



SCENE UNDERSEA

JON BRIAN



# NIEKAS



the "nothing" fanzine, is published quarterly to satisfy the N'APA activity requirements of Felice Rolfe (1360 Emerson, Palo Alto California 94301) and Edmund R. Meskys (% Physics Department, Belknap College, Center Harbor New Hampshire 03226). This is issue #14, intended for the 27th N'APA mailing, 10 December 1965. Copies

are available to non-members for 35¢ (3 for \$1; no subs for more than 3 issues, please), material, letter of comment, or trade. Please make checks payable to Felice Rolfe. British agent is Graham Hall, 57 Church St., Tewkesbury, Glos., England, where NIEKAS costs 2/6 per. A few back issues are available at cover price and a few more at higher prices. Write for schedule.

Deadline for all material for NIEKAS #15, including letters of comment, is February 1, 1966.

A few words on the matter of letters of comment. Over the years we have been quite generous in what we considered adequate for the receipt of the next issue, but will now have to be a little more strict. We don't begrudge the time and effort we put into NIEKAS; but now that I (ERM) am moving back to the East Coast, the expenses will go up and my salary, alas will not do likewise. So if you're too busy for more than a few words, or are racking your brains for a comment, send us 35¢ instead. If you have a pungent remark or some egoboo for us, by all means write; if you're in doubt about getting credit for the letter, include 35¢ and if it isn't necessary we'll credit it towards a future issue, and let you know.

We always need small pieces of art to break up the solid pages of text. Please draw them in black ink on thin, white, lineless paper to allow us to trace them easily or have electronic stencils made. (If you want to use layout lines, do them lightly with a hard blue pencil; the scanner on the Gestefax machine won't pick that up.)

TABLE OF CONTENTS, as usual, on the last page.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Please note the new address for Ed: % Physics Dept., Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226. In view of the change it is important that mail be sent to the correct party. Send all letters of comment, subscriptions, and manuscripts to Felice. Send all artwork and tradezines to Ed. (A second copy to Felice would be appreciated.)

## UNFINISHED BUSINESS

When I (ERM) left all of the material for Felice to publish NIEKAS 13, I unfortunately forgot to label a number of the illos and other items and she could not properly credit them on the contents page. The corrected art credits read as follows:

cover: Dennis N. Smith  
4: Ed Meskys  
10: Diana L. Paxson  
15: Kay Bremner  
23: Dennis N. Smith  
30: Johnny Chambers  
36: Dennis N. Smith

2: Diana L. Paxson  
7: Diana L. Paxson  
12(both): Dennis N. Smith  
18: Andrew Porter  
25: Glenn Primm  
32: Johnny Chambers  
37: Johnny Chambers  
backcover: Bob Sheridan

4: Felice Rolfe  
9: Jack Gaughan  
14: Andrew Porter  
20: Robert E. Gilbert  
26: Dennis N. Smith  
34: Jack Harness  
38: Bjo Trimble

The text was properly credited except for the joke reviews included in Review & Comment, which were by Terry Jeeves.

The last issue was collated by the two editors with the able assistance of Jim & Joyce Quigg, Louis Hendrick, Ander Swenson, Janet Dottery, Joe Rolfe ((He helped? —FR)), Greg Shaw, Phil Salin, Paul Moslander, Clint Bigglestone, Steve Henderson, and Steve Perrin. Hero without whom NIEKAS 13 would have been impossible, Tom Gilbert. (Shut up, Carl Frederick!) Heroes without whom NIEKAS 12 would have been impossible, Jim & Joyce Quigg.

A note from Felice: Ed's going to leave the mailing list for me to handle. This I have never done before. If I foul it up, let me know about it, but send me no bombs — at least not at first. Okay?

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READY -- AIM -- SING!

Our jolly old educational TV station is giving a 27-week series of guitar lessons, and I am taking it. I'm plugging happily along at the rate of one new chord a week, secure in the knowledge that that comes to quite a few chords after awhile. (And it's amazing what you can play with only three or four.) All I really want to do is to be able to play well enough so people can sing. I love a singing party, and so far the best way to have one is to bring Ruth Berman and a piano. That is a bit awkward, however; Ruth is portable, but the piano presents a problem.

I do have the urge, while shifting this large chunk of what appears to be Phillipine mahogany, with strings, around on my lap, to take up the mandolin or ukelele or something SMALLER. It feels more like a bass fiddle.

#### HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

With this issue, I've been coediting NIEKAS for two years. One is supposed to say something sober and serious\* on such Momentous Occasions, so I've been trying dutifully to think up an appropriate paragraph.

We get a lot of egoboo from this monster of a fanzine, and it's great; Ed and I like egoboo as much as any fan. (Do I hear cries of "Much more"? Throw that man out!) We also get criticisms, some of which we take and some of which we can't. For example, you'll notice that the lettercol, while still in microtype, has been done in a two-column format this time. (Let us know if it's easier to read or not. Think of the paper and postage it saves us, before you mail that bomb.) And although we do have colored illos, the text is in black ink as many have requested. (I hope. This is being written before any of the

\*How's that for alliteration?



material is run, and Ed may run amuck upon opening that case of colored inks.) We're also doing the Glossary in microtype, on the theory that Tolkien fans will read it anyway, and non-Tolkien fans will have less to skip.

This brings me to the kind of criticism we can't do anything about; the "who needs a Tolkien glossary" or "who cares about sf in Denmark" kind. Well, I look at it this way; someone cared enough to write about it, and someone -- Ed or myself, in this case -- was interested enough to publish it, therefore someone out there in the wilds of fandom will probably enjoy it. And we find from our letters that usually someone does. My own taste, or Ed's, is not the final arbiter; one of our most popular articles, the one on Children's Fantasy, I was hardly able to plough through. (Though now I use it constantly as a reference.) And Ed printed Pickering's article with its anti-religious overtones, even though Ed is a strong Catholic.

Possibly that's the explanation for the complaint we get now and then that "NIEKAS is too impersonal". We both feel that confining NIEKAS' authors to our own views would be too restrictive. We want you to read the articles as well as the editorials -- and vice versa. We don't want you to know what the issue says before you open the envelope, ala G.M. Carr or John Boardman. It's just not our style.

End of sober, serious section. I can't be serious about NIEKAS for too long -- it's too much fun. I am having a ball. It's wonderful, the letters we get, and I wish I could answer them all -- but if I take a little vacation after getting one issue out, I find myself up against the deadline for the next -- and I enjoy that, too. (I must be nuts or something.) There is more information, about books, magazines, etc., in our pages than I'll be able to track down during the rest of my life. I never thought a fanzine would bring on an attack of Sense of Wonder...

-----  
As I entered the room, Astrid hollered "Hey, Felice, did you bring your piano?"  
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#### THE PRIMITIVE FAN

Winter is finally upon us; a Great Pacific Storm has rolled in from the west, and California is wet. (Not cold yet, just wet.) The beginning of winter can be easily pinpointed, out here; it was on November 12th this year. (That's for all you fen who live in the frozen north.)

Saturday, the 13th, Ed conned Diana Paxson and Greg Shaw into coming down to Mayhem House to work on NIEKAS. (He worked the bejassus out of 'em, too.) It was a rainy, windy, altogether adventurous day; lines were going down, drains were plugging up -- the city fathers were going out of their minds, as is usual during the first storm of winter.

I'd been practicing my guitar for a couple of hourse before the NIEKANS got here -- hoping that Ed wouldn't ask me to play when he saw the blisters on my fingertips... There is nothing like sitting by a fire on a miserable day, pretending to be a Wandering Minstrel.





Well, in the process of all this I burned up the last of our firewood. And almost the first thing Diana did when she got here was to promise the kids that we'd roast marshmallows before they left. ("Whadaya mean, 'we', white man?" I thought to myself. )

One of the things on the agenda was for Greg to check Al Halevy's installment of the Glossary for this issue. It was kinda fun to watch; Greg would read slowly down the list, stop with an expression of unholy glee on his face, seize the appropriate book, and exclaim "He can't make that assumption!" or something of the sort, with true scholarly passion. Reminds me of the time, at the University of Florida, when one of our brilliant young PhD's got into a ~~hard~~ scholarly dispute with a crotchety old biologist. Papers began to fly. Their titles were on the order of;

A Note on the Okeechobee Mayfly

A Correction to Prof. Mudge's Note on the Okeechobee Mayfly

A Refutation of Dr. Midge's Correction to the Note on the Okeechobee Mayfly

An Objection to the Refutation of the Correction to the Note on the Okeechobee Mayfly

and so on. I think it went as far as "A Question as to Dr. Mudge's Good Faith in his Objection to the..." But to get back to Greg, whom we left in a high dudgeon (that's what I call my fan room on the second floor). Halevy is able and usually willing to defend himself in such scholarly disputes; and I have a feeling that future installments of the Glossary will be rather lively.

Towards dinnertime we had a power failure. There sat Ed's two IBM typers, massively useless. Diana dug out the manual, while Joe and I took off to buy candles and firewood. Naturally, the power came back on five minutes before we returned. But We Are Prepared in case Palo Alto should go the way of New York. (We even have a manual typer; isn't that foresighted of us?)

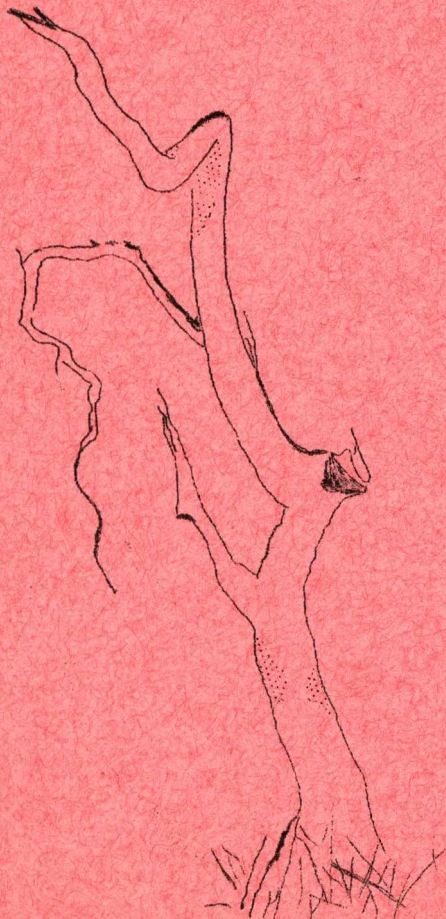
When it came time to go to bed, Diana discovered that, no, the children hadn't forgotten about the marshmallows.

#### AND YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SNOG

Joe has been telling me about this small town in Pennsylvania. Seems its main industry is growing mushrooms. Now as every good farmer knows, the best medium for growing mushrooms is horse manure. (I am never forget the day I picked up a Popular Science article on "Growing Mushrooms for Fun and Profit." The first sentence was, "Take a 4' x 4' x 3' pile of manure." That was as far as I got. But I digress.)

Pennsylvania, it seems, has become too civilized --too automated, if I may coin a pun -- to have a sufficiently large supply of horse manure to support the town's industry. Therefore some enterprising gentleman has built a factory to make artificial horse manure. Now Joe claims that hay goes in one end of this factory, and the desired product comes out of the other end. And I claim that any device which operates in that manner is a horse.

(I told this anecdote in APA L a couple of weeks ago, and Fred Patten commented, wouldn't it be wonderful to have this guy appear on "What's My Line?" )



*Julie*



I showed this installment of the Glossary to Liz Løkke and Greg Shaw before stencilling it, and they challenged a number of entries. For instance, one of Al's original entries was "DWIMMERLAIK Rohirrimish for the Lord of the Nazgûl (R3 116)". This bothered Liz and she looked up the page reference (my set of the Gospels according to St. Tolkien\* aren't handy) and said that Dernhelm (Eowyn) merely called it a "foul dwimmerlaik" which would imply that the word is a Rohirrim expletive, and not their word for the LotN. As Liz put it, "It is not used in caps, so I presume not a name restricted to the LotN. It would compare with referring to Old Scratch as a son-of-a-bitch." So, out went that entry. Was I right in dropping it, or should it be returned in the book version? And if the entry is returned, what "definition" should be used?

(\*Have you seen the deluxe edition? Boxed, bound in black buckram, gilt edged, and even with a cloth page marker!)

Greg dropped the term in brackets, insisting it was invalid: "LORD OF THE RING The owner of the One Ring, hence Sauron [but also applied to Frodo]". Also, he changed WATCHER IN THE WATER from "A giant octopus-like creature in..." to "A giant many-tentacled creature in..." dropped "GHASH (Orkish for fire)" Probably the Orkish name for the Balrog. (R1 241, 248)", and dropped the sentence "It had the form of a man, but with wings" from the entry for Balrog.

In stencilling this installment I messed up one of the cross-references under Smeagol, which should have been "sneak, her". And this seems to be the place to mention that several of the entries have a "1" before the definition implying that there will be one or more additional definitions which simply aren't there. Well, this is because these remaining definitions fall into other categories and will be published in the appropriate installments. In fact, you will notice that the entry for PRECIOUS, for instance, has only a "3".

The description of Deagol as a friend of Smeagol has aroused quite a bit of controversy -- everyone who saw the mss. felt that they were at least cousins, if not brothers. However, a check of the text showed that they were only friends.

I have a few doubts myself. For instance, did Sam really kill Shelob, or only wound her severely so that she went off to nurse her wounds for a long time? And I think it would have been best to mention that "slinker" and "stinker" were the names Sam had given to the two personalities or main traits of Smeagol after the "taming".

Was Old Man Willow an Ent, as claimed by Halevy? First time through the books I wondered if the Entwines might be in the Old Forest since the trees there were described as having a "strange life to them". However it seems to me that the place of the Entwines

would be one of joy like an Elvish forest, nothing at all like the brooding "Old Forest". Were Old Man Willow an Ent he would be one that went bad. In that case he would have been exiled there by the other Ents for doing so and would live alone in the Old Forest. But that doesn't make sense either for he is not described as being the only tree there with the peculiar life to it. Also, is it the Trolls which are perverted Ents, as the Orcs are perverted Elves... or were these merely androids created by Sauron in imitation of those models?

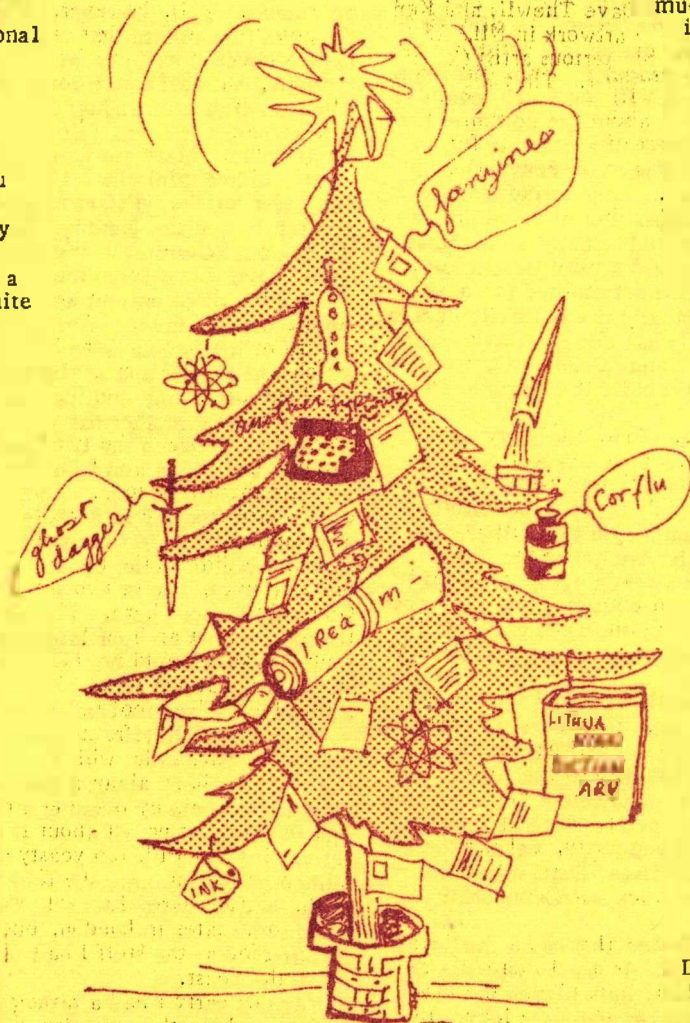
I am a Tolkien enthusiast, but not a scholar, and do not have countless facts at my fingertips the way Greg Shaw, Al Halevy, or Dave Thewlis does. This remark is brought on by another thing that bothers me about the Ents. Fangorn, Finglas and Fladri were described as the three Ents left over from before the days of Morgoth, with Fangorn being the oldest living thing on Middle Earth. (Make up your mind -- is it Fangorn or Tom Bombadil that is the oldest living thing on Middle Earth?) I was under the impression that the Ents were trees made sentient by Elves who wanted to talk with all sorts of creatures and made them so that they could talk with trees.

Incidentally, the Macabre coffee house in the Soho district of London has a mutual of what Dick Eney described as lecherous Ents. It looks a bit like Diana's heading for Gincas this quarter, but the Ents really do look lecherous.

I'd like to repeat my plug for the Tolkien Society (Dick Plotz, 159 Marlborough Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11226). It is primarily a NYC area club with occasional meetings at Dick's home, but he also publishes a quarterly newsletter for out of towners. It doesn't contain much, but does have enough of interest to the Tolkien enthusiast to be well worth the 50¢ per year asking price.

Another item worthy of your attention is ENTMOOT, published by Greg Shaw (2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Cal. 94066) and David Hall. The first issue did little more than announce that they were open for business, while the second had a detailed article on phonetic transcription into the Elvish letters. Both issues also had a number of minor filler items. And in another fanzine of his, FEEMWLORT Greg is doing a listing of all Elvish words quoted in LotR and their meanings, if known.

Diana and I decided to co-operate on Christmas cards this year. She would draw one for me if I would print the one she drew for herself. She did two cards for me and I had a hard time choosing between them. I finally used the cartoon one to head this installment of Bumbejimas, and chose a lovely picture of an Elven ship as the card. It is a beautiful illo and I expect I will reprint it in a future NIEKAS. On September 22nd Diana marked Bilbo's birthday by having a small party. There were about 8 of us there, mostly friends of Diana's who are Tolkien enthusiasts but not participants in fandom itself. Ruth Berman and I were the only two fans as such there, though this





was where I met Nan Braude who dominates so much of Gincas and Barnacles this quarter. I might also mention that it was Ruth who first brought Diana around to a Little Men's meeting last February, with profound effects on me and NIEKAS.

It was a pleasantly quiet evening. We had a ritualistic reading of the appropriate passages of LotR and some light refreshment... cookies, cider and yarrow tea. The last, when properly made, has such a light but satisfying taste that Diana says it must be like Ent-draught. (In view of the Hobbits' tastes, perhaps some beer would have been appropriate, but most of those there didn't drink.)

Shortly before we broke up, Diana's room-mate, Molly, was browsing through the just published NIEKAS 13 and came across Carl's pungent story. She hadn't seen the first part in NIEKAS 9 so Diana dug that out and Molly read the two installments out loud to finish off the evening. ((I bet it finished it off, all right. --FR)) "Carl is a genius!" Diana sighed as we finally left.

## I DID IT!

By the time most of you read this, I will be in New Hampshire teaching physics at Belknap College.

BRRRRR!

## HALLOWE'EN

California fandom had a busy Hallowe'en this year. A week early, on Saturday the 23rd, the Little Men held their annual party. The previous weekend Dave Ken & Mary, Diana, Ruth Berman and I had gotten together after a performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin". (Perhaps I ought to refresh your memory about the first trio! Mary was the one I spoke of as "The Troll" in my Discon report in NIEKAS 7, while Dave Thewils and Ken de Maiffe had helped quite a bit with the artwork in NIEKAS 9 and 10 before losing interest. Ken was the serious artist (he did the portrait of Gimli) and Dave the cartoonist. They did some very good stuff and I do hope that they will some day regain an interest in fan art.) They were talking about the costumes they would have for the party, and the matter of a costume for me came up. I said I had never gone to a party or convention in costume, not because of snobbery (i.e., considering it childish), but because I wasn't sufficiently imaginative to come up with an idea for one, or sufficiently interested to build an elaborate one when I do have an idea. (Things are a bit different now, but all in good time.) They thereupon determined to come up with a costume for me for next week, and it was finally decided that I would go as a bottle of corfl (what else?). Dave was to draw labels saying "Smearoff Corflu" and "Drink me". I was to buy the materials, and the girls would build the costume around me before the start of the party.

After that everything went wrong. First, the party was changed from a Friday to a Saturday. That was bad news for Diana for she was going to a weekend religious conference in the Russian River country and so couldn't make it on Saturday. Then Dave had to work overtime and couldn't go either, and he forgot to make the labels. Finally, we got to the Rolfes' later than planned and the party was already going strong so I didn't feel like bothering to take a half hour out to put the costume together. Not when I could be talking with fen. Most any party at the Rolfes' home is a swinging success and this was no exception.

Ken didn't have any costume at all, Ruth had a minimal one, but Mary really did herself up fine. It was a medieval gown (15th century) complete with tall conical hat and veil waving from the top. She met a Ron Gibson at the party, and he had come as a beast-man, with a magnificent pig's face but otherwise normal-looking. They decided to team up, got a length of chain somewhere ((what do you mean, calling me a somewhere! --FR)), and called themselves "Beauty and the Beast" in the competition. Both costumes were wonderful and they took the first prize.

Greg Shaw went as an Elf, and Felice also had a medieval gown but had no title for her costume. As usual there was the fannish chatter, and late in the evening Ruth played the piano while we all sang G&S. They'll miss her when she leaves the Bay Area in January in order to return to Minnesota.

There were three parties the following Saturday. Bill Donaho

had one to celebrate some fannish anniversary, Grania Davidson had a small, closed Hallowe'en party, and down in LA the LASFS had its annual party. Felice and I had briefly considered driving down for the latter if we could fill her bus, but we were just too busy to spare the whole weekend.

I had to go into San Francisco that morning in order to buy some things at an art supply store, do some other errands, and work on an index project using Lester Anderson's SF collection. (It is a thing of beauty, complete except for the first issue of WEIRD TALES and the second of UNUSUAL STORIES.) I stopped at Diana's in Berkeley on my way in, and she said she'd join me in my errands if I'd wait until she finished washing her cat. So after I helped her dry off the miserable thing we made the Bay Bridge crossing.

At about 6:00 we re-crossed the Bay in order to meet Ken and Mary for dinner. Diana couldn't go to the first party with me because she had committed herself to go with one of her room-mates to a costume dance at International House until about 10:30. We were trying to figure out a schedule of when and where I should meet her, and what we would do first, when I finally decided to go along to I. House with her, as did Ken and Mary. Diana got into her costume, as Eleanor of Aquitaine, who was the wife of Louis VII of France and Henry II of England, and mother of Richard the Lion-Hearted -- a marvelous, and authentic, early 12th century costume. (I hope to have a photo-page in the next NIEKAS, with pics of some of these costumes plus some from my European trip.) Ken got himself up as a Russian peasant, complete with Balalaika, and threw together a last second costume of sorts for me, consisting of a black cloak with hood, boots, a sword belt, and a dagger. The hood would normally be kept up only in inclement weather, but I kept it up indoors. This, however, made it hard to hear so I twisted the hood to a side so that one ear would stick out, and naturally, it then covered half my face. We didn't have any title for the costume, but half way through the evening I decided I was Alberich after growth-hormone treatments. Ken didn't have a title either, but Diana felt that it was a perfect costume for Taras Bulba. Mary put on her 15th century costume again.

We didn't think the I. H. party was competitive, and Diana and I left for Grania's across the Bay. As it turned out, this was just before the judging. Ken took the first prize in Authentic National Costumes, and had we been there I am sure Diana would have won a prize too.

Among those present at Grania's party were Lou & Cynthia Goldstone, the Breens, Avram Davidson, and Ray Nelson. About a third of the people were in costume, the most notable of which was Ray Nelson's. He went as Atlas, wearing a globe on his shoulders... and nothing else.

There was another party about a mile away and most people commuted between the two (you might say we formed an Abelian Group), but Diana and I just remained at Grania's and so got to see just about everyone. About 2:30 we crossed the Bay Bridge once again from SF to Berkeley. Since Bill Donaho's party wasn't a costume affair we were going to ditch ours, but it was getting late so we didn't take the time. A few of the other people also had costumes, one or two from Grania's party and the rest from Ghu only knows where. The strangest was Danny Curran's -- a tuxedo. About an hour later Ray Nelson turned up in his costume. Jack Newkorn would not be outdone and immediately joined Ray in his, er, natural state. Ray's gimmick was amusing but I'm afraid Jack's "me tooism" added nothing to the festivities.

The principle refreshment available at Bill's was some home-fermented hard cider which was excellent. My first brush with the stuff had been about a year ago when my parents had accidentally made some by opening a bottle of apple juice to sample it, and then forgetting all about it for several months. I found it interesting but a bit too yeasty-tasting. When I met Diana in Edinburgh this summer she took me into a pub and introduced me to the bottled hard cider sold there, and that was really excellent. I had some later in London, but it wasn't as good. Anyhow, Bill's was as good as the stuff I had in Edinburgh. I wonder how he got rid of the yeast.

At this party I had a rather interesting conversation with Poul Anderson about the morality of the Ace Tolkien, which resulted in the section in this NIEKAS. Astrid was as charming as ever.

(cont. p. 69)



# Patterns

Diana L. Paxson

Ed said, "Write something," and I thought it should be easy—all teachers love to talk, and although I am not official yet, I am well on the way to it. But the lovely thing about this is—you can stop reading, but you can't interrupt me—I only wish I could say the same for my beginning French class. As a rule, Education classes are less than worthless; people who go into teaching Education are either tremendously devoted, or not bright enough to do anything else. Occasionally I strike one of the good ones, or a good idea embedded in the dust.

Some things I was reading in my text on language and culture (Edward T Hall: The Silent Language) have given me food for thought for the past few weeks. How much, I wonder, of what we think, is conditioned by the way our language is put together? Some of the American Indian languages have nothing to cover our concepts of the passage of time. There are even significant differences between the languages of Western Europe; for instance in English the subject of the sentence is most important, whereas in Spanish it is the verb. I don't think that there is any possible way of determining whether any one of these systems is more absolutely true than another, since we cannot create measuring instruments independent of our own thought processes: the answer the computer gives depends on what kind of questions you ask it. These languages are merely patterns people have evolved (usually unconsciously) in order to organize reality.

People are capable of absorbing only so much; they have to exclude some things in order to emphasize others, and the relationships, proportions, and natures of the things which are included and excluded form the pattern. What people notice or ignore depends a lot on their needs. The Eskimos have twenty-odd words for snow: for them, different words for different types of snow are necessary. The American learns to distinguish between makes of car. I have to know the difference between kinds of poetry. Just as, having focused on poetry, I look for the metrical pattern, I suppose that workers in every field spend a great deal of their time trying to identify its patterns.

Language patterns are specialized and detailed, but I think the principle applies in larger areas as well. These larger patterns are at work when nations misunderstand each other and don't realize why. They show up in political



speeches, in the newspapers, in "serious" (i.e. unpopular) literature, and in fantasy and science fiction. They result from the process of building mythologies.

It is easy enough for me to find mythologies to talk about when I study Early Medieval literature, or look up classical references in Milton, or when I read Joyce's Ulysses. When an author indicates by title or plot that he is using a familiar theme, he is saying that there is a connection between what happened to one set of people in a certain time or place and what is happening to his characters --he is inviting the reader to recognize a pattern. This is also, by the way, what critics are trying to do when they write essays on "The Oedipus Theme in Hamlet", etc. Tolkien is not explicit about it, but he does it: The Lord of the Rings incorporates, one way or another, just about every myth and theme that has moved European man.

Somewhere between this and what could be called popular mythology are the religious mythologies: the particular patterns through which each religion has expressed the truth it has perceived.

Popular mythology would include the figures of the intrepid frontiersmen and the noble Redman, with their corollaries the greedy rancher and the treacherous Indian. Giving form to these incarnations of the hero and villain is the idea of the Frontier--the environment of supreme effort but limitless possibility. Well, we have just about won the West; now the frontier is Space. Another such myth is the myth of the self-made man, the Horatio Alger story. There are also the more explicit folk tales, such as the stories of Paul Bunyan and Pecos Bill. All of these represent ways of dealing with the world. The ways that a culture chooses, ways which are incarnate in its myths, are among the things which give it a sense of personality, and make it different. The first thing a newly-independent nation does is try to resurrect any old legends it has, as Ireland did, or make up new ones (George Washington and the Cherry Tree).

One of the ways in which science fiction & fantasy are useful (yes, they are useful) is in evolving new patterns--myths through which to perceive the reality we know, and in imposing familiar patterns on the unknown. An example of the former is Avram Davidson's "Or All the Sea With Oysters"; of the latter, Asimov's Foundation series. The SF-fantasy trilogy of C S Lewis has elements of both. Perelandra is a clear example of a well-known story--the temptation of Eve, repeated on another planet. In









# CARL FREDERICK'S MARCHIN' BARNACLE

Hi Ed

Thanks for the egoboo.

I hope I am not too late for NIEKAS 14.

(DON'T DO IT ED, DON'T DO IT)

DISCLAIMER; The enclosed poem was written about a month ago  
when I was on the verge of gafiating.  
Since then I have attended the Phillycon  
and I am now an enthusiastic fan again.  
(and I still can't spell)

You will receive tomorrow, a Zehrgut.

It is the one I promised you some time ago but I didn't think  
the world was ready for it.

My thesis is not working

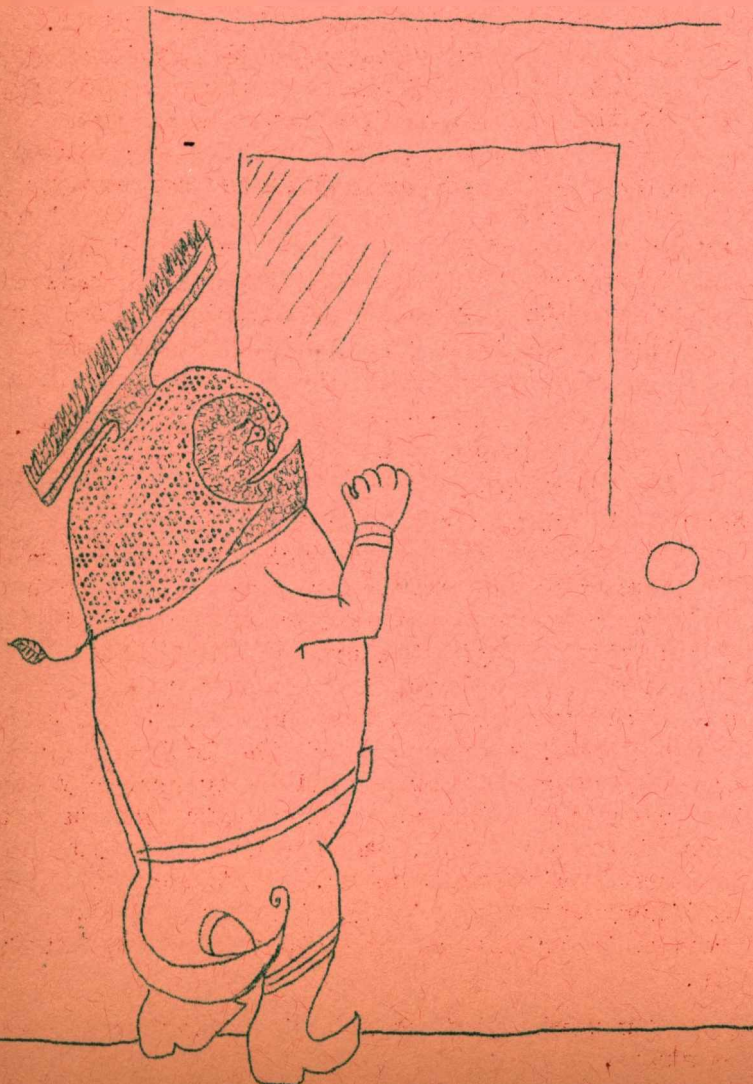
but that's hardly surprising

I'm not working either.

Until tomorrow

yours

*Carl*



2084 (KIRIBI)

The trufen meet behind this door  
to propagate their ancient lore  
with Hectograph and printing press  
and all the fervor they possess  
so like of old you'd scarcely guess  
the year is 2084

Fandom is a way of life!

Fandom is a way of life!

To fan the ardor of their kind  
the author hacks proceed to grind  
out stories that the trufen choose  
to take as foils for dreams and views  
but stories on the front page news  
have left their dreams an age behind.

Fandom is a way of life!

Fandom is a way of life!

So sealed they carry on within  
devoid of chuckle, laugh or grin  
They do not know inside their shell  
the world foretold what they foretell  
undaunted then they'd rather dwell  
on hist'ry that might have been.



## SIGFRIED ZEHRGUT GATHERS NO MOSS

"Good luck on your secret mission, Zehrgut," said the Chief.

"Where are you sending me now?" asked Zehrgut bewilderedly. "And what secret mission?"

"We have sent you to Mars, Venus and other inhospitable places, and you have always managed to return." The chief sighed. "Now we are sending you to a still more remote place, namely Northern Canada. The H.M.S. Kangaroo is waiting on the roof to take you on the short hop to Labrador where upon arrival you will seek out Dr. Algernon Zweistein."

"But what's in Labrador?" asked Zehrgut, still bewildered.

"A secret which you must ferret out and bring back," replied the Chief.

"I will be a veritable bloodhound," announced Zehrgut enthusiastically.

"A Labrador Retriever might be more apt," said the Chief calmly.

The foreign service spaceship H.M.S. Kangaroo, also known as The Diplomatic Pouch, speedily delivered Zehrgut to Dr. Zweistein's Labrador lab door.

"Good morning!" said Zehrgut as the door opened, "I am Siegfried Zehrgut of British Intelligence. Are you Dr. Algernon Zweistein?"

"Yes! Come in. And call me Algae," answered the great scientist. Zehrgut walked into the lab, in the middle of which was a large cage containing the remains of a huge prehistoric creature.

"What's that?" asked Zehrgut eloquently.

"It's a great extinct bird, a Roc. We, that is I and Mr. Leonard Stone, my assistant, have just received it from Gibraltar. It is the ultimate test."

"???" asked Zehrgut.

Dr. Zweistein suddenly looked very serious. "You see," he said, "I have perfected a process whereby I can bring dead animals back to life."

"What!" exclaimed Zehrgut. "How?"

"It started when I was dissolving a type of arctic moss, called snow moss, in a special chemical solution. A gas was generated. As I was working, my wife came in. She was wearing a fox stole. It seems that some of the gas flowed over the stole. Just then the furpiece jumped up and ran off down the hall. My wife was very worried over the possibility of losing an expensive fox stole. I tried to console her by telling her; a running stole gathers no moth."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Zehrgut.

"Come!" said Dr. Zweistein, "I will show you." Dr. Zweistein grabbed a bow and a quiver of arrows. "Come!" he said, "We will go and shoot a moose, and then I will bring it back to life." They opened the door and trudged into the Canadian wilds. Dr. Zweistein took out a moose call and sounded it. They waited but no moose came. He sounded the call again. "That's funny", said Algernon Zweistein, "The call sounds more like a female lynx."

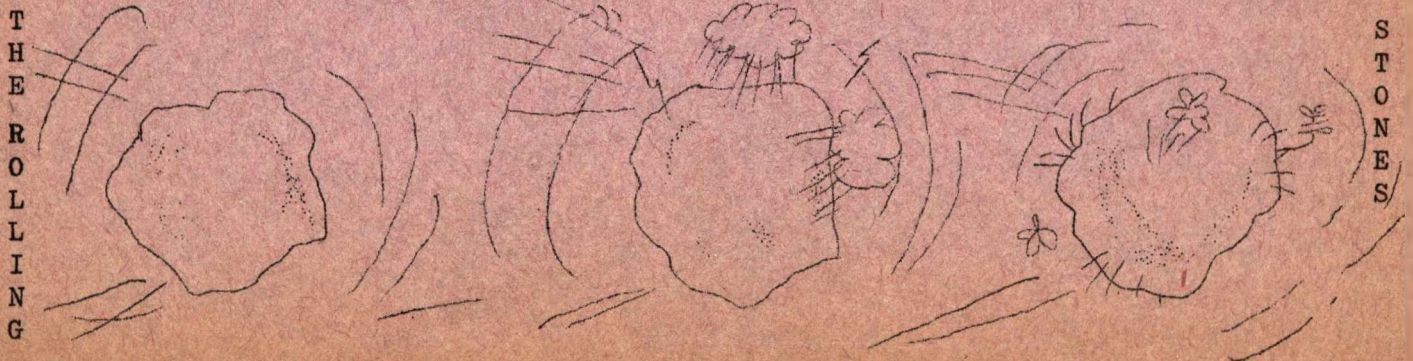
"That explains it," explained Zehrgut, "A roe lynx tone gathers no moose."

"I still don't believe it," said Zehrgut as they returned to the lab. "But if it is true, it is of vital significance. Steps must be taken, therefore, to protect your notes."

"Have no fear," said Zweistein, "I write all my mathematical analysis in old Viking runes. My notes, therefore, would be useless to anyone who might steal them."

"I see," said Zehrgut. "A stolen rune gathers no math."

"Yes, I am very careful," said Dr. Zweistein, "because I do not trust my assistant. He is





a scoundrel, a smooth talking prince of rogues, but nonetheless, a rogue."

"This is Mr. Leonard Stone, my assistant," explained Zweistein coldly when they got back to the lab.

"I am honored and immeasurably pleased to meet you," said Stone.

"Go!" shouted Dr. Zweistein. "Clean out the mouse cages." Stone left.

"I couldn't bear to see him softsoap you, Zehrgut," explained Zweistein.

"I see," said Zehrgut. "A rogue king's tone lathers no mouse."

"Snff, snff" sniffed Zehrgut, "What's burning?"

"I don't know," answered Zweistein as he rushed, bow still in hand, into the adjoining room, where he found Leonard Stone destroying the supply of precious snow moss.

"What are you doing?" shouted Zweistein.

"I have burned the moss," said Stone calmly.

"Well, you must now collect some more," said Dr. Zweistein, fitting an arrow to the bow.

"What are you pointing at me?" asked Stone.

Zweistein answered, "Arrow, Len Stone. Gather snow moss!"

In reply, Stone quickly drew forth an atomic ray blaster (with secret code dial) and pointed it at Zweistein and Zehrgut.

"Now, Dr. Zweistein," said Stone menacingly, "you will tell me your mathematical analysis of the effect."

"Never!" shouted Zweistein.

"You will get no information, Stone," said Zehrgut. "But I am curious. What sinister organization are you a member of?"

"I am a member of the infamous Artin ring."

Zehrgut snorted. "A low ring, Stone; go! There's no math."

"Since you will not tell me," said Stone, opening the door to the Roc cage, "get in!" They got in. Stone walked over to the lab bench and picked up a candle. "I must borrow this candle if you don't mind." Stone walked over to a bottle of moss gas, uncorked it, and plugged it again with the candle, which he then lit. "You understand, of course," he said. "The candle will burn down and finally release the gas, which will bring the Roc to life, and with you in the same cage, no need say what will happen. Goodbye, people," said Stone cheerfully as he left the lab.

"What can we do?" shouted Algernon Zweistein.

"Nothing, Algae. The candle he borrowed is burning down, and," said Zehrgut, "A roasting loan mothers no gas." They could do nothing. The Roc came noisily to life, but surprisingly, it did not attack them. The Roc ran to the bars of the cage, ripped them out, ran out of the lab, and was never seen again.

"Why didn't it attack me?" wonderer Algernon Zweistein out loud.

"Simple," answered Zehrgut. "A Roc in motion gathers no Algae."

## THE BARNACLE TURNS

BRIDE OF ZEHRGUT or A Rogue, Len Stone, and Others More Gross NAN BRAUDE

As an honors student in Aesthetic Philology at Lacuna University, I have occasionally had the honor to assist my brilliant teacher, Professor Sieglinde Wiegehts, in the delicate and dangerous missions she sometimes undertakes at the request of Higher Authority. (Cont. P. 67)





# A Glossary of



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by

Al Halevy

Pres



## PART V

### INDIVIDUALS OTHER THAN HOBBITS, DWARVES, HUMAN BEINGS, AND ELVES

This part of the Glossary contains the names of all the individuals appearing in The Hobbit and in the three volumes of The Lord of the Rings who are not Hobbits (Part 1), Dwarves (Part 2) Human Beings (Part 3) and Elves (Part 4). Part 4 has not been published yet; it is the next installment. For purposes of this Glossary, I am going to consider the Valar and the Istari as Elves, not necessarily because I think they are Elves, but for convenience. After all, when, and if, I do publish this work in book form, I don't intend to split the items into categories anyway, so this is entirely arbitrary at the present time.

Part 4 on the Elves will probably be published in the next issue...or the one after that (I'll leave you in some suspense). With the publication of this section, all of the individual beings of the four Tolkien books will have been published in NIEKAS. I intend to add a section of errata and addenda, and then plunge into a description of groups of beings, locations, and then things. In general, I'll follow the "People, Places and Things" series, with the Events thrown in somewhere along the line.

The recent publication of Tolkien's works in paperbacks, and the fact that Tolkien has partially revised the volumes in the Ballantine edition, might suggest that I hold off publication of my work. But in the first place, the Ace edition does not contain any differences from the hardcover edition, and the Ballantine edition appears to contain very few revisions. It is true that Jack Chalker reported that Tolkien was going to completely revise the three volumes (as reported in FOCAL POINT), but even this is not going to dampen my spirits; if and when Tolkien does revise his works, I'll then have another job comparing the two texts. But I'll wait for that possibility. Also, I'll wait for the publication of The Silmarillion. I do intend to add the half dozen or so names mentioned in Tom Bombadil, but for the present I'll ignore that too. Page numbering will therefore continue, as before, to refer to the hardcover versions (both British and American), while references to The Hobbit will continue to refer to the revised edition (not the first edition of 1938).

As I mentioned in my letter published in this issue, I'd appreciate some comments from the readers, particularly as to errors and the like. If you don't want to send such comments to Ed, you can send them to me at 808 East 10th St., Davis California.

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ANCALAGON the BLACK A dragon briefly mentioned by Gandalf. (R1 70)

AROD A horse lent to Legolas by Eomer (R2 42)

ASFALOTH The white horse of Glorfindel. (R1 225)

AZOG A King of the Orcs in Moria, and father of Bolg. In 2790 he killed Thrór; this incident provoked the War of the Dwarves and the Orcs. In 2799 at the Battle of Nanduhirion, Azog killed Nain /III/, but was himself killed by Dain II, his son. (R3 354-356)

BALROG (Also called Durin's Bane, the Flame of Udûn, the Terror) A creature of Morgoth which originated in Thangorodrim. At the end of the first age, it flew to Caradhras where it slept until released or aroused by the Dwarves searching for mithril. It killed Durin VI (1980) and Nain I (1981). In 3018, when the Fellowship of the Ring was making its way through Moria, it attacked the group, but Gandalf fought and killed it. (R1 344-346; R2 104-109; R3 352-353; see Battle of the Peak)

BEECHBONE An Ent, killed on the raid on Isengard in the WR. (R2 173)

BERT See under William Huggins. (H 45-52)

BILL William Huggins. (H 45)

BILL The pony Frodo and his fellow Hobbits acquired in Bree and took with them on their trip south from Rivendell. (R1 293)

BLACK CAPTAIN The Lord of the Nazgûl, sometime leader of the Haradrim. (R3 90, 102)

BLACK HAND Sauron. (R2 246)

BLACK MASTER Sauron. (R3 55)

BLACK ONE Sauron. (R2 251)

BLACK SHADOW Sauron. (R1 269)

BOLG An Orc, the son of Azog, who led the Orcs in the Battle of Five Armies in 2941. He was killed there by Beorn. (H 291, 300; R3 354, 359)

BOMBADIL, TOM See under Tom Bombadil.

BREGALAD (Also called Quickbeam) An Ent who belonged to Fladri's people. (R2 86-87)

BUMPKIN A name given by Tom Bombadil to one of the Hobbit's ponies. (R1 155)

CAPTAIN (OF DESPAIR) The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R1 277; R3 92)

CARC A raven particularly remembered as a friend of the Dwarves in Erebor. He was the father of Rûac. (H 268)

CARNEMIRIE The name of a rowan-tree. (R2 87)

DARK LORD 1. Sauron. (R1 59-60) 2. Morgoth. (R1 142)

DARKNESS 1. Great Darkness; hence Morgoth. (R2 78) 2. Sauron, or the power of Sauron. (R2 286; R3 45)

DARK POWER 1. Morgoth. (R3 406) 2. Sauron. (R1 58)

DÉAGOL A friend of Sméagol who originally found the One Ring. (R1 62)

DURIN'S BANE The Balrog. (R1 331)

ELDEST Tom Bombadil. (R1 142)

ENEMY, THE 1. Sauron. (R1 52) 2. Morgoth. (R2 89)

EYE, THE 1. Sauron. (R1 379)

EYE OF BARAD-DÛR, THE Sauron. (R2 194)



- EYE OF MORDOR** Sauron. (R2 103)
- FANG** A dog which belonged to Farmer Maggot. (R1 101)
- FANGORN** the Ent (Grey-elves for Tree-beard; also called the Old Ent) An ent, one of the three left from the days before the First Age. He was the oldest living thing in Middle Earth, and was the guardian of the forest by the same name. (R2 67, 77-78, 102)
- FATTY LUMPKIN** A pony which belonged to Tom Bombadil. (R1 155)
- FELARÓF** (Also called Mansbane) A Meara (horse) which belonged to Eorl the Young, and which killed Eorl's father Léod. (R3 346, 349)
- FIMBRETHIL** (Grey-elves for Slender-beech) An Ent-maiden who, with the Entwives, went to the land now known as the Brown Lands. (R2 79; R3 409; see Ents)
- FINGLAS** (Also called Leaflock) One of the three Ents left from the days before Morgoth. (R2 77-78)
- FIRST, THE** Tom Bombadil. (R1 279)
- FIREFOOT** The horse of Eomer. (R2 129)
- FLADRIF** (Also called Skinbark) One of the three Ents left from the days before Morgoth. (R2 77-78)
- FLAME OF UDUN** The Balrog. (R1 344)
- FORN** The dwarvish name for Tom Bombadil. (R1 278)
- GOLDBERRY** A woman, said to be the river-daughter, or the river-woman's daughter, who lived with Tom Bombadil in the Old Forest. (R1 130, 132, 133)
- GOLFIMBUL** The leader of the Goblins (Orcs) which invaded the Shire in 2747. (H 28; see Battle of Greenfields)
- GOLLUM (THE GREAT)** Smeagol. (R1 63; R2 241)
- GORBAG** An Orc of Mordor. (R2 344)
- GOTHMOG** The Lieutenant of Morgul; hence perhaps a Nazgûl. (R3 121)
- GREAT DARKNESS** Reference to the power or influence of Morgoth. (R2 71, 89)
- GREAT ENEMY** Morgoth. (R1 206; R3 314)
- GREAT GOBLIN** See under Goblins. (H 74)
- GREAT EYE** Sauron. (R2 49)
- GREAT WILLOW** Old Man Willow. (R1 141)
- GRISHNÁKH or GRISHNÁKH** The captain of the Orcs of Barad-dûr. (R2 49; R3 410)
- GWAIHIR the WINDLORD** An Eagle, brother of Landroval and descendant of Thorondor. In 3018, he bore Gandalf away from Orthanc, then bore Gandalf away from Durin's Tower after the Battle of the Peak, and finally carried Gandalf in the latter's search for Frodo and Sam in Mordor after the destruction of the One Ring. (R1 275; R2 106; R3 226, 227-229)
- HER LADYSHIP** Shelob. (R2 348)
- HIGH NAZGUL** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R2 348)
- HOUD OF SAURON** The name Gandalf called one of the Wargs. (R1 311)
- IARWAIN BEN-ADAR** The elvish name for Tom Bombadil. (R1 278)
- KING** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 114)
- KING OF ALL BIRDS** Lord of the Eagles. (H 124)
- KING OF ANGMAR** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 92)
- KING OF THE DEAD** See under Men of the Mountains. (R3 62)
- KING OF MINAS MORGUL** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 332)
- KING OF THE MOUNTAINS** See under Men of the Mountains (R3 55)
- KING OF THE NINE RIDERS** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R2 316)
- LAGDUF** An Orc of Mordor. (R3 182)
- LANDROVAL** An Eagle, brother of Gwaihir and descendant of Thorondor. Together with Gwaihir and Meneldor, he bore Frodo and Sam away from Mordor after the destruction of the One Ring. (R3 226-229)
- LASSEMISTA** The name of a rowan-tree. (R2 87)
- LAST, THE** Tom Bombadil. (R1 279)
- LEAFLOCK** Finglas. (R2 78)
- LIDLESS EYE** 1. Sauron. (R3 116)
- LORD OF THE BARAD-DÛR** Sauron. (R3 336)
- LORD OF THE BLACK LAND** Sauron. (R2 39)
- LORD OF THE EAGLES** The Eagle of the Eyrie which saved Bilbo, Thorin Oakenshield, and the other Dwarves from the Orcs, and which later joined in the Battle of the Five Armies. Subsequently he became King of All Birds and wore a golden crown, while his 15 chieftains wore golden collars. (H 114-124, 296, 299-300)
- LORD OF THE MORGUL** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 332)
- LORD OF THE NAZGUL** (Also called Black Captain; Captain of Despair; High Nazgûl; King; King of Angmar; King of Minas Morgul; King of the Nine Riders; Lord of Morgul; Lord of the Nine Riders; Lord of the Ringwraiths; Morgul-king; Morgul-lord; Nazgûl Lord; Sorcerer; Witch-king; Witch Lord of Angmar; Wraith-king; and Wraith-lord) See under the Nazgûl
- LORD OF THE NINE RIDERS** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R2 315)
- LORD OF THE RING** The owner of the One Ring, hence Sauron. (R1 238)
- LORD OF THE RINGS** Sauron. (R1 232)
- LORD OF THE RINGWRAITHS** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 176)
- LORD SAURON (THE GREAT)** Sauron. (R1 254)
- LORD SMEAGOL** Smeagol (R2 241)
- LUGDUSH** An Orc. (R2 52)
- MANSBANE** Felaro. (R3 346)
- MASTER OF TREACHERY** Sauron. (R3 166)
- MASTER (OF WOOD, WATER AND HILL)** Tom Bombadil. (R1 135-136)
- MAUHUR** An Orc. (R2 58)
- MENELDOR** An Eagle which carried Sam and Frodo away from Mordor after the destruction of the One Ring. (R3 228-229)
- MESSENGER OF MORDOR** A Nazgûl. (R2 204)



**MORGOTH** (Also called the Dark Lord, Dark Power, Great Darkness, and Great Enemy) A being who was said to have come from the "outside" and who, prior to or during the First Age, had stolen the Silmarillifrom the Elves. In the First Age, The War of the Great Jewels was fought between Morgoth and the Elves. At the Great Battle, the Elves aided by the Edain and the Valar defeated Morgoth and his stronghold of Thangorodrim was devastated; the First Age came to an end. At this time, Sauron was a servant of Morgoth. (R1 142, 146, 206; R3 314-315, 321, 363, 367)

**MORGUL-KING** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R2 316)

**MORGUL-LORD** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R1 232)

**MOST PRECIOUS GOLLUM** Smeagol. (R2 241)

**MÛMAK** (Also called Oliphaunt) An animal used by the Haradrim. (R 2 269)

**MUMAKIL** The plural of mûmak. (R3 101)

**MUZGASH** An Orc of Mordor. (R3 182)

**NAMELESS (ENEMY)** Sauron. (R1 258; R2 276)

**NAMELESS ONE** Sauron. (R2 286)

**NAZGÛL LORD** The Lord of the Nazgûl. (R3 116)

**NECROMANCER** Sauron. (H 36, 308; R1 263)

**OLD ENT, THE** Fangorn. (R2 165)

**OLD GREY WILLOW-MAN** Old Man Willow. (R1 137)

**OLD MAN WILLOW** (Also called The Great Willow, Old Grey Willow-man; and Willow-man) Probably an Ent, said to be the most powerful in the Old Forest. (R1 131, 141)

**OLIPHAUNTS** Mumakil. (R2 254-255)

**ONE ENEMY, THE** Sauron. (R2 267)

**ORALD** Tom Bombadil, according to the Northmen. (R1 278)

**OROFARNE** The name of a rowan-tree. (R2 87)

**OVERLORD** Sauron (R2 248)

**POWER (OF THE BLACK LAND), THE** Sauron, or his powers. (R1 272; R2 35; R3 223)

**PRECIOUS** 3. Smeagol's name for himself in The Hobbit. (H 84, 93)

**QUESTIONER, THE** Sauron. (R2 59)

**QUICKBEAM** Bregalad. (R2 86)

**RADBUG** An Orc of Mordor. (R3 182)

**RING MAKER** 1. Sauron. (R1 65)

**RIVER-DAUGHTER** See under Goldberry. (R1 133)

**RIVER-WOMAN'S DAUGHTER** See under Goldberry. (R1 130)

**ROAC** A raven, the son of Carc, friend of the Dwarves in Erebor, who helped them just before the Battle of the Five Armies. (H 268)

**ROHERYN** Aragorn's horse brought from the North by the Grey Company. (R3 51)

**SAURON** (Also called Black Hand; Black Master; Black One; Black Shadow; Dark Lord; Darkness; Dark Power; The Enemy; The Eye; Eye of Barad-dûr; Eye of Mordor; Great Eye; Lidless

Eye; Lord of Barad-dûr; Lord of the Black Lands; Lord of the Ring; Lord of the Rings; Lord Sauron; Lord Sauron the Great; Master of Treachery; Nameless; Nameless Enemy; Nameless One; Necromancer; The One Enemy; Overlord; The Power; Power of the Black Land; Ring-maker; The Questioner; The Shadow; Shadow in the East; The Unnamed) A being who during the First Age was a servant of Morgoth, and whose history is essentially the history of the Second and Third Ages. In the early part of the Second Age, he made Mordor his home, and then, with the help of the Elven-smiths of Eregion, he forged the Rings of Power including the One Ring. Soon after this he made war upon the Elves of Middle-earth, but was defeated by the combined strength of the Elves and the Numenoreans. Some 1500 years after the end of the war Sauron was captured by the Numenoreans (in 3263).

In Numenor, Sauron urged the King to make war upon the Far West, and to break the Ban of the Valar. The result was the downfall of Numenor, and Sauron was free to return to Middle-earth. However, his bodily form had perished in that catastrophe, and only his spirit returned. Soon afterwards he attacked Gondor, but was defeated by an alliance of Elves and Men, and the One Ring was taken from him by Isildur.

For the first two millennia of the Third Age Sauron was quiet, but circa 2060 he emerged again. For about a thousand years he built up his strength, making himself master of most of the Rings of Power, and finally, in 3018, sure that he was about to regain the One Ring, he attacked Gondor. The War of The Ring lasted for about one year, and came to an end when the One Ring was destroyed, thus causing the destruction of Sauron and his works which had been founded upon the strength he derived from the One Ring. (H; R1-R3)

**SCATHA the WORM** A dragon killed by Fram, a Chieftain of Eotheod. (R3 256, 345-346)

**SHADOWFAX (THE GREAT)** A horse, chief of the Mearas, which Gandalf took from Rohan after he had escaped from Isengard in 3018. In the WR, it was given to him. (R1 275-276; R2 38, 108, 113, 126)

**SHADOW (IN THE EAST), THE** Usually refers to Sauron, but may sometimes refer to his influence. (R1 60, 181)

**SHAGRAT** The Orc captain of the Tower of Cirith Ungol. (R3 181)

**SHARP-EARS** A pony of the Hobbits, named by Tom Bombadil. (R1 155)

**SHE** Shelob. (R2 345)

**SHELOB the GREAT** (Also called The Watcher, She, Her Ladyship) The giant spider of Torech Ungol which came to Mordor before Sauron, and served no one. She was said to be the last child of Ungoliant. Sam killed her in 3019. (R2 332, 338)

**SKINBARK** Fladrif. (R2 78)

**SLENDER-BEECH** Fimbrethil. (R3 408)

**SLINKER** Smeagol, according to Sam Gamgee. (R2 323)

**SMEAGOL** (Also called Gollum; Gollum the Great; Lord Smeagol; Most Precious Gollum; Precious; Slinker; Sneak; Stinker) A member of a race related to the Hobbits (Stoors) who, in 2463, murdered his friend Deagol and obtained the One Ring. In 2470 he went to live underground because he could not stand the sight of the sun. In 2940 he lost the One Ring to Bilbo, and two years later left his cave to find it. Around 2980 he came to Mordor and became friendly with Shelob; then around 3013 he was captured by Sauron and told the latter about the One Ring. Released by Sauron in 3017, he was captured by Aragorn, but later escaped. He trailed Frodo and Samwise to Mordor, but fell into Sammath Naur after he had bitten of Frodo's finger containing the One Ring. (R1 57-67; R3 223-4; H)

**SNAGA** (Black Speech for Slave) 1. An Orc from Isengard. (R2 54) 2. An Orc of Mordor. (R3 181)





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SNEAK, HER The sneak of Shelob; hence Smeagol. (R2 348)

SNOWMANE The horse of Theoden who was killed on the Pelennor Fields with his master. He was buried on the Fields on Snowmane's Howe. (R2 129; R3 120)

SORCERER The Lord of the Nazgul. (R3 92)

STINKER Smeagol, according to Sam Gamgee. (R2 323)

STRIDER A pony which belonged to Frodo. (R3 307)

STYBBA A pony used by Meriadoc. (R3 51)

SWISH-TAIL A pony of the Hobbits, named by Tom Bombadil. (R1 155)

TERROR, THE The Balrog. (R1 371)

THORONDOR An Eagle who built his eyrie in the inaccessible peaks of the Encircling Mountains in the early years of Middle-earth. From it were descended Gwaihir and Landroval. (R3 226)

TIM A troll. (R1 219)

TOM A troll. (R1 219)

TOM See under William Huggins. (H45-52)

TOM BOMBADIL (Also called Eldest; The First; Forn; Iarwain; Ben-adar; The Last; Master; Master of Wood, Water and Hill; Orald; Tom Bombadillo) A very old and fatherless being who lived in the Old Forest with Goldberry. He was said to have been on Middle-earth before the First Age began, before the Elves appeared on Middle-earth, and was perhaps the oldest living thing on Middle-earth. The One Ring had no power over him. (R1 135, 142, 144, 278-279)

TOM BOMBADILLO Tom Bombadil. (R1 130)

TREEBEARD Fangorn. (R2 67)

UFTHAK An Orc of Mordor. (R2 350)

UGLUK An Orc of Isengard. (R2 49)

UNGOLLANT See under Shelob. (R2 332)

UNNAMED, THE Sauron. (R2 279)

WANDLIMB the Lightfooted An Ent-maiden. (R2 79)

WATCHER, THE Shelob. (R2 330)

WATCHER IN THE WATER A giant many-tentacled creature in the pool before the Gates of Moria. It killed Óin. (R1 322, 336)

WHITE-SOCKS A pony of the Hobbits, named by Tom Bombadil. (R1 155)

WILLIAM HUGGINS (Also called Bill) In 2941, Bilbo, Thorin Oakenshield and the other Dwarves met three Trolls (Stone-trolls) in Trollshaws. They were named William Huggins, Be Bert, and Tom, and were turned to stone because they did not return underground before dawn. (H 45-52; R1 218)

WILLOW-MAN Old Man Willow. (R1 130)

WINDFOLA The horse of Dernhelm (Eowyn). (R3 78)

WINGED MESSENGER One of the Nazgul. (R1 403; R2 49, 101)

WINGED SHADOW A Nazgul. (R3 66)

WISE-NOSE A pony of the Hobbits, named by Tom Bombadil. (R1 155)

WITCH KING The Lord of the Nazgul. (R3 320)

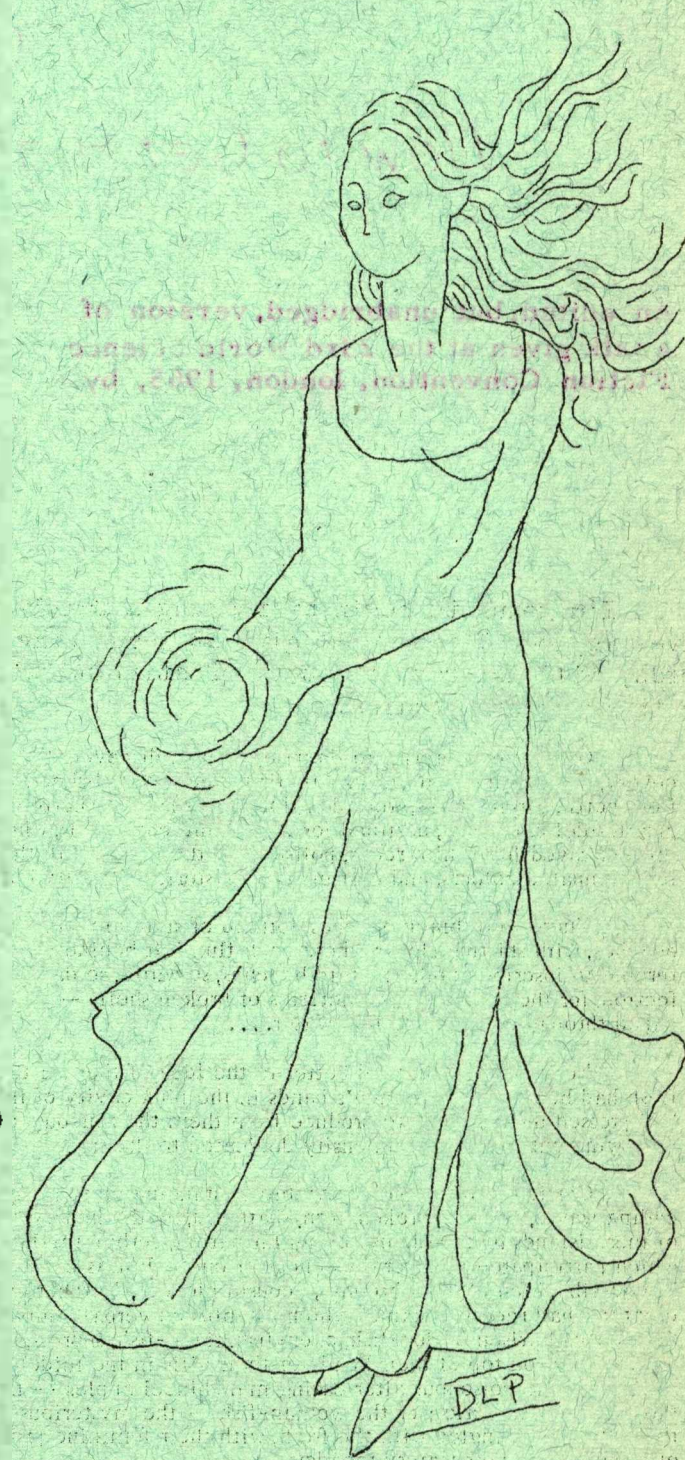
WITCH LORD OF ANGMAR The Lord of the Nazgul. (R1 15)

WOLF A dog belonging to Farmer Maggot. (R1 101)

WOLF, THE A being that came from Angband in the First Age and killed Beren. (R1 206)

WRAITH-KING The Lord of the Nazgul. (R2 316)

WRAITH-LORD The lord of the Nazgul. (R2 315)



NOTE: See also editorial comments at beginning of Bumbejimas, page 5. ERM



# A DIFFERENT KICK

OR

## *How to Get High Without Going into Orbit*

An edited, but unabridged, version of  
a talk given at the 23rd World Science  
Fiction Convention, London, 1965, by

JOHN BRUNNER

I'm going to begin by reading a fairly long extract from this book -- a passage which gives me, and I hope will give at least some of you, a science fiction feeling: in other words, will generate the sort of stirring of the emotions which people who like SF look for in their chosen reading.

Going from surprise to surprise, Esteban discovered a plurality of beaches, where the sea, three centuries after the Discovery, was beginning to deposit its first pieces of polished glass -- glass invented in Europe and strange to America; glass from bottles, from flasks, from demijohns, in shapes hitherto unknown on the New Continent; green glass, with opacities and bubbles; delicate glass, destined for embryonic cathedrals, whose haliography had been effaced by the water; glass fallen from ships or saved from shipwrecks, polished by the waves with the skill of a turner or a goldsmith till the light was restored to its extenuated colours, and cast up as a mysterious novelty on this ocean shore.

There were black beaches, formed of slate and pulverised marble, where the sunlight formed sparkling furrows; yellow beaches, with shifting slopes where each flux left behind the trace of its arabesque, constantly smoothing it away before returning to inscribe another; white beaches, so white, so dazzlingly white, that on them sand would have showed as an imperfection, for they were vast cemeteries of broken shells -- tossed, tumbled, triturated shells, reduced to a powder so fine it escaped through one's fingers like water. . . .

No symbol conformed better to the Idea of the Sea than that of the amphibious women of the ancient myths, whose flesh had been present to men's hands in the pink cavity of the strombs, to which for centuries the mariners of the Archipelago had pressed their mouths to produce from them the raucous sound of a trombone, of a Neptunian bull, of some solar creature, bellowing out across an immensity dedicated to the sun.

Carried into a world of symbiosis, standing up to his neck in pools whose water was kept perpetually foaming by cascading waves, and was broken, torn, shattered, by the hungry bite of jagged rocks, Esteban marvelled to realise how the language of these islands had made use of agglutination, verbal amalgams and metaphors to convey the formal ambiguity of things which participated in several essences at once. Just as certain trees were called "acacia-bracelets", "pineapple-porcelain", "wood-rib", "ten o'clock broom", "cousin clover", "pitcher-pine-kernel", "tisane-cloud", and "iguana-stick", many marine creatures had received names which established verbal equivocations in order to describe them accurately. Thus a fantastic bestiary had arisen of dog-fish, oxen-fish, tiger-fish, snorers, blowers, flying fish; of striped, tattooed and tawny fish, fish with their mouths on top of their heads, or their gills in the middle of their stomachs; whitebellies, swordfish and mackerel; a fish which became poisonous after eating manchineel apples -- not forgetting the vieja-fish, the captain-fish, with its gleaming throat of golden scales; or the woman-fish -- the mysterious and elusive manatees, glimpsed in the mouth of rivers where the salt water mingled with the fresh, with their feminine profiles and their siren's breasts, playing joyful nuptial pranks on one another in their watery meadows. . . .



Sometimes a great silence foreshadowing an Event would fall over the water, and then some enormous, belated, obsolete fish would appear, a fish from another epoch, its face placed at the extreme end of its massive body, living in a perpetual fear at its own slowness, its hide covered with vegetation and parasites like an uncareened hull. The huge back emerged amid a swirl of remoras, with the solemnity of a raised galleon, as this patriarch of the depths, this Leviathan, ejecting sea-foam, emerged into the light of day, for what might perhaps be only the second time since the astrolabe was brought into these seas. The monster opened its pachyderm's eyes, and, discovering a battered sardine-boat sailing nearby, submerged once more, anxious and afraid, down towards the solitude of the depths, to await some other century before it returned again to a world of perils.

The Event concluded, the sea went back to its business.

I deliberately didn't name the author of that. Probably it struck some of you as being like passages in stories by J.G. Ballard. I think you'll have seen what I meant by saying it generates a science fiction feeling, but of course it's not SF at all. It is in fact from a historical novel, Explosion in a Cathedral by Alejo Carpentier.<sup>1</sup> Contrast it with the following excerpt, which you'll very likely recognise.

This we do, not hastily; this we do, not in passion; this we do, without hatred.

This is not the battle, when a man strikes fiercely and fear drives him on. This is not the hot quarrel when two strive for place or the love of a woman.

Knot the rope; whet the axe; pour the poison; pile the faggots.

This is the one who killed his fellow unprovoked; this is the one who stole the child away; this is the one who spat upon the image of our God; this is the one who leagued himself with the Devil to be a witch; this is the one who corrupted our youth; this is the one who told the enemy of our secret places.

We are afraid, but we do not talk of fear. We have many deep thoughts and doubts, but we do not speak them. We say, "Justice"; we say, "The Law"; we say, "We, the people"; we say, "The State."

I said "contrast" that, and it is a contrast, isn't it? It forms a perfect capsule history of human social development, so good in fact that I recall one time reading it out to C.S. Lewis at the Globe, and before I'd finished he was fishing for pencil and paper and saying, "Who wrote that? I must read it -- it's terrific!" It comes from Earth Abides,<sup>2</sup> one of the undisputed masterpieces of modern SF.

Now the reason I've opened my talk with these two passages is simple: it is that my subject unfortunately is not simple.

It's notorious that a liking for SF often goes with a pattern of other interests, some of which may not be very obviously related -- wandering as far afield as Walter Willis's sauce-bottle fandom, for example. I don't want to pursue this point further than to voice the truism that there are very few people who read only SF and the daily paper; however, when I was asked to pick some subject and talk about it at the Con, it occurred to me that it would be enlightening to examine some of the preferences in fiction exhibited by people who enjoy SF, because it might open up a line of attack on a very vexed problem about which a lot of people have been talking: the exact relationship between science fiction and what's for convenience nicknamed mainstream fiction.

Charging brashly ahead on this rather facile assumption, I ran smack up against the difficulty which those two passages I read out exemplify.

I'll spell this difficulty out. The Stewart is of an almost classical simplicity. In the passage there are 163 words; four of these are trisyllables (hastily, unprovoked, corrupted and enemy), 19 are disyllables, and every last one of the remainder is a monosyllable. As a result it goes like a machinegun. It's a deliberately pure, almost primitive English, reminiscent of passages in the King James/Authorised Version of the Bible, and what is more it's packed with formally archaic images: "pile the faggots -- leagued himself with the Devil to be a witch"... yet it's from an SF novel.

.....On the other hand the Carpentier is a positive treasurechest of the exotic. There's a

1: From Chapter XXIV of Explosion in a Cathedral, by Alejo Carpentier (Gollancz, London, 1963)

2: From Chapter 7 of Part II, "The Year 22", of Earth Abides, by George R. Stewart (Ace Star Edition, New York)



resounding alienness in his description of the beeches Esteban walks over, and the feeling of being dominated by enormous natural processes, the awareness of huge strange distances where man can only make an impression slowly -- witness the glass turning up three centuries after the discovery of the New World, still unfamiliar in America and made all the more so by being worked over patiently by the sea into new wonderful forms -- all this, culminating in a vision of an "enormous, belated, obsolete fish" (where I think the choice of the epithet "belated" is a masterstroke by the translator!), could perfectly be transposed to some alien planet circling another star. Yet, of course, Explosion in a Cathedral is a historical novel.

Faced with contradictions of this magnitude, I had to abandon my original superficial assumptions and sit down and do some very hard thinking. I'd intended to look at the common denominators linking SF and regular fiction. Instead, I decided I was going to have to carry the analysis much further, and wound up by concluding that come what may I was going to have to expound a thesis which cast a rather disparaging light on SF generally. The course of my argument tends to the view that if we fence off SF as something uniquely admirable we are doing a disservice to it and to ourselves.

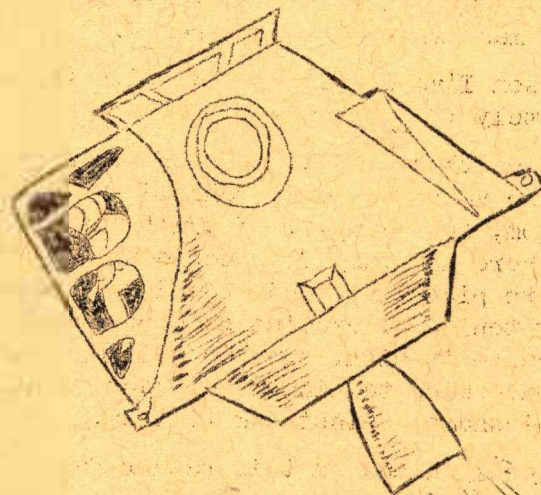
Let me now try and show you the steps by which I was driven to this position.

We must begin by establishing some sort of criteria for the peculiar appeal SF exercises on people who read a lot of it. I'm not going to try and lay down standards for what is and what is not good SF. I'm going to take it for granted that we're likely to agree that such-and-such a book or story is good, and much less likely to agree on what is superlatively good. Give a novel to ten people, and something like this pattern will result: five will say, "This is damned good and I thoroughly enjoyed it"; two will say, "It's pretty good, but I wish the author had (or hadn't) done so-and-so"; two will say, "Frankly I didn't think much of it"; and one will say, "It's a pile of old codswallop and Vargo Statten is a much better writer." We will leave this gentleman to his good fortune; he is fortunate, because as Sturgeon's Law puts it, ninety per cent of SF is rubbish because ninety per cent of everything is rubbish, and he has "so much MORE to enjoy!" ... and revert to the main line of the argument.

I was talking about good SF and the effective impossibility of defining its qualities, or indeed those of any other outstanding creations in fiction. What I think we can do is identify some of the special qualities which draw its readers to it.

I conceive greatness in art, or indeed in human experience, in terms of what one might call "insights". I'm sure you know what's meant by that rather awkward term "the authentic frisson" -- the cold shiver of awe which runs down the spine when you encounter a brilliant inspiration. It's akin to Housman's test for true poetry; whether it made the whiskers on his chin bristle if he recited it while shaving. In essence the experience is that of having been made, however briefly, more wise.

Wisdom, like love, charity, and many more, is a debased word. But that's what we're feeling when we get the authentic frisson. It



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doesn't matter what you get it from most easily -- poetry, music, painting, sculpture -- it remains the same: a moment in which one feels better able to appreciate, comprehend and enjoy the world. And this is the primal sense of wisdom. The root of "wise" appears in the German wissen, to know; in "wit" (have your wits about you); in "witenagemot", a gathering of wise men or council; and so on. Conceivably the experience is akin to what Zen followers call satori, the sense of making a total connection with the universe.

Now it's too much to hope for the shiver of awe and the moment of enlightenment to recur continually whenever we're reading anything. For most people it would be unbearable anyway. But it seems reasonable to suggest that the reason why a given person prefers some particular kind of reading over others is that this out of all the available choices gives some intangible extra bonus -- the faint shadow of the authentic frisson -- specially suited to his taste and temperament. Accordingly, some people read SF for choice rather than detective stories, westerns, historical novels, romances, or what have you? Typically, they'll buy, read, talk about and enjoy SF and get less of a bang out of other kinds of fiction.

"Typically" ... and here's the kernel of my argument. As I remarked earlier, people don't read only SF and the daily papers. We have at best a statistical distribution skewed in certain cases along an SF axis. It's barely sharp enough to enable us to isolate elements of SF's appeal to its readers, but I think we can make a shot at doing so, and I now propose to demonstrate my idea of how it can be done.

Obviously I can't be exhaustive about the subject. I don't want to use the whole of my allotted time in talking, for one thing. So I'm going to throw out some opinions that seem to me provocative of further discussion, in the hope that we may ultimately approach conclusions with critical significance.

I'm going to disregard some of the most generally accepted elements of SF, such as its usefulness as a vehicle for social criticism and satire, simply because I don't think these are the most likely aspects of the field to impress a new reader and turn him into an addict, or even a fellow-travelling enthusiast. ((Similarly, though I didn't say so at the time, I disregard the whole question of successful technological speculation in SF, partly because it's becoming the province of the research scientist, partly because I don't know anyone who, having been intrigued by a particular bit of SF gadgetry, has thereafter remained a constant reader -- such people are likely to continue reading for a few months, decide that interesting hardware is scarce in the field, and give up. JKHB))

I'm going to take four prominent features of SF, subdivided into two groups, and examine each in relation to other forms of entertainment fiction. I shall try and be guided by three main lines: first, by what's a matter of record, the preferences which SF fans have acknowledged in conversation, in letters or in fanzines; second, by what writers with an SF background have chosen for themes when they tackled books outside SF; third, by the opinions SF readers and writers express regarding the incursion of non-SF writers into the field.

The four prominent features I'm going to study begin with a pair of attributes I'd call "expansive". One source of SF's attraction which springs immediately to mind is the way it can generate a mood of comprehension of huge impersonal forces at work. Lovecraft once said that the true hero of a "marvel tale" is never a person but always an event. Closer to home, John Wyndham has contrasted what he calls the "feminine" approach of contemporary realistic fiction with the "masculine" approach of science fiction, the latter being harder, less concerned with subjective insights and more with external events and their impact on the characters.

The ultimate example in SF would probably be Last and First Men, in which Stapledon set out to write the biography of the human race from the present to its final extinction. There are so many less ambitious instances, however, you probably have your own favourite in this area. One of the reasons I chose Stewart and Carpentier to open this talk is that both authors can be repeatedly cited in the course of it; Earth Abides contains some magnificent images of the world getting along without man which fit my



classification. And an outstanding visual case is that shot of the underground atomic power station in Forbidden Planet, which fills the screen and then two humans the size of ants come slowly into view on a gangway crossing it: one of the most striking shots I've ever seen in an SF movie.

Incidentally, this bears out my thesis of being enlightened by one's chosen reading. It's a commonplace that really big numbers are meaningless: a million years, a million miles, a million stars. Suddenly to feel in the guts, where it counts, just what a geological epoch comprises, or what it would be like to be adrift in a spaceship beyond the Solar System, is a real discovery on the emotional plane, and SF has enabled many people to make it. It's a sort of literary equivalent to seeing a high mountain for the first time, after being raised in flat country -- or in more mundane terms to going up the Eiffel Tower or the Empire State Building.

((Afterthought: Carl Sandburg praised Earth Abides in extravagant terms, and this is probably because in such of his works as The People Yes he himself displayed a marvellous sense of the relationship between man and the forces which would him -- "The East? The East is where the trees get between you and the sky!"JKHB))

But is this kind of sense of being able to appreciate vast forces, vast changes, unique to SF? Good lord, no! Consider some of Stewart's other books, which fit Lovecraft's dictum to a T: Fire, whose hero is a forest fire, and Storm, whose hero (correction -- heroine, since she's nicknamed Maria) is a literal storm from its birth as an island of low pressure throughout a lifetime of gales, rain and snow to its eventual dispersion in the atmosphere. It's by no means a coincidence that having tackled themes of this nature Stewart was able to walk fully equipped into the SF field and carry off the International Fantasy Award for Earth Abides.

And let's cite another example which I know many SF fans will agree with: the works of Mary Renault, especially her novels about Theseus, The King Must Die and The Bull from the Sea. These exemplify in two ways the point I'm making -- they engage the characters directly with vast forces of fate and destiny, beyond the limited scope of the individual to defy yet capable nonetheless of being directed and controlled (which is a pure SF attitude), and also they brilliantly imply the gulf of time between Theseus's day and ours by revealing the contrasting mental attitudes of people then and now.

This latter, incidentally, has also been done with slightly less success by Mika Waltari in The Egyptian and The Etruscan, and by John Masters, who in Coromandel! performed the amazing feat for a post-Freudian writer of creating a pre-Freudian hero, a wholly integrated "natural man".

Mary Renault's novels lead me on conveniently to the second of my two "expansive" attributes of SF: they are acted out against a gorgeously exotic background. The allure of the exotic is something I shall have to examine in considerable detail, because it's perhaps the element of SF which is most striking to a newcomer. To get where I'm going I shall have to dig back quite a long way into the origins of contemporary SF.

First, though, I should point out that this element of the exotic likewise fits my underlying thesis of being enlightened by one's favourite fiction: to have one's imagination enlarged by concepts alien to one's humdrum background, derived from astronomy or anthropology or comparative religion or whatever, is certainly a form of enlightenment, and somewhere along the line it takes in SF.

One significant and often overlooked fact about the rise of modern SF is that it took place at the same time as the final extension of the boundaries of the known world. The last spaces where you could write "Here be Tygers" vanished from the atlases, and SF emerged in its modern form simultaneously.

Now it seems to me that the classical travellers' tales, the voyages of Marco Polo, the works of John Mandeville, and so on, were far more direct precursors of modern SF than the speculative or didactic utopias. Just as Burroughs gave an allegedly "real" setting to his adventure stories by naming the background Mars and cashing in on the



theories of astronomers like Percival Lowell and Camille Flammarion, so the retailers of marvellous legends like that of Prester John paid lip-service to the accepted ideas of their time and named their exotic countries "Cathay" or "Norumbega" or even "California". This is precisely the same thing I do in an SF story if I name my alien environment Tau Ceti II or 61 Cygni III. I could expatiate on this for some time, but I'll content myself with remarking that here's another intriguing cross-correlation with SF. George Stewart's book Names on the Land, a history of American place-naming, contains accounts of the legendary tales formerly circulated about the New World. Texas, or Techas, was formerly as mythical as El Dorado, and California was supposed to be an Amazonian island -- Amazonian in the sense that there were no men on it. It was ruled by a queen called Calaf who annually kidnapped men and brought them home for the increase of her subjects, then had them and any resultant boy-children killed. Stewart points out amusingly that in consequence anyone who claimed to have discovered "California" was regarded as touched in the head or an outright liar, because all well-informed people knew California must be mythical. (It hasn't changed all that much, has it?)

So it's interesting to note that Stewart, who made an astonishing success of his venture into SF, shares this sense of the grandiose in myth and legend with us.

Back to the lure of the exotic... I was pointing out that as the boundaries of the real world receded and eliminated the last blanks on the maps, so SF took root and flourished. I don't think many people will disagree if I say that writers like Rider Haggard are spiritual ancestors of much of modern SF. Their heyday, and that of the romantic lost-land adventure, was in the same decades when SF was beginning to assume its modern form at the hands of Verne, Wells, and a host of writers whose work has become so classic it doesn't get read much any more.



Conan Doyle, for instance, bridges the two forms very neatly. The Lost World is a tale of jungle adventure in a fantasy South America, but borrows the appeal of a time-travel story by importing dinosaurs to the twentieth century.

Now the mention of Rider Haggard cues me into a further stage of my argument about the lure of the exotic, and this sense of having one's horizons enlarged by alien concepts, as well as handily underpinning the point I was making earlier about the sense of comprehending vast forces and vast changes. He wrote some historical romances, and they're rather good: Red Eve is one, and The Virgin of the Sun is another. Both of these are full to the brim with quasi-science fiction elements. In Red Eve a dominant motif is sustained by the Black Death, and the displacement of the black by the plague-carrying brown rat is exploited to convey the same sort of mood an SF writer might attempt by bringing in an alien virus. In some ways it makes a curious parallel to Earth Abides.

One might also compare the use Wells made of the Red Weed in War of the Worlds, which the producers of the film version left out because they didn't get the point, any more than they understood Wells's masterly enhancement of the terror mankind would feel faced with Martians who always survived the second employment of weapons apparently successful the first time.

Similarly, in Virgin of the Sun, one of the main elements of the opening section centres on a stranger in mediaeval London who has never seen such things as soap, who wears a strange idol on a chain around his neck, and so on. He turns out to be from the land of the Incas, which is where the hero finally winds up. This duplicates a device too common in modern SF for me to bother listing examples.

You'll notice that when talking about the lure of the exotic and the sense of vast changes, the two attributes of SF which I'm calling "expansive", I refer again and again



to historical novels. This is not by chance. But I'll have to preface my explanation of why not with a couple of further points.

It's worth noticing that more than one strand of exotica has developed since the decline of the once-popular lost-land tale. One strand is found in SF, where people like Jack Vance conjure up brilliant and gaudy alien settings for their stories. Another is found in the contemporary novel, much influenced I suspect by the cinema, and also increasingly on TV; I'd adduce the employment of semi-abstract or surrealist backgrounds for series like The Avengers, where the suspension of disbelief is as necessary as it is in SF. ((American readers probably won't get this reference, but I'm afraid I'm unable to think of an American TV series imported for showing here which exemplifies equally well the trend I have in mind. It's become almost an affectation of the British TV thriller, not only in The Avengers but in It's Dark Outside, Undermind, and one or two others. If the British Danger Man series is being shown on your local stations, watch out for and do not miss a programme called "The Ubiquitous Mr. Lovegrove". Repeat: DO NOT MISS. It's the finest TV fantasy I've seen, and may suggest what I'm driving at. JKHB))

Another strand yet, the one which is probably in the most direct tradition, has retreated into unashamed fantasy, where naturally it connects again with SF. Works set in never-never lands like Tolkien's trilogy or Mervyn Peake's Titus Groan stories are halfway between SF and the historical novel; there's a mood of primitivism implicit in them, yet no one could mistake them for realistic historical works.

Against that snippet of background, then, let's consider the phenomenon that SF fans, and SF writers who go out of their regular field, very often display interest in areas of history about which one doesn't get taught much at school. I say "very often" to take care of people like the late Fletcher Pratt, who was an authority on the American Civil War, currently coming out of our ears, and the widespread liking for C.S. Forester's books I've noticed among fans. I'm going to come to that a little later on under a different heading.

To take a couple of shining examples: Poul Anderson has written sword-swinging historical adventure like Rogue Sword, choosing the confused milieu of the Mediterranean in the fourteenth century, which in my education was lightly skimmed over -- perhaps out of patriotism because at the time England wasn't making much impact on the world scene and indeed under the Angevin kings was regarded as a pretty second-rate piece of real estate. Similarly, Sprague de Camp has written some gorgeously entertaining books about such undertakings as the building of the Colossus of Rhodes, which have the same qualities of internal consistency and attention to detail as his Krishna stories. But this particular aspect of them also falls under a later heading.

The closeness of the relationship between offbeat historical stories, where one feels carried beyond the rather hum-drum information drilled into one at school and into an exciting, exotic, alien world, and SF can be further illustrated by considering the historical elements liked by the writers of SF who borrow them for incorporation in their regular work. The only Andre Norton book I've ever enjoyed, Time Traders, struck me as good because she brought to life the culture of the Bronze Age she was sending her time-travellers to visit. And last year at the Oakland Convention Frank Herbert explained how he had drawn on desert cultures like the Bedouin to shape the Dune World stories. To most of us, the concepts he used are alien, yet by drawing on real human experience he achieved a depth and solidity which a pure imaginative exercise could hardly have provided.

I helped myself freely to George Stewart's information regarding mythical countries in the Americas when I was writing the third of the Society of Time stories (published as a group by Ace under the title Times Without Number).

I think one would be justified in stating that the majority of readers find a parallel kick to the one they get from SF in historical periods marked by confusion productive of paradox, and resempling our own century in the sense that the lives of



ordinary people can be turned topsyturvy without warning: whether by a barbarian chief coming over the hill, or a man in a laboratory whose discoveries will alter our and our children's lives.

The same -- hell, the same "sense of wonder" can be generated out of the Vikings by Frans Bengtsson in The Long Ships, or out of India by John Masters or indeed out of much less promising material, as is found in SF. The lure of the exotic, therefore, though it's clearly a prime element of SF's appeal, is not a unique attribute. Here I'm going to cite Carpentier again. I've often recommended his earlier book The Lost Steps, which is a kind of time-travel story in the twentieth century. A New York musicologist voyaging up the Amazon encounters people who are more and more primitive (this being measured in the terms most meaningful to him, by their music) until he's gone so far into the past the people he's among haven't even invented music yet. It's a tour de force, which you should read if you haven't done so. A lot of people say it reminds them of J.G. Ballard's work.

Let's turn now to the pair of opposite attributes which I'm terming "constrictive". I could have called them "inward-looking" -- or even, as I was tempted to do, "cosy". Because there are two ways in which one's preferred entertainment can make one feel more connected to the universe: first, which we've been dealing with, is the enlargement of you to contain the externals, and second is the shrinkage of the externals to fit you.

And it's definitely reassuring to have the enormous, sometimes terrifying cosmos shrunk to fit and tidily fenced around with a crashproof barrier.

Though actually that's too sweeping an exaggeration. In taking the first of my pair of "constrictive" attributes, what I want to examine is one aspect of the reverse of what I've been discussing up till now; that's the applicability of rule and system to the universe. Many definitions of SF fall down on questions like time-travel, which clearly isn't scientifically feasible in terms of our present knowledge, and yet is not pure fantasy either. My feeling is that the unifying thread running through SF is a recognition of the existence of scientific method, which affords us a handle by which we can grasp such remote concepts.

The corollary,--then, of my first "expansive" attribute of SF -- the sense of vast changes and vast forces -- is the generation of the wholly self-consistent construct, bounded neatly by a set of perfectly definable propositions. I would subsume under this heading most of the ambitious, highly intellectualised stories produced by writers with an orthodox scientific training. Whether I'm doing them an injustice or not I won't try and guess, but I do have the impression that people like Asimov and Clement hanker after a tidier framework for their characters' lives than real life can offer, and this possibly derives from their educational or professional background.



But this tendency is not by any means confined to people with a strong scientific bent. One of the clearest ways in which it is revealed is in the habit many of us have of building stories around a systematised central assumption. The reductio ad absurdum technique of stories like The Space Merchants is a reflection of this tendency; so too is the love-hate relationship SF has with the Catholic Church. In at least two recent Hugo winners (Case of Conscience and Canticle for Leibowitz) you see this plainly, and if I can be forgiven for referring a second time to one of my own books, I exploited it in



Times Without Number. Paradoxically, it also appears in SF writers' concern with magic, which in my ad hoc classification might rather seem to fall under the head of the lure of the exotic. I don't think so. I think this fondness for theology and equally for magic is because these two are par excellence the result of the unfettered exercise of human intellection, untrammelled by the impact of contrary experimental facts.

This obsessive fascination with a set of boundaries and a complete collection of rigid laws is possibly SF's most nearly unique attribute, but I'm afraid it's not our private property any more than the previous two. Take one of the most obvious instances: Asimov's robotics stories, which are essentially changes rung on a set of three postulates with loopholes in. These are akin in spirit to the classic locked-room detective story, resolved by an insight which is -- according to the author -- deducible from the information given or assumed to be the common property of reader and writer. A lot of SF writers are Sherlock Holmes fans, and there's another not-coincidence.

Underlining this is the fact that there are writers aplenty with an SF background who have turned to detective stories bearing strong traces of fantasy. Fredric Brown's work is inarguably related to his science fiction, to cite a famous case, and one might likewise mention John D. MacDonald.

The parallel with the detective story goes a long way in this area of SF. It covers a good many alien-planet stories, which turn on the question of how to do it rather than who-dun-it, but which are equally resolvable in intellectual terms. It covers some parallel-worlds stories, too, where the resolution of the crises in the plot is an arbitrary function of the differences between the real and the imaginary world. But of course the overlaps occur elsewhere, too. The self-consistent universe may be of the Lewis Carroll type, indulging in straight-faced consideration of non-real cause and effect, or anthropomorphising the rules of a game. Another not-coincidence: the recurrent attempts by SF writers to work out chess-novels and chess-stories. Poul Anderson has succumbed to this, and so have I.<sup>3</sup>

I'd carry the argument a great deal further, and say that the creation of a totally self-consistent world is so far from the prerogative of SF writers that it can be done, and often is, by writers who dislike SF. Consider Colin MacInnes's Absolute Beginners, for example, allegedly a novel about teen-agers in the London of the early sixties. It bears no resemblance whatsoever to real life, but the mood of containment within a set of rules and boundaries is so flawlessly sustained that it doesn't matter; it becomes a fantasy akin to Tolkien's, or Pratt's Well of the Unicorn. Half the successful spy stories of recent years (those of the Fleming/Deighton axis as against the John le Carré axis) have depended for a great deal of their appeal on this creation of a self-contained world operating on strange but definable lines.

Before pushing this all the way to include Burke's Law -- than which few things lately have compelled me to suspend disbelief more thoroughly -- I'd better revert to the subject.

Now one cannot possibly, within the confines of a story of publishable length, set out every last one of the rules and limitations applicable to a situation. But unfortunately this tendency does spread sufficiently far to engulf the characters as well as their environment. And this connects to a sort of subsidiary aspect of my first "constrictive" attribute of SF.

Edmund Crispin has pointed out that SF is the last refuge of the morality tale. John Wyndham can take time off in the middle of Consider Her Ways for several pages of straight lecturing, and nobody feels this much amiss, any more than a chunk of Christian preaching was considered out of place in a medieval romance about King Arthur and his knights. Bob Heinlein frequently uses SF to put over social, political and even religious theses. I myself like the way I can strip real-life controversies of their emotive associations and confusing slogans and work them through in SF to a satisfactory

3: The Squares of the City (Ballantine, December 1965)



ending where the villains get their comeuppance and everyone else lives happily ever after or until the dissolution of the galaxies whichever is the sooner.



Point coming up: just as SF is a late manifestation of the morality tale, so it's a late refuge for the hero-type. I don't mean heroes in the James Bond sense, coming up laughing six months later in the next book, but in a rather special sense which I'll now try and define.

You'll doubtless have noticed that there are few SF stories which honestly tackle the information made available about human nature by modern research into psychology and anthropology. We're getting some sociology and social psychology, but mainly keyed to satire or social criticism. In other words, the least tractable element, the one least susceptible of being constrained within definable boundaries -- the human element -- is the element SF is least happy with, and the sciences which analyse that intractability are taking longest to filter into the accepted vocabulary of images and associations with which we work.

This ties back very closely to SF readers' and writers' wistful regard for disciplined organisation. The widespread liking for C.S. Forester's books, which I promised to come back to, seems to me an instance of this. Aboard a sailing ship in a vast ocean, you have both the bounded world -- the ship itself -- and the definable set of rules, namely naval discipline and seamanship, which together form the basis for this "constrictive" aspect of SF's attraction. Moreover, there's a secondary reason inherent here for our concern with theology. The rules of a monastic order, as in Canticle for Leibowitz, or the dogmas of a religious faith like the Jesuit vows of Father Ruiz-Sanchez in Case of Conscience, are extremely handy for imposing limits on the human orneriness of the characters.

Thus a great deal of SF can be referred back to this same underlying pattern of combining a bounded world with a set of definable rules and working through the consequences. In particular, the pattern defines the SF hero-type, and this in its turn shows how this constrictive attribute confirms my notion of feeling enlightened by one's preferred reading.

The essential gift possessed by the SF hero is this: he always knows what he's doing. Bob Heinlein is extremely good at portraying such types; he does it so well that in unguarded moments we're liable to find ourselves thinking, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could handle the universe like that? How much better if the world were conquered and domesticated, and everybody in it were straightforward and manipulable instead of complicated and troublesome!"

The "everybody in it" bit is the significant one. Again, though, this is not a prerogative of SF. Limiting the complexity of one's characters can be done in many ways -- sticking labels on them and parading them on a field of preconceptions is the hallmark of far too many successful books in mainstream fiction. But that's simply a sign of bad writing, whereas I've arrived at this point while discussing the appeal of good SF. A paradox here somewhere!

I think, though, that the mystery of how deliberate limitation of the depth of one's characters can be not merely permissible but a positive source of science fictional appeal clears up when one considers the last of my attributes selected for study, the second "constrictive" or inward-looking one.

I think that one hell of a lot of SF -- more than I've ever seen or heard anyone admit -- is downright wishful thinking, and in that sense is on the same footing as the lending-library romance where the heroine always gets her handsome adoring husband, or the western in which the tall misunderstood hero always guns down the vicious rustlers, or the hardboiled thriller in which the private eye always collects three blondes en route to the showdown with the boss of the syndicate.



There is naturally no reason why wishful thinking should not be incorporated into a whole which is outstandingly successful. Think of the trick Arthur Clarke pulls off in his Childhood's End, where it turns out that the starspanning Overlords are forever doomed to envy mankind because they're at the end of their racial path while we can still evolve -- think of the way time after time various evils have been laid at the door of malevolent aliens meddling in our affairs, like the Vitons of Sinister Barrier, and once they've been sent packing life will be rosy forever more...

Regrettably, however, wishful thinking has a serious drawback. It gives only the illusion of enlightenment, instead of the reality. When it serves to remind one of the ultimate ideal and make it seem attainable, hence worth striving for, it has considerable value, but when it's taken as undiluted escapism it reduces instead of increasing our connection with the world around. I've noticed that among SF fans there are a lot of people who find the world too much for them, and there are certainly writers whose work suggests they're in the same plight. They tend to work through monotonous stories, often invertedly nostalgic, with an excessively simple morality, a naive message, and a milk-and-water set of characters to boot.

I don't propose to spend any more time on this fourth attribute of SF, because although it's notable, it's scarcely noteworthy.

Now these four of SF's attributes which I've looked at aren't the only ones, but they seem to me both conspicuous and characteristic. I can't think offhand of any SF story which doesn't contain one or indeed probably all these elements in varying proportions.

Rather reluctantly, I've concluded that not one of the four is unique, and indeed most of the time you can turn up examples from outside SF where the writer has made a better job of what he set out to tackle.

But is one to deduce from this that SF is a waste of time? Not in the least. What one is going to deduce is that it's a pretty fruitless pastime trying to analyse a subjective reaction so thoroughly. There still remains the inarguable fact that occasionally SF can conjure up a moment of pure magic, and for most of us that moment is worth wading through reams of second-rate hackery because it has a special indefinable aura which never occurs in any other branch of literature.

The closest analogy to this situation which I can call to mind was one used by Arthur Porges to make a delightful little story in F&SF a few years back. The story was called \$1.98, and concerned an underprivileged genie whose power to reward the hero was limited to goods of that value. The gimmick was that allegedly this represented the market price of the constituents -- water, carbon, calcium, phosphorus, and so on -- in a human body. For his dollar ninety-eight the hero got the beautiful girl who'd been rejecting him into his bed, and that was worth a good deal more than mere money. Similarly, it's no more the isolated elements of SF that count than it's the individual notes which count in music, though it's an advantage to know how the orchestra is composed.

What seems reasonable by way of explanation for this rather depressing set of conclusions advanced in my talk is that effectively there is no longer -- if there ever was -- such a thing as science fiction. I and everyone else will go on talking as if there is, but this is purely for convenience.





I can probably make that statement clearer by standing my earlier points on their heads. Let's work backwards from general fiction to SF for a change, and consider the resemblance between the kind of kick one gets from other types of fiction and its counterpart in SF.

For my money there is nobody working in the field who can hold a candle to Philip K. Dick. It's not just that this man's most ambitious work -- like Man in the High Castle is tremendous; it's that his Ace books, by comparison almost casual, are purely astonishing. The depth of Dr. Bloodmoney or The Simulacra is staggering. Frankly, the man's so good he scares me. The kick his books give me is far closer to what I get from reading -- say -- Vance Bourjaily's work than to anything else in SF.

And there's the almost Swiftian element in Kurt Vonnegut's work -- or possibly one might compare it to Evelyn Waugh, in books like The Loved One, where a fine sense of the ridiculous is heightened to true absurdity by a confrontation between the comical and the conceited.

There's a new and I think encouraging tendency to be observed here. Formerly, if a non-SF writer tackled an SF theme the publishers and reviewers were likely to say WOW and the SF fans would say UGH. Whether it's due to an enhanced awareness on the part of publishers of what SF can do when it's well handled, I can't say, but lately it has been notable that non-SF writers have taken the trouble to find out what SF can do before working out an SF theme. Anthony Burgess, for instance, made a real tour de force out of his Clockwork Orange; Naomi Mitchison applied her knowledge of African tribal customs, not rigidly but as it were by analogy, to her Memoirs of a Spacewoman -- not a great book, but one which SF fans can read with enjoyment and admiration where a few years ago something like Level 7 was unreadable because it was so hamfistedly written.

Now I find this the reverse of dismaying. Does it not foreshadow that breakthrough which has been horribly long in coming -- the arrival of a time when you don't any longer have to excuse SF's shortcomings but can apply the standards of general fiction without qualification? When the best SF was by van Vogt, or worse yet by Ray Cummings, one had to apologise all over the place because it wasn't up to the standards set by Wells thirty-odd years earlier.

Incidentally, it's a terribly sad reflection on our "literature of the future" that it's so heavily conditioned by the narrative form of the pulps, even now. I've sold (at least, I hope I have) an experimental straight novel to John Calder; if I'd submitted an SF novel similarly structured to any SF editor I'd have got it back for rewriting because "the readers wouldn't understand it". When Bester pulled his typographical trickery in Demolished Man, when Wolfe executed those pyrotechnics in Limbo 90, it came as a shock -- yet Philip Wylie had done it in Finnley Wren back in 1934 and it was already old hat when he got at it. Even now, the number of people who've brought to bear the full range of modern fictional techniques on an SF plot can be briefly listed, and they include outsiders like Edgar Pangborn, George Stewart and Kurt Vonnegut as well as the small group of regular SF authors like Dick, Sturgeon and Blish.

Still, there are some regular SF writers in there, which is cause for optimism. When somebody can get up in front of an audience, like me here this afternoon, and talk about the way in which the kicks obtainable from general fiction are paralleled in SF, instead of talking about the way the kicks of SF are paralleled in general fiction as I've been doing, we shall really have got somewhere.

-- John Brunner





BY HARRY WARNER JR.

What causes a sub-fandom to spring up from general fandom? Are there common factors in Burroughs fandom, comics fandom, Tolkien fandom, and the other specialized fields? If such common factors exist, could we coldbloodedly examine other possible candidates as subjects for potential subfandoms, and figure out which will someday qualify?

With some embarrassing exceptions, sub-fandoms and their topics have certain general characteristics. A specialized fandom is devoted to a subject that is not too difficult to come into contact with. It has some sort of vague connection with science fiction or other forms of fantasy, although sometimes the connection is quite small as in the case of old radio fandom. There is a considerable body of material to form hobby material: some extremely long novels or lots of magazines or something else that can be shown to other fans, bought and sold, and caressed in the late hours of the night when the collector's lust is imperatively demanding. The basis of the fandom must be available at prices that fans can pay; who ever heard of a first edition sub-fandom springing up in our midst? The specialized fandom is based on something that is not so popular in the wide world that conformist charges could be fired at people riding the sub-hobby horse.

For a long time, I've felt that a new sub-fandom is destined to pop up any month now. In fact, I wrote an article much like this one three or four years ago, predicting the imminence of that specialized hobby's appearance. It's a good thing that the fan who accepted the article gaffiated, because the new sub-fandom in question has not yet hatched. Maybe it won't for years to come, because of the problem posed by the last sentence of the preceding paragraph. Only the wide acceptance in the mundane world given to Walt Disney's creativity can explain the failure of a Walt Disney sub-fandom to arrive. I still think it's coming, but it might be delayed until whatever future year when Disney's magic has stopped working on the public of the world and he is becoming forgotten. Then the "lost cause" spell will begin to operate.

It's a terrible thing to admit, among an audience that brags about its higher tastes, but I am completely fascinated by almost everything Disney has produced: animated cartoons, regular movies, combinations of the two, comic strips, television programs, and all the side products. Only a misplaced desire to avoid doing the obvious thing can have caused Disney to be overlooked during all the years when Hugo awards went for dramatic productions. If fans don't create imitation Disney comic strips, as they draw Pogo and Peanuts parodies, it's because those Disney animals sell for 39¢ in every dime store. Is there a fan anywhere who has admitted to membership in the Mouseketeers during his tender years?



I feel that Disney is one of the three or four real geniuses of fantasy that this century has produced. It's admittedly hard to ignore the clutter of squealing little kids and the crassly commercial way in which Disney has made a fortune out of his genius. If Disney had been largely ignored by the public, doggedly sketching his fantasies for a few close friends in a California hamlet like a protege of Clark Ashton Smith, I'm sure that he would be the patron saint of our fandom.

But just think of the things that Disney fandom will have going for it, whenever the breakthrough comes. The fan with collecting instincts will have a stupendously vast field with which to work: comic books, toys, daily and Sunday comic strips, movie stills, soundtrack recordings; and it would take a couple of fans' lifetimes just to track down all the material about Disney that has appeared over the decades in the public prints. Nostalgia value? At least 98% of all fans are young enough to have memories of Disneyana as entertainment during their teens and pre-teen years. Fanzines by the thousand could be published, before fans started to run out of articles tracing the Freudian significance of the Mickey Mouse family, describing the manner in which animation processes were perfected, and synopsising the forms in which Bambi reached the consciousness of the American public. There's a shrine all ready and waiting for a Disney fandom, of course, in the form of Disneyland. ((And there's going to be another Disneyland in Florida, according to the recent news. --FR)) With the increased popularity of sound-track 8mm movies, it is becoming much more practical to collect Disney movies for home showing.

If it seems improbable that Disney will lose popularity rapidly enough for fans to idolize him, I might cite a couple of other improbable circumstances. Radio in the 1920's and 1930's was the most completely accepted form of public entertainment in the history of this nation. (Television has always had a few diehard opponents who fought it; radio had enough cultural stuff to minimize opposition in its early years.) Who would have guessed a quarter-century ago that by 1965 radio would have subsided so completely into music and advertisements that some fans would accomplish prodigies to unearth acetates of those old broadcasts? Burroughs is an even more obvious example of an author who was too wildly popular in the 1920's and 1930's to be given much thought by fans, then became the subject of a specialized fandom when the ERB novels were becoming a little hard to find in the better editions and no new ones were appearing. It will be interesting to see if Burroughs fandom will survive the feverish agitation it has undergone by the copyright expiration and the subsequent reprinting epidemic.

The saddest of all sub-fandoms, in a sense, are those that come into being only after the death of the individual who created the subject matter. This happened in the cases of Lovecraft and Howard fandoms, and I'd hate to think that the same thing will happen when the inevitable conclusion arrives in the life of Walt Disney. Even if half of all general fandom splits off tomorrow into a Disney fandom, he'll not be aware of this imperceptible increase in his bounteous supplies of egoboo. But I think that Disney is genius enough to deserve a sub-fandom of his own without taking the extreme step of death to cause that specialized fandom to emerge.

--Harry Warner

#### A POSTSCRIPT FROM BJO

Mentioning Disney collectors, I have something which is probably older Disneyana than anything other fans might have: some little bell-shaped covers for Christmas tree lights, with Disney characters around them (decals), put out by Noma lights. These were bought for my fifth Christmas, and I'm 32 now. They are extremely fragile, however, and break easily; they were one of the first plastic Christmas tree ornaments made. But does anybody remember Clara Cluck? She's on one of them....and the Three Li'l Kittens? And the three little wolves? And the dog that predated Pluto? I've got 5 left, from a set of 12, and they'll go on our Xmas tree.

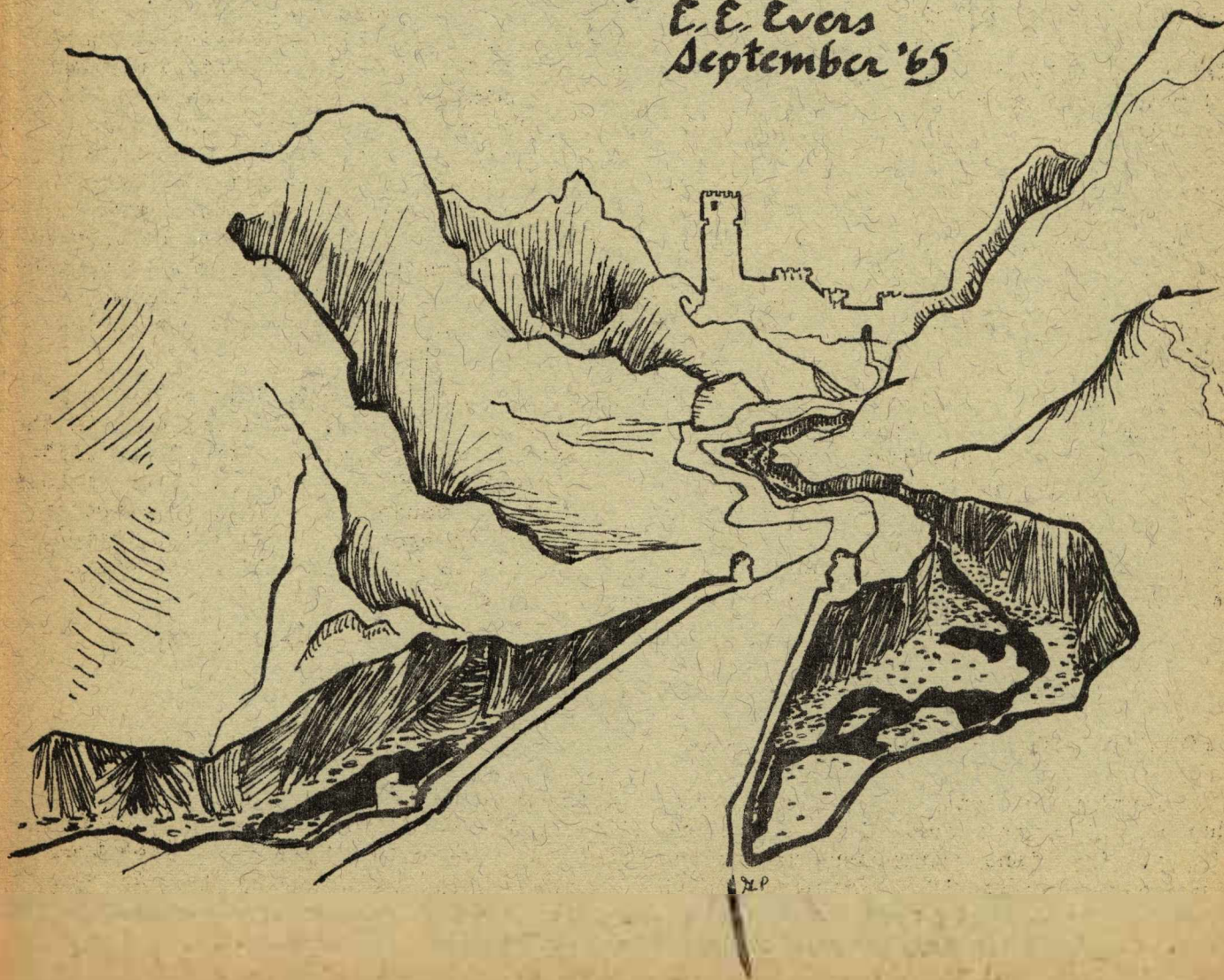
--BJO



## Morgul Vale

Black and bitter the waters  
Brackish and salted with pain  
That drain the dread mountains of madness  
The sad highlands deserted by men  
Where the moon glows ghastly on ruins  
Hard under the gate of iron  
Now run rivers of fever forever  
Over beds of bleaching bone.

E. E. Evers  
September '65





# THE PAPERBACK TOLKIEN

## 1: The morality of the Ace edition—

There is no question but that Ace was within its legal rights to publish an unauthorized edition of Tolkien. I have learned with pleasure that our copyright law has subsequently been amended to close the loophole which made such action possible. It is worth mentioning, however, that for the many years during which that loophole existed, American publishers generally observed a gentlemen's agreement not to take advantage of it.

The ethics of this matter are something that each person must decide for himself. For my part, I consider the justifications of Ace's behavior that have been offered to be unacceptable. While it did lead to one good result, the publication of the highly recommended Ballantine version, anyone who has studied elementary logic can see the fallacy of arguing from that fact. Besides, the labor of rewriting which has been imposed on Tolkien has postponed completion of his next work, possibly forever.

Accordingly, I have told my agent that I do not wish any more pieces of mine printed or reprinted by Ace.

--Poul Anderson

## 2: The Ballantine revised edition—

Amid a welter of raucous circumstances, Ballantine Books recently brought out a paperback edition of the Lord of the Rings. (So has another publisher, but we don't mention them.) This paperback edition has been revised by the author, and includes an introduction to the new edition and an index to names and places at the end.

The introduction is quite interesting, as Tolkien in it comments upon the oft-heard theory that the Lord of the Rings is an allegory of present-day circumstances in our world. Tolkien refutes this theory, telling when and how the book was conceived, events during the writing of it, and finally, what it would have been like had he meant it to be an allegory. (The allegorical Lord of the Rings, as described by Tolkien, would not have been very comfortable reading, nor very happy.)

Most of the changes to the story itself are minor, primarily in dialogue, and generally serve to clarify and amplify, or to tie up ends that were left dangling (or unmentioned) in the earlier edition. A typical example is the beginning of the conversation between Bilbo and Frodo, just prior to Frodo's leaving Rivendell for Mordor, wherein Bilbo gives him Sting and the Mithrilcoat. In the old edition, the conversation begins:

On the morning of the last day Frodo was alone with Bilbo, and the old hobbit pulled out from under his bed a wooden box. He lifted the lid and fumbled inside.

'Your sword was broken, I believe,' he said hesitatingly to Frodo; 'and I thought, perhaps, you would care to have this, don't you know?'

He took from the box a small sword in an old shabby leathern scabbard. Then he drew it. .... etc.

In the new edition, the conversation goes like this:

On the morning of the last day Frodo was alone with Bilbo, and the old hobbit pulled out from under his bed a wooden box. He lifted the lid and fumbled inside.

'Here is your sword,' he said. 'But it was broken, you know. I took it to keep it safe, but I've forgotten to ask if the smiths could mend it. No time now. So I thought, perhaps, you would care to have this, don't you know?'

He took from the box ..... etc.

The only major change to the story itself in the new edition is in the chapters dealing with the ride of the Rohirrim to the Field of Pelennor. In the new edition, Theoden is not aware of Merry's presence (with Dernhelm) until the scene with the Nazgul. In these chapters, Tolkien has substantially altered portions of dialogue and action to account for this.

The major changes to the earlier edition, however, are found in the Appendices. One of the most often heard complaints about the Lord of the Rings has been that there is a dearth of data on the First Age of Middle Earth, and the events leading to the breaking of the Iron Crown. In this edition Tolkien has added a good bit about the First Age, especially Feanor. This may be seen from a brief quote from the very beginning of Appendix A, THE NUMENOREAN KINGS (i) Númenor (check this against the same passage in the hardcover edition):

Feanor was the greatest of the Eldar in arts and lore, but also the proudest and most selfwilled. He wrought the Three Jewels, the Silmarilli, and filled them with the radiance of the Two Trees, Telperion and Laurelin.



that gave light to the land of the Valar. The Jewels were coveted by Morgoth the Enemy, who stole them and, after destroying the Trees, took them to Middle-earth, and guarded them in his great fortress of Thangorodrim. Against the will of the Valar Eälanor forsook the Blessed Realm and went in exile to Middle-earth, leading with him a great part of his people; for in his pride he purposed to recover the Jewels from Morgoth by force. Thereafter followed the hopeless war of the Eldar and the Edain against Thangorodrim, in which they were at last utterly defeated. The Edain (Atani) were three peoples of Men who, coming first to the West of Middle-earth and the shores of the Great Sea, became allies of the Eldar against the Enemy.

There were three unions of the Eldar and the Edain....

One may see that there is a good bit there that was not in the earlier edition; this is true of all of the appendices. Tolkien has added a great deal of information (and numerous personal notes) in various places. Several discrepancies in dates, etc., have been taken care of, and much additional information concerning elves, men, dwarves (or dwarrows), Trolls, Ents, etc., may be gleaned from the appendices.

However, with the execution of the printing, and the art, I am rather disappointed. Granted that Ballantine was rushed into print; still, such errors as are present (in a few instances) are almost unforgiveable. Lines misplaced or duplicated are, if not understandable, at least common -- this often happens in paperback books. However, on page 80 of the FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING (BB edition; page 59 in the hardcover edition) the Ring inscription has been printed upside-down. Although one might not expect a proofreader to notice the attitude of a bit of odd non-English script, I foresee a great deal of confusion among new readers who attempt to puzzle out the inscription for themselves using the alphabet keys given in the appendices.

Also, many places the spelling has been changed within poems or quotes of non-English languages, such as Sindarin -- and one cannot always tell whether this is a correction to an earlier mistake, or itself an error.

Such things will happen, of course, but I wish that they had taken a bit of extra care -- perhaps because most of the people who read these books will care about such things. Upon the subject of the artwork, however (that is, the cover art), I shall never forgive Ballantine for these covers. This sort of thing may perhaps be excusable on the HOBBIT, which after all is a children's fantasy; but even Tolkien comments that the LORD OF THE RINGS is not intended for children. Yet the cover illustrations fall into that category best described as pseudo-realistic 'cute' children's fantasy book covers -- scenes which purport to be, but are not, from the book, and are done in a particular sticky-sweet type of drawing style. (And for some reason, the artist has seen fit to include storks -- or cranes -- on two of the four covers; yet diligent research has failed to turn up a single stork -- or crane -- in any of the books. These are scenes from the books?)

I feel that Ballantine would have been far better served had they carried out the idea admirably begun -- that is, a uniform edition of the HOBBIT and the three volumes of the LORD OF THE RINGS -- by having uniform covers on all four books, perhaps like the covers of the English edition, which had the Eye of Sauron on them -- and no scenes.

(I think that -- and should have liked to see/would like to see on the next printing -- Ballantine might have had a very good thing had they commissioned a good illustrator/artist of the 'realist' school -- such as, perhaps, Ken deMaiffe, who did the pic of Gimli several NIEKAI back (plug) to do a scene from each of the six books comprising the three volumes, plus one from the HOBBIT, and then used the scenes as frontispieces to each book, with uniform covers, such as the Eye. Gandalf confronting the Balrog; Eowyn slaying the King of the Nazgul; the destruction of Isengard; all of these would make magnificent frontispiece scenes.)

On the whole, despite certain failings in printing (and art!), the Ballantine Edition is worth buying, whether or not you have the hardcover edition. The new information in the Appendices is of interest to anyone who has any love for, and interest in, the LORD OF THE RINGS; and one can amuse oneself by reading the new edition, jotting down points where one thinks Tolkien has made changes, and afterwards comparing them with the hardcover edition.

And it is still the LORD OF THE RINGS.

---Dave Thewlis



There are 8 SF fan groups and one writers' group, and many (more than 10) juvenile SF groups. Let's begin with these "adult" groups.

\* Uchujin Club, established in 1957, issues UCHUJIN, ed and pub by Takumi Shibano, circulation 500 (club membership is 300). The magazine is issued monthly and publishes mainly stories and articles by club members. Most SF writers in Japan are members of this club and more than half developed in this group.

\* SFM Fan Club, established in 1962, issues UCHU-KIRYU monthly, ed by Mitsuo Makimura, pub by Hiroshi Sasaki (representative) and the manager is Masahiro Mitsui, 11, Miyazato-cho, Nakano-ku, Tokyo. There are about 150 club members, mainly in Tokyo. The zine publishes mainly articles by members and sometimes a few short stories by fans. A typical fangroup.

\* SF Art Club, established in 1963. This is a group of art-fans containing some pro-artists. It has about 80 members and issues an artzine, SF ART. The representative is Yasufusa Kaneko 2-23-9, Koishikawa, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo.

\* Mutants Club, established in 1963 in Gifu-City by Den Yoshimitsu, 532, Kawasaki-Apartment, Sagiyama, Gifu-City. Issues a quarterly fanzine, MUTANTS, and has 40 members.

\* Paranoia Club (Para-Club), whose representative is Akira Taji, 412, Ue-Nishi, Mikaga-machi Higashinada-ku, Kobe. It issues PARANOIA, which was established in 1961 as a personal fanzine of Taji. In 1964 he collected some 25 members and changed it to a clubzine.

\* Time Patrols, established in 1964. The representative is Ayako Kawasaki, the only female president among the Japanese fan groups. The manager is Koji Sanda, 5-2-4, Kusunoki-machi, Ikuta-ku, Kobe. It has 40 members and doesn't publish a fanzine yet.

\* Kyushu SF Club, established January this year, issues TENTACLES monthly, a very fannish fanzine. Representative is Tutsuo Funakoshi, % Santory KK, 1-250, Ohtemon, Fukuoka-City. Shinji Matsuzaki edits TENTACLES. The club has 40 members.

\* Hokkaido SF Club, established this January by Hiroshi Watanabe, which publishes a bimonthly fanzine, THE CORE. Kunio Aramaki is the manager; South-15, West-7, Sapporo City. The club is noted as a very serious group and has 70 members.

It is rather interesting that most Japanese fanzines are so-called "clubzines" and there are very few personal fanzines. This is because of the letters or characters we Japanese use. We use a great many letters and the Japanese typewriter is so complicated that only professional typists can use it. As a result it is expensive for us to print our fanzines and only clubs can support the publication.

Now we have many juvenile SF fanclubs and I will describe the leading ones. Most of these clubs are led by highschool boys.

\* Coacervate Club, established in 1964 by Satoshi Ikeda, Box-2, Kawachi-Kyoku, Kawachi-City, Osaka-fu. This representative is the only adult in this club, the other members are high- or junior highschool boys and girls. The club issues COACERVATE-MONTHLY and LETTERZINE-COACERVATE. The latter is issued irregularly. It has about 60 members scattered throughout Japan, with a system of many branches. (Uchujin and Coacervate are the only two all-Japan groups; SFM Fan Club and SF Art Club are semi-all Japan groups though most members are in Tokyo.)

\* SF Company, established in 1964 in Yokohama-City. The representative is Noboru Sato, 31, Yukigaya, Kanagawa-ku, Yokohama. There are 60 members, all highschool boys and girls. Recently a juvenile SF group federation was planned by this group and now 7 juvenile clubs are gathered under it.

In the professional field, we Japanese SF fans have only one prozine, SF-MAGAZINE, published by Hayakawa-Shobō. The Japan SF Writers' Club was established in 1963 by this prozine and the representative is Masami Fukushima, the editor of the prozine. Membership stands at

T S P S T B J S  
H F A R H A Y A F  
E A R I K P I  
W R 7 B U A N  
O O 3 O F A M N  
R U L N  
D D D N I  
O



about 20, including writers, editors, translators, and columnists, but most of them are also members of Uchujin Club. I am afraid that my Uchujin is no longer a fanzine, but a semi-prozine at the middle of pro-writers and fans.

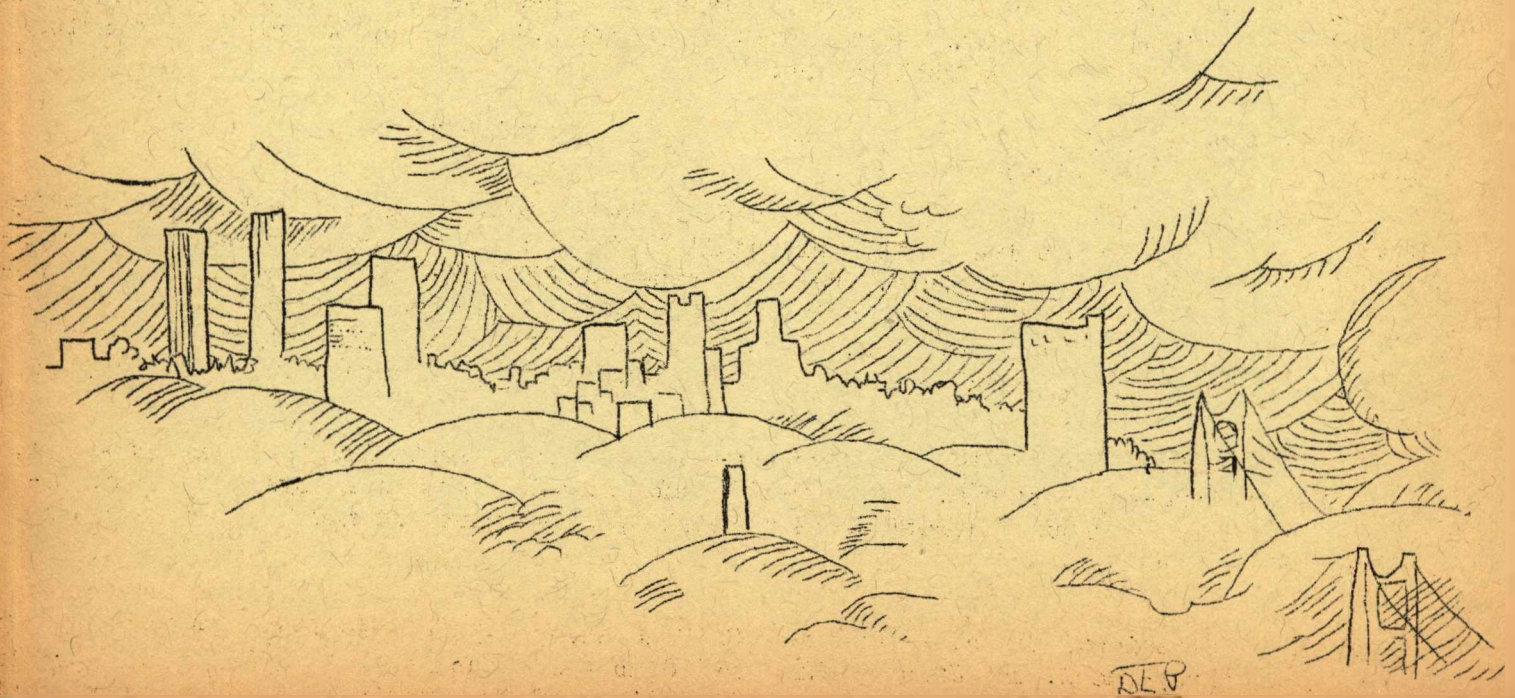
The favorite S.F. pro-writers among Japanese fans are Shin'ichi Hoshi and Sakyo Komatsu. Hoshi started in Uchujin and developed in mystery magazines shortly after the establishment of Uchujin. He writes short-short S.F. stories, mainly. Sakyo Komatsu was discovered by and developed in S.F. MAGAZINE though he is a member of Uchujin. He is good both in novels and short stories.

Ryu Mitsuse, now the third-favorite writer, started in Uchujin and developed in S.F. MAGAZINE. He has attracted a number of enthusiastic fans with his splendid poetical sentences describing the breadth of the cosmos.

Taku Mayumura and Yasutaka Teutsui are also noted as good S.F. writers.

There are a few mystery and mainstream-literature writers who can write S.F. too. Some writers who have developed in the S.F. field are now very busy writing stories for comic strips and TV cartoons, and are being forgotten in the S.F. fan field.

The above is an outline of Japanese S.F. fandom. I shall write more at a later date, though I am quite busy as a high-school math teacher, with my fan activity as the center of Japanese fandom, and semi-professional activities, such as advisor to SF producers who know little of science fiction. This side job pays very well and it is by this that I make up the deficits of Uchujin.







#### THE NOVELS OF JACK MANN

Jack Mann was a pen name used by a prolific author named E. Charles Vivian. Under his own name, Vivian wrote mysteries, thrillers and several lost race fantasies such as *CITY OF WONDER* (a Haggard-inspired adventure that was chopped when printed in FFM) and *FIELDS OF SLEEP*. Under the Jack Mann pen name, he wrote two series of stories -- one featuring a private detective named Gees who kept getting involved in supernatural cases, the other starring an adventurer named Coulson who kept getting involved in mid-east and south sea intrigue.

The books were published in England by Wright and Brown between 1934 and 1939. Most of the stock was destroyed during the war which is the reason most of the titles are very scarce. The copies that do show up are, for the most part, ex-lending library books and are in poor condition. The few copies around are eagerly sought by collectors which is the main reason this article is being written.

Three of the Gees stories have appeared in magazine form. All were cut and slightly rewritten in order to make them fit in better with American audiences. *MAKER OF SHADOWS* appeared in *Argosy* (December 9, 16, 23, 30, 1939 and January 6, 1940) with Finlay illustrations. It's my favorite of the ones I've read. The plot draws heavily on Celtic mythology, and has a semi-immortal priest who keeps alive by sacrificing you know what at a Stonehenge type altar. The shadows of those sacrificed in the past as well as a witch and a semi-human servant fill out the cast of characters. The atmosphere is very similar to A. Merrit's *CREEP, SHADOW* which is very logical since they utilize the same mythological background. As in the rest of the series, there is no happy ending.



THE NINTH LIFE also appeared in Argosy (August 6, 13, 20, 27, 1939) and was later reprinted in A. Merritt's Fantasy. It draws on Egyptian mythology for its background and features an immortal priestess of Sekhmet. Human sacrifice again runs wild. The book is not as good as MAKER OF SHADOWS but is still pretty good.

HER WAYS ARE DEATH was reprinted in FFM and unfortunately was cut rather badly. All of the English country expressions which helped to set the atmosphere of the book were taken out. The book draws on Norse mythology for background and also makes use of the lost science of Atlantis. The story features a rod of power, a magic axe, trips into another dimension and many other delightful fantastic items. The writing is smoother than in any of the other books I've read and it certainly is the most fantastically oriented of the series.

GREY SHAPES is a werewolf story which draws on Irish mythology for background. The book is pretty dull. The reader can identify the villains in the first chapter and can see the ending coming. It drags on for 300 pages with very little happening.

THE KLEINERT CASE is sort of a science fiction story about a new color process. The invention has been stolen by the wicked assistant and the ghost of the inventor is hunting him. Gees is hired by the bad guy to lay the ghost. He ends up bringing his employer to justice instead. The book is very poor and is the worst written of the lot.

A GLASS TOO MANY is sort of a sequel to MAKER OF SHADOWS. A pupil of the shadow maker has set up another altar and has created a couple of shadows. Others are being threatened by some kind of unknown poison. Some of the love scenes are very effective and pretty racy for the '30's. The end of the book is very moving. This is one of the better books in the series.

NIGHTMARE FARM is one of the early books in the series and is pretty badly written. A couple of elemental beings are terrorizing a farm and Gees stops them after blundering around for a couple of hundred pages.

The first book in the series is GEES' FIRST CASE which is the only book in the series that is not fantasy. The less said about it, the better.

The Coulson stories are, for the most part, negligible. They are set in the near and far east with only one book being a fantasy.

The series starts off with RECKLESS COULSON which takes place on the China Coast and is about gun runners and shipwrecks. DETECTIVE COULSON seems to take place around Burma and is a tale of spies and foreign intrigue. The only noteworthy thing about the book is that it predicts war with Japan. (The book was written about 1935.) EGYPTIAN NIGHTS is about adventure and intrigue in Alexandria. DEAD MAN'S CHEST is about -- you guessed it -- lost treasure in the south seas. The only switch is that the treasure consists of papers that can be used to settle an estate. A possible fantasy element is introduced when somebody in the story claims that the natives, with their strange practices, are degenerate descendents of Atlantis. Nothing is ever made of it and the story grinds to its dull routine conclusion.

COULSON GOES SOUTH is a lost race tale and the only good book in the series. It takes place in Africa and is about a hidden tribe of Arabs who are supposed to be descended from survivors of Atlantis. (They really get around, don't they!) They refuse to accept Islam and continue to worship the old gods complete with -- you guessed it again -- human sacrifice. The book concerns the rescue of an intended victim.

COULSON ALONE is a book I know nothing about. Likewise COULSON HERE.

A word about the romantic interest in these books. Coulson seems to be in love with a Russian adventuress while Gees is hooked on his secretary. The feeling is mutual in both cases but none of the four people involved ever mentions it to the recipient of his affection. This gives the reader the impression that all four are complete idiots. In addition, Gees usually falls in love with at least one woman in every book. The girl is either killed or rendered unavailable by some other means. Coulson acts exactly the same but doesn't do it nearly as often. The results are similar.



The following is a list of both series in approximate reading order:

GEES

GEES' FIRST CASE  
NIGHTMARE FARM  
GREY SHAPES  
THE KLEINERT CASE  
MAKER OF SHADOWS  
THE NINTH LIFE  
HER WAYS ARE DEATH  
A GLASS TOO MANY

COULSON

RECKLESS COULSON  
COULSON GOES SOUTH  
EGYPTIAN NIGHTS  
DEAD MAN'S CHEST  
DETECTIVE COULSON  
COULSON HERE  
COULSON ALONE

--- Charlie Brown

FIFTH PLANET, by Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle. Heinemann 1963.  
Reprinted Penguin 1965. 220 pp. 3/6.

Fred Hoyle, over the past few years, has taken time out from being a highly controversial figure in the field of astronomy to produce several "entertainments" in science fiction. These include the novels THE BLACK CLOUD, OSSIAN'S RIDE, A FOR ANDROMEDA, its sequel ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH, and a play ROCKETS IN URSA MINOR.

Hoyle's subject matter in all of these has been the first contact of Earth with vastly superior alien intelligences, and this theme reappears in his latest novel FIFTH PLANET, which is a collaboration with his 22 year old son, Geoffrey.

Although the novel takes place 100 years in the future, the present world situation is still unresolved (and unchanged). Britain has become a third-rate power of Swiss-like neutrality, and all affairs are managed by a multitude of committees. A star called Helios passing in close proximity to our solar system is found to have a system of its own, its fifth planet, Achilles, appearing from observations to be Earth-like. Two expeditions, one American, one Russian, are dispatched from Earth. The Russian ship mysteriously crashes on Achilles, killing one of its crew. The survivors, two men and a beautiful woman, team up with the American party for the exploration. More mysterious things happen. American crew member Fawcett is driven delirious by an hallucination of his Earth mistress, Cathy Conway. A Russian and an American are killed wantonly attempting to destroy a strange installation they find. An American is driven insane by the insistence of his jeep in travelling in a circular path when he tries to return to the ship. The American ship returns with the five survivors, two of whom are hopelessly insane, and during the trip Fawcett murders his fellow lunatic. Their arrival on Earth increases tension in the cold war, with the Russian woman seeking asylum in the USA, and her surviving companion giving his superiors a more "believable" explanation for the death of his colleagues.

Cathy Conway visits Fawcett in hospital; he dies passing on to her the alien parasite he has brought from Achilles. Cathy's takeover is successful because she accepts it as a friendly stable-companion and does not fight a losing battle with it as did the unfortunate crew members. She confides her change in her husband, explaining the nature of the alien race on Achilles and their power to cause hallucinations by transforming the worst fears of their enemies into subjective reality. The new Cathy demonstrates her powers by making the inhabitants of London realise their fears of nuclear war, which they believe to be inevitable. In the ensuing panic the authorities finally recognize the real cause, but Cathy and her husband (between whom there are still strong ties of love) evade them, and steal a reserve ship to fly to Achilles.

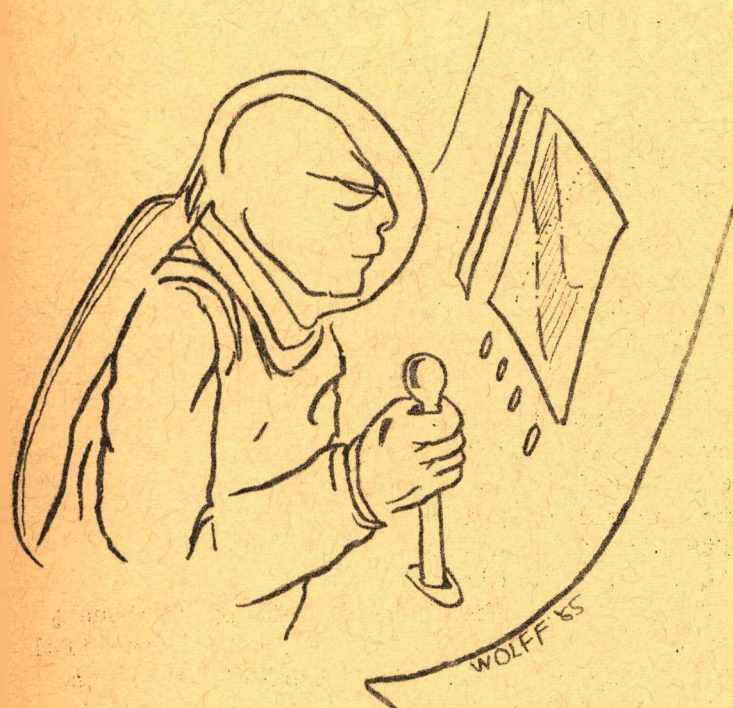




Although pandering to the tastes of mainstream fiction readers, with son Geoffrey providing the occasional sexual encounter, this is basically a good novel, possibly Hoyle's best to date. Its main strength lies in the detail it lavishes on such things as the flight in space and the discovery of the new system which even better writers would have rushed through with bored detachment. The account of the exploration is fascinatingly related and fits together as one of the best descriptions of an alien planet ever written. The old possession theme is given fresh life with deep insight into its effect on human relationships. The satire on American/Russian relations works on a superficial level, but seems to be an ingredient rather cheaply thrown in for good measure. At the time of the story the present world situation will either have been resolved peaceably or the survivors of it would cower in their caves upon discovering Helios rather than send rockets there.

--Jhim linwood

THE WANDERER, Fritz Leiber; Ballantine books, New York, 1964. 318 pp.



If this were a story, it would be much too long. But the important fact about this book is that it isn't a story. True, there is a story line in it, and there are characters, plot, and the rest of the impedimenta of stories (oh, are there characters and plots and settings!). But this is a tour de force. In the 300-odd pages of this book are contained, wrapped in essentially unified form, better than two-thirds of all the gimmicks, plot twists and elements of the whole field of science fiction. It is done subtly, but they are all there, from matter transportation, to space war, to cat-people, to esp, to robots. Some are important to the story, some are just slipped in. About the only gimmick missing is Adam and Eve, and yet many of the characters are Adams and Eves.

The trouble with discussing a book like this is that the tour de force overshadows all other qualities in the book, its glories and failures. And as a story it has many of both. The constant variation on the sex-symbolism, from creation to death to meaninglessness is one of the glories. Another is the way that the minor characters become important. But this is also one of the weaknesses, because not all the characters come off. Several, such as Old KKK and the revolutionaries, and Bagong Bung, are just interpositions, lengthening the book and adding nothing to it. The effect of the Wanderer is something else that doesn't quite come off. You never quite get the full feeling of horror that should arise from the half-wrecking of the planet, nor do you get quite the full feeling of relief that you should when this is over. But these criticisms are minor in a book of this scope, though they would be fatal to a book that had to depend on just a few ideas to survive.

In summing up, I have to say that this is far from a perfect sf book (who but Heinlein has written those), and it may not even be a great book. However, it is one of those books that should be on any fan's shelf. After all, it is a concentration and distillation of all the rest that are on the shelf.

-- J. Sanders



## SF ANATOMIZERS

by Ruth Berman

SF Horizons, A Magazine of Criticism and Comment, is a fascinating "little magazine" edited by Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss. It appears irregularly (one issue in 1964 and one in 1965, so far) and costs 50¢ in the U.S. Information about subscriptions is available from its business manager, Tom Boardman, Jr., Pelham, Priory Road, Sunningdale, Berks., England.

Both issues so far have had a good deal of material written by its editors. This material, along with the articles by James Blish, is the most sensible (and sensitive) and also the most entertaining. The editorial in the second issue, "Megadunits", describing marginally sfnal, political books such as FAIL SAFE, gives me an excellent example of the qualities mentioned: "These novels characteristically have scenes set in the Pentagon and Kremlin: half the characters live in uniform or Washington."

SF Horizons treats sf as seriously (not "serious" in the sense of "solemn") as little magazines treat literature generally. These two issues have a good deal of peripheral material -- I suppose, because the editors cannot write the whole magazine themselves and have to build up a stable of writers, as well as an audience. Some of the peripheral material consists of short fillers, which are amusing or interesting in themselves: a poem by C.S. Lewis, examples of particularly idiotic writing (like the column fillers in the New Yorker or Yandro). However, the lead "articles" in these two issues, both clearly expected to bring in readers because of the Big Names by-lined, are not really articles at all. One is a conversation about sf by C. S. Lewis, Kingsley Amis, and Brian Aldiss, taped before Lewis's death, and one is an interview with William Burroughs. Conversation is not a good medium for critical judgment -- one of the world's best talkers and critics, Dr. Samuel Johnson, talked best when his subjects were morals, persons, life in general (Boswell: "I come from Scotland, Sir, but I cannot help it"; Johnson: "That, Sir, is what I find a great many of your countrymen cannot help"), but for searching criticism readers must turn to his critical works, not to Boswell's Life. Still, conversation is also, or can be, an art form, and if William Burroughs has no skill at it, Aldiss, Amis, and Lewis do. For example:

Lewis: Are you looking for an ashtray? Use the carpet.

Amis: I was looking for the Scotch, actually.

...

Lewis: By the way, has any sf writer yet succeeded in inventing a third sex? Apart from the third sex we all know.

Amis: William Tenn invented a setup where there were seven sexes.

Lewis: How rare happy marriages must have been then!

Aldiss: Rather worth striving for, perhaps.

Sf Horizons is already good reading, mostly, and good criticism, partly. If they are able to find enough readers to survive, the proportions of both will doubtless go up, and the magazine will benefit its readers by sharpening their perception of what is (or is not) good in sf, and by sharpening the dissected writers' perception (indirectly benefiting the readers), as well as by providing entertaining reading in itself.

Australian Science Fiction Index 1939-1962 by Graham Stone, Futurian Society of Sydney, 1964, viii + 113 pp., 16.8 cm x 20.7 cm, no price indicated, mimeographed.

Graham Stone has packed this unpretentious booklet with much valuable information for the science fiction scholar. This index covers all of the science fiction magazines and paperback books published in Australia between the years 1939 and 1962. Besides the chronological listing of the magazines and various numbered and unnumbered paperback series, there are alphabetical author and title indices.

Mr. Stone has wisely chosen to include information as to cover artist, number of pages, size, and other information which so many other compilers of bibliographies skip. If the information is available, include it all! If the user doesn't want a particular



item of information, he can ignore it; but if he needs it and it isn't there...

The bulk of science fiction published in Australia is small compared to the amount published in the United States or even in the United Kingdom. Much of the material is reprints from those countries. This has of course hurt the authors of science fiction living in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. A. Bertram Chandler, for example, is represented by only 4 items while Robert A. Heinlein has 3 and Poul Anderson 10. The American authors overwhelm the native talent in many countries, and all that one gets is an inferior brand of American science fiction\* instead of a uniquely native science fiction which should look at the future in terms of its own society. One thinks back to the days when Gernsback in his magazines printed translations of French and German science fiction stories. This gave a different outlook to some of the science fiction writers and was certainly of interest to many readers. A flowering of uniquely native science fiction movements in other countries of the world would provide a much needed stimulant to American science fiction, which has grown much too smug with its virtual monopoly.

This intense bibliographic effort, which has been a part of science fiction fandom since its earliest days, should give the lie to those who maintain that "Everything has been done that needs to be done and that is why fandom today relies on non science fiction/fantasy topics." This is a contention so absurd that it is amazing that such statements are repeated with great and insistent regularity, even by those who truly know better. The statement is then repeated and expounded upon by those who are not knowledgeable about science fiction and are thus able to mask their ignorance by pretending to be "above it all".

Your better fantasy dealer should be able to obtain this item for you. There was a review of this item in Analog Science Fact Science Fiction February 1965 page 89. This index replaces Index to the Australian Science Fiction Magazines Parts 1 and 2, published in 1955 and 1958 respectively.

The amount of original science fiction published "down under" may be small but the scholarship of that small devoted band of fans is second to none. Their efforts put to shame those in other countries with vastly greater resources.

--Ed Wood

#### BASRA and PARTICLE

The British Amateur Scientific Research Association was founded early in 1962 to promote amateur research in science for reasons which include the following:

1. To counteract the tendency for scientific research to be pursued solely by professional scientists in increasingly specialized fields.
2. To dispel popular anti-scientific attitudes and the belief that the scientific method is not applicable to all problems.\*\*
3. To tap the reservoir of creative talent existing outside of research laboratories, and to overcome barriers hindering the publication of scientific work.
4. To prove that, besides affording great satisfaction as a hobby, amateur research can make valuable contributions to scientific knowledge without expensive equipment, and often (as in mathematics and theoretical science) with no equipment whatsoever.

Scientific qualifications are not required for (but constitute no barrier to) membership in BASRA. The annual subscription is 8/- or \$1.00. Members receive a quarterly journal publishing articles, suggestions, scientific conjectures, and original ideas of all kinds sent in by members; and every effort is made to answer queries and

\*I don't see how Heinlein and Anderson can be called "inferior". --Felice

\*\*Boy, is that going to get you justifiably jumped on! -- Felice



supply such other facilities as are possible.

Write to BASRA, 64 Ridge Road, Kingswinford, Staffe, Great Britain. If you wish to join BASRA and receive their quarterly journal, please enclose with your subscription your name, address, age, occupation, scientific or other qualifications, your special subject of research or field of interest, and whether you would be willing to act as a consultant to the Association in any field (state which).

PARTICLE; a Journal by and for science students. PARTICLE has as its primary purpose the furthering of communication among serious science students; to enable student readers to discover what other students are doing and thinking in their chosen fields of science; and to afford student authors the opportunity to share the products of their original thinking or research. PARTICLE is written, edited, and owned by undergraduate and secondary school students. (From Vol. 2, #2.)

PARTICLE's editorial offices are: PARTICLE, Inc. (a non-profit corporation), Box 937, Berkeley 1, California; 1212 East 59th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois. Subscriptions of four issues, sent whenever published; \$2.00, or \$1.80 in quantities of ten or more issues sent to the same address; Supporting and Library subscriptions, \$10.00. For information on corporate subscriptions, write to Dunbar Aitkens, Business Manager, at the Berkeley office. (From Vol. 4, #2.)

The most recent issue of PARTICLE (vol. 4, #2, winter 1963-64) contains, in the editorial section, their viewpoints on ethics. These viewpoints on the social responsibility of the scientist are: "Generalizing the Scientific Ethic", by Roy Frank, and "Research and Responsible Roles", by John Reissner.

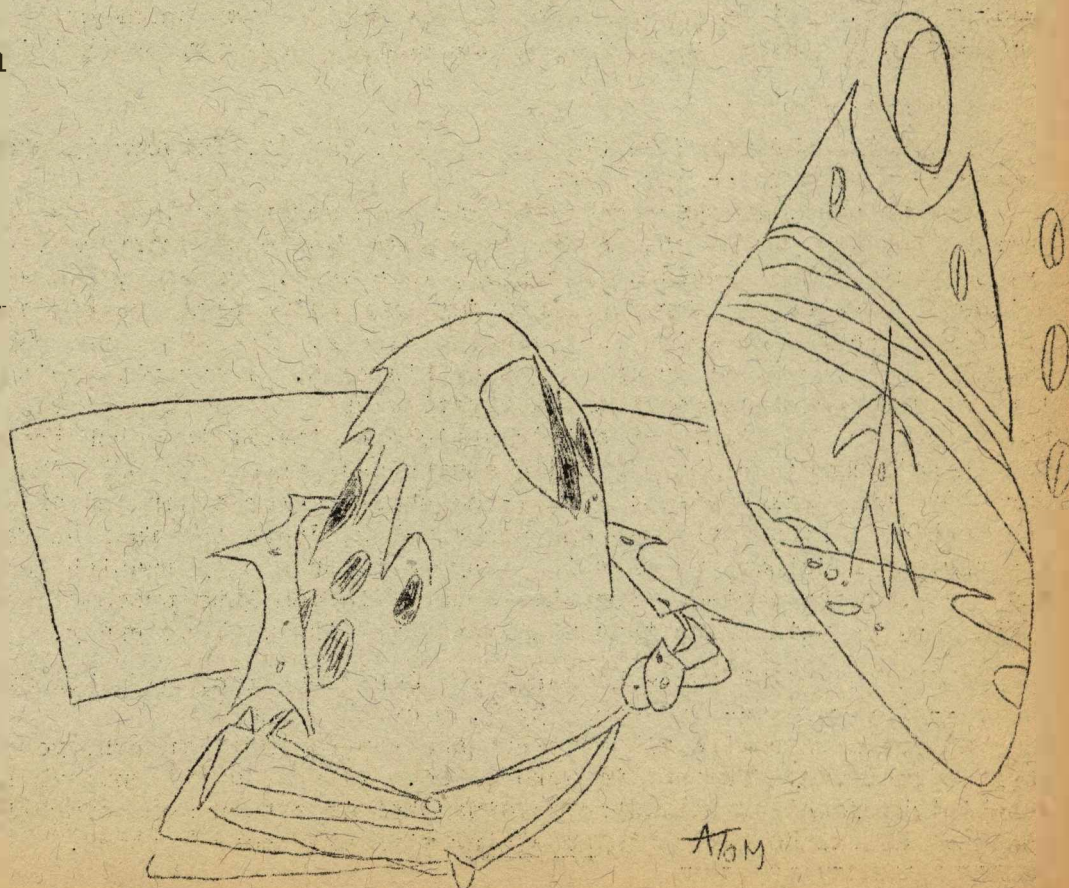
As a note of interest, PARTICLE used to be located on Ridge Road in Berkeley. Also as a note of interest, PARTICLE has been around since Fall, 1958. Due to poor finances ((An occupational hazard of any amateur publication, and particularly acute in a journal which must pay its own way, unlike fanzines --FR)), a "one year" subscription entitles one to receive four issues, whenever they come out. Recently, finances have improved (to the extent that the debt seems to be a non-increasing function.)

--Robt. Baer

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As usual we solicit reviews of just about anything and everything for this department; book, movie, magazine story, fanzine, or what have you. The response has been fairly good but we can always use more reviews...particularly long detailed reviews like that of Pilgrim Project in NIEKAS 12.

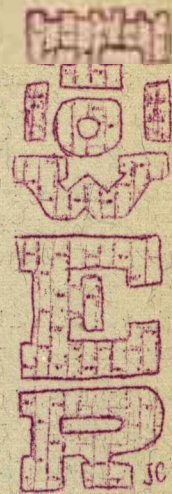
ERM & FR





# THE IVORY TOWER

BY BEN SOLON



Into the fray and damned be he who first hollers "Hold!"

Before wading into the cesspool of fanzines accumulated since the last "Ivory Tower" (you remember the last "Ivory Tower", don't you?), there is something I'd like to say. To wit: in my review of Andy Porter's ALGOL #9, I said some pretty uncomplimentary things about Robin Wood's column therein.

I'd like to take them back.

Why? Because when I LoCed ALGOL, I had naught but Good Things to say about "Grut." So, while everyone is standing there trying to hide that smirk and watching Solon Eat His Words, I'll explain: I wrote the last installment of this column in one night; glancing through the fanzines as they came to light and jotting down my opinions. I didn't come to "Grut" until after I'd read Andy Offutt's "Chatty, Preferably Controversial Column" in TRUMPET. My feelings after reading the first five or so lines of Wood's column were something like: "No, no, no, NO! Not another one of these things. Twice in one night is Too Much." I then proceeded to lambaste it in the Approved Manner. A few weeks later, I wrote the LoC described above -- this'll teach me to make carbons -- and upon re-reading "Grut", I found that it wasn't so bad after all, in fact, it's pretty darn good. But I'd forgotten the damning I'd given it in "The Ivory Tower" (okay, so I'm absent-minded) and neglected to tell Andy, who must think I'm some kind of back-stabber. Not to mention what Ed and Felice must think of me for putting them in the middle\* I hereby apologise to one and all and promise that it won't happen again.

And now, onward:

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY #4 (Leland Sapiro, Box 82, University Station, Saskatoon, Canada -- quarterly -- 35¢, 4/\$1.25)

In the past, my reaction to RQ has been something less than enthusiastic. Not because the quality of the material is poor, quite the contrary, but because of editorial pomposity; heavy-handed serconism, in a word. However, I'm willing to ignore RQ's editorial personality for the sheer joy of reading Alex Panshin's HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, the first chapter of which is presented herein. The style and approach of this study is vaguely reminiscent of damon knight at his best. I eagerly await the succeeding chapters of what promises to be an outstanding critique of one of the major shapers of modern science fiction. Panshin's article by itself is worth the price of admission, but there's more: Barbara Floyd's study-in-depth of THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING; Jim Harmon's paperback reviews; an all-too-short lettercolumn and an editorial which decries the lack of serious fanzines and more-or-less damns the faanish fan and fanzine. The appropriate rejoinder to this is: why is it that only faanish fen such as Terry Carr and Ted White have risen from the ranks of fandom into prodom? Get RQ for HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION; anything else that you happen to like will be gravy.

POINTING VECTOR #25 & KNOWABLE #9 (John Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, New York 11218 -- irregular -- 25¢ each, 5/\$1.00 or the usual)

POINTING VECTOR is all letters, and surprisingly enough, you don't have to have a copy of #24 handy for them to make sense. This is a bit unusual for PV which is mainly a political journal, but John explains that it's been something like eight months since the last PV and he had to do something with all those letters.

\*You said it, Ben, we didn't. But this is a handsome apology. --Felice



KNOWABLE is likewise a bit heavy on the letters, but that's okay with me -- I like lettercols. There is also an installment of an endless shaggy dog story, and a plea for future chapters, the ones on hand being just about exhausted; a couple of science articles and -- hey -- there's even something by me...will wonders never cease? Thanx for publishing it, though.

THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER #4 (Ron Wilson, N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane, Washington -- monthly -- first issue is 20¢, after which you either LoC or contribute; no subs).

I haven't seen a FLYCATCHER for, lo, these many months and was beginning to believe the rumors that it had folded. I should have known better. TVC is back, and it's better than ever. As always, the artwork is superb, being in color and by people like Terry Jeeves and Alex Eisenstein. The written material is good too; a review-in-depth of ELMER GANTRY by Bill Warren which contains the most improbable line of the month: "(Sinclair) Lewis writes the way ERB might have if he had more talent, intelligence and wit..." Warren also reviews Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS; it's a good review, but I can't say as I'm terribly interested. There's a Feghoot by Alex Eisenstein, and really, Alex, I expected better from you...alas, you've been corrupted by Lew Grant...

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #39 (Robert Franson, c/o Science Fiction Review, P.O. Box 1568, San Diego, Calif. 92112 -- monthly -- 15¢, 15/\$2.00.)

Here's another one I hadn't seen for a long time, but it could have stayed in Limbo for all I care. SFR has always struck me as being a fanzine that didn't live up to its potential. There is definite need, in fandom, for good reviews of current hardbacks -- there are plenty of paperback review columns, but no one outside the prozines bothers very much with hardbound sf books. SFR could have been the answer, but it wasn't and a six month hiatus hasn't improved it any. However, if you need a list of books published and haven't easy access to PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, you might give SFR a try -- if they don't hibernate again.

WARHOON #22 (Richard Bergeron, 333 E. 69th St., New York, New York 10022 -- irregular -- 20¢, 5/\$1.00 or the usual)

The Age of Miracles hasn't passed after all, here's a WARHOON, the first in Ghru knows how long. This is one of the few apa-zines that are intelligible to outsiders (like me) -- even the mailing comments make sense. There are also columns by Walter Breen and Robert Lowndes. Breen's column is the better of the two; it starts off with a review of Phyllis Gottlieb's SUNBURST (which Breen presents as a possible Hugo nominee) and progresses into a discussion of psi powers in psychopaths; Lowndes' column is something less than what I've come to expect from him -- I can't say as I'm terribly interested in a precise definition of emotional love. (And, what's that got to do with science fiction?)

DYNATRON #26 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. British agent: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain -- bimonthly -- 20¢ or the usual)

I've come to expect the unexpected from DYNATRON -- you never know what you'll find lurking on its pale green pages. This time, for example, there's a three page Westercon report in the guise of an editorial, a dull article on humanistic psychology by Stephen Pickering, a good article on new ideas for sf stories by Art Rapp and some amusing (okay, so I don't have any taste) ((Oh, come, Ben, you must have some --FR)) faan fiction by Steven Muir. I fear that Tackett must be getting soft in his old age -- even I can remember a time when a dreary, bewildering, pompous conglomeration such as Pickering's would have never, never appeared in DYNATRON. Ignore him and get the zine for Tackett and Rapp.

ENTMOOT #2 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. -- irregular -- free for interest or whatever you think it's worth)

Greg says that all letters and material for the next ish should go to Dave Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Md. 63019. Being something of a Tolkieniac myself, I'd like to be able to say Good Things about ENTMOOT, but can't bring myself to do it. Not that the zine is out and out bad, you understand, but I'm not especially interested in things  
\*Again we disagree. I like ENTMOOT's editorial personality. --FR



like "A Proposed System for the Phonetic Representation of English Sounds with the Fearor-ean Letters" (s'help me, that's the title of an article). However, if you're interested in learning Elvish or whether Gollum still had hair on his feet after all those years, this is the place for you.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #71 (Ted Johnstone, 619 S. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005. Irregular -- 25¢, 5/\$1.00 or the usual -- no trades.)

I'd just finished reading Laney's AH SWEET IDIOCY when thish of SHAGGY arrived, and to judge from Ted's editorial, LA fandom hasn't changed a bit through the years...but, since I haven't had that much contact with the LASFS, I'll refrain from making further comment...Material isn't at all what I've come to expect from SHAGGY: yet another of Stephen Pickering's verbose articles -- someday, Pickering should do himself and the rest of us a favor and learn to write simple, straight-forward English. There is also something called "Operation Fantast" by Julian Reid, book reviews by people like Ted White and Terry Carr, and a longish lettercol.

AMRAs #35 & 36 (AMRA, PO Box 9120, Chicago, Ill. 60690. British agent: Archie Mercer, 70 Worall Rd., Bristol 8, England -- irregular -- 35¢, 8/\$2.00.)

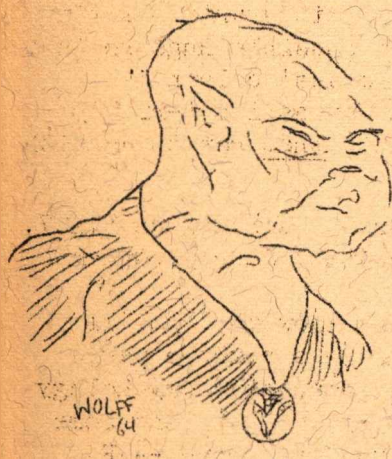
#35 features reviews of Sprague de Camp's THE ARROWS OF HERCULES and James Branch Cabell's THE CREAM OF THE JEST by Fritz Leiber, an article by de Camp on the heroic fantasies of his sometime collaborator Fletcher Pratt, and the usual impeccable reproduction and artwork.

#36 will probably irritate the hell out of those people who hold that a story needn't be any good just so long as it's sword and sorcery (or science fiction for that matter). Buck Coulson gives ALMURIC a much needed and well deserved lambasting and Archie Mercer and Harry Harrison demolish Lin Carter's sickening WIZARD OF LEMURIA. There are other goodies as well: John Brunner writes on the background of his recent ALTAR OF ASCONEL and earlier SPACE-TIME JUGGLER, Fritz Leiber reviews TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, and there is the ever-present praiseworthy art -- the back cover is recommended to all Tolkien fans.

YANDROS #150 & 151 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348. British agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain -- monthly -- 30¢, 4/\$1.00, 12/\$2.50.)

#150 is mostly reviews and letters and Ted White's column...I'd heard elsewhere that Ted's recent ANDROID AVENGER was originally supposed to be a Bob Tucker novel (and if you don't know what a Bob Tucker novel is, shame on you), but Ace Books' editor Don Wollheim forced him to delete most of the fannisms from the book. Ted gives a first hand account and he doesn't pull any punches. If you missed thish, you've really missed a lot.

#151 just goes to prove that nothing is secure; YANDRO no longer is the world's best second-rate fanzine -- it's now the best and deservedly so. ((It won the Hugo this year -- FR)) What's it got? Well, there's Alex Eisenstein's article in rebuttal to Ted White, a letter symposium on the recent Ace Books-Tolkien rumble and Coulson's caustic comments on books and fanzines. Could anyone ask for more?



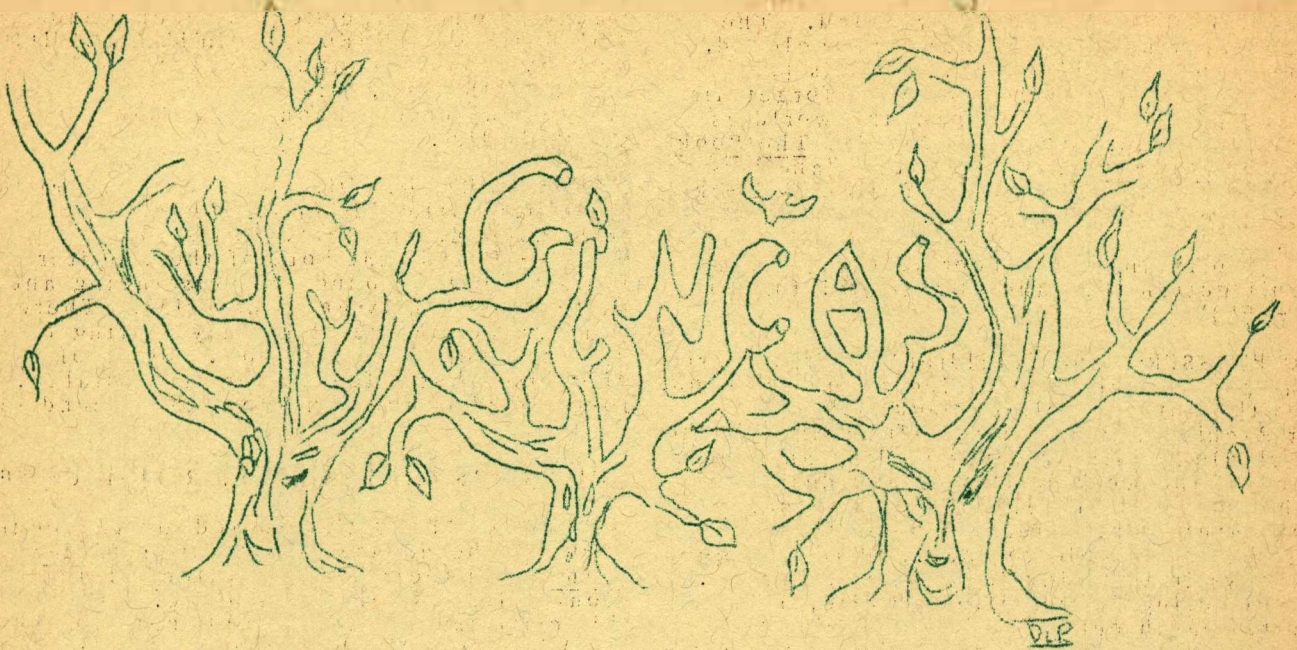
FOCAL POINT #14 (Rich Brown, 236 Mulberry St., Apt. #12, NYC and/or Mike McInerney, 326 E. 13th St., Apt. #7, NYC -- supposedly biweekly -- 3/25¢, 12/\$1.00 or the usual.)

A fanzine of news, views and reviews. Big news this time is that Doc Smith died and that Tolkien has refused the honorarium offered him by Ace Books.

And on that happy note I'll leave you until next quarter -- maybe.

-- Ben Solon





#### CHILDREN'S FANTASY: A. Additions

Nan Braude: First let me mention two classics somehow overlooked; Dinah Maria Mulock Craik's The Little Lame Prince (although I must confess it is a book I cannot love), and Selma Lagerlof's The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.

I recommend highly Tove Jansson's books about the inhabitants of Moominvalley; Moomintrolls, hemulens, hattifatteners, and a Snork Maiden, to name a few. Finn Family Moomintroll is available in a Penguin; others in the series include Tales from Moominvalley and Moominsummer Madness. The books have a blend of unsentimental domesticity and occasional moments of haunting terror that is reminiscent of the earlier part of Lord of the Rings.

Some good books of Irish legend are those of Seumas MacManus; The Bold Heroes of Hungry Hill, The Donegal Wonder Book, and The Well of the World's End. James Stephens, author of The Crock of Gold (one of the few fantasies legitimized by the approbation of the Literary Establishment), has a volume of Irish Fairy Tales (Collier pb.). E. M. Almedingen's The Knights of the Golden Table is a brilliant retelling of twelve of the Russian byliny, the tales of Prince Vladimir of Kiev and his warriors which are the Russian equivalent of Arthurian romance or the cycle of Charlemagne. A good book about Charlemagne's era is Marian W. Magoon's The Emperor's Nephew. The local library classifies it as fantasy, but I would call it instead a well-documented historical novel. The fantasy elements involve a preternaturally wise elephant presented to Charlemagne by Haroun al-Raschid.

One of the most popular heroes of Germanic legend was Dietrich of Berne, better known to history as Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths and Emperor of Rome, 493-526. The Austrian legends about him have been collected in Ruth Sawyer and Emmy Molles's Dietrich of Berne and the Dwarf King Laurin.

Not a retelling, but a new story based on elements from Welsh myth is Lloyd Alexander's The Book of Three. It is a delightful tale of a quest for the oracular sow Hen Wen, involving Gwydion son of Don, an apprentice witch named Eilonwy, and an Assistant Pig Keeper who wants to be a hero. A sequel has just been published.

Lynette Muir's The Unicorn Window is about two children's adventures in Armorik, the land of heraldry, in search of a unicorn accidentally freed from a blazoned window in England. It is full of fascinating information about heraldry, and Pauline Baynes illustrations.

A book about gnomes, which is also a fascinating chronicle of animal life along a brook, is D.J. Watkins-Pitchford's The Little Grey Men. And two books I've just gotten, which I've not yet read but which look good, are George MacDonald's The Light Princess (recommended by Ruth Berman) and Sigrid Undset's True and False and Other Norse Tales.

To the list of collectable (if that is a word) illustrators I'd like to add N.M. Bodeker, who did The Gammadge Cup and the Edward Eager books, and my all-time favorite, Howard Pyle.

Two items related to but not strictly part of the children's-fantasy field are Kenneth Grahame's Dream Days and The Golden Age (Oswald Bastable's favorite books), and Rudyard Kipling's autobiography, Something of Myself, in which he tells how he came to write Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies, inspired by archeological discoveries on his Sussex farm.

Mike Klassen: Walsted mentioned The Book of the Three Dragons, by Kenneth Morris. There is another book that precedes this one, called The Fate of the Princes of Dyfed in which Pwyl Prince of Dyfed, is tested by the Cymric Gods so that he may be elevated to godhood. He defeats Gwawl-Sea Thief in a contest for the



band of Rhiannon, but fails when he disobeys Rhiannon and Gwawl takes over Dyfed. The birth and upbringing of Pryderi are included, and the shaming of Rhiannon. For his part in the loss of Dyfed, Pwyll is made to forget his name and past and sent to roam the world as the Nameless One. This ties in with The Book of the Three Dragons, in which the Nameless One is led to The Cave of the Yellow Calf-skin and renewed into Mannwyddan, who defeats Gwawl.

((Sorry about the poor spacing. Mike: I haven't gotten the hand of this #@! format yet. --FR))

DAVID PROSSER: The "children's fantasy" article was particularly interesting to me for I too, as does the author, collect books illoed by Arthur Rackham; what a wonderful artist was he! His work glows with an inner feeling and understanding of the work he illoes, and despite the fact that many of his illos are of a rather gloomy nature, they create a mood that few artists have been able to do...and it is a mood which stays in the mind long after it is seen. After collecting Rackham for a while, I was forced to search out a Poe book which I had read in Jr. High, which I remembered mainly for the illos, which I felt (as I then remembered them) must have been Rackham...and my hunt proved me right, happily! Most of my editions are first or second at most and in good condition. Also recommended highly is the biography "Arthur Rackham; his Life and Work" by Derek Hudson, which originally sold for \$20.00 but which now should be able to be gotten a good bit cheaper.

ARCHIE MERCER: What about "The Log of the Ark" (Kenneth Walker & Geoffrey Boumphrey), a really delightful fantasy with only the most tenuous connections with reality? Or "The Phantom Tollbooth" (Norton Juster), a sort of male-Alice-In-Wonderland sort of story only with a coherent flow of events rather than a dreamlike one? Then Vaughan Wilkins's "After Bath, or the Remarkable Case of the Flying Hat" Sort of "Unknownish", this last. Kipling's "The Just-So Stories" are cast in the form of a series of pseudo-legends -- "How the Rhinoceros got his Skin" and so on. Then his "Jungle Books". Besides the "Mowgli" series running through them, there are also a good many other stories, including a couple of exceptionally un-jungly ones. "The White Seal", telling of a super-seal who finds an island for his folk where the hunters are unable to follow, is practically space-operatic in its scope and has been a strong favourite of mine since I was so high.

DICK ELLINGSWORTH: Elleston Trevor wrote many more in the same series as Badger's Wood and Deep Wood. Come to think of it, the title is Badger's Wood, not Badger's Wood. The only other title in the series that springs to mind is Wizard of the Wood, but they are all well worth reading. I was also glad to see a mention of John Masefield's Midnight Folk. I remember my mother reading both this and White's Mistress Masham's Repose to me on warm summer afternoons, shortly before I started school. Since then I have re-read both these works many times and have never failed to wonder at the senses of adventure and beauty that both these writers consistently created through all their works.

BANKS MEBANE: I recently read two children's fantasies on George Heap's recommendation: THE BOOK OF THREE and THE BLACK CAULDRON, both by Lloyd Alexander. They are based on Welsh mythology, and are excellent juvenile sword-and-sorcery books that ought to be on anyone's list.

ANDRE NORTON: Did you know that Garner has a new title this fall? I have ordered it from London, and there is also one by Nicholas Gray -- I find that both of these writers of fantasy for the young are outstanding and write consistently good material. There appears to be a wave of fantasy writing on the upsurge over there just now. Some of it fails, of course, but a few writers are notable. Joyce Gard is good on about the second level.

#### CHILDREN'S FANTASIES: B. RELIGIOUS EFFECT

NAN BRAUDE: I'd like to add my two cents' worth to the debate over the Chronicles of Narnia and their possible effect on the religious child. In the first place, I think that this criticism, if true, holds only for The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe. The other books are much less explicitly Christian in their allegory. I remember reading The Last Battle when I was about 14 and recognizing it as a wonderful story with a symbolic meaning which I could perceive only dimly, but I did not realize that it is an allegory of the Apocalypse until I was a senior in college. And as a child I was religious to the point of near-neuroticism! The effect of the Narnian books is, I believe, identical with the effect of MacDonald's Phantasies on C. S. L. himself, as he says in Surprised by Joy, that of "baptizing the imagination." The child who grows up on tales of fantasy like Lewis' (me, for instance) will not necessarily have acquired the Christian dogma, but he will have developed a romantic thirst for the numinous that is likely to lead him to develop an interest in theology -- the road to Sinai runs past Parnassus.

DICK ELLINGSWORTH: I agree that the writings of C. S. Lewis can react on children's minds. I must have been around eight or nine on first reading Out of the Silent Planet -- maybe younger -- and it influenced me greatly over a period of maybe three years. In fact, it still does influence me to a certain extent, though I could not now be termed a Christian, using any frame of reference.

BEN SOLON: I disagree with Mark Walsted that the Narnia books "should 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." This sort of argument was advanced by Dr. Fredrick Wertham in his condemnation of pre-code comic books. Children may see more than adults think, but I doubt that they will be affected by Lewis' religion unless their parents point it out to them. A child won't be bothered by the Narnia books unless some one tells him that they're overly religious. And besides, what harm can religion do to a child, especially when it's presented in the form of fiction? Since the Narnia books are intended for children old enough to read to themselves, and since a child's character/personality (give me the child for six years and he is mine...) is set by the time he is old enough to read, I cannot see



any harm that Lewis' books can do to any normal child.

ANDRE NORTON: I must admit that I found the Walsted comments irritating -- knew that it was undoubtedly his personal reaction to the books in question, but his reasoning seems to prepos-

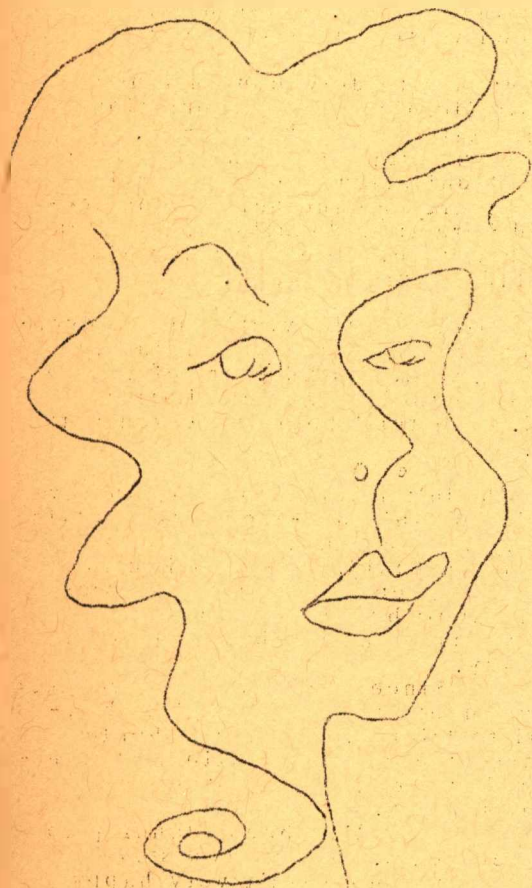
## HYPOCRISY AND THE ED BIZ

I didn't want to have any discussion of my editorial of last time; but so many people wrote in about it, in seriousness, that I feel it should be discussed. However, this is The Last. And with that understanding, here goes:

EARL EVERS: Gee Felice, I'm surprised you took so long to discover the fundamental hypocrisy of our culture -- I ran into it for the first time when I was a senior in high school applying for college entrance and scholarships. ((I was aware of it, but had never had my nose rubbed in it before. --FR)) "For God's sake don't put down that you haven't decided on a career field yet, just write in anything that comes to mind and you can always say later you changed your mind. Teaching would be fine, or any kind of scientific research. They want people these days that know how to make decisions." My reply about the ability to make decisions without bothering to get sufficient data wasn't too well received. Then there was that blank where you were supposed to write in your religion. I wanted to leave it as it was, blank: "you have to list a religion, whether you go to church or not. A lot of admissions boards automatically reject anyone who lists himself as an atheist or agnostic, and all of them reject anyone who fails to complete the form properly. It shows you can't follow orders, if you don't fill in each and every blank." Of course I know now that this is mostly just BS, but my high school advisor was a big, fat, imposing gentleman with a John Campbell voice and I went ahead and took his advice and eventually was accepted by all the colleges I applied to. But I couldn't get enough financial help to go out of state so I went to the local U and plugged along for two years before I finally decided that hypocrisy in filling out a form is one thing, but living with it day by day in the dorm and the classroom is too much. I bummed around for a year, then migrated to New York and did nothing much at all till I was drafted in May of '64. Then I had to really learn to live with hypocrisy.

Surprisingly it isn't so hard, everyone seems to know you're only giving the Army lip service and no one at all really believes the official Army attitudes. It isn't at all pleasant, though, and it's the worst kind of hypocrisy, hypocrisy of deed, where you do one thing all day and then sit around all night with your friends cutting down the things you yourself helped to bring into being. I suspect it's exactly the thing you object to in teaching. ((absolutely! --FR)) only I imagine on a deeper level. I doubt that any school system has less regard for the rights of the individual than the Army. Oh well, I ought to get along better in civilian life now that I've learned to cope with the Army. I had to fill out a personal data form the other day and had no trouble at all. The lies and evasions tripped off my tongue easily as you please. But I was glad to realize I'm not by any means coming to believe the stuff I parrot for official purposes, as I once feared I would if I had to do it very much. Rather the other way, I seem to be more aware of phyness and hypocrisy around me than I ever was.

HARRY WARNER, JR: I'm sure that I would never become a teacher, partly because of the factors that Felice just discovered, partly because of the fact that I am terrified by children. But I wonder if these built-in hypocrisies



*Harness*

terous to me that I could not believe for a little while that he meant it. If a person is not to learn the elements of religion, ethics, morals, etc., in childhood -- then when? It is the loss of such standards which sets one dangerously adrift too often nowadays.

FELICE ROLFE: Even though, as you all know, I'm an atheist, I also think Mark is off-base. We know that Lewis is Christian, so we read his moral lessons as being Christian morals; but a child is unlikely to make that distinction. He will learn, perhaps, that truth, bravery, and honor are Good Things. Any fantasy, based on any religion, takes these as fundamental postulates. (Look at the Odyssey.) What's wrong with that? So they're also Christian moral values; so what? No author is going to include in his works the faults of his beliefs, so the child will not be exposed to them. As for his learning particulars of religion or of a religious attitude (such as unquestioning acceptance), well, I have more trouble with my neighbors about that than literature will ever give me. I feel that fantasy, including the Narnia books, is good for them. (And there's pragmatism for you!)



of the teaching profession are any worse or essentially different from those in most of the other professions? Maybe the future attorneys, physicians, and public relations men don't get these matters explained in such naked and concentrated form just before they take up their vocations actively. But these other professions must deal with suspicious, dishonest and nasty adults, just as teachers do in a slightly indirect manner. ((Yes; but they don't have, if you'll pardon the trite phrase, the molding of young minds in their hands. Somehow I feel that makes one hell of a big difference; okay, so I'm an idealist. --FR)) Maybe a farmer can get along without hypocrisy in his job. I can't think of many other vocations that provide the same advantage to their holders.

C.W. BROOKS: Your comments on the plight of public school teachers are almost unbelievable. But of course the evils are exaggerated by the fact that no one mentions the teachers who don't have any trouble and aren't fired, though they may have done exactly the same thing as the ones who were. I mean, 40,000 people a year die in traffic accidents, and countless more are injured, many of them being probably as good or better drivers than I am. Still, the chance of my having an accident on the way to work any given day is quite small, and so I continue to drive to work. It's just like any kind of catastrophe, you only hear about the ones that actually happen.

PAUL HERKART: I don't know whether I have repaid you gently for NIEKAS or not, for I have taken your comments on the teaching profession and made four copies of them. These I gave to four teachers. Their comments I pass on to you. My own comment on the five nevers on pg 13:5 is that the first two are in direct violation of the principles of good organization. Organizations are built on trust, of course in a realistic way, not romantically; and will not work without it. This applies to schools, government, armies, businesses, and every organization. On the other hand there is a great deal of content to the three following nevers. I would not think that they are to be taken literally. Always be aware of the total situation. You cannot correct the fact that some parents are nasty, and will sue for imaginary cause or otherwise take advantage of the teacher. You know, there's always one rotten apple in the barrel. Mostly this takes the form of hassling over grades; senior will not believe that junior is not the brightest in the class, or at least in the upper percentiles; ergo, teacher is not doing his job right. A good school administration is able to see through this and protect teachers from it except perhaps when junior is the Mayor's.

HERE ARE the comments of Paul's friends:

1. These things could happen in any isolated incident, but that does not mean that this is true in all school systems and at all times. Under these conditions, no one would teach. ##All statements are too general. (I do not agree with any "never" statement.) ##When you are in a classroom with children every dedicated teacher will tell you -- the child comes first.

2. This picture of the teaching profession is highly questionable. It certainly doesn't present a true situation for the profession. Many of the statements presented in a negative vein are not in keeping with the philosophies followed in most school systems. Certainly the promotion of esprit

de corps and understanding among members of the staff and administration are recognized as essential elements of any good school. ##As an educational leader, the principal of the school must encourage his teachers to feel free to confer with him regarding problems that arise. ##It seems to me that the individual who wrote this article is not really desirous of becoming a teacher and as a consequence is grasping at exaggerated incidents as an excuse for not continuing with her training. (Could this article have been written in a satirical vein?)

3. It is always unwise to draw conclusions on too few facts. California has the reputation of being a desirable state in which to teach. It is known to place importance on knowledge of subject matter. Requirements for California State Certification are demanding. Under conditions described here it is doubtful that anyone would teach in this state. It is also doubtful that this young lady wants to teach.

4. Perhaps the writer was the victim of an over-zealous education professor who was trying to show what could happen. In 28 years of teaching I experienced no incidents even similar to those mentioned. All this should be taken "with a grain of salt".

FELICE ROLFE: I hadn't intended to stir up any controversy of this magnitude -- only to explain to our readers why I wasn't moving to Santa Cruz as Ed had said I would. I also asked that the editorial not be taken as a pan of the profession. I should know by now not to expect miracles -- nor to try to write about something I am feeling deeply.

Since so many of our readers (not quoted) have mentioned that they're showing the editorial to friends, perhaps I should clear up my background and motivation; obviously these four teachers aren't the only ones who will call it into question.

I've been planning to teach for about ten years. I have two small children and a husband who wasn't very happy about my studying, but I have been working for about seven years, part-time; first to get my degree in math (I have a one-track mind. And, by the way, my math background is a good deal better than California certification requires.) Just last summer started on my ed requirements. If I really didn't want to teach, I sure managed to hide it from myself; I had to fight for every semester to (a) get my husband to let me finish it, and (b) do well in the course; I study about 6-8 hours for every class hour. It's true I had wanted to teach in junior college -- beginning calculus is my main interest. But my advisor told me it was going into the high schools, so I decided to do so also. The Santa Cruz job would have involved a 10-month separation from my husband -- though I would still have had the kids to worry about. As a matter of fact, it was the statement that "your profession comes before your family" that was the last straw. All in all, I was going to quite a bit of trouble to teach, over quite a span of time; any who still doubt my motivation are welcome to do so.

These four teachers are quite right that this picture of the profession is exaggerated. However, it was the picture which was given to us. The question is, why did my professors think it necessary to lay it on so thick?

I was on the "intern program", a crash program; two summer's education courses (for people who already held their academic degrees), with a regular



teaching job during the school year in between. We would hold a one-year intern credential, and our permanent credential would depend on our principal's and our professors' approval. Let me emphasize that we were, for all practical purposes, without the protection of a credential; our professors were trying to give us instead the protection of what they considered prudence, and of their own experience. I am convinced that their concern for their students' survival (their word) was sincere.

I do not feel that I can work comfortably in a field where anyone (even a beginner) is in need of such strong protection.

Apparently I've implied criticism of school administrators in my article. None was intended. The principal of the school I mentioned, who reassigned the Spanish teacher to driver training because her husband got into a fight, has charge of one of the toughest schools in San Francisco. Two murders were committed by kids from his school last year. He has such things to worry about as the dropout problem, de facto segregation, and so on. He certainly shouldn't have to be bothered with a teacher whose husband can't keep his fists in his pocket, even though it may be unjust to the teacher. I have a lot more sympathy for the administrator than I had a year ago.

Of course the child comes first. Why would anyone put up with 25 or more kids unless he felt that way? But that's in the classroom. You have to keep your job outside the classroom, because nobody knows what you're doing once you've closed the door. That's another point our profs made...and it bothered me very much. I'll stand or fall on how I do my job, any day -- and I've done both -- but I'd like my supervisor to have some way of knowing how I do it. In industry, you can con the boss just so long; exactly until the project deadline, or your quarterly report, or whatever form it takes. At that point in time he learns whether or not you've produced. This is in a technical job, of course. Anyone who deals in an intangible product can probably get away with more longer, but then he probably has to put up with more, too, as Harry Warner says.

Well, so maybe I'm jumping to conclusions. I asked my friends who teach, and got the reply, "That's ridiculous! Of course sometimes..." I asked the program head -- hell, I begged her; I didn't want to see all that work go down the drain -- to put the picture in better perspective. She replied that she would be lying if she retracted one word. I'm impressionable. I believed her.

It's interesting, the statement "no one would teach under those conditions". All five of my professors, at different times, expressed quite a bit of concern because the best San Jose State students are not going into education; and because, of those who do enter teaching in California, less than half continue after their first year. (The profs' figure, not mine.) I know of no other field, requiring five years' training, which has a 50% dropout rate in the first year.

I don't mean to imply that the individuals engaged in the profession are all hypocritical. Indeed, I have a very great respect for people who can work happily within or around these limitations, perhaps even so successfully that they don't notice them. And I am over-reacting; no doubt if I'd taken the usual training at the usual age -- the early twenties -- I'd have gradually adjusted to the system and been as much surprised as anyone at this picture of the profession. Let me emphasize that it isn't my

picture. At my final interview, the program head seemed satisfied that I'd gotten the message they intended to convey (although she couldn't see why it upset me so; after all, it's the same in industry, she insisted). I leave it to you why they wanted to make teaching seem contemptible. Personally, I'm grateful to them.

Finally, no, the article was not written in a satirical vein. It was written in a state of shock. I see by the above that I'm not over it yet... Well, except for a couple of last-minute letters, and unless we get some rebuttals from teachers, this is the last you'll hear of an unpleasant subject.

BEN SOLON: Felice's remarks about teaching apply to Chicago as well as in California, only more so. At least in Santa Cruz you probably wouldn't run into some six-foot monster who will suddenly make up his mind that your looks would be improved by the removal of your nose or some other useless appendage. The Chicago Board of Education does its best to cover it up but there's an average of three teachers a week beaten up on the job. And they wonder why they can't get teachers to work in the public schools. ((Maybe "survival" was a more appropriate word than I thought... Seriously, I don't think we've too much of that out here. --FR))

DAVE SZUREK: Maybe I'm speaking way out of turn, as I'm yet a student and have no intentions of ever entering the teaching profession, but that hypocrisy bit seems somewhat more or less true.

#### TOLKIEN CON AND PRO

EARL EVERS: Much as I admire Tolkien's work as literature, I am appalled at the idea of The Hobbit and the Ring series ever becoming as much of a cornerstone of English literature as the Arthurian legend, or even becoming a cornerstone of heroic fantasy like the Conan stories. I seem to be diametrically opposed to every major concept of Tolkien's philosophy and think the world needs that philosophy disseminated to this poor, tired, miserable existence by a host of imitators like it needs more cobalt bombs.

As stated, Tolkien is one of the only major writers to use the letter and spirit of the North European mythology as a basis for his world-mood. The Twilight of the Gods may have immediate reality in today's world, but I still don't like to see such worship of hand labor and craftsmanship, all combined with the morbid pessimism of a world deserted by its gods, a world unworthy of its gods. I don't see how such things are at all beneficial in the over-mechanized, melting-pot world, no matter if they are presented in the only epic in the English language this century. You may not like things as they are, but of what use is nostalgia for Tolkien's "proud little sovereign nations and xenophobic clusters of earth tillers"? It seems only to make the present condition of life less bearable.

Of course Tolkien hits close to some basic concepts of the European culture-patterns, but they are very basic concepts that have caused Europe to fall from its place as technological, intellectual, and political leader of the world. If Tolkien exposes the culture's roots, they are withered barren roots and would best be covered back up to die and rot.

He has indeed "made the North



European legends new again and accessible to a much wider public than they were before." I wish he hadn't. The more people read a concept, especially the underlying philosophy of a major literary work, the more they absorb, if only subliminally. Do we want to think about Negroes as "Black men like half-trolls with red tongues and white eyes"? Do we need all the anti-mechanical propaganda in the Hobbit? ((I've read the books several times, Earl, and they don't seem to have affected my basically pro-technological, pro-integration views --FR))

The whole basic plot idea of the Ring is the concept of a weapon so powerful that none can wield it, so the best minds of the world meet and decide to take a million-to-one chance on destroying the weapon. The other 999,999 chances put the weapon in the hands of their enemy. I don't like to think about things like this, it hits too close to home.

The gods and powers of Judeo-Christian and South European mythology that dominate most literature, fantasy and mundane, in our culture are much more attractive than Tolkien's Eldar and Valar and the Aesir they are modelled after. Didn't Elrond and his friends have the guts to face the residual evil caused by Sauron's fall after their rings lost power and became visible? Note that the mortals don't even question whether it's right or wrong in a moral sense for the Elves to desert man to his fate, the Valar and Eldar are portrayed as having no moral responsibility to man at all, helping if they feel like it, striking back with force enough to drown continents if they are offended. I have never encountered a colder, less human set of gods or beings-of-power in any fantasy. Tolkien's Elves are true aliens in that respect.

Just how much total good was done for men by all the Rings, palantiri, etc.? I can't see that the Elves did more than use men for a while, co-exist with them because they didn't feel like wiping them out, and finally leave. Taken literally, as strangers who migrated in from another world or another part of this world, the Elves aren't so bad. If you take them as symbols of the powers that be, I don't like them at all.

Just how many of the men of Gondor and Rohan, as much as those of Harad and Rhun, as they fought before the gates of Minas Tirith were thinking: "Those I fight I do not hate/Those I guard I do not love"? We have enough troubles in this little world, we don't need those old, perpetually dying gods of the North; we don't need those grey skies and cold mountains.

NAN BRAUDE: Dear Felice; Friday night, after leaving Brennan's, Ed and Diana stopped at my place for a cup of tea ("a cup"? They left at 5 a.m.!) ((Yes, Ed can drink a looong cup of tea. --FR)), and Ed showed me this letter from Earl Evers. I emitted so many indignant burbles while reading it that Ed said, "Do you want to debate him?" Being thus placed on my mettle to put up or shut up, and naturally, being myself, unwilling to shut up, I accepted.

In the first place, "traditionalism, pride of family and nation and race, worship of...craftmanship" aren't necessarily evil. Of course, if they are taken in any kind of jingoistic or bigoted manner, they can turn into evils -- but so can any good emotion be distorted. As for their role in the "melting-pot" world, I think recent studies have shown --though I can't cite specific

references at the moment -- that the minority groups that have adjusted best in the U.S. have been those -- e.g. the Jews -- that have a pride in their traditions that gives them self-respect as a people. And it is no accident that a genuine popular Negro civil rights movement has developed following the rise of self-governing independent Negro African nations. Traditional pride, as long as it doesn't turn into a bigoted sense of superiority, gives people a feeling of identity and continuity which seem to me particularly valuable in our so-called Age of Alienation.

Along with traditionalism, Tolkien's humanistic emphasis on craftsmanship and his anti-mechanical philosophy are also needed in a world which is beginning to think of people as ancillary to machines rather than vice versa. ((Objection! There is entirely too much anti-mechanical ranting in a world which is going to have to learn to live with its faithful -- if stupid -- mechanical servants. --FR)) The result doesn't have to be Luddite loom-smashing, but economic planners and the people who make the big decisions need to be reminded that people are involved, not just colored pegs moved around on a chart.

As for the plot, the million-to-one chance taken with the Ring, I think we must take into account the fact that it is a lost cause to start with -- the world is doomed, for nothing -- except possibly this forlorn hope -- can keep the ring ultimately from Sauron. The mood in which the quest is undertaken is the Old Norse heroic courage defying a doom that it knows is inevitable. The best discussion I know of this subject is an essay by Tolkien himself, which is one of the classics of modern scholarship: "Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics" (now available in paperback in An Anthology of Beowulf Criticism, ed. Lewis E. Nicholson, Notre Dame, 1963, \$2.50.) (Felice, it also proves once and for all that he IS pro-dragon!)

Earl Evers is quite free to prefer classical deities to Norse, though I for one find more admirable a mythology in which gods as well as men must pay for the crimes they commit. But I don't think it's fair to condemn the Eldar and Valar for being unhuman: they are not anthropomorphically presented. They are more like the unpersonified Norse wyrd or meotodscaft (decree of fate). And to accuse them of moral irresponsibility for punishing man's violation of the Prohibition is like saying a hot stove is cruel because it burns your finger -- certain causes have certain inevitable consequences.

I also think he's mistaken in saying that the Elves use men, on the one hand, or fail in their duties to them, on the other. The relationships between the two species just aren't in those terms. It's not even a symbiotic relationship; Elves are just other. They have done things for Men (e.g. teaching them letters) and have made common cause with them against mutual enemies, but there are no ties that bind, except between individuals. As for their departure after the fall of Sauron, I think it's not lack of guts but necessity; the world is no longer one that they can live in, just as some people can't live in rarefied atmospheres like Denver's. ((Alan Garner has postulated that it's the proliferation of industrial smoke and cold iron which has forced the Elves away --FR)) Ruth Berman suggests that the Elves' departure is itself part of the residual evil. Anyway, -- Elves aren't "symbols of the powers that be" -- they're just Elves qua Elves.



In conclusion, in a world threatened as ours is by cynical compromise, international bullying, and unenlightened self-interest, I think a little of the clear, cold, relentlessly realistic light of the North, and the self-forgetting courage that is its concomitant, are exactly what we do need!

## TO TRANCE OR NOT TO TRANCE

HARRY WARNER, JR: I share Felice's reservations about the practice of autohypnosis. The claims that Ray makes for it seem to me to share the same failing that afflicts claims of wonderful experiences under drugs. There is no evidence that the experimenter has done anything more than remove some of his power to see straight. If the experimenter could achieve some thought transference, write a dozen bars of music, improve his ability to communicate clearly through the written word, or do something either under the influence of the experiment or after emerging from it, I would be willing to believe. If he simply makes the flat statement that these wonderful things are passing through his mind, I accept the statement with the same confidence that I show to assurance of a drunk that the world is a wonderful place in which we're all his buddies.

RAY NELSON: Dear Felice; In your last issue of NIEKAS you said that autohypnosis and psychedelic drugs were (1) dangerous and (2) too difficult and time-consuming for "escapists". (You seem to classify yourself as an escapist and even a "square".)

I agree with you to a certain extent. I realize that messing around with my mind is risky business, but I check myself out regularly to see if I'm still functioning all right, and I use these techniques in moderation. In the field of autohypnosis, however, there are no real "pros", only amateurs with more or fewer pretensions. Nobody really understands hypnosis, any more than they do the related mental states of psychedelic trance and schizophrenia. It is just for this very reason that I am so interested in it. It seems to me that the human mind is the only field in which the "amateur" can still make important discoveries, or at least work on the "growing edge" of the subject. I look upon myself as a sort of "ham" operator in the field of psychology, that's all.

As for the remark about "escapists", you might call me an escapist, too, because I'm not satisfied with the world as it is (or seems to be) and want to escape from it into another world created by a different state of mind. To me it is hard work to watch TV or read mass circulation magazines. They are, in fact, the very image of the sort of thing I want to escape from. It is no work at all, however, to gradually work my way deeper and deeper into the hidden places of my own mind. It is an adventure, a voyage of delight and discovery.

As I see it, the trouble with the square escapist is that he doesn't really escape. What he calls "entertainment" is often nothing more than his same old hell reflected back at him, as witness the "family" comedies on TV and in the mass magazines. As witness the "spy", "murder" and "war" stories that abound in so-called "escapist" entertainment.

A true escapist really escapes. He finds within himself worlds so different from this one that they sometimes defy verbal

description, and if he is a really fanatical escapist, he then sets about changing this so-called "real world" to fit the world of his dreams.

You, Felice, have within your skull a vast unexplored continent and what you will find there if you look will make the things our astronauts may discover in outer space or on other planets seem pretty tame. If you were a real square you would never dream of calling yourself one. You'd get angry at the mere suggestion. I think that if you were honest you would admit that the world within you holds for you the same fascination that it holds for me, that you are no more really satisfied with life on a surface level than I am. If you hold back from probing the mind's depths, it is because you are afraid of what you might find way back in there. I'm afraid too, but I am even more afraid of surface life, of mask-to-mask relationships that pretend to be friendship, love and even marriage. I'm more afraid of a world that seems moving inevitably toward either universal destruction or a state where universal destruction would come as a blessing. All those men we have called wise have told us "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you", "Know thyself", and "Polish the mirror of your own mind". We have called them wise because we know that they are telling the truth. Deep inside us, under all the masks and lies and roleplaying, we know they are right, but still we hang back, afraid of the inner world, clinging to the world that is only a stage play ("All the world's a stage...") or "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Let me put it this way. There is nothing within you but you. The psychedelic drugs and the autohypnosis do not put anything in that was not already there. These methods only allow you to see into yourself, to know what is there and find out who and what you really are. If there are monsters in the deeps it is better to meet them face to face and come to terms with them than to have them stand offstage in your mind and operate you like a puppet. And perhaps they won't be so bad after all, when you really get to know them. Perhaps you can even train them to do things for you, all sorts of clever tricks.

I am you,\*

Ray Nelson

FELICE ROLFE: There are sure advantages to being an editor; you can have the last word, a right dear to any woman... Seriously, Ray, I can't discuss this at length as I'd like to -- the deadline is next week and there's still a lot of work to do.

However, You and I are using the word "escapist" differently. You're using it as a synonym, I as an antonym, for "square". By "square", I mean the guy who drives to work every morning, pays his taxes without complaint (well, relatively), watches TV, and frowns on peace marches, beards and peyote; the Outer Suburbanite. By "escapist", I mean the guy who marches for free speech -- no I don't either. The square means that, but I don't. But call up the stereotype of the bearded, sandalled Beatnik who spends his days in a North Beach coffeehouse and his nights experimenting with LSD. Now don't take that to be my mental view of him; I know better: "escapist" is a bad word, too, but our vocabulary hasn't caught up with our social changes yet. \*The hell you are! I'm unique. --FR



With that distinction in mind, we can say that both you and I are a little of both and a lot of neither, but you lean more to the "escapist" and I to the "square". OK?

Now a couple of questions. (1) How can you check your mind out yourself? A typist can't proofread her own work, and that's a good deal simpler than a mind. (2) The relatedness of psychedelic trance to schizophrenia bothers me. What if the experimenter has schizoid tendencies? Might it not push him over into mental illness? Would someone who is not schizoid be interested in the psychedelic state? (I ask that because, if only schizoids are interested, it would tend to show that they are not unbalanced by it. Also because while some people seem to change completely when drunk, alcohol doesn't alter my feelings or behavior enough to be worth the trouble of drinking it, and I've long wondered why not.) (3) I'm still not convinced that the entranced mind is the same as the normal mind. Even if you don't introduce any new variables -- and obviously you have, if you're using a chemical which changes the mind's operation -- you'd certainly have scrambled the old ones. It seems to me that, QED, they're not the same; but I'm open to convincing. Autohypnosis would remove the problem of the chemical, but I think it would still not give you an unaffected subject of study. (I'm being pedantic because I'm trying to be precise.) Couldn't one draw an analogy to the Uncertainty Principle here?

Joe has just pointed out that both the dedicated "square" and the fanatic "escapist" are incapable of facing the real world. Each is holed up in his own safe, bounded world. Just an observation...

I wish I had more time. I'd like to continue this discussion. Ray, if you have the time and if our other readers are willing. See you next issue?

#### AND STILL MORE ON TEACHING

At the last minute -- that's the only kind of minutes we have around here -- a letter has come in which not only has some very interesting remarks about teaching, but also will fill up the rest of this stencil nicely.

PIERS ANTHONY: Felice, I sympathize with your teaching problem. I can assure you that bad education courses are not confined to California; I was forced to waste a trimester of time here in Florida in order to qualify for my own certificate. Pressure groups are not so bad here, though there are some real stinkers (because I am trying to make a living by teaching, I shall not elucidate -- you understand very well why) ((yes, I do; and it's one of the more obvious reasons why I was not able to continue my training. --FR)); but I, as another outspoken and independent thinker, spent nearly a year kicking around as a substitute (and don't try that!) before landing a position at a private (not public) school. They let me teach in my own way and make my own mistakes, and they give some help when I ask for it, and that's about the way I like it. I could make 50% more money in California -- but I am not tempted. When I finished my internship I wrote a 5,000 word essay describing the experience; the thing has more excitement and horror than most of the fiction I've had published, and some day I'll see whether I can get it published. No, no murders, no

sex... but things that seem minor in retrospect can still be quite uncomfortable at the time. And those rules your instructor gave for handling students are minimal; you can follow them, as I did, and still get into plenty of trouble. Anyway, rather than wander off into tedious memories, I'll recommend three books for you to glance over. They won't convince you to become a teacher, but they'll make you understand more compatibly why you are not, and demonstrate that the system, not you, is fouled up.

(1) The Saber-Tooth Curriculum, by J. Abner Peddiwell (a pseudonym). McGraw-Hill Paperbacks, #49151, \$1.50. Just get it and read it; you'll be fascinated.

(2) The Education of American Teachers, by James B. Conant. There you have an authority saying what all teachers know is the truth, and making recommendations that are too sensible to be taken up by most school systems.

(3) The Miseducation of American Teachers, by James D. Koerner. I went through this and marked all the places that I emphatically agreed with, with the result that it is a severely marked text. Sample, from page 18: "Course work in education deserves its ill-repute. It is most often puerile, repetitious, dull and ambiguous." And the author backs up what he says with statistics, however shocking it may seem. ((Actually, I could have put up with such courses. It makes me mad to have to spend most of my effort in finding out what I'm supposed to be learning, but I put that down to my technical background and don't let it bother me too much. It was the "survival course" that got to me. --FR))

Did you realize that the students who major in education rank among the lowest intellectually? Only those majoring in home economics and physical education rank significantly lower in IQ, for example. And the competence of the education teaching staffs is notoriously low. The system actually drives out competent persons, and puts a premium on mediocrity. AND THIS IS THE SYSTEM THAT PRODUCES THE NATION'S TEACHERS.

Enough. Read and weep and realize that even if there were no pressure groups, education would be in a bad way. Then perhaps you'll feel like gritting your teeth and trying it again -- for fear of the kind of person who will teach your children if you don't.

(Oh -- the Conant book is published by McGraw-Hill, \$5.00, and may be out in paperback by now. The Koerner book is Houghton Mifflin Company, \$4.95. Both published in 1963.)





# laiškai!



ANDRE NORTON

The "Witch World" series seems to have its followers so perhaps it will keep on. There will be another volume out next year sometime -- not of the Tregarth saga, however, but dealing with another set of characters on another continent. I may -- if Three has good reception -- carry that part on with two more tales -- each told by one of the three junior Tregarths -- Kemoc's story has already a vague plot idea -- that of his struggle to save his sister from the influence of a black warlock. But it remains to be seen how much call there will be for that.

Sincerely,

Andre Norton

AA

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA | P.O. M.<sup>a</sup> Augustin, 9/Zaragoza Spain

Dear Ed: I am very glad that you have taken over the task of publishing the Glossary of Halevy. I myself have studied the trilogy / 1 rather carefully and made for my own use an index of names of all beings, persons, places, events... I think it includes all neologisms created by Tolkien and has some 3000 entries. But it is alphabetically arranged so Halevy complements it very well. (the final form of our version will also be arranged alphabetically. ERM) As for the foldout in NIEKAS 9, why is the sword in the left hand of Boromir and why is the horn not broken? Valla's article on SF in Italy was very interesting but too short. I bought the first 112 issues of Urania some time ago. Later the quality of SF published there

dropped with the predominant publication of third rate French authors. Now things seem to be improving.

Yours, Antonio

AA

ROGER CLEGG | 14 Newlands Rd, Claremont, Cape, S. Africa

Dear Felice: Liked "The Marching Barnacles" and its Annex. Who is Banks Mebane, by the way? I suppose he can't really be an African, but I still feel compelled to pronounce Mebane as Mëbahnë. ¶ SF Around the World: I'm afraid there won't be a chapter on South Africa, because there's practically nothing to report. Only noteworthy thing I can think of is that last year the English-language non-commercial service of Radio South Africa put on a series of readings of SF short stories. The stories were knowledgeably chosen, but the really extraordinary aspect was the time of broadcast: 10 to 10:30 on Saturday nights! ¶ It seems to me that the use of the I Ching is a waste of time. I seldom suffer from indecision, but when I do, I simply decide on the responsible course of action and then do the opposite. This policy is quicker than consulting the I Ching, and it probably makes for a more interesting life. ¶ I agree with Mike Moorcock on G&S -- theoretically, that is. In practice I find I usually enjoy the Savoy operas. But I must take issue with Mike on one point: why does he refer to "that pair of bullies"? What's wrong with Sullivan? After all, Sullivan had at least one redeeming feature -- he didn't like Gilbert. -- Roger



One small correction, objection or whatnot on the Glossary. I didn't like the entry on Grima: you can't be quite that impartial about characters in fiction without painting a misleading picture. Here's how I'd have written his entry were I putting out the Glossary:







STEVE PERRIN (no address on letter)

Dear Felice, Slans were geniuses, Fred Lerner. One must recall the non-telepathic Slans who managed to create an entire underground empire (Okay, organization) based on scientific principles no one else (aside from the normal, telepathic, Slans) could possibly discover. Slans were geniuses. It just happened that a telepathic Slan was more of a genius.

Yours,  
Clint

JIM SANDERS (no address on letter)

I could go into a long, involved, commentary on Gardner Fox, his life and times, but why bother. Suffice it to say, he's one of the 'leading lights' in comic books, always up for our award of the Alleys, named after one Alley Oop, who, being a caveman, is obviously the oldest comic character around. He plots a good yarn, but gets a bit pedantic at times, which can be death in a comic book story. Recently he was instructed to get more 'action' into his stories, which he has, but he's also added a few more reams of comment on just what is happening as the hero slugs the bad guy, describing in the finest purple prose what any idiot can see for himself in the panel. It gets exasperating at times. His books aren't bad, though, the best I've read being Arsenal of Miracles.

Oh yes, comic book fandom is not 'another fandom.' It's a sidelight of scifi fandom, with many adherents who have no interest in science fiction other than the life and times of Krypton, but as it took most of its terminology and other attributes from scifi fandom, it is definitely not a separate force. The prevalence of comic fans at scifi conventions, though you may not notice them, is indicative of this.

Yours,  
Steve Perrin

[illegible]

TERRY JEEVES 30 Thompson Rd, Sheffield 11 England

Parenthetically yours,  
I Sanders

Dear Ed & Felice, The writer of SF In Italy didn't mention Urania's little trick of getting local artists to re-draw the cover scenes of USA mags -- a slight regrouping of figures, or simple mirror reversals have been used on copies I saw in San Remo some years back. ¶ Tell Ed Wood that one indexer (me) does triple (and quadruple) indexing. My part 1 index to Astounding (1930-1939) at 5/- (adv't) and part 2 (1940-1949) also at 5/- both have (1) List of contents of each issue, (2) List by author, (3) List by story (4) complete list of science articles. Part 2 also has a list of "Probability Zero" authors -- and each issue has a note as to cover artist--what more does Ed want in an index? Part 3 now starting preparation, 1 & 2 available at 75¢ from L Leroy Haughsvud, 118 West 33rd St, Minneapolis Minn 55408.

Regards,  
Terry

[illegible]

BANKS MEBANE 6901 Strathmore St, Chevy Chase Md  
20015

Dear Felice and Ed: Al Halevy's Glossary rolls along in fine fettle. I spotted one omission this time: Mablung (R2-267), a soldier of Gondor and Ranger of Ithilien. Also one slip of the typer ought to be caught: Lóthiriel was the daughter, not the mother, of Imrahil. ¶ Buck Coulson: So you want to know what the Glossary of Middle Earth is for? It's for Tolkien fans. And the true Tolkien fan has some of the qualities of a Hobbit. And Ed Tolkien tells us of Hobbits that "they like to have books filled with things that they already know, set out fair and square with no contradictions." (Very well put! FR) ¶ I think I know why Al Halevy did all the work on the Glossary, too. Tolkien has created, in Middle Earth, an amazingly detailed construct, with an incredibly rich past history. Any Tolkien fan wants to enter into this world, to walk up and down in it and look at everything. I think Al compiled the Glossary just to be sure that he had found out all that can be known about Middle-Earth.

Regards,  
Banks

[illegible]



in the book, if the Russians should start to score spectacular successes again. But the lack of dry ground landing abilities up to now for American spacecraft would be a major problem. There is also the reluctance to let loose on another planet bacteria that might cause our officials to refuse to take a big jump ahead; I imagine that it would be impossible for a man staying for months on the moon to avoid letting some of his germs out to spoil various kinds of future experiments and possibly create other complications.

Yrs. &c.

Harry

[illegible]

JERRY PAGE 193 Battery Pl. NE Atlanta Ga 30307

Dear Felice-- What really interested me was the article and follow-ups on Hannes Bok. I started corresponding with Hannes in '58 and while we never met, I came to get a pretty good picture of him from his letters. I might note that he once mentioned a sequel to The Blue Flamingo and several other unpublished manuscripts. He also wrote non-fantasy pulp-fiction under a pen-name. I recall once picking up a detective pulp and finding a Bok story, "No Lillies for Linda." I believe, complete with Bok illo. Hannes was one of the people who taught me how to write. I really should do a detailed article.

Sturgeon seems to think--along with too damned many pseudo-intellectuals--that because an idiot--and we use the term in its psychological meaning--can toss himself enthusiastically into simple joys, that they are happier. It has been my experience that such persons are generally unhappier--but are not embarrassed at liking, to pick an example out of thin air, to watch butterflies. The pseudo-intellect, on the other hand seems incapable of going into any simple pleasure--even into so simple a pleasure as enjoying Tchaikovsky--without great psychic and "intellectual" reservations. ("Well, there are certain notes in there, which, when viewed closely can be seen to have not originated with...") Hell! enjoyment of listening to music forbids the taking of music apart while you are enjoying it. Taking it apart depends on enjoyment of taking music apart.)

**Jerry**

[illegible]

Dear Mr. Meskys. Thank you for sending me magnificent fanzines. It was an unexpected delight for me to touch the atmosphere of fandom in U. S. A. throughout those fanzines. I was impressed with beautiful, imaginative illustrations and substantial articles. I would be happier if I could appreciate them without a dictionary. As you know, I am not so good at English. So, there must be many mistakes and errors in this letter which will make you laugh. Please forgive me and don't worry about them. ¶ The 4th convention of all Japan is going to be held in Tokyo on 28th and 29th of August. It will be wonderful meeting fans to talk about science fiction in loud voice. I am an ardent fan of Katen Anderson and Chad Oliver. If you care to know the progress of 4th Tokyo Con, I will write to you with pleasure. (Yes, we would love to get a report. ERM Please don't apologize for your English. It is far better than that of many of our American correspondents. FR)

Sincerely yours,

Yukiko

A brief WAHF on the remainder of the old Lox before getting on to the comments on 13: Rick Luc (49 W. 8th St/Bayonne NJ) The "Glossary of Middle Earth" continues to be an effort worthy of a Hercules so I assume Al Halevy is about 5 Ft 2 and weighs 90 pounds--but is very determined. J.A. McCallum (P&M Sect, SES/Ralston, Alberta, Canada) Felice, when Ed gets back you might ask him why he never (well, hardly ever) makes a reference to "The Gondoliers," my favorite among the G&S operettas. (I've only seen it twice, and on neither occasion was moved to say much in NIEKAS.ERM) R. (Polar) Baer (no address in letter) The bit (sign, not overflow) on the logs (Mayhem House) is a bit pointed (decimally?), or shift (ALS 36 (ALS means accumulator left shift 36 bits, which



all zeros. What does the theorem say about THAT?))--or was that FAP the wrong one (to all non computerites: IBM's 7090 is point of ref. and IBM means Ignorant Brainsy Monster--Xcept to the BEMfans, who know better). Ben Solon, (3915 N. Southport, Chicago Ill 60613) As I've said before, Al Halevy's "Glossary" is a monumental piece of work, but who needs it? A far more interesting project, though I must admit that it's no more useful than the Glossary, would be an exegesis of the Ring books--something similar to what Sprague de Camp did for Howard's Conan stories in AMRA. How about it Al? Ed? Sprague? Somebody? ¶ Speaking of the Glossary, I noticed a couple of minor errors: Girion didn't escape the ruin of Dale when Smaug descended upon it, his wife & child did; Grima did not "sell out to Saruman", but was already in his service when he came into the service of Theoden--Gandalf makes a reference to "Saruman, the teacher of Wormtongue". ¶ At the risk of antagonizing Ed Wood I'm going to say: If you don't like the way other people make up their indices, do it yourself. The people who put up the MIT index are just as busy as you are, Ed, and if they can find the time, why can't you? Of course it is easier to sit back and criticise the works of others than it is to go out and do something constructive yourself, isn't it? Ned Brooks (911 Briarfield Rd, Newport News Va 23605) I bow to Eisenstein and his hilarious cartoon. What I should have said instead of "wrong in to advance the plot" was "rung in to advance the plot." And if I ever meet Alex, I will "ring" his nit-picking neck! Bill Siden (PG&E, Rm 421, 245 Market St, San Francisco Cal 94106) The Lamplighters, about whom I am as enthusiastic as you are, did not (as mentioned on page 12:76) produce "Utopia Ltd" some years back--it was our group, the SF Lyric Theater.

Seth A Johnson (339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall NJ 07088) I wonder if some fan group couldn't write and put on a comic space opera. Keep the cast down to 5 or 10 people and put the thing on at various conventions and fanlabs. (Steve Schultheiss wrote "Gilbert & Sullivan meet Captain Future" quite a while ago and the LA people tried to stage it at several conventions but could never find sufficient talent. --ERM) Wonder if you couldn't get together with Dr. Christine Moscovitz and throw an LSD party at the next worldcon. Then have lots of typers and tape recorders handy to record the experiences of all the fen. Ben Solon again: The foldout in NIEKAS 11 was bad, very bad. The style is alright and all, but... I suggest that Bill Reynolds read the Tolkien books before he attempts to do any more "Lord of the Rings" art. If those critters are orcs, then I'm Sauron. (Sure you aren't?--FR) In the first place, the term "orc" only applies to the 6-8 foot tall Uruks of Mordor, the smaller varieties of the breed are Goblins. Secondly, throughout the Ring books, the orcs are depicted as being hairy and dressing in full armour. Furthermore, I don't think that even an orc would be so short on brains as to attack Minas Tirith, through a hail of arrows, in nothing more than his (its?) underwear. George Charter s (3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, N. Ireland) The "Glossary of Middle Earth" leaves me stone cold. Maybe because I did not care for the Lord of the Rings--one of the few fans who didn't. But I'm sure Halevy & Tolkien won't mind: I don't care for Wagner and Brahms and Rachmaninov and Picasso and Rembrandt and all the others either...not even the Beatles. (Tone deaf and artless, that's me.) But would it not have saved Halevy a lot of work to get Tolkien's own index? He couldn't possibly remember all that ~~hobbit~~ material: he must have a similar index.

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

Dear Felice: Oh My God ! Carl Frederick. I haven't read anything like that in ages. In fact, I don't think that I've ever run into anything quite that strong. It is so lousy that it is positively fascinating. ¶ "Tolkien & British Culture" is very good. I personally wonder what, if any, influence LOTR had on Moorcock's Elric saga. In Tolkien, the ringbearer is tempted to use the evil of the ring to defend present good which will ensure the continuation of evil. In Moorcock, Elric does use evil (chaos) to combat evil. In Tolkien, an almost absolute victory over evil is won, but the evil will gradually return in a different form. In Moorcock, the evil is considerably lessened but it always exists in some form since the two are in a sort of Yin and Yang relationship.

Yours,

Rick Brooks

DON MARTIN West Main Rd., Little Compton RI 02837

Dear whoever lives at 1360 Emerson, In "Bumbejimas" you mention that Mars is nothing but a moon. I wonder if an alien space probe were sent to earth, and took photos of the ocean, or the Gobi, what conclusions they would draw? Of course, life as we know it doesn't exist on Mars, but how about other forms? Or perhaps, before the atmosphere was lost, there was life there a la Brackett or Burroughs. We won't know for sure until we go there. (We meaning mankind, not me; I'm a coward 4th class.) ¶ Apun my word, that Frederick piece was all right. Best was the "florist for the teas"--but he had to strain for it. ¶ I enjoyed Storm's "SF in Denmark. I would like to see an installment on England--the early SF and fantasy, but excluding Wells. Not that he wasn't great, but I think most of us know his work. (Many books are available on this subject; see for instance Greene's Into Other Worlds, several publications by Marjorie Nicholson, etc.--ERM)

Sincerely,

Don

BANKS MEBANE 6901 Strathmore St, Chevy Chase Md 20015

Dear Felice and Ed: I loved that front cover. And I could see all the interior illos this time. That fuchsia ink shows up better than the pale green, but it is sort of ukk on puce paper. It looks better on gray or green, however. ¶ The Zehrut puns are so bad they're good, which doesn't make much sense, but then... After Carl introduced Agent 2-B, I waited for the inevitable Shakespearean pun like waiting for the second shoe to drop in a convention hotel. It didn't come before the "2-B continued", but I suppose it's inevitable in the next installment. (Couldn't you just leave it understood, Carl?) ¶ Who wrote the parody reviews in the "Review & Comment" section? I couldn't find a by-line, "Eldritch of Marleybone" broke me up. (Twas Terry Jeeves, & apologies to him for leaving his byline off. ERM)

Regards,

Banks

KEITH H. FREEMAN, 2 Walmer Close, Tilehurst, Reading, Berkshire, England

Dear Ed & Felice, Apart from a petty quibble about solid masses of microtyping as on page 13:30, I thoroughly enjoyed the "zine and don't feel qualified to make any special comment on any particular article. I have tried to pinpoint why I like NIEKAS and have come to the conclusion that it's because the whole thing has a spirit of fun throughout. So many British fanzines (especially the newer ones) take themselves so seriously--and to my mind an essential of fanzines should be their lightheartedness. Possibly a serious article or two per issue would create a balance and avoid an insipid feeling.

One thing I'd like to add as an observation on Piers Anthony's remarks about the difficulty of programming questions for computers. It has been my experience (as an R. A. F. statistician) that many, if not most, people have the greatest difficulty about framing a question to a human to get the answer(s) they want. The machine has the great advantage though of not being pressured by the seniority of the person asking the question. I, on the other hand, have to use a great deal of tact to sell someone either that they won't get an answer to the question they've just asked, or (worse) that the answer to their question won't do them any good because they've asked the wrong question! Oh well, that's my problem, not yours.

The frontcover I like, though I don't know why! Internal art I like too, but the bacover was disappointing. At first glance it looked good, but a closer study revealed a lopsided look that threw me. Oh well, I'm no artist so I'll leave the criticisms to others.

All the Best,

Keith

COULSON RR3, Hartford City Ind 47348

An aside to Don Franson's letter in the last NIEKAS: Coulson did not drop the thought of publishing an index when the MIT thing appeared. Coulson never had the thought of publishing an index. Me, publish a 300-plus page index (even if I had the compiler's



permission, which I didn't)? Not on your life. The thought I had was of jolting the compilers of the Day Index into getting off their cans and publishing by threatening to publish one of my own if they didn't get busy. Threatening, not actually going ahead and doing the thing. It was a bluff that didn't work and probably wouldn't have worked even if the MIT index hadn't appeared, but it didn't cost anything, so it was worth trying. (Incidentally, the index is a good one, but the compiler doesn't want it published.)

Bob Coulson

AL HALEVY 808--10th St, Davis Cal 95616

Dear Ed, I've been meaning to write you a letter for to these many months, but with this and that, I just haven't been able to do so. The main reason I did not do some more work on the Glossary et al recently, and did not have an installment for your last issue, is not so much that I've been up to my ears in (research) work, but rather that I was not prepared for the type of weather here in Davis. To put it rather bluntly, the summers here are hell. And, I've been told, this was a mild summer. Ah, for the cool, wet, foggy summers of San Francisco!!!

A few comments and notes to NIEKAS 10, 11, 12 & 13 re the Glossary.

Harry Warner, Robert Coulson, and others: Yes, the amount of work involved in putting together the Glossary is tremendous, but it is great fun also. I first got started on the work about six years ago when Karen Anderson and I were lamenting over the fact that though Tolkien had promised an index of names and strange words with some explanations in the forward to Volume 1 of LotR, Volume 3 ended with a Publisher's Note that it was not possible to include such an appendix. Karen suggested that I might try my hand at putting one together. It didn't take me long to realize that what was needed was a glossary, not an index, and since I had, at the time, nothing much better to do, I decided to go ahead with the work. After a while I found that the work had become enormous, but I couldn't stop because I felt I had put so much work into it already (a stupid idea). Six years may sound like a long time to be working on this type of book, but I can assure you that like Tolkien, "it has been neither orderly nor continuous. But I have not had Bilbo's leisure. Indeed much of that time has contained for me no leisure at all, and more than once for a whole year the dust has gathered on my unfinished pages." Yes, and I can wholly agree with Tolkien that "it has indeed no obvious practical use." But so what. I get very tired with people who use practicality as an excuse; as a scientist, I find that the consideration of practicality stifles the imagination to death. (By the way, the quotes above are from the foreword to The Lord of the Rings, by Tolkien.)

Banks Mebane: You seem to be the principal person criticizing the Glossary, and thanks very much for doing so. You've pointed out a number of mistakes which I will take into consideration.

1. You're right, Elanor the Fair and Fastred of Greenhold did have a son, Elfstan. I missed that one completely, and I've read the books at least four times.

2. You're also right about the translation of years of the Shire Reckoning into years of the Third Age after 3021 (SR 1421), specifically that they ought to be in terms of the Fourth Age. But since the history that is chronicled contains so few entries after 3021 Third Age, I felt that if I were to retranslate all years of the Shire Reckoning into the Third Age, it would be clear that I was doing just this to all. But apparently I didn't make it clear enough.

3. Yes, some of the entries are too short, but what do you want from me?

4. The British and American editions of the trilogy are printed from the same plates; the American edition is printed in England.

5. You're right about the fact that princes and princesses of Europe were generally not numbered, that is, Edward, the Black Prince, is not called Edward IV, since he never attained the throne of England, and therefore I should not have given numbers to those dwarves (and, for that matter, human beings) who were not kings. I merely wanted to differentiate between two different individuals who had the same name. In the future, I will put

the number in brackets to make it clear that it is I who had given them the number.

6. As for your argument about Durin VII, whom I called "the last King of the Dwarves in Erebor," I agree that this is an interpretation, but I think the table on R3 361 warrants it.

7. I cannot agree with your point that my assumption that the Dwarves did not return to Khazad-Dûm is unwarranted because, as you say, "it seems likely that the dwarves would have taken the opportunity after the War of the Rings to regain their ancient seat at Khazad-Dûm." To tell the truth, I do not know what seems likely or not, and I am trying, with some difficulty, not to reinterpret the history of Middle-earth as described by Tolkien. He didn't say anything about Dwarves returning to Khazad-Dûm, and so I'm not going to say anything, either. (But wouldn't the Lovecraftian beasts from the depths still be there to stop them? ERM)

8. Yes, Dunedain and Rhodirrim are plurals, but even the proof-readers (when and if there are any) didn't catch this.

9. Thorongil was omitted by accident, as was Floi. The Glossary is on cards and in putting together the material for an issue of NIEKAS, I've got to pull the proper cards and type them out on paper to send to Ed. Sometimes I miss a card. Incidentally, the Glossary, when published in book form, will be in strict alphabetical form, and not broken into categories as published in these pages.

Archie Mercer and Others: Sorry about the number of typos, but most of the trouble lies with the publisher. Complain to him.

Ruth Berman: Okay, I stand corrected on the 2nd entry for Beregon. Your phrasing is much better.

I'm going to save up the corrections and additions for a while, and publish them next year sometime. There's not much use spreading them around in different issues of NIEKAS. Okay?  
AL

STEVE PERRIN (no address on letter)

To again, Tell me, what is the procedure with NIEKAS now that Ed is back. With you having had so much to do with this issue, he might have his work cut out reclaiming it. (I put up no fight at all. FR) With my little comiczine this has seemed to happen. My co-editor put out the first three issues with very little help from me, then I took the fourth issue. The way those of comics fandom who get it have reacted, they seem to think I'm the one and only editor of MASK & CAPE and are ignoring my poor co-editor completely. That ain't good.

Of course, it's not too likely with NIEKAS. Especially since Felice has gone and genially hacked away some 30 pages, reducing the poor zine to a shadow of its former self. Actually a very substantial shadow, but thin and black all the same.

I couldn't tell from those first couple of sentences whether Ed is or is not an Andre Norton fan. (I am! ERM) My own comments relating that cover to Andre Norton's Estcarp/Escore series (which I wish she'd hurry up and continue) were made in full knowledge of the fact it couldn't possibly be related, because Three Against Witch World had just come out when I first saw that NIEKAS, and that was a couple of months after that particular issue had come out.

The Gorey piece lives up to Garrison's talents, but I find myself not too interested in that I'm really not that sure of what the hell Gorey does. Are these books children's books, entirely in pictures, or is there an appreciable amount of text? (That varies, and I've seen only one overtly for children. ERM) Are those Dennis Smith illos of the same quality as the Gorey ones, or did you just toss them in. (Dennis does catch a little of SOME Gorey art. ERM) In other words, maybe a little more expansion of the article could have been used.

Colin Fry makes much of saying that Tolkien reflects the European Nature, but I see little to indicate just whatinhell he's talking about. Is it the strange brooding over the sources of Evil? The preoccupation with the noble hero? (I doubt you'll find such completely pure and brave heroes anywhere in other mythos outside Europe's. It comes from the Middle Ages preoccupation with the theory of chivalry, or rather its intellectual preoccupation with



the subject. Materially, the good people had many of the motivations we more "civilized" types cherish to this day.) Or maybe Tolkien found the roots as being a decided wanderlust?

You know, this last has its possibilities. It strikes me that this constant wandering around in literature is symptomatic of the entire European culture, which for so many years wasn't at all happy unless it was sticking its collective nose into some poor infidel's business. Of course, this imperialism was the result of many things, but the idea is still there. Moreover, it ties in with this penchant for externalizing things like evil, personifying them into Mordred, or Sauron, or Loki, so that one must venture forth and put such horrors to the sword, right?

Also, I don't see that much connection between the more or less basis of the Norse mythos and that of LOTR. Norse legends are gloomy. Everyone keeps turning up dead, as the Siegfried legend shows, and this is even reflected in the Arthurian legends, where everyone is either slaughtered in the final little Armageddon or turned into angels. Of course one may say that Tolkien changed this basis of doom so as to make the stories more palatable, both for him and his readers, at which point one may accuse him of being traitor to these legends he has sought to present.

At any rate, I wish Colin Fry would elaborate on that statement.

Ups... roommate claims that the American Indian mythos has pure and noble style heroes, as re my comments above, but then Tolkien liked them too.

I miss the Glossary foldout, though of course I never even look at the Glossary. Couldn't you have just the foldout, anyway?

I am truly fascinated by these peeks at foreign science fiction, even though I seem to have little to say about them. I suppose if I wanted to I could go into a long dissertation on the seeming basis of the uniquely Danish type of science fiction, but all I'd do is come up with the fact that they're a bunch of mainstream writers trying to adapt their themes to strange adventure fiction, except for the hacks that are just out to make a buck. The same could be said of the scifi in this country at a similar period in its development. I notice that Jannick Storm doesn't go into any epic fantasy types of writing in his country. Is this considered mundane, or didn't they do any since the Elder Edda?

Whoinell did those "reviews of recent escapes"? They sound something like Friedrich, but I'm probably wrong there. I'm sure he'd want credit scattered liberally throughout the column. Whoever did them was great and tremendous and I love them. Drat, that's my passionate nature escaping. I usually keep him locked up in my glasses' case, but the hinge is broken.

However, there's the problem of my thinking that the WEIRD TALES INDEX review was part and parcel of the mess until my roommate put me straight. That is, the INDEX review wasn't part of the parody, was it? (Hope, FR)

While JEDDAK and YMIR are comiczines in a very liberal sense, the only real died-in-the-wool comiczine put out by Kaleidy (Kaleidoscope Press) is MASK & CAFE, which you didn't get an issue of. Tsk. Also, Paul, I'm sure, is quite appreciative of your giving his address to write for all of our zines, especially since Clint Bigglstone is treasurer and, one supposes, central mailer. (Died in the wool, hm?FR)

This idea of Rick Luc's about having to develop a theory of racial immortality, much like that described in Frederic Brown "Letter to a Phoenix," brings up the matter of what happens when one of our little joy-rides in the sky doesn't come back? What happens when burn-out means a capsule coming into atmosphere too steep, too fast? (And then there's the idea of what happens if, by some wild mischance, the first one to go is Negro?) Do we become a nation of jvengers, ready to go out and show that Thing Out There that we can't be licked, or do we pull in our shell and say "If God meant man to go into Space, we would have been born with rockets!" I think we're rapidly coming to the point where that question is meaningless, because space will be commonplace enough so that it will be a major tragedy only to the family involved and the astronaut's personal friends, and just the breaks of the game to the rest of the country, but that time is not yet. There are still important lobbies against tossing millions of dollars into space, and that plus public opinion could kill it yet.

Personally, I think the answer to something like this is to get plenty of nations spaceworthy, so that a tragedy to one's space efforts won't hinder another's. This, of course, is all assuming my second idea of consequences is correct. At any rate, I'm for a fragmentation of the space effort a moment, and the USA-USSR race is a small thing compared to what I'd like to see. Perhaps the pressures would make for more carelessness, more chances for sudden death, but the space programs of both countries have been immensely lucky so far, and this kind of luck may mean a kindly Fate, or a sadistic one.

Jack Gaughan's little thing on the actual disposal of Hannes Bok's wherewithal should have been in Gincas with the rest of the Bok material. Was that "Sixteen" in Stephen Pratt's letter intentional? (I think so; about 10 years ago all the seedy little book stores on Market St., Times Sq., etc, had their windows filled with about a score of titles incorporating that word. ERM)

I wish your art credits were more complete; it's especially a shame that Johnny Chambers didn't get the credit for his stuff. And who did the bacover? Not that I'm all that interested, his figures were kind of awkward. (No, I don't care to see how graceful I'd look in a spacesuit.) If you're going to be realistic, go the whole bit.

Stay happy and thinking (on alternate weekends, of course).

Yours,

Steve.

HARRY WARNER, JR 428 Summit Ave, Hagerstown Md 21740

Dear Ed: As a member of NFFF and a non-member of N'APA, I suppose I have half a right to comment on a Lerner amendment that I haven't read. The NFFF has many faults, but there are several reasons to believe that its connection with N'APA has been beneficial to the ayjay group. It was the first new APA specializing in younger and newer fans that survived in something like 15 years, since creation of SAPS. If N'APA should fall upon evil days because of a giant feud or some such trouble, continued association with NFFF would provide an automatically available recruiting field for new members. Similarly, in case of a sudden financial crisis that might arrive if the holder of the apa funds suddenly absconded. Finally, there is the important point of personality, something any APA benefits from. EAPA is the group of ancients, SAPS is the fun group, OMPA is the international APA, and without some sort of distinctive nature, like a loose association with NFFF, N'APA might lose one of its selling points.

Carl Frederick's puns continue to be fascinating. But he is unfair in his Blake parody; not even a mystic would dare to try to use that much poetic license to make two lines rhyme.

Just when I thought I was getting into the spirit of the Tolkien enthusiasts, I run across something like Colin Fry's final paragraph and I'm back in the old habit of thinking of the all-out Tolkien fans as comparable to Cosmic Circlelists for their sense of proportion and values. There are many good things that can be said about Tolkien's fiction, and it is grossly unfair to entertaining books to try to pretend that they could conceivably have any effect on the world's interest in Norse legends as an influence on literature. Why not be reasonable about it? The books have been in print for years, have won praise from a handful of people and have created a fandom among a few hundred other persons, selling a few thousand copies in the process. Now they're going into paperback form, they will sell a few hundred thousand copies and will win a somewhat larger number of adherents who will do less about their appreciation because paperbacks have a different sort of audience from hardcovers. In a few more years the Tolkien books will be back in the category that they occupied until the paperback editions appeared. I imagine that they will be permanent favorites of fandom, but there is no sense imagining that they are going to conquer the literary world so completely that they'll have the kind of influence that a half-dozen books each century exert.

The synopses grow a little tedious in the article on Denmark, but I enjoyed it otherwise. There should be some scientific way to determine the existence of fans in a nation, but I'll be



blessed if I can think of one. There was the case of Japan, where Helen Wesson lived for years without realizing that a fandom had sprung up, a fandom that was discovered in the United States only after she, the sole American fan in Japan, had returned to this country. In any event, I imagine that Ace will get around to publishing these Danish novels of science fiction soon, if copyright conditions are right.

There's a wonderful line in Rick Luc's loc in this NIEKAS: "I think Nietzsche is dead, not God." So he misspelled the author's name; it still sums up a certain way of looking at today's world in a memorable manner. (I rather hope they're both on the way out. --FR)

I was glad to see some support for the New York police force. Fans might be expected to take up for police as a minority group that have much the same problem as fans. Once every 5 or 6 years a fan commits suicide. Every 10 years, give or take a little, a fan goes to prison for false pretense or homosexuality. The mundane world, particularly the parents of fans, seize upon those isolated incidents to hold all fandom in suspicion as a baleful influence on fans and on other humans. So a policeman occasionally does something he shouldn't do, and more rarely, the cop is caught in the act. This does not prove the venality of law enforcement in general; it merely means that we shouldn't set up the policeman first as an infallible father image, then as a shattered idol if he demonstrates human faults.

I share Felice's reservations about the practice of autohypnosis. The claims that Ray makes for it seem to me to share the same failing that afflicts claims of wonderful experiences under drugs. There is no evidence that the experimenter has done anything more than remove some of his power to see straight. If the experimenter could achieve some thought transference, write a dozen bars of music, improve his ability to communicate clearly through the written word, or do something either under the influence of the experiment or after emerging from it, I would be willing to believe. If he simply makes the flat statement that these wonderful things are passing through his mind, I accept the statement with the same confidence that I show to assurance of a drunk that the world is a wonderful place in which we're all his buddies.

The sixes and sevens song is from Pinafore, of course, around the start of the second act, and sung by a captain, just as Piers remembered. Maybe it used to be in "Pirates of Penzance." I share his suspicion that the entire space-time continuum under goes such minor changes occasionally, unperceived by most of us, and identified by the others as cases of memory lapses.

The art work continues to be wonderful. I was all ready to single out for special commendation the new technique you'd discovered for the picture on page 19, then discovered that it was showthrough. I think it looks better on page 19 than it does on page 20. If the front cover is supposed to be a tree trunk or limb, the faces aren't too fantastic; strange little faces are left at the point where a leaf stem comes loose from a real tree. (But notice the Genie's bottle on the floor! ERM)

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

MARK MANDEL (no address on letter, so I can't even send him a copy of this issue!)

Dear Ed & (?) Felice, I have just finished my first (and borrowed) copy of NIEKAS (NIEKAS?) and have come up with the following ideas/results:

- 1 : You are out of your minds.
- 2 : Anyone who writes for you is out of his mind.
- 3 : Anyone who subscribes to your zine is out of his mind.
- 4 : How do I subscribe to your zine?
- 5 : What are NAPA and N3F? Or will that all come out in the wash anyway?

Andy Garrison (who lent me the aforementioned yourzine) says to tell you he sent me. Please consider yourself (yes) told.

There are a couple of other items that might go in the above list (e.g.: Laiskai, Gincas, Bumbejimas...th ose can wait. Maybe they'd better.).

Until further notice,

M. Mandel

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS JR 911 Briarfield Rd,  
Newport News Va 23605

Dear Felice. You might let us in on who did the cover. Dennis Smith? (Yup, ERM) His other illos in this issue were great, especially the one at the top of pg. 12. ¶ Good to finally see a good article on Gorey. That is his real name, I think. I've been wracking my brains trying to remember where I saw him mentioned recently as editor of some series of books, juveniles I think. He did The Curious Sofa under the name Ogfred Weary that Garrison mentions, and the cover for Robert Manson Myer's From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf was done under the name "Dreary Wodge". Note that both are anagrams of Edward Gorey. I've seen a picture of him somewhere. According to the dust jacket of Monster Festival, which he illustrated for Vanguard Press, he was born in Chicago and graduated from Harvard in 1950 with a degree in French, is long and spidery and has three cats, including an Abyssinian Red. ¶ I would like to know what Colin Fry means by "longuers of style" in the Tolkien article. The closest to this word "longuer" that I can find is the "longueur" given by Webster as a non-English word meaning "long and tedious passage". And there ain't no tedious passages in Tolkien! Besides, the word is a noun and Fry uses it as an adjective. ("Longuer" may have been a typo on my part. FR) ¶ Twas. ERM)

I liked Paul George's poem, Mome Rhyme. "Mome" is a Lewis Carroll word but of course Paul may have invented it independently. Best,

Ned.

MILES MACALPIN 314-A, S. E. 27th Ave, Portland Ore 97214

Esteemed and lovely Editor, -- Am pleased and surprised at the improvement in tone shown in this issue. Many of your contributors (letters mostly) show a pleasantly amazing amount of thought-think... which I had missed in previous issues. Or perhaps I was in one of those trance states mentioned by Ray Nelson.

Your comment on the dangers of hypnotism could have been longer, I think, but it is a very timely warning to readers who might try some of the suggested methods of trance, being too weak in character to stand much of it. The experiment of looking at water makes one remember Jacob Boehme, the old cobbler who got his wonderful philosophy from the glare of the sun on a bowl of water in his window, as I understand it.

Miles MacAlpin

ALAN SHAW 20-35 Seagirt Blvd, Far Rockaway NY 11691

Dear sir and madam: "The World of Ray Bradbury" opened here in New York (way, way off B'way) Friday, Oct. 8, and closed over the weekend. I can't understand it. It ran four months in L.A.... there's no accounting for taste.

"No matter where /Bradbury's/ imagination takes him, however, he says, 'The most important distance in the universe is still between the left and the right ear. That's why I won't fly. I have thousands of unborn children in there. I have to be careful.' -- N.Y. Post, Oct 8.

I am mad about "The Marchin' Barnacles" at first sight and don't agree with Mr. Viggiano that it "grows on you." Probably he disliked it at first because the puns didn't come off very well the first time. Like Feghoot, and indeed all puns, "A Martian Idiocy" may not click the first time, but an hour or a day later can acquire sudden meaning. If someone really didn't like the column, I don't think he ever would.

Alan Shaw

BILL GLASS 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles Cal 90024

Dear Who's in charge there? How many more parts will there be to Carl Frederick's "Martian Idiocy"? Pun's pun, but enough is enough. Even F. Feghoot is administered in small doses. ¶ I agree with Andrew Garrison, Edward Gorey is fun. Now if he only weren't so expensive. To a penny pincher such as myself, Gorey isn't



quite worth the money. Now if someone came out with a 50¢ reprint edition collection of the Best of Edward Gorey... Oh yes, there is a delightful book out, illustrated by EG, on the proper things for the well brought-up young lady to ((do after being? --FR)) recently deflowered.

I remain ((!))  
Translucently yours,  
Bill Glass

MICHAEL MOORCOCK

Dear Ed, The way things are going, there won't be time for a letter of comment that will do justice to NIEKAS, but rest assured that it was read and enjoyed even to that wicked review of Eldritch of Marylebone (a better working on the word, I feel). It appears from this issue that your brainstorm is over and that its symptoms (morbid love of G&S, etc.) have now subsided. I enjoyed Ray's piece -- particularly the last line.

Best wishes,

Mike

BEN SOLON, 3933 N. Jannsen, Chicago, Ill. 60613

Dear Ed, Yes, I got NIEKAS #13 okay. The Chicago Post Office what never forwarded a fanzine before knew how much my NIEKAS meant to me; they also knew what would happen to them if I didn't get it. ((The Livermore Post Office should be so knowledgeable; I think they sent the stencils of your column across the Bay by guppy. --FR))

In regard to Colin Fry's "Tolkien and British Culture", I think that he has gone astray and missed the point; I don't think that JRRT had anything in mind besides telling a story when he wrote the Ring books. It is possible that the LORD OF THE RINGS is slightly allegorical to World War II; the second arising of Sauron might correspond to the second arising of Germany. In the "Introduction" to the Ballantine edition of FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, JRRT denies this, but I find it hard to believe that he could not have been affected by the events which transpired in England during the Battle of Britain. But this is pure speculation. And as for "uncovering the roots of the European personality", I strongly doubt it. There is little similarity between the Men of Middle-earth of the Third Age and the men of the modern world. About the closest JRRT comes to "modern" characters are the hobbits. This is no doubt intentional, and in keeping with the framework Tolkien created. The hobbits, as I see them, are the common folk of the English countryside caught up in the coils of war, even as Tolkien's friends and neighbors were.

Well, glory be, Ed Wood has finally found an index that meets his standards. Not that I disagree with him; Cockcroft's WT index is indeed a labor of love.

PIERS

ANTHONY: Your experience with Lin Carter and SPECTRUM parallels mine; about a year or so ago, I sent Carter a buck for four issues. And I waited, and waited, and waited, and... finally I decided to drop him a line. He didn't answer it, so I wrote again, and this time I was rewarded with a soiled post card (I guess that this was something of an Honor, but I was too mad to appreciate it) saying that he had sent me two copies of SPECTRUM and who was I trying to kid. And that was most definitely that. So, now I get my revenge by writing nasty articles panning THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA which is very bad. ((It sure is. --FR))

Best wishes,

Ben

L. SPRAGUE de CAMP, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa.

Dear Ed; Many thanks for sending me the desired copies of NIEKAS, with Halevy's Tolkienian glossary. As I mentioned last time, I corresponded briefly with Tolkien last year. He sounded weary and discouraged, averse to pen-palmanship, and alluded to bad health and some bereavement -- possibly loss of wife.

The columns of your magazine contain a multitude of remarks by correspondents with which I could cheerfully take issue. Unfortunately, if I even tried to do so, I should have no time left for my own writing.

Wasn't it you who recently took umbrage at the Little Men's giving me the Invisible Little Man award, on the ground that I had "made a big thing" out of "leaving our field"? I will only say these: First, I of course had nothing to do with the choice for the award and was quite as surprised as, I take it, you were. Second, I had no intention of "making a big thing" of my change of work; but people kept asking me why my stories were no longer appearing in the SF magazines, and I tried to give them a straight answer. Finally, I haven't really left the field except as a writer of professional SF stories, but have continued moderately active as a writer of articles, an anthologist, and a fan.

You may be interested to hear that I have just been informed that Pyramid wants a third S&S anthology, so I am getting to work on it in intervals between work on my next big book, on the Scopes Monkey Trial.

Cordially yours,

L. Sprague de Camp

((Do you think Tolkien would be interested in seeing the Glossary? So far we've been scared to try sending him one.

--Felice))

GRAHAM M. HALL, 57 Church St., Tewkesbury, Glos., England

Dear Eds: In answer to Colin Fry, I must aver that I can't really see any writer (even JRRT) becoming a myth-maker in this day and age. The very essence of, say, the Arthurian cycle is that the oral tradition brought a gradual evolution and collaboration of the generations that finally produced a timeless legend. Personally, I look for more in a book, especially one of the RING's length, than the opportunity to admire the author's technical and creative skill.

Interesting footnote, that, on Pataphysics (NIEKAS 13:19). Near enough my philosophy or anti-philosophy. But I have never gone so far as to formulate mine. It would be anti-anti-philosophy to do so, so to speak. One thing about NIEKAS, there is something for everyone. Even if none of the articles suit, there is a footnote or a letter or even my address to read with interest. ((A babysitter read your address with interest, too, and corrected me with some heat when I got home. She's from Glos., too. --Felice))

One last point;

as the shield and defender of the World's Press ((man, is that a big job! --FR)), I must object to FR's editorial comment (N 13:41, par. 5). Any follow-up story on an unknown monster is, quite patently, of immense news value and always a "good seller". But as UFO addicts are no doubt aware, to get details of such extraordinaries is impossible. Official Silence.

Efflorescently yours,

Gre

((Must have been the biologists then. --FR))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: BUCK COULSON: "I think the only fanzines devoted to special authors that I like are AMRA and THE BAUM BUGLE. However, this has nothing to do with the authors they cover; I detest Howard and I never read Baum. But they both feature authors who can write entertainingly -- unlike the deadly dull stuff in most Burroughs and Tolkien fanzines. (I love Tolkien's writing, but I want to read and enjoy it, not regurgitate it like stale cabbage.)" S. MASKE [translated from the Lithuanian] "Oh yes, Katkiene is delighted with your Hobitukais ((diminutive of Hobbit)). She said that reading the first book before going to bed, she used to take something else to read as she used to fear that she will have nightmares from all those frightening things, but the other 3 weren't so frightening for her. For me the last volume was the most frightening, for her the first. When she had completely finished it then she read it again a second time. She wanted to try whether it would be so frightening again, but she said that she could then read it before going to bed as she knew what would happen. Now she says that whatever book she takes to read, all seem very dull." DAINIS BISENIEKS "I can't for the life of me think of any comments, least of all serious, that I could make about any item in this issue. This embarrassing state of mind strikes me sometimes when I am obliged to write something in an examination. What can possibly be said about Wordsworth's 'Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour, July 13, 1798'?



Except "pass the aspirin"... Can somebody tell me what the man meant? I am unable to take him seriously -- which, I fear was the only way he meant himself to be taken. Also, I'll take Cyril R. Michael any day. Go on. Somebody ask me who Cyril

R. Michael was. ¶ Gawd strike the Sultan dead!" PHIL LEITCH, SANFORD ZANE MESCHKOW, and DICK BERGERON: "I've been getting NIEKAS (and enjoying it -- the letter column is excellent)."

(Continued from p. 12: THE BARNACLE TURNS)

One bright summer morning I received an urgent summons to her office. On entering, my attention was caught by a great pile of parchment manuscripts piled on her desk.

Noting the direction of my gaze, Prof. Wiegehts explained. "You have no doubt heard of the famous 18th-century collector, Thomas Rawlinson, whose manuscripts form so important a part of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Well, his great-great-great grandson has decided to add to the collection his ancestor started, and has sent these volumes to me for verification of their authenticity. I gladly consented to help, for I was delighted to see a Rawlinson gather new MSS.

"But I did not summon you for philological reasons, Miss Witsend. I may need your help in something far more strenuous." She gestured toward a tall gentleman, heavily veiled, in the corner of the room. "Permit me to introduce an emissary of the Higher Authority -- nameless, of course. Sir, my research assistant, Miss Witsend."

"How do you do, Mr. Nameless," I said politely.

Prof. Wiegehts opened the drawer of her desk and took out a large key ring. "Since our visitor's story is a long one, and it is nearly noon, I invite you both to join me for lunch at the Editorial Mess in the University Press building -- if I can find my keys: it's 'members only', you know." At length she located a large tag marked "Ed. Mess Keys", removed it and its attached keys from the large ring, and we left.

Over luncheon -- the chef's specialty, a delicious blue chowder called cornflu -- our visitor told his harrowing tale. It seemed that Boston was in a terrible state. A man calling himself Arthur Roland had suddenly appeared there and begun preaching a new religion, claiming to be a prophet and wizard. Hundreds of people had flocked to his rites, at which, despite the specific anathema of the Pope, speaking ex cathedra, he celebrated the black mass without the slightest qualm.

"This looks bad," said the Professor. "The Roman throne bothers no Mass, eh?"

"But worse was yet to come, Miss Wiegehts," went on our visitor excitedly. "Arthur Roland and his followers are now in open rebellion! One day, as he was haranguing a horde of his hierophants on the heath, a group of theologically orthodox foes of his wicked creed began throwing rocks. Enraged, Arthur Roland declared that he would leave Boston, and he ordered his followers to join him on a trek to a remote valley in the Appalachian Mountains, where he now rules a private kingdom and threatens to lead a crusade against Boston. And, Miss Wiegehts, most of the population of the upper part of the state has followed him from Boston!"

"I see," replied my teacher. "A. Roland, stoned, gathers No. Mass. Miss Witsend, pack at once. We leave for the Appalachian tonight. Unfortunately, we can only approach Roland's stronghold by the slowest train on the rails -- the Virginia Creeper.

Due to the remoteness of Roland's mountain hideout, the last part of the journey had to be made on horseback. The Professor had hired a fine bay mare, and I had a scrawny roan, of which I became quite fond.

When we reached the self-styled prophet's stronghold, an appalling sight met our eyes. Roland had made no provision to feed his followers, and his starving disciples were subsisting on roots, grasses, and wild berries. As we dismounted, a group of them ran up, seized the reins





of our horses, and led them off towards the encampment.

"Professor!" I cried. "What is their purpose in taking our horses?"

"Alimentary, my dear Witsend," she replied. "I fear they are destined for the cooking pot." And alas! so it proved.

Professor Wiegehts left me to watch our baggage while she explored the camp and talked with its denizens, pretending to be in search of spiritual enlightenment from Roland. I sat staring disconsolately at the tall haymows heaped with dried grass, thinking how my poor horse would have enjoyed such browsing. But there was no use in wishing: a stewed lean roan grazes no mows.

I noted that Roland's followers were living in caves in the mountain, most of them in small ones along the base, but a few — the inner ring of the faithful — in larger ones, higher up, adorned with redely carved crests to denote their occupants' favored status. Here my musings were interrupted by the return of the Professor, who told me more about the wretched lives of these people. In addition to cold and starvation, they were beset by a tiny cave-dwelling insect, called an Itty, whose bite was extremely painful. These were especially prevalent in the lower caverns, but the upper tier was somewhat more free of them.

"You mean..."

"Yes, Miss Witsend, those who use crests have 21% fewer cave Itties."

We continued to mingle with the disciples until that evening, when everyone gathered in the center of the meadow to hear Arthur Roland preach his crusade against Boston. We got ourselves positions at the front of the crowd. The prophet, robed and hooded, stood on a large boulder in the middle of the circle. At its foot crouched the form of an aged woman. One of our neighbors informed us that, although Roland was rumored to have kidnapped her at the beginning of his career, she had become his most faithful disciple and attended every meeting.

"Hmmm," mused the Professor. "A stolen crone who misses no gatherings, eh?"

There was time for no more: the prophet began to speak. At his first words, the Professor was electrified; she stared at him unbelievably. Suddenly, she leaped up, ran forward and, before anyone could stop her, she had clambered up the boulder, seized the astonished Roland, and torn the concealing hood from his face.

"False prophet, I know you," her voice rang out. "Listen to me, everyone. This man is not 'Arthur Roland'; he is really the fiendish arch-criminal, Leonard Stone, reputed to be responsible for the disappearance of Professor Zweistein and Siegfried Zehrgut! And as for the crone — seize her, Witsend! — she is no old woman at all. Remove her disguise, and you will reveal the person of Stone's sister, the equally notorious Rosetta Stone!"

The enraged mob, howling imprecations at their former leaders, began to converge on them menacingly. As the Stones fled into the darkening hills, pursued by their now-hostile dupes, Professor Wiegehts and I, mission accomplished, quietly took our leave.

Back at Lacuna University, the Professor told me more of the nefarious pair — a classic tale of twisted genius. Stone, I learned, had been, before he took to crime, a carpenter of brilliant promise: it was he, in fact, who invented the popular Stone Hinge. It was the Stones' usual pattern to employ their evil talents to mislead and exploit crowds of ordinary, innocent victims.

"But, thanks to you, Professor," I exclaimed, "civilization is safe! The Stones will trouble Boston no more."

She frowned slightly. "Beware of overconfidence, Witsend. Can we so easily be rid of the mastermind who foiled the great Zehrgut? I fear the Stones will elude that mob, gather new resources, and return once more to stir things up. Yes, Boston is safe only until the roiling Stones get their new masses."





When Diana and I finally left, about 5:30, we briefly considered going up into the Berkeley Hills in order to see the comet, but decided it was all too likely that the fog we were in would extend to that height and the trip would be wasted. It turned out that we were wrong, for the Andersons saw the comet as they drove home. I saw it myself Friday morning when I couldn't sleep and drove out to the Lab early. It was quite clear from Livermore Valley, covering a quarter of the sky. On the other hand, next morning a friend in the Valley got up early on my advice, and saw nothing but fog.

I had to meet 3 friends in San Francisco at 11 AM, so I stayed over at the Y. We went to a meeting of the Lithuanian Community which was held in Belmont, about half way down the S. F. Peninsula, and then dropped in on the Rolfses for a while before returning to The City. A friend of theirs was celebrating a special evening Anglican Mass, and as I'd never seen one, I joined them. Met Dean and Shirley Dickensheet at the reception afterwards and was sorry to learn that Dean would be going into the hospital for major surgery on Thursday, and would be out of circulation for at least 6 weeks.

My friends were supposed to meet some other people and we were all to go for dinner somewhere, but I was getting awfully tired and (really unusual for me) cross, so I begged off and headed for home. On my way I had to drop my costume materials off at Ken's in Berkeley. Mary and Dave were there too, so I sat around to relax a bit and chatted with them for a while. After about half an hour, some UC students came around trick-or-treating. (They live rather close to the Campus, and some of the students do this sort of thing as a lark.) The 3 of them decided to go along and instantly got into costumes. Dave was most impressive with tights, jerkin, cloak, shield, sword and morningstar,

all real. I decided to join them but just threw on the cloak I'd worn the previous night. Mary got her dress but without the hat which was a bother to mount, and took her monkey too. Ken got into his Russian Peasant costume again. We just wandered for a little while, invading some friends of the original 4 in our group. Then we invaded the "Berkeley Free Press" where they were running off some Viet Nam Day Committee propaganda and when they had nothing for us we "sat in", sang "We Shall Not be Moved," called them Fink Nazis, etc. After about a half hour altogether we broke up and the

four of us, plus monkey, piled into my car and we drove to the other side of the campus where Diana lives. One of her roommates, Molly Titcomb, was sitting on the porch and was somewhat flabbergasted at the sight of us climbing out of the car.

It was not just a little after the kids had quit going around so we didn't see what Diana and the others were doing to greet them tho they had described their plans to me on the previous day. They had a record of Indian Ragas playing at half speed, and one of them would go to the door with long hair streaming down over her shoulders and a black cat standing on one shoulder. I understand this was quite effective.

Anyhow, Diana decided to join us so she put on her costume from the previous night while we talked with Molly. And so a little bit later the 5 of us, plus monkey, were wandering down Ashby Ave. singing parts from Wagner's "Ring." (No, the monkey was NOT singing!) We decided to invade Nan Braude's next for she lived only a half dozen blocks away at College and Ashby. Just as we turned in her doorway she came in after us! It turned out that she had gone somewhere and wound up going home right behind us, wondering who the characters in costume were, and what they were doing out so late. She had been quite startled to see us turn in her doorway, to say the least! So she made some Lapsang Souchang tea and we sat around for a couple of hours talking Wagner and Tolkien and Lewis and such until we finally broke up around 12.

A few days later I got the following letter in the mail, addressed to Alberich E. Meskys.

1 November 1965

Dear sir:

I have taken the liberty of sending you an object which I have reason to believe is yours. It came into my hands in a rather strange way.

A few days ago, as I was taking my bulldog Athelstan on his daily walk, I could not help overhearing a conversation between two gentlemen who were walking ahead of me. Both their dress and their speech were somewhat archaic, but as I am an





expert in Old Norse philology (my dictionary of Greenland variants of Middle Icelandic verb forms [1915] is still, I believe, the authoritative work in the field) I had no difficulty in understanding them.

As I was saying, they were rather unusual. One of them wore a long cloak and had a patch over one eye, while the other, an active angular fellow, had hair of the most flaming red I have ever seen. They seemed to be discussing a ring which the cloaked gentleman was wearing on his finger. It became clear that they had obtained it by means I should not call quite honest. Indeed it was at this point that they mentioned your name, and the fact that you are at present working in Alchemy, of which I believe the contemporary equivalent is Physics. I presume that the object in question is used in your experiments in transmutation.

At this point Athelstan impelled me to pause for a while. When I drew near to the two men once more the tenor of their conversation had changed. For some reason they were disputing over which of them carry the object. They had turned off into a little park, and I am ashamed to say that my curiosity drove me to follow them. It is perhaps just as well. Delayed once more by Athelstan I caught up with them just in time to see a bright tongue of flame leap forth from the hooded man, who seemed to be grasping the other by the hand. He was answered by a flash and a blow from the stick of the man with the clog. I hurried forward, thinking to prevent a fight, and Athelstan began barking. The two appeared to be startled. They sprang apart and then, suddenly, disappeared. But as I came forward I noticed something shining in the grass. It was a gold ring, the one, in fact, which I am sending you.

I picked it up and put it in my pocket, thinking to turn it into the Police Department Lost and Found, but events which have since transpired suggest that the thing should not fall into the wrong hands. Since you seem to be the lawful owner, here it is, and I must say that I shall be glad enough to be rid of it. Several attempts to invade my rooms have been made by a group of rather buxom young females. I remember a time when young women stayed at home or drove out in carriages, but these came riding astride and shouting raucously, and their horses have nearly ruined the garden. Besides, since then it has not ceased to thunder, in loud claps like hammer blows which are seriously disturbing my studies. There is another side effect which is only annoying; I keep finding gold coins all over the house. I have examined them, and they are of no historical value, and I trust that when the ring has gone these manifestations will cease. If you are not the true owner of the ring I hope you may know how to return it to whoever is.

I have the honor to remain--  
Your obed't servant

*Frederick A. Dodsworth*  
Frederick A. Dodsworth, Ph. D.

It took little effort to deduce that it was Diana who was responsible for this delightful spoof.

This brings on the matter of costumes. Now that I've had a brush with them I must admit that it was fun and I'm now hooked. I am planning to join with several friends in a group costume for use at the Westerncon and Tricon. I suppose I had better not mention the other people involved or the theme in case things fall through, but I am now really looking forward to it. As of now Diana has doubts about being able to make either con but I hope she does it for no other reason than she would be an excellent addition to our group and we already have a role for her.

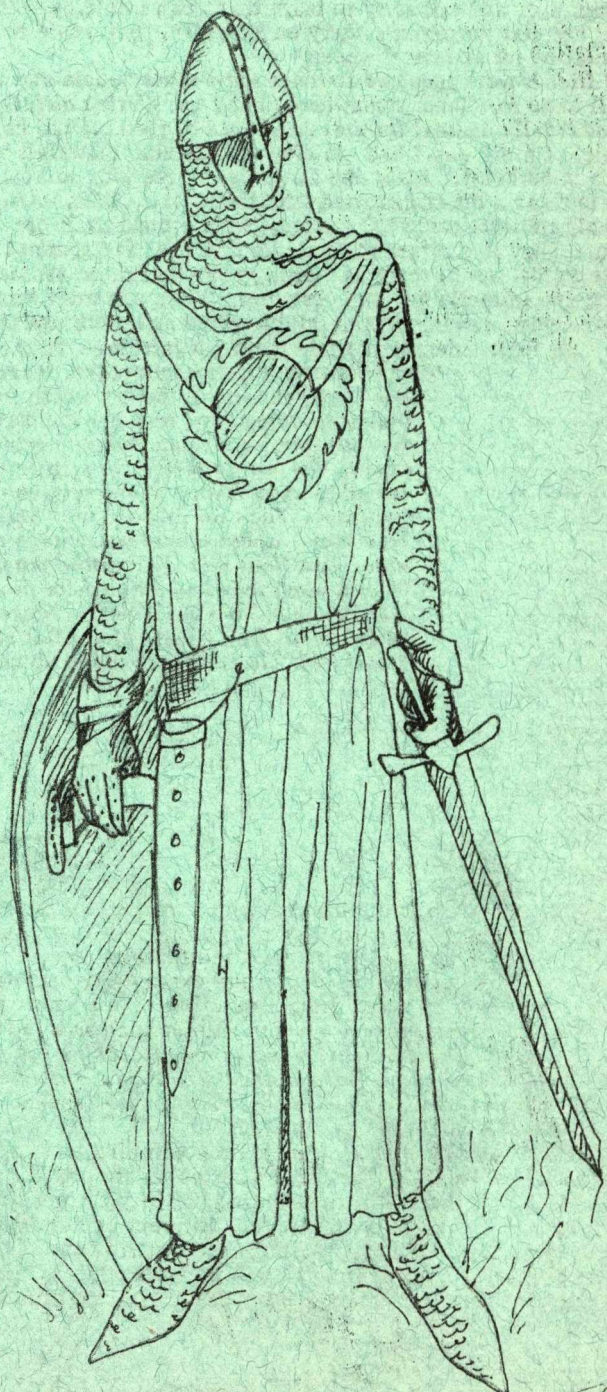
Also, I liked the cloak Ken had lent me very much and hope to eventually get one of my own.

As a number of you probably heard, the Los Angeles Halloween party had some real excitement. Rather late in the evening three people crashed the party but were let in. Later one tried to grab the dagger that was part of Owen Hannifen's costume and Owen was cut. All three were getting rather noisily drunk, so they were thrown out. A little later a car drove past the house and 3 shots were fired from it into the room where the party was, but fortunately nobody was hurt. I'd heard rather jumbled stories from L. A. on this, but I gather that the culprits were in some of the

pictures taken at the party and had left an empty bottle behind which the police took for possible fingerprints. However last I heard they had not been caught.

## LONDON WAS FUN

As Felice said a few dozen times in the last NIEKAS, I went to the London convention this year, and while I was at it spent almost 5 weeks in Europe, visiting Edinburgh, København, Hamburg, Paris, Frankfurt, and London, in that order. Diana was traveling through Europe also, and we met in Edinburgh and Paris...but not London! I had a good time, men for the first time many fans with whom I'd been corresponding, and saw a number of interesting things, especially castles.





## G&amp;S STRIKES AGAIN!

The big news of the quarter is that I finally got to see "Utopia, Ltd." I arrived in California on my way back from Europe Sunday evening, Sept. 12th, and when the Rolfs met me at the airport Felice told me that the LA fen were having a theater party for a production of the operetta the following Saturday. After mulling things over a bit I decided to join her, and the two of us flew down.

I am fairly familiar with the operetta since I have a complete recording, with dialogue, on 3 LPs. One scene had turned me off the whole operetta and I hadn't been expecting too much. The scene in question is about half way through the first act and involves King Paramount, Scaphio and Phantis. The two supreme court judges have the king in their power and put the screws on him, forcing him to make a fool of himself in public, and he lamely tries to laugh at himself and make the best of a bad situation. I detest this sort of humor, just as I can't abide the humor of the TV situation comedies. I expect this is because I empathize too closely with the people involved and feel embarrassed rather than amused.

Anyhow, I didn't realize it at the time but this one scene had given me a very unfavorable impression of the whole operetta, but I did enjoy the stage performance very much. It has given me a new insight into the operetta and now I enjoy the other parts on records.

This is somewhat unconventional for G&S operettas in that there are no patter-songs and Lady Sophy, the contralto, is a sympathetic role. Perhaps this explains the rarity of production. Another weakness is in the plot. As someone pointed out in APA-L (Fred Patten, I believe) the hero is never under a really serious threat and there really isn't that much interest in what will happen to him for he is such a weak, spineless fool.

There are three very good songs. "First You're Born," a very sardonic look at the course of life, "A Tenor All Singers Above" about a tenor losing control of his voice due to love, and "When But a Maid of 15 Year," a beautiful song by Lady Sophie which tells of her resolve not to marry unless she finds the perfect, virtuous, unblemished king. I like the first two for their humor and the last for the sheer beauty of the song.

In this operetta Gilbert & Sullivan don't satirize a single institution or aspect of English life, but everything English. The king of the South Pacific island of Utopia, where everyone is perfectly happy, decides to make everything really perfect by modeling everything after England, and sends his oldest daughter to school there. The operetta opens when she returns and brings with her six English "Flowers of Progress" who will help with the remodeling.

However Princess Zara had been taken in by them for they are radical reformers and are free to institute any reforms they like merely by saying "this is the way it is done in England." The title comes from one of the reforms, a great loosening of the requirements for forming a "limited corporation." The idea of a head of state incorporating himself was first used in G&S's preceding operetta, "The Gondoliers." Here it is greatly extended so that every citizen can incorporate himself with a very small figure as the limit of his fiscal responsibility and go into bankruptcy and start over again whenever his debts exceed this amount.

Well, I've now seen all but two of the extant G&S operettas. All that remain are "Sorcerer" and "Grand Duke." An amusing thing happened the first time I ran into Ruth Berman at a Little Men's meeting this Fall. I went up to her to boast of having seen "Utopia" but before I could she told me that she saw "Grand Duke" this summer. She had visited her parents in Minneapolis and some local group there had put it on.

Now that I will no longer be seeing the Lamplighters I at least have the consolation that I won't be too far from NYC. I happened to be visiting my parents during the City Center's annual G&S season year before last and saw five different operettas in a two week period, and could have seen two more had time permitted. Also, the Lyric Theater in DC will be presenting Sullivan's "The Contrabandista" and "Cox & Box" in the late Spring and I'll try to get down there for that.

## ABOUT NOTHING

You already read what Felice had to say about NIEKAS and our policy. We are always experimenting to try to make it better

and more readable. I think the two column format for the microtype is a definite improvement and we will keep it, but as I look over the run sheets of Gincas it is obvious that the format does NOT work for expanded microtype. We've also cut down on the amount of color duplicating, even in the case of illos, and went to a more expensive, but more visible, brand of green ink. (The Halotone green is very faint, ie, related to real green the way pink is related to red, so we switched to Gestetner which costs about 75c a tube more.)

Starting with NIEKAS 13 we switched to the slightly more expensive Gestetner Duplitone paper for most of the issue for it seems to have less showthrough and offset. It is considerably thicker than the paper we had been using and makes NIEKAS look still thicker. Also, it tends to decompose if left in the open air, especially sunlight, so I have rather mixed feelings about using it. Any comments?

As I type this my trek East is but a few weeks away and we have not yet worked out all of the details on how we will continue NIEKAS and who will do what. NIEKAS will be much more difficult to produce, of course, but we do plan to continue. In fact, we have the contents of the next two issues rather firm at this point and over half of the material is in our hands. Next issue will be skimpy for I will have very little time to do anything and it will be largely Felice's again. Main (and perhaps only) article will be John Boardman's one on Secret Societies in Fact & Fiction. Number 16 will be a fantasy issue and will contain a specially revised version of the excellent and rare "Men, Halfings, and Hero Worship" by Marion Zimmer Bradley, a story by Alexei Panshin, an article by Andre Norton on her "Witch World" series, and an article by Dainis Bisnieks on the coinage of Middle Earth. (MEZB's article had been published in PAPA many years ago and ran 25 pages.) Other articles promised us for future issues include one on the nature and definition of fantasy by Nan Braude, on the Grail legend by Diana, and on the Arabian Nights cycle. And of course there will be the usual features, columns, and departments.

As I said, we haven't yet decided exactly how we will split the labor, but Felice will definitely keep the Gestetner and I the microtyper. This means she will continue to have the help of half of Bay Area fandom in the physical production of the magazine. Since I will be stencilling Laikskai and Gincas all LoCs should be sent to Felice for her to make comments on them before I edit and stencil them.

As we said on pg. 1 we always need illos, but there are a few kinds that are particularly useful. Very small items like those by Johnny Chambers scattered throughout the last and current issues are great for breaking up a solid page of text. Tall, three inch wide ones like Diana's on pp 19 & 70 are useful in this two column format, and wide low ones are handy for separating a continued item starting in the middle of a page from whatever else is on that page.

I'll probably get around to saying something about my European trip next ish... you didn't really think you would get away with only one small paragraph from me? As usual I procrastinated too much before starting Bumbejimas and am writing this at the last minute, so I just don't have the time to go into anything that involved. I hope to organize it by topic (fans, conventions, castles, language problems, etc.) rather than as a mere chronology, which probably means I will have to go through several drafts.

While I was at the Rolfs' running off parts of this issue on Thanksgiving Friday we had a wonderful surprise... the Trimble's dropped in! Seems that Bjo was visiting her mother in Santa Cruz and decided to visit some people in the Bay Area while she was at it, so less work than planned got done that day. I could have remained out in the garage running the Gestetner but who can be so coldly efficient when such people are around? I came in and joined the fun!

And I want to thank all those who helped in the production of this issue... Diana who spent most of the time she was at Brennan's after Little Men meetings drawing illos to fit themes and spaces, Greg Shaw who stencilled over half the artwork for us, Liz Lokke who did most of the poorf reading, usually on very short notice, and Bob Baer who helped out on the poorf reading and with minor but essential tasks which gave us more time for stencilling and running.

Well, I guess that's it 'til nextish

Ed Meskys



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