from the air Messrs Howard K. Smith, Eric Severeid, Huntley and Brinkley, Walter Cochrane and the rest of that lefty-slanted bunch."

This astonishing recommendation sums up Gem's comments. To me, it be-





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came only slightly less astonishing when I was told that Gem is an ardent rightist and was rumored to be a member of the Birch Society. Apparently Gem's diatribe was triggered by various speculations by some commentators that rightist fanaticism was in some way responsible for the tragedies. While I can understand Gem's indignation at these speculations, I cannot see how she failed to take into consideration the obvious fact that these men were just as shocked as nearly everyone else, and that they too were grasping at almost any straw to give meaning to a hideously meaningless act. Their demeanor, which Gem characterizes as "gloating," was more probably a distortion of their feelings, imposed on them by the ever-present television cameras. I can't see how this makes the newsmen "lefty-slanted." I didn't see any "television orgy of sensationalism," and I watched whenever I could. I'll go along with Gem in saying that some of it was in bad taste; however, I was not looking for any sort of "thrill," and I doubt that very many people were. I was looking for proof that this thing had actually happened for I suppose that my stubborn subconscious refused to believe it, and then for some meaning other than the unpalatable one that the president had died for the delusions of one madman.

When it comes to Gem's raising the question of Ruby's possible role as a Communist executioner, I want her to put up or shut up. If Ruby was a Communist executioner, I am fairly sure this is a government secret, and even if Gem is cleared I don't see where she could have the "need to know." And again if so, how could she talk about it?

I doubt that Ruby is any such thing; why should the Communists bother with an executioner? There was no slight possibility that Oswald would be executed by "the people" -- especially those of the sovereign state of Texas, acting in proxy for those of the rest of the United States of America. Oswald's only reasonable defence would have been insanity. After all, if Geza De Kaplany who soaked his wife with acid were found sane in his California trial, Oswald would have had a bad time proving his insanity. Neurotic, yes; insane, no. It is quite unlikely that Oswald could have found a jury favorably predisposed toward him anywhere in this country.

And assuming that the Communists wanted to be sure Oswald never came to trial, there was only one way to avoid this. As discussed below, it would not be done in such a clumsy manner.

Like all diatribes, Gem's was often illogical. I'm afraid I find myself quoting her again. Although I hope I'm not quoting out of context this too is part of a sentence and is used to illustrate what I said about a lack of logic. "Three real, live, unrehearsed murders complete with grief-numbed widows and orphaned children..." Is Gem telling us that all the television cameras were trained on that cavalcade in Dallas in hopes of seeing the president shot? That these cameras were trained on Oswald's progress through that basement of the Dallas police station in hopes that he would be fatally wounded? I don't think that there were any cameras at the scene of the third murder, but then perhaps I wasn't watching. For that matter, what Communist executioner would carry out his assignment in the indirect presence of several million amazed witnesses? This, of course, applies to any murderer with any reasonable plan.

There are quite a few other things in Gem's discussion with which I could take exception, but I will content myself here with another brief quote from which you can judge for yourself: "Two nationally televised murders on a nation-wide hookup is a mass-produced morbidity that overwhelms in hideousness even the assassination of the President!" One more thing, though; I don't want Gem, or anyone else, to think that I am even slightly leftist, or that I am in the least taken in by Communist/Socialist deceptive, idealistic pleas for world-wide understanding, for peace, and their requests for my name and address "so they can send me some more of their literature." You take it from there, Gem.

Remember, too, that those Communists who would make such a decision (to use and



sacrifice Oswald and Ruby) are anything but stupid, and are probably very cold-blooded about what to them is a profession. To them, Oswald's background and his general emotional instability would disqualify him from such an assignment; there's no telling what he would say on the witness stand. You might argue that Ruby's strange performance -- I'm going along with the plot idea for a while -- was also planned by these same people. This, too, is dangerous; if he has been thus employed, Ruby can also talk disastrously on the witness stand. This is possible, even while it is more likely that he (Ruby) will defend himself as a grief-stricken patriot.

It is much more reasonable to suppose that such a Communist conspiracy would carry out the assassination after the fashion of the Mafia assassinations where the assassins' names are never known, and often there are no suspects at all so that the rumors can never be anything more than that. As it happened -- no wonder Krushchev was screaming "Rightist! Rightist hatred!" He knew very well who would be the first to be suspected, and he does not want the whole American Communist movement to be jeopardized unnecessarily -- it's in enough trouble already. For these somewhat abbreviated reasons I doubt very much that there was any Communist conspiracy at all. (I could go on with further arguments to back up my contention that Oswald and Ruby were loners. For instance, when some mafioso has good reason to suspect that he is going to be killed, even the bodyguard, far more experienced in the mechanics of such killings than the Secret Service men who "protected" the president, usually can't save him.) None of this is meant as scare fiction or as rightist propaganda. I would like to see all of us recognize the existence of these professional Communists without becoming any more emotional than they are themselves, find out about them (I've already said how not to do this and will try to find out how) and very quietly and efficiently put them out of business. As I see it, there is no room for impassioned who may believe that a more or less virulent witchhunt is the answer. Remember too, that there is nothing so easy to simulate as a fanatic of any persuasion whatsoever. I don't know if you fit into this "witch-hunting" category, Gem; I'm still too much of a neo even to make an educated guess. However, I don't want to feud either with you or Judi Septon.

However I don't know about feuding with Apartment 14, just downstairs. I don't care for that brand of jazz -- I guess that that's what it is -- but I really don't mind until my floor starts to shake. I didn't like to call the manager because of the resulting unpleasantness, although I was sorely tempted when someone across the courtyard turned up his amplifier until it was putting out enough megawatts to be audible out to the freeway which is at least eight blocks away. I'm sure there were complaints about that for I haven't heard a whisper from that side of the courtyard since. I have also contemplated feuding with whoever has that female Siamese cat which, by some freak of nature, is perpetually in heat -- especially since the manager made me find a new home for Obie, a far quieter male Siamese, before I could move in.

I hope Gem realizes that it is her ideas and not herself that I don't like. Contrary to the first Vazhenda, and perhaps this one as well, I am not an Angry Young Woman.

-oOo-

In my original plan for this Vazhenda, I intended to comment on my move to 22 Coleman Place (Apt 20) in Menlo Park. This involved five cars, three men, two women, two children, a reasonable amount of assembled furniture, an unreasonable, disassembled TV stand ("That can't be right! The TV isn't supposed to tilt forward like that!" I couldn't agree more. It looked horrible.), a large but reasonable box of linens and kitchen stuff, ditto for clothes and sundry stray articles (I'm not sure Felice would agree with me there /I don't -- FR/), and a thoroughly unreasonable number of boxes of fanzines and pocketbooks. My least confused memory of the whole business is Felice's comment when we were halfway up to the third floor with one of the boxes of fanzines and etceteras: "As soon as you get tired of living up there and decide to move, find four other people to help you get all this stuff down again!" Well? Does anyone know of any volunteers if I should decide to do just that?



M<sup>A</sup>Y H E<sup>M</sup>

H U  
O 2  
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is a hotbed of  
fanac sometimes

Thursday, the 30th of January, we  
bought a new living room rug. It doesn't  
quite fit Joe's\* definition of a real sta-  
tus symbol; that's a rug that you sprain

your ankle falling off of.

Friday we hosted Dr. and Mrs. Dmitri Thoro for dinner; Dr. Thoro was to speak to the Little Men that night. He is one of my profs at San Jose State, and his topic was, essentially, "Fun and Games with Mathematics." The good professor is a practical number theorist, if you can imagine such a thing; for example, we just finished writing a program for his class which is supposed to generate Fibonacci numbers.\*\* Certain elements at SJS are real nuts on Fibonacci numbers; they're publishing their own journal, very scholarly thing...and one of them got roped into reading sf because Asimov mentioned the things in his August F+SF article. (This is the same gentleman whose students swear -- and that's not the only thing they swear -- that he teaches complex fibonacci variables, euclidean fibonacci geometry, vector fibonacci analysis... you get the picture.)

But I digress. Dr. Thoro's talk was very interesting, and I was amazed at the number of my fellow Little Men who have a concealed interest in math. You see, it's usually concealed so well.

After the meeting, we went to Brennan's as usual (that's a bar with a lunch counter); and as usual, Joe and I got home about 2 a.m. (We leave early.)

About seven a.m., I hollered downstairs at the kids to please shut the hell up, and Tom Seidman answered me. We, I started to go back to bed, but I'd heard that Tom is a mathematician, and Joe won't let me talk math to him, and besides what the hell

\*Joe is my husband, in case you came in late.

\*\*Like if you have two numbers, and you add them to get a third, then add the second and third to get a fourth, them's Fibonacci numbers. The most common sequence is 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, .... This is something to get excited about?



FELICE

ROLFE



is Tom Seidman doing in my kitchen at 7 a.m.?

Getting a cup of coffee, of course.

There were five other people asleep on my new rug. ...Well, after all, that's what I'd gotten it for.

This was the Angeleno Gilbert and Sullivan party that I was expecting about four that afternoon. They were a mite early. They were to have spent the night with Fritz Leiber in Santa Barbara, but Fritz called them at the last minute to say he couldn't make it and wouldn't be home. And they know we don't lock the door. (Maybe we should.)

I wouldn't mind, except that I never heard them come in, and it really seems like I shoulda. After all, I heard the girl that passed out in my son's room, and there was only one of her...but that's another story.

Later that day Meskys and friend showed up...then John and Bjo Trimble...then Liz and Bill Lokke...and a few more...and a couple after that.... You'd be amazed what 17 people can do to a 16 pound turkey! Lucky I just happened to have one on hand. You think I'm kidding? We got this turkey for Christmas\*, and how often do I feed 17 people? Not very bloody often. Though I'd do it a lot more if there were always so many willing hands. Bjo in particular is such a joy to have around that I'm never sure which of us should be writing the thank-you note.

Saturday night, 50 strong, we saw one of the finest Pinafores I have ever seen. Al Lewis said truly, "With something that's done as often as Pinafore, you forget how good it can be."

Sunday morning Bjo knocked on our door and asked if we'd like to go out to breakfast. We would. Why go out? Because Bjo and our Dripolator (such a word) don't see eye to spout about coffee. And as everyone knows, except me because the only sharp thing I've ever heard her say was when she told Joe "Don't yell at me, I'm not your wife"; Bjo is hell on wheels until she's had coffee.

We waved goodbye about noon Sunday, and went back to mundac. You see, we don't fan very often, and when we do we like to concentrate on it.

*We live in a nice, quiet residential suburban  
neighborhood*

About that girl in my son's room. Ben was only three at the time, so we knew he wasn't implicated. About 12:30 at night -- we were all in bed -- I heard the back door open; it leads directly into Ben's room. In time honored feminine fashion I poked Joe in the rib and said, "Honey, I hear a noise." (You think I was going to go find out what it was?) He only said "You're crazy" once, and then he heard the damn thing close.

So down he went, sliding along with his back to the walls, flipping on lights. When he got back to Ben's room there was this woman. She was out so cold that when Joe shook her shoulder, the rest of her didn't move.

We didn't know whether she was in a diabetic coma, or drunk, or what, so we called the cops. Joe got as far as "My name is Joe Rolfe and I live on the corner of Kellogg and Emerson..." and the cop said "You found a woman." This is a progressive town; telepathic police yet. In about 3 minutes there were six of them at our door. You've never seen a full house until you've seen one containing six brawny young men in blue uniforms.

\*-----  
\*Joe thinks I ought to explain that turkey; he says it sounds rather like we got a CARE package. Actually, we got it from his boss in lieu of a Christmas bonus, which amounts to the same thing.

\*\*and at times like that I wish I could say the same....



She was drunk. Seems she'd started to walk home from a party down the block, and made a wrong turn.

### *How I get on the wrong side of the fence*

You may have noticed in TIGHTBEAM that sometimes I wind up defending a point of view with which I do not agree, like censorship. Here's an example of how it happens.

CORE, the Congress Of Racial Equality, has been having a dispute with Lucky Stores, a supermarket chain in this area. They claim that Lucky violated an agreement with them to hire a certain percentage of Negro clerks, and Lucky claims that there weren't that many qualified applicants. So CORE has been conducting what they call "shop-ins." In this maneuver, they fill shopping carts with piles and piles of merchandise, check it through the cash registers, and then walk off and leave it.

Now I am a rabid civil-rightsist or whatever you'd call it. Since I was five I've been aware of this injustice -- I grew up in the South -- and bitterly opposed to it. Yet I find myself completely out of sympathy with CORE. At the moment I'd shop at Lucky if I had to have a police escort to get in. Why?

Well, for one thing, they're hurting the clerks, not the management. What good does that do?

But the most important reason is, that by creating this kind of congestion, they're interfering with my right to free choice. Picketing, running adds, demonstration marches, etc., are perfectly legitimate ways to bring one's cause to the public attention. However, a "shop-in" physically prevents non-demonstrators from making their own decisions. And I feel that this is a violation of the right which is fundamental to all other civil rights, the right of free choice. Therefore I object. And here I am, on the wrong side of the fence again...wrong for me that is, because it's not the side I believe in.

This dispute brings to mind a difficult point. Given a man who's protesting discriminatory hiring practices, how can I know whether the company really is discriminating, or whether the man really is incompetent? Wouldn't it be a lovely way to get, and keep, a job you really aren't qualified for?

A TV news program covered an open discussion wherein Berkeley CORE members were explaining and defending their methods to the audience -- sort of a soap-box square affair. They did a singularly poor job of it. The question was asked, "How do you know Lucky Stores is hiring less than the agreed on number of Negroes?" It wasn't answered; the CORE member to whom it was directed changed the subject. Again, the suggestion was made that CORE get a group of applicants together, so that their number was known, send 'em down to Lucky and see how many got hired -- thus getting a fairly reliable estimate of what was going on. (One would also need to know the no. of white applicants.) This suggestion was "answered" by a highly emotional exclamation about the discriminatory hiring's having been going on for a hundred years, and how terrible that is.

Well, that is true, and it is terrible, but it has nothing to do with the suggestion. However, such a procedure would help to show whether or not the chain is violating its agreement now. And if one of the CORE members had said as little as "Say, that's not a bad idea," I'd have been much more convinced of their truthfulness and rationality.

### *How'm I doin'?*

This month's column certainly fits the title of "Mailing Uncomments," since I've said nothing about the mailing whatsoever. I'd appreciate hearing whether this kind of chitter-chatter is enjoyable to you or not.

Many of Ed's LoC writers have been very kind to me at various times. I think.



You should know, however, that I am completely impervious to sarcasm, irony, or any other form of subtlety. I'll probably take the printed word at face meaning, so if you want to be critical you'll have to spell it out or it won't penetrate.

### *Speaking of jargon*

About the Ranger flight Ed mentioned. Why did the engineers have to say it "impacted" the moon? Why couldn't it have hit the moon? I thought "impacted" was something that happened to wisdom teeth.





With this issue begins a new department of NIEKAS. I have received extensive comment on three items in the last issue which is too long and detailed for the letter column without unbalancing it, and yet not tight enough to use as a series of independent articles. Hence I present

## "GINCHAS"

to carry such anomolous contributions.

In the future I hope to solicit comments on the LOC excerpts presented herein from local people who are interested in the topics under discussion. This would add a generation of comment to each issue and so speed up communication somewhat. And now, on to the first topic...

### 1: POUL ANDERSON, NAZIISM, AND THE HIGH CASTLE

A: Mike Deckinger

The crimes of Hitler were more recent, more outrageous, more brutal, and more sadistic than those committed by Atilla or Stalin, as Poul mentions. Hitler's pre-occupation was with genocide, the complete and thorough annihilation of an entire race. His megalomania drove him to extremes that were beyond comprehension before his rise. The Nuremburg war trials and several books recounting the era go into great detail on his acts and the way he regarded human life as a speck of vermin briefly hindering his plans for conquest. The Nazis turned murder into an efficient and systematic art with death becoming a daily and commonplace occurrence and murder losing all connotations of guilt as long as it was performed by the right parties. This represented a complete reversion to savagery and barbarism, made all the more heinous because of the machines and tools used with such a high degree of efficiency and authority.

Poul also says that he feels that a nuclear war would not be too high a price to prevent a world victory for Communism. Isn't this a rather defeatist attitude, utilising a scorched earth policy of destroying something in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy? I wonder if there would be enough left after the devastation to permit a rebuilding of civilization. And along with that, could Communism be completely eradicated by a nuclear holocaust? If one individual survived the war who was an active Communist, he'd be at liberty to spread the philosophy among other survivors. I'd rather see human civilization maintained with the possibility of it breaking free from a totalitarian enslavement, rather than taking the easy way out and advocating a complete elimination of life...one which would wipe out non-Communists as well as Commies. Radiation takes no political stand; it will kill the fascist as well as the Commie, and the liberal as well as the conservative.

/Woah! There is one point on which I disagree strongly enough to want to interrupt at this point. The one Communist surviving bit is simply too obvious a straw man to let stand unchallenged! Regardless of ones opinions of abstract Communism, I am sure that Poul was saying that war would be preferable to victory by the Russian empire and the resultant tyranny over the whole world.ERM/

B: George H Wells

The Jews have made such a good job of Nazi-hating that the excesses of Jewish nationalism are overlooked. And of course American nationalism's dangers are overlooked too. (Not by everyone, but what I mean is, the bad effects of German nationalism are used as an excuse for Jewish, Soviet, and U.S. nationalism when actually it should be a warning against the latter.)

C: Seth Johnson

I wonder if Poul read Housinger and the Fourth Reich by Charles Allen (Marzani & Munsell, publishers). It demonstrates pretty clearly that Hitler himself could



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never have taken power without the allpowerful German General Staff which not only put him into power but backed him to the hilt all through the war. Also, according to The New Germany and the Old Nazis, another book from the same publisher, it's not impossible that the Nazi General Hausinger will lead Germany into another bid for world conquest, this time with the Common Market nations solidly behind them as allies and supporters.

It seems to me that the New Germany and Common Market countries and even NATO under the Nazi General Hausinger is far more of a menace than the USSR right this minute. I only hope and pray that all this nuclear hardware we are furnishing the West German army will not be used to kill American soldiers and civilians in some not too far distant future.

D: Harry Warner

The only thing I could add to Poul Anderson's article is that we might identify with the war guilt of the Germans because they're so similar to us in racial stock and names and way of life and we are alarmed at the thought that we could fall victims to Naziism just as the Germans did.

E: John Boardman

I think that the obsession with the history of Naziism, and with alternate histories in which the Nazis won, is based on how close they did come to winning, and an extrapolation from the horrors they created while losing to the horrors they might have committed in winning.

Nor was Naziism, as Poul suggests, an anomaly in German history. For centuries, side by side with the liberal and humanistic traditions of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Mann existed a brutal militaristic and nationalistic tradition. That foul mouthed bigot Martin Luther stood in this tradition, and penned some of the most vicious anti-Jewish propaganda to be written prior to the time of Hitler and Streicher. After 1848, the liberal tradition began to be downgraded in Germany, and when the Second Reich was founded in 1871 the German people were systematically re-educated in a militaristic, anti-democratic, and xenophobic tradition. The best of Germany was driven into exile in 1848 and 1933, and the remainder were living monuments to the thought of Treitschke, Wagner, Chamberlain, Nietzsche, and finally Hitler and Rosenberg. By the time of his death, Thomas Mann could say, "Where I am, there is German culture," and be perfectly correct.

The greatest modern critic of Germany, Dr. Friedrich Foerster, puts it this way:

"Your declaration contrasts the Nazi system with the ideology of the German people as if they were fundamentally different. The situation is quite the reverse. Hitler's system constitutes only the terrible fulfillment of a century of German nationalistic lawlessness. The concept of "two Germanies" is a dangerous myth. The cultural Germany of Goethe and Beethoven was replaced more than a century ago by the militaristic, Prussianized Germany of Clausewitz, Bismarck, Moltke, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, von Seeckt, and von Brauchitsch...whoever studies Prussianized Germany objectively must conclude that the Nazi regime, far from being opposed to the trend of German history, is but the logical fulfillment, the inevitable outgrowth of the ever-rising wave of brutality, trickery and robbery of the Prussian system and of its well-organized conquest of the German soul."

The European policy of the Soviet Union cannot be understood except against this background. The peoples of the smaller Eastern European countries would be perfectly content to see the Soviet armies leave tomorrow, if only they could be assured that the German armies wouldn't put in an appearance on the day after tomorrow. This is an important hold that the USSR has on Eastern Europe. And the authorities of the German Democratic Republic have not cleaned all the Nazis out of their administration, but they have a far better record than the German Federal Republic. Official maps printed in West Germany label the Western half of Poland as "East Ger-



many at present under Polish administration." Konrad Adenauer referred to the German Democratic Republic as "Middle Germany," reserving the term "East Germany" for Poland. And transport minister Seehofer is head of an organization which openly advocates the conquest of some Czech regions which Hitler seized in 1938. My only complaint about the division of Germany is that it isn't divided into enough parts. If Germany had been partitioned into the several historic states in 1945, and if the economy had been rebuilt along agricultural rather than industrial lines, as the Morgenthau Plan had proposed, this unrepentant and untrustworthy nation would not today be playing so powerful a role in European affairs.

[I want to take exception to John's claim that the Russian troops are in Eastern Europe because the people there want them there. Perhaps the local officials do, but for protection from their own subjects and not from Germany. These officials remain in power only through the intimidation of the Russian army with the help of their own (not very trustworthy) police force. This was made most clear almost a decade ago by events in East Germany, Hungary, and Poland. I have heard relatives comment, when discussing letters received from behind the iron curtain, that perhaps it would be best after all if Russia doesn't fall in the near future. (And I think it is perfectly proper to refer to it as Russia instead of USSR for the only people with any real authority are Russians or have identified themselves with Russia, and the "Union" is but the current vehicle for their expansionism.) The relatives feel that the great sweep of revenge against the quislings who administered the land, the police, the informers, etc., exterminating perhaps thousands of people, just would not be healthy, especially so close upon the heels of the various pogroms of the current "administration." And they are sure, from the strong hatred expressed in the letters, that such a counter pogrom would follow automatically. On the other hand, Mack Reynolds was probably right when he pointed out in one of his "Russian" stories a few years back that any overthrow of the present regime would NOT result in the adoption of a capitalist economy modeled on ours. For instance, I understand that the co-operative movement was very strong in Lithuania before the Russian takeover. The imposed communes of today might be intolerable, but the farmers had long realized that they would do better if an agency which is really their own handled the initial distribution of their produce. ERM/

## 2: THE ELRIC STORIES

A: Michael Moorcock

Very nice of Al Andriuskevicius to devote so much time to Elric -- though he doesn't altogether merit it! I'd disagree with Al when he says "I expect the 'sword and sorcery' stories are by far the most popular type....etc." I think those who like them receive them enthusiastically, but it's a fairly small minority compared with those who like, for instance, "science fantasy" of The Dragon Masters variety and the stuff Kuttner, Brackett and others used to turn out for Startling, Super Science, etc. These days people seem to want information of some kind with their escapism -- and "sword and sorcery" doesn't strictly supply information of the type required. (The appeal of James Bond appears to be based primarily on the lumps of pseudo-data inserted every-so-often in the narrative.) The only "sword-and-sorcery" stuff I personally enjoy reading is Leiber's. Don't go much for Tolkien, Dunsany, Smith, Howard -- or ERB in spite of what some critics have said of my books recently.

Though I didn't know Science Fantasy was due to fold when I wrote it I wound up the Elric series just in time to catch the last issue quite by coincidence. I had intended to kill off Elric (as is probably plain from the 2nd story in the currently appearing quartette, "Black Sword's Brothers") and his world, so it is just as well. A story set in a world which so closely borders Elric's that some of the place names are the same will be appearing in Fantastic some time this year. This was originally called "Earl Aubec and the Golem" but the title has been changed to "Master of Chaos" (the cosmology is identical with the Elric-stories cosmology) and will be, if



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Cele Goldsmith likes the next one I'm planning, the first of a series showing the development of the Earth from a rather unusual start. It is vaguely possible that Elric will appear in future stories and some of his background not filled in in the concluding stories ("Sad Giant's Shield" in SF 63 & "Doomed Lord's Passing" in SF 64) will be filled in there. But this depends on how the series develops and what Cele Goldsmith thinks of the stories. "Masters of Chaos" is, I think, in many ways my best S&S tale.

(It is a great disappointment, however, that Science Fantasy has folded. Not simply because stories sold to it paid my rent, but because for me and many other writers in this country (particularly, like me, the younger ones) it was an outlet for the kind of story that is very difficult to sell in America -- even to Cele Goldsmith who appears to be the most openminded of the U.S. editors. Particularly this went for the short novels of the "Earth is but a Star" length and the recent 37,000 word "Skeleton Crew" by Aldiss. The slow-developing, borderline-mainstream story of the kind Ballard does so well will find more difficulty selling in the States too, though Ballard's "Question of Re-entry" was of this kind and published in Fantastic. It seems a pity that English SF has reached, in people like Ballard and Aldiss, an exceptionally high standard and a strongly English flavour, and now it has no markets here.)

The landscapes of my stories are metaphysical, not physical. As a faltering atheist with a deep irradicable religious sense (I was brought up on an off-beat brand of Christian Mysticism) I tended, particularly in early stories like "While the Gods Laugh," to work out my own problems through Elric's adventures. Needless to say, I never reached any conclusions, merely brought these problems closer to the surface. I was writing not particularly well, but from the "soul." I wasn't just telling a story, I was telling my story. I don't think of myself as a fantasy writer in the strict sense -- but the possibilities of fantasy attract me. For some sort of guide to what I see as worth exploiting in the fantasy form, I'd suggest you bear this in mind when you read "The Deep Fix" which will appear in the last issue of Science Fantasy along with "Dead God's Passing," the last Elric story...which might also provide a clue. "Deep Fix" will be under a pseudonym.

I am not a logical thinker. I am, if anything, an intuitive thinker. Most facts bore me. Some inspire me. Nuclear physics, for instance, though I know scarcely anything about the field, excites me, particularly when watching a nuclear physicist explaining his theories on TV. My only interest in any field of knowledge is literary. This is probably a narrow interest, but I'm a writer and want to be a good one. I have only written two fantasy stories in my life which were deliberately commercial (sorry, three -- one hasn't been published). These were "Going Home" in Science Fiction Adventures and "Kings in Darkness" in Science Fantasy. The rest, for better or worse, were written from inside. Briefly, physics doesn't interest me -- metaphysics does. The only writer of SF I enjoy is J.G. Ballard. The only writer of fantasy currently working in the magazines I like is Leiber. The three works of fantasy I can still re-read and enjoy, apart from those, are Anderson's Broken Sword, Peake's Titus Groan trilogy, and Cabell's Jurgen. Anderson has done nothing better than the Broken Sword, in my opinion, and I sometimes feel that his talent has since been diverted, even lessened. I feel that writing SF can ruin and bleed dry a writer's talent. The best he can do in this field is improve his technique -- at the expense of his art. I think of myself as a bad writer with big ideas, but I'd rather be that than a big writer with bad ideas -- or ideas that have gone bad. I tend to think of the SF magazine field as a field in which it is possible to experiment -- and sell one's mistakes; but the impulse to sell tends to dominate the impulse to experiment the longer one stays in the field.

And fear of death, incidentally, is probably another source of inspiration in the Elric stories. I don't believe in life after death and I don't want to die. Most of the time I don't think about it. Now I'm thinking about it. I don't want to die. I hope I shan't. Maybe I'll be the exception that proves the rule....



Now for some specific remarks about the Elric material in NIEKAS. Firstly, a few carping points on the spelling. As you'll see from the book, which I had an opportunity to get at before it was printed, there is an accented e in the spelling of Melniboné. Melnibonay -- this accent was, of course, left out of all but the first story. Imrryr is spelt thus. Count Smiorgan Baldhead -- not of Baldhead (his head was hairless).

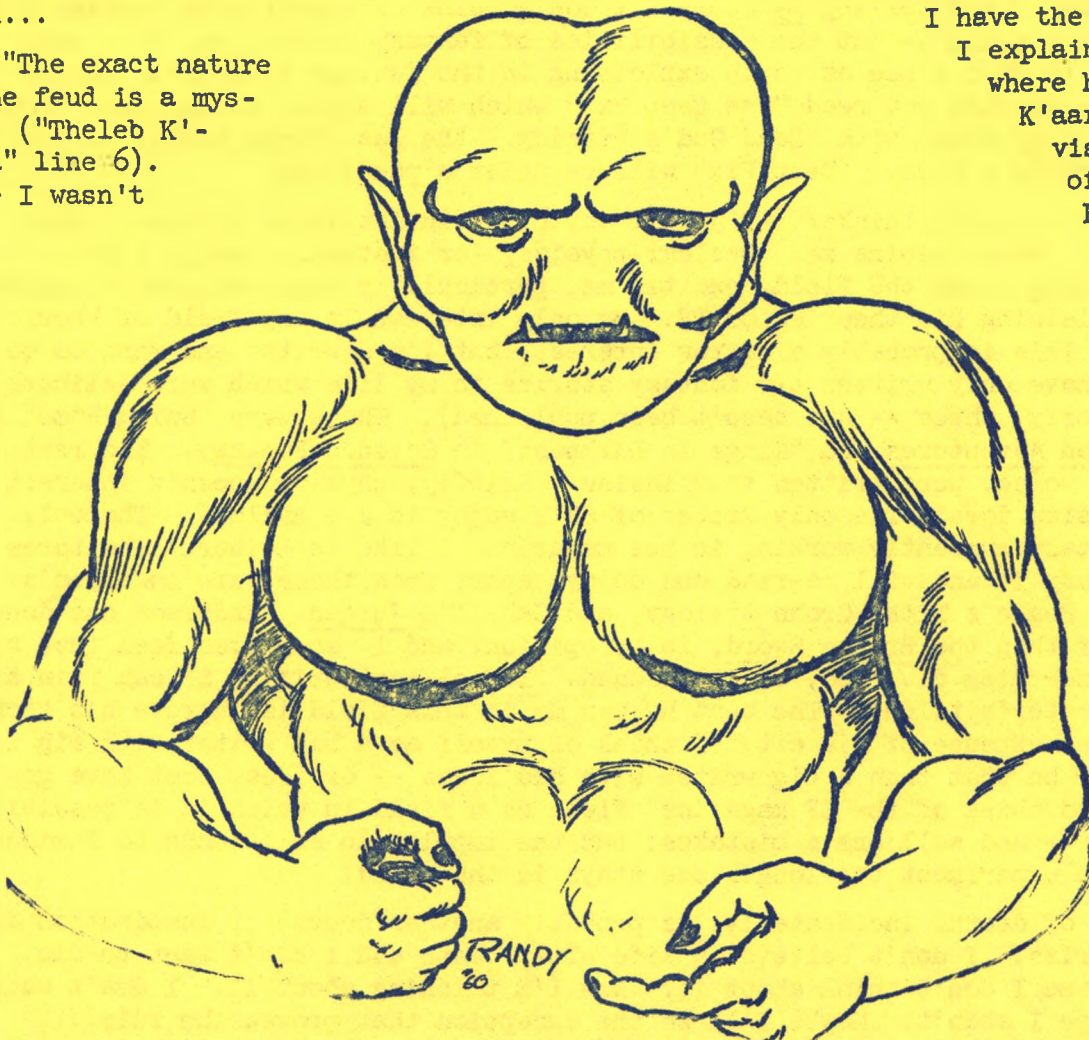
A point about the end of "The Dreaming City." Elric used the wind to save himself, abandoning his comrades to the dragons. This, and Cymoril's death, is on his conscience.

I don't know whether the Imrryrians would have despised Elric (2nd story synopsis, line 1). I think of them as accepting his treachery fairly calmly, and yet bound to do something about it if they caught up with him.

When I wrote this story I was thinking of Stormbringer as a symbol -- partly, anyway -- of Man's reliance on mental and physical crutches he'd be better off without. It seems a bit pretentious, now. I suppose you could call the Dharzi zombie men, but really I didn't think of them as men at all, in the strict sense. The sea is, of course, an underground sea -- and also not "natural" as Elric discovered. The hill, castle, etc. -- all the bits and pieces in this episode -- are all underground. There was the intention here to give the whole episode the aspect of taking place within a womb. The book is a similar symbol to the sword in this story. Again, in the end of this story, he leaves Shaarilla to her faith -- abandoning her. At this period of my writing women either got killed or had some other dirty trick played on them. The only female character who survived was my own La Belle Dame Sans Merci -- Yishana. I won't explain that here -- too personal...

"The exact nature of the feud is a mystery" ("Theleb K'aarna" line 6). Maybe I wasn't

clear enough here --but I have the idea that I explained somewhere how Theleb K'aarna had devised a means of sending Elric on a wild-goose chase by loosing some supernatural force or





other against him. This was why Elric wanted blood. That story by the way was the most popular of the first three. I guess a Freudian psychologist would know why....

"Kings in Darkness", I'd rather not deal with, since it was the worst of the series and, as I mentioned, written commercially. Therefore there is little of it which fits in with what I like to think of as the real content of the Elric series.

No comments, either, on "The Flame Bringers" -- although I enjoyed writing the Meerclar bit and the last sequence with Elric on the back of the dragon. This, I think, is nothing much more than an adventure story, though it serves to show up Elric's weakness in that the moment things get tough he's seeking his sword again. Also the last bit where the sword returns is a hint of the sword's "true" nature.

In the book version of the last quartette (of which "Black Sword's Brothers" is the first part) I've revised the opening a bit. It was -- and C.R.Kearns pointed this out and I agreed with him -- what you might call a confused start. In the final revision of the short story version I changed it fairly considerably from the original and one or two inconsistencies crept through -- I was working hard at the time and very tired.

I would rather Al had left this story out or waited until all four had been published before synopsising it since this is the first part of a novel and many issues are not clarified until the end. I'm not happy with any of the magazine stories as they stand and have made, in places, quite heavy revisions. The last story to be written is, I feel, the best though. A final word -- the Lords of Chaos hated Tanelorn not because it was a utopia, but because nearly all those in the city had once owed them, the Lords, allegiance and had forsworn it when they came to Tanelorn (or so the story goes). This is probably the most overtly philosophical or mystical of the Young Kingdom tales, as you say, and took much longer to write than the rest. It could be improved, I feel, by more play on the actual characters involved.

Charlie (or Marsha) Brown feels that "Black Sword's Brothers" was the dullest Elric story. It was certainly, as explained above, one of the most patchy from the point of view of construction. It's true, in one sense, that I was losing interest in the Elric series -- or rather that I had reached a point before it was written where I had run out of inspiration. But the interest picked up as I began to write and, by the time I'd got into the second part I was enjoying the writing again. I think it's possible to look at the Elric stories as a sort of presentation of the crude materials which I hope to fashion into better stories later. Being non-logical, I have to produce a great deal of stuff in order to find the bits of it I really want. My ideas about Law and Chaos and the rest became clearer as I wrote. Of the four, "Black Sword's Brothers" and "Sad Giant's Shield" (the most recently published) are the weakest in my opinion. Both were revised (something I do not usually do with the Elric stories) and both suffered from this revision, I think. My mind was at its clearest (not very clear by normal standards) when I wrote "Doomed Lord's Passing." I've found that I can only really learn from my mistakes after they've been published, which is hard on the reader.

Ted Carnell, who handles my other work as well, said that he felt "Earl Aubec and the Golem" (or "Master of Chaos") was a sort of crystallisation of everything I'd been working on in the Elric series. Maybe not everything, but I think he's right. Earl Aubec is more a kind of sword-and-philosophy tale than an outright sword-and-sorcery. Elric tales -- or the best of them -- were conceived similarly.

Marsha (or Charlie) Brown thinks that Rackham's fantasies (or properly "Occult-thrillers") will outlast my stories. I don't think either will last for long, but I might as well admit that I was slightly hurt by this remark, for Rackham's stories that I read struck me as being rather barren, stereotyped tales with no "true" sense of the occult at all (whatever a true sense of the occult is). Moreover I know John doesn't believe in his stuff for a second (at least not in any supernatural sense) whereas I believe wholeheartedly in mine, as I've pointed out. It's silly to take up



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someone's remark like this, especially since it is fair criticism and just a statement of someone's individual taste, but I suppose I'm still young enough to feel defensive about my stories -- especially my Elric stories for which I have an odd mixture of love and hate. They are so closely linked to my own obsessions and problems that I find it hard to ignore any criticisms of them and tend momentarily to leap to their defence.

And now on to Part II of Al's article. Have a feeling I should have left this until later -- my comments seem more diffused than usual. However....

As I said earlier, and Cele Goldsmith said in a supplement to AMRA, sword and sorcery seems to appeal to an enthusiastic minority and may receive a large volume of praise from a fairly small section of readers.

When Carnell asked me to think up a sword-and-sorcery series I tried to make it as different as possible from any other I'd read. I'd hesitate to agree that the two best known magic swords are Excalibur and Prince Valiant's "Singing Blade" -- Excalibur, certainly, and probably Roland's Durandale. The idea of the magic sword came, of course, from Legend, but I willingly admit to Anderson's influence, too. The idea of an albino hero had a more obscure source. As a boy I collected a pre-war magazine called Union Jack. This was Sexton Blake's Own Paper -- Blake was the British version of your Nick Carter, I should imagine, and Union Jack was the equivalent of your Dime Novels. One of Blake's most memorable opponents was a character named M. Zenith -- or Zenith the Albino, a Byronic hero-villain who aroused more sympathy in the reader than did the intrepid detective. Anyway, the Byronic h-v had always appealed; I liked the idea of an albino, which suited my purpose, and so Elric was born -- an albino. Influences include various Gothic novels, also. Elric is not a new hero to fantasy -- although he's new, I suppose, to s-and-s.

I can't altogether agree that Elric remains an essentially simple character. I think of him as complex but inarticulate when he tries to explain his predicament. His taste for revenge seems to be to be a sort of extension of his search for peace and purpose -- he finds, to coin a phrase, forgetfulness in action. Elric's guilt over the slaying of Nikora was guilt for the slaying itself, not because he'd killed a particular man.

I don't know whether I could have left Moonglum out and kept the stories much the same. Moonglum is, apart from everything else, to some extent a close, valued friend of mine who has been a lot of help in various ways over the last few years. If Elric is my fantasy self, then Moonglum is this friend's fantasy self (as I see him at any rate). I am not particularly gloomy by nature, so put Moonglum in to make remarks about Elric when he gets too self-absorbed or too absorbed in self-pity, etc.

A little more of Elric's background and some clue as to why he is what he is will be found in "Dead God's Passing." I've been aware of this absence and have tried to rectify it a bit here.

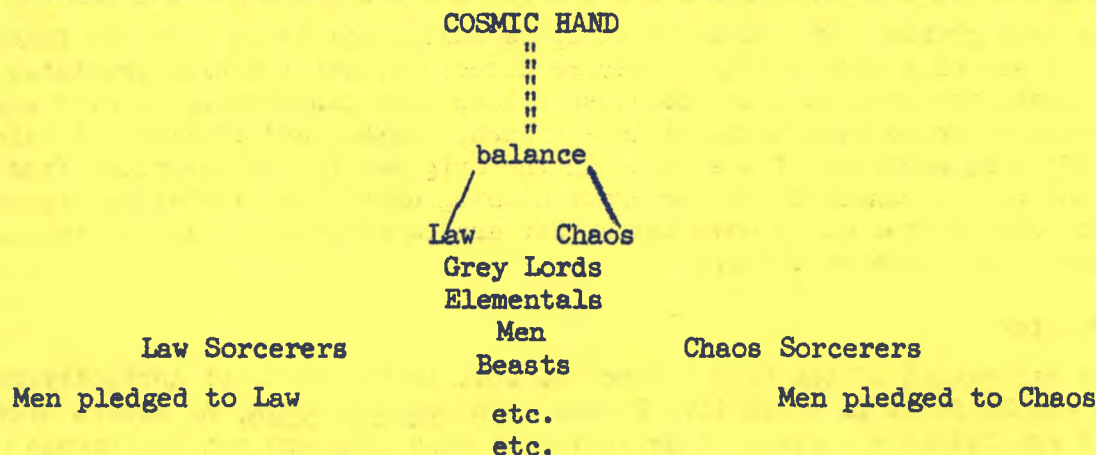
I was pleased that Al used the Gray Mouser as a comparison since, as must now be evident, I'm a great fan of the Mouser's. Perhaps Moonglum also owes a little to the Mouser. As for Elric being an idealist (why the quotes?) rather than a materialist, this is probably because I'm often told I'm a materialist rather than an idealist. I don't like to be told this, but it could be true.

Elric's disregard for danger is of the nature of panic rather than courage, maybe. The Mouser, on the other hand, seems not to disregard danger -- he evaluates it and then acts. Conan -- well....

The cosmology of the Elric stories probably owes its original inspiration to two things -- Zoroastrianism (which I admire) and Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions. It was developed from there, of course.

The set-up, simply, is:





I have a more complex chart. As Al says, the sixth story is the one where the cosmology becomes clearer and the reader should realize the rest as he reads the last stories.

There's a twist, however, to the last story. But I won't say anything about that.

Sorry I haven't made a very thorough criticism of Al's excellent articles, but I have probably helped anyone who wants to assess the Elric stories on a slightly different level. Who wants to?

### 3: OPERA

A: Harry Warner

I'm glad to see that you are taking an interest in all-out opera. Maybe I can straighten out a few of the points that leave you dubious about "Falstaff." The plot is derived mainly from "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But that play is in disrepute with many scholars; it may not be much more than a play by someone else which Shakespeare touched up a little, and Boito, the librettist of "Falstaff," drew on a much better play, "Henry IV," to get quite a bit of his dialog and some of the traits of character. I've even seen claims that the opera libretto is more Shakespearian than "The Merry Wives of Windsor" for this reason.

The business about the horns is an old European habit of referring to a husband who has been deceived by his wife as having acquired horns. You'll occasionally run across a composer who puns on this by putting a prominent horn solo into the music at a point where reference to the topic is made. I've never seen such a figurative use of language in English and it would take a better scholar than this one to tell you how it started and why it was confined to the continent. [George Scithers and one or two others also explained what it meant, but that was obvious from context. It is the origin of the phrase that interested me, tho I didn't make that clear in my essay. EM/

As you guessed, libretto translations are impossibly difficult to do well. Besides the troubles you pointed out, there are the problems such as making a key word in a sentence occur at the key point of the melodic line or at a point where the composer requires several repetitions of the word, adopting language that will be singable without too many explosive consonants in a musical line that is supposed to be smooth and making sure that the spots where a singer normally pauses an instant to breathe won't break up a two-syllable word or split "the" from a noun. Some translations prepared for the librettos distributed with opera on records aren't intended for singing but merely to follow the meaning of the original as closely as possible within each line. These are better for the listener if he doesn't try mentally to fit each English syllable to each syllable he hears the singer pronouncing. But when you're getting acquainted with opera, I think it's best not to worry too much about



the meaning of each phrase. The words in an opera fulfil something like the function of the props and set of a spoken play. They're necessary, but the wise spectator doesn't concentrate too much on them and doesn't keep them consciously in mind except when they obviously demand attention. I know French, German, and Italian; I think I could rattle off long sections of the texts in the original for my favorites from memory, but I'm not really conscious of the exact meaning under most listening circumstances. Remember, most operas don't have texts that are consciously brilliant and aimed at the intellect like those of Gilbert.

B: Elliot K Shorter

The exact derivation of the word "horns" is lost in the mists of antiquity. Theories about it can be found in books like Frazer's The Golden Bough, or Robert Graves' book on poetry and Celtic mythology (I deliberately said like and not in, though a reference is made in Graves' book if you know what to look for) and other books of that general type. When a man's wife, mistress, or girl friend is seduced he is considered to be cuckolded, and is depicted as having stag's horns growing from his forehead. The expression is somewhat archaic here in America. It never gained much of a hold except in the original 13 colonies I believe, though, it is still current in the British Isles. It's been used in SF and fantasy stories. [Elliot also speculated about the possible meaning of the pair of phrases "Just kiss me soon, and you will always do it"/"Trust in the moon, love will always renew it" admitting that this is just wild speculation based on my out of context quote, for he never saw either the play or the opera. He wrongly attributed the lines to Shakespeare, "who was an Elizabethan who wrote for the public in such a way the upper class enjoyed it.../and/ is a dirty old man..../He/ oftentimes has his characters refer to things that have happened between them off stage in the manner of an inside joke or 'in' reference, in such a way that unless you are aware of the meaning of the words the reference is way over your head." Elliot went on to speculate that they had just had intercourse and she wanted to do it again. He was willing but had to be physically aroused again before he could. Therefore he asked her to kiss him even though he had some doubts about this working. She assured him that it would. Unfortunately for Elliot's theory this exchange occurred after a lengthy separation. Also, I've learned that the exact translation of the lines in question are "A mouth that has been kissed loses no luck"/"It always renews itself as the moon does." Also, Tony Boucher who provided this translation said he was sure that the affair between them was supposed to be perfectly innocent up to that point. ERM/

C: Ed Meskys

I decided to come out from the brackets and finish off this section out in the open. During the last quarter I discussed various aspects of opera rather extensively with Jean Senkin, Ed Clinton and Tony Boucher, especially the matter of translation into English. It appears that it is the opera aficionado of long standing who is most adamantly against translation for he is in a position to enjoy the original more than any possible translation. I am told, for instance, that the librettist of "Falstaff," Boito, was a major poet and that just from the lyrical quality of the words this is supposed to be one of the finest librettos ever written. But still, I say, a lot of good this does me if I can't understand it. With all of its faults, I think I would still prefer to see an English version. Perhaps after I've seen (or heard on record) it a half dozen times I will be familiar enough to know exactly what is going on at all times and will then be in a position to appreciate the beauty of the original.

I can see the point of the real opera fans. After all, they do know the words and probably the language so they want to hear it in such a way as to get the most enjoyment possible out of it. The same would hold for foreign drama or literature too, though there the translation is usually a little less difficult. My parents read Dr Zhivago in Russian and cannot imagine how any translator could have possibly caught the fine shades of meaning, the idioms, etc., in an English version, or how



any American could have made sense out of the uniquely Russian customs and way of life even if translated. They haven't read the English version so don't know how well this was approximated, but they consider it to be an absolute impossibility. But no matter how well or poorly this was done, the average American must read the translated version if he is to read it at all, for how many can understand Russian well enough to even struggle thru it, much less get more out of the Russian version than they would from a translation.

Back around 1930, incidentally, my mother had become quite an opera fan while she was still living in Lithuania. There, however, absolutely everything was done in translation. This included a number of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, which she had found most enjoyable. (When I mentioned this to Tony Boucher, he said that he has a record of G+S selections sung in Polish.) However when a foreign company visited Kaunas they sang in their native language and she just didn't care as much for that.

Well, I just got the circular from the San Francisco Spring Opera and I see that they will be doing seven operas, three in English. I haven't yet decided which ones I will go to, but I expect to make 3 or 4, about half in English. I certainly did not see "Falstaff" under ideal conditions and want to see several others in the original languages before coming to any real conclusions. It will involve some additional "work" to prepare for seeing them (by reading the librettos several times and, if possible, listening to the records) but despite what I said above I do want to give it a fair trial.





# THE ORCS' MARCHING SONG

O, Sauron made some Rings, they were very usefull things  
And he only wanted One to keep  
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun.  
Sauron's finger was inside it, what a creep!

CHORUS: Sauron had no friend to help him at the end  
Not even an Orc or a slave.  
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon  
And laid poor Sauron in his grave.

Now Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor  
But his Orcs didn't like the Sun.  
Because marching in the heat made them feel so very beat  
Sauron made them suntan lotion by the ton.

Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Anduin  
Where he found his birthday present.  
He gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Orc,  
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant.

Now the wizard Saruman heard that Rings were in demand  
As a prelude to the arrival of the stork.  
He decided Sauron's Ring would be just the perfect thing  
For a wedding with a pregnant lady-Orc.

Now when Frodo got the Ring he rather liked the thing  
But it worried him every minute.  
At the end of his long mission, to continue the tradition  
He lost it with his finger still within it.

Sauron he felt poor at the fall of Barad-dur  
And he didn't have a friend as I've mentioned  
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way  
And the Orcs show up at every damn Convention.

Sauron is no more, and his land of Mordor  
Was destroyed without any pity  
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way  
On the House Unamerican Activities Committee.

Shagrat's job went down the drain, at the end of Sauron's reign  
And his new line of work is the result.  
He's selling pornography, through the U.S.P.O.D.  
And he prints it in a fanzine for the Cult.

translated by George Heap

(I reprinted the above from a flyer published at the "Detention" by the Philadelphia fans for it differs substantially from the version recently reprinted by John Boardman in one of his fanzines. I wonder if any other verses than those John and I have printed are in circulation...or if anyone is interested in writing some additions. I particularly remember a fine one contributed by Dean Dickensheet in Boardman's version. Anyhow, if I get sufficient response I would like to publish a definitive version in one place containing the above, the verses in John's not here, and others which will come in. ERM)



# SOME NOTES ON NORTON GRACE WARREN

I've long enjoyed Andre Norton's science fiction and I hope to share that enjoyment with you. I hope that, after reading this, those of you who are now unfamiliar with her work will wish to enjoy all of it.

First, a few words about her background. She is a native of Cleveland, of colonial and pioneer stock with, according to Current Biography, a strain of American Indian. Perhaps this last accounts for her remarkable ability to bring other cultures, especially Amerind, alive for us in her writing. In the early years, she worked as a children's librarian; I suspect her personal delight in science fiction made her more readily aware of its potential value as a field of writing for young readers. She is a valiant champion of science fiction--witness her article "Living in 1980+" in the Library Journal of Sept 15, 1952. This article, by the way, includes her own selection of SF for young readers; I wonder what additions she would make now? I would certainly include all Andre Norton titles, good reading for young person and adult alike.

Before I turn to the books themselves, I want to quote a few extracts from the letters I have received since we began corresponding about the Invisible Little Man Award. "As a former librarian I know what you mean about waging a mock war over the inclusion of s-f works--the unknowing public seems to judge them all by the former covers of the pulps--a beauteous damsel in very light attire being menaced by a bug-eyed monster--which is extremely unfair to the field at large. A vast amount of research goes into every one of my books--ranging from archaeology, anthropology, native magic, travel, animal material, etc. And I am always hoping that some readers will be so lead to further reading in the non-fiction field as a result of the bait I try to offer." This meticulous research supports all her work--mysteries, historicals and sf. I had hoped to quote excerpts from either Ride, Proud Rebel or Shadow Hawk so that you might become acquainted with the historicals; however I haven't yet my own copies.

But to go on with the letters: "I am sending you this week a copy of my new pb original--the first "adult" I have done--this is of the sword and sorcery field and at present I am working on a sequel to it. But once this one is done, I am going to take a vacation from s-f for a while since I am afraid of getting in a rut. For some four years now I have been collecting reference books on China as I want to do a romantic novel based on the true story of the Lady Chae in the Han Dynasty--a companion volume to Shadow Hawk in a projected Romance of History series--This will require a vast amount of research and will probably occupy me for the rest of the year. But since all of my publishers have an s-f for publication in 1964, I feel free to do this." Witch World, from which I won't quote--you go buy copies!--is the portrayal of a matriarchy of witches into which is thrown a male who, unknown to himself, is a warlock. She handles the possibilities in this firmly, surely, deftly. It OUGHT to be in hard cover. Shadow Hawk I urge you to read; you will enjoy it--as much as her sf, for it has the same exciting strength and movement.

I'm sure you'll enjoy the next bit: "Mundy and Haggard and Ganpat are the old favorites--I am trying to pick up missing copies for my shelves from collectors' lists. Still think The Purple Pirate is one of the best adventure historical things I ever read. I do NOT care for nor read modern novels--my reading for pleasure being mysteries, s-f, historieal or westerns (I find the latter very relaxing--the same as on TV --I am a western fan--however else, I ask you, can one situated as I am learn how to describe a good piece of fighting?) TV westerns have given me a great deal more confidence in battle scenes." Well, isn't that right? There's nothing timid in her writing of men and battles.

I know you'll be interested in the last one: "I did enjoy so much the visit of the four wayfarers on their way to the Discor--only sorry that their stay had to be



so limited. Mr. Pelz was kind enough to let me see the picture of their winning costumes--so thoughtful of him. And the Invisible Little Man is my prize possession and on display now, I assure you....

"Quest for Kolder was my title to the Witch World sequel, but had a letter from ACE yesterday to the fact that they had renamed it Web of Witch World--should be out next year, I guess. I have had small glimmerings of thought about a third Estcarpian chronicle--this to be the adventures of three Tregarth children--an elder son and twins--boy and a girl--but so far that is all it is. Just a glimmer.

"The Chinese research has been so interrupted and goes so laggingly that I feel very frustrated and now am seriously considering shelving the whole project and starting another s-f at the first of the year if a really good idea pops into mind. Will just have to wait and see."

Now to the books. I can't possibly quote from every one, much as I'd like to, so I've made a selection, of which some, I hope, will be new to you. There is one quality of Andre Norton's work that, for me, stands out impressively: her ability to depict realistically, credibly, compassionately human relationships--with other humans, with animals, and with aliens. Most readers are aware of the human-to-human relationships in her stories; I think of the moving and warmly real ending of Beast Master. I want to talk a little about her human-animal and human-alien companions. Storm over Warlock provides good example of both; I want to quote a passage about the mutant wolverines.

"Survey teams had early discovered the advantage of using mutated and highly trained Terran animals as assistants in the exploration of strange worlds. From the biological laboratories and breeding farms on Terra came a trickle of specialized aides-de-camp to accompany man into space. Some were fighters, silent, more deadly than weapons a man wore at his belt or carried in his hands. Some were keener eyes, keener noses, keener scouts than the human kind could produce. Bred for intelligence, for size, for adaptability to alien conditions, the animal explorers from Terra were prized.

"Wolverines, the ancient 'devils' of the northlands on Terra were being tried for the first time on Warlock. Their caution, a quality highly developed in their breed, made them testers for new territory. Able to tackle in battle an animal three times their size, they should be added protection for the men they accompanied into the wilderness, and their wide ranging, their ability to climb and swim, and above all, their curiosity were assets.

"Shann had begun contact by cleaning their cages; he ended captivated by these miniature bears with long bushy tails. And to his unbounded delight the attraction was mutual. Alone to Taggi and Togi he was a person, an important person. Those teeth which could tear flesh into ragged strips, nipped gently at his fingers, sloped without any pressure on his arm, even on nose and chin in what was the ultimate caress of their kind. Since they were escape artists of no mean ability, twice he had to track and lead them back to camp from forays of their own devising."

All of us are interested, I think, in the possibility of man gaining some surer communication with animals; Andre Norton develops this possibility in the form of an empathetic, intuitive relation. You will find the dolphin in Key out of Time, coyotes in The Defiant Agents, cat and eagle in Beast Master and Lord of Thunder, horse in Sioux Spaceman,--even the alien moid, Vorken, in Star Gate. The association is never servile for the animal--rather it is a rewarding companionship.

Storm over Warlock also shows how modern understanding of human mind and emotion can be used as a sort of sorcery--by aliens. Shann, traveling through cave and fog to reach his goal, finds this alien "magic" requires that he face his past. After a particularly brutal hallucination,

"Shann shivered, trying not to think what might lie before him.... How did they know just what dreams to use in order to break him? Or did he himself furnish the actors and the action, projecting old terrors in this mist as a tri-dee tape projected



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a story in three dimensions for the amusement of the viewer?

"Dream true--was this progress through the mist also a dream? Dreams within dreams.... Shann put his hand to his head, uncertain, badly shaken. But that stubborn core of determination with him was still holding. Next time he would be prepared at once to face down any resurrected memory.

"Walking slowly, pausing to listen for the slightest sound which might herald the coming of a new illusion, Shann tried to guess which of his nightmares might come to face him. But he was to learn that there was more than one kind of dream. Steel-ed against old fears, he was met by another emotion altogether.

"There was a fluttering in the air, a little crooning cry which pulled at his heart. Without any conscious thought, Shann held out his hands, whistling on two notes a call which his lips appeared to remember more quickly than his mind. The shape which winged through the fog came straight to his waiting hold, tore at long-walled-away hurt with its once more familiar beauty. It flew with a list; one of the delicate tinted wings was injured, had never healed straight. But the seraph nestled into the hollow of Shann's two palms and looked up at him with all the old liquid trust.

"'Trav! Trav!' He cradled the tiny creature carefully, regarded with joy its feathered body, the curled plumes on its proudly held head, felt the silken patting of those infinitesimal claws against his protecting fingers.

"Shaan sat down in the sand, hardly daring to breathe. Trav--again! The wonder of this never-to-be-hoped-for return filled him with a surge of happiness almost too great to bear, which hurt in its way with as great a pain as Legally's lash; it was a pain rooted in love, not fear and hate.

"Legally's lash...

"Shann trembled. Trav raised one of those small claws toward the Terran's face, crooning a soft caressing cry for recognition, for protection, trying to be a part of Shann's life once more.

"Trav! How could he bear to will Trav into nothingness, to bear to summon up another harsh memory which would sweep Trav away? Trav was the only thing Shann had ever known which he could love wholeheartedly, that had answered his love with a return gift of affection so much greater than the light body he now held.

"'Trav!' he whispered softly. Then he made his great effort against this second and far more subtle attack. With the same agony which he had known years earlier, he resolutely summoned a bitter memory, sat nursing once more a broken thing which died in pain he could not ease, aware himself of every moment of that pain. And what was worse, this time there clung that nagging little doubt. What if he had not forced the memory? Perhaps he could have taken Trav with him unhurt, alive, at least for a while.

"Shann covered his face with his now empty hands, To see a nightmare flicker out after facing squarely up to its terror, that was no great task. To give up a dream which was part of a lost heaven, that cut cruelly deep. The Terran dragged himself to his feet, drained and weary, stumbling on."

(Don't worry, he does win through!) This shows so well Andre Norton's power to stir the heart; it is a beautiful and heartbreaking sequence.

Time also interests this author. Time Traders is the first of a sequence; men have discovered an apparently abandoned alien spaceship in a past time, journey tapes have been taken from it--by both U.S. and Russian agents--and the aliens of the past have discovered the human occupation of this ship through the accidental activation of the ship's communications system. The alien here described is not the enemy, but this passage shows how the indescribable alien can be suggested by the clever assembling and distorting of terrestrial characteristics: "He returned to the lever and moved it back two notches, standing open-mouthed at the immediate result. The cream and-brown streaks were making a picture! ... Only, he was also looking into a face! Ross swallowed, his hand grasping one of the strings of chair webbing for support. Perhaps because in some ways it did resemble his own, that face was more preposterously nonhuman.. The visage on the screen was sharply triangular with a small, sharply pointed chin and a jaw line running to an angle from a broad upper face. The skin



was dark, covered largely with a soft and silky down, out of which looked a curved and shining nose set between two large round eyes. On top of that astonishing head the down rose to a peak not unlike a cockatoo's crest. Yet there was no mistaking the intelligence in those eyes, nor the other's amazement at sight of Ross. They might have been staring at each other through a window." For a description of the enemy alien--the Baldy--and remember that communication with the truly alien will be difficult if not impossible--I suggest you read the book!

In Galactic Derelict our time traders are following a journey tape; here is another of those meaningful descriptions: "'But it is a work of art.' That they could all recognize, even if the subject still puzzled them. The figure was posed erect on two slender hind limbs, both of which terminated in feet of long, narrow, widely separated, clawed digits. The body, also slender but with a well-defined waist and broad shoulders, was closer to the human in general appearance, and there were two arms held aloft, as if the creature was about to leap outward into space. But it would have a better chance of survival in such a leap than those now passing the statuette from hand to hand. For the arms supported skin wing-flaps, extended on ribs not unlike those possessed by the Terran bats.

"The head was the least human, almost grotesque in its ugliness to the time agent's eyes. There were sharply pointed ears, overshadowing in their size and extension the rest of the features which were crowded together in the forepart of the face. Eyes were set deep within cavities under heavy skull ridges, the nose was simply a vertical slit above a mouth from which the vestiges of lips curled back to display a usable and frightening set of fangs. And yet its ugliness was not repulsive, not horrifying. There was no clothing to suggest that it represented an intelligent being. Yet all of them were certain, the longer they examined the figure, that it had not been meant to portray an animal." Difference in shape or color, neither need be a matter of distrust, neither need cause fear or withdrawal. The hero of The Defiant Agents, another time trader title, is an Apache. In this, as in Key Out of Time, the time traders are trapped in a distant place and time, no immediate hope of return. And in Key Out of Time is succinct statement of man's place in the universe.

"'Those ape-things we found on the desert planet,' Ross thought back to their first voyage on the homing derelict. 'Maybe they had once been men and were degenerating. And the winged people, they could have been less than men on their way up--'

"'Ape-things...winged people?' Karara interrupted. 'Tell me!'

"There was something imperious in her demand, but Ross found himself describing in detail their past adventures, first on the world of sand and sealed structures where the derelict had rested for a purpose its involuntary passengers had never understood, and then of the Terrans' limited exploration of that other planet which might have been the capital world of a far-flung stellar empire. There they had made a pact with the winged people living in the huge buildings of a jungle-choked city.

"'But you see'--the Polynesian girl turned to Ashe when Ross had finished--'you did find them--these ape-things and the winged people. But here there are only dragons and burrowers. Are they the start or the finish? I want to know.'

"'Why?' Ashe asked.

"'Not just because I am curious, though I am that also, but because we, too, must have a beginning and an end. Did we come up from the seas, rise to know and feel and think, just to return to such beginning at our end? If your winged people were climbing and your ape-things descending'--she shook her head--'it would be frightening to hold a cord of life, both ends in your hands. Is it good for us to see such things, Gordon?'

"'Men have asked that question all their thinking lives, Karara. There have been those who have said no, who have turned aside and tried to halt the growth of knowledge here and there, attempted to make men stand still on one tread of a stairway. Only there is that in us which will not stop, ill-fitted as we may be for the climbing.'"  
/Italics mind.7

As I have said, I can not quote from all the books, but you should look for the other Indian titles as well as The Defiant Agents: Sioux Spaceman--with the imported



horses loosing new riders to freedom (as the Spanish-brought horse loosed the Indian); Beast Master and its sequel Lord of Thunder--the Navaho with his mutated cat and eagle. The backgrounds of these have reality, ring true; Andre Norton shows sensitive understanding of the Amerind and his culture, just as, in Voodoo Planet, she makes the witch doctor's magic and Medic Tau's mastery of it credible.

The Stars are Ours and its sequel Star Born are interesting accounts, first of the struggle of a small group of scientists to escape a new anti-science tyranny on earth, the escape, and the founding of a colony on a far world, Astra--no man knows where or when; second of a later generation of Astra coming in contact both with the native hostile people and a scout ship from a re-vitalized Terra. The young hero of the second tale is a telepath, for friendly natives are telepathic and man, deprived of machines, is forced to develop this ability. The hero must decide if the scout ship should be put in touch with his Elders.

"Dalgard squinted at the sun sparkling on the waves. Where now? To the north, where the space ship waited? If what he read in Raf's mind was true the other wanted to leave Astra, to voyage back to that other world which was only a legend to Dalgard, and a black, unhappy legend at that. If the Elders were here, had a chance to contact these men from Terra--Dalgard's eyes narrowed, would they choose to? Another chain of thought had been slowly developing in his mind during these past hours when he had been so closely companioned with the stranger. And almost he had come to a decision which would have seemed very odd even days before.

"No, there was no way of suddenly bringing the Elders here, of transferring his burden of decision to them. Dalgard cupped his chin in his hand and tried to imagine what it would be like to shut oneself up in a small metal-walled spacer and set out blindly to leave one world for another. His ancestors had done that, and they had traveled in cold sleep, ignorant of whether they would ever reach their goal. They had been very brave, or very desperate men.

"But--Dalgard measured sand, sun and sky, watching the mermen sporting in the waves--but for him Astra was enough. He wanted nothing but this sand, this world. There was nothing which drew him back. He would try to locate the spacer for the sake of the stranger; Astra owed Raf all they could manage to give him. But the ship was as alien to Homeport as it now existed as the city's globe might have been."

At the end Dalgard sends Raf on his way without regret, knowing that in time men from Terra and men from Astra will meet as equals despite the difference in cultural developments.

One of the earlier titles, Star Man's Son (published in paper as Daybreak 2250AD), has an absorbing description of ruined Chicago and radioactive wastelands with curious mutant plants and animals. This story shows especially well Andre Norton's concern for sound human relationships; Fors, the human mutant, and his dark hunter companion, Arskane, hope to join the three groups of humans left in the Central United States--plains and mountain areas--into a cooperative fellowship.

"Arskane propped his chin on his hand and stared out over the tangle of bush and vine. 'It seems to me', he said slowly, 'that we are like the parts of a body. My people are busy hands, fashioning things by which life may be made easier and more beautiful. The Plainspeople are the restless, hurrying feet, ever itching for new trails and the strange things which might lie beyond the sunrise and the sunset. And your clan is the head, thinking, remembering, planning for feet and hands. Together--'

"Together,' Fors breathed, 'we would make such a nation as this land has not seen since the days of the Old Ones!'

"No, not a nation such as the Old Ones knew!' Arskane's answer was sharp. "They were not one body--for they knew war. And out of that warfare came what is today. If the body grows together again it must be because each part, knowing its own worth and taking pride in it, recognizes also the worth of the other two. And color of skin, or eyes, or the customs of a man's tribe must mean no more to strangers when meeting than the dust they wash from their hands before they take meat. We must come to one



another free of such dust--or it will rise to blind our eyes and what the Old Ones started will continue to live for ever and ever to poison the earth.'"

From Star Guard, patterned on the famous March of the Ten Thousand (the Anabasis of Xenophon), I want to quote one bit to show how subtly alien-ness can be suggested:

"Kana eyed the slit speculatively. It was too narrow for the length if it were fashioned to accommodate a humanoid. It suggested an extremely thin, sinuous creature. He did not feel any prick of man's age-old distaste for the reptilian--any reminder of the barrier between warm-blooded and cold-blooded life which had once held on his home world. Racial mixtures after planet-wide wars, mutant births after the atomic conflicts, had broken down the old intolerance against the 'different'. And out in space thousands of intelligent life forms, encased in almost as many shapes and bodies, had given 'shape prejudice' its final blow. The furred Ilor and Cos were 'man-shaped,' but it might be that they shared Fronn with another race, evolved from scaled clans.... Kana, remembering the Zacanthans he had known and admired, viewed that padded cushion with no aversion, only curiosity. What did it matter if a body were covered with wool or with scales, or with soft flesh which had to be protected by clothing? The Venturi he had met had not been in any way terrifying or obnoxious or creatures--once one became used to their constant concealment of their faces and forms."

Also, in Star Rangers, there is the same clever introduction of the alien; a spaceship has crashed, its crew are investigating the extent of the damage, and "Zilga climbed up and went to work with Rolth. They had mirion free and flat on the plat-ing before Kartr asked his next question.

"How about the Captain?"

"Zinga turned his head slowly, almost as if he were unwilling to answer that. His agitation, as usual, was betrayed by the quiver in the pointed neck frill of skin, which would not lie flat on his shoulders when he was worried or excited."

Star Rangers is one of my favorites. The survivors of the ship have no idea where they are--except that this is an "earth" type planet; the Empire, breaking apart (like the Roman Empire), has ordered this scout ship to a remote, barely mapped part of the galaxy--these, at least, will not embarrass the Empire with rebellion. The first clue to the planet slips in neatly: "What Fylh had discovered was easy to see. And that prick of excitement stirred again far inside him. For that ribbon of vegetation WAS green! But the green! It had no yellow tint, and none of the blue cast it would have held on his own vanished Ylene. It was a verdant green such as he had never set eyes upon before--running in a thin line across the desert country as if it followed some source of moisture." There are more hints to the alert reader; I was furious with myself not to have caught on sooner when I read this for the first time.

A meeting of the ranger-patrol ship crew with the survivors of another Empire ship crash, in an operable city, brings to the fore the struggle between those who find brotherhood among all shapes, colors, kinds, and those to whom human stock is superior and "pure" descent most superior. The crew of the patrol ship is itself divided. Separation becomes inevitable after an intra-city battle; the rangers, Bemmy-lovers, and some of the patrol from the first ship leave to live off the land as best they may. They cannot live with such natives as they find; they carry diseases fatal to native stock--and no longer have the medical treatments to combat such disease. But they follow the tribes; they discover that a great meeting is assembling around the ruins of very ancient buildings--tribes of all colors, white, red, brown, black--come from far places, obviously. Our little band of survivors waits, watches, and--when the natives finally leave--goes to investigate the intriguing ruins. I want to quote the high point of discovery here; perhaps it capture my imagination so strongly because I am as stirred by it as I was and am by the roll call of the United Nations!

"Time continued to drag for the watchers until the last of the natives departed. They even waited another five hours after the last small clan left, making sure that there would be no chance of being sighted by lingerers. And then, in the middle of



an afternoon, they came down the slope at last, picking their way through the debris of the campsite and around still smoldering fires.

"At the foot of the stairs/ which led to the portico of the building they left their packs and bundles. There were twelve broad steps, scored and pitted by winds of time, with the tracks of hide sandals outlined in dried mud where the natives had wandered in and out. Up these steps they climbed and passed through lines of towering pillars into the interior.

"It would have been dark inside but the builders had roofed the center section with a transparent material so that they could almost believe they still stood in the open.

"Slowly, still in a compact group, they came down an aisle into the very middle of the huge hall. Around them on three sides were sections of seats, divided by narrow aisles, each ending at the floor level in one massive chair on the back of which was carved, in such high relief that time had not worn it away, a symbol. On the 4th side of the chamber was a dais supporting three more of the highbacked chairs of state, the center one raised another step above the other two.

"'Some type of legislative building, do you think?' asked Zicti. 'The presiding officer would sit there.' He pointed to the dais.

But Kartr's torch beam fastened on the sign carved on the nearest of the side chairs. As he read it he stood incredulous. Then he flashed the light to illumine the marking on the next seat and the next. He began to run, reading the symbols he knew--knew so well.

"'Deneb, Sirius, Rigel, Capella, Procyon,' He did not realize it, but his voice was rising to a shout as if he were calling a roll--calling such a roll as had not sounded in that chamber for four thousand years or more. 'Betelgeuse, Aldebaren, Pol-lux--'

"'Regulus,' Smitt was answering him from the other side of the hall, the same wild excitement in his voice. 'Spica, Vega, Arcturus, Altair, Antares--'

"Now Rolth and Dalgre began to understand in turn. 'Fomalhaut, Alphard, Castor, Al-gol--'

"They added star to star, system to system, in that roll call. In the end they met before the dais. And they fell silent while Kartr, with a reverence and awe he had never known before, raised his torch to give more light to the last of those symbols. That bright one which should gleam in this place was there!

"'Terra of Sol.' He read it aloud and the three words seemed to echo more loudly down the hall than any of the shouted names of the kindred stars. 'Terra of Sol--Man's beginning!'"

You will have to read the rest yourselves. I will say there is much tense excitement still to come as yet another ship comes in.

These are samples. I hope you will wish now to enjoy all of Andre Norton's work!

PS I almost forgot! Miss Glenn, our new "young adult" librarian, introduced a review of Judgement on Janus with this quotation from Dunn's How to Run a Country or Kids Write Their Congressmen: "Senator Karl Mundt  
Legislative Branch  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator Mundt: I have just learned many of our authors are not really who their names claim they are.  
Just a fiendly tip from a boy spy-hunter.

Curt R \_\_\_\_\_

We may wonder, indeed, if Miss Norton has more than terrestrial ancestry to write so well of extraterrestrial matters.



# THE BRITISH VENTURE

In order to fill the gap in their line caused by the demise of the BRE Analog, Atlas Publishing Co has initiated a British edition of Venture. The "new" magazine contains material reprinted from the defunct U.S. Venture and stories from the U.S. Fantasy and Science Fiction which had not been reprinted in the BRE F+SF. It is published monthly, and thus far five issues have appeared in Australia. Copies intended for sale in Australia are dated two months later than those intended for England.

The contents of the first five issues are:

| British Edition #1<br>September 1963                          | In Australia<br>November 1963     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Test . . . . .                                                | Theodore L Thomas                 |
| Dagon . . . . .                                               | Avram Davidson                    |
| The Dust of Death . . . . .                                   | Isaac Asimov                      |
| O Father Mine . . . . .                                       | Charles Beaumont                  |
| The Zookeeoer . . . . .                                       | Otis Kidwell Burger               |
| World of the Future                                           |                                   |
| A Man of the World . . . . .                                  | Les Cole                          |
| A Woman of the World . . . . .                                | Rose Sharon                       |
| (Two stories on the same theme, the world after The Blow-up.) |                                   |
| Three for the Stars . . . . .                                 | Joseph Dickinson                  |
| Counter Security . . . . .                                    | James White                       |
| The Pi Man . . . . .                                          | Alfred Bester                     |
| Return . . . . .                                              | Zenna Henderson                   |
| On Binary Digits and Human Habits (article)                   | Frederik Pohl                     |
| October 1963 (#2)                                             | December 1963                     |
| The Last Element . . . . .                                    | Hugo Correa                       |
| Friend for Life . . . . .                                     | Gordon R Dickson                  |
| Blind Alley . . . . .                                         | Charles L Fontenay                |
| Something . . . . .                                           | Allen Drury                       |
| The Man Who Lost the Sea . . . . .                            | Theodore Sturgeon                 |
| American Plan . . . . .                                       | Rex Lardner                       |
| The Strange Ones . . . . .                                    | Leigh Brackett                    |
| The End of Evan Essant . . . . .                              | Sylvia Edwards                    |
| The Red Hills of Summer . . . . .                             | Edgar Pangborn                    |
| November 1963 (#3)                                            | January 1964                      |
| Love Child . . . . .                                          | Otis Kidwell Burger               |
| Poltergeist . . . . .                                         | C D Heriot                        |
| Casey Agonistes . . . . .                                     | R M McKenna                       |
| Meeting of Relations . . . . .                                | John Collier                      |
| Wildcat . . . . .                                             | Poul Anderson                     |
| The Lady Was a Tramp . . . . .                                | Rose Sharon                       |
| The Troubled Makers . . . . .                                 | Charles Foster                    |
| And a Little Child . . . . .                                  | Zenna Henderson                   |
| Too Soon to Die . . . . .                                     | Tom Godwin                        |
| December 1963 (#4)                                            | February 1964                     |
| The Black Retriever . . . . .                                 | Charles G Finney                  |
| Great is Diana . . . . .                                      | Avram Davidson                    |
| Package Deal . . . . .                                        | Will Worthington                  |
| That Hell-Bound Train . . . . .                               | Robert Bloch                      |
| The Eye and the Lightning . . . . .                           | Algis Budrys                      |
| The Corpse in Your Bed is Me . . . . .                        | Walter M Miller and Lincoln Boone |
| Honeysuckle Cottage . . . . .                                 | P G Wodehouse                     |
| Space is a Lonely Place . . . . .                             | James E Gunn                      |



January 1964 (#5)

March 1964

|                                   |                       |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Explorers We . . . . .            | Phillip K Dick        |
| Santa Clause . . . . .            | Robert F Young        |
| The "R of A" . . . . .            | Gordon R Dickson      |
| The Last Shall be First . . . . . | Robert P Mills        |
| Bird of Prey . . . . .            | Marion Zimmer Bradley |
| Cold Victory . . . . .            | Poul Anderson         |
| The Keeper . . . . .              | H Beam Piper          |
| Turn off the Sky . . . . .        | Ray Nelson.           |

In number five a bookreview page, called "Books received," was introduced. The first installment is unsigned and briefly discusses five books:

|                                                      |                       |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| The Joy Makers by James Gunn                         | published by Gollancz |
| Time for the Stars by Robert A Heinlein              | Gollancz              |
| Pig on a Lead by Derek Ingrey                        | Faber and Faber       |
| Spectrum III edit.by Kingsley Amis + Robert Conquest | Gollancz              |
| Dolphin Island by Arthur C Clarke                    | Gollancz              |

The reviews are very short, averaging just under 100 words in length. The books include four novels, two of which are juveniles (the Heinlein and the Clarke) and an anthology.

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Bumbejimas (concluded from page 6)

FINALE

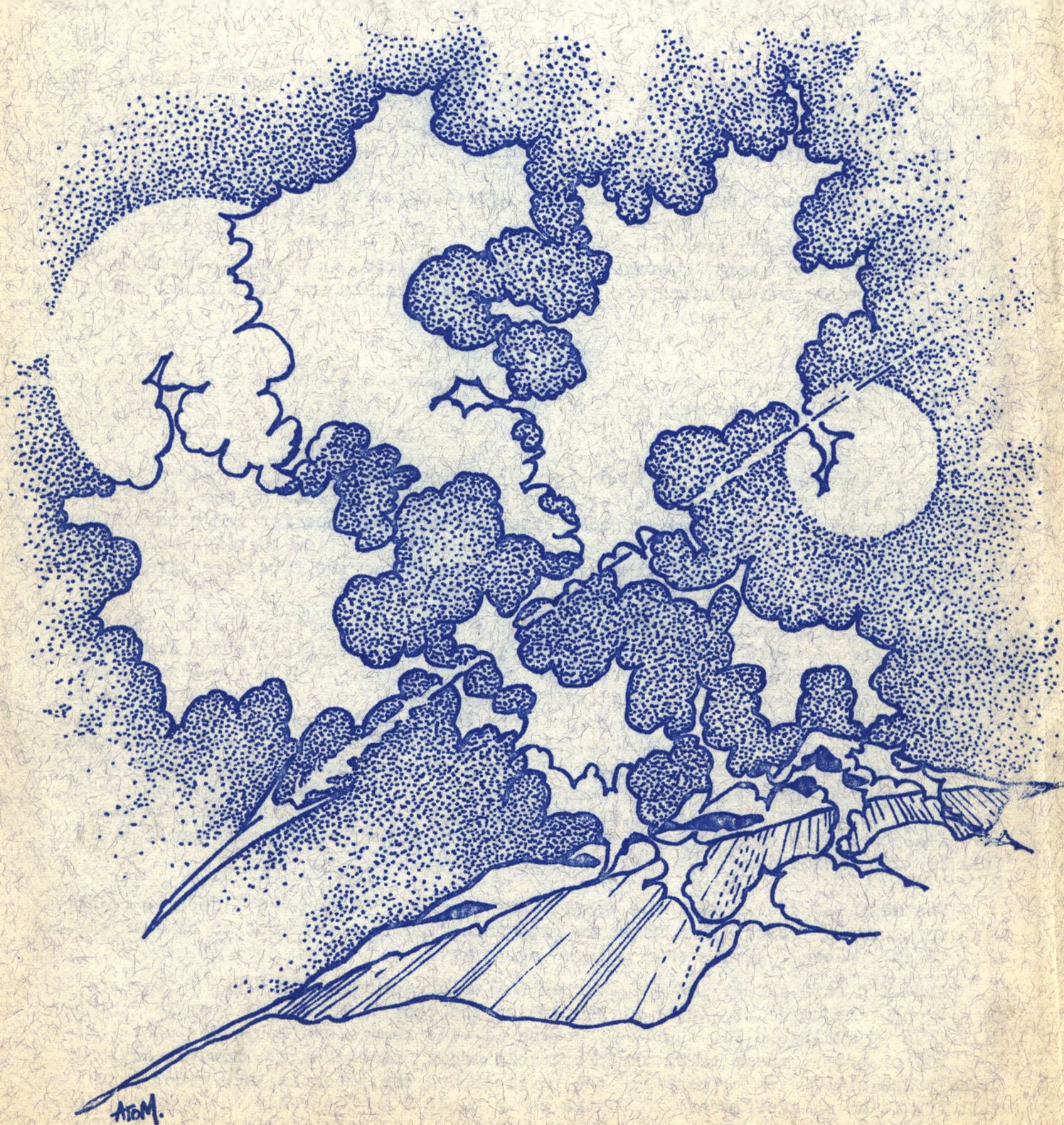
And so ends the shortest NIEKAS since #3, which had been only 11 pages long. I swear I'll start earlier next quarter! I'm sorry about the loss of the lettercol and the mailing comments this time around. After criticizing Anne for her procrastination lastish, I went and procrastinated so much myself this time that I simply can't include those departments this time. Fortunately some of the LOCs were already excerpted for Gincas, and I will use some of the others nextish.

And I ought to mention that I just got the very bad news that the Lamplighters decided to cancel their production of "The Sorcerer." Immediately after Paul Healy told me this I phoned their office to find out what giffs. I didn't ask who I was speaking with, but I believe it was their director, Ann Pool.. She said that it was simply too much work to put on two productions at the same time, but more important, the cast simply was not interested in doing it. Since they are all volunteers there is little that can be done about that. She said they had done it back around 1957 when they put on their productions "in the round" and it had been a great success then. She wanted to do it again, but simply did not know when she would be able to. Also, she said that they picked their production to follow "Ruddygore" ... it will be "The Gondoliers."

The next issue will mark the second anniversary of NIEKAS and I hope to celebrate with an annish of sorts. Now watch me get jinxed and that turn out to be even smaller than this! Mebbe I shudna said nothin' about it.

And with this skimpy issue I am starting to accept cash for NIEKAS. Perhaps it is a wrong time to do it, but I picked 35c as the cost to me of the average ish and will make it available for that. Of course it will remain available for contribution, LOC or trade, these being the preferable media of exchange. However having a fixed price simplifies matters for the reviewer and the potential new reader, so I will try it as an experiment. On the other hand, I am not ready to undertake the book-keeping neccessary for offering subscriptions, and only single copies will be sold, tho I might change my mind some day. 'Til next quarter.... *E. J. Medley*

NIEKAS 8



Atm.