



NIEKAS, THE NOTHING FANZINE, is published quarterly to satisfy the N'APA activity requirements of Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe. ALL mail should be sent to Felice at 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto Cal 94301. (See page 79 for explanation). This issue only will also be distributed thru FAPA now that I (EM) have finally made it in, in the August 1965 mailing. Copies are available to non-N'APAns for contribution of material, trade or LoC, or if you insist, 35¢ the copy. Note: if you get NIEKAS on a trade basis, a second copy for Felice would be appreciated.

Too many things to even try to bore you with piled up on me in the last few weeks, plus activity in APA L, all conspired to make this issue hopelessly late and it is being postmailed to N'APA.

I have gotten inquiries about back issues, and have decided on a price schedule. I still have plenty of copies of NIEKAS 10 and 11, so they are available at 35¢. I'm getting a little short on 6 and 9, so I'll ask 50¢ for those. I have a very few copies left of some other issues. and will make them available at entirely unreasonable prices. If I have over 5 copies left, I will want 75¢ each; if under, \$1. I know this is unreasonable.

I've been looking over what I've published thus far. I would say this issue is the best one yet, with #11 a close second. After that I would rate them as #9, #6, #'s 7,8,&10, #5, #4, #2, #3, and #1. The first issue was a set of composed on master Dittoed mailing comments which ran about a dozen pages. I only printed 5 or so extra copies of this. I still have the masters and occasionally toyed with the idea of running off some extras just to show how bad a start NIEKAS had...if they would print after three years.

On some back issues, like #4, I don't even have enough file copies for myself, and unfortunately no longer have the stencils for these. I do have most stencils for most back issues and if there were enough demand AND I could ever find the time to do it, I could run off additional copies.

This is the last stencil to be typed, and is being done late on June 30th. I am desperately trying to get NIEKAS done in time to take copies down to the Westerncon with me tomorrow, but am beginning to have doubts. Joyce Quigg and Lauren Exter are helping on this final push.

Don't blame any typos on this page, the last dozen or so pages, and a few intermediate ones of Liz Lokke...they were run unproofread simply because there was no time. Also, when Liz made her list of mistakes some were such that it would have been too difficult to repair them and I had to let them pass through. This is especially true on the micro-typed pages...it is awful hard to change a letter in the middle of a word when it is typed on an executive machine. Like, imagine the complications had I typed an "k" when an "m" was required!

Finally, excuse the incoherency of this page, but I'm afraid that it just can't be helped. I feel rather guilty about it, starting off the issue with this after most of the remainder was so carefully prepared.

Well, I guess this is it. Felice will probably do the next ish alone, as explained towards the end of Bumbejimas, and I'll be away to London tho I am remaining in the Bay Area for a while longer. I shall never escape, I am beginning to fear.

Ed Meskys

## MAYHEM HOUSE

### DREARY APRIL

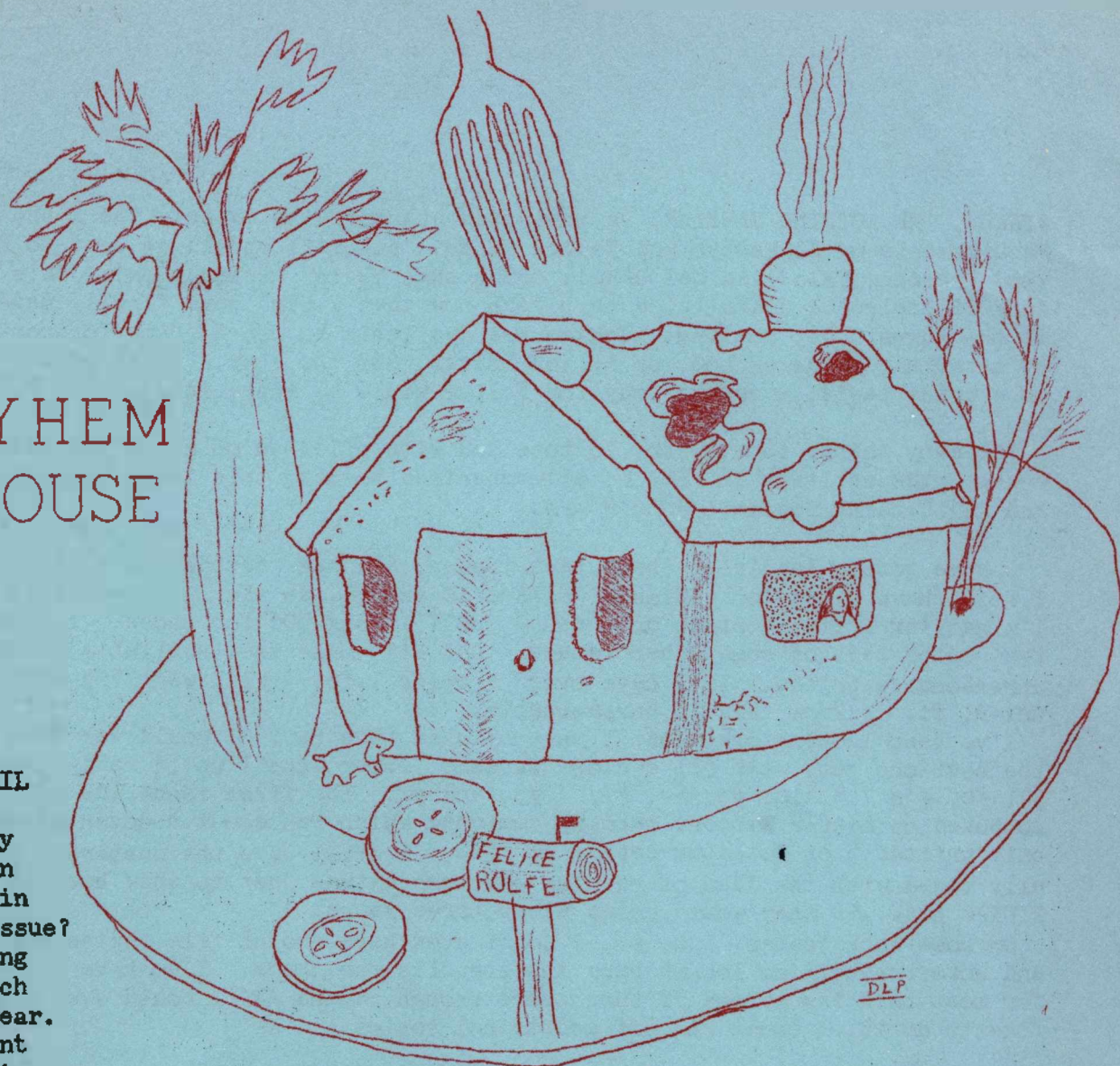
Remember my  
description  
of spring in  
the last issue?

Well, spring  
was on March  
7th this year.  
Then it went  
back to being  
winter, clear  
through the  
end of April.

(Deck the halls  
with boffs of holly,  
carols Joe happily in several different keys. "Don't bother me," he adds as a  
brief hailstorm rattles the windows, "I'm singing seasonal music.")

Speaking of weather and such -- I went down to L.A. for the Bradbury theater  
party around March 20, and my word but it was a beautiful trip. I'd have loved  
to stop every few miles and take pictures. (Unfortunately I never learned how.)  
There are so many of my friends back east who have never seen the face of Cali-  
fornia I love best; the gentle rolling hills, green with the winter rains and  
spangled with poppies and lupin or sunbrushed with wild mustard. When friends  
come out here, we seem to spend all our time showing them things like the Top of  
the Mark and the Golden Gate Bridge, the redwoods and the rocky coast. These are  
very nice things, but they're not my personal paradise.

Back to the trip. We reached the Lewis-Patten abode late Friday night. Our party  
consisted of me, the kids, Lauren Exter and NIEKAS. As N'APAns know from the ALLIANCE  
AMATEUR of that mailing, we rolled in with our contribution just about 15 minutes





before Fred wrapped it up -- he was halfway through typing the last page of the AA. Now there's a dramatic last-minute arrival for you.

After dropping off NIEKAS and Lauren, we went on out to the Trimble's. (John's directions for finding their place began, "Go out the San Diego Freeway until you come to the first stop light..." I figured they must be having quite a party, but bighod there is a traffic light on that freeway!) "Instant Felice," I said as we walked in; "Just add tea." Driving will never be as easy as taking the teleport machine. On the other hand, you can't see the hillsides from 30,000 feet.

Saturday afternoon, the Rolfes went to Riverside to see an old friend. It was a lovely visit -- but I'm not likely to try to go from Garden Grove to Riverside again as an afternoon jaunt. It's deceptive, how close together they look on a map -- we were too late getting back to make it to the Labyrinth party before the play, and I had wanted to be there.

The play, THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT, was marvelous. There were two other one-acters on the bill with it; they were tedious and dripping with Bradbury's exasperating sentimentality. ICE CREAM SUIT, however, used sentiment rather than sentimentality -- Al Lewis' phrase -- and it will stay in my memory for many a long day. If you remember it as a short story -- it's much better on the stage.

We went to the Lab after the show, but the party had settled down by then to various games. Luckily Bjo decided to stay for awhile, and I did meet several people I've been wanting to know -- among them Al (EC) Lewis. He's going to be living in Seattle or Portland or one of those little fishing villages up there (hi, Wally); now how are we going to tell him from Al (WC) Lewis? Or is that a silly question?

#### MAILING UNCOMMENTS, BY GUM

Due to pressure of time and other things, mainly my Amiable Coeditor's plans for the summer (the beast is going to Europe, and he won't take me with him, even though I assured him he'd only have to pay my fare over -- I wouldn't dare come back) -- anyhow, we're going to miss the fractional mailing this time. (It may be scuttled for good; Fred Lerner has been making some such noises.) Also we're going to try and have both #12 and #13 typed and run off before Ed leaves -- which means two Mayhem Houses (or is it Hice) must be written this month. So I am going to obey the call of duty, which is also the easy way out, and uncomment on the 24th mailing.

THEOREM (Scott) -- The mantissa is considered the log of the number as it would be written in what you might call "normalized" form. That is, if you have 105 or maybe .0105 you find the log of 1.05, since

$$105 = 1.05 \times 10^2 \quad \text{and} \quad .0105 = 1.05 \times 10^{-2}$$

(The characteristic is then 2 in the first example, -2 in the second.) So, briefly, the log of a number which is greater than 1 is always positive, and you finagle your number so that it's always greater than 1. Okay? ##Naturally, that's if you're using natural logs. The artificial ones don't float. ##THM #2 is quite an improvement over #1, which was pretty good itself. Nice book reviews. The play was terrible. If THM continues to improve at this rate, the rest of us will have to look to our laurels (or poison oak wreaths, or whatever it is we've got.)

RACHE (Pelz) -- Gee, thanks for promoting my column to zine status. ##Sorry to have set you off about the Dancing Feathers, Bruce, because I remember seeing you during



the performance and thinking something snobbish along the lines of "thank God my friends, like Bruce over there, have some manners." You did look distinctly bored, but your plots for potting an Indian of your own weren't impolitely audible.

I agree the dancers weren't as interesting as we had expected. But if the audience had shut up and let the program move at a normal pace, 'twould have been over a lot sooner. Also, I am not sure of this, but I believe the performance was donated to the con -- the Chief is a fan of sorts. Of course the whole thing would have been greatly eased if haLevy had asked Jodi Lynn to pose on the mezzanine, instead of trying to yell "shut up" through the mike at an audience that was already making too much noise to hear him. A pretty, nearly nude girl can take people's attention away from Al haLevy any day.

BYZANTIUM (Kusske and Patrick) -- You two could hardly be more opposite; John the typical Enthusiastic Young Fan, David the professional Angry Young Man. David, in spite of your condemnation of Arnie Katz as the overdone Enthusiastic Young Fan, your attitude shows as much immaturity as his. You are, supposedly, learning to write good fiction by publishing bad fiction in fanzines. (Don't use so many cliches.) Arnie is trying to learn to write humor. If you don't find him funny, give him some constructive criticism in a friendly way. If you simply blast him, he's going to be much too mad to listen to your valid points.

MEOW (Katz) -- an appropriate place to comment on this, though I didn't plan it that way. I see on page the first where you awaited something with baited breath -- trying to catch a whale? On the same page, I ran across the verb to happy for the first time in my life, and what's more it's not used as a verb. Arnie, you mustn't take N'APA's creative grammar too much to heart. I was going to refer to the Chicon III in my parody, but Ed told me it had already been ~~had~~ held, so I picked the next one I could think of. As for dedicating it to the ConCom -- you can throw bricks at them; you live where they can't throw back. Watch out -- if Dian marries you, you have to take Bruce as part of the deal.

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STOP the presses! Joe has just reminded me that artificial logs float better than natural ones, if you're using floating point arithmetic.  
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FORTTRAN (Porter) -- Anybody who'd name a fanzine FORTTRAN is admitting he talks to machines. I don't follow most of the discussion on religion; can't remember what I said and am too lazy to look it up just for the sake of argument. But one of my habits is to grant the opponent's assumptions. Then he can't complain about the results. If you can't believe in atheists, my friend, you have just disbelieved me out of existence, so how come I'm still here?

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR (Tackett) -- as one of the few people left who Doesn't Buy On Credit, I found your dashed-off two two pages highly interesting. Actually, we do buy such things as houses and cars on time. But it sure makes a good line when faced with a high pressure salesman; Sorry, we don't have that much cash and We Don't Buy On Credit. We have been





accused of being everything from soft in the head to Enemies of the State.

FOOFARAW (Patten) -- I do like Foof, Fred, but this is to be carried away; I seem to have three copies.

ROMANN (Mann) -- Platitude away, Richard. We never get tired of hearing NIEKAS praised. Lives there a fan with heart so dead that he can sicken of egoboo?

FEEMLOWORT #1 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066; 25¢, or, I suppose, LOCs.) -- I don't plan to review non-NAPA zines in Mayhem House very bloody often. However, this is pretty good for a first fanzine; besides, Greg has helped to collate one of the larger NIEKAI and I figure he's earned a mention. (At least.) ##"Two days ago," says Greg in his editorial, "I had never seen a mimeograph before." The repro could use some improving, but considering that statement, it will do, it will indeed. Like all first issues, FEEMLOWORT suffers from lack of material. I recommend that if you have something lying in your files looking for a place to be published, send it to Greg. His repro is already good enough and will improve, and he can spell, so you'd be sure of legible presentation.

I think I'm going to steal an idea from Terry Carr, who stole it from somebody else, and include in my mailing uncomments a

#### DEPARTMENT OF UNABASHED EGOBOO

1. Wally Weber's seven pages of "what in the world am I going to say?" in something titled either TOO SHOT, or SURREY, or maybe both.

2. The Pelz mailing comments in RACHE 17.

Don't feel bad if I left your zine out. If I didn't complain about it, I liked it.

#### THE WONDERFUL ELECTRIC TELEPHONE COMPANY

During one of our heavier rainstorms this month, Joe related to me the following tale. I can give no guarantees as to its authenticity; all I can say is, I believe it.

Seems that one of the city's ditch-digging machines cut a phone cable, and the company sent a technician out to repair it. Well, it was raining, and muddy, and miserable, and he didn't feel like spending hours out in the weather; so he had a bright idea. He stuck one end of the cable in one side of the truck's cab, and the other end in the other side. And he sat there in warmth, dryth and comfort, splicing to his heart's content.

Then he tried to drive away.

#### TONIGHT'S FIGURE OF SPEECH

Danny Kaye: "...marching into the cul-de-sac of eternity."





## ON MOVING

Well, the deadline is approaching for this issue, and I still don't know what my address will be this Fall...or even whether I'll make it to the London. I have a deposit on a flight to Europe and have arranged with Diana to meet her in Paris and later again in London. I do hope my schedule permits me to use these reservations! To put it mildly, things are still rather uncertain.

## ON TYPER

First of all, I finally got my old clunker working satisfactorily. The motor had completely died on me almost a year ago, after being cranky for quite some time. A few people looked at it, but couldn't figure out what was wrong with it. I simply had the typer sitting in a corner for it turned out that a new motor would cost \$40! Well, Jim Quigg took a look at it and found that the only thing wrong with it was the brushes on the speed-control. However, rather than merely replace these he threw out the entire speed-control mechanism and installed a modern transistorized solid state DC voltage regulator. I find it rather amusing to have such a speed control hooked up to this old clunker, but it sure works a lot better --and quieter--now! Since then I also had it adjusted to straighten out the crooked "R" and even up the pressure.

Just after this was done I got word that a "Text" face typer was available, and at a much lower price than I expected, so I grabbed it. I have always loved the "Executive" machine--I learned to type well on one with a "Directory" face--and this face will be very useful for things like indices. In NIEKAS I expect to limit the use of this face to Bum-bejimas, Laiskai, and the Glossary, with occasional special effects like footnotes. Tho this face, because of proportional spacing, is more readable than micro-elite despite being even more compact, I think it would be too much to do an entire issue with it. But the paper and postage I could save....

## THAT CRAZY GILBERT & VAZZISNAME STUFF, CHAPTER TOO DAMN MANY!

It's quite a while since I talked about my favorite vice, so please forgive me if I go on at too great a length. I've seen a number of performances since then and have much to say.

For instance, D'Oyly Carte passed through San Francisco in January and I saw all four shows that they did here. (In some cities, like New York, they also did "Trial By Jury" and "Ruddigore". Charlie Brown mentioned in a letter that he didn't care for their "Ruddigore". Among other things, they had an Irish tenor play Richard Dauntless, which was most disconcerting.) They did the three standards, "Pinafore", "Pirates" and "Mikado", plus "Iolanthe". I liked their "Iolanthe" best, with "Mikado" a close second. "Pinafore" was quite good, but for some reason I was disappointed with their "Pirates". There was no one thing that I could put my finger on as being wrong, but somehow it just didn't have that magic spark one expects of G&S when it's performed right...it just didn't come alive! Or perhaps something was wrong with me and I wasn't in the right mood to appreciate it?

What can I say about "Iolanthe"? It is my absolute favorite of the opera, and the presentation was perfect. I like every song in it but one, Strephon's ballad "In babyhood" in the first act finale. This opera has the best of all pattersongs, "When you're lying awake with a dismal headache". Once you accept the fact that Strephon is "half a fairy" everything follows logically, tho admittedly the conclusion does stretch things a bit. And the second half of the last act has quite valid and potent emotional impact. This opera has some of the best humor and satire ("We won't wait long." "No. We might change our minds. We'll get married first." "And change our minds afterwards?" "That's the usual course."), and the music is a wonderful parody of Wagner.

"The Mikado" was a delightful surprise. When I was seeing the G&S opera for the first time I wanted to be surprised by the turns of plot and made a point of not familiarizing myself with the librettos before seeing them. I found that this worked well in over half the cases, but for the remainder for some reason I simply didn't care for them too much on first exposure tho they were fine later. (Of the 10 operas in the standard repertory, I have seen all at least twice, tho in the cases of three I only saw them done by one company, the Lamplighters. These are "Trial By Jury", "Princess Ida" and "Yeomen of the Guard." Some, like "Iolanthe", I have seen performed by some six different groups. This is quite coincidental to my liking for that one. I saw it put on by so many different groups simply because it was available while some others weren't.)

Anyhow, "Mikado" was among those I didn't care for too much on first exposure. (It was a Lamplighter production that I saw, about two years ago.) My next opportunity to see this opera came when I was in New York for Easter a year ago, coincidental with the annual City Center G&S season. (As I mentioned in a previous NIEKAS, they did seven different operas over a two week period, and I managed to see five of these.) Unfortunately the only time I could get to see "Mikado" was at a children's matinee, and between the ghodawful clowning it up by the actors and a cacophony from the audience I enjoyed this performance even less. Last December the Lamplighters repeated "Mikado". This time the second act was



superb, but the first dragged. It is somewhat weaker as everything is being set up, with only a few high points present. But finally, thanks to D'Oyly Carte, I saw the PERFECT "Mikado." Every single minute was enjoyable!

During their lifetimes Gilbert & Sullivan authorized the changing of certain topical lines which were no longer applicable, and in fact directed, in the case of some, that they have no standard form but be constantly revised to fit the occasion. One such line is in act two of "Mikado." The Mikado has just revealed that Nanki-Poo is his son and demands to know his whereabouts from Ko-Ko. Ko-Ko said he was abroad for he couldn't produce him, and when the Mikado wanted to know where he answered "Knightsbridge." This was because, when the show opened, there was a Japanese exhibition in London and they had a Japanese Village as part of it, located just off Knightsbridge Rd. in Hyde Park. The actor is now to use whatever location he deems appropriate. For instance, Martyn Green says that once when he was playing in New York he said "Broadhurst" for the "Hot Mikado" was playing concurrently at the Broadhurst Theater. Well, this time Reed said "Oakland" which brought the house down. In San Francisco Oakland is the place you go when there is an earthquake. Saying "Oakland" in San Francisco is almost equivalent to saying "Brooklyn" in New York. It is regarded as the epitome of uncultured boorishness and, of course, as always there is no factual basis for the degrading reputation.

Martyn Green also said that the last verse of "I've got a little list" was made topical. The words go "And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind, such as --What d'ye call him --Thing'em-bob, and likewise --Never-mind, and 'St--st--st --and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who." During this Ko-Ko is supposed to mimic currently prominent statesmen with some characteristic gesture of theirs. However, this time nothing of the kind was done.

And I do wish they would find a replacement for "Captain Shaw" in "Iolanthe's" "O foolish fay."

As for encores, the Lamplighters have none at all, claiming in their programs that this is to preserve continuity. Since most of my G&S viewing has been with them I haven't seen many before and liked the way D'Oyly Carte did them. For instance, in "Mikado" I never cared much for "Here's a how-de-do," but their cutting up during the encores made this song a positive delight! In "Pinafore," I always liked the music in the trio in act two with Sir Joseph, Captain Corcoran and Josephine... the one with the refrain "for a humble captain's daughter and the lord who rules the water" / "for a gallant captain's daughter and the tar who ploughs the water." This time the song didn't go over that well first time around, but apparently this was the one that they were to encore, and encore it they did! With every reference to the Lord he would do something silly with reference to water. Oh, some things were quite tame such as drinking a glass of it, but at one point, for instance, he jumped over the side of the ship, and came climbing back up the gangplank disheveled and with a life-saver around his neck. (The business with the bells described in Green's Treasury was there too, but it was minor.) These encores were hilarious and the audience kept demanding more and more of them. His last one consisted of his running into the cabin and waving "his" shirt on a stick out the door to signify surrender--he has had enough!

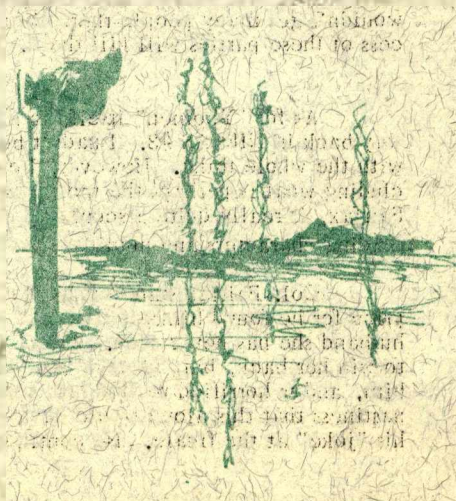
I was disappointed, however, in that they encored only two numbers per operetta. After reading Green's notes I had expected at least a half dozen. He kept telling about the ingenious methods used in encoring the various numbers and I assumed that virtually all of these were done in every performance. But, alas and alack, apparently they pick in advance which two numbers will be encored and prepare for these and do them regardless of how well or poorly that number is received. \*Sigh!\*

Much ink has been spilled on the subject of Ralph having the same age as Josephine's father. Thinking about the matter, I don't seem to find it that remarkable after all. Wasn't it then almost an accepted thing for the man to marry late in life and to a young girl? For instance, in "Ruddigore, or the Witch's Curse" Robin Oakapple is presented as a rather old man while Rose Maybud is a young thing. However, here they are made up like that while Ralph Rackstraw is made up as a young man, inconsistent with the denouement. I expect it is this inconsistency which is the cause of all the comment.

Dept. of weird mis-impressions. Somehow I had gotten the idea that a certain gag is present in "Pinafore" and first noticed its absence when I saw the Tyrone Guthrie touring production in S.F. last fall. Near the end when the Lord is furious with Ralph for wanting to run off with Josephine he asks whether there is a dungeon on the ship. When answered in the affirmative, I could have sworn that he demanded that the dungeon be brought out there to him. Well, I didn't hear the expected line in that production nor in the D'Oyly Carte one so I went to my librettos, and lo and behold it wasn't there. I even checked in a borrowed copy of First Night Gilbert & Sullivan and couldn't find it. (The Lamplighters often use older versions of the operettas and I thought I might have heard the lines there.) So where in the G&S did I ever get that impression?

One very funny bit in the D'Oyly Carte version of "Pirates" came near the beginning of the second act, between "Though in body and in mind" and "When a felon's not engaged in his employment." Mabel, the sergeant, and the troop of policemen discuss Frederick's rejoining the Pirate fold, and the police sing everything in one note. The way the D'Oyly Carte company did it, it sounded just like the chanting of certain prayers in a religious service, the incongruity of which broke up the house. Now I've seen "Pirates" several times before this, but had never noticed that, so I suppose this accent wasn't given in the other performances. Anyhow, it was a very interesting touch.

Several months ago an amateur group in Livermore put on a G&S opera, and wouldn't you know it but they chose one of the three standard warhorses... "Pirates." It was a rather good performance, and worth seeing if for nothing other than the most unusual characterization of Ruth, the piratical maid of all work. She is pretty much of a villainess in the usual interpretation, but the actress they got just couldn't play her that way. Without changing a single word or note, but merely by gesture and





facial expression, particularly a coy adoring smile when in the presence of Frederick, she came out as a very likeable character.

The show was presented under rather unusual conditions. The Livermore Recreation District has taken over an old one room schoolhouse about five miles north of town and converted it into a theater. It is very small and they have little room to do anything. Also, it only holds about 90 people so most things presented there have rather long runs. It was amusing to have a chorus of pirates consisting of three people other than the king, his lieutenant and Frederick.

We had two theater parties thus far this year, one for "Gondoliers" just before the last NIEKAS came out, and one for "Yebrhen of the Guard" a few weeks ago. The first was an unprecedented success with about twice the previous maximum number of tickets sold--117! We had Fritz Leiber and a score of fans up from L.A., plus a half dozen from San Diego, and not quite all stopped at the Rolfe's for dinner. And before we dreamed how many people we would have we had also invited the cast and staff to our post-theater party. Well, Felice told a bit about that last quarter. We originally planned to have the party at Tony Boucher's, but when the ticket sales passed 100 they panicked, as you might well imagine. His house isn't all that large! So a couple of days before the party we changed the location. We would go to Brennan's first until they closed, which ought to thin down the crowd somewhat, and then go on to Tony's. Well, I warned a number of people in advance, and tried to tell everyone as they entered the theater, but I did miss a few, as Diana will testify (see pg 13). And still, despite the people who never found the party and those who quit after Brennan's, for the first two hours it was so crowded that you could only talk to the person standing in front of you. If you wanted to see someone else you had to wait a few hours until the crowd thinned out. The party finally ended at about 9 AM after which I went into San Francisco where I had to meet some friends. I didn't leave them until after midnight and barely made it home. (Livermore is a one hour drive from San Francisco.)

The party itself was quite enjoyable and I got to have some good long talks with various members of the Lamp-lighters such as Ann Pool, their director. I'd met most of them before for they mingle with the audience in the lobby after every performance, but this is only for a half hour or so and under conditions almost as crowded as those at Tony's. The Little Men got along fine with the cast, and we expect to have them down to future parties.

Well, after that howling success I simply couldn't find anyone close in to volunteer his home for the post-theater party. The Rolfes have a quite large place, and were the only ones to volunteer, but they are a 45 minute drive from S.F. in a direction opposite from almost everyone else. So, we set things up for the party to be there, but a large number of people just didn't want to make the trip. About a dozen went to Brennan's instead despite the fact that they close after only about an hour, and about two dozen made the party. The other 50 or so people apparently simply went home. Even the cast didn't make it this time, despite enjoying the previous party, but this was because they had a children's matinee at one the next day!

The party at the Rolfes was small and quiet, and most enjoyable. For the most part we just gathered in small bunches and chatted tho for an hour or so Ruth Berman played the piano while we sang G&S songs. When the party broke up at four--a disgustingly early hour for us--we were embarrassingly short on cars. The Finkenkellers lived in San Bruno but volunteered to take Genia & Joan Pauplis home to San Francisco, and the other people still there and with cars lived close to the Rolfes so that left six of us for my VW. It was quite late and I was tired. None of the LA people had stayed over at the Rolfes this time so I decided to take advantage of the Rolfes' kind offer, and perforce the others also had to.

Gregg Shaw could have taken a bus home to where he lives but didn't want to go home and came along with us. Therefore it was he who had the pleasure of having Phil Salin's friend, Joe Sumfinoruvver, sit in his lap. Diana had to see some former teachers at Mills College at 11 so we headed there first. Our ultimate goal was Berkeley and that was on the way. We were a bit late in getting her there and I understand that she had quite a time explaining that she had just arrived directly from a party. Joe & Phil took a bus home to San Rafael from Berkeley and I had several hours until my next engagement. Ruth had wanted to meet Philip Dick for some time so the three of us dropped in on him for a few hours of pleasant chatter and listening to records. (Phil is quite an expert on classical music and has a record collection of rarities second only to Tony Boucher's.) We threw Ruth out at International House, Gregg & I had dinner at a pancake place, and I headed for the meeting of a mundane literary discussion group, throwing Gregg out in S.F. on the way. (The book for this month was Hesse's Siddhartha.) As so many of them are, this was a busy weekend.

Despite the fact that we went full-circle on the parties and are starting to repeat shows there is apparently still enough interest to continue and sometime this fall we will have one for "Patience." The Finkenkellers have volunteered their place, which is on the Peninsula just outside of the S.F. city limits, but Bill Donaho speculated that we still wouldn't get many people there simply because it was in the wrong direction. It is beginning to look like the very success of these parties will kill them.

As for "Yeomen" itself, it was the second G&S operetta I had ever seen and I described my initial reactions to it way back in NIEKAS #3. I hadn't been expecting the "almost" tragic ending and was rather confused and disappointed with the whole thing. However, I enjoyed this showing very much. The show does have some magnificent music, including what is perhaps the most beautiful song G&S ever wrote, "I have a song to sing, o." The nominal hero, Col. Fairfax, is really quite a scoundrel and yet ends up happy at the expense of others just as Teresa, another of Gilbert's leading characters and nominal heroine, ends up happy at the expense of others despite being really a quite rotten person.

Col. Fairfax starts off his devilry when he learns that it is Elsie Maynard that he married. This is a pleasant surprise for he found himself attracted by her, so in his disguise as Leonard Merryl he woos her to test her faithfulness to the husband she has never seen. Later, when all think Fairfax dead and her free again, her original fiancée Jack Point tries to win her back, but "Merryl" says "step aside, I'll show you how to do it right." Jack thinks that he is doing this for him, and is horrified to find him successfully wooing her for himself. And Fairfax did this with such intensely sneering nastiness that this alone would have been enough to make him a despicable villain, but it is nothing compared with his "joke" at the finale. He continues his pretense of being Merryl up to the hour of his "marriage" to Elsie. In the  
(concluded immediately after Laiskai, at the end of the ish.)



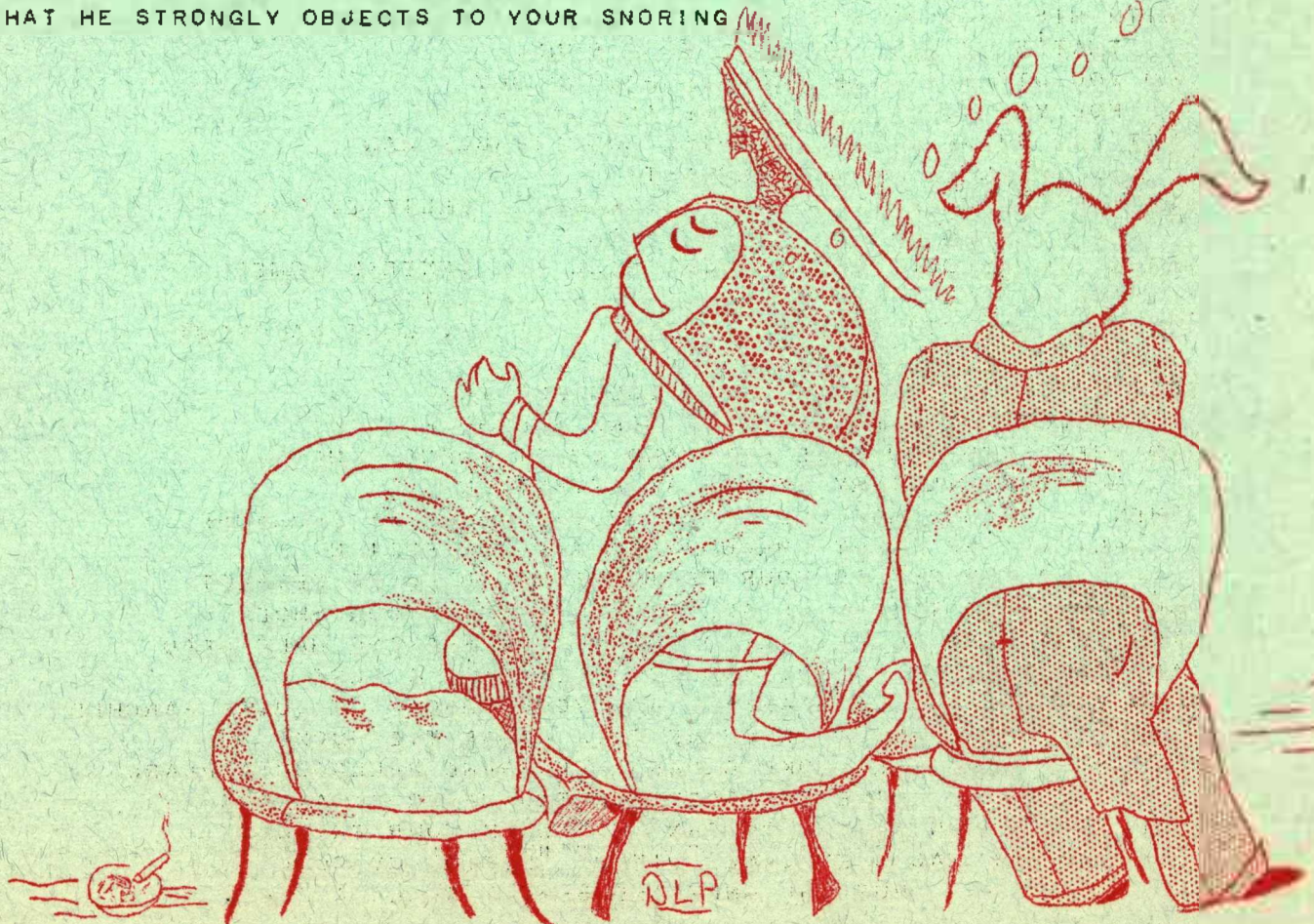
# The Marchin' Barnacles

PATTER NOSTER

Carl Frederick

(to the tune of the Lord Chancellor's "Nightmare Song", of course!)

WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING OFF SLEEP AND FEEL YOU COULD WEEP  
FOR YOU FEEL IT'S THE SPEAKER'S INTENTION  
TO SHOW AND TO TEACH BY THE LENGTH OF HIS SPEECH  
HOW TO MAKE IT A TWO DAY CONVENTION  
AND YOU SADLY CONSTRUE THAT THE STRENGTH OF THE BREW  
ON THE PREVIOUS NIGHT YOU HAD SAMPLED  
HAD BEEN VERY DISGUISED FOR YOU HAD NOT SURMISED  
THAT YOU'D FEEL THAT YOUR HEAD HAD BEEN TRAMPLED  
SO YOU SIT IN YOUR CHAIR AND CONTINUE TO STARE  
AT A FLY THAT IS CROSSING THE CEILING  
THEN YOU NOTE WITH ALARM THAT THE CRINK IN YOUR ARM  
IS A MOST DISAGREEABLE FEELING  
NOW YOU'RE FEELING DISTRAUGHT FOR YOU FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT  
TO HAVE TAKEN SOME NOTES OF THE LECTURE  
A SIGNIFICANT DEED WHEN YOU FIGURE YOU'D NEED  
HALF A REAM BY YOUR LOWEST CONJECTURE  
NEXT THE SPEAKER DECIDES THAT HE'LL SHOW YOU SOME SLIDES  
THAT YOU FEEL YOU'D DO BEST BY IGNORING  
THEN LOUDLY YOU HEAR SOMEONE SHOUT IN YOUR EAR  
THAT HE STRONGLY OBJECTS TO YOUR SNORING





SO YOU MANFULLY TRY TO KEEP OPEN ONE EYE  
BUT YOU FAIL AND YOU DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP  
FOR THE SPEAKER'S DULL VOICE IS FAR BETTER FOR CHOICE  
THAN SOFT MUSIC OR COUNTING OF SHEEP  
AND YOU DREAM IT IS DARK AND YOU WALK IN THE PARK  
IN A NIGHT IN THE MIDST OF DECEMBER  
AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR CLUES FOR SOME THING YOU DID DOSE--  
WHAT THE THING IS YOU CAN NOT REMEMBER  
SO YOU LOOK ALL AROUND AND DIG UP THE GROUND  
THEN YOU SIT ON A BENCH FOR YOU'RE WEARY  
THEN A PERSON APPEARS WITH GREAT RABBITLIKE EARS  
AND TELLS YOU HIS INTERESTING THEORY  
HE SAYS PHYSICAL LAWS ARE JUST VALID BECAUSE  
SOME SCIENTIST THOUGHT TO REVEAL THEM  
BUT SHOULD WE RESORT TO THE APPELLATE COURT  
THE JUDGE WOULD MOST SURELY REPEAL THEM  
WE'D REPLACE THEM BY RULES EVEN SIMPLE TO FOOLS  
AND YOU'D NOT NEED A PHYSICS DEGREE  
AND ONCE ON THIS PATH WE'D EXTEND IT TO MATH  
AND WE'D LEGISLATE IT TO BE THREE  
WE COULD GO TO THE MOON IN A HOT AIR BALLOON  
WITH A COMPASS TO SHOW US DIRECTION  
IT WOULD BE QUITE ALL RIGHT TO GO FASTER THAN LIGHT  
DESPITE ALBERT EINSTEIN'S OBJECTION  
THEN YOU JUMP OFF THE BENCH AND YOU FALL IN THE TRENCH  
THAT YOU'D PREVIOUSLY DUG WITH A SPADE  
AND YOU HEAR YOUR FRIEND SHOUT AS YOU FINALLY CLIMB OUT  
"BY GEORGE MAN WHY WERE YOU DELAYED?"  
SO YOU FUME AND YOU STEAM AND YOU SHOUT AND YOU SCREAM  
THAT YOU THINK HIM NOT TERRIBLY FUNNY  
WITH HIS PAWS IN HIS EARS HE ANSWERS IN TEARS  
THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A BUNNY  
SO YOU UTTER A SIGH AND BID HIM GOODBY  
FOR YOU QUESTION HIS AGE AND MATURITY  
YET YOU THINK HIS PLAN QUITE CONCEIVABLY CAN  
BE VITAL TO GLOBAL SECURITY  
SO THE ARMY RECEIVES YOU AND PROMPTLY RELIEVES YOU  
IN WRITING OF ALL INFORMATION  
THEN YOU TWIDDLE YOUR THUMBS TILL THE GENERAL COMES  
AND HE TELLS YOU HE SPEAKS FOR THE NATION  
SO THEY WISH TO REPAY YOU, JUST NAME IT, WHAT SAY YOU?  
HIS VOICE IS SILKY AS SILK  
BUT TO YOUR DISMAY YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAY  
COULD I PLEASE HAVE SOME CAKE AND SOME MILK  
SO THEY FEED YOU SOME BUNS AND SHOOT TWENTY ONE GUNS  
AND THE MILITARY STANDS AT ATTENTION  
THEN YOU FIND THAT THE CAUSE OF THE NOISE IS APPLAUSE  
AND YOU'VE SLEPT THROUGH ALL THE CONVENTION  
SO YOU GET TO YOUR FEET AND YOU PLAN TO RETREAT  
BUT YOU HAVE TO PERUSE ALL THE FLOOR FOR YOUR SHOES  
YOU'VE A PAIN IN YOUR HEAD AND YOU'RE FEELING HALF DEAD  
AND THE WEATHER IS HOT AND YOU FEEL IT'S A PLOT  
AND YOUR COLLAR IS STARCHED AND YOUR THROAT IS QUITE PARCHED  
AND YOU THINK YOU WILL CHOKE FROM CIGARETTE SMOKE  
AND THEN WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS THE GRAND BALLROOM APPEARS  
LIKE THE SCENE OF TWO MAJOR DISASTERS  
AND SO THE CON ENDS, YOU CAN CHAT WITH YOUR FRIENDS  
FOR THE CON HAS BEEN LONG "DITTO" "DITTO" MY SONG  
BUT USE ONLY THE BEST PURPLE MASTERS.

THE END



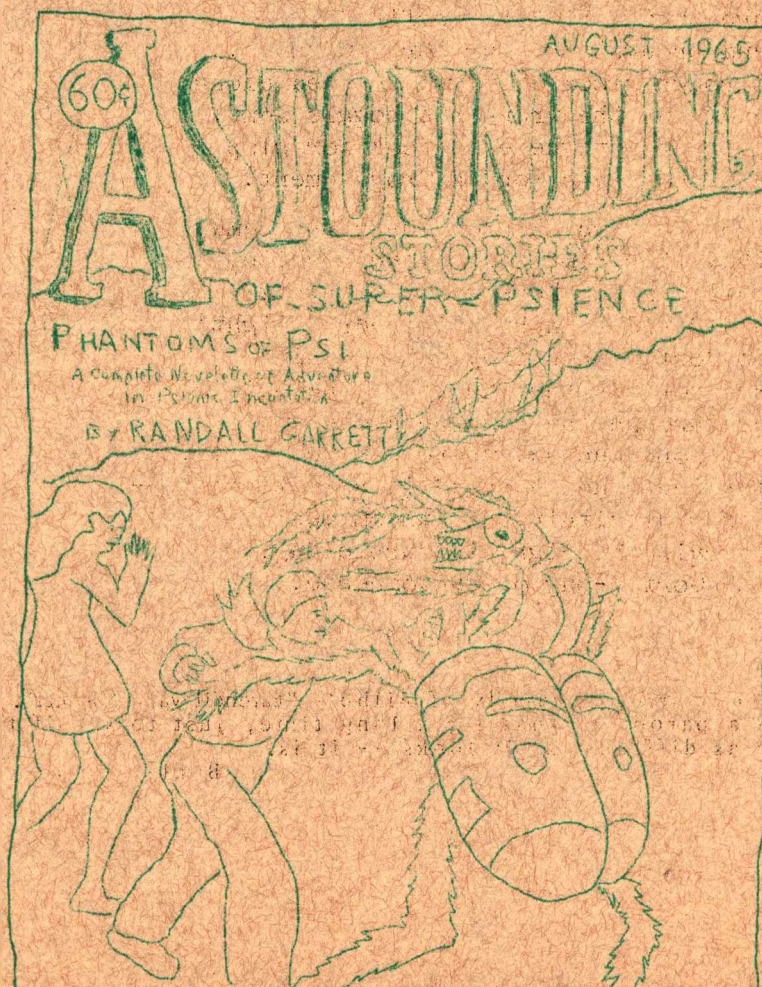
## BASTIPPLE BONK

The time is fast approaching when I rush down to the stand  
and I pay the man two quarters and take Analog in hand  
but my thoughts are deeply troubled, I am nervous and I'm tense  
for I wonder when I get there, will it still be 50 cents

And I wonder when I get there will it still appear the same  
or will Campbell in his wisdom once again change its name  
and oh how then will I know it for I easily confuse --  
He might call it "Campbell's Wisdom" or perhaps "Psionic News"

He might once more change the format. He might once more change the size  
He might not make any changes at all. Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!  
He might bring it out more often maybe every second week  
He might seek a different clientelle and publish it in Greek

Oh Analog. My Analog. My most excessive vice  
I do not know what I would do should you go up in price  
for though the zine's exceptional, I speak now of expense  
no matter how you slice it, Campbell's not worth 60 cents.





Ed Meeskys worked at Livermore  
 near hither shore of Frisco Bay;  
 he felt he ought to pub a zine --  
 an urge so keen no risk could stay;  
 by Bjo were the covers made,  
 and others played, like Frederick,  
 and Felice Rolfe, a part in it;  
 some articles by Philip Dick  
 were printed every now and then,  
 and Locs came in, and Al Hale-  
 vy who was most courageous wrote  
 a major Tolkien Glossary.

Through Nefferapa it Ed sent,  
 and if lamenting Neofans  
 did write to him for copies he  
 was hot to see them in their hands.  
 He got supplies to crank out more,  
 expanded galore his mailing list;  
 he bought a lot but did forget  
 one item yet he failed to miss;  
 he stencils cut at higher speed,  
 of typos he'd made more than score,  
 he turned to find -- and sad, alas,  
 it came to pass -- no Corflu more.

Then fuming Felice spoke to him,  
 and smoke was in the mimeo;  
 she handed him the Corflu jar  
 and brought the car for him to go;  
 through gloom of night he sped along  
 and wept the wrong his boggle sent;  
 he knew not where to look for glop  
 and shook his top in Crogglement.

When to First Fandom thence he came,  
 they then him gave a beanie white,  
 while Eofen there spoke with him  
 and joked with him till early light;  
 so Corflu then they got for him,  
 and not for them to count the spills,  
 as through the dawn he drove away,  
 yet none can say where now he dwells:  
 for there he learned his role to fill --  
 his goal within the random mess  
 to raise on high his purple jug,  
 the Corflu-Bug of Fandomnesse.

Ed: This is, of course, a parody of Bilbo's "Earendil was a Mariner". I've wanted to try a parody of that for a long time, just to see if the verse-form is as difficult as it looks -- it is.

Banks



THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL

"THE WHOLE TRUTH....?"

by Diana L Paxson

TO FELICE ROLFE

'T WAS THE NIGHT OF THE (G&S) PARTY\*  
AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE  
NOT A SOUL WAS STIRRING,  
NOT EVEN (SINCE THE CATS WERE LOCKED IN) A MOUSE.

THE FANS WERE ALL (SIC.) BOOZING (SIC.)  
AT BRENNAN'S, I HEAR.  
AT 2643 DANA  
NO ONE WAS THERE.

BUT THERE, IN THE LAMP LIGHT\*\* \*\*\*  
WHAT IS IT I SEE?  
A FAN, THERE'S ANOTHER,  
ANOTHER, THAT'S THREE!

AND AD INFINITUM,  
ANOTHER, STILL MORE--  
AND WHILE I AM COUNTING,  
AT LEAST TWENTY-FOUR.

AND NOW IN THE DARKNESS  
THERE RISES THIS MOAN--  
"THEY'VE ALL GONE TO: (CIRCLE ONE, THIS QUESTION WORTH  
FIVE POINTS.)

- A. BRENNAN'S
- B. THE ANDERSON'S
- C. SOMEWHERE IN SAN FRANCISCO
- D. TIME WARP
- E. NONE OF THESE (THESE SECRETS ARE  
BEST LEFT TO THE WISE)

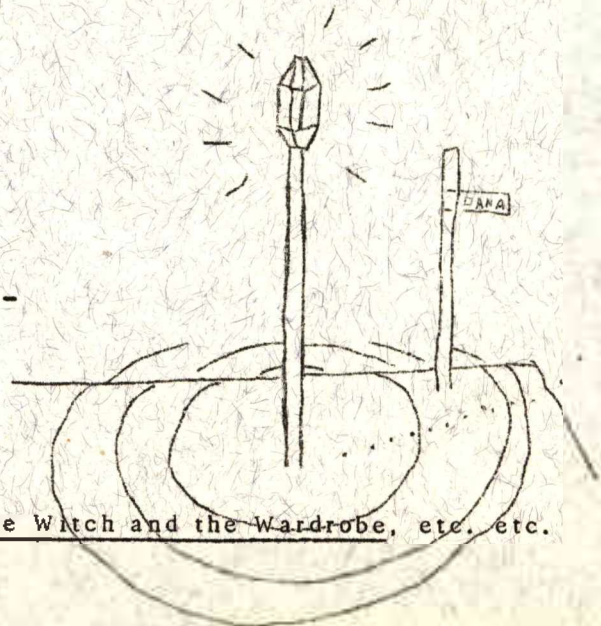
AND LEFT US ALONE."

.....

WHEN THE PARTY ARRIVED  
(SOME TIME TOWARDS DAWN)  
99% EFFICIENT,  
THE POOR FANS WERE GONE.

A MUTE TRAIL OF BREAD CRUMBS--  
A REFRAIN IN THE AIR--  
"WE CAME TO THE PARTY,  
BUT NO ONE WAS THERE!"

- March 6th
- no pun intended
- see "Lili Marlene", The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, etc. etc.





# A Glossary of Middle-Earth

by Al Halcyon





- FRECA (d. 2754) The father of Wulf who lived in the times of Helm, King of Rohan, and who claimed descent from King Fréawine. He asked for the hand of Helm's daughter for his son, but Helm refused him. In the ensuing quarrel, Freca was killed by Helm. Then Helm declared Freca's kin to be enemies of the King. (R3 346-347; see Wulf and Helm)
- FRUMGAR The father of Fram who was said to be descended from the Kings of Rhovanion. He was chief of a band of people who went from Rhovanion to Eothéod during the days of King Earnil II. of Gondor; these people later became the Rohirrim. (R3 344-345)
- GALMÓD The father of Gríma. (R2 118)
- GAMLING One of the leaders of the Rohirrim during the WR. (R2 136)
- GÁRULF A Rohirrim killed in 3018 in battle with the Orcs. (R2 42)
- GHÂN See Ghân-buri-ghân. (R3 108)
- GHÂN-BURI-GHÂN (Also called Ghân, and The wild man) The chief of the Woses who guided the Rohirrim along a path in Stonewain Valley to Minas Tirith in the WR. (R3 106-107)
- GILRAEN the Fair (2907-3007) The daughter of Dírhael and Ivorwen, wife of Arathorn II (m. 2929), and mother of Aragorn II. (R3 337-338, 369-371)
- GIRION The Lord of Dale just before its destruction by Smaug in 2770, who escaped to Esgaroth. He was an ancestor of Bard I. (H 260)
- GLEOWINE The minstrel of King Théoden. (R3 254)
- GOATLEAF See under Harry Goatleaf.
- GOLASGIL The Lord of Anfalas during the WR. (R3 43)
- GOLDWINE (2619-2699) The 6th King of Rohan, son of Fréawine, and father of Déor. (R3 349)
- GOOD STEWARD, THE See Mardil. (R3 332)
- GRAM (2668-2741) The 8th King of Rohan, son of Déor, and father of Helm and Hild. (R3 348, 349)
- GRÍMA (Also called Worm and Wormtongue) The son of Gálmód, and counsellor of Théoden, who sold out to Saruman. He killed Lotho Sackville-Baggins and Saruman during the WR, and was himself killed by the Hobbits in the Shire. (R2 118; R3 299-300)
- GRIMBEORN the Old The 2nd Chieftain of the Beornings and son of Beorn. (R1 241)
- GRIMBOLD A captain of the Rohirrim during the WR who was killed on Pelennor Fields. (R3 110, 124)
- GUTHLAF The banner-bearer of King Théoden in the WR who was killed on Pelennor Fields. (R3 112, 118, 125)
- HADOR (d. 2395) The 7th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Turin I, and father of Barahir. (R3 319)
- HADOR the Goldenhaired The Edain who was founder of the Third House of the Edain, the House of Hador. (R2 287; R3 314)
- HALBARAD (d. 3019) A Ranger of the North and leader of the Grey Company which rode south to help Aragorn in the WR. He brought a standard to Aragorn made by Arwen. He was killed on Pelennor Fields. (R3 47-48, 124)



- HALETH A son of Helm killed in 2758 by Wulf and the Dunlendings in defending Edoras. (R3 347)
- HALLAS (d. 2605) The 13th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Cirion, and father of Húrin II. (R3 319)
- HAMA 1. The youngest son of Helm who was killed in Helm's Deep in 2759. (R3 347)  
2. (Also called Doorward of Théoden) The keeper of the Door to Théoden's chamber in Meduseld, and captain of the King's Guard. He was killed at Helm's Deep in the WR. (R2 114, 150)
- HARRY GOATLEAF The West-gate keeper at Bree who helped Saruman in his invasion of the Shire in 3019. (R1 163, 167; R3 271)
- HEATHERTOES See under Mat Heathertoos.
- HEIR OF ISILDUR Specifically applied to Aragorn II. (R3 338)
- HELM HAMMERHAND (2691-2759) The 9th King of Rohan, son of Gram, brother of Hild, uncle of Fréaláf, and father of Haleth, Hama, and a daughter. In 2754 Helm killed Freca, the father of Wulf, and drove his people away. In 2758 Rohan was invaded by the Balchoth and the Dunlendings, the latter led by Wulf. They were aided by the Corsairs of Umbar who attacked Gondor about the same time. The Rohirrim were defeated and their land overrun. Helm was driven back into Helm's Deep and besieged, while Wulf took Edoras and killed Haleth. From November to March of the next year, the Long Winter caused great suffering on both sides, and both Helm and Hama died during the siege. (R3 346-348, 349)
- HEREFARA A Rohirrim killed on Pelennor Fields in the WR. (R3 125)
- HERION (d. 2148) The 3rd Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Eradan, and father of Belegorn. (R3 319)
- HERUBRAND A Rohirrim killed on Pelennor Fields during the WR. (R3 125)
- HILD The daughter of Gram, sister of Helm, and mother of Fréaláf. (R3 348)
- HIRGON The messenger Denethor sent to ask the Rohirrim for help in the WR. He was killed before he reached Minas Tirith with the answer. (R3 72, 109)
- HIRLUIN the Fair The Lord of Pinnath Gelin during the WR, killed at Pelennor Fields. (R3 43)
- HOPE The translation of Estel, and hence Aragorn II. (R3 338)
- HORN A Rohirrim killed on Pelennor Fields in the WR. (R3 125)
- HUOR The father of Tuor of the House of Hador, the Third House of the Edain. (R3 314)
- HÚRIN The Steward of King Manardil of Gondor who came from Eryn Arnem. The Stewards were always chosen from among his descendants and after Pelendur, the Stewardship became hereditary. After Earnur the Stewards ruled in Gondor. (R3 332-333)
- HÚRIN I (d. 2244) The 5th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Belegorn, and father of Túrin I. (R3 319)
- HÚRIN II (d. 2628) The 14th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Hallas, and father of Belecthor I. (R3 319)
- HÚRIN the Tall The Warden of the Keys of Minas Tirith in the time of the WR. (R3 121)

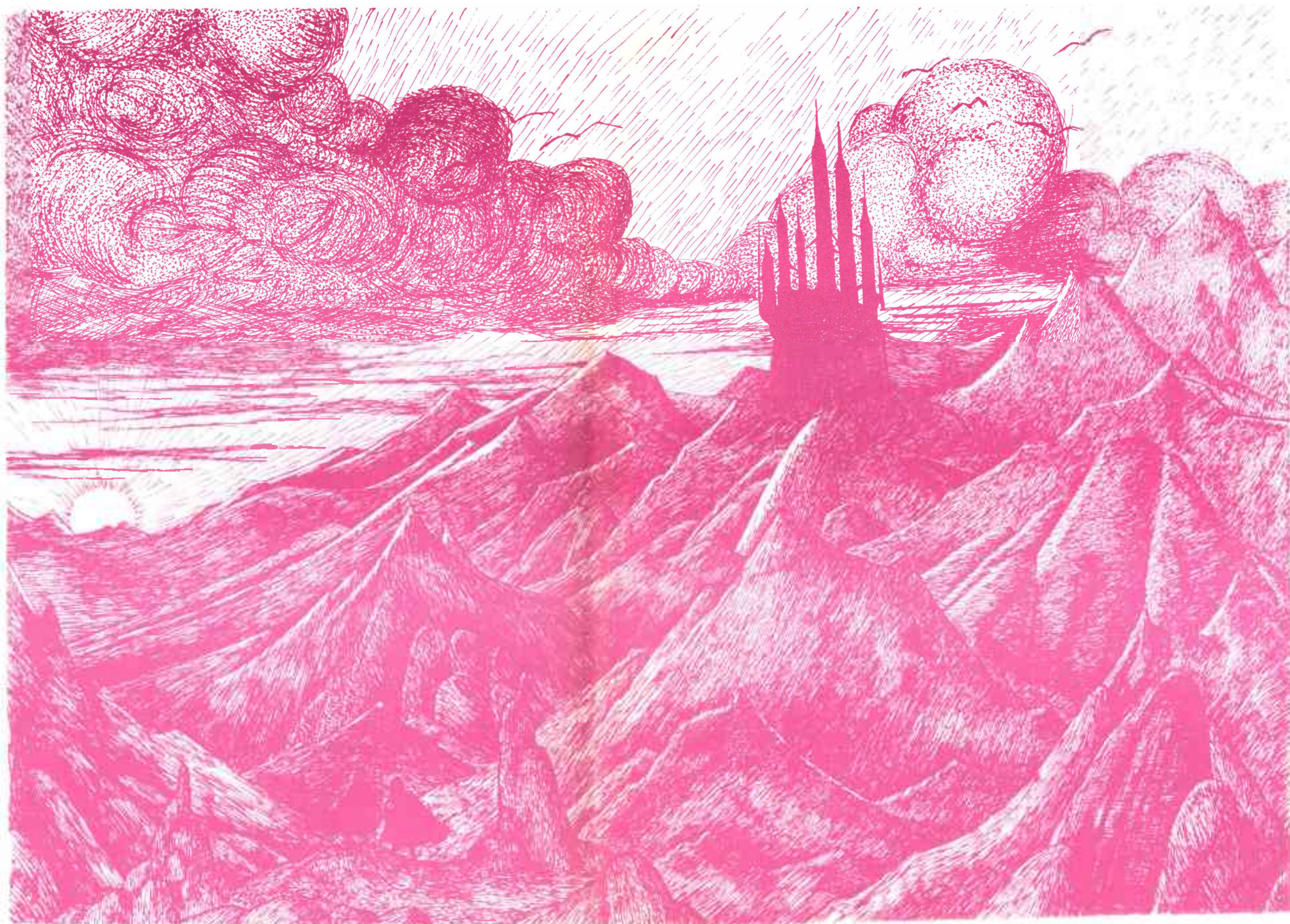


- HYARMENDACIL I (d. 1149; High-elven for South-victor; also called Ciryahir) The 14th King of Gondor (4th Ship-king), son of Ciryandil, and father of Atanatar II. In 1050 he crossed into Haradwaith and defeated the Haradrim; their kings were compelled to acknowledge the overlordship of Gondor. During his days, Gondor occupied the greatest area in its history: north to the Celebrant and the southern eaves of Mirkwood, west to the Gwathlo, east to the Sea of Rhun, and south to the Harnen. (R3 325, 366)
- HYARMENDACIL II (d. 1621; High-elven for South-victor; also called Vinyarion) The 22nd King of Gondor, son of Aldamir, and father of Minardil. In 1551 he defeated the Haradrim and took his name from this victory. (R3 318, 367)
- IMRAHIL The Lord or Prince of Dol Amroth during the WR, and father of Lothíriel who married Éomer. He was said to be of the race of Númenor, and to be a kinsman of Denethor. (R3 22, 43, 351)
- INGOLD A guard at one of the Seven Gates of Minas Tirith during the WR. (R3 21)
- IORETH A woman who served in the Houses of Healing in Minas Tirith during the WR. (R3 136)
- IORIAS A man of Minas Tirith, uncle of Bergil, during the WR. (R3 42)
- ISILDUR (d. 2) The 2nd King of Arnor, 1st King of Gondor (together with his brother and father), son of Elendil, brother of Anárion, and father of Valandil and three other sons. In 3319 S.A. he escaped with his brother and father from the destruction of Númenor to Middle-earth; there he helped found the twin kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. Isildur ruled Gondor with his brother although Elendil was king over both kingdoms. In 3429 S.A., Sauron attacked Gondor and took Minas Ithil. Isildur escaped down the Anduin and went to Elendil in the north. He became one of the leaders of the Last Alliance of Elves and Men. In 3441 S.A., Sauron was overthrown, but Elendil and Anárion were killed. Isildur cut off the One Ring from Sauron's hand. He then handed the rule of Gondor over to Anárion's son Meneldil and started to Arnor in the year 2. On the way he was ambushed by Orcs in Gladden Fields and killed together with his elder 3 sons; the One Ring was lost in the Anduin. (R1 61, 256-257; R3 317-318, 365-366)
- ISILDUR'S HEIR Specifically applied to Aragorn II. (R3 339)
- ISILDUR'S SON See Aragorn II. (R3 245)
- IVORWEN The wife of Dírhael and mother of Gilraen. (R3 337)
- KING OF GONDOR, THE See Aragorn II. (R3 230)
- KING OF THE WEST See Aragorn II (R3 260m 352)
- LADY OF THE SHIELD-ARM See Eowyn (R3 351)
- LÉOD (2459-2501) A King of Éothéod and father of Eorl the Young. He was killed by a Meara (horse) later called Felaróf. (R3 346)
- LÉOF Possibly, the 11th King of Rohan although Brytta is also named as the 11th King. (R3 255, 359)
- LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER OF BARAD-DUR (Also called the Messenger of Mordor, and the Mouth of Sauron) A man, said to be a renegade, who came from the Black Númenoreans, and entered into the service of Sauron and learned sorcery from him. He was dressed in black and served as a herald and ambassador for Sauron. (R3 164-165)



- LONGSHANKS Aragorn II, according to Bill Ferny (R1 193)
- LORD ARAGORN See Aragorn II. (R3 138)
- LORD OF THE CITY See Denethor II. (R3 88)
- LORD OF THE COASTS See Tarannon. (R3 325)
- LORD OF THE DUNEDAIN See Aragorn II. (R3 339)
- LORD OF LOSSARNACH, THE See Forlong. (R3 43)
- LORD OF THE MARK See Théoden Ednew. (R2 35)
- LORD OF MINAS TIRITH See Denethor II. (R3 80)
- LORD OF THE TOWER OF GUARD See Boromir. (R2 16)
- LORD OF THE WESTERN LANDS See Aragorn II. (R3 230)
- LORD OF THE WHITE TOWER Specifically refers to Denethor II. (R3 336)
- LOTHÍRIEL The mother of Imrahil, wife of Éomer (m. 3021), and mother of Elfwine. (R3 351)
- MALBETH the Seer He is said to have told Araphant, King of Arthedain, that his son was to be named Arvedui, as the latter was to be the last king of the North Kingdom. He is also said to have prophesied that the Dead of Erech would be awakened by an heir of the Dunedain. (R3 54, 330)
- MALLOR (d. 1110) The 3rd King of Arthedain, son of Beleg, and father of Celepharn. (R3 318)
- MALVEGIL (d. 1349) The 6th King of Arthedain, son of Celebrindor, and father of Argeleb I. During his reign the realm of Angmar arose. (R3 318, 320)
- MARDIL VORONWE "The Steadfast" (d. 2080; also called The Good Steward) The first ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Vorondil, and father of Eradan. He was Steward to Earnil II and Earnur, Kings of Gondor. (R3 319, 332-333, 368)
- MAT HEATHERTOES A man who lived in Bree, and who was killed in 3019 in the R. (R3 318)
- MENELDIL (d. 158) The 2nd King of Gondor, son of Anárion, and father of Cemendur. (R3 318)
- MESSENGER (OF LORDOR) See Lieutenant of the Tower of Barad-Dur. (R3 164)
- MINARDIL (d. 1634) The 23rd King of Gondor, son of Hyarmendacil II, and father of Telemnar and Minastan. In 1634 the Corsairs of Umbar, led by Angomaité and Sangahyanda, ravaged Pelargir and killed the King. Note that Minardil is inaccurately called the son of Eldacar. (R3 319, 328)
- MINASTAN The 2nd son of Minardil, and father of Tarondor. (R3 319)
- MORVEN (b. 2922; also called Steelsheen) The wife of Thengel and mother of Théoden and Théodwyn, who was born in Lossarnach. (R3 350, 351)
- MOUTH OF SAURON See Lieutenant of the Tower of Barad-dur. (R3 164)
- NARMACIL I (d. 1294) The 16th King of Gondor, son of Atanatar II & brother of Calmacil (R3 318)
- NARMACIL II (d. 1856) The 27th King of Gondor, son of Telumehtar, brother of Arciryas, & father of Calimehtar. In 1851 the Wainriders invaded Gondor and enslaved Rhovanion. Later, Narmacil was killed in battle with them beyond the Anduin. (R3 319, 328-329, 367)







- OHTAR The esquire of Isildur who escaped from the massacre at Gladden Fields with the shards of Narsil. (R1 257)
- ONDOHIR (d. 1944) The 29th King of Gondor, son of Calimehtar, and father of Artamir, Faramir, and Fíriel. In 1940 Gondor and Arnor formed an alliance, and Arvedui, King of Arnor, married Fíriel. In 1944 Ondohir and his two sons were killed by the Wainriders in a battle north of Morannon. (R3 319, 329, 367)
- ORNENDIL (d. 1437) The son of Eldacar murdered after the capture of Osgiliath by Castamir. (R3 327)
- ORODRETH (d. 2685) The 16th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Belec-thor I and father of Ecthelion I. (R3 319)
- OSTOHIR (d. 492) The 6th King of Gondor, son of Anardil, and father of Rómendacil I. In 420 he rebuilt Minas Anor which he made his summer palace. In 490 Gondor was attacked by the Easterlings. (R3 318, 324, 366)
- PELENDUR (d. 1998) The Steward of King Ondohir of Gondor, and father of Vorondil the Hunter. He played a chief part in the negotiations when Arvedui of Arthedain claimed the crown of Gondor after the death of Ondohir and his sons in 1944. The claim was rejected and Earnil II was made king in 1945. During this short period of 1944-1945, Pelendur ruled Gondor. After his time, the Stewardship was made hereditary. (R3 319, 329-330, 333)
- PICKTHORN See under Tom Pickthorn.
- RANGER OF ERIADOR See Aragorn II. (R2 9)
- RENEWER, THE See Aragorn II. (R3 139)
- RIDER, THE Dernhelm, hence Éowyn. (R3 78)
- RÓMENDACIL I (d. 541; High-elven for East-victor; also called Tarostar) The 7th King of Gondor, son of Ostohir, and father of Turambar. He was born Tarostar, but in 500 he defeated the Easterlings and took his new name. He was killed by the Easterlings. (R3 318, 324, 366)
- RÓMENDACIL II (d. 1366; High-elven for East-victor) The 18th King of Gondor, son of Calmacil, and father of Valacar. He gave the Northmen lands east of the Anduin between Mirkwood and the Ered Lithui to be a defense against the Easterlings. He also fortified the west shore of the Anduin and built the pillars of Argonath. He took many Northmen into his service, and sent his son to live with the King of Rhovanion. (R3 318, 325-326)
- ROWLIE APPLEDORE A man who lived in Bree, and who was killed in 3019 in the WR. (R1 167; R3 271)
- RUSHLIGHT A name of a man in Bree. (R1 167)
- SANGAHYANDA The great-grandson of Castamir and brother of Angomaite who led the Corsairs of Umbar on a raid of Pelargir in 1634 and killed King Minardil of Gondor. (R3 328)
- SECOND MARSHAL OF THE MARK See Theodred. (R2 117)
- SILMARIEN (b. 548 S.A.) The eldest daughter of Tar-Elendil and mother of Valandil. Elendil was a descendant of hers.
- SIRIONDIL 1. (d. 830) the 10th King of Gondor, son of Atanatar I, father of Tarannon and Tarciryan. (R3 318)  
2. A Dunedain of Gondor, the son of Calimmacil, father of Earnil II. (R3 330)



- SOUTH-VICTOR See Hyarmendacil I and II (R3 325)
- STEELISHEEN Morwen, according to the Rohirrim. (R3 351)
- STICK-AT-NAUGHT-STRIDER See Aragorn II. (R1 193)
- STRIDER The name Aragorn II used in Bree-land. Later he used its elvish equivalent Telcontar for the name of his house. (R1 182; R3 139)
- TAR-ALCARIN The 17th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Vanimaldë, and father of Tar-Calmacil. (R3 315)
- TAR-ALDARION The 6th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Meneldur, and father of Tar-Ancalimë. (R3 315-316)
- TAR-AMANDIL The 3rd King of Númenor, son of Vardamir, and father of Tar-Elendil. (R3 315)
- TAR-ANÁRION The 8th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Ancalimë, and father of Tar-Súrion. (R3 315)
- TAR-ANCALIMÉ The first Ruling Queen of Númenor (7th Queen), daughter of Tar-Aldarion, and mother of Tar-Anárion, who became queen in 1075 S.A. (R3 315-316, 330, 364)
- TAR-ANCALIMON The 14th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Atanamir, and father of Tar-Telemmaite. (R3 315)
- TARANNON (d. 913; also called Falastur, or Lord of the Coasts) The 11th King of Gondor, son of Siriondil, brother of Tarciryan, and nephew of Eärnil I. He was the first Ship-king. To commemorate his victories he took the crown in the name Falastur. He died childless. (R3 318, 324-325, 366)
- TAR-ATANAMIR the Great The 13th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Ciryatan, and father of Tar-Ancalimon. He became king in 2251 S.A., and was the first to openly speak against the Ban of the Valar; as a result, the Faithful came into existence. (R3 315-316, 364)
- TAR-CALMACIL The 18th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Alcarin, and father of Ar-Adunakhôr. (R3 315)
- TARCIL (d. 515) The 6th King of Arnor, son of Arantar, and father of Tarondor. (R3 318)
- TARCIRYAN The son of Siriondil, brother of Tarannon, and father of Eärnil I. (R3 318)
- TAR-CIRYATAN The 12th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Minastir, and father of Tar-Atanamir. (R3 315)
- TAR-ELENDIL The 4th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Amandil, and father of Tar-Meneldur and Silmariën. During his reign, in 600 S.A., the first ships of Númenor visited Middle-earth. (R3 315-316, 364)
- TARGON A soldier of Gondor during the WR. (R3 35)
- TAR-MENELDUR The 5th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Elendil, and father of Tar-Aldarion. (R3 315)
- TAR-MINASTIR The 11th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Telperien, and father of Tar-Ciryatan. In 1700 S.A., he sent a force to Lindon to help Gil-galad in the War of the Elves and Sauron. (R3 315-6, 364)
- TAR-MINYATUR See Elros. (R3 315)



- TAR-MÍRIEL The daughter of Tar-Palantir who should have been the 4th Ruling Queen of Númenor; however the King's nephew Ar-Pharazôn seized the throne. (R3 315-316)
- TARONDOR 1. (d. 602) The 7th King of Arnor, son of Tarcil, and father of Valandur. (R3 318)  
2. (d. 1798) The 25th King of Gondor, son of Minastan, nephew of Telemnar, and father of Telumehtar. In 1640 he planted a seedling of the White Tree in Minas Anor, and removed the King's House permanently to Minas Anor from Osgiliath. (R3 319, 328, 367)
- TAROSTAR See Rómendacil I. (R3 324)
- TAR-PALANTIR (High-elfen for The Farsighted; also called Ar-Inziladun in Adunaic) The 23rd King of Númenor, son of Ar-Gimilzôr, and father of Tar-Míriel. He tried to halt the persecution of the Faithful; as a result civil war broke out in Númenor in 3175 S.A. The rebels were led by his nephew Ar-Pharazôn. (R3 315-316, 364)
- TAR-SÚRION The 9th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Anarion, and father of Tar-Telperien. (R3 315)
- TAR-TELEMMATE The 15th King of Númenor, son of Tar-Ancalimon, and father of Tar-Vanimalde. (R3 315)
- TAR-TELPERIEN The 2nd Ruling Queen (and 10th Queen) of Númenor, daughter of Tar-Súrion, and mother of Tar-Minastir. (R3 315)
- TAR-VANIMALDE The 3rd Ruling Queen (and 16th Queen) of Númenor, daughter of Tar-Telemmate, and mother of Tar-Alcarin. (R3 315)
- TELEMNAR (d. 1636) The 24th King of Gondor, son of Minardil, brother of Minastan, and uncle of Tarondor. He was killed with his children and a great number of people by the Great Plague. At that time, the White Tree of Minas Anor also died. (Note that he is called the 26th King of Gondor, but numbering is accurate only if Elendil, Isildur, and Anarion are considered the first, second, and third Kings of Gondor respectively; in this work, Elendil, Isildur, and Anarion are the first co-Kings of Gondor. (R3 319, 328, 367)
- TELUHEHTAR UMBARDACIL (d. 1850) The 26th King of Gondor, son of Tarondor, and father of Narmacil II and Arciryas. In 1810 he captured Umbar and killed the last descendents of Castamir; to celebrate the victory, he took the name Umbardacil. (R3 319, 328, 367)
- THENGEL (2905-2980) The 16th King of Rohan, son of Fengel, husband of Morwen (m. 2943), and father of Théoden and Théodwyn. Before becoming king, he lived in Gondor where he married his wife. (R3 350)
- THÉODEN EDNEW (2948-3019; also called Lord of the Mark, Théoden King, and Théoden Horsemaster) The 17th King of Rohan, son of Thengel and Morwen, brother of Théodwyn, husband of Elfild, and father of Théodred. After the death of his sister and her husband, he adopted their children Éomer and Éowyn. Under the spells of Saruman, he fell ill, but Gandalf healed him. In 3019 he led his men to victory at the Hornburg (Helm's Deep) and at the Battle of the Pelennor Fields where he died. (R3 350-1)
- THÉODEN HORSEMASTER See Théoden Ednew. (R2 186)
- THÉODEN KING See Théoden Ednew. (R2 35)



- THEODRED** (2978-3019) The son of Théoden and Elfhild, and the Second Marshal of the Mark. He was killed at the First Battle of the Fords of Isen. (R2 117; R3 351, 373)
- THEODWYN** (2963-3002) The daughter of Thengel and Morwen, sister of Théoden, wife of Éomund, chief marshal of the Mark (m. 2989) and mother of Éomer and Éowyn. (R3 350-351)
- THISTLEWOOD** The name of a man in Bree during the WR. (R1 167)
- THORONDIR** (d. 2882) The 22nd Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Belecthor II, and father of Túrin II. (R3 319)
- THORONGIL** (High-elven for The Eagle of the Star) See Aragorn II. (R3 335-336)
- TOM PICKTHORN** A man who lived in Bree, and who was killed in 3019 in the WR. (R3 271)
- TUOR** The son of Huor, husband of Idril Celebrindal, and father of Earendil. His marriage was the second union of High Elves and Men. He was one of the most renowned men in the war with Morgoth. (R3 314)
- TURAMBAR** (d. 677) The 8th King of Gondor, son of Romendacil I, and father of Atanatar I. He won victories over the Easterlings. (R3 318, 324)
- TURGON** 1. See section on Elves.  
2. (d. 2953) The 24th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Túrin II, and father of Ecthelion II. In 2951 Sauron declared himself openly and began the rebuilding of Barad-dûr; two years later Saruman took Isengard for his own. (R3 319, 335, 370)
- TÚRIN I** (d. 2278) The 6th Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Húrin I, and father of Hador. (R3 319)
- TÚRIN II** (d. 2914) The 23rd Ruling Steward of Gondor, son of Thorondir, and father of Turgon. During his reign, the Orcs threatened Gondor, and Túrin built secret refuges for his soldiers in Ithilien of which Henneth Annûn was the largest. He also fortified the Isle of Cair Andros. In 2885 the Haradrim invaded South Ithilien from Harondor, but together with the help of King Folcwine of Rohan, the enemy was defeated at the Crossing of Poros. (R3 319, 334-335, 350)
- UMBARDACIL** (High-elven for Umbar-victor) See Telumehtar Umbar-dacil. (R3 319, 328)
- VALACAR** (d. 1432) The 19th King of Gondor, son of Romendacil II, and father of Eldacar. In his youth he lived in Rhovanion with King Vidugavia, and married the latter's daughter. His son was born in Rhovanion. At his death the Kin-strife began. (R3 318, 326)
- VALANDIL** 1. The son of Silmarien and first Lord of Andunie. From him was descended Amandil, the Last Lord, and his son Elendil. (R3 316)  
2. (d. 249) The 3rd King of Arnor, fourth son of Isildur (born in Imladris), and father of Eldacar. He started to reign in the year 10, eight years after the death of his father. (R3 318, 366)
- VALANDUR** (d. 652) The 8th King of Arnor, son of Tarondor, and father of Elendur. (R3 318)
- VARDAMIR** The 2nd King of Numenor, son of Elros Tar-Minyatur, and father of Tar-Amandil. (R3 315)



VIDUGAVIA A King of Rhovanion  
whose daughter married Valacar.  
(R3 326)

VINITHARYA See Eldacar.  
(R3 318, 326)

VINYARION See Hyarmendacil II.  
(R3 318)

VORONDIL the Hunter (d. 2029) The  
son of Pelendur, and father of  
Mardil. He was Steward to  
Earnil II and Earnur. He was  
called The Hunter because he  
hunted the wild oxen near the  
Sea of Rhûn. (R3 27, 319)

VORONWE See Mardil. (R3 319)

WALDA (2780-2851) The 12th King  
of Rohan, son of Brytta, and  
father of Folca. (R3 349; see  
Léof)

WIDFARA A Rider of the Mark during  
the WR. (R3 110)

WIELDER OF THE SWORD REFORGED See  
Aragorn II. (R3 245)

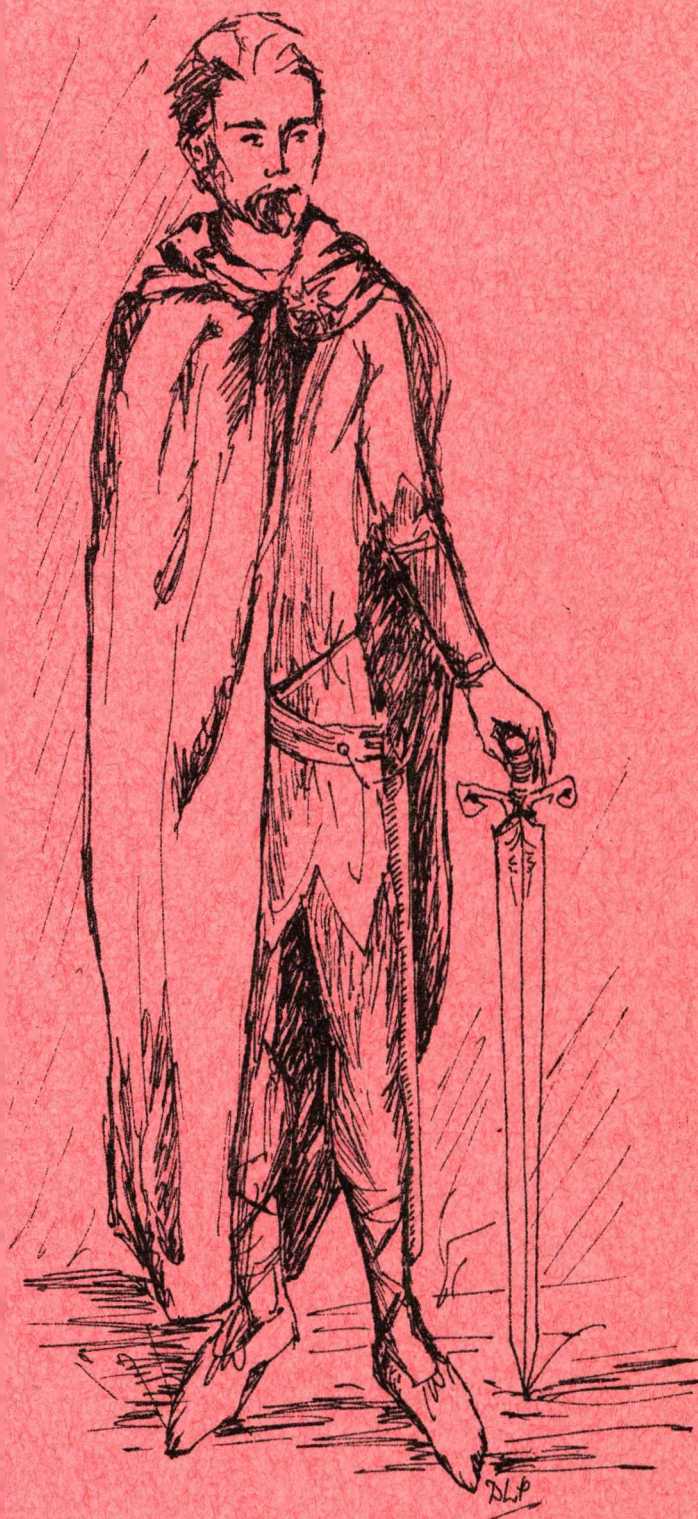
WILD MAN, THE See Ghan-buri-Ghân.  
(R3 106)

WINGFOOT The name given to  
Aragorn II by Éomer. (R2 38)

WORM Wormtongue; hence Grima.  
(R3 299)

WORMTONGUE See Grima. (R2 118)

WULF (d. 2759) The son of Freca  
who was driven off by Helm  
after the latter had killed  
Freca. In 2758 he led the  
Dunlendings to a conquest of  
Rohan, but was killed in Fréalaf  
in Edoras. (R3 346-348, 369;  
see Helm)



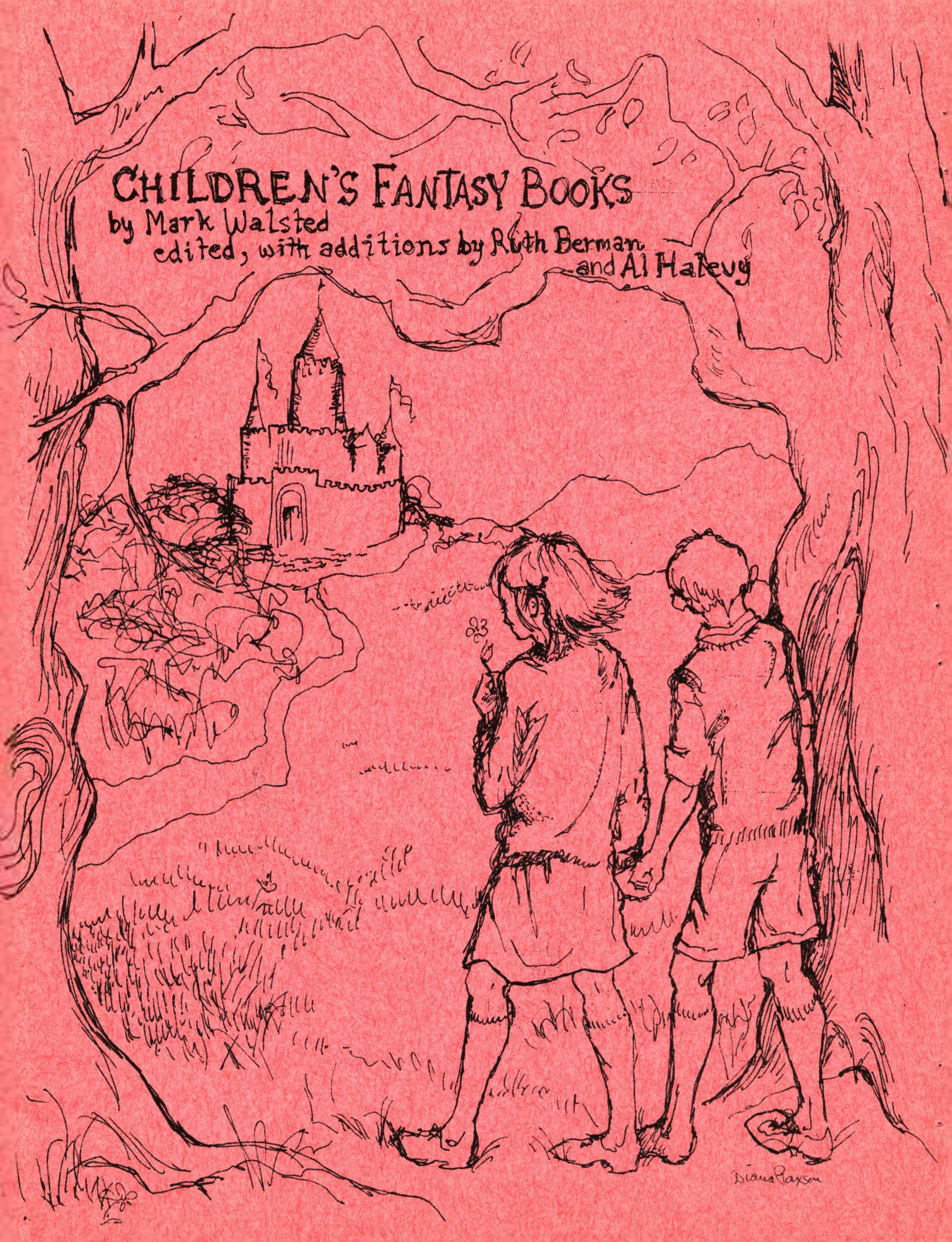
Next quarter: "The Elves". The following installment,  
"Other Creatures," will finish all names of individuals.  
Subsequent installments will consider such things and  
place and battle names, the natures of the various creat-  
ures, etc.



# CHILDREN'S FANTASY BOOKS

by Mark Walsted

edited, with additions by Ruth Berman  
and Al Halevy







I've been sitting here eating my dinner, listening to Tosca, and I should be thinking about a series of lectures I'm to give on Green's functions. But since this last is work, I've naturally begun to think about my hobbies. There are a number of them, all connected by a love of science fiction. One is a great liking for children's books, especially fantasies.

I've been musing over both the books I have in my library, and those that are missing. Conspicuous among the latter is The Enchanted Forest by William Bowen. I read this book at the age of ten or twelve, when I borrowed it from a library. Since I've reached the age of book-buying, I've been searching for it without success, partly because I didn't know the author's name. It was not until the Pittcon, when Barbi Johnson entered several beautiful drawings illustrating this book in the Art Show, that I discovered his name. A number of other fans have been looking for this book with an equal lack of success. I have since found that William Bowen had written at least four other children's books: Merrimeg, The Old Tobacco Shop, Philip and the Faun, and Solario the Tailor, His Tales of the Magic Doublet.



While looking for The Enchanted Forest, I managed to find Philip and the Faun and The Old Tobacco Shop. The former is a short book about a boy who found a Faun and searched for two other people who could see the Faun, for only then could Pan awaken and the Old Gods come back. In The Old Tobacco Shop the boy smokes some magic tobacco and calls up a sailor who gives him a map of an island:

For this Island is Refuge to such as be afflicted. And in this Island shall be corrected whatever Errors, Disappointments, Miscarriages, Failures, Preventions, and the like this mortal life may have afflicted any withal. Wherefore I have called it Correction Island. If any be crooked, he shall there be made straight. If any be blind, he shall see. If any dumb, he shall speak. If any old, he shall be young again. And finally, if an be prevented unjustly of Beauty or of Children or of Love or of other such like Desires, there shall be found for him a great store. So that there shall be an End of repining and none in that place shall say, Thus and thus might I have been also, had I been but justly entreated.

Naturally, a number of people go off to search for that island (who among us wouldn't). I rate this book almost as highly as The Enchanted Forest.

Another author of children's books whose books have a permanent place in my library is E. Nesbit. I am missing almost as many books as I have on my shelf, but I have some of her best: the trilogy of Five Children and It, The Phoenix and the Carpet, and The Story of the Amulet; The House of Arden and its sequel, Harding's Luck; The Book of Dragons, The Enchanted Castle, Net Magic, The Magic City, and Nine Unlikely Tales. I won't bother to describe these books except to say that they are marvelous. Many of the books are readily available as they are being re-published in England, and it is possible to buy a good number of them in this country.

A series I enjoyed very much is The Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis. These were published recently and ought to be in any library of children's fantasy books. However, I recommend that they be kept out of children's hands, for C.S. Lewis was a very religious man and interjected large doses of religion into all his books. The danger is an overdose of religion on young and impressionable minds. I do not believe a strong religious feeling to be a healthy symptom in a child, however much it may be praised in an adult. The books themselves can be briefly described as marvelous writing coupled with splendid adventure of the sword



and sorcery type, with a strong religious theme.

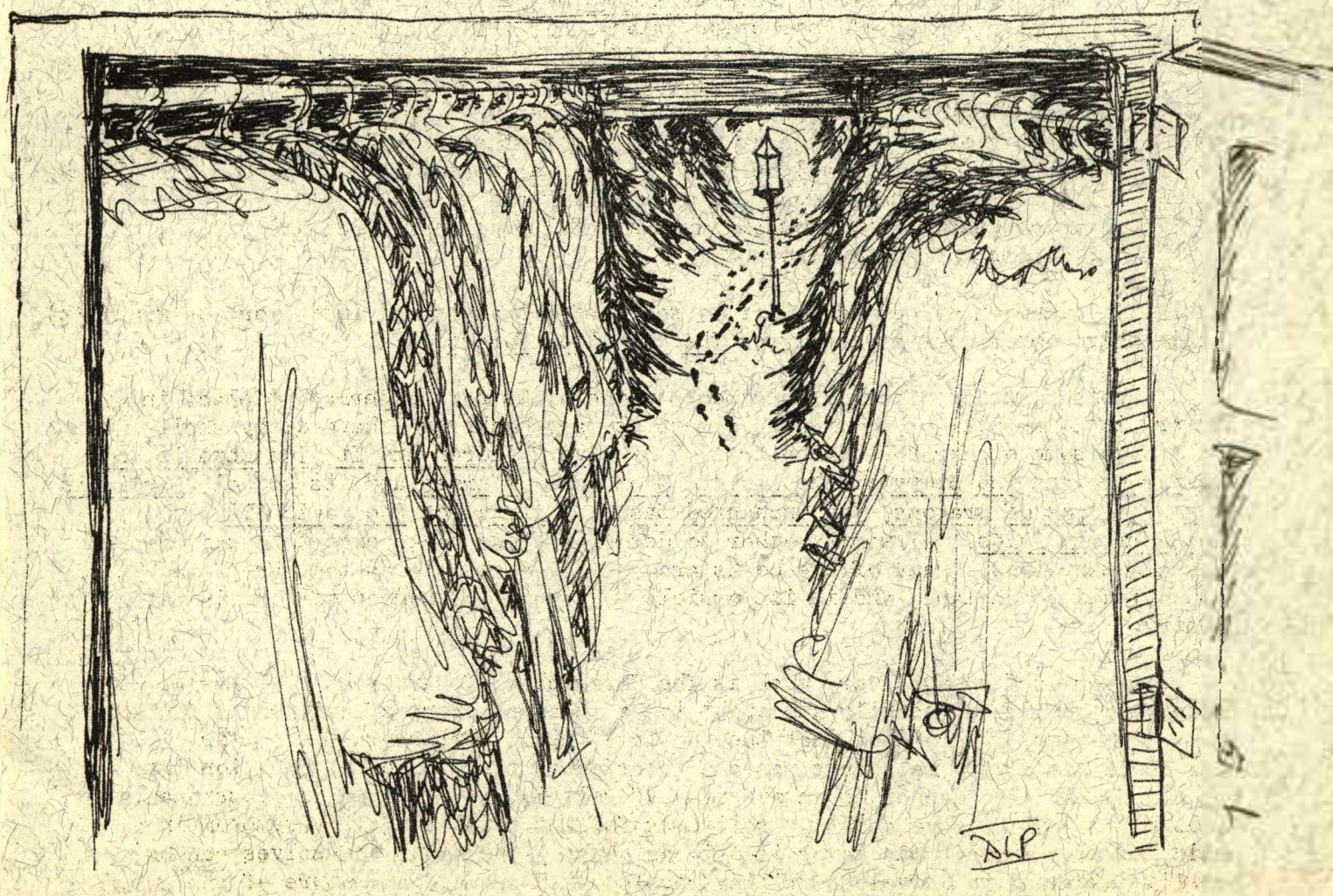
((We (Ruth Berman and Al Halevy) disagree with the recommendation that the Narnia stories be kept out of children's hands. We do not believe that the religion C.S. Lewis included in them constitutes a danger to young and impressionable minds; children who are not ready to understand Lewis's Christian symbolism do not notice it and are not affected by it. They respond to the excitement of the stories and the beauty of the writing, and rarely see the deeper philosophy until some years later.))

((Quite a time bomb, then. My comments still stand. Children see more than adults think. --Mark Walstead))

((Meanwhile, back at the ranch... --FR))

Next to the Narnia series on my shelf I find seven books by Edward Eager: the tetralogy of Half Magic, Knight's Castle, Magic by the Lake, and The Time Garden; Magic or Not? and its sequel The Well Wishers; and Seven Day Magic. The books can be read separately, although some of them are connected. They are books about magic in the style of E. Nesbit (whom Eager loves and mentions frequently), but modernized. As described in Seven Day Magic, they are:

- the kind where the magic has rules. And you have to deal with it and thwart it before it thwarts you. Only sometimes you forget and get thwarted...(the kind where there are) children just like us. And they're walking home from somewhere and the magic starts suddenly before they know it. And they have to learn its rules and tame it and make the most of it.





The gimmick in each book is original. In Half Magic, four children of the 1920's find a coin which grants wishes, but only gives half of what is wished for. In Knight's Castle, an ancient model soldier gives four modern children (the sons and daughters of two of the children in Half Magic) a series of adventures in Ivanhoe's times in the course of which the children mess up the story of Ivanhoe completely, producing a funny and satisfying conclusion which is very different from Sir Walter Scott's. In Magic by the Lake, the first set of children go to a summer cottage. The cottage is named Magic-by-the-Lake, and one of the children unwisely wishes that the name were true. They promptly get a whole lake-full of magic. The garden in The Time Garden is just a thyme garden, but the Knight's Castle children soon discover that thyme and time sound alike and that, with the aid of a little magic, thyme can take them back in time (they even visit their mothers, aunt, and uncle, as children, in an episode described in both The Time Garden and Magic by the Lake. Magic or Not? and The Well Wishers are both about another group of children who have found a wishing well which may--or may not--be really magical. Seven Day Magic refers to a seven-day library book. The children who take out the book open it and find that the book is about themselves; it brings them magic adventures, writing up each adventure as it comes. All of Eager's books are stuffed with allusions to other children's fantasies -- the books can serve as a guide to finding more good children's books, as well as being good in themselves.



Alan Garner's The Weirdstone, first published in England as The Weirdstone of Brisingamen, is a superb story which followers of Tolkien should find especially welcome. It is the story of the adventures of two children, based on a tale of Alderley, a small region of England. Like Tolkien, Garner has peopled his story with a wealth of strange beings -- dwarves, wizards, kings -- and provided a coherent, detailed legend as a background to his story. Two maps of the locale of the adventures are given in the end-papers. There is also a sequel to this book, called Moon of Gomrath.

I don't suppose it is necessary to mention the Oz books, but many do not know that there are books by Baum which are fantasies but not about Oz. Most of them are hard to find. I am avidly searching for The Sea Fairies and its sequel Sky Island, John Dough and the Cherub, Dot and Tot in Merryland, and The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus (one of Baum's finest books -- an amazing mythological tour de force). The non-Oz books which I have are Queen Zixi of Ix, The Magical Monarch of Mo (first published as A New Wonderland), and The Enchanted Island of Yew. If you like the Oz books, look for these. The Magical Monarch of Mo and a short story, Jaglon and the Tiger Fairies, are in print.

The sequels to The Wizard of Oz by Baum and his successors are usually ignored -- understandably, since there are approximately forty of them. Their neglect seems to me (RB) a pity, since I (RB) think the average quality is good, especially for so long a series. Of these I cannot conscientiously recommend any except the ones actually written by Baum, but some of the sequels probably have a special interest for the science fiction fan; for example, Ruth Plumly Thompson's Ozoplaning with the Wizard of Oz and Speedy in Oz, both of which explore the upper atmosphere over Oz; and Jack Snow's The Magical Mimics of Oz, in which the villains of the title, the Mimics, are genuinely frightening in a fashion which recalls Weird Tales (Snow had several short stories published in WT). Reilly and Lee keep most of the Oz books continuously in print; the first two books, The Wizard and The Land of Oz, have come into public domain and are available in several editions. Most of the sequels are polluted by the presence of large numbers of vile puns. (However, some readers enjoy vile puns, as I (RB) do.)

If you like The Wind in the Willows, you may also like Elleston-Trevor's Badger's Wood and Deep Wood. They are written in the same style as The Wind in



the Willows, although they are not imitations of it. Some other series to look for are the Doctor Dolittle series by Hugh Lofting (Dr. Dolittle can speak and understand animal languages) and the Borrower series by Mary Norton (the Borrowers are people a few inches high, who "borrow" whatever they need from the Big People -- which is why you can never find any safety pins -- the Borrowers take them).

Special mention must be given to The Midnight Folk and The Magic Casket by Masfield (yes, he's that Masfield), fantasies quite out of the usual style, with a witches' coven, pirates, treasure, a search, and all the trimmings. Another special mention should go to Mr. Wicker's Window by Carley Dawson. A boy, Chris, applies for a job in an antique store in Georgetown near Washington D.C. The owner is a magician who takes him back to Georgetown at the time of the Revolutionary War, teaches him magic, and sends him on a quest to China for treasure. The villain, who wants the treasure for himself, is also a magician of power. What shifts this book out of the ordinary is the fine writing and characterization; the magicians are not cardboard figures and paper tigers. In many other books there is a tongue-in-cheek portrayal of danger; the dangers in this book seem real and suspenseful. Miss Dawson wrote two sequels to Mr. Wicker's Window. The second, Dragon Run, is as good as the original, but I (RB) have not been able to find the first sequel and do not know its name.

In another vein there is Tom's Midnight Garden by Philippe Pearce, a charming and beautiful story of a lonely boy who finds a garden and a playmate.

A book which brings to mind The Hobbit is The Minnipins by Carol Kendall, published in the U.S. as The Gamage Cup. The Minnipins are like Hobbits in their suspicion of adventures and their love of the hum-drum. Muggles, the heroine, learns (as Bilbo Baggins did) that there is a certain amount of pleasure and usefulness in going adventuring with "Oh, Them" (the Minnipins' name for their three nonconformists).

One of the books I prize in my library is Prince Bantam by McNeer and Ward. I cannot do better than quote from the Prologue: "This is the story mothers of Japan tell their children of the beginning of the world and of how those beautiful Isles of Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun, came into being. And this is the tale of Yoshitsune the brave, the generous, the loyal, and of his faithful henchman Benkei of the Western Pagoda, the strongest man of all the world." Yoshitsune and Benkei are historical figures to whom legend has been attached. The history is of the end of the long civil war between the great Taira and Minamoto families. It begins with the seeming victory of the Taira clan when Yoshitomo, prince of the Minamotos, was killed. However, he left two sons, Yoritomo, who eventually conquered the Taira and is known as a great, although treacherous general and conqueror, and Yoshitsune, the younger, one of the greatest heroes of Japan, a land of many great heroes. This is his story.



or another tale of a legendary hero, we must turn to the other side of the world, to Wales, Isle of the Mighty. Kenneth Morris has woven a tale on the skeleton of the Mabinogian, The Book of the Three Dragons, whose legendary hero is Manawyddan, one of the gods of the Celts. The book is not only marvelous sword and sorcery, but contains bits of past history and legend which make you want to hear more. Here are the wonderful gods and demons of Welsh mythology: Rhiannon of the singing birds, Arianrhod of the Silver Wheel; Taliesin, the Chief of Bards (remember Silverlock?); Hu Gadarn the Mighty, the Emperor of the Gods; Gwydion ab Don; Math fab Mathonwy; Ceridwen the Great Mother; Bran the Blessed, son of the Boundless; and many others. This book is a must for those who liked The Broken Sword, Moorcock's Elric stories, and The Dying Earth.



The Book of Three Dragons brings to mind a book for adults which I have beside it, The Virgin and the Swine by Evangeline Walton, which is also woven around the Mabinogian; it is a retelling of the Fourth Branch of the Mabinogian and tells the story of Gwydion ab Don and his son Llew Llaw Gyffes.

Irish mythology is the base for three books by Ella Young, The Wonder-Smith and his Son, The Tangle-Coated Horse, and The Unicorn with the Silver Shoes. The Wonder-Smith, who appears in all three, is Mannanaun (the Gaelic name for Mannwyddan, the hero of The Book of the Three Dragons)\* whom Miss Young identifies with the Norse Wayland, perhaps remembering Wayland's appearance in another well-known children's fantasy, Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling. The Unicorn with the Silver Shoes is the most original and I (RB) think, the best of the three. It tells of the adventures of Balor's son, a clumsy, naughty, but well-meaning boy, among the subtler deities.

Eleanor Cameron's Mushroom Planet series, beginning with The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet, is ostensibly science fiction, but the science is negligible, and its power comes from its air of fantasy -- the magic and beauty with which she surrounds the Mushroom Planet (a tiny satellite of Earth, invisible except when viewed through a special filter) and Tycho Bass, the curious little man who discovers it. The series has the usual fault of series -- it runs down quickly -- but the first book is excellent.

L.M. Boston's Green Knowe series, like the Mushroom Planet series, runs down, but the later books are good, and the first two, The Children of Green Knowe and Treasure of Green Knowe, are excellent. Like C.S. Lewis and George MacDonald, she has a strong sense of the wonder, the horror, and the weight of history in a large, unfamiliar, old house. Green Knowe, the house itself, is almost the main character in her stories; the main fantasy element in them is the mingling of centuries which takes place in the house.



George MacDonald's three full-length children's stories, The Princess and the Goblins, its sequel The Princess and Curdie, and At the Back of the North Wind, have recently become available in several editions. It is a pleasant coincidence that MacDonald and Lewis Carroll were friends;

MacDonald's children read the manuscript of Alice and gave it their heartiest approval. The two writers are, however, very different. Carroll is the logician, MacDonald the mystic; Carroll's villains are hilariously ugly, and MacDonald's horrifyingly ugly. MacDonald has a sense of beauty which most of Carroll's best work lacks. Sometimes MacDonald falls into that blandly insipid prettiness which is characteristic of much Victorian work, but not often. Some of his short stories for children, such as The Light-Hearted Princess, are also available. His two fantasies for adults, Phantastes and Lilith, are also interesting; they have recently come out in paperback.

Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland produced many imitations. One of them is A New Alice in the Old Wonderland by Anna Richards and it's very good too. The best of them, although it is presently out of print, is probably Charles Carryl's Davy and the Goblins, which includes the famous nonsense poem, "The Walloping Window-Blind". I (RB) think it likely that it will soon be in print, for recently many publishers have taken to reprinting classics of children's fantasy from the nineteenth century; for example, The Rose and the Ring by William Thackeray, The Magic Fish-Bone by Charles Dickens, The Water Babies by Charles Kingsley (a fantasy branching off into mysticism, mythology, lectures in natural science,

\* I (M.W.) think that the Celt Mannwyddan is not the same as the Irish Mannanaun. Mannanaun was not a smith at all, whereas Mannwyddan was a smith part time. #1 (A.H.) find them listed as equivalent in the Dictionary of Non-Classical Mythology.



severe social criticism, etc.), and Mopsa the Fairy by Jean Ingelow.

Andrew Lang is best known as the editor of the color Fairy Books: The Red Fairy Book, The Blue Fairy Book, and so on (there were twelve in all, named for the colors red, blue, green, yellow, pink, grey, violet, crimson, brown, orange, olive, and lilac, and most of these are still being reprinted). This fifty-year-old series is perhaps still the best general collection of traditional stories available. Lang also wrote a few original fantasies, two of which, Prince Prigio and Prince Ricardo, are still in print (bound together as one book). The two stories partly use and partly spoof the French-courtly world of such traditional fairy tales as "Sleeping Beauty". Prigio's parents fail to invite the fairies to the boy's christening, and they retaliate by giving the boy, along with the traditional gifts of Seven League Boots, Flying Carpet, Sword of Sharpness, and so on, too much intelligence to believe in magic. In contrast, Prigio's son, Ricardo, is brought up to believe in magic and, in consequence, does not see why he should ever bother to use his head. Very much like a Nesbit theme.



The following books are, I (RB) think, little-known -- principally because their authors' later works have overshadowed them, I suppose, because in themselves they are delightful: Mistress Masham's Repose by T.H. White, including among its characters a Merlin-like professor, two nasty but inefficient villains, and the descendants of a group of Lilliputians who had been brought to England in Gulliver's time; Farmer Giles of Ham by J.R.R. Tolkien\*; The White Deer and The Great Quillow, both combining traditional fairy tale elements with Thurber's incredible word-play, like his two later and better-known fairy tales, The Thirteen Clocks and The Wonderful O.



Some other books to look for include The Diamond in the Window by Jane Langton, a story about a magical search in an old house in New England, a book which breathes a love of New England, its history and literature, and its beautiful old houses and scenery; The Thirteenth is Magic and The Summer is Magic by Patricia Gordon, published under the pen name of Joan Howard, stories about a black cat who leads two children through magical adventures; The Amazing Vacation by Dan Dickenden, in which two children go through a magical window into another world in order to break the spell cast on their cousin when she was a child and went through the window -- "...charmed magic casements, opening on the foam, of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" -- David and the Phoenix by Edward Ormandroyd, the story of a phoenix who tries to keep away from a scientist who wants to shoot and stuff it, and David, who is shown some of the old forgotten places with fauns, banshees, and other legendary creatures, by the phoenix.

Many children's books are illustrated, and very handsomely, too. For instance, Arthur Mason's The Jee Men of Ballywooden and Tarn's The Treasure of the Isle of Mist are both illustrated by Robert Lawson. The books are worthwhile for the illustrations alone, although the stories themselves are charming. I am looking for any book illustrated by Lawson.

Arthur Rackham's illustrations for children's books are very fine. He illustrated several collections of fairy tales, J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, Kenneth Grahame's The Wind in the Willows, Alice in Wonderland, and many others. I, along with many other people, collect books illustrated by him. The difficulty, however, is that many of the books illustrated by Rackham are very expensive.

\* I have always suspected Tolkien of being a secret dragon sympathizer. --Felice Rolfe



Another fine illustrator was Maxfield Parrish, who was Hannes Bok's teacher. The first book Parrish illustrated was also L. Frank Baum's first book for children, Mother Goose in Prose.

To get fine illustrated books, however, it is not necessary to look only for old books. The large-size children's books published by the Golden Press, called DeLuxe Golden Books, contain some of the most beautiful colored illustrations I have ever seen in books. I have three at my elbow; Chinese Fairy Tales, Tales of India, and Scandinavian Fairy Tales. But don't take my word for it, go to any book store's children's section and check for yourself. However, I warn you: if you do check, there is strong probability that you will buy the books just for the illustrations.

One of the finest contemporary illustrators of children's books is Pauline (Diana) Baynes. She illustrated all of the Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis, and also did some of the finest illustrations I (AH) have seen for J.R.R. Tolkien's Farmer Giles of Ham and The Adventures of Tom Bombadil. She has also "decorated in full color the slipcase of a special deluxe edition of The Lord of the Rings, bound in black buckram with gold edges, headbands, and all the luxurious trimmings that grace a book for a special occasion." The price is luxurious, too; over six pounds. Many of her finest illustrations have the detail and humor of Frank Pape's illustrations for Cabell's works.

I hope that this outline shows you that collecting children's books is like digging for buried treasures: you never can tell when you will dig up some gems. I've certainly found it worth my time and trouble. If any of you have favorite children's fantasies which I haven't mentioned, please let me know. In the meantime, I hope you will find this a useful map....and good hunting, all.

(For further remarks from Berman & Walsted on this subject, see Gincas.)

#### CONVENTIONAL BALLAD

by R. Coulson

I step in the door, there's a "foof" and I'm blind,  
But it's only a flashbulb shot off by Jay Klein  
(Who considers the flashbulb man's greatest invention)  
At the annual World Science Fiction Convention.

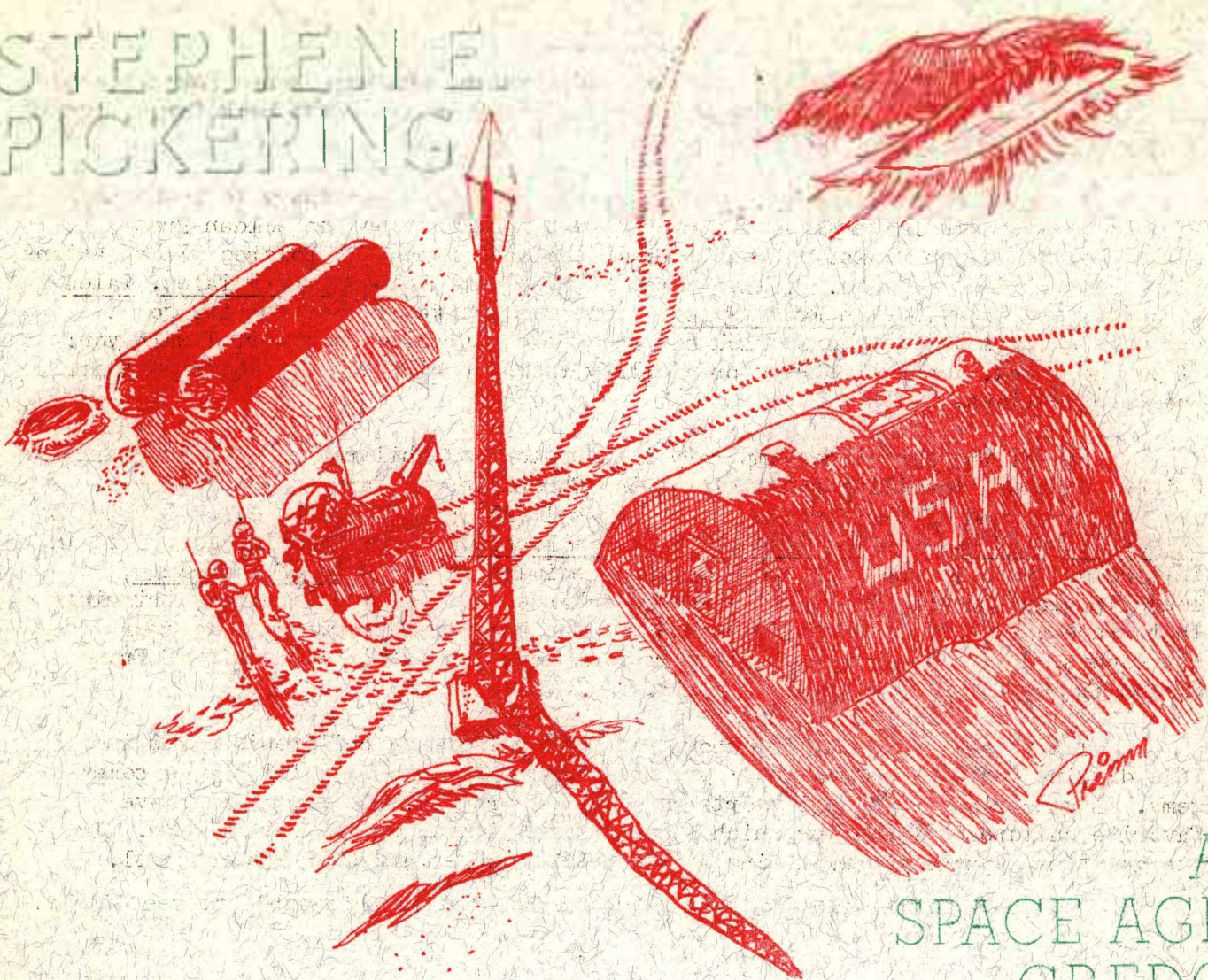
Sam Moskowitz' whispers put dents in my ear,  
Dave Kyle comes and tells me I cannot sit here,  
Lew Grant's latest puns are beyond comprehension,  
At the annual World Science Fiction Convention.

The Hugo Awards are a major attraction,  
And Heinlein arrives just in time for the action,  
While the west coast contingent gnaws the bones of contention  
At the annual World Science Fiction Convention.

The Art Show's successful, the program's not bad,  
And Big-Hearted Howard is selling like mad;  
But the parties are all that the con-reports mention,  
Of the annual World Science Fiction Convention.



# STEPHEN E. PICKERING



## A SPACE AGE CREDO

The science fictioneer, according to Ray Bradbury, has the ability "to make the commonplace miraculous, to make the miraculous commonplace. I have always told myself: there is a bit of the known in the unknown, there is a bit of the unknown in the known; look for it, find it. One need not turn upside down to see the world differently. All it takes is a tilt of the head, an inch to this side or that." (From the Ballantine hardcover edition of Fahrenheit 451). And it is the job of us science fictioners, therefore, to ascertain any changes and subsequent effects emanating from all sources of human existence. Primarily, however, the sci-fi writer has these areas to consider: the sciences; contemporary philosophy, such as dualism, idealism, humanism, etc; ethical contributions from religions. When all are utilized, or a large portion, in extrapolation, the resultant dramatization provides us with an accurate mirror of reality. Conversely, when the writer fails to consider these sources his extension of variables is not reliable; he would do well to consider Heinlein's comments in The Science Fiction Novel. And there is one area, no matter how seemingly overworked by writers, which will definitely have a reverberating effect upon not only the above-mentioned derivations, but should always remain the foundation for any extrapolation: space travel.

"It is good to renew one's wonder," said the philosopher Bradbury, "space travel has again made children of us all." Man has now sheathed himself in steel icicles of shining, crystallized, sun-splashed coats, which thrust their points



into the sky -- symbols of humanity's aspirations, fears, hates, loves, thoughts, attitudes, prejudices, which will soon abandon the fetters of the earth's bosom, vomiting flames and screaming atoms. Taken further to the romanticist level, they will throw September shadows across the lonely landscapes of the moon, their landing jets bringing thoughts of crystal air, of twinkling far-away laughter, of racial dreams, of summer whispers, and enveloping mists of science fictional ideas and concepts. Truly, as science fictioneers, in looking towards the Future, we cannot help but feel that sci-fi, mirror of Twentieth Century Man, will be a "messenger of light", carrying onward the seed and spirit of the rocket's chemically-programmed, ambivalent builders: the inspirations, yet hidden fears of the Cosmos, controlled by whatever colliding energies light the Great Darkness, giving man his varied ways of thinking and -- farther back in Time -- our first neolithic hates, our first prehistoric, carnal loves, and a thousand and one things so characteristic of present-day Man. The rockets are indeed symbols of Man, Child of the Cosmos, and his self-hidden alter-ego, with our mechanized societies and machineries.

The fan finds himself answering the cry of the cosmos -- a million-year-old whisper through the portals of Time which has inspired poets and a myriad of philosophers and romanticists. And now Man stands looking at the stars, the planets, awed and yet frightened by the Great Adventure of Tomorrow on which we are about to embark. Man yearns for happiness which the Earth has never known and the artistic-moral evolution which his mechanized society needs. However, man is faced with the irrevocable fact, the stark possibility, that space-travel is going to call for the abandonment of ways of thinking which are, in a sense, against the rules of logic and reasoning in a Cosmos which cannot feel emotions -- Man in the universe is going to have to find his own answers, his hidden self, his own inspirations and dreams.

Ray Bradbury, in the February 1965 Playboy, had a highly thought-provoking article, "Remembrance of the Future". He discussed, in the main, three postulated great searches of man: national purpose, peace, and a "new image" of God. Having found theological supernaturalism incompatible with reason, the fan must discover or work out a set of values commensurate with these three great searches, and the needs of our science fiction society. One would think, in looking through the philosophies of us science fictioneers and at Bradbury's theories, that Humanism among us would have consolidated between rationalism and what is commonly termed "materialism"; contrary to common belief, it has not. Moreover, one would expect in reading through some of the better fanzines that we fans, as one entity, would instill into our fanzines a sense of intellectual individualism, an enthusiasm for concepts which are thought-provoking and endowed with foresight. Unfortunately and surprisingly, there is a significant lack among our fan journals of discussion of the spirit, the versatile symbols of this age. Again referring to Bradbury's writings, these symbols are the rockets, the jets, the "machineries of joy and despair". And there are others: the computers, the television antennae casting skeleton fingers across the sky, and so forth.

Many fans have stressed the need for "self" development, but in the final analysis such a development or evolution of the human character would be illogical. In vigorous development or encouragement of this sort, an individual can easily resort to egotism and intellectual "paralysis" -- it cannot be sought directly, whether by a single group or the individual members comprising such a group. What is lacking, I think, is an awareness of a goal, a dream, a yearning, which offers an historical key to discovering this "hidden self" -- this being space travel, a subject which we fans have been enthusiastically taking pride in, but have rarely discussed the last ten years. In extrapolating from possible future trends, the science fictioneer has inexcusably overlooked that one factor, space travel, which will have significant effect upon governments, religions, philosophies, and the status of Man in relationship to the rest of the universe.



If our technologically-oriented culture is to evolve into one which is vital and truly dynamic within the next few decades, it must come to grips with the searches presented by Bradbury -- particularly a rational goal. His fascinating, probing article had been preceded by the statement: "I have heard a lot of talk about national purpose for years now and have fretted over it, for I have always felt our new national purpose lay right under our noses -- space travel, which would engage the new generation with fresh idealism, sorely needed now, more than ever before." Bradbury's words reflect sci-fi's concern over the direction of 20th Century Man's thinking, but likewise that the American culture is ostensibly beginning to question, to speculate, to investigate the motivations of its ways of reasoning, its arts and sciences...And, also, what it should be doing in relationship to where humanity should be going, expressing a concern over those problems which are pressing us all. Though vague or ambiguous outside of sci-fi circles, space-travel and its staggering potentialities seem to offer more for mankind than any clinical/sociological concern over the furtherance of life spans, a consolidation of major churches, or the abandonment of others, and so on.

To stipulate that man is looking for immortality -- even if subconsciously -- the fan must have an insight into the two-fold reasons for humanity's relentless quest for this age-old dream: an aspiration for something to abate his fear of death. However, the ultimate perfection of death-control would result in a lamentable increase in world population, and the solution would be long in coming due to opposition from religious or Sob Sister societies. Also, without a continuous replenishing of natural resources, humanity will inexorably be faced with a fall of his own species, resulting from a lack of materials and food to sustain his civilization. And any furtherance of life spans in humanity would be suicidal if the subsequent perfection of quasi-immortality were done at the cost of actual life itself.

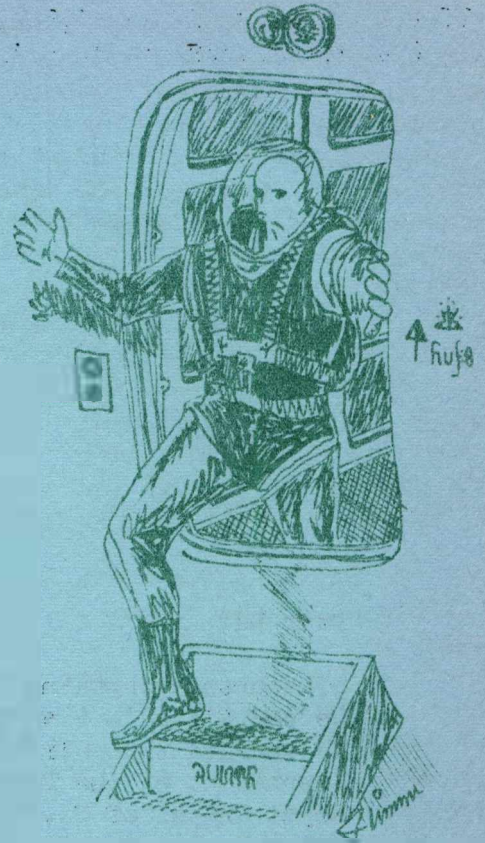
So many individuals fail to realize that man's expansion into the stars would not be self-defeating, as so many human projects have proven themselves to be. Rather than producing extreme egotism, a stabler moral-ethical philosophy would make its reverberating debut, spurring man's thinking to greater, unrestricted heights. Imagine future fan art, for example, modelled after cultures which have been influenced and, to a degree, alienated from art of ages past due to the acquisition of what one might call "cosmic consciousness". Such art or musical or literary forms in the humanities -- influencing, changing, molding the lives and thoughts of those who would come into contact with it -- would inevitably give 21st Century Man something to revere.

Bradbury, again in "Remembrances of the Future", termed man as being a "phoenix man...a true furnace of energy", this being analogous to his search for some new concept, "new image of God". This image, this mirroring of God, to Bradbury, is man: "If we are...God himself incarnate, is this not exciting...terrifying...(filling) one with a paradox of awful and yet humbling prides?" Extrapolating from this, we cannot help but ascertain that, obviously, we are living in a rather dynamic time and, by nature, that a "supernatural" being, as theorized by the world's "redemption" religions, would be illogical in the light of reason. Bradbury, thus, is not only a craftsman of so-called poetic sci-fi prose, but is in essence a Humanist; and one of the basic postulates of Humanism is that one believes in "naturalistic metaphysics". In short, the supernatural, to the humanistically-oriented science fictioneer is a creation of man's mental facilities, and the universe, the Cosmos itself, is a dynamic form, a constantly changing matrix of matter and energy, and space and time, independent from one ultimate guiding force.

If this is true -- that man is actually god -- then space travel will assist in his search for a place in the universe. However, there is a problem which



Twentieth Century Man will have to face, solving it or dying: his tremendous self-conceit. Civilization, particularly since the beginning of the Renaissance and the advent of the Protestant Reformation, has often ingrained itself with a Ptolemaic outlook towards the Cosmos, philosophically speaking; Man is the Center of the Universe, the Darling Child of Creation, and Man only. And, so we are told, any individual who endeavors to explain that man is merely a reasoning animal, an insignificant part of the known Universe, is immediately branded as a fatalist, a communist, anti-intellectual, pervert, and a host of equally childish brands. Man must ascertain all life in the universe and not limit his thinking to a small portion. This expansion of perspective, this abstaining from a self-contradictory arrogance, will mature, mold, and build Man. A great challenge for the science fictioneer of today and the legions of science fictioneers yet to come.



Space travel is truly a significant part of man's maturation. Nevertheless, one cannot expect his future to be peaches-and-cream and moving idealism in the correct creative and emotional atmosphere -- although, of course, the latter will be there and the former will linger like shy birds in thoughts of older people. The price of Tomorrow will be agony, pain, hardship, sacrifice of life and loves, and heartbreak...More intense than any he has known in his wild two million year old jaunt on the Earth's surface. He faces terrors of the id tempered by a Sense of Wonder, acquired by piquant reaching into the celestial well of the sea of stars. Hence, Man will have to learn to absorb, bear, in quiet acquiescence understand -- an adolescent he is now, an adult he will be tomorrow, without childish reactions against authorities of men or the elements.

Our expansion into the stars will not offer Thomas More's utopia, or any similar environment -- an all-good-all-justice society (if one will excuse the cultural chauvinism) -- but rather a firmer stability of human beings' relations to the universe, to nature, to existence. Ray Bradbury has stated that he is not concerned with the engineering trivialities utilized in the construction of an atom bomb, but in "how to use the power of the atom to build man into a better shape". And one can ascertain, in studying his writings, that Bradbury is affected with the way man and his machine employ science, being aware that one cannot distinguish good without bad, joys without sadness, ugliness without beauty, the light of life without the darkness of death. Without these symbols, man would forfeit what little perspective he possesses -- he will have lost his empathy with the ever-constant threat of machines which, in one moment, can destroy him in an ominous mushroom... or take the tremendous energy in that bomb and light our cities, give us fresh water from the sea, propel our crafts into the farthest reaches of our galaxy. A utopia might actually stifle the creativeness of man. With the expansion into the stars, science fictioneers will have to be, more than ever, Thomas Wolfes of the Space Age. In "Forever and the Earth", Bradbury wrote that the writer of the future would be preoccupied with "space, of time, huge things like the nebulae and galactic war, meteors and planets". In short, painting images to the mental eyes of us all...the "ear of a poet and the eye of a moralist".

Hence, in the area of the humanities, space will inevitably convey to artists ideas to interpret; the science fiction writer will find the task of extrapolating



# G&S Notes from England

aboard the R M S Queen Elizabeth  
May 17 65  
but doubtless not to be mailed till  
I get home and find your address

Dear Ed:

Of course everything in England is rich in associations & footnotes. We saw Gillow's & an undoubted Zoffany, & we passed through Basingstoke. We learned that Sir Richard Cholmondeley is perfectly for real--Lord Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VIII. His tomb may be seen in the Royal Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula just off Tower Green, but he was never buried in it. A Victorian Royal Commission investigating the supposedly empty tomb found a complete & beautiful Tudor baptismal font in fragments, & scholars are still wondering why.

The only G&S offered in London in May was IOLANTHE by Sadler's Wells Opera--pleasantly as part of their regular operatic repertory. We didn't get a chance to see it; but to judge from other SW productions it is probably admirable.

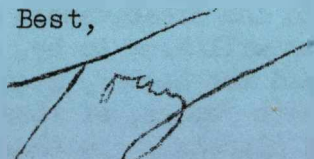
We had lunch at the Savoy Hotel, whose restaurant was superb, as guests of Victor Gollancz, the publisher. I hadn't realized that the Savoy Theatre is an integral builtin part of the hotel. It is now offering THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA (an admirable subject for one of WSG's burlettas).

After lunch I had to find an underground station for my next appointment, so a very small pageboy escorted me (it wd've been hopeless to give directions) through the lower catacombic reaches of the Savoy.

Far far down there is a series of rooms (I imagine for private parties & meetings) named for the Savoy operas. This is understandable; but one's first sight of the first one is still pretty startling.

There in the labyrinthine depths of the hotel one suddenly turns a corner & faces a door reading simply: SORCERER.

Best,



Anthony Boucher

AB:hkh



# SCIENCE FICTION

RICCARDO VALLA

AROUND THE WORLD

Sf in Italy is doing quite well. The readers here have acquired maturity -- even some of the readers of mainstream are looking its way. Most of what is published is in translation, but several Italian writers are beginning to acquire solid reputations. There are more bound editions than there were, but the lion's share of the market is still held by the pulps. These are neither magazines nor books; the usual pulp contains a novel -- sometimes abridged -- and some short stories. There are no readers' comments nor editorials. The sf magazines like those published in the USA are having troubles; it seems that readers prefer novels to shorter kinds of fiction.

In the pulp field, the most interesting items in recent months were published by I ROMANZI DEL COSMO (Novels of the Cosmos) -- which previously was the worst publication in sf: They have published one after another Heinlein's "Citizen of the Galaxy" and three of the old de Camp and Pratt "Incomplete Enchanter" novel-ettes: "The Roaring Trumpet", "The Mathematics of Magic", and "The Castle of Iron". Heinlein is always welcome; he is an old fox who does not miss the target. This juvenile of his is worthwhile, but we are still awaiting the translation of "Logic of Empire". "The Incomplete Enchanter" comes as somewhat of a surprise to many who have thought, since Three Hearts and Three Lions appeared ten years ago, that Poul Anderson was the inventor of this kind of fiction, midway between fantasy and science fiction.

The best-known pulp, URANIA, has after thirteen years gotten to issue number 370. Last year it got translation rights to most of the USA's mags and went weekly. Each month it publishes two collections of stories and two novels, one of which is a reprint. Among these reprints have been included Campbell's Aarn Munro stories, "The Mightiest Machine", "The Incredible Planet", and "The Infinite Atom", also Heinlein's "Universe", with the sequel "Commonsense". The other reprints were less rewarding: McIntosh's "The Noman Way" is highly reminiscent of "Gladiator at Law" and Sheckley's "Omega", and shows not the slightest trace of novelty; Clarke's "People of the Sea" is a niggling juvenile; Winterbotham's "The Man from Arcturus" is a too-of-told tale. "Ten Years to Doomsday", by C Ander-

PART ONE ITALY

NEXT ISSUE: DENMARK



son and Kurland, was hardly believable, but that planet of theirs is of some interest. In the collections of stories appeared "Lot" and "Lot's Daughter" by Ward Moore, "The Ten-Point Princess" by McIntosh, the "White Hart" stories by Clarke, and several others not worthy of remark. LA TRIBUNA editors, formerly publishers of GALAXY's Italian translation -- which was discontinued last year -- issued Heinlein's "Magic Inc.", Dick's "The World Jones Made", Charbonneau's "The Sentinel Stars", and a novel by an Italian writer, Ugo Malaguti, "Il Sistema del Benessere" (The Welfare State). In this, following the fashion, he tries to build a "sociological" novel and satirizes almost everything, but doesn't carry it off. The same publishers also offered, in bound editions, Vonnegut's The Sirens of Titan, Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land -- it was almost a Heinlein Festival, 1965 -- Aldiss's The Primal Urge, van Vogt's The Beast (= "The Great Engine" + "The Changeling" + "The Beast").

FUTURIA (a collection so named because the ex-fan editors issued a one-shot fanzine called FUTURIA FANTASIA, like Bradbury's, and soon tried to turn pro with this collection) seems to be dead. It was paper-backed, containing a novel and a fanzine, but the quality of the novels was so bad that after three issues -- Anderson's "Shield", White's "The Hidden Visitors", Sohl's "one against Herculum" -- the readers grew bored and ignored the fourth, which contained W M Miller Jr's "Conditionally Human" and "Dark Benediction".

Italian writers have two reviews -- reviews and not magazines, as they say -- OLTRE IL CIELO (Beyond the Sky) and FUTURO. In those appear our most remarkable writers, and it seems that most of the stories which are anthologized appeared originally in them; last year the French edition of F&SF, FICTION, issued an extra number concerned with Italian sf and of the twelve stories contained, six were in FUTURO and two in OLTRE IL CIELO. The other four appeared in books. OLTRE IL CIELO has two sections, one dedicated to rocket information and science articles, the other to sf stories and articles. (One of the last which is very interesting is "A Little Encyclopaedia of STF & SF".) Together with OLTRE IL CIELO, FUTURO is making an effort to break the pulps' monopoly of translations, with interesting criticisms of Italian writers and top-level articles about sf and literature.

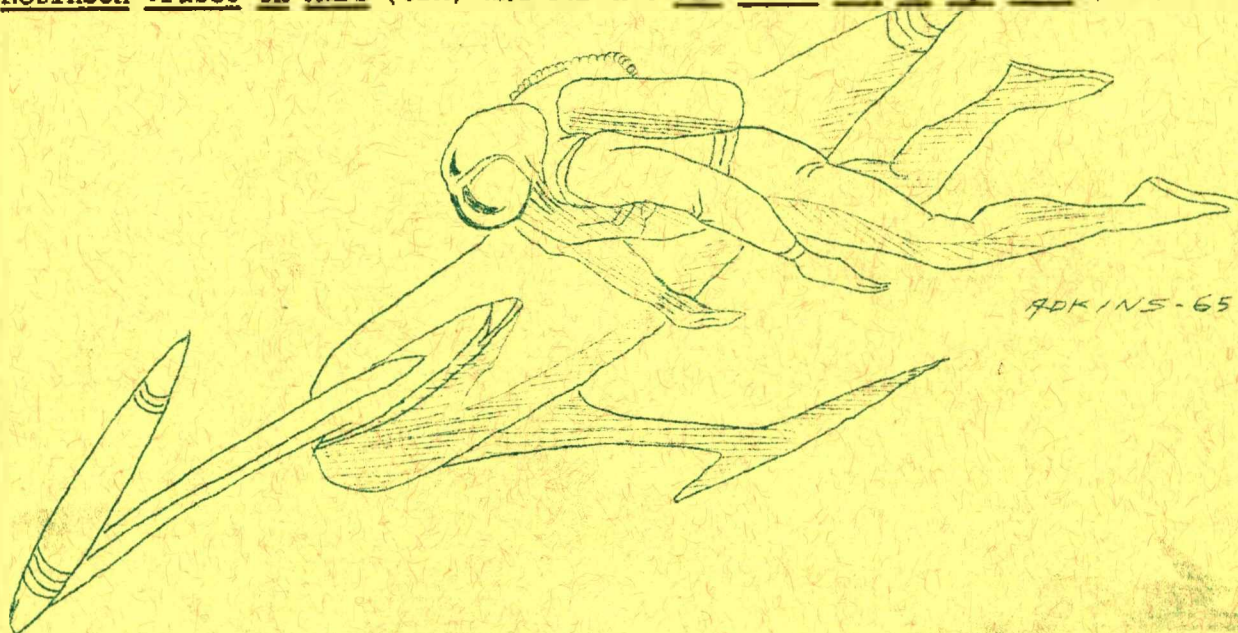
The two strong fan organizations are the Centro Cultori Science Fiction and the Futuro Clubs. CCSF is directed from Venice, president Gian Luigi Missiaja, and among its members are Sandro Sandrelli (perhaps the most interesting Italian writer in sf; a collection of stories of his, Caino dello Spazio (Cain of Space) got a second printing) and Gustave Gasparini (whose stories appeared collected under the title Le Vele del Tempo (The Sails of Time)). Several divisions of the CCSF were founded in Italian cities and in London there is an English Division, fifty-odd members.

The Futuro Clubs differ more among themselves and there is no common direction; they owe their name to the review FUTURO, to which they are contributors. Leaders of the Clubs are Franco Fossati, Giuseppe Pederiali, Massimo Pandolfi, Giorgio Luzi, Riccardo Leveghi, Gogo Carrara, Furio Gilio, all well-known fans. There are plans for fanzines to come out in the near future. In the past, there have been three fanzines: The first was the above-mentioned FUTURIA FANTASIA, by Luigi Cozzi; the second was called NUOVE DIMENSIONI (New Dimensions), by Carlo Pagetti; the third was NUOVI ORIZZONTI (New Horizons), by Luigi Ciccone. None seems to be in existence now.

As for the movies, we are awaiting the third Festival of the S F Film, which is held yearly in Trieste in early July. Last year at the Festival there were morning showings of old films: Fritz Lang's Metropolis, Die Frau im Mond, Pabst's Atlantide, Menzies's Things to Come, Wise's The Day the Earth Stood Still, Honda's Godzilla, Newman's This Island Earth. The new films were Govar's Un Soir ... par Hazard (France), Majewski's Le Premier Pavillon (Poland), Jon Popesco-Gopo's Des Pas vers la Lune (Roumania), Honda's Atoragon (Japan), Prochazka's Popletena



Planeta (Czechoslovakia), Guest's Quatermass II (G B), Maetzig's Der Schweigende Stern (Germany), Silhan's Hypothézy (Cz), Krish's The Time Travelers (USA), Haskin's Robinson Crusoe on Mars (USA) and Juran's The First Men in the Moon (G B).



SPACE AGE CREDO, continued from page 39

new ideas and concepts far vaster than those seeded upon the earth; the musician will have to painfully compose the many facets of star-struck emotions; the cry of the Cosmos. Man needn't restrict himself to a provincial view of the universe. -- the must be a part of the vast perambulation of reality; not being manipulated by selfish aims, but controlling his own destiny, directing those hate motivations into creative channels.

The present pressing problems will find, in the course of stellar expansion, solutions -- racial annihilation, shortages of natural resources, and the socio-cultural exigencies enveloping governmental systems. "Science is amoral," said Bradbury a few years ago, and he might well have added "and inanimate to the feelings of man." We are on a great boat in the universe, our lives spinning faint webs on the limbs of Time. But the technologies and sciences are fast disappearing in the distance, while we plod, slowly and uncertainly, along well-worn, hopelessly inefficient pathways of thought.

Using the senses, the feelings, the mystery making up our environments, man would be closer to finding who he really is, what he wants, and what is wanted of him. Man will use rather than be destroyed by empathy machines who are with us every minute...threatening to disintegrate us in an energy-splashed cataclysm, or, on the other hand, giving us power to reach, to know the Stars. The problems -- important now, forgotten centuries hence -- will be transcended by a mature Mankind's awareness of, for instance, birth control, biological and psychological drives, the nature and dangers and glories which lie beyond the limits of our planetary systems. And the way to destroy man's Ptolemaic, provincial attitude towards the universe is to follow Bradbury's advice: find and look for the miraculous, the unknown. Then we shall indeed be a racial Prometheus Unbound. We stand on a threshold which can either sink us into dinosaur-like extinction or fling our seed through the corridors of space.





The Pilgrim Project by Hank Searls: Crest Book (Fawcett), Greenwich, Conn., 1965, paperback, 60¢; hardback, McGraw-Hill, 1964.

One of the main sources of science fiction for me is airport news stands. It's impossible, for me anyway, to read anything serious on an airplane. The Congress insists that anyone travelling on government funds has to be squeezed into the steerage compartments, and with three people abreast you have your choice of sitting by the window with someone in your lap, crushed against the wall, or sitting by the aisle with the other two passengers climbing over you every three minutes by the clock. We will omit sitting in the middle as too horrible to contemplate in anything but a monsterzine.

Last week I had to fly out to the East Coast, and in my usual fashion I didn't take a book along, trusting to the news stands. As it happened, there wasn't much to read. I saw Pilgrim, but passed it over on the grounds that I don't much like near-future science fiction; I don't like it because so damned few authors have ever bothered to learn anything about the people in the military and civilian space business. I have been pretty close to the aerospace industry for over ten years now, and I don't appreciate seeing my friends made into either merchants of death or cardboard heroes; and I don't care much for stories in which the author doesn't understand the difference between NASA and DOD. Still, Pilgrim was the only book available that looked even half-way readable, despite its blurb. I bought it, and I'm glad I did.



The author of this book has done his homework; he shows an insider's knowledge of the aerospace and defense communities, and the NASA sub-culture which threatens to become a dog-wagging tail. In an era of science fiction in which reading TIME magazine and visiting the large cities of foreign countries is supposed to create experts on everything from space technology to counterinsurgency, there ought to be more novels like this. Pilgrim is technically correct, and the people in it are real; I know quite a few of them.

Not only is the book filled with real people, but it is about something which might have happened. Just after Sputnik, there was a frantic reassessment of the US capability to win the race to the Moon. At that time, no one could foresee the billions to be poured into NASA, and the problem seemed to be one of getting enough money to get the job done. I can recall quite a few private discussions in which rather highly placed advocates of winning the space race seriously contemplated the technique used in the Cave of Night -- namely, put one of our boys on the Moon and rely on the public and Congress for the money to get him down. That, it was supposed, ought to get funding in a hurry. I don't think the idea ever got beyond the talking stage, but it was talked about. But after Sputnik came Laika, the Vanguard fiascos, and von Braun's triumphant Explorer. Things loosened up and people got busy with technical plans.

About 1960-62, it was realized with a shock that the Russians could beat us after all. They had the big boosters, and if they went all out and hanged the expense, all our dough in NASA wouldn't be enough to win with present programs. Once again, people started looking at desperation measures. I can remember meetings of the American Rocket Society in which the one-way lunar mission was seriously discussed, and although I don't know of any definite plans at higher levels, quite a few technologists and engineers at the working level seriously thought that this might be the way to go. (I --FR) Send a man up, let him live there and establish a base, and later on send up a relief crew. This way you not only get to the Moon first, you get a permanent station as well. As Red Premier in a politico-technical war game, I once sent three Russian engineers to the moon for an eighteen month stay; and imagine my surprise when the Blue Leader beat me to the punch with a two-man one-way shot. The rules of the game required us to convince an impartial technical umpire that we could accomplish technically any move in the game, using open-literature hardware. As I recall, the game time was 1965 or '66. Real time was 1962.

Pilgrim begins with the assumption that back in '62 or thereabouts, a Top Secret project (called PILGRIM) was given the go ahead. Supply rockets were constructed, designed to home in on a Surveyor beacon already on the Moon. After the safe landing of one of these, an astronaut could be sent up. Although he would have no way to get home until after Apollo was successful, he could be supplied by logistics packages homing on his beacon, and he should have no more difficulty than did Admiral Byrd in his nine months alone in Little America. PILGRIM was designed as a last ditch ace-in-the-hole, to be played only if the Russians looked like winning the space race. The book opens a few years from now, and it looks good for the Russians. The novel traces the impact of project PILGRIM on the astronauts, their wives, their friends, and some political and scientific leaders; and also tells the story of Project PILGRIM and what happens to it.

There are some details of technology I would like to discuss with the author of this book, because I think he may have loaded the dice a little heavily against the mission. I'm not sure, but I think there are some open-literature systems which might make life a little easier for the astronaut. On the other hand, Project PILGRIM had to work in total secrecy, and it might well be that in life, the most feasible technical equipment would simply not be available.



Within the context of the story, Pilgrim is as well worked out as any Heinlein or Anderson story; and the people are as real as many of theirs also.

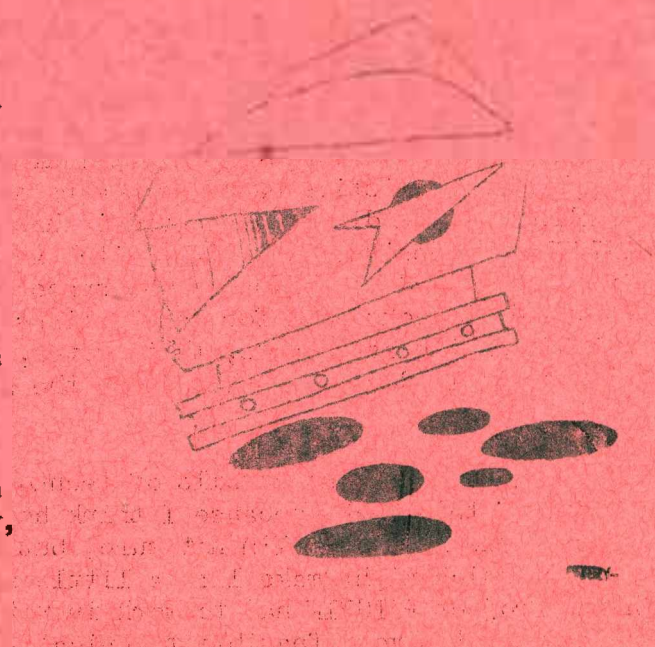
My disagreement with the book is not a criticism of it as a book; it is a criticism of an attitude, and I have to admit that there are some grounds for thinking the author of Pilgrim would listen sympathetically to my view. My problem is simply this: I can't quite understand what all the shouting is about. I am horribly afraid that Pilgrim is right -- that there would be a lot of people horrified at the idea that the United States could DO such a thing to an astronaut; but I keep hoping that this isn't true. Granted there are a lot of people who think APOLLO and the whole space program is a waste of money, are there all that many people who would have a particular horror at PILGRIM? Why are they horrified at a project that saves money and time, at the cost of requiring a man to become a true hero? Why should there be that much opposition to the one-way mission?

As a matter of fact, I haven't changed my views since the late fifties -- what's wrong with sending up a team of Lunar explorers who won't be able to come back for a while? The Moon is a hostile place, certainly; but not that much more hostile than Antarctica, and we have available quite a lot of sophisticated equipment Byrd never dreamed of. Our Lunar explorer could be in contact with Earth a good part of the time. He could have the advice of the best talent in NASA. He could even read books over TV, or, for that matter, watch soap operas and westerns if he were so inclined. Back in the days when we looked at this problem, I recall specifically three qualified engineer-pilots, one married and two bachelors, who were eager to make the trip -- all together, or one at a time.

Of course, the objections to the scheme are less technical than emotional, and most center around the problem that we can't KNOW what conditions on the moon are like, and thus can't be SURE that our explorer would have even a ghost of a chance of survival. This is true enough; but if that kind of argument is taken seriously, we would not only have no space program, but no one would venture on the California freeways. As a matter of fact, I KNOW with near certainty that some workmen will be killed during the construction of the gantrys for APOLLO; at least, every high steel project thus far has taken its toll. I am even more certain that the traffic around Canaveral caused by the concentration of effort there will cause fatal accidents. These, of course, are random deaths; we didn't know in advance just who would be lucky Pierre. With an astronaut-explorer, attention is focussed on this one guy, and if he buys a piece of it, it's somehow different. All I can say to that is that heroes are called on to be heroic once in a while, and nobody forced them to volunteer -- in fact, there's a hell of a long line of disappointed applicants for the job.

As far as I know, there is no Top Secret Project PILGRIM in reality. This doesn't guarantee that there isn't one, of course, and I don't have any need to know in this area. But if there were one, it might well have developed the way Pilgrim describes it. I might as well take this opportunity to nominate PILGRIM for the book-length HUGO award; it's the best I've seen this year. Read it -- if you like science fiction of the old Heinlein Destination Moon variety, you'll love this.

--Jerry Pournelle





The Curved Saber by Harold Lamb; Doubleday, 1964, 575 pp., \$5.95.

Harold Lamb is justly famous for his historical non-fiction books. Not many people know that he started out as a writer of oriental adventure stories and had an impressive number of stories published during the period 1917-1930. His fiction, for the most part, covered the same ground he later covered in his non-fiction. In fact, most of his early non-fiction came directly from the research he did into backgrounds for his stories on Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, the Crusades, medieval Russia, etc.

Doubleday is to be commended for bringing out the present book. I hope it sells well enough for them to bring out further volumes of Lamb's fiction. The two novels reprinted from Argosy -- "Marching Sands" and "House of the Falcon" -- are badly dated today but most of his stories in Adventure have withstood the test of time very well. Three other novels from Adventure have already been reprinted in book form. They are Durandal, White Falcon, and Kurdy. The first and third were cut and turned into juveniles -- I've never seen a copy of the second one. The cutting on Durandal was extremely bad. I've heard there was a paperback of The Three Paladins a number of years ago but have neither seen it or heard anything about whether it was cut or not. It's one of Lamb's best novels.

To get back to the present book, it has one of the best dust wrappers I've ever seen. Although priced at \$5.95, it averages out to a penny for a page of very small print -- a terrific bargain in this age of overpriced volumes.

The book contains nine novelettes (called short novels in the magazines today) about Khlit, a wandering Cossack, and details his adventures on a long trip from Russia to Iran, to China, through the Himalayas down into India, and finally back to Russia. The book takes place during the first two decades of the seventeenth century. Our Hero battles with the Old Man of the Mountain in his hidden city of Alamut, finds the secret tomb of Genghis Khan and again raises the famous Yak-tailed standard in battle, crosses the Roof of the World rescuing fair maidens and encountering Eastern magic on the way, has several adventures in India, and finally returns to Russia. The book is filled with action and color, and should satisfy any fan of adventure stories.

Lamb does not try to give his hero modern morals or a modern outlook on life. He must be viewed from the background of the age he lives in. It's a savage age where death and brutality are commonplace.

The only complaint I have is that the book, for all its 600 pages, is much too short. I particularly miss The Curved Sword -- a full-length novel about a Mongol invasion of India led by Khlit.

For those interested in searching for the whole series, this is a complete list of the stories. All are from Adventure magazine. Starred stories are in the present book. The names of the characters which link these stories into the series are appended to the list. As can be seen, there is no one character who appears in every story but, in effect, this is a set of several interwoven series.



--Charles N. Brown



story	date	characters
1 Khlit	Nov 3 '17	Khlit-1
2 Wolf's War	Jan 31 '18	Khlit-2
3 Tal Taulai Khan	Feb 15 '18	Khlit-3
4* Alamut	Aug 3 '18	Khlit-4
5* The Mighty Manslayer	Oct 18 '18	Khlit-5
6 The White Khan	Dec 18 '18	Khlit-6
7* Changa Nor	Feb 3 '19	Khlit-7
8* The Roof of the World	Apr 18 '19	Khlit-8
9* Star of Evil Omen	Aug 18 '19	Khlit-9
10* Rider of the Gray Horse	Sep 18 '19	Khlit-10
11* The Lion Cub	June 3 '20	Khlit-11
12 The Skull of Shirzad Mir	Nov 3 '19	Abdul Dost-1
13 Said Afzul's Elephant	Dec 3 '19	Abdul Dost-2
14 Prophecy of the Blind	Feb 3 '20	Abdul Dost-3
15 Rose Face	Mar 3 '20	Abdul Dost-4
16 Ameer of the Sea (Novel)	Apr 18 '20	Abdul Dost-5
17 Law of Fire	Jul 18 '20	Abdul Dost-6, Khlit-12
18* Bride of Jagannath	Aug 3 '20	Abdul Dost-7, Khlit-13
19 Masterpiece of Death	Apr 18 '20	Abdul Dost-8, Khlit-14
20 The Curved Sword (Novel)	Nov 3 '20	Abdul Dost-9, Khlit-15
21 An Edge to a Sword	Jul 10 '23	Ayub-1
22 The Baiting of the Warriors	Sep 10 '23	Ayub-2, Demid-1
23 The King Dies	Sep 30 '23	Ayub-3, Demid-2
24 Men From Below	Oct 20 '23	Ayub-4, Demid-3
25 The Witch of Aleppo (Novel)	Jan 30 '24	Ayub-5, Demid-4
26* Bogatyr	Sep 30 '23	Ayub-6, Khlit-16, Kurdy-1
27 The White Falcon (SR3) Book	Nov 30 '25	Ayub-7, Khlit-17, Kurdy-2, Demid-5
28 The Winged Rider	Jan 10 '26	Ayub-8, Khlit-18, Kurdy-3
29 The Wold Master (Novel) <sup>2</sup>	Dec 8 '26	Ayub-9, Khlit-19, Kurdy-4
30 The Outrider (SR2)	Sep 15 '29	Ayub-10

1: also Dec 10 & Dec 20.

2: Hard covered edition called Kurdy

3: Also Oct 1

FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS, #1, January 1965, semi-annual, 75¢ each, from Philip B Mosh-cov.162. 65 Bellingham Rd., Chestnut Hill Mass 02167

The basic feature of this monster movie fanzine is gosh-wow synopses of movie plots. Three are presented in this issue: Forbidden Planet, House of Wax, and Robinson Crusoe on Mars. I was rather amused by the summary of the "last, which starts off by describing the film as "serious, scientifically authentic" but our hero meets bems on Mars and somehow gets one of their slaves, who is controlled "by his masters through the metal bracelets he wears on his wrists".

Most interesting items in this issue were a rundown, with one-paragraph plot summaries, of the two "International Science-Fiction Film Festivals" held in Trieste and a list of all fantasy films/producers to win Academy Awards. I had read Ted Carnell's article about the first festival in NEW WORLDS, but this added a bit of new information. On the other hand, Te Carnell had told many things not mentioned here.

This is a quite "serious" magazine and goes to great pains to dissociate itself from such things as Forry Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS. On page one it starts out with "ARE YOU SICK and tired of puns? Are you vexed at seeing the same monster pictures and information repeatedly printed? Are you nauseated..." Etc. The editorial comments on the dropping of the Film Hugos because of lack of interest and suggests that perhaps it is time for monster-film fandom to start having its own conventions and giving its own awards.

All in all the magazine is competently put together and printed by letterpress with many well-done cuts of movie stills. It is digest-size, with 36 pages plus covers, printed on slick paper. The front and back cover are two-color, but the added red is merely a carefully cut solid tone silhouette.

I found several items in this issue worth reading, but I am afraid I am no monster fan and most emphatically do not consider the publication worth 75¢, despite the fact that printing costs are high and he is probably taking a loss even at this price. I am talking about the interest-value of the magazine to me.

--Ed Meskys



The Bluedex and The Blackdex by Erwin S. Strauss, MIT Science Fiction Society, Cambridge, 1965, unpagged, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " by 11", \$2.50. Mimeographed with punch-holes.

Another "half job"! At the price asked, this is the bargain of the year, but it could have been so much more. Someday, someday, people are going to believe me that it is necessary to index magazine stories "the triple way", alphabetically by author and title and also chronologically by magazines so that interrelationships between stories and authors can be studied. The yearly indices of Albert Lewis are excellent examples of the "triple way".

From the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society comes an index to eight American science fiction magazines from 1951 to the end of 1964, covering 829 total issues, thus being an incomplete supplement to the Don Day Index to the Science Fiction Magazines 1926-1950.

ASTOUNDING/ANALOG, 168 issues; AMAZING, 152 issues; FANTASTIC, 122; M of F&SF, 158; GALAXY, 131; GAMMA, 3; IF, 85; WORLDS OF TOMORROW, 10.

I submit again that if one has taken the time to index 800-plus magazines, just how much work is it to index the missing magazines? To include GAMMA and leave out Lowndes' MAGAZINE OF HORROR AND STRANGE TALES is insulting. Over the years I have used a wide variety of indices to many magazines. Never in dealing with science fiction magazines have I had to know the page number. For some reason, this redundant information remains with us. Only if the contents page to your magazine issue is missing could this be of use.

The true scholar of science fiction will still need Norman Metcalf's definitive supplement to Day's index, as it will also cover the British science fiction magazines. The publishing delay through a series of misfortunes has necessitated the publishing of a number of interim indices. There are also the 1951, 1952 and 1953 magazine indices of Edward Wood, the CHECKDEX 1952 of Charles Lee Riddle, and others. Hopefully the MIT Magazine Index will spur the definitive work.

Had Mr. Erwin S. Strauss compiled his index and let it go at that, I would have been much more impressed than after reading that melange of misinformation that he terms "Preface". The factual errors are indeed serious. Don Day's index was by no means "snapped up" as copies were easily available more than a decade after initial publication. Nor were collections of magazines "disorganized rubbish heaps" prior to Day's index since the Evans-Peterson checklists, Kuntz and Brady's Imag-Index with the Evans and Unger supplements, the Richardson Indices (from the NFFF) and other partial listings allowed some order to magazine science fiction. This does not detract from the value of the Day index but only indicates that efforts had been made prior to 1952 to collate the field.

The excuses put forth by Mr. Strauss for the deficiencies of the index are meaningless. He has 24 hours, 1440 minutes and 86,400 seconds per typical "day" the same as everyone else. If he had other things to do, what was the big rush in pushing this publication? Fandom has lived many years without this vital key, it would wait another year for a well done -- complete -- index.

Strauss calls this, "an exercise in the possible". I prefer to call it a wonderful conception incompletely executed. The listing of magazine contents on IBM cards and the utilization of computer technology not only allows the faster publication of needed information but also other valuable information such as total magazines per year/decade, totals of serials, novelettes, short stories, poems per year, decade, magazine, etc. Also it would be interesting to know the total number of authors, most prolific per magazine, year, decade, etc. I hope the reader is beginning to understand some of my displeasure with what is a necessary



contribution to the literature about science fiction and which has two very cardinal features which outweigh many of its defects -- it is inexpensive, and it is here.

--Ed Wood

Yes, while this book is not perfect, it does exist and is available now. It contains an awful lot of useful information despite the errors therein. We have been waiting many years for Metcalf's "perfect" index and I understand that we have many more years to wait before it will be ready and available. And the work put in on this can in no way considered to be wasted for corrections can be inserted easily, as can cards for magazines thus far un-indexed. This is an admittedly stopgap book to make this information available NOW, and a better edition will be published in about a year. Ed Meskys

Movie: World Without Sun, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau.

This is a fact, not a fiction, movie. The films were taken during Cousteau's experiment in colonizing the continental shelf, such as the first one described in Ch. 18 of The Living Sea, and the historic descent of the Diving Saucer to 1000 feet, described in Ch. 16 of the same book. Film clips from later expeditions were used, for most of the incidents shown in the movie are not described in the book.

Conshelf One was established at a depth of forty feet, on the underwater shelf of an island off Marseilles. It was held at a pressure of approximately two atmospheres; at the bottom of the cabin was a hatch which was open to the sea, so that the men could pass from air to water with no more preparation than you and I dress to go downtown. The unit held five men for an indefinite period; it was fully instrumented, including closed-circuit TV to the ship Calypso above. Another unit at the same depth was essentially a garage for the Diving Saucer. At 80 feet was another unit called the Deep Cabin, at about 3 atmospheres' pressure and also open to the sea. One of the sections of the film is a description of the first attempt to spend any time there; two men lived in it for a week.

The living units consisted of working and sleeping quarters. Food was prepared in the Calypso and brought down by divers to the men living below. The work performed was the collection of marine animals and plants, the preparation of specimens for study above and the study of specimens both in the cabins and in situ. The advantages of such study are obvious. Many specimens which cannot be brought to the surface in recognizable condition can be satisfactorily studied underwater. The dives are limited in time only by the amount of oxygen in the biologists' tanks, with additional tanks being cached along common routes; and the men do not have to spend long periods in stage decompression after their dives.

One of the observations made in the 1000-foot descent by the Diving Saucer particularly impressed me. The Saucer had almost reached its target depth, when the cameras picked up a fish of a most peculiar kind. It was a fishy fish, with a full complement of fins and probably a grouper-like face -- its back was to us but it had a grouper-like body. It didn't resemble a land animal in any way save one; its underside fins (whatever they're called) and its body were connected by legs. It was slowly and carefully stalking some kind of crustacean across the bottom, and you could see the leg muscles flex. On either side of me the kids whispered, "What's that, Mommy?" And with perfect timing, the film narrator said, "We have no idea what it is. We're probably the first humans to see it."

My description has been dry, but the film is not. It is narrated with rare sensitivity and beauty. You will be strongly reminded of Arthur Clarke's later novels. To me, the colonizing project described here is more thrilling than the space program -- it's privately financed, and is being done for love, not money, or even glory.

-- Felice Rolfe



# NCA Shannes bok

JOHN B GAUGHAN

As for Hannes, that is a subject I approach with mixed emotions...not the subject of Hannes but the subject of writing or saying something about him. He was variously neglected and honored...all to very little effect on himself. He really set up his own situation of isolation even if it was not all of his own choice.

So...

I first met Hannes when I was eighteen or so, at the Cinvention. That's fifteen or sixteen years ago. I had seen and wondered at his drawings before that and I pictured a sensitive, dark, ascetic, highly cultured, accoutred in the best of the latest (Oh come on...I can write words like that but not talk them)...well, the Hannes I met was attired in dark trousers and a sort of dark blue-grey sweatshirt, looked a little like an undernourished Mel Tormé, and he talked and whistled and jiggled and in a whirlwind of words had my simple, midwestern, pimply-faced head swimming so that when he had gone I had to ask, "What happened?" Fortunately that was not to be my only impression of Hannes.

Somehow or other he had gotten to look through one of my sketch books (Somehow or other: I usually force it on anyone who, even dimly, can see) and proceeded to criticize my drawing in such a way that I felt a little perspective on what I hoped to do. We traded addresses and became correspondents quite regularly over a period of years including my time in the army. His letters were thoughtful and screwy, his philosophies his own and his advice on painting so well formulated that I doubt I shall ever again meet such a master of the technical aspects of putting paint on a surface. Through all the agonies of my growing up (somewhat) his seemed the only understanding voice...the only person of conviction, no matter how odd, in a vacillating world. No matter what whoever may ever write or say about him Hannes was (for whatever reason) honest to himself and others. He entertained no illusions about what or who he was save in those quiet hours, late at night and alone with himself, when he cried out (quietly and controlled and with no self pity, 'unlike most romantics) to be understood. The next morning, no doubt, he wrote one of his innumerable correspondents of the unimportance of being accepted or understood. The dichotomy is not beyond the normal. If anything it was supernormal.

Hannes was probably the most visited recluse ever. Yet recluse he was. At any hour of the day or night people were likely to drop in. And when they dropped in more often than not a veritable ritual of magic ensued. To insure that the workaday world be wiped off like some sort of mud from the shoes Hannes would initiate games or contests or dramas or whatever he could conjure and in a kaleidoscopic swirl one would find himself writing a fantasy (in the air, with words) with him or composing on pots and pans a sort of 109th St. gamelan concert. There in his small room surrounded and enclosed by the scores to She or King Kong or The Thief of Baghdad; paintings by himself, Mr Parrish, drawings by Finlay and even Morris Graves (!)...he paid me the ultimate compliment of hanging several of mine rather than just ignoring them for the silly efforts they were. That room, those walls lined with records and tapes in old orange crate shelves, the pictures in ornately decorated frames, the great balls of dust on the floor, the loose change on the floor which one never picked up for fear of picking up someone else's misfortune (besides, when it was on the floor, "I know it's there," he would say), the old wobbly cot and its army blanket, the discarded desk, the scrawny iron lamp, the sidereal clock (for astrology), the plants in the window, the music played too loud and with too much bass--all these things and others (the crystal globe hung from the cord leading to a bare ceiling bulb) became briefly, while one was there, the whole and entire world; nothing of any consequence existed outside. Hannes and the room were together an entity and one freely and happily allowed himself to be carried away in the room by Hannes to micro- and macrocosms which we workaday people would be embarrassed to admit



ever having glimpsed. Not until after his death did I catch a full view of what an immensely lonely person he was. Had he not been convinced that we were all alone from birth (in spite of his practising astrology) he should doubtless have been driven out of his senses by this self-imposed (though not altogether self imposed) seclusion.

Hannes was a master of his craft and did not latterly think of himself as a painter. I sometimes think he chose to do the marvelous and popularly unsalable fancies he did, so as to deliberately avoid the responsibility of being "successful" and dealing with what to a fantasist was a grey and grubbing world. Yet in a way he might not have liked, he could fit in easily to what is going on in the silly world of art today. His painstakingly executed fat and stupid and engagingly ugly broads and skinny pie-eyed men must seem as a deep social comment, were one to look at them that way. They weren't, however. He just had a ball doing them. If you chose, you could look at them as nasty comments on the acceptable formulas for beauty--perhaps they were--perhaps even he may have entertained the idea that they were, but as he would not have entertained it long I choose not to see Bok having any kind of conventional social perspective for long. (I myself am most extraordinarily midwestern middleclass and choose, perhaps in Hannes' eyes through weakness, to deal with the world on its own terms with a few personal reservations.)

A dream maker is what he was. Too bad that he had also to be a man of flesh and blood with the needs of those limitations. For he was that as well. I came to know a little of the real person who walked up all those stairs every day, and took baths and ate (however poorly) but what the hell! Hannes thought very little of that one. The meat people. He might well be alive today had he thought a little more of his person ...but then, curiously, he might not have been Hannes. Those of you who have seen and loved his work can decide now that he is dead which is the more important. I for one in my middleclass way have mixed emotions. (What I mean is, as much as I loved his work, I miss him--even my seven-year-old son misses him.)

Which is a stupid way to end this, I suppose, but the words are true.

#### GRANIA DAVIDSON

Hannes Bok was the only man in the world that I would ever climb five flights of stairs for. Avram and I lived around the corner from him in New York, and our occasional visits to his apartment (for which he paid \$20 a month) were a real joy.. Every corner was littered with boxes, books, scrapbooks and most especially large masks that he had made, and his wondrous paintings.

The last time that we were there, a few months before his death, the climb up those stairs (and it was the stairs, coupled with his bad heart, that finally did him in) was rewarded with the sight of two large paintings based on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam--marvellously beautiful they were, and perfectly executed. But upon closer look, one saw that they contained hilarious and delightful visual jokes. (Does anyone know what has happened to those??)

This, I think, aside from his exceptional talent, was what set Hannes apart from everyone else...His sense of the delightful. He got such joy from so many things ...an eternal four-year-old's first train ride. And like a four-year-old, chattering enthusiastically about everything that brought him joy...in an attempt to share it with others??

And yet he did not care to be too much around others. He may have died alone, but certainly not abandoned. There are many who would have done anything at the slightest indication that Hannes needed help. Hannes chose to be alone. He had great love and warmth for those that he accepted, but those that he accepted were few, and even they were requested to drop him a postcard if they wished to visit...like a tree sprite, jolly and dear, but needing to crawl off into his hollow, alone, to do wondrous and magical and tree-sprightly things.

The things that brought him joy were, for the most part, things that would appeal to a tree sprite or a four-year-old. He loved plants and flowers; in a sixth floor walk-up, his geraniums that smelled like mint...I still have some seeds that he gave me for his favorite wildflower (blue-eyed grass), and will send them to anyone who will plant them on his grave. He loved mice (and cats; no partisan was Hannes) and plays on words. I remember him one Thanksgiving being totally delighted with the



notion of being stuffed with stuffing. If we wanted to lure him to our house, we did not offer stimulating intellectual friends, or a gourmet meal--but, on a hot New York summer day he found it hard to resist a chocolate ice cream soda or a picnic in the park.

He was a dear, dear man, the likes of whom shall never be seen again, and I wish to hell that he hadn't died.

AVRAM DAVIDSON: "My neighbor, Hannes Bok"

As near as I can recall, it was in Dec. of '58 that I moved into The Dangling Participle, an apartment on the corner of W. 110th St. and Columbus Ave. Harry Harrison said, "You know who lives just around the corner? Hannes Bok." "I'd like to meet him." "He's very shy and is reluctant to meet strangers." For some reason inexplicable, my mental image of Hannes Bok was that he was tall and thin and grim and wore thick glasses. In fact, he was none of these. Respecting his privacy, I never called on him. A year or two or three later I mentioned something of this in the Caricature coffee-house on Macdougal St. in the Village. Martin Jukovsky, a NYC fan, said, "I know Hannes well and I'll be calling on him next week. I'll introduce you, if you like." I said, Great. But all that came of this was a card under my door, reading: Sorry I missed you, Marty. It was in the late 30's that I first saw HB's work in magazines and my first, immediate reaction was that the illustrations were by Finlay. Of course they bore no resemblance to what Finlay is doing now--and presently I saw how very different they were even from what Finlay was doing then. My opinion has stayed unchanged, that the four great illustrators of the Golden Age of SF/FY were Paul, Dold, Finlay, and Bok.

Time passed, I became editor of F&SF and got married. One day my publisher, J W Ferman, said, "We're going to be getting fewer covers from Bonestell, Hunter, and Emsh, unfortunately. There's an artist I wish you'd get in touch with to see if he might do some covers for us. Hannes Bok? Do you know the name?" "Yes, he's my neighbor, and I'll be glad to." It turned out later that actually Mr Ferman had not had Bok in mind, but Finlay. Now much as I admire Virgil Finlay's work, I'm infinitely glad for this mixup; otherwise I might never have met Hannes Bok. I forget who gave me his P O Box number (Dick Lupoff, maybe), but I wrote and explained. He replied with a long letter, thanking me for respecting his privacy and containing a bitter denunciation of fans who didn't. And--"I sleep in the raw and this has started rumors that 'Bok is a lecher'. Some fans think they're entitled to a free picture in return for coming uninvited; if I decline--'Bok is stingy'. People steal mail from downstairs, so I use the P O Box. For a long while I haven't been doing magazine work /there followed a bitter denunciation of magazine art directors/. Besides, astrology and experimental, non-commercial art takes up most of my time. I don't know about a cover...But I'll be glad to have you visit." He said, in effect, "Write for an appointment." I did. Grania wanted much to meet him but was then in a difficult pregnancy for which bed rest was prescribed; HB lived only a block away but it was up 5 or 6 flights of stairs. I learned that HB had been as reluctant, actually, to meet me as any other stranger--but bhub Stewart had just done a caricature of me for XERO and HB saw it and decided that I looked friendly. On such odd coincidences was based the rich reward of knowing him!

He lived in one of a long row of identical tenements sloping downhill on W. 109th St between Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues. It was a grim block, "in transition" from being an Irish working-class slum to becoming a Puertorican slum. Often as I went, I could never remember which house it was. Later on, pursuing my fugitive cat Brewster, I was taken on a tour of the block's cellars and backyards--such Dickensian squalor ought never to exist in the "alabaster cities" of America the Beautiful.

HB was rewarded for the long climb to the top floor by a view of the trees in the compound of Women's Hospital across the street where, later, my son Ethan was born. But it may have been that climb which killed him.



Hannes Bok didn't look like a hermit. He was plump and pink and white-haired (prematurely) and when he had a moustache it, too, was white. He had a tiny one-room ap't with improvised kitchen. It was neat, and every inch was organized and utilized. His little, doctor's-type icebox was up on top of a shelf or cabinet and he stood on a chair to get to it. He cooked on a hot plate. Art was everywhere, mostly his own but some of his teacher's--the great Maxfield Parrish, once so famous for the variety of his blues (color blue, I mean); and still alive and still painting in Vermont, tho' past 90! The tiny place was a treasure-trove, a blaze of colors, a small art museum. He painted only by natural light. He was experimenting with new chemical paints which dried slowly but which provided a certain shade of red that "I've been waiting for all my life!" (I'm just writing down my thoughts as they occur to me, I cannot organize an article, but don't want lack of time to prevent my contributing to this issue. Trivial-seeming details may be really important.)

He bubbled with enthusiasm. Randall Garrett agreed with me, as does Grania, that HB was like a grown-up boy in this respect. He was forever goshwow. He was reluctant to embark on a cover. He thought his ideas on magazine covers were out of favor with publishers--"A cover should be like a poster. It should make you want to rip it off and take it home with you."--he felt himself to belong more to Fantasy than to Science Fiction--the hours and hours he'd put into it wouldn't pay him. But I coaxed and begged and pleaded. And I'm so glad that I did. Finally, he agreed in principle. "No machines, now!" "No machines," I conceded. He said he'd like to do a cover for a Poul Anderson story. Poul, when I mentioned this, said he'd like it, too. But that's not the way it worked out. Business out of the way, he turned to astrology. He was making and filing horoscopes of all the sf people he ever met and someday intended to do a survey of them. He made a thumb-nail horoscope of me and Grania--making an incredibly accurate comment on a point in her life which no educated guess could explain--without meeting her, even!

In this connection let me mention something else I witnessed. HB to XY: "When and where were you born?" XY: "Such-&-such a date and year, in Lithuania." HB proceeded to cast his horoscope, concluding, "...and in 1954 something very significant happened which made you enter a new line of work." XY: "No." HB (astonished): "NO?--Why--Oh. Lithuania, of course! They were still using the Julian Calendar then, a 12-day difference...hmm,mmm, hmm, 1956." XY: "Yes..."

HB said, Be sure and get the exact moment of your child's birth, since you'll be in the delivery room. Doctors and nurses often are too busy to note it, then they guess at it and spoil the horoscope." AD: "What is the 'exact moment of birth?'" HB: "When he draws his first breath." So I carefully observed that this was 2 minutes and 20 seconds after the actual exodus, and Hannes cast the horoscope. What happened or will happen to all the ones in his file, I don't know.

On hearing that Grania wanted to meet him but couldn't make the stairs, he came down to see her and was marvelously entertaining. But he would never "drop in" --sometimes we saw the note slithering under the door and were able to intercept him. Once I invited him to come and meet some strangers and he literally, as I watched him, broke into a sweat. But back to the cover for F&SF. One day arrived the ms of Roger Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes". "This is for Hannes," I said. I can say that I midwifed that cover. It was a long and difficult gestation, but it is a beautiful piece of work. The original, by F&SF policy, was returned to him; and where it or any of his treasures are now, I don't know. He thrust the check for it into his pocket without looking at it and then went down to buy art supplies. He was working on a set of masks he hoped to sell to a museum--both naturalistic and grotesque--marvelous. And on a series of paintings to the Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyam, full of wonderful color and perspective and beauty and good humor. Where are they? Because he lived on so little it must not be thought that he undervalued his talents. He told me that he would not take less than \$2,000 for a painting the size of the Rubaiyyat ones; for full horoscopes he charged a few hundred dollars. But by the time he finished working on such items his hourly return was scanty. It was his ambition to buy a small plot of ground in Vermont and New Hampshire and build a little house and be alone and just work and paint. For over



20 years he lived in a festering slum surrounded by dirt and noise and boisterous ignorance, and he never got out of it while he lived--except, of course, that he always got out of it and into his own wonderful world of beauty and imagination.

He loved A Merritt's work and it may not be generally known that he "collaborated" posthumously with Merritt, whose widow selected him to complete some unfinished work of the famed writer. HB smoked much, cigarettes, but either drank little or not at all. Sometimes close friends could coax him to their homes or to one of a very few restaurants for a meal; not often. He said that "art directors" and their innate cussedness were what drove him out of magazine work. In recent years he did do some lovely book covers for mystical volumes published by Llewellyn Press in St Paul. As I was about to begin work on a novel, The Phoenix and the Mirror, I needed astrological information. HB provided me with fabulous amounts of data, thick letter after thick letter full of it ("I'd love to do this cover!")--and, do you know what?--upon my honor, and as a non-astrology-type--it worked! It all fit in! Marvelously, wonderfully, intricately, perfectly. The letters continued to flow down to us in Mexico. The last one said, "Unwisely I allowed some people to persuade me to eat in a restaurant, and the result was indigestion and a small heart attack..." It concluded with the usual good cheer, the usual and always different nonsense-words, the usual and always different Bok mouse--which in these letters was always wearing a wizard's conical cap, perhaps in honor of the book's protagonist, Vergil Magus. It seemed only a short while later that one day Grania came into my whitewashed study in Mexico to read the mail and let out a cry of shock and grief: Cynthia Goldstone had written to say that, via a letter from Ron Goulart, she'd heard of the death of Hannes Bok. I wrote immediately to Ed Ferman of F&SF to see if it was true. It was. We wrote to artist Jack Gaughan, long Hannes's favorite and perhaps-only pupil, to urge that proper care be taken of his treasures. We learned that HB's close friends, Clarence and Isabel, were continuing to pay his rent and utilities until word could be gotten from his sister in Seattle directing what to do with all his things. And we learned too, I forget from whom, although I'm sure it was a woman, that the NYC police had helped themselves to some of that property and were caught helping themselves to more and had returned--well, some of it, anyway. They are a notorious pack of ghouls and corpse-robbers, thieves worse than any they prosecute. As King Lear cried, in his "madness"--"Thou bloody beadle, stay thy hand! / How durst thou flog that whore? / Thou hotly lusts to use her in that wise / For which thou flogst her now..."

But this is all epilogue. I don't know what's become of Hannes Bok's beautiful things. Much would I love to be able to buy some. His life was middling short, but so rich in achievement. I think I'll stop right here.

## children's fantasy books ROUND TWO

SEE PAGE 28.

RUTH BERMAN

I have two disagreements with Mark Walsted on side issues in the course of the article on children's books. We have embodied our views in the article, but there is not room for us to explain them there, except very sketchily. Hence this letter.

First is the matter of C.S. Lewis's use of religion in the Narnia books. The theory is that a liking for a book, with an induced liking for its underlying philosophy, may overcome the liking a child (unformed minds, and all that) has gained in his few years for his home life and the philosophy underlying his home life. I doubt it. If an atheist found his children shaken by a Christian book, or vice versa (although the self-conscious paganism of Kenneth Graham's The Wind in the





Willows is the closest I can think of off-hand for an example), that would, in itself, be a sign that the parent's religious belief was ill founded, or else a sign that the parent was doing a very bad job of making home-life pleasant (in which case the child will probably rebel sooner or later anyway). An example of the strength of home ties: my parents are combinations of Jewish-agnostic-atheist, yet, despite our generally Christian civilization, my first reaction to the possibility of Lewis's religion being "dangerous" was, "How silly! it's all very well for Christians to worry about their children being corrupted by 'Godless' books, but why would anyone worry the other way round?--after all, we're right."

Second is the merit of the Oz books written by persons other than Baum. I am not sure whether Mark Walsted objects to them because he thinks they are bad books or because he thinks they do violence to Baum's conception of Oz. If he thinks they are all bad books, there is a very simple difference of taste between us; I think the best of Ruth Plumly Thompson, Jack Snow, and John R. Neill not far below (although somewhat below) Baum's best work. The question of whether or not one writer has a right to take over another writer's world is a much more complicated one. Certainly Miss Thompson's Oz, for example, is slightly different from Baum's Oz. But in most of her books the difference is very slight. I object to the latest Oz book, McGraw and Wagner's Merry-Go-Round in Oz, because, although it is a good book in itself (perhaps the best written of any Oz book, including Baum's best), its heraldry, English fox-hunts, etc. are so far from the character of Oz as Baum portrayed it. But the other writers, notably Miss Thompson and Snow, have, I think, managed to do good work within another writer's framework. Whether Mark Walsted, having read the later books, thinks them all bad, or, not having read them, thinks it impossible that they should be good, I am not sure. If the first, we have a difference in taste; if the second, a difference in theory. Many Oz fans have an a priori dislike for the non-Baum Oz books. In either case, although Mark Walsted cannot, I can "conscientiously recommend" them. I suspect that Mark Walsted objects to them on theoretical grounds without having read them, simply because it seems odd that we should differ widely here when we share a liking for so many other books. If my suspicion is correct, I conscientiously recommend that he try reading at least the first book of each author: Miss Thompson's The Royal Book of Oz (I know the title-page says it was written up by her from Baum's notes, but that was just a trick of the publisher's to promote sales while the new author established herself; it's all her own), Neill's The Wonder-City of Oz, and Snow's The Magical Mimics.

My completist soul tells me I ought to point out that there are two other authors of Oz books: Baum's son, Frank J. Baum, who wrote The Laughing Dragon of Oz (very rare), and Rachel R. Cosgrove, who wrote The Hidden Valley of Oz, but I don't think either book particularly good. There are also assorted unpublished stories floating around in manuscript copies from one Oz fan to another, but at this point I tell my completist soul to shut up. High time, too.

#### MARK WALSTED

I am afraid Ruth's letter is an example of how a person's ideas can be misread. I am not objecting to Lewis's religion as such. What I do think is that strong religious feelings in a child are not a good thing. And I mean any religion, whether Catholic, Protestant, Atheist, Buddhist, or what have you. Don't tell me Atheism isn't a religion when we have examples of Atheist missionaries to look at.

I think that most children go through a religious phase of some sort. If they are caught in this phase they may grow up to be single-minded intolerant fanatics. I don't say these books will overturn all other teachings a child has. I say they may possibly reinforce it, and if they catch a child in a religious phase the result can be very bad. Of course it has to be the right religion.

As for the Oz books I cannot recommend the non-Baum books since I have not read them all. I have read some, however, and they do not seem to me to be as good as the Oz books, and that's that.

For example I have The Silver Princess of Oz. I think it's lousy. I have only read five of them as yet and some of them are as good as the worst book by Baum.



As for their descriptions of the country of Oz and surroundings, I'm afraid it doesn't seem too Oz-like to me.

Furthermore, when I see such titles as "The Elegant Elephant of Oz", "The Giant Horse of Oz", "Ozoplaning in Oz" and "Merry-Go-Round in Oz" I think they are just too cute and sweet for words. Printable ones, that is.

However I'm glad to hear someone say that the Merry-Go-Round is a good book. I'll pick it up. I avoided it a couple of weeks ago when I saw it because I was annoyed with the new illustrator that is doing dust jackets for all the reprinted Oz books. They are sickeningly sweet, not like the original illustrations at all.

I didn't want to enter into any long argument concerning religion or Oz books. - I don't particularly like writing letters, and anyway I only mentioned the Oz books in passing in my original article because everyone knows about them. I was drawn into this discussion. What I wanted to do was give some examples of more obscure children's books that would be well worth reading.

# schizophrenia, the i ching & philip k dick

EARL E EVERS

"Schizophrenia & the Book of Changes" is sort of like the I Ching itself--you can read anything you want into it, and anything you get from it, you put there yourself. Which is fine if that's what you want. But I'm not that hung up on mysticism (today) and it makes for hellish tough reading in an article.

DAVE SZUREK

Found Dick's article thoroughly interesting, not only because it was well written, but because it sort of hit home to the type of half-existent person I was until about two years ago. (Frankly, I've noticed that this seems to hit most of the so-called creative people, possibly because they generally have a tendency to live in the "idios kosmos" in the first place. Quite a number of creative fans I've met are schizoid affective to a degree.) Fortunately, I was able to change. Told myself, "This ain't no life, but I sure as hell aren't going to change it just sitting around on my butt. Better get out and do something about it before it's too late." As for that "phobia" and "self-protection" part, I simply told myself, "You never live until you die!" As a girl I know puts it, "You are able to protect yourself from the 'pain' alright, but also from the 'pleasures.' The other way around, you have moments of pain, moments when you wish you were dead, but 'moments' are a little more desirable than 'eternities' of never ending depression."

I do have one alteration to point out on Dick's article, though. He says that schizoid affectives never write letters. Most of them do, you know. In fact, they usually write more letters than the average 'normal' person does.

RUTH BERMAN

Just what is (are?) the I Ching? From Phil Dick's article it sounds like an elaborate variant of tossing a coin.

PKD

And the Apollo Project is an elaborate variant of a roman candle.



XXXXX<sup>1</sup>

Once again Jerry Burge hits a high mark in the way of coverillos. An intense atmosphere pervades the entire scene in the form of a pair of helpless, naked individuals bravely facing a bevy of malign horrors bearing a disturbingly close resemblance to certain chemically-induced hallucinations I've been subjected to in the past, if you'll excuse my ill-timed reminiscing. The peaceful scene of the high castle bathed in the world of sunlight helps to accentuate the dark-enshrouded monstrosities lurking below, so this contrast of moods is extremely effective instead of presenting my delicate sense of visual appreciation with a jarring contrast. The intricate detail of line provided by this gifted artist's pen is conveyed fully to your fanzine's readership thanks to the superlative repro and the end product is indeed quite remarkable.

As far as Philip Dick's schizophrenic article about schizophrenia is concerned, I'm in a slightly curious position. I'm surrounded by a bevy of patients suffering from various disorders of the mind, most of whom are schizophrenics of one type or another -- manic depressives, hebephrenics, plus a couple of catatonics for good measure. At a grave risk of sounding morbidly introspective, a medical report to the effect that I was burdened with a "constitutional defect in my make-up" (not to be confused with subnormality, I hasten to assure you) with the punch-line "hysterical psychopath with schizophrenic tendencies", was advertised in my home town rag. The esteemed reporter cribbed his information during a court session which followed a ludicrous incident involving my good self being detected in the heart of the town center along with a smashed window, dazed expression and an attire consisting of a pair of pajamas and a dressing gown.

On the other hand I haven't actually read a shelf full of books on the delicate subject in question but I can state that I'm more than slightly at odds with grim reality. A street full of people and vehicles is enough to send me into a blind panic -- a state of helpless, quivering confusion combined with an inner knowledge that no rational reason exists for this slightly bizarre and very painful reaction.

Dick's too sweeping sentence "Schizophrenics don't write and mail letters, don't go anywhere, don't make 'phonecalls" begs to be adversely commented on. This surely refers to catatonics, the last word in schizophrenic states, but this is only one category. What about people with delusions of grandeur or persecution, for example? These are all schizophrenic conditions and on occasion certain patients have been known to pen chatty letters to the Queen of England and the head of the nearest police department, which doesn't quite conform to Dick's statement that all contact with reality is spurned or regarded with hostility.

Forgive me for saying so, but I'm convinced that Philip Dick wrote this article --or at least acquired inspiration for it--under the malign influence of a psychotomimetic drug (i.e.; a drug which induces an imitation of psychosis) and the tone of his article plus his references to LSD lend weight to my conviction. I'm psychologically addicted to a mind-warping drug, so I have to remain incarcerated and tranquilized under maximum security in order to prevent me from obtaining my devil's delight. It's all part of my instinctive aversion to reality. As for fandom and S.F.--this obsession is considered to be part of my maladjustment, you'll be delighted to learn!

SETH A JOHNSON

Philip Dick's Schizophrenia article was interesting. But wctinhell did he say?

ROBERT COULSON

Dick lost me in the second paragraph, since I don't see what agoraphobia has to do with fear of people (unless he was using it symbolically and if he was he shouldn't have). However, reading the article gave me another "explanation" for fandom particularly the older fanzine fans. They never graduated from "schizoid affectives" to

<sup>1</sup> This wasn't written anonymously but is presented as such because it came too late for us to be able to check with the writer whether this was meant for publication. ERM



true schizophrenic personalities, but they never achieved "normality", either. They dislike most human contacts, preferring to keep acquaintances at a distance while deciding whether or not to bestow friendship, and running a fanzine and corresponding is an ideal method for sifting the wheat from the chaff. (Personally, I find it ideal; I can and have told numerous fans what I really think of them, but it's a distasteful chore and it's much pleasanter to discover a method of avoiding most of it.) On the other hand, very few of them are actual hermits who dislike and or try to avoid all contact. (And I don't know of any fans who have gafiated due to catatonia, though I do know some who have had enough provocation.)

He still hasn't convinced me that the I Ching is worth the time and money it could cost me to purchase and read a copy

BILL GLASS

It's nice to see consistency in an author. Philip K Dick's article reads just like one of his novels. (A statement you may misconstrue any way you wish; it's meant to be ambiguous). Was that fifth paragraph of his supposed to represent Synchronicity to the reader? It wasn't quite as bad as sitting through Ben Hur twenty times without an intermission, but what is? I'm not sure whether or not I like or dislike the article. Maybe on the third re-reading I can make up my mind.

ROBIN WOOD

P.K.Dick's article was very interesting. Is that really what happens to you under LSD? An eternal now that isn't too enjoyable? I've heard a little differently here and there, but close to this. Well, perhaps some LSD heads will jump in on this and clarify it a little. I know some people who claim they've achieved telepathy under LSD, but tend to doubt it.

PKD

As a matter of fact an instance of telepathy took place with me in the latter stages of the LSD experience, plus one of precognition. Sorry I didn't mention it, but the entire episode was so dismal that I frankly forgot it. Maybe this aspect of the experience is important, but what with all else taking place it seemed minor; after all, when you've died, gone to hell, watched the Day of Wrath, seen Christ and God, etc., you tend to overlook much. Any comments from other LSD heads? (I suppose if the precog experience by me had been a bit larger I should --or could-- have anticipated Mr.Wood's interest, and possibly the response --yet to come in-- by other LSD heads...as I guess we must consider ourselves.)

BANKS MEBANE

After reading Phil Dick's article, at least I know I'm not schizophrenic -- time is not everlasting for me, it's just flying by too fast. I wonder if the I Ching has a hexagram for that.

STEVE PERRIN

I'm not a total enthusiast when it comes to Phil Dick's piece, though I must say it's one of the best things by him I've seen in a long time. Eminently readable. I just can't get excited about giving over or not giving over my fate to the I Ching. Now Astrology....

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Many thanks to Jack, Grania & Avram who responded to my request for further notes on Hannes Bok. @#@ Next quarter we plan to have again a section of children's fantasy books...both to discuss the matters brought up by the three authors and to give YOU a place to recommend your favorites -- with description and reasons, please! ERM



# ZIOGELIS

Harry Sanders

To the Romans (and similarly minded pagans before and since), the Winter Solstice was a signal event. It was more than an astronomical datum reference. It marked a period of gay abandon, Saturnalia, wife-swapping and other hedonistic pastimes.

For the grasshopper, that light-hearted dilettante known to the Lithuanians as "žio-gelis," the beginning of winter is other than a time of merriment. This is a point of closing and of opening the cycle of life. The egg in its earthen creche is still un- aware that awakening is ahead.

Somewhere between the second and fifth portions of impure ethanol this Solstice past I became acquainted with Ed Meškys' NIEKAS. As I recall (somewhat dimly), we were then occupied in joining the Romans in spirit. The thought that I might become involved with NIEKAS (as a grasshopper yet!) would have seemed ridiculous. To the grasshopper, life itself is ridiculous.

On another occasion, EM's pleasant and comely assistant, Liz Lokke, spelled out the aw- ful price of joining their readers: "Ink or silver." What else could a gentleman do? I chose ink, and typescript at ten paces.

What, one might ask, might a literary grasshopper do? Well, he would jump around from one topic to another. He might begin by reviewing NIEKAS.

Ed Meškys is one of those pleasant people one finds among the fen. He was obviously bitten by a Lithuanian philologist while in High School, a time when most of us yearn to be different. I can't find any other excuse for employing so many words of Lithuan- ian origin and commonplace meaning. However, his publication itself has a great deal to be said for it. Thus, I shall say a great many words, at least.

Why are we reading NIEKAS, class? There's a hand! To become informed. Very good. Yes? To learn the views of other fans. For amusement. To see our names in print. (Laughter.) Very good, class!

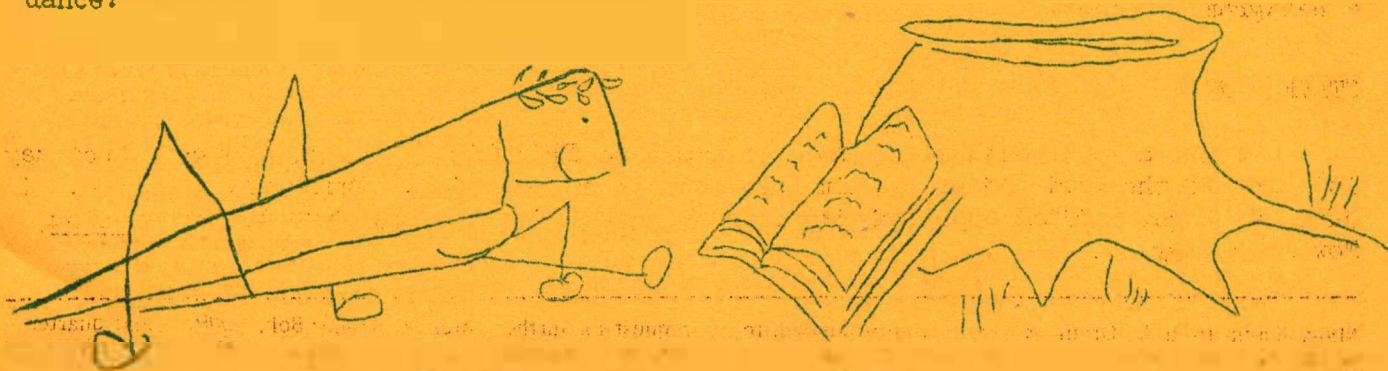
Suppose we examine this issue (December '64) to see if it really fits our requirements.

Are we informed? Here we have a fine collection by Al Halevy of names and places from Tolkien's Ring series: "A Glossary of Middle Earth." We have also a very good ar- ticle by John Baxter, Films, Fandom and the Future. I offer Baxter a mixed bouquet of Appleblossoms and Asps for beating me to a fine theme for future articles.

Do we find the views of other fans presented? Do we ever! One is tempted to recall that newsmen speak of the Letters to the Editor as the "Nut Column." At any rate, "Gin- cas" and "Laiskai" present a number of fine examples. Some are serious and thoughtful and full of substance. A few appear to have been written with oxgall and adder's-tongue as the chief ingredients of the ink. On the flayed skins of stillborn babes, no doubt.

What about amusement? Well, what about it? Some persons are amused by anything you know. For myself, Felice Rolfe's lines in blank verse touched some responsive chord, as did Roger Zelazny's more conventional effort. Even Phil Dick's tongue-in-cheek "Unique Sinister Type Notification" was diverting. For the rest, well, I'm sure that we all im- prove with time and lots of practice.

It's a real pleasure to see so many names from distant places & to know the thoughts and interests of fen elsewhere. To a grasshopper, life is a swingin' ball. Shall we dance?





# LAISKAI



GEORGE HAY 68 St. Marks Road/London, W. 10., U.K.

Reading three issues of NIEKAS in one fell swoop is rather like listening-in on several crossed lines at once, and trying not to tangle the threads. Any confusion is, of course, to be allocated to the listener, not the talkers. Anyway, my friends tell me I love confusion. (I think they're my friends...)

As I had hopes, the articles were of considerable interest. I was delighted to come across Emil Petaja's notes on Hannes Bok, as this was someone I had always felt to be a seminal person. As a keen reader of P. K. Dick's fiction, I was particularly glad to have a straightforward presentation of his frame of thought. Any chance of his expanding on the religious viewpoint?

In spite of many years contact with SF, this is almost my first experience of fan writing, and it occurs to me that I have made a mistake here; I tended to avoid it because I figured it would consist only of the views of followers and critics. This was silly, because obviously, a fan magazine must be one of the few places where a writer can put his point of view direct, without having to dilute it through his fictional material. To those who want to know what his views are, this is a very real help. Fiction is always misleading as a guide to a man's views, and the more so the better the writer, as a really good pensmith will delight in putting forth views that are not his own, and the more convincingly he can render them, the more pleased he will be. The misunderstandings this leads to from readers can be endless -- and is.

Enjoyed Felice Rolfe's ramblings (not a critical word, at least, not in this context) immensely. What is it about distant gossip that's so enthralling? As for the maths side, here is a point -- since she asked -- that worried me for years. In fact, I used to think I was the only person in the universe who had this trouble, since no-one else mentioned it. Then I came on a reference to it in a transcript of one of L. R. Hubbard's Scientology lectures, and breathed a little easier. It's like this. Two and two, I was taught in school, are four. Yet it seemed as clear as daylight to me that the only thing that two and two can be is two and two. The figures  $2+2$  do not look in the least like the figure 4. Do they now -- be honest! Of course, if you mean, "To save our time and our breath, we will call the figures  $2+2$  by the name 4" -- that is a different matter, and quite acceptable. Trouble was, all the teachers, and all the rest of the pupils, seemed totally convinced that  $2+2$  were 4. When I mentioned the matter, they just looked at me and shook their heads sadly. Well, I was only an itty-bitty child, and had never heard of identification, General Semantics, and all that jazz -- even so, deep down inside me, I felt something had come seriously adrift. Later, I found objective support for my stand (or, as some might say, rationalized my inadequacy). Please, will teacher clarify?

((You are perfectly correct. We define what we mean by 2, by 4, and by  $+$ , then we can use the definition to associate  $2+2$  with 4. They are not identical. You should study today's math -- you'd love it! ER))

Al Halevy's Glossary elicits my deep admiration for the hard work and the pains taken. For the rest, it leaves me cold. I think Tolkien never really took with me, perhaps because I read George Fletcher's ((Fletcher Pratt's)) The Well of the Unicorn and The Blue Star first, and always considered them vastly superior in the same vein. Not that Tolkien isn't good, of course.

I'd like to finish with a word on this race-hate business. "All decent people" (ha!) will agree with Dick on the need for treating people as individuals, and not as sub-sections of a race or class. But is it realised that this itself, seen from the other side of the line, aggressive insistence on an alien viewpoint? Many people -- most people; nay more, all of us, at some time or another -- want to be accepted as members of a class. If someone puts me down as "A Britisher" I might perhaps be annoyed; I would be much less likely to be so if he puts me down as an SF reader, or a human being. How far do you have to separate a person out from his social machinery before you have the pure, shining spirit? And do you want to have the pure, shining spirit anyway -- bearing in mind that it may be so pure and refined that you'll never see it shine through those word-encrusted eyes of yours? And to come a bit nearer earth; I have had enough experience with the Germans on their home ground to say flatly that for most of them, their identifications are solid -- but solid. And to communicate with them in any meaningful way, you have to do so in terms of those identifications.

This sounds rather snooty, as though I implied that other peoples are above this kind of solidity. Not so -- I am just saying that the Germans I had to deal with were far more identified with their race-beliefs than, say, the Belgians, who, being two countries anyway, as well as being used to being occupied by other conquering nations, were able to take a more realistic (more cynical, if you like; as I think, more healthy) view of the matter. They have their own race problems -- but at least they don't try to export them!

((later))

I remembered I said nothing anent John Baxter's excellent "A Hornbook for Critics." This is a sad omission, for



he dwelt on points dear to me. These points could be summed up in the phrase, addressed to any writer, "What the hell are you saying, Sir?"

If I ask for a sharp definition of terms, I am willing to allow for the definition of these terms over a wide spectrum. For example, the writer may be giving a mood-piece, evoking the atmosphere of place and time. Do you know the English writer of sea-pieces, H. M. Tomlinson? He had a tremendous mastery of this manner; there is an unforgettable short story of his about a beached hulk of a ship, waiting for the breaker's men. The ship is haunted -- or is it? You never get to know; what you do get to know is the feel of the ship, and why men assume it should be haunted. De La Mare could do the same thing in other contexts. A casual reader might assume these stories are the antitheses of the tale-with-a-message. Not so -- they are carrying a message, and the message is -- "this is the way it felt at the time." Not a 'great social message' if you like, but a very unique and personal message, and perhaps the better for it. The message that must be true to many people, to a class or age or a generation, has the power of the group it speaks for, but by the same token, it lacks the unique perception that comes only from the individual. What it gains in universals, it loses in particulars.

Time prevents me from going further into this now, but I would like to say how much I agree with Baxter on the need for writers -- he spoke of critics, but are they not writers? -- to understand themselves what it is they are saying before they start to write. I do not mean that when he sits down at the typewriter the man must say to himself "Now I am going to convey a message of hope to oppressed minority-groups" (though such a clarity would be no bad thing), but that the man should be so aware of his motives, the philosophical basis of his thought, that when he starts to write, however spontaneously, he is in fact expressing that philosophy. To express his feelings is not enough, if he does not know from what those feelings arise. I suspect that the critical deficiency Baxter bemoans arises precisely from the unwillingness of critics to come right out and say what it is they do represent. Perhaps they just don't want to be committed. Well, O.K., that's a viewpoint too -- but why not say so?

Best, George Hay

ALEX B EISENSTEIN 3030 W. Fargo/Chicago Ill 60645

I hesitate to voice my opinions on John Baxter's article, as so many excellent scalpels have slashed him already. As Scithers implies in his letter in no. 10, Baxter merely ignores the intended meaning of Damon Knight's comment. But worse, Baxter also calls this out-of-context quotation from an article in Future SF a (!!!) definition of science fiction ("Knight skimmed the surface when he used the word 'art' in his attempt at definition...")

In the same lettercol, Tom Dupree rightly faults Baxter for his misuse of the term "historical criticism": were historical criticism merely a judgement of the conformity of any particular work to "the spirit and tradition of the great classical artists," no work of any originality could possibly find favor with users of this method.

But the juiciest tidbits of self-contradiction occur in Baxter's discussion of "interpretative" (sic; i. e., there is no such word) and "evaluative" methods of criticism. "Evaluative" criticism, says John Baxter, is an attempt to find the "kernel of meaning" within a work. Yet he says that the "interpretative" critic is the one who asks the question: "Is there some truth in this thing that is likely to enrich human experience?" Should this not be the question of the "evaluative" critic, who is looking for that "kernel of meaning"? Not according to Baxter. By his canon, the "evaluative" critic should ask, "How complex is the work? How many intellectual indian clubs has the writer managed to juggle at one time? The sentence before that one states that "the evaluative critic deals in ambiguity..." and the next previous sentence tells us that the author of a story does two things: advances a hypothesis, and constructs "a reality that the reader is supposed to guess from... the events of the story." Now what has this two-fold accomplishment to do with "ambiguity"? And what connection has "ambiguity" with the complexity of a work? And what have all these things to do with that precious, discoverable "kernel of meaning" in a story?

Indeed, what exactly does Baxter mean by "hypothesis," "reality," and "ambiguity"? Why does the reader "guess" about this reality? Why should the reader have the guess about the nature of the world postulated by a writer? The writer should make clear to his reader exactly what kind of world his characters inhabit. Ambiguity is not a desirable quality in modern fiction; obscurantism and contradictory levels of meaning died, I thought, with Henry James. The reader shouldn't have to guess at what an author is driving at.

The trouble with Baxter's article is that Baxter himself does not know how to write clearly. The first four consecutive sentences of his paragraph on "evaluative" criticism have no relation to each other, nor to anything in the remainder of the paragraph.

I note with interest the comment by Tony Boucher on the argot used in Clockwork Orange: "So nicely done that you gradually... begin to understand it..." Yet Boucher has enough familiarity with Russian to easily spot errors in the glossary-appendix of the pb version! Certainly it took little effort for Boucher to understand the part-Russian argot! However, for such as Avram Davidson, who knows no Russian, the novel was very exasperating: he said so in his review of it in F&SF. Also called it boring, I believe.

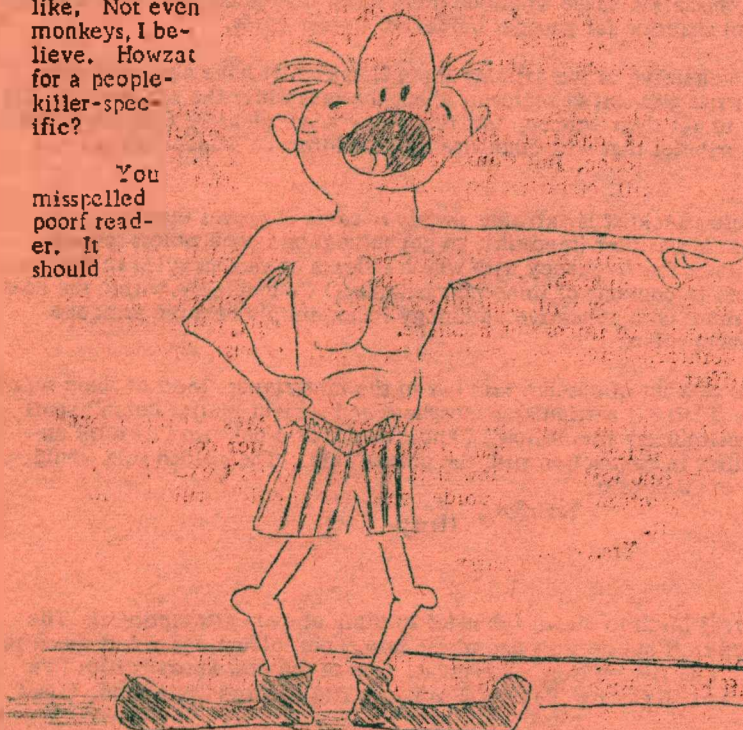




C. W. Brooks says in the lettercol of no. 10: "it (sorcery) is not wrung in to advance the plot..." How do you wring sorcery into a story? Like blood from turnips? Usually when I wring something (such as a wet wash-cloth) something comes out. Hmmm.

Boy, Ed, are you behind the times! In regard to your "people poison," just what do you think thalidomide is? It was tested extensively on many types of animals, including pregnant ones. It had absolutely no effect on them -- none at all. Only by sheerest accident was it discovered to be a sedative specific for humans (exactly how that happened, I don't know). And its effects on the human foetus are also specific -- they don't happen to embryonic rats, rabbits, hamsters, horses, and the like. Not even monkeys, I believe. Howzat for a people-killer-specific?

You misspelled poorf reader. It should



WHO'S BEEN WRINGING THAT DOORBELL?

be spelled poorf reader.

Alex B. Eisenstein

GEORGE SCITHERS Fox 9120/Chil 1 60690

Re John Foyster's comment about me: I think it is totally snobbish and probably ignorant, to imply that Baxter is a cripple. Otherwise N<sup>o</sup> 11 most excellent.

Ymir protect thee from cold bagpipes.

Geo. S.

HARRY WARNER, JR. 423 Summit Ave/Hagerstown Md 21740

I assume that Felice agrees with the attitude expressed in the quotes on the school system study. Maybe the real trouble is the petty delight that the school officials get out of referring to themselves as administrators. The ones I have acquaintance with here in Maryland work much harder than most principals and teachers. If they referred to themselves as bosses, there might not be as much resentment, since that's a sensible, meaningful word and it fits pretty well. And after all, there must be a reasonable number of overall supervisory personnel in a school district, just as there must be some bosses in a factory.

Carl Frederick grows on the reader. I find myself looking forward to his material now, instead of the former attitude of hoping that the puns wouldn't be too forced. Nachtilied puzzles me slightly, though. The last lines are obviously a parody of a famous German poem but I don't see much relationship between the opening lines and the start of the original Goethe. Maybe Carl was working from a translation that wandered a little from the original and he went a little further from the translation.

No new comments occur on the Tolkien glossary. But I can set down the delight I found in the foldout picture. I think it captures the atmosphere of the Tolkien fiction pretty well, possessing crudities in somewhat the same way as Tolkien exhibits them, and wavering between something meant for children and something slanted at adults (the fishy head of the battering ram and the unfortunate position of some of the orcs, respectively).



Maybe you could start to publish the I Ching after you finish with the Halevy project. I've never encountered the book that Philip Dick tells about, but it sounds like something that I would feel more comfortable with if I went through it a dozen pages at a time with three month intervals between sections. Anyway, Dick has achieved the improbable feat of supplying the atmosphere of brilliance, erudition, and energy from a professional for the vacuum left when Avram Davidson stopped showing up regularly in fanzines.

One method of getting good science fiction into public libraries might consist of persuading librarians to use the fanzines that concentrate on new books: Lin Carter's SPECTRUM and that leaflet that comes out of San Diego, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. The purchasing departments in the few libraries that I am acquainted with are manned by people who know all about their work on the theoretical basis but feel more comfortable if they can do things on the recommendation of some authority. Of course, there is the obvious point that too much current stf. on library shelves would be worse than too little. Bad new novels and reprints that have only nostalgia value would do more harm than good from the standpoint of potential new regular readers of stf. and parent reaction for younger holders of library cards.

The Petaja article was probably the most comprehensive of the articles about Hannes that have appeared since his death. But I can't help wishing that people would write this sort of material about the pros while the subjects are still alive, instead of waiting until it's too late for the pros to get their egoboo. Just think how much pleasure E. E. Smith, for instance, would get if he could read in his old age the tributes that will otherwise be paid him as a wonderful man and under-rated author, when death eventually takes him.

Even a messed-up accomplishment like the Cole checklist is valuable simply because it proves that it can be done. The whole history of sercon fan publishing is that it's almost impossible to get something issued, unless someone has already done the same thing in previous years. Witness the frequency with which indexes of various types to the pro-zines appear, and the complete lack of any sort of index to contents of important fanzines. Undoubtedly, within the next few years someone will produce a more accurate and more comprehensive anthology index, simply because someone finally overcame the initial inertia and issued the pioneer effort.

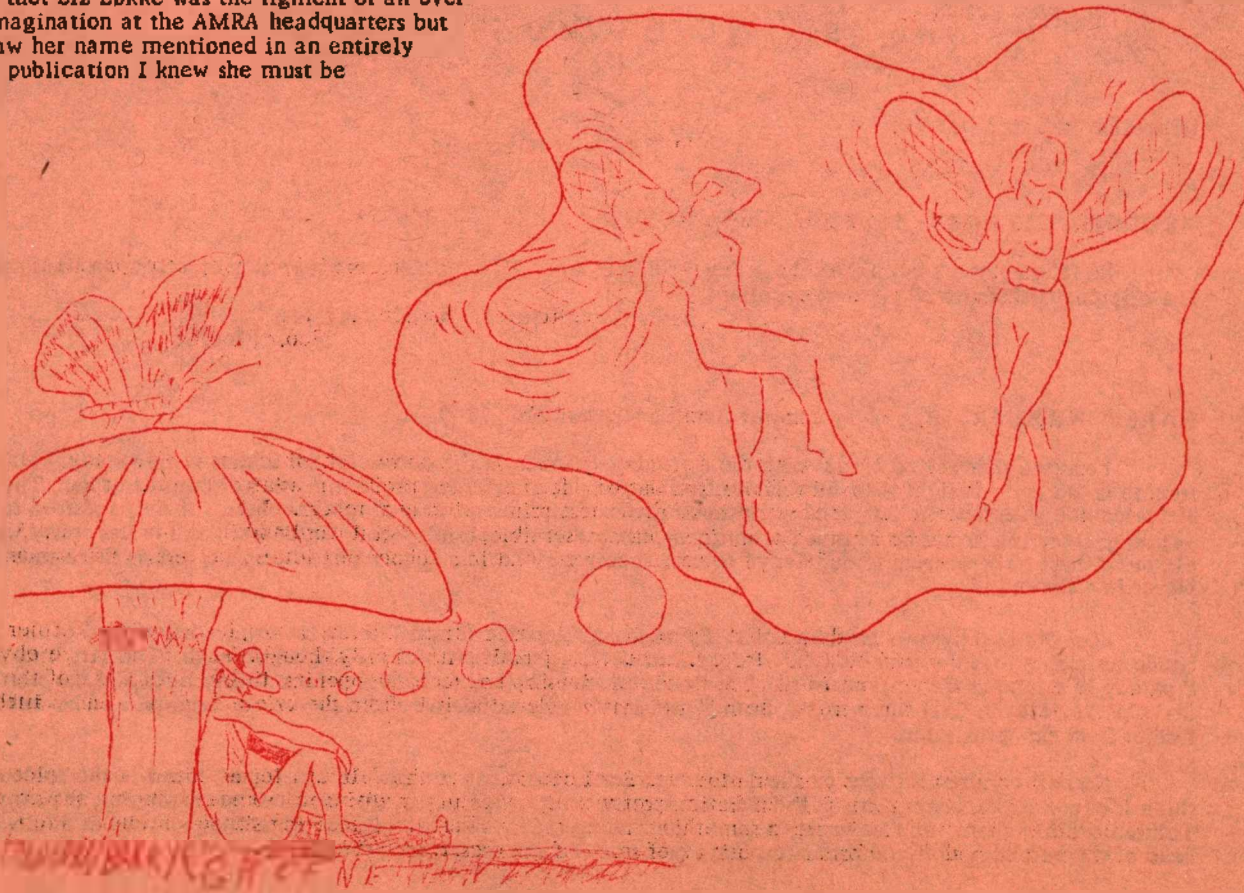
You seem to have penetrated the consciousness of a lot of obscure fans out in the hinterlands. Most of them sound as if they would be entertaining and useful letterhacks if NIEKU particular atmosphere and subject matter doesn't spoil them for other fanzines. Andrew Garrison must be a particularly fine fellow. I know that Rick Brooks isn't exactly unknown but he tickled me with his reference to masochism in connection with the golden rule. The golden rule would also be an excellent defense for homosexuality, come to think of it.

Yrs., &c., Harry

PETE JACKSON RD#1, Danville Pa 17821

The front cover was great. Must have been a real bitch to draw. I shudder to think of even attempting it. The illo on page 8 is very bad. Harness has done some good stuff but he isn't one of the best. Your foldout again left much to be desired. You should seek a better artist for them. The illo on page 42 is great. One of the best abstract illos I've seen in some time. (That's Diana's heading for Arcane Blade.) ATom's illo on page 56 is good. Liked it mucho.

I thot Liz Lökke was the figment of an over active imagination at the AMRA headquarters but when I saw her name mentioned in an entirely different publication I knew she must be





real. From your goings on I take it she is very real. (Sir! Just what are you implying!ERM)  
Live long! Pete

R. C. WEST 32 Belcher Circle/Milton Mass 02186

Before I tell you what I thought of the zine you'd better get some vague idea of the sort of person who is reading it. I suppose you could, without stretching the point too far, call me a sort of science fiction fan: I do read (and enjoy) a good deal of SF. But I am not an ardent devotee of the field: I only buy mags like Amazing, Analog, and F&SF irregularly, when something in the contents attracts me; I have very little to do with the vast body of fandom proper. Most of the fans mentioned were only names to me; much of the discussion esoteric. It's rather uncomfortable listening in on private jokes I don't understand. I find it easy to share Andrew Garrison's feeling of being lost in someone else's ingroup (pg 68). A lot of the illos were meaningless to me: so was a lot of the text. I don't mean the couple of sentences of Lithuanian: my boss at the library where I work was born in Lithuania, and I had him translate it. By the way, he also corrected your Lithuanian. (Not surprising!ERM) And while I'm on that, wasn't there something in the zine about tracing a person's family name? "Meskys", as you undoubtedly know and I found out, comes from the Lithuanian for "bear." The term is still used to designate huge, hairy men. Are you a huge, hairy man? Apparently one of your ancestors was. (Yup...and I know just how and when the family name did get adopted.)

Naturally I found the Tolkien material the most interesting part of the zine: that's why I wanted it in the first place. I was very glad to read the letter from Allen & Unwin. Re The Silmarillion, it's nice to know definitely its preparedness for publication: it won't be ready for years. Also interesting was the news that Tolkien is preparing translations of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" and "The Pearl," which are two of my favorite Middle English works. Tolkien, as you may know, co-edited the standard edition of "Gawain" in the original Middle English! His modernization is something I'll want to see.

I found "Dissent into the Maelstrom" very funny. Some of the meaning of the verse I couldn't catch. What is a boojum? (See Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark"ERM) A very amusing piece, all told. But I can feel sorry for anyone who can't enjoy a masterpiece like the Rings set. (Carl hadn't read them yet when he wrote that, but was just reacting against the fannish enthusiasm. I spoke to him on the phone a few weeks ago, and he was in the middle of "Two Towers" and fascinated.ERM)

The Halevy Glossary was very interesting. This could be a very valuable reference work, and I, for one, would support its publication as a book. Its prior publication in NIEKAS has the obvious advantage of making constructive criticism possible before it is put in a more permanent form, as indeed the letters in NIEKAS #11 show.

I'll want to say something about swords-and-sorcery next time, if I can think of some kind of alternate definition, or at least concept, of the term, to Charles Rein's. His doesn't quite satisfy me. I should think that if the designation swords-and-sorcery means anything, it is that both (not just either) elements are present in the story. And under Mr. Rein's definition, "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" and "The Aeneid" would be really great sword-and-sorcery tales. Maybe you could call them that, but I don't think it would be the most useful term that could be applied, nor the most meaningful.  
Vaya con Dios, Dick West

FRED LERNER 98B-The Boulevard/E. Patterson N. J. 07407

Your reportage of your trip to New York was entertaining--especially to one such as I, who knows at least some of the truth.

A couple of weeks ago, so Marsha Brown tells me, she tuned into WKCR-FM's "Gilbert & Sullivan Stereo Showcase" only to hear an unfamiliar work being played. A search of her complete G&S libretti was not at all helpful, and she remained puzzled until the end of the program, when host Danny Gardner explained that, as a special program, he was playing the Library of Recorded Masterpieces version of Gay's "Begger's Opera." Both Gardner and Charlie & Marsha Brown thought the "Opera" as performed by LRM rather good.

My disagreement with Chris Steinbrunner over radio technique is based on seeing inexperienced freshmen fancy themselves Jean Shepherds or Long John Nebels making asses of themselves over WKCR. I gather that the people at WFUV are, in general, a more experienced and less transient crew than at WKCR. There certainly was no doubt about Chris' competence that evening! But I still like to know what I'll be talking about at least two minutes before I get on the air.

The blind chap who hosted the CCNY New Year's Eve party was Bob Rodriguez. Bob's party was lots of fun, but somewhat after midnight I passed out--the result of a drinking contest with one Sidney Joseph Glover Atkins, a Fabulous Columbia Fan. Someone, seeing me lying face-down on a couch for three hours, mistook me for Ed Meskys!

I wonder why Grace Warren is so anxious to dissociate Central Passage from SF. I found the book mildly entertaining, tho possessed with many of the faults of Wilmer Shiras' Children of the Atom. Why has nobody ever handled the mutant super-genius theme properly? Don't throw Slan at me--Slan were telepathic, but not geniuses. I think the trouble, especially with Shiras' book, is that an author is too apt to make the supergenius protagonist a fictionalization of the author's own personality; to associate his/her own prejudices with Genius, as Wilmer Shiras did with Thomism and Poe. I'd like to see Grace Warren comment on that.

I hope Astrid Anderson is a permanent addition to the NIEKAS staff. Perhaps she will turn her talents toward science fiction. She might be an ideal one to review Podkayne of Mars. And, Ed, please talk her into reviewing a Gidget book or two--just for me!

Carl Frederick: NIEKAS isn't impossible. Just improbable. A small difference, to be sure, but an important one.

Felice Rolfe: I don't know about any teen-agers getting quiffed at the PacifiCon, but I do know who was under the table I crawled into. Her initials were F----- R----! (I do at every con. It's a fannish tradition. FR) (And you claim you don't drink! For shame, Felice!ERM)



Harry Warner: It seems you can't study a Western language without coming across clues to Lord of the Rings. A girl I know gave me a list of Tolkien words derived from Old English, which I have published, and she has told me of similar finds in Old Icelandic and in German. Not to mention borrowings from Celtic and Finnish mythology.

By the way, has anyone ever noticed the parallel between Gollum's (physical) descent from Smaegul and Grendel's (genealogical) descent from Cain? Both murdered a brother, and both were turned into monsters as punishment. "The Mark of Cain" indeed!

Yours, Fred Lerner

GEORGE A BIBBY 714 Pleasant Street/Roseville Cal 95678

I guess I am pretty soundly hooked on JRR... have read the trilogy at least 7 or 8 times, I guess & usually get something more out of it each reading. One thing, was stationed in England during the war for about a year & remember the "downs" country quite well; also the sturdy countrymen types of Sam & the "Gaffer" are evocative and extremely well done. Was sorry to see the last volume was put together rather hurriedly... guess the publisher was pounding him for the mss.

Geo. --

PETER SINGLETON Ward 2/Whittingham Hospital/Near Preston/Lancashire UK

At the time of commenting on the first part of your Middle Earth tabulation I was bemoaning that my experience of Tolkien's works hadn't reached beyond the Hobbit. Now I'm in a position to state differently. At the moment I am up to pg 96 of The Two Towers and I'm already resigned to my fate of never being a sword & sorcery fan. The writing style is good and the atmosphere generated by the vivid description is certainly live enough, I've no quarrel with that. But when the willing suspension of disbelief is concerned, I fall flat on my face, and every sword clash and magical encounter seems to very much alike to me. In addition, I find the continuous traveling more than a bit irksome with all the characters roaming around single or in groups with hardly a pause for breath. It just isn't my cup of tea.

Not that I dislike fantasy in general, by a long shot. I used to rate the Carnell-edited Science-Fantasy as one of my favourite prozines. The least said about this publication as presented under new management, the less chance I'll have of violating GPO regulations, though.

My best epic fantasy is The Human Age by Wyndham Lewis; who is not to be confused with John Wyndham, please note! Needless to say, this novel by no means includes any sword and sorcery. The scene is outside heaven when the recently deceased inmates of The Magnetic City (or rather, they live in sight of this city, which isn't quite the same thing) await trial with a view to entering the pearly gates, with only a minority having a chance of doing so. Even trials are at a premium, some having years of abortive waiting behind them. The sexes are strictly segregated and the result of this imposed frustration is treated with what I can only describe as stark realism. Our friends in limbo still retain a vestige of human desire even though they don't eat half as often as they did in the home life... or grow any older, for that matter. The trial scenes are superb and surpass anything else I've ever read. The novel is viciously, biting satirical, horrifyingly tragic and superbly funny. I've had the hc edition by Methuen for about six years now. No other fan seem to be familiar with the fantasy, much to my amazement. The epic is in three books (The Childermass, Monster Gai and The Malign Fiesta) the latter two being combined into one large volume, costing 30/. The first volume is a heavy tome too, costing 25/. Yet a fourth book, The Trial of Man, which would have made this epic even longer than LotR failed to appear because Lewis had died before completing it.

John Calder Ltd. (18, Brewer St., London W.1) have just launched a new pb line called "Jupiter Books" and The Childermass is listed among their first seven titles and is priced at only 10/6. It's the only FSF title on the list, the others being well known plays and essays, among other high quality productions.

The coverillo on NIEKAS 10 is a delight and I completely fail to see why you flood your gentle readers with an emphatic apology on page 47. Admitted, a few lines do look a bit shaky on close inspection but many masterpieces look like mere daubs when examined at very close quarters. Ills shouldn't be examined too closely. One should surely view it as a whole instead of screwing up one's eyes and searching each individual stroke of brush or pen for the slightest signs of irregularity. I repeat, the coverillo is good! The bacoverillo is something else again, the all-red ink detracting what original merit it may have contained, in my subjective and opinionated estimation. I just don't care for REG's style for the most part, but he does turn out items even I like, sometimes!

"Films, Fandom & the Future": This is an interesting and obviously well thought out article. In my opinion, the main trouble with STF on film is the sad fact that the visual medium leaves nothing to the imagination except in the rare cases when the horror or alien aspect is implied rather than crudely exhibited in sterile black and white or in livid Technicolor. Individuals have their own ideas of what certain "horrors" or similar major factors in SF should look like and minus the visual medium, the person on the receiving end conjures up his own mental images in order to satisfy his own imagination. This cannot take place when the entire splendour of a Hollywood studio erupts into merciless, inexorable action with a bevy of special effects, including electronic noises calculated to put a strain on the sturdiest of eardrums, not to mention sore eyes as an end product.

I also endorse John Baxter's welcome reaction to Tony Boucher's plug for A Clockwork Orange because I agree about the worth of the good book. I can understand John's attempt to "push" the novel because I'm doing the same with The Human Age. I hope that someday, before I die, another fan reads my favourite fantasy epic, or at least the new pb edition of the first volume. If any number of fan are already familiar with this epic, I've yet to discover the fact.

(Later)



The fold-out illo in NIEKAS 11 wasn't worthy of the repro employed. The general composition, style and layout completely fail to evoke even the faintest of pleasurable reactions. It's all a matter of taste, I suppose!

Emil Petaja's remembrances of Hannes Bok are spoiled only by the brevity of this moving article and the crude illo adorning the title page -- I'm amazed to discover from the credits that Bok himself produced this sub-standard scrawl; unless the esteemed stencil slasher is at fault, thereby leaving the late, great artist entirely blameless. C'mon, Felice -- own up! You can only get lynched once in a lifetime, so stretch out your neck while there's still time. (I did not stencil the illo. I avoid illo stencilling at all costs. Ask me to own up to something else...--FR)

The full page illo by Jack Harness was also a complete waste of space, as far as I'm concerned but judging by the general apathy towards fanzine art, many of your readers may afford the interior illos nothing more than a swift glance in passing.

Best wishes, Peter Singleton

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS Jr 911 Briarfield Rd/Newport News Virginia 23605

That cover on #11 is really something. Every time I look at it I see something new. I had not noticed the man's face in the tree at all 'til just now.

I guess the George R. Stewart (Years of the City) you mention must be the same as wrote the SF novel Earth Abides. You do read a variety of stuff, Felice. I know what you mean about Elswyth Thane (Tryst). I haven't read Tryst but I do have one of her old (1926) books, Riders of the Wind. At least I guess this is the same Elswyth Thane, there couldn't be two with that name! Riders of the Wind, for all of its Victorian over-romanticism, is easy to read and has a certain odd charm. The poetry at the beginning of each of the four "parts" sounds like something from Kipling or Jack London but it's not credited. Perhaps someone will recognize it; I'll quote the first bit. "You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,/And the thrash of the deep-sea rain;/You have heard the song--how long?how long?/Pull out on the trail again!" Briefly, the story concerns an English gentlewoman who feels the "call of the wild" and leaves her home to go off and seek a treasure in Tibet, not for the sake of the treasure but for the adventure.

"Marchin' Barnacles" was the usual delightful idiocy. Except for the sacreligious remarks in sorry verse about the Ring books. A Nazgul's gonna get you Carl!

The great "Glossary of Middle Earth" marches on! I hope you do get to publish it in book form, ### The first SF I read was in a library and it wasn't bad considering. The library was part of a US cultural mission in Concepcion, Chile. I think the books that impressed me most (I was about 12) were Heinlein's Rolling Stones and William Tenn's Children of Wonder. To this day I have not read anything to surpass Kornbluth's "Words of Gurn" in the latter book. ### I would like to get any information that anyone might have on books written in an attempt to extend Lewis Carroll's "Alice" stories. I already have John Rae's New Adventures of Alice and Yates Wilson's More Alice (which was reviewed in NIEKAS) but are there any others? The Rae book, in case anyone is interested, is a large, beautifully made thing, published in Chicago in 1917 by Voiland. It is illustrated in color by the author in a style a little like Tenniel's but more like Mervyn Peake's in "Hunting of the Snark." It is hard to compare the story itself with the original which has become so much a part of our folklore. In my opinion it is better than the Wilson book, by a good bit, and has the wild dream-like quality of the original.

Best, Ned Brooks

DWAIN KAISER 5321 Mountain View Dr/Las Vegas Nevada

Philip K. Dick is a person who I hope appears in each and every NIEKAS. It isn't too unusual to see a pro's work in a fanzine, not really at all, but it is much more unusual to see the work of someone who really worked to turn out something sensible, interesting, and not something just hacked out to make the fanned "feel good", and to get himself some egoboo for being such a nice guy to write for a fanzine.

Best Dwain Kaiser

GEORGE SCOTT (aka Bob Weaver) Hillhaven, 4871 Santa Cruz/San Diego Cal 92107

The review of Tree & Leaf back in NIEKAS 9 wasn't. Read "The Sound of Panting" by Asimov in a late '50s issue of Astounding and you'll see what the book review is for. Literate people simply don't have time for every piece of reading material which attracts their fancy.

Prof. Feynman, a member of the Cal. State Curriculum Committee, wrote in an alumni magazine: "In a first grade book (a primer, in fact) I find a sentence of the type: 'Find out if the set of the lollypops is equal to the number of the set of girls' -- whereas what is meant is 'Find out if there are just enough lollypops for the girls.' The parent will be frightened by this language. It says no more, and it says what it says in no more precise fashion than does the question: 'Find out if there are just enough lollypops for the girls.' -- a perfectly understandable phrase to every child and parent." The committee didn't like any of the books submitted, mostly for just that fault of getting sesquipedalian on primary students. But, since the assignment was "Pick the best" and not "pick a good one" they approved what is now foisted on the first through eighth graders throughout the state.

Love from Hillhaven to Mayhem House, George





JHIM LINWOOD 213a, Westdale Lane/Carlton, Notts, U. K.

Many thanks for your excellent fanzine, which is one of the best I've seen for some time. Most of its writers and artists are unknown to me, and I feel I've been missing something; freshness in fandom is always gratifying.

Cheers for Carl Frederick and his Fa-La against LotR. I've got quite a reputation as "the fan who hasn't read Lord of the Rings" and in spite of being frequently told I don't know what I'm missing the mere thought of those three heavy tomes turns me green. It's the length of the thing I object to, but I did enjoy The Hobbit.

Grace Warren on Libraries was of interest to me because I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a young head-librarian who was an avid SF fan. He simply saturated his shelves with all the latest releases, and went to the trouble of getting out of print books I suggested. Together we put up a display of books, magazines, and fanzines in the library, and distributed literature about the BSFA. It received "mild interest", but it was rather unique. I've belonged to four libraries, two in Nottingham, two in Hampstead, and all were well stocked with SF, particularly from "respectable" publishers like Gollancz and Dobson. Most British libraries will get any book for a member that is not on their shelves even if it means purchasing it. I've often made requests for recently published books not because I wanted frantically to read them, but to put more SF into the library.

I liked the review section, but would like to see it larger with more coverage. ((So write a review!))

The letterhacks seem to be right in their low opinion of SF films. Sitting through loads of rubbish to find a gem like Invasion of the Body Snatchers seems to be the favorite torment of the SF fan, and now it's the turn of the fantasy fan with Hollywood and Hammers retreating into more gothic themes. It's far more gratifying to find the best filmic SF in unexpected films like Frankheimer's "Manchurian Candidate" and "7 Days in May" which were nearer to written SF than anything Pal or the Horridies have produced.

John Foyster's letter was rather "off," was it not? How can he speak for fandom and say they wouldn't know a good movie if it bit them on the leg? During my two years in London I was convinced that movies, not SF, was the common factor amongst fans there. The latest Corman rather than the latest Aldiss was eagerly awaited, and quite a few of us were extras in the fantasy film It Happened Here.

Phil Dick's piece was interesting and certainly the pot-boiler of the ish, but not having read 1 Ching prevents me from commenting. The definitions of schizophrenia are suspect, and so is the promise that reading one book will cure them.

Best regards, Jhim

JOHN A McCALLUM Met. Section, SES/Ralston, Alberta, Canada

I like NIEKAS as a whole, and Mayhem House is one of the best things in it.

Felice, you mentioned in one of your columns that it was the combination of a good text and a good instructor that made you take an interest in mathematics. The interest, I guess, is unique; but would you mind giving the name of the text? ("Advanced Calculus by J. M. H. Olmstead, FR)

But what does make a good instructor? I think one of the best courses I ever had was one where the Prof. was actually a poor lecturer. But he gave us a (that's right, one) problem to do each week. The problem was only tenuously related to the lecture material. We damned well had to dig to find out how to do it, with no hints given as to where to look. Of course it was the final year of an honors course. Perhaps the system wouldn't work so well at a more elementary level. And if all courses were given this way, there wouldn't be time in the week to do justice to them all. The exam, by the way was a 9 hour session, with a shelf full of books at our disposal, plus whatever books we wanted to bring ourselves. Coffee and sandwiches were brought us in the middle of the ordeal.

John.

(My excellent professor was the opposite of this. He gave us several problems each day, ranging from easy to horrible. But his excellence came from his teaching; he was a small, colorless man with a very limited voice, but in class he was completely clear, knew exactly what would give trouble, and how much to explain it. His 50 minute classes had a subjective length of 10 minutes. In his office, he was apparently reserved, but you quickly saw his warmth, his concern for each student, and most of all, his infinite patience. Did I say colorless? At first sight, maybe; not later. I use the past tense because he's moved back east--much to his students' dismay. FR)

MIKE MOORCOCK 8, Coleville Terrace/London W, 11 UK

We'll have to agree to differ on G&S. I daran't even hint at my feelings for that pair of tasteless bullies. As Lang Jones says, a liking for G&S is an aberration which seems to afflict otherwise normal and intelligent people. See--I've already said too much. On the other hand I will admit that this stuff may have an appeal for Americans which it doesn't for Englishmen -- just as we probably like some of the popular music you loathe. Give me good old Brecht any time, though -- or Bob Dylan, come to that. I've made attempts to listen to and read G&S and always wind up, in spite of real efforts, hurling record or book away feeling sick and horrified.

Very best wishes, Mike

KEN LAZARA 333 Walsh Ct/Brooklyn NY 11230

In reading Arcane Blade in NIEKAS I came across a reference to Warrior of Llarn by Gardner F. Fox -- who is a St. John's alumnus. I also read the book -- a classic type novel which is by no means dull. I wrote him to be sure he was the same man. He says Warrior was the 45th book to see print. He also writes for comic books--DC publications, doing one comic book a week! Among these are Batman, Atom, Hawkman, Green Lantern, Flash, etc. Best regards, Ken



HARRIETT KOLCHAK 2330 N. Hancock St/Philadelphia Pa 19133

Noted the article on public libraries. If more of us, who could afford it, would donate books to them they would be only too happy to have them. J.B. Post just did this with one here in Phila. Of course there are those of us who are trying to get our own regular SF libraries. Forry Ackerman is dedicating his home for one on the coast, and we are planning on doing the same with ours here in Phila. As it stands they (Who?ERM) are already planning to use ours for a reference library next year. If we are to carry through with this plan, we will need much more aid. Right now we need aid in catalogueing the books, etc. We can't work out the fine points till we ascertain what we have to work on or with.

Best to all,  
Harriett

ARCHIE MERCER 70 Worrall Road/Bristol 8, U. K.

Your majesksys.

Is the cover, good though it is, supposed to represent morning or evening? Or doesn't it matter? Or what? Perhaps Felice would care to explain why she doesn't consider sociology to be a science. ((Experimental results are not reproducible)) Are "The Marchin' Barnacles" molluscs or geese? If the former, I suggest they get a spurt on. If the latter, a barnacle-geese-step is probably worth coming a few miles to watch. I'm damn sure I only understand half of the contents of the Dept. in question -- however, I console myself by reflecting that anybody who is mad, drills barnacles (either sort), and plays the bagpipes can't be entirely beyond redemption. Charles Rein, Jr. says he's going to talk about sword-and-sorcery, defines it, and is just beginning to get interesting when he stops abruptly and metamorphize into Felice's lower half. Which in itself is probably quite an accomplishment, but still. Aha -- we are getting somewhere, I think. The average Lithuanian name, you say, is probably a little longer than the average English one. The only three Lithuanian (or possibly Lettish) names I know are the three previously mentioned -- and two of them are entirely short enough to be "average" English names.

Archie.

JOHNNY CHAMBERS 3300 Cherry Ave/San Jose Cal

Felice, thanks for the hospitality, the issues of NIEKAS, hearing Carl's tapes, etc. You know, I'm beginning to feel that NIEKAS must be taken a little at a time. All at once it becomes a bit overwhelming, especially for me as I'm the editor of a fanzine too. (Another fandom -- comics. ERM) Cover was very good, and I seem to detect an R. E. Gilbert influence in the pen technique. Reading Bumbejimas I become more and more impressed with Carl Frederick, he's quite a wit and now he's a poet to match. . . . The Marchin' Barnacles was great, again Carl Frederick. As for the Glossary of Middle Earth terms, Al Halevy must have been crazy to even think of starting such a tremendous task, let alone completing it and doing a good job of it at that. That ATom illo on page 57 is fantastic! I love 15 page lettercols! Bacover was beautiful.

Johnny

RICK BROOKS R.R.#1/Fremont Ind 46737

I liked Sword at Sunset by Sutcliff. The best part of this outstanding book is the little poem by Francis Brett Young. It's not often that I find anything in poetry that I like, but this is definitely one of those. @@"A Glossary of Middle Earth" by Al Halevy is... words literally fail me. It is a massive labor of love and I appreciate this glossary to my favorite set of books very much. @@@ Tom Dupree's letter makes one wonder. So "The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao" and "Man With the X-Ray Eyes" were damned. Oh well, Hell must be one hell of a place. @@@ The discussion of math in the lettercol is interesting. I seriously doubt that I could get through a liberal arts college. On the other hand, Math and science usually come easy to me. The main exception at present being the Physics Dept. here. They seemed determined to weed out as many as they can. I didn't really believe all the stories I heard until I started taking Physics this quarter.

Rick

DEAN DICKENSHEET 1433, 8th Ave/San Francisco Cal 94122

I must admit that, curiously, I find, as I do in few fanzines, more of interest than disinterest in NIEKAS. In fact, I may have to add a special file box to my current three: "Anderson Fanzines", "Berman Fanzines" and "Miscellaneous Fan Material." Except for some blood-curdling technical gaffer, it is quite enjoyable.

It was rather startling to see the name of my friend Chris Steinbrunner. Chris is a magnificent Sherlockian (Investiture "The Hammerford Will Case"), practically holds one Scion Society together single-handed, publishes a series of excellent research works on Sherlock Holmes in films, and produces (or at least did) an annual Sherlockian adventure for Fordham University Radio. I somewhat remember a round of coffee-housing after the B. S. I. dinner in 1959 (as well as one can remember occurrences after a B. S. I. dinner), and Chris is definitely as remarkable in person as he is in correspondence.

I was happy to hear of the imminent publication of The Lord of the Rings in paperback; now even the casually interested amongst us may afford one. Al Halevy's "Glossary" will keep quite a few of us from going mad wading hip-deep in the more fog- (as in index) bound passages.





I don't particularly approve, however, of the illustrations, and specifically this one. I don't know when or whence these works will acquire their Paget, or Denslow, or N. C. Wyeth; but I wish they would soon, if only to give the fan artists something worthy to imitate.

It is difficult to establish whether Grace Warren (of the SF in the Public Library article) is actually in library work or not. (She is, FR) She appears to know much about some aspects of acquisition standards and little about others. I cannot agree with her at all concerning the "circulation life" of paperbacks; although the average paperback is sturdy enough for personal use, it is almost invariably ruined by even a semester's use as a textbook, while the detriments of "perfect" (!!!) binding, damp-damage propensities, thinness and shoddiness of paper, and theft potential render them eminently unsuitable to the school, let alone the public library. (There is a rebinding service available, but its \$1.50/volume cost is 250-300% of the cost of most SF paperbacks.)

The most-used reviewing source is the Virginia Kirkus Service (known in some quarters as The Virginal Carcase Service), the prejudices of which result in the author imbalance mentioned by Mrs. Warren.

A great advantage, and happily on the increase, is offered by an organization called McNaughton Library Service. This firm, which leases books on annual contract and replaces titles which no longer circulate, has a much more logical attitude toward Science Fiction, and by its nature overcomes the transitory circulation pattern of these books. Unfortunately these books provide only a supply of recent fiction, and seldom produce large permanent collections except in the cases of extremely popular titles.

I completely agree with the assessment of Astrid Anderson, who is one of the most delightful girl-children, children, and human beings that I know. Give her enough practice at book-reviewing and she'll be giving Tony Boucher a run for the money. And perseverance--two Perry Mason's at a gulp, and that's practically a life-time supply. Felice is quite wrong about "perfect" appearance in print; however; Astrid has not only contributed to K. & P. Anderson fanzines but published one of her own, SUNDOWN, in I believe the spring of 1962.

I just realized I wrote an entire LOC without commenting on NIEKAS -- nothing; therefore

a. What opera begins with nothing? (Faust?)

b. What symphonic work begins with nothing? (?!?!? Sounds like John Cage's stuff!)

Happy poorf-reading, Dean

COLIN R FRY % Hornchurch & Upminster Echo/138 Upminster Rd, Hornchurch/Essex, U. K.

A little quarrel with Boucher, though a belated one.

A correspondent in NIEKAS 10 disputed his assessment of a couple of Heinlein books. I haven't read the two in question, but I have read some Heinlein, and I can't agree with the high critical rating he gets from Boucher and many others. To me, he just appears to be a straightforward pulp writer of rather limited talent and not very original, or even good ideas. Apart from his technical ideas; but here we come to a very thorny question which I suppose will see me in a minority among SF readers.

Should SF be judged as technical ideas or as writing? I tend to judge everything I read by its literary qualities or lack of them; and if something seems to me to be badly written, I just can't read it. And an awful lot of Heinlein, Asimov, just bores me stiff. But then, you see, I never was much good at chemistry or physics or maths when I was at school. I was just good at English. Seems to me that there are an awful lot of SF writers who can't write, and they're writing for people who can't read.

That ought to make my name stink on both sides of the Atlantic.

May I suggest a little reading list of, in my opinion, good SF? And to me, "good SF" means well-written and reasonably original (though originality should lie first & foremost in treatment rather than in subject-matter...there are only a limited number of subjects for any kind of fiction). These are not necessarily in order of quality; they're just books I think are good.

Who? Algis Budrys (and many of his short stories, particularly "The Executioners")

The Island of Dr. Moreau is, in my arrogant opinion, probably the best and most original thing Wells ever wrote.

One David Carpenter

Player Piano and The Sirens of Titan Kurt Vonnegut (I have the feeling that, if I'd read it, I'd include Car's

Cradle as well.)

Hothouse Brian Aldiss (under par on plot and characterisation, but a brilliantly evoked atmosphere).

The Chrysalids (though an unsatisfactory ending) John Wyndham

A Canticle for Leibowitz Walter Miller

And there aren't very many others. I have purposely avoided fantasy. Oh yes, I must put in a word for the only thing I have ever read by Poul Anderson that makes the top grade: a brilliant short story called "Epilogue." Why has he never written anything else as good?

PS--I like your front covers.

Col. R. Fry

CHARLIE BROWN (with kibbitzing from Marsha) 2719 Morris Ave/Brnx NY 10468

NIEKAS 11 had some interesting stuff in it, but, unfortunately also quite a bit of garbage. I think I figured out the basic trouble with NIEKAS. It contains too damn much filler type stuff. You seem to feel that you must put out a huge and fill it up by using just about anything you get. Don't! A shorter zine containing just about half the stuff would read much better and would certainly leave a better impression. Remember -- *Diastat* *isn't* *hot/always* *like* as the concentration of a chemical in a solution gets lower its properties get weaker.



The artwork has improved tremendously (except for those fold-outs. Frankly, Ed, they are lousy. M) The Jerry Burge cover was excellent and the Randy Scott illus rang the bell with me. The back cover by Bjo was also fine. You've suddenly changed from a magazine with lousy artwork to one with good artwork.

If Felice is looking for some really good Dumas imitations, tell her to try H. Bedford Jones. He did a fine job in imitation and could really tell a rousing story also. Among other things, he finished a Dumas manuscript called D'Artagnon. The special first edition of this book is a fascinating collectors' item because each copy contained an original page from the handwritten Dumas manuscript. It was given away as a publicity stunt to readers of Adventure Magazine who could figure out where Dumas left off and Jones began. I wouldn't have won because even reading it now, I couldn't find any break in the thing. Some of the other titles by Jones are Cyrano, The Kings Passport (Cyrano versus D'Artagnon), The King's Pardon, Rodomont, Saint Michael's Gold (a poorer story, but still interesting), and The Black Bull (this one takes place in Italy and is probably the best of the lot). Of special interest to fantasy fans is The Seal of Solomon written under the pen name of Allan Harkwood -- a wild lost race story containing not one, but two lost races. The number of books Jones wrote under 15 or so pen names is really incredible.

Phil Dick's article was extremely interesting, but most of the others were just so much filler. Carl's four pages of crud just about turned my stomach. If you must use that many puns, can't you at least break them up and use them as filler at the bottoms of pages. Printed all together, they're just too damn overpowering. (I think we should print the puns all together, so that people who don't like them can skip them altogether.. Please, what are Jones' 15 pen names?!) It's amazing how much historical fiction is crud. For historical, read science fiction, western, detective, or anything else; maybe Sturgeon's law is too lenient. I'm having best luck in going back to the originals, such as Jaufray the Knight translated from an ancient Provençal lai. FR)

I'm afraid there's nothing good I can say about the sword & sorcery column. The author seems to think that writing consists of stringing out one idea into as many words as possible. (What was the one idea, pray tell? M.) The whole thing could have been condensed into a quarter of a page and then when you saw how little it contained, could have been skipped entirely. The letter column was extremely interesting -- as usual. Harry Warner is always fascinating. I don't think I've ever read a dull letter by him.

Thanks for printing the letter about Tolkien. It's a disappointment that the Silmarillion is still in the indefinite future -- if ever, but at least it stops the wondering.

I hope you put out the Glossary of Middle Earth in one volume as soon as possible. It's something that should be sitting on the shelf along with the books. It's pretty useless scattered through a batch of fanzines, but I guess that having it this way is better than not having it at all. (It will be published in book form eventually. ERM)

Au revoir. Charlie & Marsha

Pfc EARL E EVERS US51533159/269 Sig Co (Svc)/APO NY 09058

The cover on #11 is the best I've seen in a long time... "everything bites!" Quite a story -- are the two civilized shadow faces in the background ghost images of the savage "pair in the foreground? There's a whole "decline and fall" novel in the picture, all that would be necessary for a picture of the Fall instead of a mere fall would be an angel with a flaming sword somewhere on the slope of the mountain.... Definitely headed for a frame and a place on my wall... when I get a wall....

"Marchin' Barnacles" was all right -- some people aren't quite ~~all there~~ Tolkien fans.

"SF in the Public Library" -- Army libraries seem to have good SF collections, including a lot of the better anthologies and most of the hard covers as they appear. This trend seems to only go back about five years. Before that all they have are the usual public library offerings. I suppose they have decent SF collections because an Army library is more for entertainment than anything else, and "escape literature" is a mainstay rather than a taboo. A few of the troops even read the SF in the local library.

The Hannes Bok memorial made him sound like most outsiders' concept of an SF illustrator-turned-astrologer. And maybe he was. Guess the field has to have a stereotype or two; Bok, Lovecraft and Ray Palmer (for Coming to Believe the Crazy Stuff) just to balance the average guy-types most SF writers seem to be. (See Gincas for more about Bok -- maybe you'll get a clearer picture. FR)

"The Arcane Blade" -- Why read (or write) Sword & Sorcery stories? Well, if you get a kick out of adventure and heroism and romance and have a large capacity to suspend belief, you can stimulate your sense of wonder direct, without worrying much about the background dragging the story down to retain plausibility. The whole world is created to let adventures be adventurous and heroes heroic and anything goes. So for readers with a sense of wonder, S&S is a shot of literary heroin. And now where are you, Poul, Sprague, JRRT... Won't somebody write me a fix?

Faaannishly, Earl

RUTH BERMAN 5620 Edgewater Blvd/Minneapolis Minn 55417

Felice, I don't think I'd quite agree with you that Sword at Sunset is "on a par" with The King Must Die, but the distance between them is not much more than you'd find with two sardines. It may be I place it second only because it is second chronologically -- Miss Sutcliffe seems to have borrowed a lot of the techniques for treating Arthur from Miss Renault's treatment of Theseus. I don't think her characterizations are quite as vivid as Miss Renault's. Of course, she has to contend with many more re-tellings of her myth (and by greater authors: Malory, etc.). Sword at Sunset is far better than any other book by Miss Sutcliffe I've read; the others are a blur in my memory, and each blurs from the moment that I finish it so that I cannot tell one from another. Because her other books resemble each other so much, I don't think I'd recommend them for those "interested in stories about ancient Britain" except as pleasant time-killers. Have you



read Puck of Pook's Hill and its sequel, Farewell Rewards and Fairies, by Rudyard Kipling? They satisfy both our love of fantasy and our love of stories about Britain's past.

I like much of the mathematical jokes by Carl Frederick and Poul Anderson.

The battering-ram in the Tolkien-illo is impressive, but I go along with that majority you mention who disagree with the artist's conception of Orcs. These look too scrawny, even if Orcs were a twisted version of elves. Minor correction on Al Halevy's second entry on Beregon, "tried to rescue Faramir" implies failure. It might be better phrased: "He left his post on guard to rescue Faramir.... Aragorn banished him from Minas Tirith as the city's laws required, for leaving his post, but made him Captain of the White Company." Pause to murmur Shades of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle--the White Company?

Best Ruth Berman

PAUL E. HEMMES 1511 Tuttle Rd/Ionia Mich 48846

Felice, the first robin of spring that I saw was a round robin in the mail box. @#@ Altho "The Marchin' Barnacles" was hilarious this ish, I was disappointed. I was hoping that Frederick would continue with the satire in #9. It was a disappointment and I am wondering if he WILL continue with the satire? I much prefered that one. (Carl keeps promising to send me a continuation, but hasn't yet. ERM) @#@ Philip K Dick's article was excellent to be sure! Anyhow, the first part was, The man scares me. I have been asking myself lately, "Am I or am I not schizophrenic?" And just how do you get hold of the book of changes. (Phil owns two different translations, at least one of which is still in print. I believe it is published by Dover. ERM)

HORACE D WESTBROOKS P. O. Box 252/Griffin Georgia 30223

Unusual cover on the front! Is it supposed to be the Garden of Eden? Reminds me of one of the old-time "puzzles" popular about 40 years ago. @#@ Felice -- yes, it is generally acknowledged that first class mail pays for itself. The rub is that the other classes of mail do not pay, including the rate you use to mail me copies of NIEKAS! Airmail also pays for its load.

Goot nite Horace D Westbrooks

STEVE PERRIN (no address on letter & envelope lost)

The cover of N11 reminds me of a similar piece Virgil Finlay did which was printed in the special portfolio Nova Press put out in 1953. The sheer evil emanating from those woods, contrasted with (1) the serene, peaceful face intermixed with the right-hand foliage, (2) the profile just below that, and (3) the implied rightness and splendor of the castle on the hill, makes a composition which, if nothing else, is powerful. You know what it reminds me of, as well? It looks like it might be a scene from the world of Escoré from Three Against the Witch World. It has the same balance of good and evil.

Another novel dealing with the story of Artos (the Bear) is a thing by Henry Treece called, I believe, the Pagan Chiefs. It's rather heavy reading (all bulk, no content) but it does give another picture of the Arthurian legends. It also gives you quite a puzzle trying to find Lancelot, Merlin, Mordred, and the others among the complicated names. I think myself that the characters of Lancelot and Mordred were combined into one character, but I'm not all sure.

I've enjoyed Hannes Bok on many occasions, as he had an other-world style which usually suited exactly the pieces he was illustrating or the "mood" of the magazine. But where did that truly horrific illo by Randy Scott come from? It is that sort of situation which is horror, not witches and vampires or other esoteric phenomena. This particular illustration of the man attacked by the rodents keeps staying in my mind.

About the one really good "fantasy" film I've seen was "Baron Munchausen" at the Pacificon. The "Time Machine" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" were fair. I'm not an authority on films, but you might say I'm something of one on acting, and the quality of acting in the general run of scifi movies is very poor.

I'm afraid I have to claim sociology is science. It's a growing one, as yet not fully formed, but it is a science. You can predict from it with a reasonable degree of accuracy, providing you have all the facts that bear, and that's what makes a science in my book. @#@ James Ashe does have a point when he says that modern SF no longer provides much in the way of thought stimulation, but I fail to see much thought stimulus in something like Mission of Gravity, either. Adventure tales with science (as in physics and such) as a base, or adventure tales with sociology (which is still a science, remember) as a base; what's the difference? They're still adventure stories.

I know what Michael Viggiano means about being scared away from Tolkien by the glossaries and such put out. After looking at the one in XERO which Lin Carter did, I was put off of Tolkien for quite a while. It just seemed like too much trouble. Actually, it's easily one of the most readable sword & sorcery works around, far easier to follow than Michael Moorcock, say.

Impression I got about Harlan Ellison was that he'd long since given up fighting the good fight for Quality and Beauty in Visual Science Fiction and just settled down to earning enough bread to get him out of Hollywood. Can't say I blame him.

I like NIEKAS. It's readable, literate, perceptive, and, most important of all, a newcomer can start reading without feeling he's breaking into a family reunion or something. It does help to have as small a previous acquaintance with scifi fandom as I have had, but I like to think that someone with just a reading knowledge of pro science fiction could sort of dive in and come up with enough to make his reading worth while.

Yours, Steve.



ROBIN WOOD 375 Day St./San Francisco Cal 94131

The cover... wild. It looks like my old air force room in Georgia early in the morning just after a wild party during a surprise inspection.... All those eyes--I can't make up my mind if I'm looking at the cover, or it's looking at me.... #@@ "A Glossary of Middle Earth" is almost enough to scare someone. There seem to be enough characters in this one section alone to populate half a dozen novels, with enough leftover for a couple of Biblical movies.

Robin Wood

DAVE SZUREK 6328 Perkins St/Detroit Mich 48216

Awful glad to have ordered N11. It was everything I had heard and more. Artwork was exceptionally outstanding. For hell's sake though, who on Earth gives a damn about the California Educational system? Felice Rolfe's daffodils? The Gondoliers? Ben Rolfe's filling up ditches? These subjects undoubtedly would be okay in correspondence but in a fanzine? I know that yours isn't the only one that does this, but that doesn't make it any better. Need I say more on that matter? I think not, lest I be more attacking than criticizing. #@@ Sorry that I missed John Baxter's film article, but from the lettercol it appears that I might agree with him. There are quite a lot of SF flicks of merit, although unfortunately, quite a lot of meritless ones too. But the serious SF enthusiast repeatedly turns his nose up at them. There's bad SF books too, in case you didn't know it, and many of these have even been "in." Brave New World for instance. Genuine SF? Hah! Pornography with a protective film over it, I say! Got a kick out of E.E. Evers' remarks concerning this. How true.

Dave Szurek

BILL GLASS 20539 Gresham/Canoga Park, Cal

I'm glad to see that some people actually saw "The Time Travelers" and think it one of the best SF movies to come along in eight years, as I do. I saw it with "The First Man in the Moon" as the main feature. FMitM was disappointing. TT, because of its bad advertising, I thought would be a B-quickie. But it had good acting, good special effects, a good plot, and good photography. It's the first time I have seen an SF film applauded. I don't think that anyone breathed in the last half hour of the film. As a cynical friend remarked, he would have actually paid to have seen it if he had known it was that good. #@@ Tom Dupree must not read YANDRO, for in #133 E. E. Evers had a laudatory review of "The Man with X-Ray Eyes" entitled "Look, Ma! A Good SF movie!"

It seems as if Orcs cause trouble to artists. I certainly don't like Bill Reynold's interpretation of same. I may be prejudiced, but I prefer the Orc my brother does in his comic-book form adaptation of the "Bridge of Khazad-Dum" in I Palantir 4, and I don't think it's perfect by any means!

'Til a hobbit basketball team beats the Harlem Globetrotters, I remain translucently yours. Bill Glass

ROBERT COULSON Route 3/Hartford City Ind 47348

I'm still not at all sure what this Glossary of Middle Earth is for. So Adrahil is the father of Finduilas -- so what? When it comes right down to it, who cares? (And if someone does, then why do they care?) I will admit that some books are so terribly complicated that a glossary is a big help in understanding what's going on, but The Lord of the Rings isn't one of them. I have tried desperately to understand why anyone would use so much of such a precious commodity as spare time on an undertaking like this, and I've failed utterly. So I'd appreciate a reason or two. (I'll even accept "mental doodling" as a reason, tho in that case I'd be terribly envious of the time Al must have for such relaxation.)

One solution to the problem of stf in libraries is to turn out more librarians from the ranks of fandom. Grace Warren sounds like a librarian; I know at least three other fans who are librarians of one sort or another, but as I recall, none of them is in a position to influence the purchase of SF books. And a couple of teen age fans have said that they want to become librarians. Now if you would run a series in NIEKAS on "careers for fans," emphasizing library work (quiet, plenty of time for reading, less intimate human contact than is demanded in medicine or law or sales or even engineering) we might turn out a whole generation of fan librarians and thus influence the entire future of the nation.

Howcome Tom Dupree gets double coverage? (ULP! Well, I guess things like that will happen when Felice gives me typed stencils to run off about once a week and she is in the middle of the lettercol. The half-finished letter accidentally got back in with the untyped ones, and we hadn't noticed until you pointed it out to us. ERM)

So the recipient of an award lends prestige to it -- so what? I can well see that Harlan, as a writer and possible recipient, could benefit from added prestige (and I have no objection to Harlan's dissatisfaction with the award-dropping, only with his means of expressing it). But Harlan seems to want it, with or without added prestige; and I am curious to know why Al Lewis thinks that fandom, or a fan award, needs added prestige in the "outside" world. I agree with you that it isn't apt to receive it in either event, so the question is academic, but why should it be desired? Why should anyone belong to fandom, presumably as a hobby and a place of relaxation where the prestige and status and pressure of the outside world can be abandoned -- and then try his best to import pressure and status-seeking to the hobby-area? If Al wants to give awards that have prestige and status and Meaning to the general populace, let him join the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and talk them into giving a drama award.

Buck.

SETH A JOHNSON 339 Stiles St./Vaux Hall NJ 07088

Felice, have you seen the Math section of Doubleday Dorans executive training course? Just arithmetic, but something that might tie in with your own projected textbook in a very interesting way. #@@ Charles Rein writes an interesting column although I don't particularly agree with his definition of Sword and Sorcery. I would classify Tolkien as



"Gothic" while S&S would be of the nature of Moorcock, Conan and Leiber. #@@# Ashe's letter was the most interesting in the lettercol. I'd sort of like to see your book, Felice, if and when it's finally published although I take 'for granted it would be completely over my head. (I hope not--that isn't the idea. FR) #@@# Trouble with Campbell was not that he tried to bridge the gap between scientists and the public but that he left the public behind and got illusions that his Analog was read by none but scientists and engineers and the scientific stuff became incomprehensible to the average fan or reader. Judging from the response to FCH I suspect a good 50% of the readers are high school students and college freshmen/rather than PhD or Masters level as Campbell seemed to think. #@@# Pickering's poem was good. #@@# Was the drawing on page 63 copied from another fanzine or did another fan use your illo for his cover? (Haven't noticed another appearance of this illo, but I got it direct from the artist. I imagine he simply drew two similar illos and submitted them to two different zines. ERM) #@@# Harry Warner has aroused an avid desire to hear "The Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk." I wonder though how the heck you pronounce Mtsensk. #@@# Oh, and who was Livermore? How about a short biography or something in next NIEKAS. (I'm not sure whether Livermore is a name, or a reference to its being in the best white wine district in the country; Joe calls it "Liverless" sometimes. FR::: I believe it was named, along with this valley, after an early settler here. ERM)

Fanatically yours, Seth A Johnson

BANKS MEBANE 6901 Strathmore St./Chevy Chase Md 20015

I liked the covers for and aft and most of the interior artwork, although some of it was almost invisible--pale green ink on cerise paper doesn't add a thing to the drawings. I didn't like Bill Reynold's interpretation of the orcs in the fold-out, but then I haven't liked anyone's pictures of orcs. The mathematical things on p.10 and elsewhere are a real gas. I'm glad you followed George Scithers' suggestions and started using mostly black ink on the text--now how about doing it on the pictures too? The paper is colorful enough.

Ed, your New York Xmas trip sounds exhausting. How many weeks back at work did it take you to rest up? Felice, I like Mayhem House and your way of writing in general--you manage to make fascinating reading out of daffodils, road construction and turkey dinners. God knows how. I don't agree with you about Tryst though; I read it and found it maudlin rather than charmingly tender, and I think the "teenage" rack is just where it belongs (and my apologies to any teenagers who wouldn't be caught dead at the teenage rack).

This installment of Al's glossary is excellent, and seems to have been written less hurriedly than the previous parts. I didn't spot any errors or major omissions, and very little that I can quarrel with, although I do object to the singular use of plural words like Dunedain and Rohirrim. Another name used for Aragorn was Thorongil (which means the Eagle of the Star). Presumably Queen Beruthiel will appear in the listing of elves, since her name sounds elvish, but she could be mortal since all we know about her is that she kept cats. #@@# I hope that in future columns Charles Rein will do more, meaty writing about S&S, and less listing of titles and rhetorical flourishes.

James Ashe: You're right that SF is becoming non-science fiction--it seems to be joining the other side of C. P. Snow's two cultures, and there is even a growing anti-scientific feeling among some of its better practitioners, while many of the newer writers seem to be scientifically ignorant. Actually SF ought to be one of the possible bridges between the two cultures, but it shows no sign of fulfilling that role now. Billy Pettit: Years ago Fran Laney did a glossary of the Cthulhu Mythos from the works of Lovecraft and others. It was published in the Arkham House book Beyond the Wall of Sleep. Harry Warner: Tolkien's use of Nain was no accident. The following names he used appear for dwarfs in Nordic mythology (taken from A Dictionary of Non-Classical Mythology by Egerton Sykes): Dain, Dori, Durin, Fili, Fundin, Gandalf (I), Kili, Nain, Nali, Nar, Nori, Oinn (sic), Ori, Thorin, Thrór. (Lin Carter did a 3 part artical for XERO tracing the sources of the names used by Tolkien. ERM)

VALE Banks

PAUL G HERKART 25 Palmer Sq, West/Princeton NJ 08540

I too notice the paucity of fictional matter. There is room for zines of this type so that this is not a really serious defect. One must be careful not to degenerate into gossip and only gossip. NIEKAS is good but nevertheless the line not to be passed is visible.

I'd like to add to the math comments. I learned math many years ago, at a time when it was possible to apply physical intuition to the process. The derivative was a rate, the integral was a sum, differential equations were equations involving rates, accelerations, and potentials. Partial differential equations were visualized in terms of the diffusion of heat or of wave motions of one sort or another, and differential geometry could be generalized from ordinary geometry. There were defects in this scheme, recognized even when it was being taught to me.

Nowadays math is based on set theory, and taught from that viewpoint. This is quite abstract, and no doubt better math, but it is much more difficult to follow and to relate to reality. The form that the mathematician uses does not add anything to the learnability at all. Everything is phrased in a very precise mathematical jargon that is defined to take care of the last exception and suffers as a result in not presenting the general picture very clearly. You cannot see the field for the fences. (You mean the ideal field is ringed with a group of fences? ERM)

A science fiction fan naturally is interested in space and cosmology, and for a person also interested in math differential geometry is a natural thing to dabble in. Some years ago I read Levi-Civita, Eisenhart, Eddington, Schouten, and others on related topics. Then last year I decided that the time had come to brush up on recent goings on in the field. Taking the mathematical point of view I bought Busemann's The Geometry of Geodesics (a geodesic is the shortest path between two points). The first few pages stopped me cold. The language was completely different from that I know. Then I bought Helgason's Differential Geometry and Symmetric Spaces. Same problem. You have manifolds. Then you have charts on the manifolds. "An open chart on M is a pair (U,  $\phi$ ) where U is an open subset of M and  $\phi$  is a homeomorphism of U onto an open subset of  $\mathbb{R}^m$ ." So we need to know set theory. Another interesting point: A derivation of A is such that



$D(fg) = f(Dg) + g(Df)$ . (A is the set of all functions that this is true of, and which satisfy other necessary requirements). So here the process of taking a derivative of a function by the long process of limits that we learned in calculus is avoided by a definition. Thought will show you that the result has to be the same in both cases with superior generality to the method of definition. Some of the requirements that the function  $f$  must satisfy go back to set theory and topology of sets, so there we are again.

I then acquired several books in this field, among them being Naive Set Theory which Felice has already mentioned, Introduction to Topology and Modern Analysis by Simmons, and Topology by Hocking & Young. The particular aspects that I was interested in were the definitions concerning sets of points and the sort of spaces that can be formed on them. Points are rather interesting. How many points can you get between two other points? Well, this depends upon the rules, that is the topology, of the sets and subsets of points that you permit yourself to be interested in. There is a whole set of successively stronger "trennungsaxioms" concerning the topology of topological spaces. In a  $T_0$  space of two points at least one is not a limit point of the other. For example the set of all integers is under some conditions a  $T_0$  space. The points are well isolated. A  $T_2$  or Hausdorff space is such that for each two points at least a closed set of points separates them. Quite a bit more continuity here, and the Hausdorff space is already quite general. For a  $T_4$  space if there are two unconnected closed sets of points then there exists two unconnected open sets of points, one containing one closed set and the other containing the second closed set. A  $T_4$  space is called a normal space. Normal here refers to the types and numbers of functions that can be defined on the space, but it also means normal in the sense that these spaces begin to have some properties that surround us because of the space we live.

Well, enough's enough. I can only decipher so much of this stuff at a time and then I have to give it up and write a letter to a fanzine.

Yours, Paul

(I quite agree with you that it's unwise to neglect the intuitive approach. I took a math statistics course, something for which I have no feel, and found it damned frustrating. I formed a solid dislike of the subject because of it. Of course intuition breaks down--if it worked every time, who'd need proofs? But it's sure a big help. ER)

AL JACKSON 3735 West Bay Circle/Dallas 18 Texas

John Baxter's restatement of the problem of science fiction films drives home their most damning feature; they are not science fiction. They are for the most part merely science drama. There is very little of the substance of contemporary SF in them. This is most evident when one considers the most overriding characteristic they have; they are almost always placed in the present or have some connection with the present. Consider for example two current films. "First Man in the Moon" is told as a flashback and "The Time Travelers" as a kind of flashfront. The whole idea of futuristic SF, so familiar to us, seems totally beyond the comprehension of Hollywood.

Strangely enough, there is a type of movie whose plight parallels that of the quasi-SF-movie, the ancient history film epic (by this I do not mean the Italian spear and sandle muscle-spasms which are know-nothing cinema). For, oh so long, Hollywood only made Bible epics. I suppose they considered this closest to the heart of the American masses (ugh!) It really wasn't until the last decade that we had the first few films where even the word "Christian" wasn't mentioned. (The Egyptians and Romans, like the American Indians, have become special heroes for me because they seem to have always been portrayed as antagonists.) The late 50's and early 60's brought at least a few non-Bible epics, Standly Kubric's "Spartacus" being the most noble effort.

The most crippling feature of these movies is that history is not treated incidentally. The whole setting of the Roman Empire and its culture should merely be the canvas for the drama instead of a large gleaming plastic shell for bored extras. There is no reason on Earth that historical integrity should be bad box-office.

Science should be taken out of the so-called SF movie and put into the canvas of the cinema where the drama takes place. The trouble is, of course, that few in Hollywood, especially executive producers, know or care much about modern SF. Or even when they are aware of it they show unwarranted fear for their profits. SF, especially of the action-adventure type, shouldn't be any more puzzling for the public than a James Bond film.

Yet what would happen if by the sheerest idiot turn of fate the great SF works were turned into beautiful and honest cinema, that boomed at the box office? The black horror of that is beyond comprehension. (?!? ERM)

/Aside; Ib Melchoir's production of "The Time Traveler" is punk, falling into all the old cliches. I suggest that "Robinson Crusoe on Mars" be substituted as the best of the decade. Comparatively, that is. It is still not good SF.7

Al

PETER WHITE 75 Ashley Rd/Epsom, Surrey, U. K.

Felice Rolfe's article is really great--every bit as witty and amusing as the American female should be: Out of the cradle, endlessly talking. #@# Nirvana set in after only a page or two of Philip K Dick's article, and I guess that this piece of writing alone would be enough to kill off Carl Frederick's computer named Fred.

Peter White

WE

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Bob Sheridan, Frank Wilimczyk, Amelia Ahlstrom, Horace Westbrook again ("The Glossary of Middle Earth still appears cooky to me. Is it intended to be slightly on the humorous side to tickle readers?" (No, the Glossary is a serious effort to make some of the references in The Lord of the Rings by Tolkien more access-



ible. FR)), Terry Jeeves ("By and large the only artwork I liked was by Alton & Ojo, the one on the cover, though the cover was very skillfully done."), Pete Weston, William J Reynolds ("The Bok article only arouses wonder at the loss of his contemporaries, ie, Dolgov (remember Dobokov?), Rogers, Schneeman, and the never developed potential of the 'Future Combined' S. Maske ("As perskaiciu tavo 'NIEKAS. Daug geru straipsniu yra, bet..."), Glenn Lord (POBox 775, Pasadena Texas 77501: "Any rumors/information on any R. E. Howard papers (letters, etc) in your neighborhood? Reason I ask is that E. Hoffman Price received the bulk of the papers from the defunct R. E. Howard Memorial Collection around late 1944 or early 1945--including about 500 pp of letters, REH to HPL. He seems to have loaned these out, with the consequence that many did not return. My interest is not only as a collector, but now as the sole representative of the R. E. Howard Estate."), Finn Jannick Storm Jørgensen, Michael Ward, Bob Brown, Ned Brooks, Earl Schulz (I liked Glory Road. All these cries of 'lousy story' and 'poor plot' I will answer with quiet disdain. In my opinion Glory Road is an exceptionally readable book--like most of Heinlein's works--from start to finish), George Scithers again, who ended with "Stay (fairly) wicked", Beryl Henley ("Autumn's End" was the best thing in N10, for me. It has a sort of unmistakably feminine stamp on it."), Jurgen Wolff, Cynthia Goldstone, Greg Shaw ("One 'g', please! An answer to Carl Frederick: All you nasty Tolkien haters, /And you critics and beraters/Should be thrown to alligators, /But I've a better fare for you, Burroughs loving Juveniles, /You are also in my files;/But instead of crocodiles, /You'll go with the others too, /When the mighty king in Gondor/Finally gives his fateful order/You'll all be carried off to Mordor/To be placed in Sauron's stew. Elves and Hobbits, Dwarves and Orcs, /All will bring their knives and forks/And they'll give you fools the works/I wish I could be there too...." for a complete parody of Carl's bit of verse in the last issue. But I'm afraid that the remainder misses Carl's point even more widely.), and John Boardman who promised a real LOC Real Soon Now and mentioned the rucus in NY over the Kurt Wolf von Borries statue of Moses as a current example of German anti-Semitism, plus a couple dozen people who simply sent sticky nickles. Also, I'm half-afraid that an LOC or two might have gotten lost in the total chaos my home is now in--apologies if I missed yours! ERM

## BUMBEJIMAS

concluded from page 8

mean-while a reprieve from the death-sentence he was under has arrived and he is free to drop his disguise. As she is waiting for him in the wedding procession he has Lord Cholimondeley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, come out and announce "Hold, pretty one! I bring thee news--good or ill, it is for thee to say. Thy husband lives--and he is free, and comes to claim his bride this very day." She breaks down and collapses, and he steps out saying "All thought-of Leonard Meryll set aside. Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride." She doesn't recognize him as also being Meryll and pleads for mercy. "Mine is a heart of massive rock, unmoved by sentimental shock." He continues to tease her in like manner for a while before finally revealing his double identity. The quoted words sound bad enough, but to see the way the actor played this on the stage makes clear that in reality he is the greatest villain created by Gilbert, and no redeeming characteristics reveal themselves.

As I said above, a parallel to this exists in the case of Teresa, but here the operetta is clearly a comedy with no tragic overtones. Alfredo loves Teresa but she considers herself too good for him and spurns all his advances. On the other hand when his attentions wander elsewhere she is angry at the blow to her vanity so she feigns mad love for him, intending to drop the act and ridicule him as soon as his attentions return to her. Ultrice loves Alfredo and is responsible for their getting the magic potion which makes him love her, and makes Teresa what she is pretending...madly in love with him. After many complications Teresa is about to kill herself in despair over her now real but unrequited love but Ultrice takes pity on her and breaks the spell. It ends with Teresa and Alfredo going off hand in hand despite the fact that while she is a stinker Ultrice is a good person, and anyhow the spell was broken so she is presumably no longer in love with the hero. I suppose it's simply a matter of a plain contralto never being able to win out over a beautiful soprano in operetta.

You might question the appropriateness of my looking so closely at the content of a light opera. Well, "Yeomen of the Guard" has valid characterization thruout and is not inhabited by cliches. If no other opera, then at least this one has characters who are most emphatically worth looking into in detail. This is as close as they came to doing a grand opera together, tho they did do a cantata (Martyr of Antioch) and Sullivan did an opera with Julian Sturgis, "Ivanhoe."

I have seen several references in the Gilbert & Sullivan Journal to a "G&S operetta" called "Engaged" with rather puzzled me for I only knew of a play by Gilbert alone of that title. I recently talked to Tony Boucher about this and found out what the score is. While Gilbert's play was not fabulously great, it was the best comedy of its type from that era...one weak for comedies. On the other hand, his libretto for "The Grand Duke" is awful while Sullivan did some wonderful music for that. Anyhow, someone recently took the play and the music and reworked them to fit one to the other, thus creating a "new" G&S operetta. Tony hasn't seen this one, but saw a similar attempt put together about 40 years ago and said that had been very good. It was a way of possibly rescuing from obscurity some good comedy and some good music which wouldn't otherwise be performed. Dean Dickensheet mentioned that he heard D'Oyly Carte was contemplating issuing a recording of this while they have never recorded "Grand Duke."

I've often mentioned the Lamplighters in these pages and perhaps I ought to say a bit about them and their nature. They are a G&S repertoire company producing nothing but G&S year round. They do 3 or 4 operettas a year and so take about 2.5 years to go thru the complete cycle of standards. (They once did "Utopia Ltd" and "The Sorcerer" many years ago, and tho they tried to schedule "Sorcerer" several times since I became acquainted with them they never could drum up enough interest within the cast to be able to put it on.) They are a semi-professional group, and all volunteer their labor. They have their own theater, a converted movie-house near the Golden Gate Panhandle, which was probably once a Vaudeville house. They are very good, and have developed some quite experienced G&S singers who have been with them for a number of years. (The group is now in its 13th year.) In fact, as I said before in these pages Tony Boucher has remarked that June Wilkins is the best contralto he has ever seen in the Katishaw/Little Buttercup/Lady Jane etc role, including the D'Oyly Carte stars. After seeing Gillian Knight this Winter I must agree with him...June is better.



The Lamplighters have just merged with the "Opera West Foundation" and will alternate opera in English with G&S. Their first operatic production will really be an operetta, Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" opening July 10th. (The SF Opera also has this scheduled, in English, as part of their Fall season.) We will hold a small party for this on July 24th, and have ordered only 42 tickets. In September they will do Patience which we will probably see about Oct 1st, they will do "Amahl & the Night Visitors" for one week in December which we will probably skip, two unannounced one-act operas in January (one might be Puccini's great comedy, "Gianni Schicchi... I hope it is for I'm dying to see that in English) and Pirates in late February.

To close this all too long and weary essay on Gilbert & Sullivan, let me mention that in the last few days I finally got around to picking up a phonograph of reasonable quality (Dual 1009 turntable, Fisher TX-200 amplifier, and Koss ear-phones) and have been listening to my few G&S record albums as I type these stencils... the complete (with Dialogue) "Iolanthe", "Utopia Ltd" and "Mountebanks", and excerpts of "Pirates." Now that I can play these without fear of ruining them I hope to get complete albums of most of the other operas.

I currently have 5 books which I find most useful... Martyn Green's Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan which has detailed notes on the operas and anecdotes on their staging, the Modern Library edition of the librettos which has those three not in the Green book, F. L. Moore's Handbook of Gilbert & Sullivan which has a lot of information in convenient form, the magnificent The Gilbert & Sullivan Book by Leslie Baily (2nd edit), and what is probably a definitive edition of Bab's Ballads & Songs of a Savoyard containing 267 songs and poems and 350 "Bab" illos. At this point I still want to get The First Night Gilbert & Sullivan for the original versions of the librettos, The Gilbert & Sullivan Dictionary, which does for G&S more or less what Halevy is doing for Tolkien, and Terence Rees' book Thespis which supposedly traces all of the available information on that first collaboration which has since been lost.

### OF TOLKIENISH THINGS

I suppose that few readers are now unaware of the Ace pocket book edition of Lord of the Rings at 75¢ the volume, and have heard various rumors about it being a "pirate" edition. Don Wollheim was in town a few days ago and Emil Petaja had a party in his honor, so I took advantage of the opportunity to get the full story.

Well, it turns out that, as in the case of some Burroughs books, through a publisher's oversight the books are in the public domain, Ace recently discovered this fact, and was the first to take advantage of it. Until a few years ago the law was thus: if a book is published in England it is covered by common law copyright for 18 months after which it goes into the public domain if it is not registered. Wollheim speculated that the publishers never figured the book would be popular here and simply didn't bother registering it. More than 18 months after publication in England they shipped a few hundred sets of sheets over here for binding and sale at which time it was too late to register it, and discovered that they had a runaway success on their hands. This is Don's theory as to why it was never copyrighted. In the meantime the US finally signed the Berne Convention so nothing like this can happen again.

According to Don, the other Don, Don Benson of Pyramid Books, has been phoning Houghton Mifflin every few months to try to get rights to the 3 volumes for several years, but was always turned down. I always imagined that there was no paperback edition simply because the hardcover one was still selling so well, but Wollheim speculated that H-M held out because they had nothing to sell... i.e., there were no "rights" to the books... and that if others realized this they would publish without any clearance whatsoever. In other words, they were holding back simply to keep word from getting out about the public-domain status. I and others had noticed and wondered at the lack of a copyright notice in the books for some years but simply never made inquiries on the matter. Apparently no publisher had ever noticed it, either. When the first volume appeared from Ace Wollheim got a call from Benson asking how in the @#%\$ he had managed to swing the deal. DW claimed "trade secret" and said DB would find out in a few weeks.

Well, the dam has been broken and now there will undoubtedly be other editions too. Don said he believed Signet would be bringing it out in the fall, and I just got FOCAL POINT #10 carries the news that Ballantine is bringing out an "authorized" edition soon, possibly with some new material. Bruce Pelz told me a while back, when the news of the impending publication first broke, that someone in LA had heard of a British paperback edition to be done in six volumes, the first one being ready. I have no further details, but Bruce mentioned at the time that the news had been published in APA L.

And yes, the rumors are true that Ace is paying neither Tolkien nor his publishers any form of "courtesy" amount, but are merely taking and publishing the books. Don murmured some things about Ace's director Wyn being a practical businessman. Apparently some form of payment will be made by Ballantine, since they have an "authorization" whatever that means. I will be looking forward to the appearance of their first volume in order to get this all cleared up. What I find interesting is the almost simultaneous appearance of a British paperback edition. There the copyright is valid and will continue to be so until, I believe, 50 years after the author's death. One would almost think that George Allen & Unwin got wind of the impending U. S. pb edition and hastily made arrangements for a British one, but this doesn't make sense for the U. S. cannot be legally imported into Britain, or even Canada.

One cannot help but speculate about "might have beens." Had the books been copyrighted properly here, would there have been a pb edition long ago? If not, then even though I consider it a great shame that Professor Tolkien is getting no payment for the use of his creation I am glad Ace took the plunge and that all this happened. Now the book will be available to a far greater market than ever.

Don remarked that he expected Ace to keep the books in print indefinitely, but as a prestige item. He felt it would be very many years before they went into the black on them, but that this was getting the Ace line into many places such as college bookstores which they had never been able to enter before. Thus the books would help sales of other titles and pay their keep that way. The books are getting quite limited distribution, mostly in college towns. I have heard that they appeared on a few large Berkeley newsstands and got general distribution in S. F., but are otherwise unavailable in the Bay Area. I inquired at Livermore's only magazine store, which sells about 100 copies a month of all the SF magazines, but they were unable to get it.

If they are not being distributed in your area and you are curious about their appearance, all have covers by Jack



Gaughan. I was bothered by one for it showed the Nazgul riding bat-winged Pegeses while Tolkien himself described them as monsters left over from a previous age and having long snake-like necks. Most fan-artists have interpreted these as impossibly large Pterodactyls. Volume one has the map of the shire from the original, but not in color, while the fold-out maps do not appear in the first two volumes. I only saw a proof copy of the cover of the third volume, not the book itself, but I understand that there will be a greatly reduced version of one or both fold-out maps in it. Each volume also has a title-page drawing by Jack Gaughan; the first is based somewhat on the d/w of the US hardcover edition.

While on this subject, I might mention the New York Tolkien Society founded by Dick Plotz,  
159 Marlborough Rd  
Brooklyn NY 11226. I just

received the first issue of their newsletter, a one page mimeographed thing announcing the formation and ends of the club. I understand that the founder is unfamiliar with fandom, and that several fans had seen an advertisement he placed in a newspaper or magazine and contacted him. Anyhow, he got my address from Fred Lerner which is why he sent me the circular. If you're interested, drop him a note.

## HAS ANYONE NOTICED

that the first digest sized issue of Analog Science Fact - Science Fiction was retitled Analog Science Fiction - Science Fact? I would say someone was emphasizing the "fact" while trying to get adds, and presumably switched to the fiction, which presumably sells the mag, after giving up were it not the case that both terms are equally prominent on the cover. But the timing of the switch was interesting.

## AUSTRALIAN TIME SLIP

Phil Dick recently mentioned that the "Bleekmen" (Martian natives) in his novel Martian Time Slip were patterned after the Australian aborigines. Absolutely everything was made the same -- except for a minor change or two necessitated by the Martian local. For instance, the Australian aborigine's carry water in ostrich eggs on their treks across the desert, and Phil Dick's Bleekmen use "paka" eggs. This fact is acknowledged by Phil in the very name he gave his Martian aborigines; Bleeker was one of the major ethnologists working with the Australian aborigines. Every artifact known to be possessed by the Australians was attributed to the Martians -- no more and no less.

## LAST ISH ED WOOD

reviewed Walter Cole's Anthology Checklist and complained about a number of features and errors. I noticed a number of peculiarities myself. Of course one expects trouble when a story has a typographically quaint title like Evelyn E Smith's

D  
A  
BAXBR  
B  
R

In one section (1962-3 suppliment, pg 321) this is entered under D while in another (main section, pg 96) under B.

But I was annoyed, for instance, when abridged reprints were often listed as if they were complete. In fact, in the case of From Unknown Worlds, it was the contents of the abridged, British, edition that was listed. The U.S. edition had one additional story, "One Man's Harp," which is not listed by Cole. In general, no mention was made as to which stories were left out of abridged anthologies. I think it would have been most helpful to include this information via footnotes or something... say that asterisked stories are missing from the pb. edition.

But particularly bad is the format of the listing by anthology. These are listed by editor, but his name is not given at the top of the page. Thus, let us say you are looking for an anthology by Derleth, and you open the book to page 30. You see "Invaders of Earth," and if you don't know who edited that you don't know whether to thumb forward or backward. Pg. 31 says "Omnibus of Science Fiction" as does 32. 33 has "Possible Worlds", 34 has "Adventures in Mutation", 35 has "SF Terror Tales", 36 "6 Great Stories of SF", etc. You thumb back (the next few pages continue listings of books by the same man, so his name is mentioned nowhere on these pages, even if you hunted through the very confusing format looking for it). Finally, back on page 27 you find that all these were edited by Groff Conklin!

This wouldn't be so bad if the name, when it did appear, were well marked off but, alas, it isn't. The format of this section has such a lousy format that it is very difficult to use! On the other hand, the title and author listings are very well organized.

## YES, BUT... BOTHER... YOU DON'T GO!

This issue is quite late and I've missed the NAPA deadline now. I didn't expect to be sure until after the zine was completed but thanks to the delay I can say something more definite about my plans.

As implied by the heading, I will be staying in the Bay Area for at least another half year, probably a year. (The above is a version of the Major-General's line in "Pirates" used in an encrc.) On the other hand, I finally got all obstacles cleared to go to London, so I'll be gone for 6 weeks in August and early September.

When I first came here for the "summer" three years ago, I made temporary arrangements to share Norm Metcalf's mail box. Main reason for this was to have a fan who would forward my stuff in charge of it once I left the area so that fanzines sent by people who don't pay attention to CoAs would not be lost. Well, like the man who came to dinner I stayed on and on, and at this point I had better make some less imposing arrangements. Felice & I have decided to take out a PO Box for NIEKAS since she will probably be moving soon, and this would give both of us a permanent



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address even afterwards. While I hope to eventually move back East she will probably stay in Northern California so the box will be somewhere in the Bay Area. We haven't yet determined where and will announce it next issue. In the mean time, please send all LOCs, subs, and trade zines to Felice at her old address. She will continue living there until September when she will go down to Santa Cruz to take a teaching job. This is only temporary in order to get in her required hours of practice teaching for a credential. Joe will continue living in the Bay Area at the old address, and she will come home most weekends and so get her mail sent there even in September and later. Please mark all zines sent as for her, or for me care of her.

While I am gone to London, please send all mail care of her unless it is something vitally important...in which case send it to my parents' address, 723A, 45 St, Brooklyn NY 11220 and mark it "please forward." They will open it and send it with their next letter to me, but I am still not likely to get it until a week or so before I return to NY so this will really do little good. I would imagine they will have considerable difficulty reaching me as I go hopping around.

My current plans are to arrive in Prestwick, Scotland Friday Aug 6th, spend a day or two in that area, fly to Copenhagen for a few days, meet Diana in Paris on the 13th and spend several days with her and some distant relatives who live there, go my own way again, spending about a week in Germany and taking in the Frankon, and finally return to the British Isles just in time for the Loncon on the 27th, where I would meet Diana again. I would leave Europe on September 8th, and arrive back in NY the next day.

I originally planned to spend the weekends before and after my trip in NY but couldn't get all the time off from work that I wanted, so unless things change drastically between now and then I will be in NY for only a few hours both times. Of course if the plane is late returning from Europe and I miss my connections so that I can't be back at work on Friday I will stay on for the weekend.

Felice is going to try to put out the next NIEKAS herself, but she is taking summer courses and might not have the time. Also, I have to teach her how to use the Gestetner and I don't know how well she'll manage. But I have confidence in her for she is one of the few women I know who isn't afraid of machines. Anyhow, hopefully there will be a NIEKAS in September, but there is a chance that we will have to skip that issue and make 13 December. And even if we do miss, I guess it won't be too bad. Since #1 we have only skipped one issue on our quarterly schedule, tho a few have been several weeks late.

OH DEAR, WHAT DO I DO NOW...

I just got word that I will be in FAPA with the August mailing. I think I will put copies of this issue of NIEKAS thru that mailing, but will not do so on a regular basis. I will merely use this to get me off on a good start, and will try to also have some MCs on the zines sent me by members while I was on the WL. Otherwise, I think I will revive my Shadow Fapa zine of a few years back, and keep that as my main FAPA contribution.

Speaking of other APAs, Felice & I have been participating in APA L the last two months. It's been a lot of fun, but that is one reason this NIEKAS is late. We will continue for a few more weeks until I leave for Europe, but I don't intend to resume when I get back. It simply takes too much time to participate in a weekly APA. I don't know what Felice will do.

Well, I guess that that ends Bumbejimas for another quarter. 'Til next time...

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#### CREDITS (concluded)

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cover procurer -----	Billy Pettit



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<sup>1</sup>: cover was supposed to be by Dennis Smith this quarter, with the Burge cover being held for Sept. Also, Al Schuster, the printer who was late with the Smith cover, printed the fold-out in purple on his own; it was supposed to be black. Apologies to the artist. ERM



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